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THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

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From the New York Herald.

The Warner Torpedo—Arrest of the Perpetrator—Great Discovery of Forgeries—Astounding Disclosures, &c., &c.

It will be recollected that a good deal of excitement was occasioned in this city, in the early part of the month of May last, by the delivery of a small case, shaped like a segar box at the house of Thomas Warner, Esq., No. 18, City Hall Place, which contained a quantity of explosive materials, that were so arranged as to ignite when the cover was removed. The box was placed in the hands of the servant girl in the evening, at the door, by a negro boy, with the direction to give it to Massa Warnor. Mr. Warner was not then in town. Mrs. Warner attempted to open it, with a view of ascertaining what it contained. The lid, however, was stiff, and she could not fully draw it out, She then left it in the office, so that her husband could get it when he returned. Mr. Warner arrived from Philadelphia about noon the next day, and having some business to attend to at Chambers, he directed dinner to be got ready immediately.—While he was at his meal, with his wife and family around him, his son brought in the box, and attempted to open it, but could not do so. He handed it to his father, and Mr. Warner determined upon seeing what was in it. Having more strength than the others, he pulled out the lid, which fitted with a slide, without difficulty; but no sooner had he done so, than he observed a bright blue flame. With remarkable presence of mind he called to his wife and son to leave the room, and throwing down the box, he ran after them. Hardly had they turned their backs, when a dreadful explosion took place, which shook the building—the report was heard a great distance. The lower part of the house was much shattered—the wall was cracked but no person was injured.

The circumstances connected with the dastardly attempt to take Mr. W.'s life were immediately communicated to the police authorities, and they set themselves to work to discover the author of the outrage.

A celebrated character, known as "One Eyed Thompson," was arrested on suspicion, but there being no evidence against him, he was discharged. A man named Samuel Drury, who lived at Astoria, and owned a farm there, was also arrested but he denied all participation in the affair: no evidence could be brought against him either, so he too, was discharged. After the matter remained in the hands of the police authorities for several months, they concluded that it was useless to make any further exertions to discover the author of the outrage, and they accordingly dismissed the subject from their minds. We may add, in this part of the story, that the Mayor and Common Council offered a reward of five hundred dollars to any person who would discover the perpetrator of the villainy, to which Mr. Warner added a further reward of five hundred dollars on his own part.

About two months since, Mr. George Wilkes, of New York, editor of the National Police Gazette, determined to endeavor to ferret out the villains and bring them to punishment. He went to work very cautiously. From certain information which he possessed, he made up his mind that Drury, who had been arrested by the police on suspicion, but discharged for want of proof, was the man who manufactured the torpedo, and either sent it to Mr. Warner's house or left it there himself. Drury was known to him as an accomplished villain. He who, to all appearances, was an honest, industrious farmer, cultivating his land at Astoria, and earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, Mr. Wilkes, knew, was a counterfeiter, a forger, a burglar, and everything else that was bad. He also knew that Mr. Warner had been Drury's counsel, and that a dispute, concerning some professional charge, had occurred between them, which resulted in Drury's taking his business from him, and his making a threat that he would "serve Warner out for his conduct." Armed by these suspicions, Mr. Wilkes commenced the task of bringing home the charge to Drury, and conducting him to trial and punishment, It was necessary to be very cautious, for the man whom he had to deal with was an adept in every species of artfulness, and it would be as extremely difficult to get the better of him.

After surveying the ground, and taking everything into consideration, and knowing Drury to be extremely avaricious, he thought he would attack his weak point. There having been a disagreement between One-eyed Thompson and Drury, & it being ascertained that Drury was secretly endeavoring to implicate Thompson, with having sent the torpedo to Warner's house, Mr. Wilkes had an interview with the latter, and after laying such portion of his plans before him as he thought proper, he procured his assistance. The story becomes a little romantic now. Some time since, some burglars effected an entrance into the premises of a bank-note engraver, in Boston, and carried away a set of engraver's tools, and a variety of articles and dies, connected with the business of bank-note engraving. One-eyed Thompson was to have an interview with Drury, and pretend that he had those articles, and that he would sell them to Drury for a moderate price. He pictured to Drury, who was very expert in altering bank-notes, the great benefit they would be to him in carrying on his operation. Drury after a while consented to meet Thompson, in the Fifth avenue, where Thompson told him the articles were hidden in the fence, and to bring his son Sam with him.

The time appointed came round. Drury did not go, but he sent his son Sam, and as they approached the place where it was represented the tools were deposited, they observed two men smoking segars. Now; these men were posted in that particular place by Mr. Wilkes. His plans would be destroyed, if either Drury or the son thought that Thompson was trifling with them—and this would be evident if, after coming from Astoria they were to find nothing in the fence. Accordingly, Wilkes posted those men there, and paid them a dollar an hour for remaining there. Mr. Wilkes wished to baffle Drury, in case he accompanied Thompson, or his son Sam, or both, until they became hungry, so that they would be induced to go into Tom Starr's tavern, Third avenue, a short distance from the place, and get refreshments. He accomplished this, and as much more as he desired. As a general thing nothing could then be had at the tavern in question, and Wilkes had ordered a supper in the afternoon, and informed the landlord that he wished him to set it in a private room in the rear of the bar-room, and if two or three gentlemen called in the evening and asked for oysters, to say that he had not any, but he could give them a supper, and to invite them into the back room. Sam Drury and Thompson acted in precisely the manner that Wilkes expected they would. They called for oysters, and the landlord had none, but he had a nice supper laid out in the adjoining room. They went in, and while they satisfied their appetites and washed down the edibles with a glass or two of wine, they entered into conversation. It may be as well to state that Mr. Wilkes had two persons in such a position outside the room in the garden, as would enable them to hear and see all that passed between Thompson and Drury.

After talking a good deal about the dies and gravers, and other articles in the bank note line, which Thompson pretended to have buried in the place indicated, and the disappointment which he experienced in seeing men standing near the place so that he could not get them, Thompson very cautiously introduced the torpedo business. "You know, Sam," said Thompson, "that I had nothing to do with it; but yet I was arrested by Tom Warner thro' his d—— foolish suspicions, and he has to thank himself for my eternal hatred for his pains. You know, Sam, I had nothing to do with it?" "No," said Sam.—"How did you come to take it; did the old man oblige you to?" said Thompson.—"Certainly," replied Sam, "do you think I'd have taken it of my own accord?"—Thompson then succeeded in drawing out answers from young Drury, by a series of questions, playing around him with great skill, the boy saying, in substance, that he had blacked himself as a Spanish negro, carried the box to the door, and gave it to the servant girl, who started back in alarm at the intense blackness of his face. He had painted it in that way for the purpose of representing a Spanish negro; that when he handed it to the girl, he said, "Give this to Massa Warner."—As the boy said this, Thompson inquired if he gave it with one hand or two. The boy said, "I handed it to her with both hands, so," (extending his hands in view of the witnesses outside.) The conversation also embraced an admission of his complicity with his father in the altering of one dollar bills on the Eagle Bank of Bristol, to fives and tens. Here Thompson and the boy, having finished their supper, went out for the purpose of returning to the fence for the dies, but finding the improvised policemen still on the ground, and the hour being late, they returned home.

The next thing to be taken into consideration was to entrap the old man, and get from him, in a cautious manner, an admission that he manufactured the infernal machine. How was this to be accomplished? Old Drury was a sharp, shrewd man. He had been following the business of counterfeiting for years; had been in the practice of purchasing the proceeds of burglaries for years; had been in the habit of advancing two, three and four hundred dollars at a time to burglars, when about to undertake a job, with the understanding that he should have a portion of the plunder; he had manufactured a great deal of spurious coin, doubloons, dollars, &c.; had altered bank bills, &c., &c.—and still he had escaped detection and arrest. How was such a man to be reached and entrapped? Mr. Wilkes knew of one man and only one, who could attempt it with any hope of success—one who was as deep, as shrewd, and as cunning as old Drury himself was, and the most skilful and accomplished burglar that ever followed that profession, besides being a man in whom Drury himself had implicit confidence. It was no less than the celebrated Bill Darlington, or Bristol Bill, as he is known to the police. After a great deal of deliberation, it was determined that Thompson should go to Boston and engage Bristol Bill in the second branch of this enterprise.

The robbery of the Union Wharf Company, of $20,000, turning up about this time, the circumstance was seized upon by Mr. Wilkes, and Thompson was sent to Drury, to inform him that Bill was in town with the largest portion of that money, and if he would meet him, he could make a splendid bargain, & get the whole of it for sixty or seventy cents on the dollar. Drury eagerly agreed, and was to meet Thompson and Bristol Bill on Brooklyn Heights on the morning of Tuesday last. On Monday, Thompson was directed to engage a room in Fulton street, Brooklyn, for Bristol. Bill, in order to induce Drury to accompany him there, where the conversation might be overheard, in the same way as the boy Sam was overheard on the avenue in New York. This being done, Wilkes, with the assistance of officer A. M. C. Smith, who aided him in the branch of the business appertaining to the old man, employed officers W. O. Jenkins and Dominic Crossous, of the Sixth Ward, and directed them to go to the room in Brooklyn, and secrete themselves in an adjoining apartment.

The officers set out with these views.—They put on India rubber shoes, so that their walking would make no noise, and they held handkerchiefs in their hands, so that if they were obliged to cough they might turn their faces to the wall and not create an alarm. They were placed in the room at half past eleven o'clock, the meeting having been set at twelve. Drury reluctantly, and after looking around him suspiciously, at length entered the room, where he found Bristol Bill writing a letter. The appearance of the room was such as to convey the impression that it had been occupied for some time. Drury took a seat immediately opposite the door which led into the apartment where the officers were concealed. The conversation was commenced by referring to the Provincetown robbery and the "swag," which Bristol Bill had in his possession.—From that subject the parties went to the affair of the Eagle Bank, and lastly the torpedo business was introduced, by Bristol Bill speaking of Warner in a bitter tone, and informing Drury in a tone of exultation that he and Thompson had taken Warner's fate into their hands, and they were going to send him a torpedo "that would blow h—ll out of him."

Drury expressed joy and pleasure at this information, in language and in countenance, and said he hoped they would be more successful than he was. "How many pounds of powder had you and Thompson in your box?" said Bill. "Oh," said Thompson, "I know nothing about it; that was Drury's affair, not mine."

"How many pounds of powder," said Bill, addressing Drury, "did you put in your torpedo?" "Three pounds," said Drury, hastily, and checking himself, as if he had said too much and committed himself. "Why," said Drury, "that would blow the roof off the house, and everything into the air—there would be nothing left." "If the windows had been closed," said Thompson, "with the other box, the house would have been blown down."—"Yes," said Drury, "it would. But how are you going to get it into the house?" said Drury. "Oh," replied Thompson, "Bill will enter the house—that's in the way of his profession—and he will place it in such a position as to insure its tearing down the whole house." "Suppose the doors are locked," said Drury, "and the keys are in the door?" "So much the better," said Bill; "I can then use the nippers." This conversation continued sometime longer; but Drury, becoming more and more reluctant to talk on the subject, the conversation was changed, lest it might excite suspicion. After a sitting of about two hours, during which a vast quantity of brandy was consumed, the parties adjourned.

On receiving a signal from Wilkes and Smith, the officers closed on Drury and Thompson.

After the arrest was made, and Drury locked up, Wilkes, Smith, Jenkins, and Crassous, proceeded to Astoria, for the purpose of searching Drury's house. No sooner had they arrived than they observed young Drury driving into the village in a wagon. They arrested him on the spot, and then proceeded with the search, the result of which was the finding of two large boxes of gold watches, two boxes containing valuable watch works, a box containing jewellers' oil, a box of watch crystals, a small box of diamonds and emeralds, a trunk of silver plate, a box of watch-springs, and a variety of other things in the watchmaking line, evidently the result of several depredations. In an office or outbuilding, which appeared to be Drury's *sanctum sanctorum*, was found a large press for coining, a number of steel dies for doubloons, dollars, and Haytien money, squares of glass for altering bank notes, fancy type for inserting letters, chemical stuff for erasing ink, punches for making dies, and other articles of a similar character.

Mr. Wilkes is entitled to a great deal of praise for the manner in which he has fixed this business, and stopped in full career a man who has been for a long time past a pest to the community.

There are said to be a number of witnesses to intermediate portions of the case, among whom is one who saw the boy deliver the box at the door, and rejoin his father at the lower corner.

THE KENTUCKY FORGER.

It is related of that unfortunate man, Martin Brown—who was once a prominent member of the Kentucky Legislature, but was confined in the Penitentiary for forgery—that when he first settled in Texas, the inhabitants were determined to drive him out of Austin's Settlement of San Felipe, because he had been a convict. Austin had forbidden such persons to settle on his ground, and the colonial law passed by him was strict in prohibiting an asylum to refugees and all persons rendered infamous by felonies, of whatever description they may be—a law which the father of Texas always enforced with the utmost of rigor. Hence as soon as the settlers informed the General of this new case, he immediately sent an order warning Brown to decamp within three days, on pain of summary punishment.

The messenger was William S——, Austin's private Secretary, a young man of cultivated intellect, a noble heart, and generous to a fault. He arrived at the Green Heart Grove, the residence of Brown and his family, one summer's noon, and found the family circle formed around their frugal table. It was the dinner hour.

S—— forthwith delivered Austin's written order, which Brown glanced over and then said mournfully:

"Tell General Austin that I shall never move from this spot until I move into my grave. It is true that I committed a great crime in my native State; but I also suffered the severe penalty of the law; and then with my dear wife and children, who still love me, I stole away from the eyes of society—which I no longer wish to serve or injure—to live in quiet and die in peace. I am ready and willing to die; but on my family's account I cannot and will not leave this spot."

His wife and daughter implored him to change his resolution. They avowed their willingness again to undergo the toils and privations of emigration, and if necessary prepare for a new home in the wilderness. But prayers, tears and entreaties were alike in vain. To every argument Martin Brown gave the same answer in a calm and sad voice:

"I chose my place of burial the first day I set my eyes on my little grove, and I shall not change my mind now."

S—— returned, deeply smitten with the scene he had witnessed, related to General Austin the singular state of facts, and interceded urgently for a relaxation of the law, which rested in the discretion of the colonial chief.

"You have suffered yourself to be smitten by the charms of the beautiful Emma," said Austin with a smile.

S—— tried to look indignant, which effort merely resulted in a burning blush.

"I will go and see Martin myself," added the General, "but he will have to make out a strong case to alter my determination."

When Austin arrived in the evening at his destination, the family of the grove were almost distracted with grief. Brown's countenance alone wore its usual mask of tranquility. His story told to General Austin was simple as it was brief.

"It is true," he said, "I was in the Penitentiary of Kentucky; but I was in the Legislature before I was in the State Prison; and while a member of the Senate opposed with all my might the manufacture of so many Banks. Those Banks soon afterwards beggared thousands, among them me and my children. I was then tempted, in order to save my family, to perpetrate a forgery, or to do that on a small scale, which the State and Banks had so long been doing on a large one. I paid the forfeit of my crime. While the grand swindlers rolled in affluence, I pined alone in a felon's dungeon. Having served out my time, I resolved never again to commit another wrong. I have kept my word, and have but one desire, to be let alone to die."

General Austin did let the old man alone, and cancelled the order for his banishment, and was ever after his steadfast friend.

S——, the private Secretary, made another visit to the Green Heart Grove, and the beautiful Emma is now the wife of an eminent lawyer, and a "bright particular star of fashion's sphere at Galveston.

Martin died at last in peace, and was buried in his beloved grove, (at his special request,) in a most fantastic manner—standing erect, in a full hunter's costume, with his hand raised towards heaven and his loaded rifle on his left shoulder.

N. O. Picayune.

Among the deaths announced in the London papers are those of the Earl of Albemarle, aged 78, Lord Talbot de Malahide, 83, and Chopin, the eminent pianist and composer in Paris.

How a Man Feels when he's Hung.

[Extract from the Quarterly Review.]

Hanging, though a death which has prevailed more universally than any single mode of execution, is a death from which the imagination revolts. This is a vulgar error. Louis, the eminent French professor, seeing that the Paris criminals were some instants in dying, while those at Lyons hung a lifeless mass the moment the rope was strained by their weight, learned from the executioner the trick of the trade which spared his victims a struggle. In flinging them from the ladder, he steadied with one hand the head, and with the other imparted to the body a rotary movement, which gave the neck a wrench.—The veritable Jack Ketch, of the reign of James II., who has transmitted his name to all inheritors of his office, was said by his wife to alone know how to make a culprit "die sweetly," though his assistants could manage to get through the business tolerably well too. An immense number of persons, recovered from insensibility, have recorded their sensations, and agree that an easier end could not be desired.—An acquaintance of Lord Bacon's, who meant to hang himself, was cut down in the last extremity, and declared that he felt no pain, his only sensation being that of fire before his eyes, which changed first to black and then sky-blue, affording a source of pleasure. Montagnac, hanged in France during the religious wars, and rescued at the intercession of Turenne, complained that, having lost all pain on the instant, he had been taken from a light of which the charm defied all description.—Another, who escaped by the breaking of the cord, said that after a second of suffering, a fire appeared, and across it a most beautiful avenue of trees. Henry IV. of France sent his physician to question him, and when a pardon was talked of, the man answered coldly that it was not worth the asking. The uniformity of the descriptions render it useless to multiply instances. They fill pages of every book of medical jurisprudence. All agree that the uneasiness is quite momentary, that a pleasurable sensation immediately succeeds, colors of various hue start up before the sight, and these having been gazed on for a trivial space, the rest is oblivion.

REVENGE.

"Father, forgive them!" Go, proud infidel, search the ponderous tomes of heathen learning, explore the works of Confucius, examine the precepts of Seneca and the writings of Socrates—collect all the excellencies of ancient and modern moralists, and point to a sentence equal to this simple prayer of our Saviour. Reviled and insulted—suffering the grossest indignities—crowned with thorns, and led away to die! no annihilating curse breaks from his torturing heart. Sweet and placid as the aspirations of a mother for her nursling, ascends the prayer for mercy on his enemies. "Father, forgive them."—Oh, it was worthy of its origin, and stamps with the brightest seal of truth, that his mission was from heaven. Acquaintances, have you quarrelled? Friends, have you differed? If he who was pure and perfect forgave his bitterest enemies, do you well cherish your anger? Brothers, to you the precept is imperative? You shall forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven. Revenge is as incompatible with happiness as it is hostile to reason and religion. Let him whose heart is black with malice and studious of revenge, walk through the fields while clad in verdure and adorned with flowers; to his eye there is no beauty, the flowers to him exhale no fragrance. Dark as his soul, nature is robed in deepest sable. The smiles of beauty light not up his bosom with joy—but the furies of hell rage in his breast, and render him as miserable as he could wish the object of his hate. But let him lay his hand on his heart and say, "Revenge, I cast thee from me; Father, forgive me, as I forgive my enemies," and nature will assume a new and delightful character. Then, indeed, are the meadows verdant and the flowers fragrant—then is the music of the soul delightful to the ear, and the smile of virtuous beauty lovely to the soul.

THE TRUE LIFE.

The mere lapse of years is not life. To eat, and drink, and sleep; to be exposed to darkness and light; to pace round in the mill of habit, and turn the wheel of health; to make reason our book-keeper, and turn thought into an implement of trade—this is not life. In all this but a poor fraction of the consciousness of humanity is awakened; and the sanctities still slumber which make it most worth while to be. Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness and faith, alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence; the laugh of mirth which vibrates through the heart, the dry wastes within, the music that brings childhood back, the prayer that calls the future near, the doubt which makes us meditate, the death that startles us with mystery, the hardship that forces us to struggle, the anxiety that ends in trust—are the true nourishment of our natural being.

The Turn of Life.

From 40 to 60 the man who has properly regulated himslf, may be considered as in his prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him almost impervious to the attacks of disease, and experience has given his judgment the soundness of almost infallibility. His mind is resolute, firm and equal; all his functions are in the highest order; he assumes the mastery over business; builds up a competence on the foundation he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Having gone a year or two past 70, he arrives at a critical period in the road of existence; the river of death flows before him, and he remains at a stand-still. But athwart this river is a viaduct called "The Turn of Life," which, if crossed safely, lead to the valley of "Old Age," around which the river winds, and then flows beyond without boat or causeway to effect its passage. The bridge is, however, constructed on fragile materials, and it depends upon how it is trodden whether it bend or break. Gout, apoplexy, and other bad characters also are in the vicinity to waylay the traveler, and thrust him from the pass; but let him gird up his loins and provide himself with a fitting staff and he may trudge on in safety with perfect composure. To quit metaphor, the "Turn of Life" is a turn either into a prolonged life or into the grave. The system and powers having reached their utmost expansion, are now beginning either to close like flowers at sunset, or break down at once. One injudicious stimulant—a single fatal excitement, may force it beyond its strength, while a careful supply of props, and the withdrawal of all that tends to force a plant, will sustain it in beauty and in vigor until night has entirely set.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.—Every sensible man and woman, will read the annexed extract with an earnest wish that its predictions may soon be verified.

The world is weaning. It is necessary now, that there should be reason, even in its amusements. We know nothing that so marks the time in which we live, as the extension of a certain business prejudice against things that "dont pay"—into the hitherto irrational regions of display and pleasure. It is the fashion in conversation to ingeniously dissect the usages of society, and tell what is "absurd"—what is "a bore." Those who entertain and give parties are making inquiry, not where to get the pinkest champagne and the largest *foie gras*, but how to get together the agreeable and the worth being agreeable to. The young men "see no reason" in the prejudice against God's gift of a beard. The ladies are beginning to "see no reason" in not protecting their ancles against cold and wet, by short dresses and pantalettes in the country. There is a whisper that there is "no reason" in accommodating New Yonk hours to the convenience of the English Parliament—the going to a party at midnight being a London fashion of commencing gayety at the adjournment hour of the Lords and Commons. The creeping-in fashion of the Tyrolese hat is a struggle for some reasonable becomingness in that article of stereotyped absurbity. Anything may be now—*even* an etiquette violated or a usage dispensed with—if the innovater can show a reason. Throughout society and the world, just now, we mean to say, there is a war against prejudices, and in favor of bringing every thing to its best use and simply true valuation.—*Home Journal.*

TEMPTATION.—How beautiful in the Lord's Prayer, is the invocation of "Lead us not into temptation." How much it expresses, and what a volume of thought it opens. "Lead us not into temptation." The will may be strong, but the heart is weak, and in an evil hour the tempted falls before the tempter. Temptation is a rill which forms first drop by drop—but follow its course, and it swells until it becomes a mountain torrent, which sweeps all before it. "Lead us not into temptation"—flee from it as from a pestilence.—Avoid it—for honor, happiness, all, all will be drawn into its vortex and become a wreck upon the shores of time. "Lead us not into temptation."

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE.—On Sunday evening last about half past ten o'clock, two houses occupied by miners, at the mines of Mr. J. G. Lawton, near New Castle, took fire and were entirely consumed. In one of the houses, occupied by Thomas Barry, his niece, a girl about 14 years of age, was burned to death. On the same evening about 9 o'clock, the office of Samuel Silly'man, esq., at his coal landing in Port Carbon, though not in his occupancy at the time, was also destroyed by fire.—*Pottsville Emporium.*

Some of the sublimest exhibitions of human virtue have been made by those who have been precipitated suddenly from wealth and splendor to poverty.

There are alr[illegible] out of near Louisville, Brain [illegible] ing loose [illegible]