EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"THE PRICE OF LIBERTY IS PERPETUAL VIGILANCE."

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BY GEORGE W. SHERWOOD
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POETRY.

A PICTURE.

The farmer sat in his easy chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife, with busy care,
Was clearing the dinner away:
As sweet little girls; with fine blue eyes,
On her grand-pa's knee was catching flies.

The old man placed his hand on her head,
With a tear on his wrinkled face—
He thought how often her mother dead,
Had set in the same, same place,
As the tear stole down from his half-shut eye,
Don't smoke, said the child, "how it makes you cry!"

The house-dog lay stretched out on the floor,
Where the sun, after noon, used to steal—
The busy old wife, by the open door,
Was turning the spinning wheel—
And the old brass clock on the mantle-tree,
Had plodded along to almost three.

Still the farmer sat in his easy chair,
While close to his heaving breast,
The moistened brow and the head so fair,
Of his sweet grand child were prest.
His head bent down, on her soft hair lay—
Fast asleep were they both, on the summer day!

THE NATIONAL SENATE CHAMBER.

This magnificient council-room is in the form of a semi-cicle, the striking half-dome, measuring its beautiful convexity from the three sides of the chamber, presenting a very bold and novel appearance to the spectators. You enter the door of the Gallery above the chamber—for no citizens' foot, unless he be a high judicial executive, or representative dignitary, is permitted, during the session, to come within limits—and are at once arrested by the President of the Senate, the veteran JOHNSON, and the air of quiet which pervades around. If you have just left that representative Babel, "the House," with the bold voice of the Clerk yet ringing in your ears, and its two hundred and forty odd tongues all in motion, the silence and dignity of the Senate chamber strikes you with wonderful force. Over the Vice President's seat, is an eagle crowning a beautiful device, and the starry flag of our country protruding on either side. After you have satisfied yourself by this view, you step round the gallery and enter that directly over the Speaker's head, by which you have a view of the Senators in their seats, facing the whole body.

To the left, in front of you, and on the last range of seats, is a grey headed gentleman, of majestic form, with a remarkably fine forehead, dressed in a full suit of black, and a white cravat. You will observe that he is about replying to a Senator in the next row, and now he rises, "Who is that?" runs among the spectators on all sides of you. That is JAMES BUCHANAN, "Pennsylvania's favorite son." Without an effort, you hear every word he says, he speaks in low tones. There is dignity and grace in his fine, tall majestic form; his right arm nails down his plain arguments, and his face flushed with the excitement of debate. —This is the first time he has spoken during the present session, and the whole Senate is still with attention. He takes his seat calmly after a speech of twenty minutes; which has done more to enlighten the subject than all the four-hour harangues that have yet been delivered, a speech that every man and woman in the chamber comprehends. To your extreme right, and on the front row of seats, is a gentleman that you will know at once. His face is thin, and his hair straight as an arrow. He is now sitting with crossed legs, listening with sparkling eyes to the reading of a bill. There is an air of repose and carelessness. but when he is roused, he is a very lion, and his deep husky tones come rolling forth like an unloosed torrent—a perfect flood of angry eloquence, sparing neither friend or foe. That is the great Southerner JOHN C. CALHOUN—the man who led on the Nullification War Directly in the rear of Mr. C. is a well formed gentleman with grey hair, fine expressive countenance, a little florid and careworn. He is writing, you will observe, very busily, and seem much engrossed with his subject, though his ear is quick, and nothing escapes his sleeping eye. That is THOMAS H. BENTON, the distinguished Missourian. To his left is a young looking Senator, in conversation with one of the members of the House. Mark his tall form, energetic movements, and flashing eye. That is Senator ALLEN, of Ohio—the youngest member of the Senate, and one of the most really eloquent of the body.

He has endeared himself to the people by his effective labours in their behalf.—That red haired gentleman, who is leaning against the clerk's desk, with both hands in his pockets, and a queer lazy vacant look on his face, is Senator Preston, the Great Wont be Instructed of South Carolina. He is a very eloquent and finished speaker, and always attracts the attention of the ladies. On the last back seat but one, to the extreme left, is a Senator with his hair combed back, until his head head looks quite bald. He has spoken on the bill now under debate, and seems to be at perfect leisure. He rises from his seat and walks under the gallery, behind the Speakers chair, where he goes to tell a joke to those senators warming themselves by the fire. That is Henry Clay the Kentucky lion; the heir apparent, and now secret counsellor of the new administration He is more an eloquent than an able man; and his course this winter shows that he is "fading away." Immediately in front of Mr. Clay, on the front seat, is a heavy, dull looking blue bearded gentleman This is DANIEL WEBSTER, "the big Beggar Man," as the New York merchants call him and the Secretary of State that is to be, of Harrison's administration. He has said much that will live after him both for good and for evil, and is certainly a good scholar and an orator, though I am sorry to say, he employs his talents in a bad, if not an unprofitable cause. On the same side, although nearer the middle of the chamber, is Senator Wright of New York, the clear headed statesman and eloquent and forcible debater. On the back seat, next the passage, is a tall robust gentleman, with heavy eye brows and thick hair. That is the firm unflinching Dr. Sturgeon, the colleague of Mr. Buchanan. But there is one that we must not forget—Wm. R. King of Alabama; the eloquent speaker, accomplished and firm republican—popular wherever he is known.

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FASHIONS AT WASHINGTON.—A lady correspondent of the Cincinnatti Chronicle, writes as follows concerning the FASHIONS at Washington, for the present season.

"Great attention is given by the fashionables to the article of dress. Velvets are much in vogue; the prevailing colors being blue, black, and crimson. Cloth walking-dresses are also fashionable, though but little *walknig* is done where carriages are so abundant.—The great novelty of the season is the introduction of very small, plain, flat gilt buttons on dresses. They were at first confined to the cuffs, but lately nearly every dress has three rows on the front of the body also. De Lains are growing out of use, as the buttons make no contrast no fancy goods. They look to the best advantage on blue black velvets for in-door dresses, and on blue cloth for carriage or walking habits. The most admired morning dresses are made of velvet, very full in the skirts, tight sleeves, with embroidered cuffs, twelve buttons on each cuff, twelve in the centre row on front, and eighteen on each of the outer rows—the latter gracefully curving to the shape. These dresses are extremely beautiful, and as the rage for gilt buttons is every day increasing, they will no doubt continue long in use, for nothing can be prettier for dress ornaments."

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OFFICIAL.

POPULAR VOTE FOR PRESIDENT.

	HARRISON.	VAN BUREN.
Maine,	46,613	46,200
New Hampshire,	25,483	31,919
Vermont,	32,445	18,009
Massachusetts,	72,874	51,944
Rhode Island,	5,213	3,263
Connecticut,	31,212	24,888
New York,	*225,812	212,519
New Jersey,	33,351	31,034
Pennsylvania,	144,019	143,676
Delaware,	5,967	4,874
Maryland,	33,533	28,759
Virginia,	41,405	42,818
North Carolina,	46,376	33,782
South Carolina,*		
Georgia,	40,261	21,921
Alabama,	28,471	33,991
Louisiana,	11,297	7,617
Mississippi,	19,518	16,995
Tennessee,	59,054	47,487
Kentucky,	57,837	32,392
Missouri,	21,441	28,043
Ohio,	148,157	124,782
Indiana,	65,302	51,604
Illinois,	45,537	47,476
Michigan,	22,911	21,106
Arkansas,	4,663	5,958
	1,268,752	1,123,057

Harrison's majority, excluding South Carolina, 145,695.

*The Legislature of South Carolina elects electors; therefore the popular vote of that State cannot be ascertained. At the election for members of Congress in October, 1840, there were Democratic majorities in every Congressional district in the State. There was one Whig member elected, owing to two Democrats running against him. In several districts there was no Whig candidate, so the popular Democratic majority at that election cannot be ascertained. We have seen various estimates of the popular vote, some as low as 12,000, and others as high as 23,000

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BALTIMORE BANKS.—The following statement was submitted by the Banks of Baltimore to the State Treasurer as their present condition:—

	Circulation.	Coin.
Farmers & Planters	$163,810 00	$104,162 06
Com. and Farmers,	87,861 38	120,616 59
Western,	135,465 00	103,349 49
Marine,	73,780 00	69,654 54
Merchants,	100,675 00	207,635 36
Baltimore,	196,763 00	357,960 21
Mechanics,	188,325 09	85,286 50
Union,	248,629 00	139,230 02
Chesapeake,	155,515 00	43 873 54
Citizens,	81,485 00	54,030 23
Farmers & Merchants,	90,489,00	44,030 23
	$1,521,607 38	1,317,843 55
Franklin,	260,389 00	46,269 43

A woman in Boston, who has been addicted to the vice of opium eating, has been committed for two years to the house of correction in that city at her own request and that of her husband, in order that she may have an oppoptunity of subduing her depraved appetite. From some inquiries which we had occasion to make several years ago, we are of opinion that this dreadful and most ruinous form of intoxication is much more common in this country than is generally supposed. Pitiable, guilty and degraded as is the ordinary drunkard, his case is far less deplorable and hopeless than that of the opium eater. Both construct for themselves a hell on earth, nay each is "himself a hell;" but while the former often loses the key of his prison, the latter always throws it away to an irrevocable distance.—Phila. Sent.

ACCOMMODATION IN FULL.—Two sailors were sitting on the gunwale of their ship, drinking grog. 'This is meat and drink,' said Jack, and fell overboard as he was speaking." "And now you've got washing and lodging," coolly remarked Tom.—Sun.

GOOD.—A person said, in our hearing the other day, that editors for the most part, were a thin, pale faced set: A lad standing near; made this witty observation to his chum:—There, Bob, I told you I had often read of the editorial corpses.

THE LEG.

From the German of Zschokke.

BY J. T. S. SULLIVAN.

In the fall of 1782, Surgeon Louis Thevenet received a written invitation, without signature, requesting him to visit on the following day, a country seat not far from the road leading to Paris, and to bring with him all the necessary apparatus for an amputation.

Thevenet was known at that time, far and near, to be the most skilful man in his profession; it wes not an unusual thing to bring him across the channel to England for purposes of consultation. He had served a long time in the army, and although something rude in his manner, he was generally admired and beloved for his natural amiability.

Thevenet was somewhat astonished at this anonymous billet. Both time and place were specified with the greatest minuteness, where he was expected. "Some wags would send me on a fool's errand," thought he to himself, and determined not to go.

Three days after this, he received a similar invitation, but more pressing, with the addition that on the following morning at nine o'clock, a carriage would be at his door to bear him to the place of destination.

At the hour appointed on the following morning, appeared indeed a handsome barouche. Thevenet hesitated no longer, but took his seat at once.

Before the city gate he demanded of the coachman, "whither are you driving me?"

The coachman replied in English, "I don't know. It's nothing to me."

"You are an English scoundrel;" responded Thevenet.

The carriage at length stopped before the described house. "Who sent for me? who lives here? who is ill in the house?" again demanded Thevenet of the coachman before he alighted. But the driver returned the same sullen answer, and the surgeon thanked him in the same manner as before.

On the threshhold he was met by a handsome young man about twenty-eight years of age, who conducted him up stairs into a spacious saloon. His language betrayed him—he was an Englishman. Thevenet and once addressed him in English;

"You sent for me?"

"I did," responded the stranger, "and am much indebted for the trouble you have taken in visiting me. Will you sit down? There is chocolate, coffee and wine, in case you should require anything during the operation."

"Show me the patient, sir. I must first examine the injury, and see if amputation be necessary.

"It is necessary, Mons. Thevenet. Be seated. I have every confidence in you.—Only listen to me for one moment. There is a purse containing one hundred guineas. I intend it for you as some remuneration for the operation you are about to undertake. This shall not be all, if you are successful. If, on the contrary, you do not succeed, or refuse to grant my wish, you see this pistol, it is loaded; you are in my power, and I will shoot you."

"Sir, I do not fear your pistol," responded Thevenet, but first let me know what you require of me. What am I to do?"

"You must amputate my right leg," replied the Englishman.

"With all my heart, sir, and your head too, if you desire it. But, if I am not mistaken, your leg seems to be a very sound one. You mounted the stairs in advance of me like a rope dancer. What's the matter with the leg?"

"Nothing, Mons. Thevenet. But I desire to get rid of it."

"Sir, you are a fool."

"That's nothing to you, Mons. Thevenet.' 'What crime has that fine leg committed.'

"None. Will you amputate it?"

"Sir, I do not know you. Bring me some evidence that you are otherwise of sane mind, and I will then answer the question."

"Mons. Thevenet," said the Englishman somewhat angerad, "will you comply with my wish or not?"

"As soon, sir, as you give me any good reason for so doing."

"I cannot tell you my reasons now—but perhaps, in one year from this time I may be able to do. But I will bet, that you will acknowledge after one year, that I have the very best of reasons for getting rid of my leg."

"I will not bet," replied Thevenet, "unless you give me your name and family, and your residence."

"All this you shall learn hereafter," said the Englishman, not now. 'Do you take me for a gentleman and a man of honor?'

"A man of honor does not threaten his physician with pistols. I have duties to perform, even towards you, stranger as you are, which are paramount. I will not cripple you without a cause. If you have a desire to murder an innocent man, and a father, then shoot sir, I make no resistance."

"Very well, Mons. Thevenet," said the Englishman, and took up the pistol. "I shall not shoot you, but I will force you, notwithstanding, to amputate my leg. What you will not do as a favor to me; what neither money nor threats could induce you to perform, you shall yet undertake in mercy."

'How so, sir?' inquired Thevenet.

'I'll lacerate this leg by a single shot, and that too, before your eyes on this very spot.'

The Englishman seated himself, took the pistol and held the muzzle to his leg just above the knee. Thevenet endeavored to catch the pistol, and sprang forward—

'Don't stir, sir,' exclaimed the Englishman,' or I'll pull the trigger. Answer me at once, will you cut off my leg, or necessitate me to prolong my sufferings by lacetation?'

'Sir, you are mad. Since, however, you seem determined, I'll take it off.'

Every thing was immediately prepared for the operation. Just as the first incision was about to be made, the Englishman lighted a cigar, and swore it should not go out during the operation. He kept his word. The leg lay amputed on the floor, the Englishman continued to smoke.

Thevenet completed the business in a most masterly manner. The patient was soon restored to health by the skill of his physician. He paid the surgeon well, whom he prized more highly each day—thanked him with tears of joy for the loss of his limb, and returned to England with his wooden crutch leg.

About eighteen weeks after his departure, Thevenet received a letter from England, similar in its contents to this:

"You will accept the enclosed draft on Mr. Panchard of Paris, for two hundred and fifty guineas, as an earnest of my gratitude. You have made me the happiest of earthly mortals, inasmuch as you have removed a leg which was the sole object to my happiness.

Brave man, you may now learn the cause of my foolish whim. You manifested at the time of the operation, that there could exist no justifiable ground for my sacrifice; I proposed a bet; you did well not to accept it.

After my second arrival from the East Indies, I became acquainted with Miss Emily Harley, the most perfect of her sex. I addressed her. Her fortune, her family connections, both made the match desirable among my relations; her beauty, her heavenly temper, made it so to me. I became one amid the array of her admirers. Ah, dear Thevenet, and I was happy enough to become the chosen one among my rivals. She loved me: above all men, me! She did not conceal it, and rejected me on that very account. In vain I implored; in vain did her parents beg, and her friends; she remained unmoved.

For a long time I could not learn the cause of her objecting to a marriage, which, she confessed, herself, would have been the consumation of her wished. One of her sisters, at length, explained the mystery. Miss Harley, was a wonder in beauty, but nature had been cruel, in giving her but one leg. She feared on account of this deformity, to become my wife; she dreaded the possibility of my regard for her being diminished on its account.

My resolution was instantly taken, I determined to make myself her equal in this respect. Thanks to you, dear Thevenet, I did so.

I came to London with a crutch leg. My first object was to seek Miss Harley. They had told her before hand, and I myself had written to England to the same effect, that a fall from a horse had crippled me, and that I had been obliged to submit my leg to the surgeon's knife. Emily fainted when she first beheld me. She was inconsolable, but she soon become my wife. The day after the wedding I first entrusted her with the secret of my sacrifice, to which my love for her had been the sole incentive. She loved me the more tenderly for it. Oh, Thevenet! had I still a dozen legs to lose. I would yield them without a murmur for such a prize.

So long as I live, I shall be grateful to you.—Come to London—come and see us. Become acquainted with my glorious wife, and then say again I am a fool.

CHARLES TEMPLE.'

Thevenet imparted the anecdote and the letter to his friends, and always laughed immoderately when he told of it. "He remains a fool after all," he would often say.

The following was his reply:

"Dear Sir,—I thank you for your valuable present, for such I must regard it, since it can no longer be considered as a renumeration for the little trouble I had.

I wish you in your marriage with the most lovely of English women. It is true, a leg is a great deal to give for a beautiful, virtuous, and amiabel woman, but not too much, if in the end, one is not deceived in the bargain. Adam gave a rib for his wife; others have also paid a rib for beauties, and some, even a head.

But, still, I fear after two years you will repent that your leg was amputated above the knee. You will think it might as well have been taken off below the joint. At the lapse of three years, you will be convinced that the loss of the foot alone would have been sufficient. At the end of four years you will maintain, that the sacrifice of the great toe, and after five years, that of the little toe, would have answered. In six years you will confess, that the pairing of the nails would have been enough.

All this I say without any reflections on your fascinating wife. Women can keep beauty and virtue more inaccessible, than men can their opinions. In my youth I would have sacrificed my life daily, but never have yielded a leg. The former I should not have lamented *while living*, but had I pursued yonr course and resigned my leg, I should say to myself to-day, "Thevenet, you were a fool!" Wherewith I have the honor to be, Your ob'dt serv't,

G. THEVENET.

In the year 1893, during the revolutionary times of horror, Thevenet, who had been suspected by the aristocracy of treachery through the accusations of some rival, fled to London to save his life from the gullontine.

Either to kill time, or to renew his acquaintance, he asked after his old friend, Sir Charles Temple.

He was directed to his residence, was announced, and received. In a large arm chair, with a glass of foaming porter at his side near the fire place, surrounded by a dozen newspapers, sat a corpulent gentleman. He could not get up to receive his visiter.

"Ah, welcome Mons. Thevenet," exclaimed the fat Sir Charles Temple, for in reality he was the man. "Don't be offended at my keeping my seat; this cursed crutch-leg prevents me from doing any thing. You have probably come to see if you prophesied aright?"

"No," said Thevenet, "I come as a fugitive, and to seek protection in your country."

"You must live with me Thevenet, You are a wise man. You must comfort me. I sincerely believe had I not this cursed crutch leg in my way, I might have been Admiral of the Blue by this time. Here I sit and read the newspapers, and get actually enraged, when I think that I must be inactive in all these great struggles. You must comfort me, Thevenet."

"Your wife will be better able to comfort you. than I,' replied Thevenet.

"Stuff!" exclaimed Temple. "Her crutch leg keeps her from dancing, and so she has given herself up to cards. There's no getting on with her, otherwise she is a fine woman."

"Ah, ah! Then I was right, my old friend?" —"Yes, entirely so. But, Thevenet, we must be silent, and keep this to ourselves. I have committed a very foolish act. If I had my legs back again, I would not give the parting of the nails! This between ourselves. I was a fool, but keep my secret!"

FROM CHARLES O'MALLY.

"And Boyle, did you know Sir Harry Boyle?" To be sure I did. Shall I ever forget him and his capital blunders that kept me laughing the whole time I spent in Ireland? I was in the house when he concluded a panegyric upon a friend, by calling him the father of the poor and uncle to Lord Donoughmore?

"He was the only man who could render by a bull what it was impossible to convey more correctly?" said Power, 'you have heard of his duel with Harry Toler.'

"Never," let us hear it.

"It was bull from beginning to end.—Boyle took it into his head, that Harry was a person with whom he had a serious row in Cork. Harry, on the other hand, mistook Boyle for old Caples, whom he had been pursuing with horse whipping intentions for some months, they met in Kildare-street Club, and a very little colloquy satisfied them that they were right in their conjectures; each party being so eagerly ready to meet the views of the other. It never was a difficult matter to find a friend in Dublin; and to do them justice, Irish seconds, generally speaking are perfectly free from any imputation upon the score of good breeding. No men have less impertinent curiosity as to the cause of quarrel; wisely supposing that the principals know their own affairs best, they cautiously abstain from indulging any prying spirit, but proceed to discharge their functions as best they may. Accordingly Sir Harry, and Eick were set, as the phrase is, at twelve paces, and to use Boyle's own words, for I have heard him relate the story,—"

"We blazed away, sir, for three rounds. I put two in his hat, and one in the neck cloth; his shots went all through the skirts of my coat."

"We'll spend the day here, said Considine, at this rate; could you put them closer?

"And give us a little more time in the world, says I.

"Exactly," said Dick.

"Well, they moved us forward two paces, and set to loading the pistols again."

By this time we were so near that we had full opportunity to scan each other's faces; well, sir, I stared at him, and he at me.

'What,' said I.

'Eh,' said he

'How's this? said I.

'You're not Billy Capler,' said he.

'Devil a bit,' said I, nor I don't think you're Archy Devine, and faith, sir, so it appeared; we were fighting all the morning for nothing—for somehow it turned out '*it was neither of us*.'

ON THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

Go, my son, said the Eastern sage to Talmore, go forth to the world; be wise in the pursuit of knowledge—be wise in the accumulation of riches—be wise in the choice of friends; yet little will this avail thee, if thou choosest not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

When the rules of thy people echo thy sayings, and the trumpet of fame sounds thy name abroad among the nations, more beautifully will the sun of thy glory set, if one bright cloud reflects its brightness, and sullied for ever will be the splendor of the rays, if like a dark spot she crosses its surface.

Consider this, my son, and look well to her ways, whom thou wouldst love—for little will all else avail thee if thou choosest not wisely the companion of thy bosom. See yonder the maidens of Tinge. They deck themselves with the gems of Golconda and the rose of Cashmere—themselves more brilliant and beautiful; but ha! take not them to thy bosom—for the gem will grow dim, and the rose wither, and nought remain to thee of all thou didst woo and win.

Neither turn thyself to the proud one who vaunts herself on having scanned the pages of Vedas, and fathomed the mysteries of the holy temple. Woman was not born to wield the sceptre, or direct the counsel; to reveal the mandates of Brama, or expound the sacred verses of Menu. Rather be it hers to support thee in grief and soothe thee in sickness; to rejoice in thy prosperity and cling to thee in adversity. Reflect, then, my son, ere thou choosest, and look to her whom thou wouldst make the wife of thy bosom.

A wife! what a sacred name—what a responsible office! She must be the unspotted sanctuary to which wearied man may flee from the crimes of the world, and feel that no sin dare enter there. A wife!—She must be as pure as the spirits around the Everlasting throne, that man may kneel to her even in admiration, and feel no abasement. A wife!—She must be the guardian angel of his footsteps, on earth, and guide them to Heaven; so firm in virtue that should he for a moment waver, she can yield him support, and replace him upon its firm foundation; so happy in conscious innocence, that when from the perplexities of the world he turns to his home, he may never find a frown where he sought a smile. Such, my son, thou seekest in a wife—and reflect well ere thou choosest.

Open not thy bosom to the trifler; repose not thy head on the breast that nurseth envy and folly and vanity. Hope not for obedience where the passions are untamed; and expect not honor from her who honoreth not the God who made her.

Though thy place be next to the throne of princes and the countenance of royalty beam upon thee—though thy riches be as the pearls of Omar, and thy name honored from the East to the West, little will it avail thee if darkness and disappointment, and strife be in thine own habitation. There must be passed thine hours in solitude and sickness—and there must thou die. Reflect then, my son, ere thou choosest, and look well to her ways whom thou wouldst love; for though thou be wise in other things—little will it avail thee if thou choosest not wisely the wife of thy bosom.

Sam Slick utters some queer sayings. He has more truth than poetry in many of his hits, such, for instance, as the following, touching female curiosity; "Nothin, squire, ever stops a woman when her curiosity is once up, especially if she be curious to know something about herself. Only hold a secret in your hand to her, and it's like a bunch of catnip; she'll jump and frisk, and frolick round like every thing, and never give over purrin' and coaxin' of you till she gets it."

STATE OF THE COUNTRY—*Finance and Morals.*—The extraordinary spectacle was presented yesterday of the stock of the U. States bank selling for 47 per cent., which about two or three years ago sold fo 120 to 125. The stockholders, many of whom are females, will lose two thirds of their property. This strange and unprecedented fact is only one taken from series on series, happening all over the country, developing the charlatanism and demoralization which prevails over a large portion of financial and political society.

In addition to this spectacle, it is stated in our correspondence from Baltimore, that the banks of that city will not resume, and that the principal cause for the adoption of this policy has been created by the wants of the State for a new loan.

By these unholy bargins between the politicians and the financiers, all morals and honesty—all sound doctrine and practical sense are set at naught, and cast aside. The various States want more money—and the banks want more time—hence the one gives and the other takes, leaving the burden upon the people, in the shape of taxes, at some distant day. In Congress the same principle of demoralization seems to prevail. That body are about to pass laws to divide the landed property of the nation among the several States—and also a law for the abolition of all debts, under the name of a bankrupt law, excluding corporations.

All these movements put forward by financiers and politicians, only lead to the belief that some great and mighty revolution is at hand. The great mass of the people of this country are honest, industrious and moral—but the atrocious want of principle among the bankers and politicians must begin, sooner or later, to produce its natural effects. We have had a revolution in trade—a revolution in politics—a revolution in the currency—we want a revolution in morals and honesty—and that very soon, or the fire and brimstone will soon be ready for another Sodom and Gomorrah.—N. York Herald.

ENDORSING.—"Col. W. is a fine looking man, ain't he?" said a friend of ours, the other day. "Yes," replied another.—"I was taken for him once" "You! why, you're as ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that: I was taken for him I endorsed his note, and was taken for him—by the sheriff!"

There is iron enough in the blood of forty-two men, to make a ploughshare, weighing about twenty-four pounds.

PRETTY FAIR.—The Schenectady Cabinet say: "The printer is O. K.—Out of Kash."