

Curious "craft"—your modern Bank!—
 Staunch and steady its parchment plank!—
 Paper-propeller and joint stock crank!—
 When launched on a sea of trouble,
 Frightened with stocks—a super-cargo!
 "Bulls" for bullion, and "bears" for em-bar-go
 (Though gold is the stuff to make *gelding* or *mare* go)!
 Private ear-ing—like privateer Argo—
 Sinking poor merchant men—far as they dare go—
 Till down goes their paper bubble.

And this makes the "money" we take for gold
 (Paper, and picture, and promise—all told)!
 This is the Dæmon to which we're "sold!"
 As *double-dealing* as fiends of old.
 Or Brokers in times of crisis;
 Doubling the cost of all you get;
 Doubling the hurry, and worry, and fret;
 Doubling interest, doubling debt;
 Doubling, in short, t. e. prices!

Doubling the breadth of crinoline;
 Doubling the cost of walnuts and wine;
 Doubling the price of a decent "dine!"
 Doubling—no, *not* the marriages!
 Doubling our importations, of course—
 Though double the tariff were put in force;
 Doubling the "crash"—with a double curse!
 Doubling trades' miscarriage!

Oh for a pen like a flaming sword!
 Oh for a voice to proclaim the word
 That paper's *not pay*, but payment deferred;
 That only through *labor*, however abhorred,
 Shall man circumvent the devil!
 That bills are not gold, however "good;"
 That credit persistent's *discredit* pursued;
 That "*Pay as you go*" brings *sweetest food*,
 AND LEAVES NO AFTER EVIL.
December, 1857.
