

From the Brother Jonathan.
A Scene in the New York Police Office.
THE HUSBAND LOVER—A MATRIMONIAL BRAWL.
Magistrate—Where's the man that nearly killed his wife?
Watchman—Here he is, sir—Murry Mulrooney.
Murry—(A smart, but innocent looking Highlander, scratching his head, and advancing as if the magistrate's desk was a gallows)—truh and I am in. The devil receive the wife that ever Murry Mulrooney had!
Complainant—(A little roundabout lady, evidently fresh from the "gem of the sea.")—Oh! Savier of the world, only bear that—and me the mother of his three children—well! Murry Mulrooney, look me straight in the face, an answer me a few questions.
Murry—(making a show of looking the complainant straight in the face, but in fact looking any way else.)—There now ax him in welkin!
Complainant—When you wor at home in Ireland, didn't you live in the town of Dundalk?
Murry—No! but I had a cousin of the same name, and about me own inches, who lived in that neighborhood. More be token, I had he got married, and ran away from his wife!
Complainant—Worn't you a waiver be thrade in the world country?
Murry—Yes, and so was me cousin, and his father before him!
Complainant—And didn't you marry Mary Cullen of Castle Bellingham?
Murry—No, the devil a taste, thank God!—but me cousin did—and be all accounts he had the hard bargain of her!
Complainant—An' now Murry Mulrooney, be the virtue of your oath, sint I Mary Cullen, an' yourself the man that married me?
Murry—Do the virtue of twenty oaths, I'm not!
Complainant—Swarim him, gintlemin!—Kiss the book, you balist—an' thin I'll prove you to be a perjurer before the whole world!
Murry—It's out of her mind she is, your honor—tell you Molly, it's me cousin you main.
Complainant—The devil cousin you, wouldn't I know your ugly skin on a bush in the bog of Ailsh? An' more betoken, gintlemin jewel, didn't you hear him callin' me Molly?
Murry—It was only a slip of the tongue, your honor.
Magistrate—It was a very suspicious slip, Murry. I have you any mark on him, Mrs. Mulrooney?
Complainant—I have in truth; an' wan he wouldn't like to have mentioned!
Murry—Be the Virgin, your honor, I'm as innocent as a child unborn.
Complainant—No, Murry; no innocent as a two year old divil! Innocent! Ochsene! But sure that's the innocence that people are sent to a place I won't mention for!
Magistrate—How comes it, Mulrooney, that you deny your wife?
Murry—Why thin your honor, becase the divil a wife ever I had!
Complainant—Oh! thin, that the same divil may sit you, Murry Mulrooney, for saying the like. No but you hang gallowes thick, I believe it's a dozen of thin you have had; an' sure only the divil shruv me across you, you'd be addin another to the list in a day or two.
Murry—Don't believe her, your honor; for Molly—I main thin woman here—'ut swair blood out of a turnip.
Complainant—There it is again, your honor! He owns he knows me character!
Murry—Yes, be the character me cousin gave me of you, an' to the same token it was wan ewid Nick himself might be proud of.
Complainant—Murry, your cousin, and yourself stand in the same pair of breeches!
Murry—The Lord forbid, if you was the wife to wear them.
Magistrate—Was it in Ireland he left you, Murry?
Complainant—It was, your honor—in the County Louth—and three children along wid me—two of them in hand, and the other wan under way.
Magistrate—And you followed him out here?
Complainant—Divil a felly, for I never heard where he went to, an' thought he might have been hanged or transported as he deserved; but I ken to the country wid me friends three months ago, be recent, an' that's the way I found the villain out!
Murry—(scratching his head, and looking as if he were wishing himself in the moon)—I'm seven years here come Michaelmas, your honor.
Complainant—No, nor the sorrow a two of thin assel, for the little paddy is only in his eighteenth month, an' if you're not his father, the divil has been provin about in your likeness.
Magistrate—How did you find him out, Murry?
Complainant—I'd tell your honor, I was out at service, as I am at present, with Master Peckham, in Franklin street, where a scotch girl named Jenny Campbell is the children's maid. 'Well, sez Jenny to me, sez she, 'I've got a countryman of yours for a sweetheart.' sez she. 'Oh! the divil a doubt of that!' sez I, 'for the Scotch wimin was always great on Irish min.' sez I. 'He's comin to night to take yer wid us in the kitchen,' sez she. 'He's welkin,' sez I. 'An' he's been axin me to marry him right off,' sez she. 'Well, sez I, 'if you're in the humor you can't be stopp'd; but I don't think much of that marriage meself, becase of a raisin I had.' 'I'm thryin to put him off for a month or two,' sez she. 'An' does't he like it?' sez I. 'No,' sez she, 'for he sez he loves me so deperate that he can't wait a minute longer nor Monday next.' sez she. 'Divil a doubt but he's an Irishman all out,' sez I, 'for it was the same way me own good man, bad luck to him,' sez I. 'Was it,' sez she, 'to a hair,' sez I; 'an' for that matter it's the way wid the whole of them.'
Well your honor, the mischief a pin's worth Jenny could do all the day wid the fair dirt of curtin' her hair, an' platin' her best goods, and lookin' at herself in the glass, till it was nine o'clock, and the tay smokin, on the table, when we hears a 'scrubbin' at the door, for the darra't knock, for fear of the mistress. 'That's him,' says Jenny, blushin, up to the two eyes, and triublin' all over.

It's sez I. 'It is,' sez she; but whisht, and stay here till I let him in,' sez she. 'Tis meself that want ax to muddle wid you,' sez I—'little expectin' what was to folly.
Well, me dear, Jenny runs out and opens the door—and thin, me jewel and dailin, the kissin' and the huggin' that went on out in the en-try was terrible intirely. First wan 'ud kiss an' thin the other 'ud kiss; an' thin they'd go smack, smack, smack, smack; as if they was seein' which of them would do it the fastest. An' thin, sez the sive t-beast in a whisper, that med me heart jump into me mouth, 'I've seen the priest' sez he, 'an' settled every thing for Monday.' 'An' are you sure you love me?' sez Jenny; 'To be sure I am,' sez I. 'An' that you never loved any woman before?' sez she. 'O, the dickins a wan,' sez I; 'but ever spoke to a woman three times in me life, becase in the way of pure friendship.' 'You never kissed me even, didn't you, as you would me heart?' sez Jenny. 'Oh, murther!' sez he, 'would you be after dublin' me! No, Jenny, alanna, except me mother, you're the only woman I ever laid a lip on!' An' wid that, me jewel, the huggin' an' the smokin' an' the smack, smack, smackin', went on wid greater fury nor ever!
Howsever, they got tired at last, and rowld into the kitchen, wan pushin' the other head foremost, as if they wor salmsted of themselves; an' Jenny was sayin' nothin' an' the sweetheart was sayin' the same; an' I was just beginnin' to ax thin if I'd power out the tay, when I looks me lad fall in the face; an' there, me jewel, an' dailin, if I didn't discover that he was me own haste of a man, Murry Mulrooney, that ran away from me in Dundalk!
Murry—He wasn't the deuce a taste!
Complainant—How'd your whist'd you traitor, till I finish me story. 'All the sinns in the calendar perfect me, sint I you wan Murry Mulrooney, from the County Louth?' sez I. 'O, course I am not,' sez he, colorin' like a turkey's gill, 'but I wan Pat Boran from Cork.' 'Murry Mulrooney's the name you gave me,' sez Jenny. 'It's the name of a cousin that I took be raisin or comin' in for his property,' sez he. 'Show me your back,' sez I, 'an' I'll believe you!' 'I will in a twinklin',' sez he, 'nakin' for the door.' 'I'll be aither this me boy, if that's what you main,' sez I. So I snizes him by the hair of the head. 'Why, what has he done?' sez Jenny. 'It's me own haste of a husband, an' he was only wantin' to ruinate you,' sez I. 'O, murther, let me at him,' sez she, 'an' fair, on the word she bent at him sure enough, an' betune us, I must acknowledge, we had him a most dead when he let me the blow in me breast that left me senseless!
Here a watchman deposed, that when he took Mulrooney into custody, he was almost torn to baby rags.
Magistrate—Well, Mulrooney, do you continue to deny her still?
Mulrooney—In course I do, your honor; becase as me cousin's wife; but I must acknowledge the likeness is remarkable!
Complainant—I see I must let the cat out of the bag—ax him to show his bare back, your honor!
Mulrooney—He went, the divil a show; he's too much of a gintleman.
Complainant—Well, your honor, since he thraite me so main, I'll split on him; the fact is he was flogged twice for sellin his kit' before he desat'd from the sixtieth Rules; an' from that time to this, the broad of his back is as rough as an as brown as a gold of turf, an' as full of cross stripes as a Highlander's petticoat.
Magistrate—Stip, Mulrooney, and prove your innocence.
Murry—It's no use, your honor. I'm fairly sowid, for me back, bad luck to it, will only prove that I'm not me cousin!
Complainant—I knew I'd catch you sometime, Murry.
Murry—You shant catch me now, Molly, if his honor 'd only take pity on a body, an' have me lung outright!
Magistrate—Why are you so frightened, Mulrooney?
Murry—O, your honor, her nails is terrible, an' even her nails is as nothing to her tongue.
Complainant—Divil a wan of me wan's to have any thing to do wid him, your honor, if he'd only keep out of me way, an' help me to support the childer.
Murry—I'll do any thing, if you'll only let me put the salt say betune us.
There was much more said on both sides, and at last the case was dismissed, Mulrooney having agreed to go home with Molly, and me like some arrangement touchin the care of the childer!
MASSACHUSETTS RAILROADS.—Eighteen millions of dollars have now been invested in railroads within the limits of Massachusetts, all which, when finished, have paid at least 6 per cent. beyond all expenses, repairs, &c.
A Newly Discovered Salt Spring.
The Rochester Democrat says: A salt spring has been opened in the town of Galen, county of Wayne, about fifty rods from the Erie canal, on the land of the Rev. Dr. Jedd, of Ithaca, with the fairest prospect of the best brine, and even of the fossil salt, as is evidenced by comparing the borings in Europe and the late boring near Abingdon, in Virginia, with the report of the engineer employed at Galen. The diameter of the tube bored is 4 inches 2 3/4 feet deep. The vein is strong, and continues to run profusely over the tube destroying all vegetation within its reach. It is uncommonly pure, producing the finest salt without the use of lime. The brine is forced up by the gas with a violence known nowhere else.
The Richmond Star tells of a little boy who insists that the reason his father calls his mother 'honey,' is because she has so much comb in her head.

Curious Matrimonial Affair.
M. Guizot, when about in his twentieth year, made his literary debut in the pages of a Paris periodical, then under the editorial care of a young lady of noble family, but who, having lost her father and her most influential relatives—some of them by natural death, and others by the guillotine—was obliged to employ her talents and learning, which were great, in writing, for the support of herself and those who were dependent on her. To the publication conducted by this lady, M. Guizot sent contributions every month. These elicited expressions of warm admiration from the pen of the fair editress, and were read with gratification by the public. Still no one had the slightest idea from what quarter they proceeded. It so happened that about this time the lady was taken seriously ill, and, of course, obliged to suspend for a time all literary labor.—M. Guizot having accidentally become aware of the circumstance, conveyed an anonymous intimation to her, that he (the correspondent) would furnish all the requisite matter for the publication until she had sufficiently recovered to resume her editorial duties; and most ably and faithfully did he fulfill his promise.
The lady felt on her restoration to health, that her noble-minded unknown friend had been the salvation of her work, and, in some measure, of her fortunes. Soon afterward, they chanced to meet in the house of a mutual friend, but without the lady having the slightest idea that the correspondent to whom she was so much indebted, was present. In the fullness of her heart, she then and there, as she was in the habit of doing in every company in which she chanced to mix, gave utterance to her gratitude, accompanying it with expressions of the deepest regret that she had not the happiness of knowing the generous individual to whom she was laid under such infinite obligations. The reader is left to imagine what must have been M. Guizot's feelings while all this was passing in his presence. The lapse of time so far from deadening the lady's sense of gratitude to the friend who had so gallantly rushed to her aid in the hour of need, only served to deepen the feelings, and to impart an additional intensity to her desire to have an opportunity of thanking him in person. With this view she inserted a paragraph in her publication, imploring her benefactor—for such as well as friend she considered him to be—to communicate his address to her.—The notice appeared at certain intervals without eliciting the desired information. At length, however, seeing she persisted in repeating it, as if resolved not to be defeated in an object so dear to her heart, M. Guizot forwarded his address to the office of the lady's publication. A personal interview between the parties was the result. The formation of a mutual friendship followed. That friendship soon ripened into reciprocal love, and that love, after the lapse of a limited period, was crowned and consummated at the matrimonial altar. One would explore in vain the almost boundless regions of romance in quest of a matrimonial union having been formed under more singular circumstances.
October.
October has come, the sweetest, saddest month of all the year. Its sunsets and its gorgeous forests, how beautiful, and brief are their gorgeous dyes. There is a pensive beauty in October days; autumn is now clothed in her loveliest drapery; the forest leaves are not yet dry and crisp; Nature has not yet put on her frigid vest, but the sighing of the breeze and the falling leaf, are Nature's knell for her fallen glories; soon all these beautiful things will have lost their beauty, all these bright things their brightness. These changeable though lovely scenes, lend a touching interest to Autumn days. Go into the thick, deep wood; listen to the hushed, deep murmur of the evening breeze, as it gently undulates the glorious and richly colored foliage; look away into yonder vault of Heaven, in this sunset hour; how the resplendent hues of topaz, and amethyst, and gold beautifully blend with each other, and stream in living light across the ether sky. It is the very gate of Heaven—and that lone star seems to be a beacon light, hring out from his golden portals to guide us,ering wanderers, home. We can also hear their best voices, as they mingle around the throne of the Most High. Whose soul will not kindle within him, and whose spirit will not thrill with ecstasy on contemplating scenes like these? Who does not feel that he is holding converse with pure beings—that he is
—Just on the boundary of the spirit land,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth!"
How eloquent is nature!—who is not pure and better when he listens to her voice! How impressively does God speak to us, at this sweet, sad season. How he lets his goodness and his glory pass before us. He makes all nature beautiful, and gives us faculties to enjoy its beauties. Sweet flowers, ye too, in your varying hues and delicious odors, whisper the name of your Creator. Ye wear the richest dyes, and send forth the sweetest fragrance, as you are about to fade and die. Apt emblems of life.
The autumn of our days is coming, but if we are ready, like the glorious forests and beautiful flowers, we may wrap our garments about us, and wait in holy peace, till we are called to bloom in 'heavenly immortal in the gardens of God.'
Bellion.—Upon the death of Mr. Samuel E. Bellion, an old and respectable gentleman, near this city, who had resided here from the time of his first settlement, his executors found, among other specie in his possession, and kept in the drawer of a common desk in his dwelling, a large lump of gold, valued at \$3,000. It is supposed to have been in his possession for many years—none of his family knowing when he received it. He left much other and valuable property.—Pittsburg Amer.
FRUITS OF TEMPERANCE.—The beneficial results of the temperance movement were never more strikingly displayed than at our late city election. Though a large crowd was on the ground the whole day, but one man was observed to be under the influence of liquor.—Delaware Journal.

THE AMERICAN.
Saturday, October 23, 1841.
We have received the first number of the Quarto Notion, published in Boston. It contains the same matter that appears in the Folio Notion, and is published at the same price, upon entirely new type. The selections from the current literature of the day are excellent, and the original and other matter, as usual, rich and entertaining.
The last numbers of Jonathan's Miscellany sustains its previous high character, as an interesting and amusing sheet.
FIRE!!
A Fire occurred in this place on Monday Evening last, which destroyed five stables, and is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. The fire commenced in the stable of Mr. Galick, on the alley south of Market street, which was consumed, together with the adjoining stables of Messrs. Welker, Bright, Weiser and Hall. The stables were well filled with hay, grain, &c., and their destruction is a serious loss to their owners,—estimated at about \$2,000. The horses and cattle were got out before the flames had made much progress. Fortunately there was a dead calm at the time, or the destruction of property would have been much greater. Much praise is due to the firemen and citizens generally, and the ladies, as usual on such occasions, exhibited their *bump* of benevolence by working right manfully, while some of the tougher sex quietly folded their arms and looked on as disinterested spectators. We were sorry to see such conduct, and cannot suppose that it was owing to any indisposition to assist in saving their neighbors' property from the devouring element, but because they did not know what to do. If unfortunately another such occasion should happen, let all such persons take their places in the line to pass the water to the engines, and they will make themselves useful and escape censure. If they had done so on Monday last, part of the property destroyed might probably have been saved, for we observed that a line could not be formed to one of the engines, until after much delay.
We are informed that the "Good Intent Fire Company" have scarcely members enough to draw their engine to the fire. There are enough able and active men in our borough to man a dozen engines, and it is certainly a great reproach to them that this company should want a competent number of members. A matter of such general interest and importance as the Fire Department in a country town, ought not to be neglected, and we trust every citizen will see that it is his duty, as well as his interest, to contribute to its organization and efficiency.
The Latest News.
As far as we have heard at present, the election of John Banks is flattering; so says the *Independent Press* of the 16th of October. Judge "Ray not that flattering unctious to your soul!"
General Scott.
A meeting was held in Lancaster city last week, by a few Pipelayers, to nominate Gen. Scott, as a candidate for President. Samuel Park, Esq. presided, and Thomas H. Burrows, Orin Collins, and a few more heroes of the Buckshot War, were a committee to report at an adjourned meeting. "The Old Guard" says the meeting was a miserable affair—not more than a dozen persons participated in the proceedings.
A Chance for the Ladies.
Secretaries Forward, Wickliffe and Upshur are widowers, and Mr. Legare a bachelor. Our fair country women have a perfect right to secure the officer, although they may not lawfully aspire to the office.
The Caledonia.
This steamer left Boston on the 23 inst., and did not reach Halifax until the 7th, having had a most tempestuous passage, during which the mate and carpenter each had a leg broken, and nine of the crew were severely injured. The gale was so tremendous, that the passengers for a time gave up all hope of reaching port. The Caledonia lost her life boat, and had her paddle boxes injured. She was obliged to lay to, fifty-two hours.
McLeod.
This notorious individual has been acquitted by the jury, after an able charge from the presiding Judge, retired, and in about 30 minutes returned into court with a verdict of *Not Guilty*. There was much conflicting testimony delivered in the case,—several witnesses swore positively that McLeod was among the boat's crews that destroyed the Caroline, while others proved that he spent the night ten miles from the scene of action. The jury, however, seem to have had little doubt about the matter.
Thus we have got rid of a most novel and perplexing question, affecting deeply the relative rights of the States and General Government, as well as our national relations. The state of New York, by the arrest and trial of McLeod, has been thought by many enlightened jurists and statesmen to have manifested her attitude of nullification, while quite as many, and equally able, have sustained the constitutionality of her position. The question of international law involved in the matter, has also called forth a bright array of legal talents. The matter is now decided, whether rightly or wrongly, and all who are interested in the peace and prosperity of our country, must feel gratified that all apprehension of war with Great Britain is at an end. The other unsettled questions between the two governments will doubtless be determined by negotiation.

THE ELECTION.
The result of the late election in this state is most gratifying to the Democracy. There never was a triumph which called for greater rejoicings, than the present, but the Whigs are so humbled by defeat as to excite our pity and induce us to forego our glorification. We have elected our Governor by an old-fashioned democratic majority. The Assembly stands sixty-four Democrats and thirty-six Whigs. In the Senate there are 16 Democrats and 16 Whigs, and one doubtful, viz: in the district composed of Allegheny and Butler, each party claiming the majority. The following results of the election for Governor are believed to be correct, although not official. The counties yet to be heard from will increase the majority to about 23,000!

COUNTIES.	Porter,	Banks.
Adams,	0000	400
Allegheny,	0000	812
Armstrong,	623	0000
Beaver,	0000	433
Bedford,	289	0000
Berks,	795	2925
Bradford,	2705	2143
Butler,	0000	100
Bucks,	405	9000
Cambria,	75	0000
Centre,	2300	1126
Chester,	0000	220
Clarion,	924	0000
Clearfield,	473	0000
Clinton,	175	0000
Columbia,	1466	0000
Crawford,	690	0000
Cumberland,	2721	1997
Delaware,	2249	2049
Dauphin,	0000	275
Delaware,	0000	950
Erie,	0000	960
Fayette,	960	0000
Franklin,	143	0000
Greene,	825	0000
Huntingdon,	0000	726
Indiana,	0000	400
Jackson,	205	000
Juniata,	135	0000
Lancaster,	0000	3164
Lebanon,	0000	276
Lehigh,	228	0000
Luzerne,	1146	0000
Lycoming,	2161	1363
McKean,	000	000
Mercer,	0090	441
Millin,	225	0000
Monroe,	1100	000
Montgomery,	1262	0000
Northampton,	3106	2302
Northumberland,	2102	1143
Perry,	938	0000
Philadelphia city,	4330	5920
Philadelphia co.,	11098	7348
Pike,	450	600
Potter,	000	000
Schuylkill,	2108	1415
Somerset,	0000	1600
Susquehanna,	750	0000
Tioga,	950	0000
Union,	1584	2122
Venango,	505	0000
Warren,	0000	0000
Washington,	150	0000
Wayne,	500	0000
Westmoreland,	1900	0000
York,	1347	0000

Porter's majority 22,000

Editorial Miscellany.
Two copper mines have lately been discovered in the Island of Cuba, by Anson G. Phelps of New York. The one is said to be very rich.
Mr. J. W. Tyson has been appointed Commissary General, in the room of General Callender Irvin, dec'd.
A German clergyman of Boston has been found guilty of marrying too many girls, and locked up in the penitentiary. The girls of course are safe now.
There was a fall of snow to the depth of several inches last week in and about Boston.
In South Carolina, by the late census, there are 262 persons upwards of 100 years old. Of these 21 are male whites, 20 white females, 12 free colored males, 7 do. females, 119 male and 83 female slaves.
ABUSIVE.—A western paper states that a short time since, a woman in them digging abused a bear so unmercifully with her tongue, that he died the next day. That woman certainly could not be punished as a common sold.
At a late Fair in New Haven a specimen of Indian corn was exhibited by Mr. Evans, which he said had yielded one hundred and forty bushels of shelled corn to the acre.
There are 40,000 females engaged in factories in Massachusetts, of whom 24,000 are employed in the woollen factories. The aggregate amount of their earnings annually is estimated at four millions of dollars.
There was a frost in New Orleans on the 5th inst., and the yellow fever had considerably abated. The number of deaths by fever on the 11th inst. was 19.
RAILWAYS.—The railways in Great Britain and Ireland, form a length of 2191 miles.
SLAVES IN THE U. S. STATES.—According to the census, the whole number of slaves in the U. States, 2,187,213. Males 1,246,408—females 1,240,805.
Not Dead Quite.
The New Orleans Picayune relates the following singular case:
"It appears that a young Spaniard was lying in the last stages of yellow fever, next door to the printing office of Mr. G., in Charles street. The physician, Dr. B. was sent for, but before his arrival, the young man had ceased to live, according to opinions of those in the house, so that when he arrived he found his patient covered with a white linen, and reported as dead. That very evening they washed and cleansed the young man, and having put on his burial dress, they layed him on his bed until the morning. In the morning a coffin was made, and all the necessary preparations were made. He was then taken and put in the coffin, but no sooner was he dropped in it, than he jumped up and asked where they were going to place him. They then conducted him in a carriage to a colored nurse woman's house. He is yet very sick, but may perhaps live. It appears that he was in a state of delirium."
The Bankrupt Law.
We have daily published at large, with the other acts of the late session, the beneficent act establishing a system of Bankruptcy; but either from its length and its numerous and indispensable details, or from too cursory an examination of its provisions its principles appear to be, by some, misapprehended. Therefore, having met with the an- nected brief but comprehensive explanation of its principles of the act, we thought its assertion might be accepted by many of our readers. We find it in the New York American—*Nat. Int.*
THE BANKRUPT LAW.—This law seems to be misapprehended by many; and the attempt of some of our contemporaries to set the public right on the subject have not been very successful.
If we understand the provisions of the law correctly, the persons who come under its provision are divided into two classes, *voluntary* and *involuntary*.
In the class of *voluntary Bankrupts*, are included "all persons whatever" rich, or poor, merchant, trader, mechanic, farmer, laborer, &c., without any reference whatever to the amount of their indebtedness provided, that their debts shall not have been created by a defalcation as a public officer, or executor, administrator, guardian, trustee, or while acting in any other fiduciary capacity. Such defalcators cannot have the benefit of the law at all.
In the case of *involuntary Bankrupts* are included "persons, being merchants, or using the trade of merchandise, all retailers of merchandise, and a bankers, factors, brokers, underwriters, or marine insurers, owing debts to the amount of not less than two hundred dollars," who shall leave to state with the intent to defraud their creditors, shall take any other measures to accomplish such design.
So that all debtors can voluntarily take the benefit of the act except defalcators; and no one can be involuntarily declared a bankrupt unless it proved there is an intention to defraud, and in such case it is confined to certain classes, who owe certain amount of money, and the petition must be presented by one or more creditors, to whom owing the sum of five hundred dollars.
DEFAULTER.—The New York Journal of Commerce of Saturday evening mentions another instance of miserable breach of faith. That party says:
It has come out to-day that Mr. Redfield, cashier of the Commercial Bank, recently resigned, is a defaulter to the amount of \$56,000. His securities are said to be good for the half of the sum.
No man would have been less suspected of standing in such a position than Mr. R. He is we are another victim to dealing in stocks.
We are authorized to say that Messrs. E. R. Edle and Edwin Lord, President and Vice President of the Morris Canal and Banking Company, were removed from office yesterday by a vote of the Board of Directors. We also understand that their successors have not yet been appointed.—Newark Daily Advertiser.