

Wall-Street: What is it, and what it is not.

The following paragraph, which we find in a late number of the Tribune, gives a rather amusing, and at the same time graphic, idea of Wall-street:—

No other thoroughfare is like it. Its features are peculiar. No 'Change Alley is like it; no other Bourse—no other Rialto. Trinity Church looks down upon it, like a supervisor, but Trinity cannot Christianize it. Like a melon growing next to a pumpkin, the church may have a savor of its neighbor, but Wall-street will never obtain any flavor from the church.

The name of Downing-street, in London, is irrevocably associated with diplomacy; so is Wall-street with stock-jobbing; but as Downing-street is not full of foreign ministers with faces Palmerstonward, neither is Wall-street occupied solely by the members of the bankers' board.

Wall-street is not a long street, though it is felt a long ways. A man, without corns, can walk the length of it in five minutes. Another, if he should keep on, would find him in the East River. It is not a wide street. Bids have been made from curb to curb. Wheels get "locked" there daily, especially near the head of it, and a vast deal of highly ornamental profanity is done by sweet-tempered carmen, who having wedged themselves in, seem to think that, "like the poor debtor," they can *swear* themselves out.

It is not a handsome street, still there is nothing wooden in it, except, perhaps the heads of some stock-buyers. White marble, brown freestone, terracotta and substantial granite bespeak its wealth. Here is that wonderfully intricate building, the Merchants' Exchange, as full of lawer, insurance, and other offices as a dog is of fleas. Near by is the *locus in quo* of the brokers' board, where many millions of dollars daily "change hands and cross over," while the members cheerfully (speaking in metaphor) "balance to their partners." In the rotunda of the edifice real-estate auctioneers are crying assiduously, yet without shedding a tear, over sacrifices of property to an almost fabulous amount.

On the other side of Wall, at the corner of Nassau, and facing Broad Street, stands—nay it don't stand, but *squats*—the Custom House, where there has been so much hard swearing over fraudulent invoices and political assessments, that the white marble columns have turned as gray as the old man's hair, or as Chelmsford granite, which they much resemble.

On either side of the street is an illustrious row of banks and insurance offices, with foreign insurance agents, land agents, coal agents, railroad agents, steamship agents, and many other sorts of agents (Satan's too, perhaps,) including some lawers on the second and higher floors. The basements swarm with brokers. Every nook and cranny in all these buildings command high rents. Add to this picture innumerable groups of earnest-taking, scolding, chaffing, jesticulating men, dividing the rapid currents of merchants, brokers, clerks, foreign consuls, financiers, and commercial editors who are continually passing, and you, who have never seen the notorious thoroughfare, will have a tolerably graphic idea of Wall Street.

ENERGETIC BANK ACTION.

Samuel A. Goddard, Esq., communicates to the *Courier & Inquirer*, the following interesting, and it may be instructive, examples of the bold action of