Daily Appeal.

MEMPHIS.

SUNDAY.....NOVEMBER 6, 1859.

Reading Matter on Every Page

Largest Circulation in the City

FIRST AND FOURTH PAGES.

FIRST PAGE.—Great Preachers of London; An Elopement Frustrated; A Courtier in a Ticket Pocket; Wit and Humor; Fortune in a Gust of Wind.

FOURTH PAGE—*Poetical*—Evelyne; Fifteenth Psalm; Proposal;—The Dying Patriots.

NEW BOOKS.

THE CORNER CUPBOARD; OR, FACTS FOR EVERYBODY. Embracing Such Information as Everybody Knows, Things That Ought to Be Known by Everybody, Showing the Evil We Commonly Do, and How We May Do Better, We Live In, and Many Other Things Pertaining to Everybody and Everything. Illustrated by over One Thousand Engravings. This work is designed to be a complete Encyclopedia of Useful Knowledge. By the author of "Guy Willis," "The Man in the Moon," etc. New York: D. & B. P. Kenyon, No. 18 Ann street.

This is the last one of a series of most useful works, which are calculated to teach the million, a thousand, or ten thousand important facts, truths and ideas concerning both practical and speculative subjects, and which can only be elsewhere learned by reference to many scientific books and by a world of labor.

This book is in fact an encyclopedia within itself, of useful instruction, and ought to be within the hands of every one, both male and female. It will infallibly add to the elegance, refinement, comfort and intelligence of every household into which it may find its way, and there are many suggestions contained in it which may often save a human life, on an emergency, when a skillful person cannot readily be had to command the crisis.

It is for sale in this city by Messrs. George Pattison & Co., and W. R. Strange & Co.

PARDOR THEATRICALS; OR, WINTER EVENING DIVERTISEMENT, containing At the Parlor Door; Pomposity Punished; Arrival Unexpected; Distress Seems Imminent; Modest Beginners; Tight-rope Performer; Ventriloquist; Dancing and Dancers; Conjuring and Diagrams. By the author of "The Wallflower's Own Book," "The Rookery," "Seven Stories," etc. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald, No. 18 Ann street.

This is a sprightly and entertaining little book, designed to teach the technical knowledge necessary to conduct parlor theatricals which, as fire-side amusements, are much in vogue in Europe, and obtaining a variety of drawing-room pantomimes, musical burlesques, etc., etc. As a stimulant of special enjoyment and an exercise for the wit and mental faculties, we know of no amusement whose introduction into this country is more worthy of encouragement, and the character of the materials required are restricted to dialogues and burlesques that illustrate useful maxims and sound sentiments. Social amusements are wofully neglected in our cities, to the detriment of that kindly feeling and good neighborhood that adorn society and add so much to its pleasures.

INAUGURATION OF GOV. HARRIS.—Governor Harris's Inaugural.

Gov. Isham G. Harris was inaugurated yesterday morning at the Capitol at 11 o'clock. At half-past 10 o'clock the members of the Senate entered the Hall of Representatives, and very soon the galleries were thronged with people, a large portion of the audience being composed of ladies.

At 11 o'clock precisely the Governor elect was escorted by the Speaker of the House of Representatives. The Cadets of the Military Institute then filed into the hall and took a position in front of the Speaker's chair. The ceremony of inauguration then commenced in the following order:

PROGRAMME OF PROCEEDINGS.

Music—"Hail Columbia."
Prayer by Rev. John B. McFerrin.
Music.

The Governor then delivered his Inaugural Address as follows:

Gentlemen of the Senate and House of Representatives:

I appear here for the purpose of taking the oath required by the Constitution, of the Governor of Tennessee. Having discharged the duties of that office, for the last two years, to the extent of such poor abilities as I possess, the highest guarantee that I can offer for the future are to be found in the history of my past administration. In that period, I do not the highest reward ever meted out to public servants, is found in the approval of those whom they have labored to serve. I am the better prepared to appreciate deeply the compliment I find the honor found in the fact of being again called, by the people of Tennessee, to this high position, and the discharge of the high duties that devolve upon it.

As my position and opinions are known by all, who have any desire to know them, with regard to all the questions of public policy, through my message and public addresses, I deem it unnecessary to enter upon their discussion here, and shall, therefore, confine doing so to this, my conclusion, to tender to the people of Tennessee, through you, their representatives, the deep sense of gratitude with which I now impose the duties of my office, they have conferred and evidenced in their continued confidence, in call on me again to the discharge of the high duties of this position.

I now pass to the taking the oath of office, prescribed by the Constitution, and enter upon the position assigned me.

The oath of office was then administered by Judge W. Barry.

"Music.—"Columbia, Gem of the Ocean."

Benediction by the Rev. Dr. McTyeire.

Music.—"Star Spangled Banner."

In honor of the occasion, a round of minute guns were fired in front of the Capitol.

New York.

The Democracy of New York have lately issued an address to the voters of that State, which closes with the following stirring appeal:

It is this melancholy spectacle which has made it our duty to lay before you an unvarnished statement of facts which otherwise might not be correctly presented to you. We have displayed to you as shown in which, without your aid, only the prosperity, but the very existence of this Union may be crumbled. The wild record you have read of an association, whose ramifications extend throughout the Northern States, to blot out slavery, by means of riot and servile war, is not drawn from imagination—it is a terrible historical reality. It is for you to decide whether you will sanction the overthrow of the Federal Government, or whether you will aid in saving it by your suffrages.

Fellow-citizens, we implore you to reflect, before cast in your votes at the coming State election, whether you will act patriotically, wisely, for the interests of your wives, children, sisters, and of posterity, in addition to the vote to power candidates for office who are either directly or indirect by pledged to support part of the doctrine that there is an "irrepressible conflict" between the North and South, and that "slavery must, or must not, be the slaughter." And remember that the indorsement of such disunion theories by the State of New York will possibly be construed by infidels and to the President, the principles of whose administration would forbid the suppression of outrages similar to those which have taken place at Harper's Ferry, and by whose miserable the future well being of this now happy country might be destroyed.

GOVERNOR WILLARD AND HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW COOK.—The Charleston correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, writing under date of October 29th, thus speaks of the interview of Governor Willard, of Indiana, with his brother-in-law Cook. He says:

Governor Willard, of Indiana, visited his brother-in-law Cook, yesterday in jail, in company with Senator Mason. Mr. Mason proposed to the Governor to retire when he letter entered, suggesting that he would probably prefer that his interview should be private, also for the reason that anything "took in" this he should be bound to testify to if called upon as a witness. Governor Willard seemed to simply regret that he thinks if would be a witness in court to any facts Cook might communicate, and has stated that Mr. Mason should be present. Governor Willard urged Cook to make a full confession of all he knew connected with the affair at Harper's Ferry, in order to exonerate those who were innocent, and to punish those who were guilty, as the only atonement he could now make. Cook signified his willingness to do so, and he will probably make a written confession. He tell Cook that he had not the hope for but one by Governor Willard states that his family had lost sight of Cook for several years, and supposed he had died until recently, when, from the papers, he determined to visit Charleston to ascertain if he was a relative. Mrs. Willard, he states, is in great distress at the conduct of her brother.

☞ The far west correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes that the Cheyenes have a permanent fund of more than $1,000,000 in the hands of our government, in being $100,000 set apart for school purposes. The interest is paid annually, all going then a revenue of $50,000, which meets all their governmental and educational expenses, and obviates the necessity of taxes. There are ten "missions" boarding schools in the nation, at which, in addition to the common and higher English branches, the boys are systematically trained at farm labor, and the girls initiated into the main field mysteries of housewifery. The Methodists have charge of most of these institutions, but several are conducted by the Presbyterians. Some six hundred children are receiving instruction in these schools.

☞ In the recent election for member of Congress in the Territory of Jefferson (Pike's Peak), there was 4,004 votes cast. There were six candidates, and Beverly D. Williamson received 1129 votes over the foremost man, and only 472 votes less than all the other five.

CONVERSATION AT DINNER.—Bos well complained to Dr Johnson of having dined at a splendid table without hearing one sentence of conversation worth being remembered. "Sir," said Johnson, "there seldom is any such conversation." "Then, why meet at table?" asked Boswell. "Why," answered Johnson, "to eat or drink, and to be in company. We pass; and this, sir, is better done where there is no conversation; for where there is, people differ in opinion, and get into a bad humor; for some of the company always are not capable of such conversation, are left out and feel themselves uneasy."

RAILROAD CONVENTION.

To the people of Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas:

There will be a Railroad Convention at Memphis, on the 16th instant, to consider of the policy and practicability of forming a direct railroad connection between St. Louis and New Orleans, via Memphis. The citizens in the counties and towns of the above named States, who feel an interest in this great enterprise, and who desire to be represented in said convention, will please meet and appoint their delegates. They will find Memphis hospitably ready, as ever, to take care of them. It is hoped that the railroads having an interest in this project will pass such delegates free, upon the exhibition of their certificates.

Papers interested in this matter will please give it a prominent notice, in order that our convention may be as large as the importance of the occasion demands.

R. D. BAUGH,
Mayor of Memphis.

Nov. 4, 1859.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT MEMPHIS.

EDITORS APPEAL: Under the above caption, on the 27th of September last, appeared in your widely-circulated paper an article the desires attention by way of correction, if no reproof.

I premise, however, that you are not to blame for its character or its publication. It commences by announcing, that "the Baptist churches in the city have received more members, and in them more have been immersed than in all the 55 or 57 churches constituting the Big Hatchie association." Immediately follows, "Rev. Messrs. Bateman and Brasfield have been most successful in their ministrations, and in all the relations of social and private life they have no superiors." In noticing the above as well as the next paragraph in Editor's article, I shall regard them as coming directly from those clever metropolitan divines above mentioned. You say you got your information from the city representation to the association at Collierville—they were of that representation.

Then to dispose of their *idle boast* at once, it only becomes necessary to turn to the published "proceedings of the Big Hatchie Association at Collierville, Shelby county, Tennessee, July, 1859," at pages 12 and 14, under the head of "Tabular Statement," and you find that 50 churches (7 making no return) have reported 245 as the aggregate amount of number of immersions for the associational year—the two city churches included. Now deduct the just amount of the city churches which is 55 from 8's aggregate, and it leaves 192 *flesh* 192 *is the county!* The worthy brethren have made a *superlative mistake*. Let us examine the next paragraph, which reads, "It seems that the Baptist churches of the country have been rent by dissensions growing out of the Graves' and Howell controversy at Nashville, while all this cause of rebelling has been utterly ignored by the city schools, and by the *Baptist Messenger*."

The result has been the unprecedented prosperity of the Memphis churches and the decline of those in the counties adjacent to us. "*Bah! what a fish a shad is!*" This whole paragraph is unmeaning—the product of vanity, credulity, and sickly "ignoring" sectarianism. The cause assigned for it is not the true cause—their pretended "ignoring" is no cause at all. Let me suggest one that will acknowledge. It is this: *The professors of these clever gentlemen were able, laborious, eloquent and eloquent ministers of the Cross.* The ground was prepared by their toil and industry, hence an abundant and easy harvest to the culture of the present incumbents. And as to the idle charge or assertion that the churches have been rent etc., it is really amusing to see how easily, from a single instance, these clever brethren could be induced to believe and state above, for there is not the semblance of an apology for the charge, except the one solitary case which was brought before the association not an intimation that there was any other case in all her borders. Under such a state of facts, it becomes exceedingly difficult to account for the strange hallucination that seems to invest their minds.

And in this solitary case, it is by no means clear that it had its origin in the Nashville difficulty, yet rumor and the expelled party so charge. Still the church denies, and says difficulty with the expelled members arose from a deep seated opposition (in them) of years standing to Baptist doctrine and discipline and to gross disorderly conduct. Upon these charges they were expelled. Under this state of facts, both the church and the expelled party presented letters with delegates and claimed a right to participate in the deliberations of the body.

A resolution was introduced in these words: "That we recognize the majority party represented by her brethren Elder A. Jones, Jr., Dr. George Snider and D. Hampton, as the Baptist church in Jackson, and that their delegates are entitled to seats in this body until it can be shown that they have forfeited their rights as members of this Association." On this resolution an animated discussion arose, and now for the first time we heard the "ignoring" brethren took in the debate—I must be permitted to give it very briefly. Quite contrary to a course of silence in the matter the "majority, as I conceived, they opposed the cause of the expelled party, and were so severe and denunciatory in some of their remarks that the Association gave signs of suffering and distress. A general opinion pervaded the whole Association, especially among the aged brethren, that these metropolitan divines from Memphis had, by the spirit, matter and manner thrown into their heated polemics on the occasion, created more ill feeling and strife than could have been manufactured out of 10 such cases as this one. It was deeply regretted by all. When the question was taken the resolution prevailed by a majority of 69 to 7. This vote shows clearly the unanimity and harmony of the Big Hatchie Association; it also shows the ratio, or proportion, of "ignoring" brethren in her borders. The Big Hatchie Association met the Nashville difficulty with her usual firmness and candor. She has long since condemned Howell as the aggressor, and so grievously in the wrong. It may be that this has given offense to our very worthy metropolitan brethren, who say they have so carefully "*ignored*" *this thing*, that they deem it quite offensive in any and all of their brethren not to follow their bright example. If this be not the cause of complaint, really I am not able to divine it.

Better as Kentucky Kentucky were to drain herself of a score of her clever sermon-writing ministers, and send them to Tennessee to "ignore" and to complain, it would not move the Old Big Hatchie Association from her principles or her practice. She would still stand firm on her Baptist-Apostolic platform and strive to teach the religious world the true principles of Christianity without "ignoring" any of them, just as your party stand upon your Democratic platform, and say you are striving to teach the political world the true principles of our civil institutions. And notwithstanding such perplexing difficulties as that between Elders Graves and Howell are to be prevented as full of evil, still if Baptist churches are true to their great cardinal principle of the "non-recognition of any other leader, law or head, save Jesus and his scriptures," and in the "maintenance of those views, each church acting as a Democratic Executive Committee, they can outride any storm. Still, as an individual, I am truly grateful for the interest you have manifested for the denomination; and for your advisory suggestions, your humorous allusion to Thomas Benton and General Jackson, when Benton said, who about to leave for Missouri, "Two such lions cannot roam the same forest," and applying it to the case of Graves and Howell you say one or the other should migrate. The case is in point, and I agree to the proposition. Who should leave? I say, the old lion B. B. C. Howell for years past he voluntarily abandoned the field of Tennessee to the young lion's lion J. R. Graves. And while the old tawny lion was luxuriating in his own native forest of Virginia, the young invincible was toiling assiduously throughout the forest of Tennessee, and by working faithfully and constantly according to the laws, and under the direction of the lion of the tribe of Judah, many pairs of his forest began to "blossom as the rose."

He now had become very terrific to a vast horde of singular animals called *errorists*. He had great "success" in his "ministrations," and his fame had spread abroad through the country. Baptist cause was rapidly advancing, and its prosperity brightening in every direction. He was living in the affections of his brethren, and doing the work of the Lord in full. He had a few bitter enemies who could not bear to see his success. They sent word to old Tawny to come and throttle him in his own bailiwick. Old Tawny rose from his luxurious couch in the city of Richmond, shook himself, scented the breeze, and started West. The very next thing that is heard, is a terrific roar in the Cumberland cliffs, above the city of Nashville—his the voice of a lion, the people say. They look, and were enough old Tawny is coming, with head up, mane flowing, and tail erect—with the causal appendage D. D. emblazoned on a rosette tied securely on with golden wire. On he comes with quickly succeeding sullen and malignant roars. The people wonder, the multitudes gather, the crowd thickens. He advances rapidly, and on descrying young Invincible, he orders him to leave the city and the whole domain, or his bones he'll break. Young Invincible, conscious of innocence and his rights, responds, "I'm at home; I despise your threats, and defy your power." Enraged to desperation, old Tawny crouchant hinds, then rushed Invincible under the tree,

With every the grace he so dang!
Heart to heart, soul unto soul,
Too followed Nature's sweet command—
Scorning honor, scorning gold,
Nor stained for a Diamond Wedding.

So here we rest, in Canon Gold,
How Hem wanted for her beloved
Impassioned youth, Lavalier.
She was the fairest of the fair,
And weight was none with her long silken hair,
Whenever he loaded cold and bare,
With no thing to eat, and nothing to wear,
And neither than any another;
For Love was Love, and better than money—
The sister the theft, the sweeter is honey—
And a rising was clover, all the world over,
When Love and Lavalier married.

Six thousand of years have come and gone,
And still the moon is running on.
Still Hymen's torch is lighted;
And wherever in any land of the West,
Most comes to love have thought it best
To follow the ancient law of the rest,
And quietly get married.

But now, True Love, you're growing old—
Bought and sold, with silver and gold,
Like a horse and carriage!
Midnight talks,
Sighs and walks,
The glance of the eye and sweetheart sigh,
And chamber hearts with no one by,
I do not wish to disparage!
But every Eve
Is filled full of the bliss,
In the modern code of marriage!
And the command himself satisfactorily to trust his voice, "Let us pray."

The whole delegation fell upon their knees and the President offered up the beautiful and appropriate prayer, the last to the Instructive Office, which seemed as if written for this very scene and hour. The benediction was then pronounced with pathos most touching, and for a long time the House remained upon its knees in silent, solemn thanksgiving.

The members then rose calm, every spirit wet, and retired with the gravity of eternity impressed upon their countenances, as if they had seen God face to face. Such, faintly, was the scene which I have felt myself incompetent to describe so as to convey any just outline of the reality, and so as fully to impress you with its extraordinary character.

The Bishops to the other House hearing the show-ing, were filled with surprise, and several came in to see what was passing, and stood in the church looking on with wonder, not knowing what had gone before.

This day will never be forgotten in the Church.

CLIPPINGS.

PRIVATE SECRETARY.—The President has appointed his nephew, James Buchanan, of Philadelphia, his private Secretary.

An old man in Indiana recently married his daughter nineteen years old for wearing hoops. Another father in the same State turned his daughter out of doors for the same offense.

Prof. Lowe, the aeronaut, was to commence inflating his balloon—the air-ship "City of New York"—on Monday. It will take twelve days to fill it. He is then going to Europe.

HIGH PRICES FOR SLAVES.—At Warrenton, Fauquier county, Va., last Monday, a negro girl, about sixteen years of age, brought $1,325; another girl, about twelve, brought $1,200; a woman sold for $1,340 and a man $1,250; also another man (privately) for $1,500.

PRINT WORKS STOPPED.—The American Print Works and the Globe Print Works, Fall River, stopped on Saturday last for one week, in consequence of being short of cloth. This is good evidence of the flourishing state of the cloth-printing business.

THE ANCONA GOES.—The Ancona goat is being extensively acclimated in France. The deers sells at from $2 to $2.50, and the wool, or rather hair, makes excellent velvet, outling the hatter will to the finest and most soft. A few of those beautiful animals were imported into South Carolina, in 1849. They have increased to upward of fifty of the pure breed, leaving many half-breeds.—*New York Tribune.*

DEATH OF AN AMERICAN IN PARIS.—The Paris correspondent of the *Courier des Etats Unis*, under date of October 12th, says:

I have just heard of the sudden death of Mr. George May, brother of the gallant Captain May, who was married only a few months since to Miss Lizzie Barton, of New York, and who came to pass the honeymoon at Paris. I had left them yesterday both well, and expected to dine with them this evening. Mr. May's life was suddenly cut short by the rupture of an aneurism.

COL. DAVIS.—Col. J. Lucius Davis, of Henrico, who is placed in command of the troops at Charlestown, is the man for the position. Col. Davis is a graduate of West Point, an accomplished and experienced cavalry officer, a civilian and gallant soldier. There will be no renewal of an attempt to invade any portion of the soil which is sustained to the guardianship of Col. Davis; or should there be, it will be met in precisely the manner that every Virginian, especially in the present temper of the State, would desire it to be met.

INDIGNANT SUIT.—A suit was lately tried at Rochester, between Mrs. Perkins and the Grand Island. Mr. Perkins was killed while traveling on the railroad on a free pass. Mrs. Perkins claimed five thousand dollars. The Judge, in his charge to the jury, directed that the question of whether the deceased was traveling on a pass he separately considered, and that the company would be responsible for damages if the bridge, by falling of which the man lost his life, was unsafe, through the negligence of the company. The jury after being out half an hour, returned a verdict awarding Mrs. Perkins five thousand dollars.

WHAT IS IT?—A kiss is thus defined in a love letter written in 1689, and translated from the German:

What is a kiss? A kiss is, as it were a seal, expressing our sincere attachment, a pledge of future union—a present, which at the same time is taken from us—the impressions of a lovely mouth, which we also, from that moment a lovely wounded heart—a sweet bit of the lilly—an affectionate pinch of heart—a delicious dish which is eaten with a scarlet spoon—a sweetmeat which does not satisfy the hunger—a fruit which we plant and gather at the same time—the quickest exchange of question and answer between lovers—the fourth degree of love.

Wendell Phillips on Harper's Ferry.

NEW YORK, November, 2.—Wendell Phillips, of Boston, delivered a lecture last night in Brooklyn, in which he argued that John Brown was the only American who had acted boldly up to the true American idea; and while also those false and fatal wrappings of an effete conservatism, and refused to regard anything as government, or any statute as law, except those which conformed to the eternal laws of justice and of right. Virginia was not a State; Mr. Wise was not a governor. The Union was not a nation; all those so-called governments were simply robbers; and John Brown was to-day the only soul and true government on the soil of Virginia, and had so identified himself with the slaves that Governor Wise than Governor Wise had to hang him. He also said, 'I think you can make a better use of iron than forging it into chains.'

If you must have the metal, put it into Sharp's rifles; try a great deal better method in that way than in fetters; a great deal better than a great clumsy statue of a fallen great man for men to kneel down and worship in a State House yard.

Tom Corwin, of Ohio, was present on the platform, and being called upon for a speech, said he was there merely by accident, and begged to be allowed to decline speaking. He had heard before giving his vote upon the matter.

Oriental Value of Human Life.

(From the Presbyterian.)

The Chinese Emperor, Tsin, illustrates the low estimate men within the East place on the life of man. He entertained the curious design of making his dynasty the first and last—to extend from he beginning to the end of time. His vanity became so intense that, instead of intoxication, it was madness. He resolved to wipe out all records of preceding reigns, and therefore ordered them, and all the books of the Empire, into a vast pyramid, and then burnt them. Still there were four hundred and sixty learned men who could write about the past. These he collected in one spot and *buried them all alive.*

Since he entombed his subjects as the pioneer *does forest-trees*, he summoned every third man of the Empire, and sent them to the work of building up the "*great wall.*" About twenty millions of men were thus placed on that immense work. With very scanty provisions, and great exposure, some thirty millions of human beings are estimated to have perished in building that great work. The Chinese say "Tsin destroyed one entire generation, but saved thousands."

For twenty years one hundred thousand men were engaged in building one pyramid, that of Cheops. The Egyptian monarchs said they had to obtain most of their own provisions and beat they could. To give the reader an idea of its height, the writer stood on the earth, and with all his energy cried to those on the summit, but they could not understand the words, although they heard the sound, as it were, drowning in the desert. It seemed to be the work of the immortals. About two millions must have been engaged on the work during the time. Vast multitudes perished on the spot, and during three years of severe famine, which resulted from drawing so many from their farms, several millions perished.

Mahomed Ali placed three hundred thousand Egyptians on the canal from Alexandria toward Cairo. With the same disregard of human life, no adequate supply of provisions and no proper implements were supplied. The laborers, male and female, scraped out the earth with their hands and carried it to its place in their bosoms. That is, their garments around their waists make a place in which we saw vast numbers taking out the earth which had been washed in this Mahomed's Canal. In seven months thirty thousand of these half-naked, half-wooded creatures perished, and about unmitigated graves the entire length of that canal.

Why is it that men thus disregard the well-being of one another? Why is life far less safe in New Orleans than in Philadelphia, or more secure in New York than in Rome?

The answer is, as the knowledge of our immortality rises, and our hold on eternity grows out more and more clearly, the man becomes of more value than a brute. As men lose sight of these relations to God and eternity, they become reckless of their own lives. If we should dogs perish together, then there are evils greater than death. Those the suicide most always believe. We must be well instructed in the nature and value of the soul, then a sacred reverence attaches to life, and he who lifts the instrument of death strikes at the image of his Maker. W. H. V. D.

COLLEGE HILL, OHIO.

☞ Movers are passing through our town every day in large numbers, brought over on the cars from Memphis, and set thus far on their way to Kansas, in wagons, hoisted by aid of the iron horse." They are generally well prepared for their trip, and exhibit evidences of wealth in the way of wagons, horses, mules and negroes. But the great and the very large majority are from the Southern States. Some of them are well educated, and are intelligent, enterprise and industry which they take with them, and which will do more to civilize and improve their home than wealth without intelligence. We wish them great success.—*Mellison (Ark.) Pioneer, Oct. 27.*

M. Victor Meunjet, a well know scientific writer, informs the world that the next deluge will certainly not take place for 6,200 years, a piece of information which will be satisfactory to the present generation.

THE DIAMOND WEDDING.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

Written for the New York Tribune.]

O, Love! Love! Love! what times were these,
Love ere it leaves home and relatives and breaks,
And Proverbs into and silken bars,
When, in the great American chase,
Two matched Pairs under the tree,
With every the grace for be dang!
Heart to heart, soul unto soul,
Too followed Nature's sweet command—
Scorning honor, scorning gold,
Nor stained for a Diamond Wedding.

So here we rest, in Canon Gold,
How Hem wanted for her beloved
Impassioned youth, Lavalier.
She was the fairest of the fair,
And weight was none with her long silken hair,
Whenever he loaded cold and bare,
With no thing to eat, and nothing to wear,
And neither than any another;
For Love was Love, and better than money—
The sister the theft, the sweeter is honey—
And a rising was clover, all the world over,
When Love and Lavalier married.

Six thousand of years have come and gone,
And still the moon is running on.
Still Hymen's torch is lighted;
And wherever in any land of the West,
Most comes to love have thought it best
To follow the ancient law of the rest,
And quietly get married.

But now, True Love, you're growing old—
Bought and sold, with silver and gold,
Like a horse and carriage!
Midnight talks,
Sighs and walks,
The glance of the eye and sweetheart sigh,
And chamber hearts with no one by,
I do not wish to disparage!
But every Eve
Is filled full of the bliss,
In the modern code of marriage!
And the command himself satisfactorily
To not complete.
Till the high contract just nations meet
Before the Court of Hymen!
And the bride must be led to a silver bower,
Where grooms and robes fall as a flower,
That would frighten Jupiter Ammon!

I need not tell
How it befell,
(Since Jupiter has told the story
Over and over and over again,
In a note to Juno's glory in satin,
And covered hell—self with glory!)
How Jupiter, seated on his throne,
The King of Olympus—trolled this way—
King Jupiter's hirsute, they say—
And with an love with the Queen May,
The reigning belle of Manhattan;
Nor how he begot in quick succession,
And dress as lovers who hunt—who,
Or as Mac Marrack and Juliet do,
Where they sit tale-bloomed in the ladies' view,
And flourish the wondrous baton.

He wasn't one of your Polish nobles,
Whose ancestors—your absurdest troubles,
And as our cities—grow from Spanish grandees,
Who pity our chatterers with lies and candies,
Until the pure girls believe them,
No, he was a rich Chatham—
Full of guineas and brawls,
Cent. of Ribbons—the sweet-potato—
But a regular rich Don Rosalvo
Such Orpo Gin is Monopoly
Senor Grandissimo Orinoco!
He owned the rental of half Havana
And all the plantations, land and wine,
Kept holding a little higher!
And he was rich as Croesus,
And what else said—and all they did—
Is the story of Hymen's Diamond.

For the good of the times,
By Zeeva, of The Daily Fire.
A candle and Rockwell, Hymen, would buy
For the Dem. an any victory!

Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—
A diamond necklace caught her eye,
But a wreath of pearls first made her sigh
Then came the bracelet of each matchless clasp,
And like young coits, that curves and prance,
Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—
In spite of the wealth he wielded,
Who could a Rio—or Lalla
Brought together a hundred common girls!
Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—
But a last a wonderful diagonal ring,
A review Kalchmont—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—
And, sighing with love, or something the same,
(What's in a name?)
The Prince—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—

Ring! ring the bells, and bring
All the people to see the thing!
Let the guest and by, ye and ragged poor
Throng round the great Cathedral door,
To wonder what the bishop's for.
And some from prison—and some poor
At so much sunshine and brightness which
Could not be seen in the dark!
While the poor lad's wife
Is in the prison cell,
With six jewelled maidens to guard her side—
Six heavens maidens in tartan:
She lied for the sake of the
Close behind her, her mother,
(Dress in grandeur—and pride—
That hold, as plainly as words could tell,
Her daughter's sin—and the father,)
Leans on the arm of Sam Hatchin
Some Cent. in Monopoly
Senor Grandissimo Orinoco!
Happy match! fortunate man!
And Mr. Hymen's diamond!

In they swept all riches and grace,
Silk and satins and Boston lace!
In they swept from the dazzled sun,
And down in the shade of the aisle, one
Three females stood on the chancel high—
A kind, that had a silver run hay,
Good and silver may yet unite,
Unless it is tightly fastened!
What's worth doing at a is worth doing well,
And the sale of a young Mechanic is hole
In not the good of a bachelor!
So two Y-Ry-Reverends graced the scene,
And the text Andrew Jackson Davis,
By prayer and fasting chastened!
The Pope himself would have come from Rome,
But he's a bachelor—and so
Happy those robed prelates thought
Their wives and children—and tied the knot,
Not another power that love—but tied,
And I am sure they meant to "comfort" each of the bride—
A sobering, pitiless, marvellous chain,
Coiled with diamonds again and again.

As a bride's adornment—
Yet still 'twas a chain—I thought she knew it,
As half-unwilling she took the vows in silence—
By the secret tears she was shedding.

But isn't it odd, to think, whenever
We all go through that terrible river,
When—Hymen—the bridegroom—
(The Archbishop said the Church decree,
Be a man and one into three)
And leading the other alive as ever—
As each wades through that ghastly stream,
The same three maidens are there to meet
Will grow pale and heavy, and sink away
On the bosom of Death—Hymen—
Then the manly bride, and her maidens six,
Will always upon the banks of the Styx,
Quite as helpless as Hymen—
Naked souls, and very forlorn!
And the Cent. in Monopoly
Whose crinoline made the wide world wonder—
And cover—and hide—the Boston lace—
Who fallen over each share of their lineage—
A of the cent. for glorious fortune—
Will be—Hymen—Hymen—
Senor Grandissimo Orinoco!

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may!"
The Senor sauce to carry the day
Was Hymen's diamond—Hymen—
With his battery of cream—
Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—
Tiffany, Hankwood, Ball & Black,
Given authority—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—
And none and so at her pleasure!
Ist and lace—silver and gold—
Diamonds—or splinters—wealth untold—
All were Hymen's—Ist—Ist—Ist—Ist—
Enough to 2 1 a pack measure!

He didn't bring all his forces in
At once, but like a crafty old Don,
Kept holding a little higher!
And he was rich as Croesus,
And what else said—and all they did—
Is the story of Hymen's Diamond.

THE GREAT EASTERN.

(Correspondence of the Cincinnati Times.)

PORTLAND, October 17.—The exact time for the departure of the vessel for America still seems as undecided as ever. The day when the *Great Eastern* will really leave these shores rests with the Board of Trade, and is only with the company in so far as they exert themselves to comply with the very proper requirements which the Board of Trade demand for the safety of any passengers the *Great Eastern* may carry. That the number of these same passengers will be limited in the extreme on the occasion of the first voyage seems beyond a doubt. Of course, before the *Great Eastern* leaves, the Board of Trade are determined to see that every precaution is adopted to secure the safety of the ship and those on board; but even with this qualified guaranty, passengers will prefer to wait and judge for themselves what the ship can do on a regular voyage. Very many of the principal requirements of the Board of Trade still remain to be done. Done they must and will be before the ship leaves; but we mention the fact that they will have to be effected as a reason for our belief that the great ship cannot, and is not likely to start before the middle or end of next month, if she leaves this winter.

(Correspondence of the N. Orleans Press.)

HOLYHEAD, Oct. 18.—This morning, before eight, Prince Napoleon, attended by a numerous party, came on deck, under a pelting shower, from his Imperial Majesty's steamer Dauphin, which has arrived here. His Imperial Highness has carefully and critically examined every part of the ship, and has breakfasted with Capt. Harrison in his cabin.

Yesterday there came on hoard the largest number of visitors since the arrival of the Great Eastern at Holyhead. The total number of tickets issued was 2,854, a result of their arrangements which must be highly satisfactory to the London and Northwestern railway company. The greatest number of visitors since the launch was at Weymouth, when 7,000 or 7,500 were admitted but these numbers are as nothing when contrasted with those of the visitors expected on the other side of the Atlantic by sanguine directors.

The surveyors, Messrs. Patterson and Gibson, and the amplier, Mr. Hawkshaw, are on board, and engaged in their duties. As soon as their inspection is concluded there will be, it is said, no difficulty in procuring the Board of Trade certificate, immediately after the reception of which the Great Eastern will depart for her Atlantic trip.

The weather is most dismal, the sky is gloomy and lowerier, and though at present the visitors are flocking on board, it no doubt presents many of those who would wish to see the ship from counter-off. I forgot to say that Southampton is decided on as the port to which the Great Eastern will return after the trip to America.

Several engine is have gone ashore without leave, and will consequently be dismissed, much to the gratification of those who have experienced their authoritative power of grumbling. These are the last of those sent on board by Mr. Russell, so that now the entire ship and engines are in the hands of those appointed and recommended by the late Mr. Brunel and the company.

Some important repairs to the boilers are just being completed, and the ship will no longer in existence, and the boilers are now as before the explosion. Mr. M'Lennan, the chief engineer, who was a relative of the Great Britain, is confident that in twenty-four days from this time he can have his departure it in full sea-working order and ready for turning the paddles and screw in the rollers of the Atlantic.

Clerical Attempt to Force a Vote.

Some years ago, a celebrated Methodist minister and revivalist, well known for his eloquence and zeal in converting souls, was preaching in Western New York. Having had got pretty well up, and one night, after a very "powerful" sermon, he came down from the pulpit for the purpose of receiving the mourners, while the good old Methodist hymn

"Canaan Ho, Canaan!
Tis bound for the land of Canaan,"

was struck up and chimed in by hundreds of voices. The hymn was concluded, but there were no penitents at the altar. In vain he exported—his words and appeals fell upon the ears of his listeners without exciting any emotion. At length he concluded to make a bold stroke, and follow it up with a test, and resuming the pulpit, after a few words of exhortation, he solemnly announced that he would put to a test the question of the reality of his labors in view of the estimation they placed upon their souls. With his finger raised most strikingly, and in a most solemn manner, he announced:

"All those in favor of Christ will please rise to their feet."

A solemn silence ten seconded to the announcement, and while the minister was watching intensely for others to signify their position by rising, a worthy member who was on his feet, interrupted, and suggested that the reason might be that the true disciples were too modest to vote."

At this juncture a loud voice was heard in the gallery:

"I say, brother H——, its no use a taking or trying to force this vote—*this congregation is for the devil by at least twenty-five hundred majority.*"

EFFECT OF THE EXPLOSION OF A LOCOMOTIVE.—The Indianapolis *Journal* gives an account of the explosion of the locomotive on the Bellefontaine road, a few days ago, by which the engineer and fireman were killed, and says of the terrible power of the explosion:

The engineer was found on his feet, with the engine, leaning against it, and must have been alive after the shock, he made the distance from the spot where the explosion took place to where it finally rested. It first jumped forward about one hundred feet, and made a hole in the ground, by the side of the track, deep enough to bury itself in, and a second lunge took it about fifty feet further, where it rested on its driving wheels, leaning a little to one side, and the fire brands from the fire box poured out of the way. The forward truck of the engine was thrown back on the tender, and the two forward freight cars and their contents were shattered to splinters. The forward truck was torn up, the rails twisted and ties scattered. The tender was made a complete wreck, and the remains of the engine broken into a mass of small pieces almost indistinguishable.

How the engineer could have remained at his post, we might ask, with the sure making the fearful and almost incredible leaps that it did is a mystery. He was found in the same place and nearly the same position, when dead, as he occupied when living and on duty.

HENRY WARD BEECHER ON MOTHS.—Mr. Beecher's last contribution to the *Ledger* is a protest against moths, not the kind which eat woolens, but those which consume man's time and patience. The following extract from the reverend gentleman's Moth paper is very applicable to that insect that infests the editorial sanctum:

Next, are men that never know when they have got through their business. They are by poor look and attitude that they have caught you just at a moment of inspiration. You fine thoughts are evaporating as they stand fuming about some errand that no more concerns you than do the domestic wants of a polar bear. Indeed you feel not altogether unlike that savage animal. You feel sympathetically, abruptly, perpendicularly; but there is no. No's no answer. You renew the answer, and fire into him with deadly aim, and he stirs no more than if he were made of wax, whose duty it was to stand and be shot at. One sweet fancy is gone already. The fine pulse of inspiration is stanching in you to the throb of vexation, and when at last you have got rid of the man, you have got rid also of your ideas, and sit down to your paper very much as a well school-boy does, who has a composition to write, and nothing in his head to write it with.

☞ PRETTY GENERAL.—Do not assume positions nor receive honors that do not belong to you. We often see men made themselves ridiculous, and even offensive, by their assumed importance. Somehow they fancy that by pretending to be what they are not, they really become what they pretend to be. But they make a sad mistake—they deceive nobody but themselves. They are simply asses in lions' skins, and cannot conceal their hoofs, their ears, their gait nor their braying. Both nature and propriety are in view of the estimation they placed upon their souls. With his finger raised most strikingly, and in a most solemn manner, he announced:

"All those in favor of Christ will please rise to