

From the New York Evening Post.

SONG OF THE STREET.

Rushing 'round the corners,
 Chasing every friend,
 Plunging into banks—
 Nothing their to lend—
 Piteously begging
 Of every man you meet.
 Bless me! this is pleasant,
 "Shinning on the street."

Merchants very short,
 Running neck and neck,
 Want to keep agoing—
 Praying for a check;
 Dubblers in stocks,
 Blue as blue can be,
 Evidently wishing
 They were "fancy free."

All our splendid railroads
 Got such dreadful knocks,
 Twenty thousand Bulls
 Couldn't raise their stocks;
 Many of the Bears,
 In the trouble sharing;
 Now begin to feel
 They've been over-bearing.

Risky speculators
 Tumbling with the shock,
 Never mind stopping
 More than any clock;
 Still they give big dinners,
 Smoke and drink and sup,
 Going all the better
 For a winding up.

Banking institutions,
 Companies of "trust,"
 With other people's money
 Go off on a bust!
 Houses of long standing

Crumbling in a night—
 With so many "smashes,"
 No wonder money's tight.

Gentlemen of means—
 Having lots to spend—
 Save a little sympathy,
 Nothing have to lend:
 Gentlemen in want—
 Willing to pay double—
 Find they can borrow
 Nothing now but trouble.

Half our men of business
 Wanting an extension,
 While nearly all the others
 Contemplate suspension;
 Many of them, though,
 Don't appear to dread it;
 Every cent they owe
 Is so much to their credit.

Brokers all are breaking,
 Credit all is cracked,
 Woman all expanding
 As the Banks contract,
 Panic still increasing—
 Where will the trouble end,
 While all hands want to borrow.
 And nobody can lend?

Running round the corners,
 Trying every source;
 Asking at the Banks—
 Nothing there of course,
 Money getting tighter,
 Misery complete,—
 Bless me, this is pleasant,
 "Shinning" on the street.

WALL STREET.