

**SUSPECTED FORGERIES.**

The examination of Charles Drew and his two sons, charged with being concerned in the late extensive forgeries took place this morning (Sept. 25) at 10 o'clock at the mayor's office.

The circumstances we have learned relative to the arrest and character of these individuals, are such as leave little doubt of their guilt. One of them is an old convict, and more than once suspected of setting fire to buildings, house breaking, counterfeiting, picking pockets, &c. He is said to be completely adept in the profession, and to evince a versatility and acuteness that would render him worthy to become the hero of a Buñuel novel. The police officers of New York have long kept a watchful eye upon him, and after these extensive forgeries were committed, Drew was at once suspected of being the prime mover of the affair. A few days since he had exchanged notes to the amount of \$2170 at the office of Jacob Little & Co., in Wall street, and was followed by the high constable to his residence, but had that same morning taken passage to Philadelphia. On Saturday last he passed several counterfeit half dollars at the New York end of the Camden and Amboy rail road route, of which he was suspected, and the fact stated on the way bill. Afterwards, on board the Burlington boat, he passed off several counterfeit half dollars. This, together with the notice on the way bill excited suspicion. The police were informed, and a strict watch kept upon his movement and those of his companions. On Monday they were about to depart for Baltimore, when high constable Blancy and the other officers arrested Charles Drew, Sen. and his two sons, Charles Drew, Jr. and Wister Drew.

**A PROMISE.**—An Irishman recommending an excellent milk cow, stated that she would give milk year after year, without having calves because it ran in the blood; and she came of a cow that never had a calf.

**Missionary.**—A young missionary asked of his supposed female converts, "how many commandments there were." "Nine Sir." "What have I not learned you ten." "Yes Mr. Minister, and last night you learned me break one."

The *Amsterdam (N. Y.) Gazette* tells the following almost incredible story:

An attempt was made by two individuals to rob the mail between this place and Schenectady on Thursday night of last week. The driver plied the butt of his whip so efficiently over the head of the scoundrel that attempted to climb on the front part of the coach box, that he was compelled to abandon his project, and let the stage pass on. The other who had got on the hind part of the coach, finding he could do nothing alone, got down and troubled it no more. There were nine passengers inside of the coach, all of whom were stout, healthy men, and who, during the heat of the strife between the driver and the robber, the former called upon them for assistance, not one of them possessed sufficient manhood to come to his aid, but all united in beseeching him to put whip to his horses, and get to a stopping place as soon as possible.

By a letter from Columbus, we learn that Col. Milton, who recently very deliberately shot Major Camp, in the street of Columbus, has been tried, acquitted and discharged. What are we coming to in Georgia.—*Augusta N. A. Gazette.*

**JUDICIAL.—IMPORTANT DECISION.**—Last week a very interesting constitutional question came up for the first time in this State, upon a habeas corpus, before Chancellor Quintan.

The question was, whether a person who had committed a felony in one state, could without previous demand from the executive of said State be arrested in this State by a justice of the peace, and committed to prison here, on proof of the crime, until such reasonable time would elapse as would enable the Executive of the state where the crime was committed to demand the fugitive. After full elaborate argument by Eli Hutton Esq., on the side and Robert J. Walker and Wm. Vannerson Esq., on the other, the Chancellor, after taking some time to deliberate on this important question, decided that the arrest and commitment were legal, but the prisoner could not be confined beyond such reasonable period as would enable the executive of the State, where the crime is committed, to demand the fugitive in the mode prescribed by the Constitution of the United States.

Henceforth it is certain that Mississippi cannot be a safe asylum, for a moment, for criminals who have fled from justice in a sister state. Let the decision be adopted by all the States, and crimes will be less frequent, as the hope of escape will be diminished,—especially as it is desirable that our neighbor state, Louisiana, should adopt a similar principle.—*Natchez (Miss.) Journal.*

A considerable number of persons have been killed in duels, in the south, within a short time past. The present most fashionable mode is to die by a ball in the head. So fell Mr. Campbell, United S. attorney for Florida—and others.

**Remarkable Escape from the Indians.**

In the year 1810, while two hunters, by the names of Colter and Potts, were setting their traps, in Missouri, they suddenly heard a great noise, resembling the trampling of animals—soon after which from 500 to 600 Indians made their appearance, and beckoned to them. Potts expecting to be tortured to death, if he was taken, drew up his rifle and shot one of the foremost Indians—upon which, in return, they filled his body so full of arrows, that he fell dead instantly.

They now seized Colter, stripped him naked, and began to contrive how to put him to death. Some were for setting him up as a mark to shoot at; but the old Chief interposed, and asked him if he could run fast? Colter, understanding Indian customs, and knowing it would be hard outrunning 500 to 600 Indians replied that he was a very bad runner, though the hunters did not call him so. The chief now led him 3 or 400 yards, and then released him, telling him to save himself if he could. At this moment, the horrid war whoop sounded, and the chase began.

Colter ran like a deer across the plain six miles in breadth, and the Indians after him, at full speed. At every instant he was treading on the prickly pear with his bare feet, and wounding them. When about half way across the plain, he ventured to look over his shoulder, and perceived that the Indians were widely scattered, except one, and he 90 or 100 yards off. A faint gleam of hope now cheered his heart, and he exerted himself still more, till the blood gushed from the nostrils and almost covered the fore part of his body. He had now arrived within a mile of the river, when he distinctly heard the appalling sound of footsteps behind him, and every instant expected to feel the spear of his pursuer. Again he turned his head, and saw the savage not twenty yards from him. Determined, if possible, to avoid the expected blow, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and spread out his arms. The Indian, surprised by this action, and perhaps by the bloody appearance of Colter, also, attempted to stop; but, exhausted by running, he fell whilst endeavoring to throw his spear, which struck in the ground and broke. Colter instantly snatched up the pointed part, with which he pined him to the earth, and then continued his flight.

The foremost of the Indians, on arriving at the place, stopped till others came up to join them, when they set up a hideous yell. Every moment of time was improved by Colter, who, although fainting and exhausted, succeeded in gaining the skirting of the cotton wood, on the border of the plain, through which he ran and plunged into the river.

Fortunately for him, a little below this place was an Island, against the upper part of which, a raft of drift timber had lodged. He dived under the raft, and after several efforts, got his head above water amongst the trunks of the trees, covered over with smaller wood to the depth of several feet. The Indians arrived, shrieking and yelling like so many furies. They were frequently on the raft during the day, and were seen thro' the clinks by Colter, who was rejoicing at his escape, until the idea rose, that they might set the raft on fire. In horrible suspense he remained until night, when hearing no more of the Indians, he dived under the raft and swam silently down the river to a considerable distance, where he landed and travelled all night.

Although happy in having escaped from the Indians, his situation was still dreadful; he was completely naked, under a burning sun; the soles of his feet were entirely filled with the thorns of the prickly pear, he was hungry, and had no means of killing game, although he saw abundance round him. He arrived at the Fort in seven days, however, having subsisted on a root much esteemed by the Indians of the Missouri now known by naturalists as *psoralea esculenta*.

**GENERAL PUTNAM.**

During the war in Canada, between the French and English, when gen. Amherst was marching across the country to Canada, the army coming to one of the lakes which they were obliged to pass, found the French had an armed vessel of twelve guns upon it. The general was in great distress; his boats were no match to her, and she alone was capable of sinking his whole army, in the situation it was placed. General Putnam came to him, and said, "General that ship must be taken." "Ay," says Amherst, "I would give the world she was taken." "I'll take her," says Putnam, Amherst smiled, and asked how? "Give me some wedges, a beetle (a large wooden hammer or mallet used for driving wedges,) and a few men of my own choice.—Amherst could not conceive how an armed vessel was to be taken by four or five men, a beetle, and some wedges. However, he granted Putnam's request. When night came Putnam, with his materials and men stole quietly in about under the ves-

sel's stern, and in an instant drove in the wedges between the rudder and ship, and left her. In the morning the sails were seen fluttering about, she was adrift in the middle of the lake, and being presently blown ashore she was easily taken.

We are informed that goods coming from New York, have been shipped the present season from Albany to Galena, Pekin, Peoria, and Lower Alton, in the State of Illinois, Paris, Maysville, P. tertsburg, Louisville, and Lexington, Kentucky; to Chicago and Green Bay Michigan territory; to Fort Wayne, via Maumee, Indiana; to Nashville and Clarksville Tennessee; to St. Louis, Missouri; and to Florence, Alabama. This information is derived from one of the Forwarding lines, (the merchant's) and embraces only the places to which that line had shipped goods; there are several lines employed in transporting goods to Ohio, which are reached by goods transported through the Erie Canal.

**Botts in horses.**—A writer in the *American Farmer* says, horses fed on green oats will discharge the botts contained in their stomachs. When a horse begins to suffer from the botts he should be immediately bled in the neck and the blood poured down his throat. It should be caught in bottles, and kept from coagulating by having the bottles in warm water. In five minutes the horse will obtain relief.

**How to patronise a tavern.**—One evening last week a rather well dressed good looking Jonathan came into this place with a load of "gals," and stopped at one of the taverns in the east part of the town. After handing the ladies into the sitting room, he drove his team into the shed and gave them some hay of his own. He then went to a grocery, and purchased a pint of Port wine, borrowed a bottle to carry it in, and a glass to drink it with, and took it up to the tavern, and after treating the "gals," returned the borrowed articles, and started for home. [The landlord will be able to retire from business in a short time at this rate.]

**State of Trade.**—The excitement in the cotton market continues to increase, and prices appear to advance more rapidly the higher they become. Two or three parcels of bowed have, this week, for the first time since 1825 been sold for a shilling a pound, by which we believe some considerable wages have been decided, and bets are freely offered at Liverpool that they will be sold at 15d. before the first of January. In short, the market, has become what it was in 1825;—a scene of speculation and gambling. In this town the prices of reeled yarn, which is very scarce in the market, keep closely behind the cotton though the buyers have rather shy of making purchases at extreme prices within the last few days. The advance in most descriptions of goods is still considerable below that in cotton; and in some descriptions not much in demand at this season of the year it is difficult to obtain even the smallest increase in price.—*Manchester Guardian.*

**Mischievous effects of Anonymous Letters.**—In the Bankruptcy Court yesterday, Thomas Arbet, builder, of the Horse-ferry road, appeared to pass his last examination, when it appeared there was a balance of £6349 in his favor; his property consists of freehold and leasehold and he was driven into the Gazette for a bankrupt, in consequence of some secret enemy writing anonymously to his creditor, reflecting on the state of his affairs.—*London paper.*

**CHURCH AND STATE.**

Sir William Inglis, a distinguished abig, has given notice that he will move, at an early day, for the exclusion of the Bishops, in the British Parliament. This is certainly making an important change in the constitution, and will, no doubt be opposed with great zeal, by many, and probably, the British ministers. The King however, has recently told them that they have bro't scandal on their order, and endangered their seat in Parliament. One thing is certain. Public opinion calls for such a change and as the principles of reform progress, it must occur. In this country we have no constitutional union in this church and State; but we have a sectarian spirit which is rapidly tending to such a consummation. In some parts of the United States, this feeling has arrived at an alarming height. It is felt in elections, in criminal trials, and it presses with the weight of an *in medias* on the social circle. Already has it been declared, that every office in the Union must be filled by professors of religion; that the mail and the traveller should be arrested on the Sabbath; and that no one should touch, taste, or handle ardent spirits without being deemed guilty of crime, and frowned on accordingly. Every one, has more or less, in phrenological

verbage, the organ of veneration and there is a general disposition in individuals and in communities to fall under religious influence—and this is always prejudicial to temporal interests, and to the great cause of religion itself. We should beware of this fatal tendency. If our institutions fall, let them not perish under the knife of sectarian bigotry. If they survive, let them be free from its pollution, its desolating spirit. Let religion flourish in our hearts, in our acts, in the spirit, charity of our laws; but from a union of Church and State, the great God of Heaven preserve us!

**The Fantastics.**—Our grave city was completely thrown from her centre yesterday by the Bacchanals of the Hollow Guards. All was confusion, farce and fun. The grave and the gay, the light and the severe, all joined the throng; and the peals of laughter which resounded through the streets enlivened by the parade, might have persuaded a stranger he had wandered into a colony of Bedlamites.

The array was irresistibly comic.—Every thing that could excite a laugh was pressed into service. The warriors were garbed in every fashion that ever covered flesh and bones. All that is grotesque out landish, comic and queer, were there. Each individual of the host was, in himself, a farce; and the whole array reeling with mock gravity, through the streets, would have made "Nestor swear the joke was laughable."

This exhibition, say our morning contemporaries, must by no means be considered a mere ebullition of the spirit of fun. On the contrary, it is a new species of logic; a grave argumentation on the militia system; and embodied illustration of the reports of our last delegation to the legislature on that important subject. The persons engaged in it are not to be regarded as mere devotees of fun, frolic, and flash; but as a band of philosophers, philanthropists, and patriots, who have enacted an imposing drama, to teach saving political truths to a sinking age. *Phil. paper.*

**Thieves and Swindlers.**—This description of gentry are daily becoming more numerous, in all our cities. Whether the accessions are to be traced to emigrants from Europe, or to demoralization at home, the fact of increase is undoubted. In the West, it may reasonably be attributed to the necessity imposed upon those, who have become notorious in the Atlantic cities, to seek a new theatre for their operations.—The facilities of conveyance make this easy. It is becoming more and more necessary that caution should be observed in receiving persons unknown, into acquaintance and association. Men of character, who visit strong places, should provide for themselves unexceptionable recommendations. Those not provided with them should be looked upon with suspicion.—*Cincinnati Gaz.*

A young gentleman stepped into a bookstore, and said he wanted to get a *Young Man's Companion*. "Well sir," said the bookseller "here's my daughter."

**SINGULAR.**—The following circumstance has been related to us as having lately occurred in the neighborhood of Turkhanuock, Luzerna county P. We do not vouch for the correctness of the story, though it is said to be strictly true.

A little child begged of its mother a piece of cake, and on receiving it immediately went out of the house. A short time afterwards, the mother sought the child, whom she found a little from the house amusing itself with feeding the cake to a large rattlesnake. The snake with its head elevated nearly to the height of the child's head, was receiving with much apparent satisfaction from the hand of the unconscious child, the crumbs of cake which it broke off and put into the snakeship's mouth. The alarm of the mother, as might reasonably be expected, was very great on seeing her child put its fingers into the mouth of so dangerous a creature as the rattlesnake; but retaining a proper presence of mind she persuaded the child to come to her, and then pursued and killed the snake.—*Montrose Vol.*

**An Unreflecting Scoundrel.**—went recently into a merchant tailor's shop, in Albany, under the pretence of buying a pair of pantaloons. He tried on a pair, and seeing a chance to escape unseen through a window he eloped; leaving a pair of unmentionables more battered than were Governor Marcy's before the Empire State repaired them at her own expense; but they contained, as good luck would have it, ten dollars lawful money—three more than the price of the pantaloons: which the green nose of a thief had forgotten to remove to his new quarters.

A merchant in Boston advertises for sale one camel's Hair Shawl, the original cost of which in Calcutta was one thousand dollars. [Sat. Cour.

**Rations for Indians.**—On Thursday last, the proposals, under capt. Brown's advertisement of the 28th of June last, for furnishing rations for Indians at the several depots, in the new Choctaw country west of Arkansas, were opened in this town, and the contracts taken at an average of about seven and third cents per ration. The competition, we understand was, was greater than at any former bidding, and the contracts were taken at considerably lower prices than was anticipated; particularly those of the depots on the Arkansas.—The aggregate of the contracts amounts to over \$32,000, and we are gratified to learn, that they have all been taken by citizens of the territory of ample responsibility to insure them promptly filled, and we hope they may realize from them a handsome profit.—[*Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette.*

**Steam Boat burnt.**—The steamboat Ousatic, plying between this place and the different landings on the Potomac River, was burnt to the water's edge, on Friday night last, whilst she lay at Leonardtown, Md. The fire was entirely accidental, and so rapid was the progress of the flames, that the captain and crew, asleep on board at the same time, with difficulty escaped with their lives. We understand the Ousatic was partially insured. Another boat it is said, will be put on the route as soon the necessary arrangements can be made. [Alex. Gaz.

**SILK MANUFACTURE.**—One of the most gratifying exhibitions we ever witnessed is that of the silk worm in all its stages, with the mulberry leaves, eggs, cocoons, chrysalis, miller, &c., together with a complete domestic process of manufacture, which may be seen at the Agricultural warehouse in this city. The machine which is there in motion was invented last winter by Mr. Adam Brooks, of Scrutuate, Mass. and a patent of it, which we have seen, was issued on the 29th June last. It is an improvement, as it seems to us, of vast importance; for, unlike the Piedmontese wheel, heretofore chiefly used, which only performed the reeling process, it combines the reeling and twisting; and the saving of labor is such, in consequence, that 150 skeins can be made in a day by one woman and a little girl, to turn this improved wheel, as easily as 40 can by the old. This we learn from those who have tried both. One of the new machines is used in Connecticut, and another in New York, besides those in the family of the inventor, who now devote their time, in a great measure, to this business.

Mr. B. is one of the society of Friends. His wife, who superintends the wheel, and has paid some attention to silk making for several years, had made frequent complaints of the labor lost by the old machine. Her husband doubted the practicability of amending it, and told her so in plain terms; but went to thinking, it seems, and in about three weeks produced this capital improvement. Mrs. B. says it was formerly a very hard day's work to make thirty skeins, she now makes one hundred in ordinary hours. The silk is beautiful, as smooth as the Italian, and stronger than that. *Boston Journal.*

In the days of yore, there lived in Chester in the state of Pennsylvania, an old gentleman who kept a dry goods store, and was remarkable for his mild disposition, so much so that no one had ever seen him out of temper. This remarkable characteristic having become the subject of conversation, one of his neighbors, who was somewhat of a wag, bet five dollars that he could succeed in ruffling the habitual placidity of the stoic. He accordingly proceeded to his store, and asked to see some cloth suitable for a coat. One piece was shown him, and then another, a third and a fourth were handed from the shelves; this was too coarse, the other was too fine, one was too dark a color, another too light; still the old Diogenes continued placid as new milk, and no sooner did his customer start an objection to any particular piece, than he was met by some other variety, being laid before him, until the very last piece in the store was unfolded to his view. The vender now lost all hope of pleasing his fastidious purchaser, when the latter, affecting to look at the uppermost piece with satisfaction, exclaimed, "Ah, my dear sir, you have hit it at last, this is the very thing, I'll take a cent's worth of this pattern," at the same time laying the money plump upon the counter before him, to show that he was prompt pay. "You shall have it, my good friend," replied the merchant, with the utmost seriousness of speech and manner, and then, laying the cent on the surface of the cloth, and applying his ample scissors, he cut it fairly round to the size of the money, and wrapped it carefully up in paper, made a low bow, thanked him for his custom, and troped he would call at his store when he wanted any thing in his line again.