THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL. MEMPHIS, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1859. VOLUME X.—NUMBER 262.

Daily Appeal.

GREAT PREACHERS OF LONDON.

LONDON, September 27, 1859.

There are few people in the world who believe in the annihilation of the spirit at the death of the body. Nearly all mankind have hopes of a future life, "some longings after immortality;" and in all Christian countries religion is the subject on which men feel most strongly than on any other. It is not, therefore, strange that ministers of the gospel—men who profess to be endowed with the requisite knowledge to direct us on the road to heaven—should be held in great reverence and esteem. They are supposed to be the epileptics of a very peculiar fever, to whom he has revealed his will more clearly than to others. They are brought before the public oftener and more prominently than other men, and exercise a greater influence, for good or evil, on the welfare of mankind. Your readers may be glad to learn something of the popular preachers in the greatest city in the world; and I will devote this letter to a brief description of a few of the most eminent among them.

C. H. SPURGEON, BAPTIST.

About half a mile east of London Bridge, near the "Elephant and Castle," there is an open space of two or three acres, and in the middle of it a large building, designed for concerts and public exhibitions. It is built like a theater, with three rows of galleries all around, and will hold, it is said, 10,000 people. A quarter before ten o'clock, the gates to "Surrey Gardens" are opened for all who have been fortunate enough to get a first class ticket, for which they pay one shilling sterling. From 3000 to 6000 people soon occupy all the seats in the house; ten minutes before the services commenced the large gates are opened, and the holders of second class tickets, who have been waiting in the streets, rush in and occupy every foot of standing room that can be found. There is a good deal of shuffling and talking, and an utter lack of that subdued and reverential feeling which pervades a congregation of serious worshippers. But all is hushed, and every eye directed to the pulpit, as a young man, perhaps thirty years old, begins the services by reading a portion of the Scriptures, and commenting on it as he reads.

He has an exceedingly fine voice, and his enunciation is so distinct, that no one in the building need miss a word he says. After the scripture, he reads the psalm all through, and then it rumbles and roars like the congregation unite in singing, and the effect is truly sublime. I have never heard any singing equal it, unless at a camp meeting in the woods, on a still night. Mr. Spurgeon prays with great power, and his manner is a good imitation of that of a stump speaker in Kentucky. In his sermons he makes free use of the terrors of hell-fire theory, and if his hearers do not repent, and be baptized (in the pond in the yard) it will not be because he does not frequently remind them of the doom of those who they will long for, but fail to get, hereafter. That Mr. Spurgeon is an original man, no one can doubt who hears him; and that he possesses talents, is unquestionable. No man of inferior power can attract ten thousand people every time he preaches, half of them paying a shilling for the privilege. But I think that much of his hearers are delighted with his preaching for the same reason that they clap and and applaud an Italian opera singer, not because they appreciate and appreciate the singing, but because others do so, and they do not wish to be thought stupid or ignorant, and therefore follow the example set them. Let Mr. Spurgeon go to any country, as an unknown man, and he would never obtain the reputation he has here. How he ever acquired so much popularity is a mystery, unless it be by sympathy, for the great mass of the people are here, especially those of the established church, give some show of truth to the old saying, that a boy who is also stupid for anything else will do for a parson.

MR. PUNCHON, METHODIST.

Mr. Punchon preaches at different chapels, and is what we call a circuit preacher. His appearance does not indicate much energy. He is too fat, and looks as though the steed of least beef and London porter would be sensibly diminished wherever he goes. His voice is strong, but rather lazily; his action is energetic and appropriate, with the exception of some tremendous thumps on the Bible. He preaches without notes, but his sermons have evidently been carefully prepared, and divided into firstly, secondly, etc., according to the most approved theological formula. His hearers very soon become interested, and before he has been speaking ninety minutes, they feel the roots of their hair stiffen, and a pleasurable sensation, which all experience in listening to true eloquence; but I cannot describe him fully. Mr. Punchon is one of nature's orators, and few men have the power to make the strings of the human heart vibrate to their touch in an equal degree. He is decidedly the most eloquent man I have heard in London.

JOHN CUMMINGS, D. D., SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN.

There is no place of worship more fashionable in London than Dr. Cummings' chapel. He is great, only the people to make people feel entirely satisfied with themselves, and with their theology; those, at least, who have imbibed or inherited the belief that they are among the favored few whose entrance into heaven was decreed by Omnipotent power, which created them a spiritual aristocracy, giving them all the advantage of royalty here after. Dr. Cummings is, undoubtedly, a very learned man, and means that his hearers shall know it. He tells them how the Scriptures read in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, and what the manners and customs of the people were when they were written. He instructs them in the science, and draws his illustrations from the sublime and beautiful creations of ancient and modern poetry. His voice is good, his manner persuasive and pleasant. His theology is of the dry, little, crabbed kind, that none but those who are educated to it are fascinated with; but his persuasive eloquence and address are admired by all. I never heard a man who could make a tough, hunty, theological question so interesting as Dr. Cummings does.

HENRY MELVILLE, EPISCOPALIAN.

By far the most magnificent building in London is St. Paul's church. It was designed by Sir Christopher Wren, and occupied forty years in building. The immense dome is said to be second only to the world, excepting St. Peter's at Rome. Monuments to the memory of England's great men are erected around the walls and against the massive columns. The decorations are superb, and, as a specimen of gigantic architecture, St. Paul's exceeds all I ever saw before; but, as a place of worship, there are many school houses in our country with much more comfortable accommodations. The space occupied for public worship does not embrace one-eighth part of the ground floor, and the seats for the public are narrow benches, without cushions, and some of them without backs. There are half a dozen or more rectors attached to the church, and they preach alternately, one a month each. Usually the congregation find ample room in the small space occupied for worship; but, when Mr. Melville officiates, every foot of standing room within hearing distance is occupied, and hundreds of people are in the building who can neither see or hear him. He belongs to the Edward Irving school of oratory and eloquence. His sentence is rubbed down, polished and varnished, until no ingenuity could make it smoother. He has a magnificent voice, not so strong as Spurgeon's, but quite as musical. His manner is graceful and commanding, but with little action, and as he finished sentences roll out in rapid succession, I can only imagine its resemblance to the preaching of Paul, when he made the Roman Governor tremble. If his hearers are not made better, and consequently happier, by such preaching as Melville's, it will not be because sound, orthodox views of christianity are not presented to them in the most beautiful language and in the most fascinating manner.

New York Gazette.

AN ELOPEMENT FRUSTRATED.

A YOUNG GIRL ESCAPES BATHEMONY AND IS SENT TO THE HOUSE OF REFUGE.

Notwithstanding the leaching of the soundest of divines, the experience of the wisest of men, the opinion of the most candid of moralists, and the example of the gentle Nazarene himself, few persons have been able to escape the snares of Hymen whom that misery-multiplying god has made to any extraordinary effort to entrap. It is true that some may have withstood his eloquence, doubled his promises and grown wonderfully wise, but he retained the charms of life within the boundaries of his immense domain; but most of these, when his argument failed, he has first made mad and then deceived. Here and there an individual dies in the full possession of single blessedness; but generally, thus far in the history of our planet, whenever the deity that presided over matrimony has willed, he has found a way.

One of his schemes, however, through which he hoped to make devotees of a young girl residing on the lower part of Broadway, and a young man of the same neighborhood, a few days ago failed. The excessive desire with which he had inspired the parties, like the warlike ambition spoken of by Shakspeare, overleaped itself and separated the beloved couple for such a length of time that before they will be permitted again to see each other, their ardor, vigorous as it now is, will have been, will undoubtedly have passed to the place, wherever it may be, prepared for all unfortunate and disconsolate lovers.

Some months ago the young man, whom we will call Charles, through a friend, became acquainted with the girl, who shall be known by the name of Carrie, and captivated by her charms as she was by his conversation and promises, what had at first been admiration grew to be a mutual love. She had not yet seen seventeen summers, and as his words fell upon her ear, telling her,

"In liquid lines mellifluously sound,"

that this life, unless she accompanied him through it, would be like a Sawerless June, or a starless night, she yielded to his honied words, and promised him her undying affection.

Her parents, however, were not so easily won, and besides this, even if there had been no other objection, they asserted that she was much too young to be married, and refused absolutely to allow any further intercourse between the parties. This resistance, as is usual in such cases, only caused an increased impatience on the part of Charles and Carrie, and clandestine meetings were planned, and the lover, who could not visit his charmer at the home of her parents, was visited by her at his own room.

For a long time, by entreaties and pleadings, they tried to get the consent of the parents to the union, but this was still refused, and then they determined to fly from the roof of her ultra-prar ical pops and her unsympathetic mamma. The scheme was laid and the arrangements almost completed, when a circumstance, with fiend-like ease, glided between the couple and the happiness they were about to catch, and deprived them of it, perhaps forever.

Carrie was one day in the act of replying to a note from her lover, when her mother happened to step into the room, and take the delicate billedoux from the table, at which her daughter was writing. This was fatal—the secret was exposed—the plan discovered, and, of course, the elopement frustrated.

But the girl, who had ever before been so mild and gentle, apparently submitting to the wishes of her parents, calmly, and without a single word of protest, by this act was suddenly transformed into an Amazon, and with a fierceness seldom if ever equaled in a woman, she assailed her mother, threw her to the floor, and beat, bruised and mangled her with her teeth in a shocking manner. Never were rage and hate so mingled, and the death of the mother, in all probability, would have been the result, had not some persons, who heard the noise, rushed in and saved her from the fury of her child.

After this, affairs went peacefully enough for a day or two, and when it was supposed that the girl had recovered from her temporary insanity she was questioned in regard to the matter, and replied that she was will determined to have the man she loved as New Orleans with Charles. Besides this she threatened to kill her mother if she interfered again, and insisted that no better should prevent the execution of her purpose.

This brought the business to a crisis, and despairing of the success of any attempt to reason with her, and get her into slumbering her design, the mother had a warrant issued for her arrest from the office of a magistrate, who, after a careful examination of the case, sent her to the house of refuge. Then came another terrible scene. The anger of the willfully wrong-headed Carrie changed to grief, and she wept until her eyes had all their brightness and the roses faded from her cheeks, until at last it settled down into a monotonous which continued until she left her home, probably forever.

In the immediate neighborhood where the affair occurred, it caused considerable excitement; but from the story related to and by us, we felt inclined to join the general verdict which is favorable to the mother, and against that of the girl; for Hymen has been deprived of a couple of victims, and this tear-saturated planet saved from the misery which the consummation of this admirably planned, but successfully opposed scheme would have brought upon it.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

A COURTIER IN A TIGHT PLACE.

Some fair tourist, whose real name is unknown to us, furnishes a spicy bit of Parisian gossip, which equals any of the clever canards invented by the French "correspondents" of our daily papers, and swallowed as gospel truths by the public. These her story runs:

A good story is told of one Monsieur D——, who performs the functions of secretary in the private cabinet of her Majesty, the Empress Eugenie; and is another much esteemed by all who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. Being of the old school of gallantry, which has for principle, to seize upon every opportunity of displaying the "politesse du temps" with which his soul is consumed, there has been for a long time a kind of merry, sarcastic skirmish going on between the Emperor and this old faithful servant, which affords the greatest amusement to the ladies of the court, and not a little to the Empress herself. The day before the departure of the court for Fontainebleau, a message was passed, in immense press of business in the way of answers to petitions (placets) and demands of all kinds.

The Empress had grown early, in order to dispatch all the besogne as quickly as possible, and, contrary to her usual custom, had left her boudoir en negligeé, in that loose negligee which is adopted by most Parisian belles, but in which it is not the habit of the Empress ever to indulge. The secretary, punctual as the clock, presented himself, with his table full of papers, her bah hanging still in the loose fashion of the night, with shining morning face, and a smile upon her lip, she opened the door of the study, and putting her head in, exclaimed: "Ah, how fortunate you should be already here, my dear D——! See what trouble and worry I bring you!"

The secretary turned at the sound of that voice, which is always music to his ear. He rose, and was about to advance; when suddenly drawing back, he hesitated, and stammered a few words, without attempting to relieve her Majesty of the bundle of documents she was carrying, but remained standing before her as if overcome with confusion.

"What is the matter?" at length exclaimed the Empress, in some amazement. "Are you ill, my dear D.? You look quite altered—quite overcome."

"Ay, your Majesty, I am rather taken by surprise—rather, in short—"

"Good gracious! what amazing amiss—anything new this morning—any new alarm? Speak—quick!"

"Oh, no, your Majesty; pray calm yourself. Nothing happened; nothing disagreeable, but excuse me, but the truth must be told—and really, *sous le secretaire il y a Pleonne!*"

At these words, uttered in a whisper, with every appearance of hesitation and alarm, the Empress, whose imagination, ever since the attempt of the 14th of January, has been subject to take fire and conjure up murder and assassination at every turn, uttered a loud shriek.

"What! a man under the secretary? Where is the Empereur? He was safe just now. Run and warn him!"

And all the while, pale and breathless, she had precipitated herself, like one bereaved, on the bell rope, and the house was pulling well off her might, and calling for help, for arms, for the guardians of the palace at the same time. Well-nigh half an hour passed ere she was at last, and before the Empress had recovered from her agitation, every corner of the apartment had undergone a thorough examination; and of course, nothing was found—while the poor, crest-fallen, humiliated secretary, whose faded gallantry had caused this awful ravage, remained standing, confused and perplexed, unable to give the least explanation concerning the misrepresentation of his pastoral idea.

The whole affair ended, as may be supposed, in a hearty laugh against poor Monsieur D., who has, naturally enough, demanded a congé, to escape for awhile from the persecution of his tormentors. Society people love to find a malicious intent on the part of the Empress; and to suppose she acted this little comedy in order to inflict a lesson on her officious swain.

A LADY IN DIFFICULTIES.

The following is from the last number of the London *Illustrated News*:

On Tuesday a middle-aged, fashionably dressed lady, who appeared in a state of nervous excitement, applied to the Hon. G. C. Norton, at the Lambeth police office for his advice as to how she should act under the following circumstances: It appeared from her statement that she was the daughter of a surgeon, and had been married to a gentleman, who died five years ago, leaving her without a family, but with a well-furnished home, and a handsome income. In the month of March last, while attending one of Barnum's lectures in St. James' hall, she met a gentleman about her own age, who introduced himself as the son of an Earl, made passionate love to her, and vowed he would shoot her unless she married him. On his representations of high family and connections, his promising to present her with a new carriage, and £2,000 in money, and consulting her friends (who happened to be United States or Australian friends) she consented to his proposals, and they were married on the 28th of June last, at St. George's Church, Hanover Square. Two days passed, and Mr. McNaghan, for so she styled her husband, left her, and she feeling bad at being so deceived, and fearing that he might be dispatched by the Queen's Bench officers, determined to fly from the roof of her ultra-prar ical pops and her unsympathetic mamma. The scheme was laid and the arrangements almost completed, when a circumstance, with fiend-like ease, glided between the couple and the happiness they were about to catch, and deprived them of it, perhaps forever.

THE POPE.—The *Courrier des Etats Unis*, in a letter from Paris, October 12, reports a rumor to the effect that General Goyon, commander of the French troops in Rome, tried to dissuade the Pope from his projected tour to Castel Gondolfo, telling him that military precautions that he quitted Rome he ran a great risk of never re-entering it. Nevertheless Pio IX. departed for his country-seat, by the General.

AN OBNOXIOUS OFFENSE.—A woman was recently indicted at Abbeville, S. C., as a "common scold," which under the old English law is punishable by "ducking." The court, however, quashed the indictment on the grounds that the law is obsolete in South Carolina.

WIT AN HUMOR.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—Mobitable Merit, a young lady over twenty-nine, who never had a chance to change the alliterative character of her name, was seated over the fire in her little sitting-room, when a knock was heard, and, who should make his appearance but Solomon Periwinkle.

"Why," thought she, "I wonder what he's come for; can it be?"—

But we won't divulge the thought that passed through the lady's mind.

"How do you do Miss Merit?"

"Pretty well I thank you, Mr. Periwinkle. Not but I feel a little lonely now and then."

"You are, as I was coming by, I thought I would just step in and ask you a question about—that is about?"—

"I suppose," thought Miss Merit, "he means about the state of my heart."

"The fact is," said Solomon, who was rather bashful, "I felt a little delicate about asking, but I hope you won't think it strange."

"O, no," simpered Miss M., "I don't think it at all strange, and in fact I have been somehow expecting it."

"Oh," said Solomon, rather surprised, "I believe you have in your possession something of mine."

"His heart, he means," said Miss M. aside—"Well, sir, I may afford you pleasure to learn that you have mine in return. It is fully and entirely your own."

"What! I got your umbrella?" exclaimed Solomon in amazement. "I think you must be mistaken, and I don't think I'd like to exchange mine for it, for mine was given me."

"I beg your pardon said the disconcerted lady, "but I made a mistake. I quite forgot your umbrella, which I borrowed some time ago. Here it is. I was thinking of something else."

"H?" said Soloman, there is anything of yours that I have got, I shall be happy to return it."

"Well, no, it's no matter," stammered Miss M., colouring. "Good morning."

LEGISLATIVE ELOQUENCE.—Some years ago in the New Hampshire Legislature, a new member, somewhat noted for "pumping thunder," made a speech—it was upon a bill for taxing bank dividends—in which he attempted to be very pathetic in favor of widows who owned bank stock. "Yes, Mr. Speaker," he exclaimed with indignant energy, "the gentleman from Dover, who introduced this bill, deaf to the cries of her orphan children, would strip the widow to—" But before he could conclude the sentence, he was interrupted by a laugh. Astonished, but undaunted, he exclaimed with profound feeling, "Gentlemen, it is not a subject of derision. I appeal to you in all candor to say if it is not worse than stripping. Put on this tax, and you will drive the widow to her last shift!" Shouts of laughter here pitched him in his place, and he spoke no more during the session.

HARMLY A CHANCE.—An editor and a young school mistress were engaged in a conversation the other day, when the following passed between them:

Editor—"Miss ——, when are you going to get marr ed?"

School Mistress—"Well, I don't know—the first chance I get."

Editor—"Well, as that's my intention, suppose we marry?"

School Mistress—"Well, I don't know whether that would be a chance or not."

The editor acknowledged himself "in below the ford."

Fortune in a Gust of Wind.

The good luck of a shepherd boy is just now "the strop" of Paris and London, and his charming wife were passengers in one of the railway trains of Germany, and at a few leagues from Heidelberg, the Count's hat was blown off as he chanced to put his head out of the window. As it was a valuable Panama, the owner made record of his loss at the next station, and gave his address to the city where it could be brought to him if found.

Some days passed, and the Count and his lady were walking in the gay promenade where the roulette table forms the principal features, when a railway conductor approached with the missing hat. It had been carried a great distance by the wind, but was brought in at last by a shepherd boy, a little fellow of thirteen years of age, who had found it among the hills where he followed his flock.

"Could you find what poor lad again," asked the Count, "and give him this little recompense?" But as he put two gold pieces in the conductor's hand, the Countess made a suggestion—

"Suppose, instead of sending it to him, you first try its luck on the table? You know the proverb—'to the fortune-hunter the well-filled hands.' What he wins we will send to him, and if he loses, why, we'll make it up."

The Count assented, and the two lovis 'doos were placed upon one of the numbers of the table. Round went the wheel, and the little shepherd's fortune was made. Ten thousand francs had come up to his number!

The messenger was hurried off, and the windfall was at once forwarded to the happy boy.

He will think "Arabian Nights" are not yet quite extinct.

☞ "I don't think, husband, that you are very small."

"No, indeed, wife, but everybody knows that I am fearfully shrew-ed."

Returned.

PROF. P. KATZENBACH can come to his numerous friends and patrons that he has obtained returned to the city to resume his lessons in Instrumental and Vocal Music. Best of references given. For terms apply at his residence, but 141, post office, or at the barbers shops of A. J. White & Co., No. 49 Front Row.

oct8-tf-m

WORSHAM HOUSE,
CENTRALLY LOCATED,
Corner Main and Adams Streets,
MEMPHIS, TENN.
J. J. WORSHAM, Proprietor.

Just Received.
300 BBLS. Cape Girardeau Lime.
100 " Hartin & Walker's Ale.
50 " T. Harrison's Extra Flour.
100 boxes W. I. R. C. Cheese.
Also, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Tobacco, Cigars, Sardines, Nuts, Wines, Brandies etc., etc. For sale by
J. F. FRANK,
No. 36 Front Row.

H. S. POTT.....GUS. R. NAMAONE.
POPE & CHAMAGNE,
(Late of Louisville, Ky.)
Cotton Factors, Commission
—AND—
FORWARDING MERCHANTS,
And dealers in
Bagging and Rope, Bourbon Whisky,
AND ALL KINDS OF OHIO RIVER PRODUCE,
Domestic and Foreign Wines, Brandies, etc.
No. 94 Front Row,
MEMPHIS, TENN.

In Admiralty.
Bohl. and Wm. A. Thornburgh
vs.
Steamboat Victoria and owners.
A LL persons having claim, lien or interest in or to the steamer Victoria are hereby cited to appear before the judge of the District Court of the United States of America for the District of West Tennessee, at Jackson, on the 14th day of November next, at 10 o'clock, for the trial of the court day next following, and all claimants are notified to intervene at that time and place.
By JAMES H. SWAN, Deputy Marshal for District of Western Tennessee.
Martin A. Carpenter,
proctor for libellant.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.
SALE OF STOCK.
ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS of the actual stock of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company (being the portion of the one and a half millions now required to be sold for the purpose of purchasing materials, construct the road) has been allotted in Tennessee, and will be sold at the following places, and on the day of first of thirty days from the 15th day of October, 1859, at five dollars per share, for each share of the capital stock of the company, per share, for each shareholder.
Memphis, Tenn., Wm. Fontaine, Esq.
Nashville, Tenn., Hon. Felix K. Zeigler.
Knoxville, Tenn., Hon. Thos. A. R. Nelson.
Jonesboro, Tenn., Hon. Landon C. Haynes.
Bristol, Tenn., Hon. Thos. Maloney.
Persons interested in the above enterprise are hereby notified that the subscribers will be at the places and on the days above mentioned, to receive the subscriptions of such persons as may be disposed to subscribe to the stock of said company.
Gentlemen of the highest standing have consented to act as commissioners in the various counties, and to receive the subscriptions of the citizens of their respective counties.
Persons desiring information in regard to the road, are referred to the following gentlemen, who are well acquainted with the route, and have given it their cordial approval:
Hon. Andrew Johnson, Greeneville, Tenn.
Hon. Thos. A. R. Nelson, Jonesboro, Tenn.
Hon. Thos. Maloney, Bristol, Tenn.
Hon. Wm. Cumming, Knoxville, Tenn.
Hon. Landon C. Haynes, Jonesboro, Tenn.
Hon. Felix K. Zeigler, Nashville, Tenn.
Hon. Jno. Bell, Nashville, Tenn.
Hon. Jno. Netherland, Knoxville, Tenn.
Hon. Jno. Baldwin, Staunton, Va.
Hon. Jno. Letcher, Lexington, Va.
Hon. Jno. Tyler, Richmond, Va.
Hon. Jno. Minor Botts, Culpeper, Va.
Hon. Jno. Perkins, Raleigh, N. C.
Hon. Jno. Pettigrew, Edenton, N. C.
Hon. Jno. Ashe, Wilmington, N. C.
Hon. Jno. Cameron, Fayetteville, N. C.
Hon. Jno. Dargan, Darlington, S. C.
Hon. Jno. Cheves Langdon, Charleston, S. C.
Hon. Jno. Gadsden, Charleston, S. C.
Hon. Jno. Cochran, Augusta, Ga.
Hon. Jno. Gill Shorter, Eufaula, Ala.
Hon. Jno. Forsyth, Mobile, Ala.
Hon. Jno. Slidell, New Orleans, La.
Hon. Jno. Moore, Natchitoches, La.
Hon. Jno. Sharkey, Vicksburg, Miss.
Hon. Jno. Pettus, Jackson, Miss.
Hon. Jno. Ruffin, Hillsboro, Miss