THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL. MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 3, 1858. VOLUME IX.---NUMBER 222.

The Memphis Appeal.

PUBLISHED DAILY, TRI WEEKLY AND WEEKLY, BY JNO. R. M'CLANAHAN, LEONIDAS TROUSDALE, BENJAMIN F. DILL, Under the style and firm of M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL, TO WHOM ALL LETTERS ON BUSINESS, OR OTHERWISE, SHOULD BE DIRECTED.

PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily, in advance, per annum	$10 00
Tri-Weekly, " "	5 00
Weekly, " "	2 00

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THE DAILY APPEAL

FRIDAY MORNING ..... DECEMBER 3, 1858.

THE OLD GLOVE;
OR, TRICKS UPON TRAVELLERS.

BY JEREMIAH OTTOGO.

Late in the fall of '54, business took me down to New Orleans, in company with Thos. Bigbee, an old friend and former schoolmate, who was now on his way to his home in Mobile. The weather was extremely cold, but the comfortable cabin of the palatial steamer Montezuma, with the luxuries afforded by the attentive officers of the boat furnished us with the means of enjoying ourselves as well as travelers can enjoy themselves away from their own firesides. Men who voluntarily coop themselves up together for a week's imprisonment are very apt to seek amusement from each other, and it was not long before a disposition to become sociable began to manifest itself amongst the passengers. Tom and I occupied a stateroom near the ladies' cabin, and it was with the occupants of the neighboring rooms that we first struck up an acquaintance. One of them was a middle-aged gentleman, named Merton. The other, a gaily dressed, dashing little fellow, introduced himself as Frank Cherrute, of St. Louis. I took a dislike to this young man when I first saw him. It may have been his blue cross coat with brass buttons that prejudiced me against him. This article of dress I have always abominated, for it gives the wearer (to my eye) the appearance of a gambler; and of all animals in the world, I think the professional gambler is the most despicable. But Cherrute's lively conversation and agreeable manners partially dispelled my prejudices, and we four speedily became close traveling companions. I was pleased to observe that young Cherrute carefully avoided the card-tables in the forward part of the boat, and spent his time principally by the stove, with us, in the after part of the cabin. But this night have been privately done (I privately argued) with the view of playing a deeper game than that of poker. He had heard Mr. Merton casually mention that he had ten thousand dollars in his trunk, and it might be that he was all this time "playing his cards" to gain possession of this treasure. The moment after entertaining this thought, I felt half ashamed of myself, for, in honest truth, my estimate of Frank Cherrute's character was founded only upon the fact that he wore a blue dress coat with brass buttons. He appeared to be all frankness and honesty; his face was remarkably intelligent and pleasing in expression; and in an hour's acquaintance with him served to impress me with a more favorable opinion of him. I pretend to be an excellent judge of human nature, but I must admit that this young fellow's character puzzled me egregiously.

Well, the sequel of my narrative will prove to the reader how near I came to guessing the truth.

As I was saying, it was not long before a disposition showed itself on the part of the passengers to become sociable. On the second day out from St. Louis this inclination led to a general sociability. Desiring to be very particular and truthful in my narative, I must add that it only one man in the whole crowd kept himself aloof from the rest—a gentleman in a black suit and white choker, long dark hair and bushy whiskers, who sat day and night at a side table, near the stateroom, peering through a pair of green spectacles into the pages of a dilapidated book that looked as if it might be a Hebrew work written in the time of Moses. In every crowd you will meet with one or two just such unsociable characters as this gentleman, whom some of the passengers set down as a Mormon Elder, while others asserted he must be Baron Von Humboldt himself, or some other distinguished foreigner on his travels. Curiosity led us to examine the passenger list, where we discovered that the studious stranger's name was Dr. Blukerwissel, and that his destination was New Orleans. Although he always sat right at our elbows, when Cherrute, Merton, Bigbee and I were conversing, yet not a word did we ever succeed in whispering to the dull outsider. We at length concluded that he did not understand our language, and so ceased our endeavors to draw him into conversation.

But, my gracious! if I stop on the road to describe the passengers on the boat, I perceive it will be a tedious journey to the end of my narrative, which principally concerns Mr. Merton and his ten thousand dollars. Frank Cherrute and his blue dress coat with brass buttons, and Tom Bigbee and his pair of extraordinary gloves. It is on these gloves that the interest of my story "hangs." They were of a peculiar make, and excited our admiration one night as we were seated around the stove. After they had been sufficiently examined by us all, Tom put them, as he thought, into his coat pocket. It happened, however, that one of them fell upon the floor. Cherrute quickly picked it up, saying, "You have dropped one," and obligingly stuck it in Tom's pocket for him, instead of handing it to the owner. At least we supposed he had put it in the pocket, with the other; although subsequent events convinced me that Mr. Cherrute had merely *pretended* to do so, and that he had retained the odd glove for a vile purpose, then only known to himself and Satan.

That night, Mr. Merton's ten thousand dollars were stolen from his state-room! His trunk had been broken open during the night, and the little box containing his treasure and a quantity of papers had been abstracted.

Merton discovered his loss early next morning. Wild with excitement, he immediately spread the intelligence throughout the boat. The hubbub created was immense, and every man and woman aboard suggested a plan for ferreting out the thief. Frank Cherrute proposed that Merton's state-room should be searched, as some clue might have been left there by which to detect the robber.

The room was thoroughly searched, and a clue was found—in the shape of an odd glove that had been left behind the thief. It was one of those gloves that Tom Bigbee had been seen to wear the evening before. Merton rushed into the crowd with the evidence of Tom's guilt, and exclaimed:

"There stands the thief! Bigbee is the owner of that glove, and I charge him with the theft of my money!"

"Impossible!" I indignantly cried.

But he called upon me if my money could not be induced to withdraw the charge. Not one but himself, he said, had been permitted to enter his state-room since he had taken possession of it. Somebody had entered it without his knowledge during the evening night, and stolen the money. The thief had fortunately left this clue to his identity. He had seen the glove in negro's possession before the robbery, and he now demanded that his trunks should be searched.

"Don't be too hasty," eagerly interposed Frank Cherrute; "there may be other gloves of the same kind as Mr. Bigbee's, and if that gentleman can produce his pair, I claim that my suspicions are unjust."

Tom instantly examined his pockets thoroughly, but fruitlessly. He found but one glove, and that the exact mate of the one discovered in Merton's state-room. Filled with the keenest chagrin, my mortified friend gave up his keys, and requested that his trunks should be immediately searched.

The keys were not needed, for his trunk in the state room was found unlocked. The lid being raised, the first object that presented itself to view was the missing box. The papers were in it, but not a cent of the stolen money.

It was plain to my mind that the cool thief had adopted a cunning plan for throwing suspicion off his own shoulders upon my friend Tom. The money must have been stolen from him for the very purpose to which it was applied, and the box and papers put into his trunk with the view of fastening the guilt upon poor Tom. Unfortunately, not a soul on board, excepting myself and Frank Cherrute, and it was already the opinion of the majority that he had stolen the money. We were rapidly approaching Memphis, and the captain politely notified us that he considered it his duty to hand Bigbee over to the authorities of that city. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly. Poor Tom, crushed in spirit and now listless, could not assist me with a single suggestion. His sensitive nature would not survive the disgrace of confinement in a common jail. At my hazard I must prevent it. Who could the real thief be?

My thoughts naturally reverted to the incident of the previous evening, when Frank Cherrute picked up Tom's glove and appeared to restore it to his pocket. But could I have retained it then with the design now developed. And this morning how eagerly this same flashy young gentleman offered the suggestion that a search should be made for its mate, under the pretence that he wished to clear my friend of suspicion! And the hypocritical interest that he took such pains to exhibit! I was now certain that Frank Cherrute must be the criminal.

I called the passengers together, asserted my honest belief in the innocence of my friend Tom, showed and requested that each would permit his room to be examined. This privilege was cheerfully accorded by all, Frank Cherrute being the first to give his consent. His state-room I searched myself, and I assure the reader that I ransacked every nook and corner of it—but the missing money was not found! The fellow had laid his plans well.

Meanwhile the steamer neared the levee at Memphis. As her bow touched the shore, two police officers stepped aboard and demanded that a guard should be stationed at the gangway to prevent the egress of any one to the land. The captain requested an explanation of this measure, when one of the policemen answered:

"Excuse me, captain; we won't detain you long. A telegraphic dispatch was received at the Chief's office this morning, informing us that one John Brown, a notorious rascal, had escaped from the Missouri Penitentiary and taken passage for New Orleans on your boat. We've come to nab him. Here's his description in full!" And the officer showed the dispatch.

"All right," said the captain. "And while you are about it, you will find another bird aboard for your cage."

"How so?"

"Well, only a young gentleman who has been appropriating ten thousand dollars that happens to be the property of another person."

"Whough! Here's a go!" exclaimed one of the bird-catchers. "Maybe now it's the same chap we are after." And the two officers entered the cabin.

Tom didn't answer the description in the dispatch, and so he at least avoided the imputation of being an escaped convict; but he was nevertheless duly ironed and confined in a stateroom, whilst the officers proceeded to scrutinize the countenances and general appearance of the other passengers.

Troubled, feverish and perplexed, I went out on the guards near the ladies' cabin to breath a little fresh air. Happening to glance downward, I saw a dark figure with carpet bag in hand leap from the lower deck to a flatboat near the stern of our boat. In my state of mind, I was ready to grasp at anything that might possibly lead to an explanation of the mystery enveloping this affair of my friend, even though my conduct should excite nothing but ridicule. It struck me that the man with the carpet sack adopted a curious and an unnecessarily dangerous mode of effecting a landing from the steamer; for instead of walking ashore, he could get ashore on the gangway. I then noticed that there was no other witness of the man's proceedings than myself. It was singular, to say the least of it, that he should go ashore in this sneaking manner, just at a time when the police were particularly desirous that not a soul should leave the boat. Indeed, it looked very suspicious. I examined the man more closely, and as he turned his head for a moment towards the boat, I recognized the features of our demure and studious fellow passenger, Dr. Ilerman Blukerwissel, booked for New Orleans.

For New Orleans! Why, then, was he getting off at *Memphis!*

I darted into the cabin. The policemen were about taking Tom ashore, having given up the search for John Brown as a "bad job."

"Stop! stop! I yelled; "I've found him!"

"Found who?" asked one of the officers.

"The robber! the thief! the rogue! the——I rascal!" I answered, greatly excited. "Quick! quick! there he goes, up the levee! I saw him escape from the stern of the boat!"

The officers did not fully comprehend what I meant, but concluding that a man would not attempt to escape without having a concealed motive for doing so, they followed me in pursuit of the gentleman in black.

We had a long chase; for the fellow upon seeing us, ran like a quarter horse. But at length we had the satisfaction of securing him, just as he was dodging into a cellar on Front street.

Having brought him aboard of the steamer, into the presence of all the passengers, who had watched our race with interest, the policeman produced their description of John Brown, the escaped convict, and found it to fit Dr. Blukerwissel, in respect to height and weight, but not otherwise. The penitentiary bird had short sandy hair, no beard, and could be identified more surely by a scar on the lower part of his right cheek. The Doctor, on the contrary, wore very long black hair and whiskers, that hid all his features, excepting a pair of gray, piercing eyes, which shone through their broad spectacles like a cats' eyes in the dark. He very interpreted as to his object in leaving the boat so slyly; but to none of the questions did he deign a word in reply—merely shrugging his shoulders, as much as to say, "I don't understand you."

Many of the spectators now expressed their sympathy for the distinguished foreigner, and insisted that the officers should release him from further annoyance. Nevertheless, I demanded that the carpet-bag should be examined. All the other passengers' carpet-bags had been searched, and why not this man's?

"Well," acquiesced the officers, "go ahead. You may search it, if you wish. *We* won't have anything to do with it."

I broke open the carpet-bag and emtied its contents upon the floor. The first article that made its appearance was the ancient Hebrew work heretofore mentioned; the next lot proved to be a small collection of ragged lines, principally "dickeys"—and, finally, to my great gratification, the astonishment of the spectators generally, and the excessive delight of the most interested spectator, Mr. Merton, out popped twenty-five heavy rouleaus, containing precisely twenty double-eagle pieces each.

"My money! My ten thousand dollars!" shouted Merton, crazy with joy, as he hastened to gather up his lost treasure.

The excitement occasioned upon this discovery having partially abated, the next object of interest was, naturally enough, *the thief*—the proprietor of the carpet bag. Upon looking around for this interesting individual, he was there it was discovered that he had taken "French leave" of the company. The sharp observing that we were deeply absorbed in the contemplation of the contents of his carpet bag, had improved the opportunity to "make himself scarce." Thus avoiding any further unnecessary stories as to the manner in which he happened to gain possession of Merton's money.

Everybody—including the policemen—rushed out upon the guards, in hopes of catching a glimpse of the Doctor's "retiring form." An interesting scene on the Levee presented itself to our admiring view. Two men were floundering in the mud, (there is a *little* mud on the Memphis Levee,) with a circle of delighted loafers yelling—"Go it, Black Coat!" "Hol! on to him, Blue Coat!" and similar encouraging remarks calculated to keep up the spirits of the combatants. The wallowing had not continued long before the blue coat and the black coat lost their distinguished colors, and the loafers were forced to designate their respective favorites as "Long Legs" and "Little Un."

The two police officers, with their accustomed promptness, rushed boldly down to the scene of the conflict, and the fighting parties appeared to be pretty well tired out, and brought them aboard of the *Montezuma*. One of the prisoners proved to be Frank Cherrute, and the other—

"Who is this chap?" asked policeman No. 1.

"That's *Doctor Blukerwissel!*" answered Cherrute, spurting out a stream of Memphis mud. "Here's his wig and his whiskers," he added, presenting a singed hair thickly coated with the soiled furniture.

No wonder that the distinguished foreigner was undistinguishable, for in the place of his heavy beard was now substituted a mass of dirty, black mire. Frank Cherrute seized a spoon and whipped the fellow's face off clean enough to show a deep scar on his right jaw.

"John Brown, by all that's wonderful," exclaimed policeman No. 2.

For the first time since his entrance upon the boat, Mr. Brown opened his mouth and spake; and thus spake he:

"Well, I guess I'll have to come. I'm a gone community."

Sure enough, it was the veritable John Brown, himself, who, in his assumed character of a sedate book-worm, had managed to keep concealing himself to the passengers, as he most certainly would have done had he spoken three words. The fellow's caution, however, was overbalanced by his cupidity. His continual proximity to the fossil, (Mr. Merton, Frank, Tom, Bigbee, and myself,) enabled him to hear all our conversation, whilst he pretended to be deeply absorbed in his studies. He thus discovered that Merton was the possessor of ten thousand dollars in gold, and that Bigbee's appropriate it to his sole use and benefit was too great for him to resist; "pertikkerly as that there sort of business was precisely in his line, you know," as he playfully remarked when giving us an account of the affair. "I was a-thinkin' of some plan for gettin' hold of these dibbs last night," he continued, "when this 'ere Tom Bigbug was a exhibitin of his gloves; and when I saw him drop one of 'em, and this 'ere Frank Cabot pick it up and put it in his pocket for him, thinks I to myself, thinks I here's the caper. So I just jerked it out of his pocket, you know, and made good use of it, you know. I wouldn't a thought of doin' such a trick if I hadn't a been perticular in pur-serve, you know," and the jolly rascal grinned benignly upon the assembled company.

My friend, Tom Bigbee, was speedily divested of his iron bracelets, which were forthwith applied to the more appropriate purpose of ornamenting John Brown's, *alias* Dr. Blukerwissel's, brawny wrists.

In due time we steamed away from Memphis, and I will venture the assertion that a merrier set than we were cooped up aboard of the jubilant *Montezuma* during the remainder of the trip, never floated upon the Mississippi. Tom's spirits soon revived under the genial example of his fellow passengers, who, each and all, seemed to vie with each other in attempts to make Bigbee over the late unpleasant affair.

As for poor Frank Cherrute—*ahem!* I am positively ashamed to admit to the attentive reader of this truthful sketch, that my boasted knowledge of human nature was at fault, for once, in his case. But then you know, Sir, or Madame, that Frank, on our parting, presented me with a blue dress coat, with brass buttons. Don't forget that fact. Yet I am constrained to acknowledge that a close intimacy of four years, (which intimacy began aboard the "Montezuma," and subsequently ripened into the firmest friendship,) has only served to increase my admiration of my young friend's character. I confidently aver that a more noble and generous heart never beat, than that which throbs beneath Frank Cherrute's vest.

With gratification I must add, that since the events above narrated, Frank has never worn a blue dress coat with brass buttons.

John Bull on Uncle Sam's Back.

From the Irish News.

Our politicians, laying down a very neat and reasonable scheme of things, have appropriated Asia and Africa to the ambitious powers of Europe as the sphere of their progress, and the loose lands and waters of this hemisphere to ourselves and our better sort of expansions. Let England, they say, keep to the East Indies, and leave us to pervade, influence and civilize interitropical America. But England won't make any such bargain. For why? She is an ever-present power, and her flag flies over vast tracts of territory in this hemisphere, on every side of us—about six times as much as the sword of George Washington deprived her of. Her slice of North America has a mighty grand look on the map, even beside our own, and though not in the fertile latitudes which always moved me—as well as brains. She is potent in the West Indies, in the isthmian Mosquitia and the Bay of Islands, in South American Gulania; and then her influence—it is everywhere. England will not stay in the East Indies and will come here.

The fact is, our fight with England was not finished when she scaped the flag staff on the Battery, and went off down the bay, laughing on the wrong side of the mouth. That leaving the flag was a significant piece of business. We have not yet got rid of the old woman of the sea. She is still getting on the back of Uncle Sam, clinging round his neck, clogging the free movement of his limbs, scubbing him at one time and slobbering him at another. Wherever our uncle moves, there she is, before him. He goes into Texas, and finds her there, trying to get up a southern republic against him. He goes into Mexico, and finds her trying to seize California, in the confusion, and colonize it with Irishmen—before the proper time. He goes to Nicaragua, and there she stands at the gate among the Mosquitos, palavering him, and bothering him with Bulwers, and Cramptons, and Gore Ouselys. He goes to Panama, and she is there, also, putting up the blacks to ill use his passengers. He sails up to Paraguay, and there Shubrick will find her—we will bet anything. He goes up the Amazon and there, far inland, almost under the evening shadow of Chimborazo, he finds her squatted in the vast valley of the river. Only last year, the little republic of Ecuador transferred to her, for a solid cash consideration a pretty considerable tract of that Amazon Valley, one of the finest and most advantageous localities in South America. We believe if he were to go up into the crater of Cotopaxi, with the best intentions, she would be busy there before him, and trying to get him scorched out of it with the hot cinders.

Now that this old woman takes a sword or a stick to him, or anything of that kind, we yet. Not her arm or engine is mortgage, chiefly. Almost all those little republics have taken her money and underlet her mortgages; and their extremity will be her opportunity. A poor commonwealth finds it easy enough to part with a strip of land, in quittance of a pressing claim; and so the charm of this curse bearing mistress works over the half-world we have been in the habit of considering under the shadow of our empire—her other "charms" of diplomatic intrigue and the cannon being quite ready to come into play, whenever occasion shall call them.

It is fit that we should be familiarized with those hard facts, and should know that, though our writers talk eloquently of our predominance in America, there are stiff and strong obstacles in the way of it—should know that wherever we move, we are challenged and brought to parley, and controlled in one way or the other. With all the pride that becomes a rich and populous nation, we should remember that we cannot parley with England anywhere but upon the square. We have no armament. International right, or faith, or justice is a farce in the world—especially in that grand, high handed, business of "civilizing" the weaker nations; and unless we enter the argument on equal terms, we shall be thrust to the wall, according to the natural law of things. The press, to be sure, is a great power, and so is public opinion; but what can they do when the armaments begin to "talk" near the latitudes? Very little, we are grieved to think.

To make any headway in the business of colonizating, we should show ourselves strong. National weakness is demoralizing. A feeble nation arguing with strong ones, must fall into the habits of shifting and shuffling, dodging and double-dealing. With us this would be a dreary thing—a horrible sort of education of the national mind. There is enough of all that in the world. In our case it would be better to quarrel manfully with those who thwart us. To quarrel is an open, honest thing; but to keep cool, to keep dark, and go to work with a *circumbendibus* is, to say the least, base and dirty. All things else equal, a strong nation has always a nobler character than a weak one.

The mighty scheme of 1776 is only half accomplished, and John Bull is about there still; not alone with his public opinion and *belles lettres*, imported with the hardware, but with his flags and his armed presence. Time must help the work of the best revolutionists, and time must probably have much longer to go before we can get rid of him for good. Carlyle, in his history of Frederick II, says that nations are all the better for having been in "white-heat" anger, and that no nation can come to much that has never been in one. That "white-heat" business would raise our people grandly from this posture of things—raise it, like a man who stands suddely erect and flushing, from a stooping attitude. It would make the twenty years of common-school education and the renewal of all the city churches. As for that Old Woman of the Sea, we must get her out of our trees. Not with grass or flimsy articles; but with most eloquent double-strong, Saxon spelling book lesson, and when found make a sole of.'

THE DEVIL'S TEA-KETTLE.—There is, probably, in the whole *Mountain Democrat*, no portion of the Continent which affords a wider field for geographical research, than the great Basin of Deseret, or Utah. In that solitary, unexplored region are many curious salt lakes, the vestiges of a lost ocean, the waters of which are strongly impregnated with saline matter that they are little else than immense reservoirs of salt in solution. Vast rivers meander for hundreds of leagues through sterile solitudes, and at last disappear in the thirsty atmosphere, or sometimes, if nods come the water, in certain localities, to seethe and rave like boiling cauldrons. Springs of sulphur, and springs of boiling hot water, mountains of snow and burning plains, smiling valleys and vast deposits of subterranean ice, these, and a thousand other wonders are to be seen in the Great American Basin.

Lieutenant Sawtelle, of the 6th Infantry, while on the recent march across the continent, at a point about forty miles from where the overland route first strikes the Humboldt, saw a very singular natural curiosity, which, per compliment, we will name the "Devil's Tea-Kettle." On the very apex of a conical shaped mound, about eighty feet in height, was an unfathomable miniature lake of warm water which boiled in apparent violent or at least The water was quite tepid and perfectly translucent, and its surface was nearly on a level with the top of the cone which contained it. Curious attempts were made to fathom this curious basin, but in vain, for it was found. At the distance of forty feet from the base of the mound, were a number of gushing fountains, the water of which was intensely hot. Can any one explain the mystery of the "Devil's Tea-Kettle?"

Professional Cards

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