tle was intimidated by the President's stern manner.

"Those opposed to it will say No."

"No!" was the universal acclamation of the Board with the exception of Anthony Hardbottle, who did not open his lips.

"Thank you, gentlemen," said Mr. Flam, "for this generous support. I should have been compelled by the adoption of this proposition, much as I esteem this Board, much as I value your good opinion, to have returned the commission with which you have honored me as your President. Our country first, and then ourselves. The Democracy of Quodlibet never will suspend!"

At this moment confused noises were heard in the banking room, which adjoined that in which the directors were convened. Mr. Handy immediately sprang from his chair, and went into this apartment.

There stood about thirty persons, principally boatmen from the canal. At their head, some paces advanced into the bank, was Flanigan Sucker. One sleeve of Flan's coat was torn open from the shoulder to the wrist; his shirt, of a very indefinite complexion, was open at the breast, disclosing the shaggy mat of hair that adorned this part of his person; his corduroy trowsers had but one suspender to keep them up, thus giving them rather a lopsided set. His face was very red; and his hat, which was considerably frayed at the brim, was drawn over one ear, and left uncovered a large portion of his forehead and crown, which were embelished by wild elf-locks of carroty hue.

"Nicodemus," said Flan, as soon as the Cashier made his appearance, "we have come to make a run upon the bank; they say you've busted your biler."—Then turning to the crowd behind him, he shouted, "Growl, Tigers!—Yip!—No!—You don't!"

As Flan yelled out these words, a strange muttering soung broke forth from the multitude.

"What put it into your drunken noddle that we have broke?" inquired Mr. Handy, with great composure, as soon as silence was restored.

"Nim Porter ses, Nicodemus, that you're a gone horse, and that if you ai'nt busted up, you will before night. So we have determined on a run."

Nim Porter, who was standing in the rear of the crowd, where he had come to see how matters were going on, now stepped forward. Nim is the fattest man in Quodlibet, and wears more gold chains across his waistcoat than I ever saw at a jeweller's window. He is the most dressy and good-natured man we have: and on this occasion there he stood with a stiff starched linen roundabout jacket on, as white as the driven snow, with white drilling pantaloons just from the washerwoman, and the most strutting ruffle to his shirt that could have been manufactured out of cambric. In all points he was unlike the crowd of persons who occupied the room. "I said nothing of the sort,' was Nim's reply, "and I am willing now to bet ten to one that he can't produce a man here to say I said so."

"D—n the odds!" cried Flan—"Nicodemus, we are resolved upon a run—so shell out!"

"Begin when it suits you," said Mr. Handy. "Let me have your note, and I will give you either silver or gold as you choose."

"Yip!—No!—You don't!" cried Flan, with a screaching and varied intonation which he was in the habit of giving to these cant words, and accompanying them with abundance of grimace, "d—n the odds about notes!—shell out any how.—We have determined on a rum—a genuine, dimmyeracit sortie."

"Have you none of our paper?" again inquired Mr. Handy.

"Divil a shaving, Nicodemus," replied Flan. "What's the odds?"

"But I have," said a big, squinting boatman, as he walked up to our Cashier, and unrolled his leather wallet. "There's sixty dollars, and I'll thank you for the cash."

"And I have twenty-five more," cried out another.

"And I twice twenty-five," said a gruff voice from the midst of the crowd.

All this time the number of persons outside was increasing, and very profane swearing was heard about the door. Mr. Handy stepped to the window to get a view of the assemblage, and seeing that nearly all the moveable part of Quodlibet was gathering in front of the building, he retired with some trepidation into the director's room, and informed Mr. Flam and the Board of what was going on.—They had a pretty good suspicion of this before Mr. Handy returned, for they had distinctly heard the uproar. Mr. Handy no sooner communicated the fact to them, than Mr. Flam, with considerable purturbation in his looks, rose and declared that Quodlibet was in a state of insurrection; and, as every one must be aware that in the midst of a revolution no bank could be expected to pay specie, he moved, in consideration of this menacing state of affairs, that the Patriotic Copperplate Bank of Quodlibet suspend specie payments forthwith, and continue the same until such time as the re-establishment of the public peace should authorize a resumption. This motion was gratefully received by the Board, and carried without a division. During this interval, the conspirators having learned, through their leader Sam Sucker, that the Hon. Middleton Flam was in the house, forthwith set up a violent shouting for that distinguished gentleman to appear at the door. It was some moments before our representative was willing to obey this summons; the Board of Directors were thrown into a panic, and, with great expedition, got out of the back window into the yard, and made their escape—thus leaving the indomitable and unflinching president of the bank, a man of lion heart, alone in the apartment; whilst the yells and shouts of the multitude were ringing in his ears with awful reduplication. He was not at a loss to perform his duty, but, with a dignified and stately movement, stalked into the banking room, approached the window that looked upon the street, threw it open, and gave himself in full view to the multitude.

There was a dreadful pause; a scowl sat upon every brow; a muttering silence prevailed. As Tacitus says: "Non tumultus, non quies, sed quale magnineturs, et magnæ iræ silentium est." Mr. Flam raised his arm, and spoke in this strain:

"Men of Quodlibet: What madness has seized upon you? Do you assemble in front of this edifice to make the day hideous with howling? Is it to insult Nicodemus Handy, a worthy New Light, or is it to affright the universe by pulling down these walls? Shame on you, men of Quodlibet! If you have a vengeance to wreak, do not inflict it upon us. Go to the Whigs, the authors of our misfortune.—They have brought these things upon us. Year after year have we been struggling to give you a constitutional currency—the real Jackson gold ——"

"Three cheers for Middleton Flam!" cried out twenty voices, and straightway the cheers ascended the air; and in the midst was heard a well-known voice, "Yip!—No!—You don't!—Go it Middleton!"

"Yes, my friends," proceeded the orator, "whilst we have been laboring to give you the solid metals; whilst we have been fighting against this PAPER MONEY PARTY, and have devoted all our energies to the endeavor to prostrate the influence of these MAD BARONS, these SONOROUSES, these CHAMPIONS OF VESTED RIGHTS AND CHARTERED PRIVILEGES, the WHIGS—we have been foiled at every turn by the power of their unholy combinations of associated wealth. They have filled your land with banks, and have brought upon us all the curses of *over trading* and *over-speculating*, until the People are literally on their faces at the footstool of the Money Power. [Tremendous cheering.] Our course has been resolute and unwaveringly patriotic. We have stood in the breach and met the storm; but all without avail. Between the rich and the poor lies a mighty gulf. The rich man *has*, the poor man *wants*. Of that which the rich hath, does he give to the poor? Answer me, men of Quodlibet."

"No!" arose, deep-toned, from every throat.

"Then our course is plain. Poor men, one and all rally around our Democratic banner. Let the aristocrats know and feel that you will not bear this tyranny."

"We will, we will!" shouted Flan Sucker. "Go it, Middleton!—Yip! No! You don't!"

"Gentlemen," continued Mr. Flam, "this bank of ours is purely DEMOCRATIC. It is an exception to all other banks; it is emphatically the poor man's friend; nothing can exceed the skill and caution with which it has been conducted. Would that all other banks were like it! We have comparatively, but a small issue of paper afloat: we have a large supply of specie. You perceive, therefore, that we fear no run. You all saw with what alacrity our cashier proffered to redeem whatever amount one respectable fellow-citizen, that excellent Democrat, Mr. Flanigan Sucker, might demand. [Cheers, and a cry of 'Yip! No! You don't!'] Mr. Sucker was satisfied, and did not desire to burden himself with specie. Gentlemen, depend upon *me*. When there is danger, if such a thing could be to this New Light Democratic Bank, I will be the first to give you warning. [Cheers, and Hurrah for Flam.']—Born with an instinctive love of the People, I should be the vilest of men, if I could ever forget my duty to them. [Immense cheering, and cries of 'Flam forever.']—Take my advice, retire to your homes, keep an eye on the Whigs and their wicked schemes to bolster up the State banks, make no run upon this institution—it is an ill bird that defiles its own nest—and, before you depart, gentlemen, let me inform you that, having the greatest regard to your interest, we have determined upon a temporary suspension, as a mere matter of caution against the intrigues of the Whigs, who, we have every reason to believe, actuated by their implacable hatred of the New Light Democracy, will assail this, your favorite bank, with a malevolence unexampled in all their past career. [Loud cheers, and cries of 'Stand by the bank.'] Quodlibetarians, rally, and present a phalanx more terrible than the Macedonian to the invader. You can—I am sure you will—and, therefore, I tell you your bank is safe."

"We can, we will!" rose from the whole multitude accompanied with cheers that might vie with the bursting of the ocean surge.

"Gentlemen," added Mr. Flam, "I thank you for the manifestation of this patriotic sentiment. It is no more than I expect of Quodlibet. In conclusion, I am requested, my good friends, by Mr. Handy, to say that, having just prepared some notes on a *superior* paper, he will redeem at the counter any old ones you may chance to hold, in that new emission; and I can with pride assure you that this late supply is equal, perhaps, to any thing that has ever been issued in the United States. With my best wishes, gentlemen, for your permanent prosperity, under the new and glorious dynasty of that distinguished New Light Democrat, whom the unbought suffrages of millions of freemen have called to the supreme executive chair, [cheers,] and under whose lead we fondly indulge the hope of speedily sweeping from existence this pestilential brood of Whig banks, I respectfully take my leave."

Having concluded this masterly appeal to the reason and good sense of the people, Mr. Flam withdrew under nine distinct rounds of applause. * * * *

It was not long after this astounding event before the opinions uttered above were fully and most remarkably confirmed by a letter from the Hermitage; a letter which from its shrewdness of view, its perspicacity, its lucid style and Hero-and-Sage-like felicity of construction, is unequalled in the productions of the venerable Chief. I am happy to insert it here, as a most eloquent exposition of the causes of the suspension—feeling assured that its distinguished author had no reference to the Democratic banks and especially none to ours of Quodlibet, but intended it entirely for the vile Whigs.

"The history of the world," says this immortal man, writing July 9th to the virgin-minded, tremulously sensitive, unrewarded, and beautiful editor of the Globe, "never has recorded such base treachery and perfidy as has been committed by the deposite banks against the Government, and purely with a view of gratifying Biddle and the Barings, and, by the suspension of specie payments degrade, embarrass, and ruin, if they could, their own country, for the selfish views of making large profits, by throwing out millions of depreciated paper upon the People—selling their specie at large premiums, and buying up their own paper at discounts of from 25 to 50 per cent, and now looking forward to be indulged in these speculations for years to come before they resume specie payments."

An election for the State Legislature comes on. Agamemnon Flag, one of the regularly "nominated democratic candidates," is opposed by Andrew Grant, on the part of the Whigs, and by Theodore Fog, who comes out as an "independent candidate." A serious split in the "democratic party" had taken place which made it doubtful whether Flag or Fog would receive the greater number of votes. This state of things would have embarrassed most editors; but it had no such effect on the "official" at Quodlibet.

"The course pursued by Elphalet Fox, at this difficult juncture, was one calculated to raise him in the esteem of every true Quod, and to place him on a pinnacle amongst editors. He took none of those middle grounds which scarcely ever fail to bring a politician into contempt with both parties; but with a boldness entirely peculiar to himself, and in the highest degree illustrative of the New Light theory, stoutly advocated each of our candidates, as the course of the canvass seemed to encourage their respective chances of success. Thus, when Theodore Fog first announced himself as the independent candidate, and when every one appeared to regard this step as an act of presumption which could not but result in defeat, Elphalet put forth the following paragraph:

"'*Mister* Theodore Fog, of this borough, an old practitioner at more than one bar, having waked up one morning with the idea that he was born to fill the measure of his country's glory, as well as he fill that of his own every night, has conceived the sublime project of running on an independent ticket in the approaching election. We would whisper in our friend Theo's ear, that he has barked up the wrong tree. Independence is just a word to be found in the New Light dictionary. The voters of this county can never be seduced from the support of the regular nomination, especially when it is headed by such a man as Agamemnon Flag, whose eloquence, accomplishments, and remarkable democratic simplicity of manners, as well as his perfect surrender of himself to the cause of his party, give him the highest claim to the consideration of every right minded and unadulterated Quod. Verb. sap. sat.'"

After the appearance of this paragraph, a meeting of the voters, preliminary to the election, was holden, and Fog made so telling a speech that the impression became general that he would supplant Flag. Whereupon, Mr. Fox indites the following paragraph:

"In regard to our rotund fellow-townsman, Theodore Fog, the public expectation was more than realized. This unstudied orator, with all the freshness impressed upon his mind by the mint of Nature herself, contemning the aid of tinsel show, and presenting himself in the homely habiliments of an unvarnished, and, as our adversaries scoffingly add, of an unwashed New Light, poured forth a resistless flood of native oratory, remarkable for that massive vigor of thought, and that felicity of expression, which are the rare endowment only of genius, trained amongst the People, and whose soul is *with* the People. He descanted upon the brilliant career of our never-sufficiently-to-be-flattered Administration, with an effect that thrilled in the pulse, glowed in the countenance, and broke forth in the reiterated shouts of every warm-hearted, straightout, lead-following, un-against-the-wishes-or-commands-of-the-luminaries-of-the-party-rebelling New Light democrat on the ground. We are happy to add our decided conviction that the election of this staunch champion of the *real* New Lights is placed beyond a doubt."

The result of the election showed that Fog far outran the rest of the ticket, and that Flag fell considerably below the Whig vote. Fox then published a handbill, headed "GLORIOUS VICTORY! QUODLIBET EXACT;" and proceeded to descant on the event in this wise:

"We have never for a moment permitted ourselves to doubt that our estimable fellow-townsman, Theodore Fog, one of the purest, most disinterested, and ablest democrats of the glorious New Light Quodlibetarian School, would lead the polls; and, indeed, we took occasion to insinuate as much after his celebrated speech at the Sycamore Spring, which it was our good fortune to hear, and which, as an exposition of sound New Light principles, gave us such unmixed delight. We cannot but feel regret that Mr. Flag's friends should have so inconsiderately consented to place his name on the ticket, before they had ascertained Mr. Fog's views in regard to the election. An understanding upon this subject would have saved them the mortification of presenting a name which, from the first, we felt a presentiment was destined to incur defeat; and it would have spared Mr. Flag the pain he must suffer in the present event. The youth of this gentleman, his want of acquaintance with the People, arising, doubtless, from the imperfection of his vision, and his unfortunate espousal of the iron railing compromise, very obviously stood in the way of his success. A day will, however, come around when, in our judgment, the People will, do justice to his pretension, which we undertake to say is considerable."

Jesse Ferret, the tavern-keeper, had always been a neutral in politics, much to the annoyance of his wife, who was a thoroughgoing "democrat." She availed herself of the triumph of Fog, her candidate, to open a battery on her husband:

"'I want to know,' said Mrs. Ferret, 'who's master of this house—you or me? Ef I'm the master, say so—but ef you're the master, then act as sich. It aint no longer to be endured, this shilly-shally, visy-versy politics of yourn. Here you are a casting up of the accounts this blessed day, and please Heaven, if there's one cent got into the till in the three days that have gone by, the last person in the world to thank for it is yourself, Jesse Ferret.—Theodore Fog's *in*—got in by a vote that one might say 's almost magnanimous, and he's got all the thirstiest men in this borough under his thumb—and he's been pouring 'em in here in shoals, which he wouldn't have done, one man of 'em, if it hedn't been for my principles, which goes the whole hog—and you so contrairy, constantly a giving out your no sides—it's rally abominable! and time you should change, Jesse Ferret, it is.'

"'Why, my dear, don't you see the good of it?' said Mr. Ferret, in a mild, good-natured tone of expostulation. 'The very best thing we can do is for you to go on as you are doing, and me to go on as I am. Here's come up a great split in the party; and presently, as sure as you are born, they'll be having their separate houses and making party questions out of it; then, my dear, you know Theodore Fog and his people counts you as a sort of sun-dial to their side, and goes almost by your pinting. And then the others, you know, cant have nothing to find fault against me upon account of my sentiments; so, in this way we shall get the custom of the thorough-stickers, the half-and-halfs, the promiscuous, and of every kind of stripe that's going. Cant you see into it lovey?'

"'No, I cannot see into it,' replied the landlady. 'In the first place, them Mandarins, as Theodore Fog says, is not worth the looking after in our line—they drink nothing but Champagne and Medeery, and if they do sometimes send down to our bar for ourn, they are sure to turn up their noses at it, and say it's sour. Didn't Nicodemus Handy tell me to my face that my Anchor Brand, which you've got on the top shelf, and which cost you six dollars a basket at auction, was nothing but turnip juice?—and did you ever know Middleton Flam to call for as much as a thimble full of your liquors, with all his preaching and parlaying in this house? No, you did not; and it is your duty to cast off your backer o' both sides, and go in for Theodore with the True Grits, as he calls them; and true enough they are in the drinking line—that, nobody who knows them will deny. I'm tired, Jesse Ferret, and fretted down to the very bone, at being put upon in this here way, having to keep up the politics of this house, which I don't think you haint no right to do, I don't.—I'm been a talking to you about this till I'm tired, and I wonder you can be so obstinate, considering I take it so much to heart.'

"'Now, Polly, my wife,' interposed our landlord, with an affectionate remonstrance, intended to sooth Mrs. Ferret's feelings, 'many's the struggle I've had on this here very topic with my conscience; I may say I have wrestled for it at the very bottom of my nature. But the case is this, and I'll explain it to you once for all. I've got a sentiment at the core of my heart, which is a secret in regard of these here politics. I wish to go right—you know I do; but if I only knowed what sentiments to take up—there's the mystery. If I knowed *that*, I should feel easy; but I never could keep my principles, upon account of the changes. Before a plain simple man can cleverly tell where he is, every thing has whisked away in the contrairy direction. One year we are 'all tariff,' and the next, down with it as an abomination.' Here we go 'for canals and railroads!'—a crack of the whip, and there we are all t'other side. 'No electioneering of officers!' cries out the captain of the squad. 'Turn that fellow out; he don't work for the party!' cries the very same captain in the very next breath. 'Retrenchment and reform!' says every big fellow there at Washington; and the same words are bawled all the way down amongst us, even to Theodore Fog. 'Damn the expense!' (the Lord forgive me for using such words,) says the very same fellows in the same breath; 'stick on a million here and a million there—the more the merrier!' And so we go. Here, t'other day, this here sub-Treasury was monarchy and revolution to boot, and treason outright, and now, what it *is*, every man's afeard to say—some's for, some's against, some's both, and all's in state of amalgamation, perplexity, and caterwauling unaccountable. What between specy circulars, antimasons, pocketing of bills, (Lord knows what) that means, vetoes, distribution, fortifications, abolition, running down Indians and running up accounts, politics has got into a jumble, that a Philadelphy lawyer could't steer through them. A poor publican has a straining time of it, Polly. He cant get right if he tries; and, if he does blunder upon it, he cant *stay* right six months, let him do his best—morally impossible! That's where it's a matter o' conscience with me; and my conclusion is, in such a mucilaginous state of affairs, a man who wants to accommodate the Public must be either all sides or no sides; and therefore, I say, my motto is, a Publican should—leastways I speak in regard to these times—have no sides.—And there's the whole matter laid out to you, Polly my wife.'

"'All sides, any day, before, No sides!' replied Mrs. Ferret. 'As Susan Berndollar, says, stick to your colors, and they'll carry you to sides a plenty, I'll warrant you. Don't Theodore Fog tell us the Democracy's a trying of experiments!—and, Lord bless us! ef they haint carried you on sides enough, then you *are* an unreasonable man. Principle isn't principle; it's following of your party. You change when *it* changes; whereby you are always right. Now these here True Grits is two to one to the Mandarins and Middlings both, and they do cour, yes, ten times as much liquor! Ef you had an eye in your head, you'd come out a True Grit; it's a natural tavern-keepers's politics.'"

Theodore Fog, instructed from Washington, announces to "the party" what is the course proper to be pursued by them in relation to the sub-Treasury.

"I know—every body knows—that we have been in a state of suspense on the great question of the sub-Treasury. *Independent* Treasury, as we are going to call it since Congress rejected it—we'll try what a new name will do. I say we have been in suspense. Like honest New Lights we have waited to see how the cat would jump. Some men imagined that Martin would bow to the judgment of the People, and give up. They did not know the stern, uncompromising, footstep-following principle that dwell at the bottom of his heart. He will *never* give it up—the People *must* take it: he has got nothing else for them. Hasn't he tried every thing else? And isn't this the last thing he could think of? Why then, of course, the People *must* gulp it down, or the party is broke. Where is the slave that would desert his party? Who's here so base would be a turncoat? The Whigs call the President the *servant* of the People—we call him the Ruler, the Great Chieftain—and when a man deserts him he is a *turncoat*—that is sound New Light doctrine."

"We have heretofore *partially* denounced banks," continued Fog: "we are now to open upon them like hounds—worry them like rats. From this day forth the Quods will take a new turn; they will dismiss all pity from their bosoms, and cry aloud for strangling the banks—not even excepting our own. Patriotism demands the sacrifice. Down with paper money! will be the word. Turn the tables on the Whigs, and call the whole bank system the spawn of aristocracy—remember that. At the same time, gentlemen, be not afraid. No harm will be done to any bank you have a liking for—the essence of the thing is in the noise. *We shall have perhaps to kill the banks in the District of Columbia—but that's nothing—it will be an offering for consistency. All experiments require an Exhausted Receiver—and the District is ours—a snug little piece of machinery to play upon.* So keep it in mind—Treasury notes and no Paper Money!—down with Credit, and up with the Independent Treasury!"

Mr. Van Buren having come out against the Banks, Mr. Flam resigns the Presidency of the "Patriotic Copperplate Bank of Quodlibet," and Handy, the cashier, runs off. This latter event is thus announced in the Quodlibet official:

"*Astounding Whig Defalcation.*—Our borough has just been thrown into a state of stupefaction by an event which completely eclipses every other act of crime and villainy with which the annals of Whiggery abound. Nicodemus Handy, the Whig cashier of that extortionate, swindling, Whig rag-factory, the Patriotic Copperplate Bank of Quodlibet, left this borough yesterday morning in the People's Line, which runs through Thorough Blue. As this journey was undertaken with the pretence of business, it attracted no attention until this morning, when the indefatigable democratic President of that institution, Mr. Anthony Hardbottle, who was recently elected for a thorough investigation into its concerns, (suspicions having been long indulged of its rottenness——and, in fact, our worthy representative, the Hon. Middleton Flam, an unterrified and incorruptible New Light having retired from the head of the institution on account of the disgusting irregularities which fell within his view) laid a statement before the Board which showed that the cashier had secreted upwards of $160,000, the greater part of which funds there is reason to believe he has made away with in the course of the last three months. Measures were taken to pursue the offender, and as far as possible to secure the Bank by attachments upon his property, which is supposed to be considerable. For the present, we forbear all comment, except so far as to remark that we look upon this atrocious fraud but as natural fruit of that system of Whig measures which has cumbered the land with mushroom banks, filthy rags and swarms of scrub aristocrats in the shape of presidents, cashiers, directors and clerks. We may speedily expect to hear of many more Whigs following the example of our absquatulating cashier."

"The sensation produced in the borough by this intelligence is not to be described. The flight of Mr. Handy was the only topic of conversation for a week. An officer followed him to Thorough Blue, whence, it was rumored, the fugitive had shaped his course for Texas; other reports assigned Canada as his place of refuge—all was uncertainty.—Legal measures were taken to secure his property. This consisted of his elegant mansion on Copperplate Ridge, sundry rows of warehouses, and other buildings in Quodlibet, a large number which had been left for two years past in an unfinished state. Upon this investigation, it was ascertained that the whole of his estate had been converted into money; our worthy representative, the Hon. Middleton Flam, having an absolute conveyance for Handy House, its furniture and appurtenances, and certain political friends, connected with the custom-house in New York, rank Whigs, having mortgages on all the rest of the property. The consequence was the Bank was able to secure nothing.

"One of our first proceedings, after the flight of the cashier, was to call together the New Light Club, where resolutions were passed denouncing his fraud as the necessary consequence of his Whig principles censuring the Bank, in the strongest terms, as a swindling Whig concern, and avowing an unalterable devotion to the Independent Treasury, as the only sound, genuine, New Light Democratic experiment which it was proper for the Government to make, in the present condition of affairs—unless the President should change his mind and find out something still more democratic; in which event the New Light Club pledged itself to give every other measure their cordial and patriotic support."

At a meeting held shortly after, Andrew Grant insists on Fog's reading an extract of a speech made by a Whig member of Congress in 1834, on the removal of the deposites. Fog then read as follows:

"It is here that we find a pregnant source of the present agony; it is in the clearly avowed design to bring a second time upon this land the curse of an unregulated, uncontrolled State bank paper currency. We are again to see the drama which already, in the course of the present century, has passed before us and closed in ruin. If the project shall be successful——"

"What project?" inquired Fog.

"The destruction of the Bank of the United States, and the refusal to create another in its place," answered Mr. Grant.

Theodore read on:

"If the project should be successful, we are again to see those paper missiles shooting in every direction through the country; a derangement of all values, a depreciated circulation, a suspension of specie payments. Then a further extension of the same detestable paper; and still greater depreciation; with failures of traders and failures of banks in its train; to arrive at last at the same point from which we departed in 1817."

"A rank forgery," said Theodore Fog, "printed for the occasion."

"That won't do," replied Mr. Grant, "I have been the owner of this pamphlet ever since 1834 myself."

"Then Binney is a dimmycrat," said Sam Travers, "and you are trying to pass him off on us for a Whig. Sound dimmycratic doctrine and true prophecy."

"Huzza for Binney!" shouted Flan Sucker, "a tip top dimmycrat, whoever he is! I never heard of him before."

"Yes," said Mr. Grant, "an ounce of his democracy is worth a ton weight of the best you will find in the Globe. But read a little further below, where you see it scored."

"I have an innate and mortal aversion to reading," returned Fog.

"It must be gone through," said Flan Sucker, "because them sentiments is the rale dimmocracy, and we want to hear them. So, go it, The! Yip!—listen boys to the doctrine."

"Well" said Fog, "if you will have it—as the pillory said to the thief—'lend me your ears.'"

"I thank the Secretary," he began, with a discreet voice, reading where Mr. Grant appointed for him, "for the disclosure of this plan. I trust in God it will be defeated; that the Bank of the United States, while it is in existence, may be sustained and strengthened by the public opinion, and interests of the people, to defeat it; that the sound and sober State banks of the Union may resist it—for it is their cause; that the poor men and laborers of the land may resist it—for it is a scheme to get from every one of them a dollar's worth of labor for fifty cents, and to make fraud the currency of the country as much as paper. Sir, the Bank of the United States, in any other relation than to the currency and property of the country, is as little to me as to any man under heaven; but after the prime and vigor of life are passed, and the power of accumulation is gone, to see the children stripped, by the monstrous imposture of a paper currency, of all that the father's industry had provided for them—this, sir, may well excuse the warmth that denounces this plan as the precurser of universal dismay and ruin."

"That Binney's a d—d smart fellow," said Fog, "but every word of that speech was whispered into his ear by Benton; I know the fact personally. He and Benton sit up every night of their lives together in Washington, playing old sledge and drinking cocktail; that accounts Binney's democracy."

We find that we must stop quoting from this attractive volume. The extracts already made from it commend it