THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

BY M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL. MEMPHIS, SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1859. VOLUME X.—NUMBER 268.

Daily Appeal.

TOM ROCKET, THE ENGLISH HIGHWAYMAN.

From the London "Once-a-Week"!

Tom Rocket was a highwayman. No one ever christened him Tom, and his father's name was not Rocket. When he was tried for his life at Warrick assizes, he was arraigned as Charles Jackson, and they were puzzled to shout names then. If you indicted a man as Jim, and his true name was Joe, he got off; and when the law was altered—so that they could set such errors right at the trial—people, lenitative lawyers, said that the British constitution was being pulled up root and branch. But that's neither here nor there. I cannot tell you how it was that he came to be known as Tom Rocket, and if I could, it would not have anything to do with my story. For six yrs he was the most famous thief in the Midland counties, and for six years no one knew what he was like. He was a lazy fellow, was Tom; he never came out except when there was a good prize to be picked up, and he had his scouts and spies all over the place to give him information about booty, and warn him of danger. But to return to what people said, he was "on the road" at half a dozen different places at once every day of his life; for you see when any one was robbed of his property, or found it convenient so to account for it, why he laid it upon Tom Rocket as a sort of excuse for giving it up easily, because, you see, no one thought of resisting Tom. So it was, that all sorts of conflicting descriptions of his person got abroad. One said that he was an awful tall man, and had a voice like thunder; another that he was a mild little man, with black eyes and black hair. He was a fiery fat man with blue eyes and black hair with some; he was a jolly red face; he was as pale as death; his nose was Roman one day, Grecian or a snub the next. His dress was all the colors of the rainbow, and as for his horse!—that was of every shade and breed that was ever heard of, and a good many more beside, that have yet to be found out. He was a black half-coat, but some how or other it was always obliging enough to slip off, so as to give each of his victims a full view of his face, only no two of them ever agree as to what it was like.

My father was a Gloucestershire man. He stood six feet three in his stockings, and measured thirty-six inches across the chest. He could double up half a crown between his finger and thumb, and was as brave as a lion. So, mass a time and oft, when any one talked of the dangers of the road, he would set his great teeth together, shake his head, and say that he would like to see the man that could rob him on the highway; and, as he said his prayers, he did see him, and it was Tom Rocket.

My father was a lawyer, and was, at the time I have mentioned, engaged in a great title cause that was to be tried at Warwick spring assizes. So, shortly before Christmas, he had to go over and look up the evidence. There was no cross country coach, so he rode; and being, as I have said, a brave man, he rode alone. He transacted his business; and my poor mother being ill, and not liking to leave her alone longer than she could help, he set to ride home again about half-past nine o'clock that same evening. It was as beautiful a winter's night as ever you were out in. His nag was a first rate hunter, as docile as a dog, and fit to carry even his weight over, or past, anything. He had a brace of excellent pistols in his holsters; and he jogged along, humming a merry tune, neither thinking or caring for any robber under the sun. All of a sudden, it struck him that the bank-note he had put out of Warrick town, where he had stopped to have a girth that he had broken patched together, had been very busy with those self-same pistols; and suspecting that she might have been tampering with them, he drew the charges and reloaded them carefully. This done, he jogged on as before.

He had ridden about ten miles, when he came to a wooden bridge that was there in those days over the Avon. Just beyond it rose a stiffish hill, at the top of which was a sudden bend in the road. Just as any father reached this turn, a masked horseman suddenly wheeled around upon him, and cried out, "Your purse!" It was Tom Rocket! In a second my father's pistols were out and snapped within a yard of the high wayman's chest; but, one after another, they missed fire. The poor fiery bar-maid—a special favorite of Tom's—was too sharp to rely on the old dodge of drawing the balls or damping the charge; she threw pin into each vent hole and broke it short off.

"Any more?" Tom inquired, as coolly as you please, when my father's second pistol flashed in the pan.

"Yes," shouted my father, in a fury, "one for your nob!" And seizing the weapon himself by the muzzle, he hurled it with all his might and main at Rocket's head. Tom dodged, the pistol flew over the hedge, and my father, thrown out of balance by his exertion, lost his seat and fell heavily on the grass by the roadside. In less time than it takes to say so, Tom dismounted, seized my father by the collar, and presented a pistol within an inch of his face, bade him be quiet, or it would be worse for him.

"You've given me a deal of trouble," said Tom, "so just hand over your purse without any more ado, or by G—d I'll send a bullet through your skull—just there;" and he laid the cold muzzle of his pistol exactly on my father's forehead just between his eyes."

It is bad enough to have to look down the barrel of loaded firearms upon full cock, with a highwayman's finger upon the trigger; but to have the cold muzzle pressed slowly upon your head—ugh!—it makes me creep to think of it.

My father made a virtue of necessity, and quietly gave up his purse.

"Much good may it do you," he said, "for there's only three and sixpence in it."

"Now for your pocket-book," inquired my father, turning a little pale.

"Aye, pocket-book!" Tom repeated, "a thick, black one; it is in the left hand pocket of your riding coat."

"Here it is," said my father, "you know so much about it, that perhaps you can tell what its contents are worth."

"I'll see," said Tom, quietly taking out and unfolding half a dozen legal looking documents.

"They are law papers—not worth a rush to you or any one else," said my father.

"Then," Tom replied, "I may tear them up," and he made as though he would do so.

"Hold! on your life!" my father shouted, struggling hard, but in vain, to rise.

"Oh, they are worth something, then," said Tom, with a grin.

"It would take a deal of trouble to make them out again," my father replied sulkily; "that's all."

"How much trouble?" Tom inquired with a meaning look.

"Well," my father answered, "I suppose I know what you are driving at. Hand me them back and let me go, and I promise to send you a hundred pounds when and wherever you please."

"You know very well that these papers are worth more than a hundred," said Tom.

"A hundred and fifty, then," said my father.

"Go on," said Tom.

"If I tell you what it is, you scoundrel," cried my father, "I'll stake five hundred against them, if you will loose your hold and fight me fairly for it."

Tom only chuckled.

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"You're a cur, that's what you are," my father shouted in a fury.

"Don't be cross," said Tom; "it don't become you to look red in the face. Now, attend to me," he continued in an altered tone, "do you see that bridge? Well, there's a heap of stones in the center, isn't there? Very good. If you will place five hundred guineas in gold, in a bag, among those stones, at twelve o'clock at night, this day week, you shall find your pocket-book and all its contents in the same place two hours afterward."

"Have you to know that you will keep your word?" my father replied, a little softened by the hope of regaining, even at so heavy a price, the papers that were invaluable to him.

"I'm Tom Rocket," replied the robber, securing the pocket-book upon his person, "and what I mean I say, and what I say I stick to. Now, put up, and mind," he added, as my father sprang to his feet, "my pistols don't miss fire."

"I shall live to see you hanged," my father muttered, adjusting his disordered dress.

"Shall I help you catch your horse?" Tom asked politely.

"I'll never rest till I lodge you in jail," said my father savagely.

"Give my compliments to your wife," said Tom, mounting his horse.

"Confound your impudence," howled my father.

"Good night," said Tom, with a wave of his hand, and turning short round, he jumped his horse over the fence and was out of sight in a moment.

It was not quite fair of my father, I must own, but he determined to get a run for Tom Rocket, hailed with five hundred guineas, at the bridge. He posted off to London, saw Bradshaw, a famous Bow street runner, and arranged that he was to meet him at Warrick on the next day to catch Tom; but just at the last moment Bradshaw was detained upon some important government trial, and so another runner, Fraser, a no less celebrated officer, took his place.

It was settled that the runners should come by different roads, and all meet at a way side inn, about five miles from the bridge, at eight o'clock p. m., on the day my father's pocket-book was to be returned. An hour afterward they were to join him on the road three miles further on. Their object, you see, in taking this roundabout course was to baffle Tom's spies and accomplices, and to get securely hid about the appointed spot long before the appointed time.

My father was a little late at the place of rendezvous, but when he arrived, there was no one about, except a foolish looking countryman, in a smock frock, who was swinging on a gate hard by.

"Good night, master," said the yokel.

"Good night to you," replied my father.

"Can ye tell me who this yer letter's for?" said the chap, producing a folded paper.

My father saw in a moment it was his own letter to Bradshaw.

"Where did you get that?" he said quickly.

"Ah," replied the yokel, replacing it in his pocket, "that id be telling. Be yer expecting anybody?"

"What that to you?" said my father.

"Oh, nought," said the yokel, "only a gentleman from London—"

"Eh?" cried my father, "what gentleman?"

"Will a name beginning with F suit you?" asked the yokel.

"Give me the letter. The word fell incoherently from my father's lips.

"That's the name," repeated the yokel, jumping down from his gate, and changing his tone and manner in a moment. "I'm Fraser, and you're Mr. Sandigo; as his horn robbed of a pocket containing valuable papers, and we're going to catch Tom Rocket, as has got us; that's our game, sir. All right, sir; and now to business."

"But where are your men?" my father inquired, when Fraser had explained the reason for his disguise.

"All right again, sir, they will join us. We have not much time to lose, so please lead the way."

So my father led the way, followed by Fraser, and by the time they came in sight of the bridge, they had been joined by four London officers, in different disguises and from different directions. They appeared as a tramp, one as a peddler, another as a gentleman's servant leading a horse, and the fourth as a soldier. No one could have guessed that they had met before, much less that they were engaged in a preconcerted scheme. My father gave Fraser great credit for the dexterous way in which he had collected his forces.

The bridge upon which the money was to be placed, consisted of two arches across the river, and was joined on either side by a long sort or causeway, built upon piles over meadows, that in the winter were generally covered with water. It so happened that the very next morning after the robbery heavy rain set in, and soon the floods were out so that there was no way of getting on the bridge but by going along the causeway, which could be advanced or kept back upward, sloping down gradually to the road on each side of the river. This causeway was built of wood. At some places the timbers were covered with earth and stones, but at others the roadway had worn out, so that one looking up from underneath could see who was passing overhead.

Mr. Fraser's sharp eyes took the position in a moment. He got two hurdles out of a field close by, and with some rope that he had brought for another purpose, fastened them to the piles so that they hung like shelves between the roadway and the flood, one at each end of the bridge, and about twenty yards from it. This was his plan: two of his men were to be hidden on each hurdle, whilst he and my father, in a boat that was concealed beneath the main arch of the bridge, unseen themselves, could watch the heap of stones where the money was to be placed, and the stolen pocket book left in exchange for it. As soon as Tom Rocket or any of his friends removed the bag in which the gold was packed, Fraser was to whistle, and his men were to jump from their hiding places, and secure whoever it might be. If he leaped over the causeway and took to the water, there was the boat in which to follow and capture him.

Mr. Fraser was very particular to practice his allies in springing quickly from their place of concealment, and increasing upon them a sort of father the necessity of all acting together, he kept careful watch and strict all one. "At dinner, sir," said he to my father, as a clock chimed a quarter to twelve, "it is time we got into our places and to bait! As you place the hand me the bag, that I may mark it and see of the coins." He had made up his mind, you see, to make master Tom, if a thing, by the gives him the bag, and he him write upon it, and make some scratches on about a dozen of the guineas, and then, my father let himself down into the boat by a rope, and pushed off.

"Lord, how he did swear.

Determined to have it out with the runners for deserting their posts, he hurried on to the place where they had met, and were to pass the night. He knocked at the door. No answer. He knocked at the door again, louder. No answer. He was out in the very height of temper, as you may guess, so he gave the door a big kick. It it he flew; and a sight met his view that fairly took away his breath. Tied into five chairs, hand and foot frassed up like so many Christmas turkeys, with five gags in their five mouths, and their five pair of eyes glaring at him enough to make an imp of his face, bade him be quiet, or it would be worse for him.

"Ye've given me a deal of trouble," said Tom, "so just hand over your purse without any more ado, or by G—d I'll send a bullet through your skull—just there;" and he laid the cold muzzle of his pistol exactly on my father's forehead just between his eyes."

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the grave, and bearing the unmistakable trace of a hand long since cold in death.

He summoned up all his strength, excitedly broke the black seal of the letter, and read as follows:

"My Son: You daughter is suffering; her (Iloequ'ted labor does not suffice to keep want away from her door. In the midst of your opulence, remember her. Your mother begs you to do it; your mother who is now looking upon you and knows what is passing in your heart."

Then followed the signature.

In intense excitement the gentleman rang a bell; a servant answered it.

"Who brought this letter?" he asked.

The lackey replied that it was a young girl poorly clad, who had been nearly run over by the equipage of a Russian count, as it dashed into the courtyard of the hotel.

The host returned to his saloon with a pale and troubled face; a cloud had settled over his fete, and his guests saw it without understanding its reason.

He retired early, before the party had broken up, but could not sleep. Strange as hold did the ghostly features of this demand from his departed mother take upon his imagination.

In the morning he sent two hundred francs to the young artist, who, in point of fact, had not money enough to buy bread to eat or colors to work. What would this trifling sum do to rescue her from such distress? But the gentleman probably thought that he had been very generous.

The winter past, he went to Italy.

Months went by, and the circumstance became erased from his mind. One evening at Naples, he had just returned with a brilliant company of tourists from an excursion to an island near by. As he entered his room he discovered on a table a letter bearing the Paris postmark. He opened it carelessly, continuing his chat with his friends. But suddenly he became agitated, turned away and left the room. It was another call from the grave; it was his mother again imploring aid for his child. Finally, several months after, in Paris, at his own house, as he was just stepping into his carriage for a drive in the Bois another letter was handed him, another appeal, and this time more earnest, more imperious, more solemn than ever before.

He now determined to rid himself at once of this annoyance; he was becoming blase to the motion. He went to his lawyer and constituted in favor of Mademoiselle L——, artiste, a life pension, just sufficient, if not to live on, at least to keep her from starving—exacting at the same time that he should have handed over to him in a lump all the letters which might yet remain in the hands of her who had received this trust so admirably conceived, so terrible made use of!

Years rolled by, have, perhaps, already divined, the poor old mother before dying had foreseen the future miseries of her young girl, for she well understood the character of her precocious son. Hence she had the sublime inspiration of the letters, and, thanks to them, the maiden—that child of love, protected by the mother—was snatched from a poverty so full of perils to one of her age—her sex, and, above all, her abandonment.

Chance for another "Diamond Marriage."

A well informed Paris correspondent, says the Washington States, sends us an account of a contemplated matrimonial project, which, from its extraordinary character, and the peculiar attractions surrounding it, is destined to create quite a sensation on this side of the Atlantic, and will probably produce a sudden palpitation of maiden hearts. It appears that a Spanish nobleman, with the high sounding name of Don Pedro de Ayvero, Count of Trefoufiers, Duke of Sarataria, Grandee of Spain of the first class, and Knight of the Golden Fleece, having sought in vain among the noble families of his native land and of France for a lady worthy of his hand and his illustrious lineage, and having heard of the pre-eminent charms of American beauty, has at length determined to resort to publicity as the readiest means of accomplishing the object of his heart, viz: a matrimonial alliance with a young and beautiful girl.

The noble duke, we are informed, has passed the heyday of early youth, but his hair still appears black and closey, his teeth of ivory whiteness, his cheek tinged with the bright blue of youth, his form round and graceful.

The scandal-loving rumor of the Cafe Cambo, where he's often seen, asserts that he is paddled, laced and rouged; that his hair is from Devonshire, his teeth from Potter's, and that he is turned of seventy. Whatever be the truth of this statement, certainly no more youthful figure can be seen in Paris than that of the Duke when he rides out in the afternoon in the Bois de Boulogne, or gaily saunters, with other lions, along the Boulevard. But the chief attraction of this noble, courteous gentleman is his enormous wealth, the matrimonial aspirant is the possessor of 80,000 francs, consisting chiefly in rentes in Spain and in plantations in the island of Cuba.

Prior to advance copy of his advertisement, which he intends to publish extensively in this country, we are enabled to state that sealed proposals will be received from the fair bidders for this magnificent parti until the 1st of May, 1860. Although open to all the world, American offers are particularly solicited. Candidates over eighteen years of age need not present themselves. The bids must contain the exact name, age, place of birth, and description of the accomplishments and disposition of the aspirant, as well as certificates as to the color of hair, weight, etc. Each proposal shall be accompanied by a large and correct photographic likeness of the bidder.

The duke promises, among other brilliant inducements, that, after a full examination, the young lady selected shall be accompanied to Paris by himself and four gentlemen, belonging to the first families of Spain; that her trousseau shall consist of necklaces, bracelets, rings, trinkets, dresses, Alencon point lace, etc., valued at $500,000; that the fortunate fair one shall enjoy pin money to the amount of $100,000 annually, besides a hotel in the Champs Elysees, a castle in the Pyrenees, brilliant equipages, and boxes at the several operas. The ceremony will be performed at Notre Dame by the Archbishop of Paris; and it is even hinted that the Emperor will give the bride away, among an immense concourse of fashionable guests. But, to crown all, the whole proceedings will be minutely chronicled, for the gratification of the young lady's parents and friends, by the press in Europe and America.

JOHN BROWN'S DEATH TO BE COMMEMORATED.—The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, adopted the following resolution at Boston, on Monday:

"*Resolved*, That it is recommended to the friends of impartial freedom throughout the free States, in case of the execution of Captain John Brown, now on trial for his life in Virginia, to observe that tragical event, on the day of its occurrence, in such a manner as by them may be deemed most appropriate, in their various localities—whether by public meetings and addresses, the adoption of resolutions, private conference, or any other justifiable mode of action—for the furtherance of the anti-slavery cause, and reverently to consecrate themselves as the patriotic and Christian work of effecting the abolition of that most dangerous, unnatural, cruel and impious system of slavery, which is the fruitful source of all our sectional heart-burnings and conflicts, which powerfully and increasingly tends to promote servile insurrections and civil war, which cannot be more truly or concisely portrayed than in that as the sum of all villainies, which is a burning disgrace and a fearful curse to the whole country, and by the speedy extinction of which alone can the land be saved from violence blood, and utter demoralization."

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MEDICAL STUDENTS, ATTENTION! We have on hand a Large and Complete Assortment of Medical Works! Which we will sell at PUBLISHERS' PRICES—call in and supply yourselves at KIRK & WILLIAMS' 259 Main street.

NEW GOODS RECEIVED BY Recent Arrivals. Bayadere Colored Silks, Setts of the Fashionable Furs, New Shawls, New Cloaks, New Delaines, Various other new and desirable articles. All the Robes on Hand. Silk Velvet, Delaine and Cashmere are now offered at very lowest reduced prices. Silk velvets and prints cannot fail to please. W. B. MILLER, oct-19 266 Main, corner Madison-street.

Cheap China Store. 333 Main Street. I AM now in receipt of a complete and elegant stock of China, Glass, and Earthenware, which I am determined to sell at reasonable prices. CHAS. M. ERICH. New China Store. No. 333 Main Street. JUST RECEIVED— COAL OIL LAMPS, FLUID LAMPS, OIL LAMPS, LANTERNS, ALL KIND. CHAS. N. ERICH. oct30-2m. LATEST STYLE. THE "GARRIBALDI" HAT, RECEIVED PER EXPRESS. M. S. MILLER & CO., 262 Opposite Court Square.

The Memphis Appeal.

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

OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, Appeal Building, Main street, Opposite Court Square.

PRICE OF SUBSCRIPTION. Daily (in advance) per annum.....$10 00; Tri-Weekly " " .....5 00; Weekly " " .....3 00.

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3	6 00	8 00	10 00	12 00	16 00	20 00	23 00	26 00	29 00	32 00	50 00
4	7 50	10 00	12 50	15 00	20 00	25 00	30 00	35 00	40 00	45 00	75 00
5	9 00	12 00	15 00	18 00	24 00	30 00	36 00	42 00	48 00	54 00	85 00
6	10 00	14 00	17 50	21 00	28 00	35 00	42 00	49 00	56 00	63 00	100 00
7	12 00	16 00	20 00	24 00	32 00	40 00	48 00	56 00	64 00	72 00	125 00
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