

The crash of a bank too soon followed the first ;  
 While those who were cautious discounted no more,  
 Which crippled the Brokers, who failed by the score ;  
 And finding their payments they never could meet,  
 " Domestic men " forthwith went " into the street."  
 Now day after day do the newspapers tell  
 How the list of suspensions and bankruptcies swell ;  
 'Tis so common a thing that we merely exclaim,  
 " O, poor A—— has burst up," as we read some friend's name.  
 But as friendship is naught in this city of gold,  
 They pass from our minds as a tale that is told ;  
 And to pity A—— truly of time were a waste,  
 For look at his wife who is dressed with such taste !  
 Why the price of her robe was a hundred or more,  
 And a mantle as costly ne'er seen here before.  
 While B——, who smashed up, is just going to buy  
 That Fifth Avenue mansion, so stately and high ;  
 And look out, or his *two-forty nag* with his feet  
 May knock down some creditor crossing the street.  
 But how, you may ask, did he gain all this wealth?  
 Did he manage to keep back a portion by stealth ?  
 My friend, it was never supposed you should know  
 What wires he pulls, to maintain all this show ;  
 But, doubtless you've heard say, in killing a cat  
 There are many more ways than of choking by fat.  
 And you really must dwell with a *Gothamite* crew,  
 Would you live as they live, or see things with their view.  
 And who will the sufferers be in this crash,  
 When Rail Roads and Banks are all going to smash ?  
 If rascals and rogues seem to make by the fall,  
 Pray who may *they* be who will go to the wall ?  
 The honest and just who ask only their own,  
 The widow and orphan, the poor and unknown.  
 And little will those, who may gain by it, care,  
 What class, or how many, fall into the snare.  
 Should you go to " Pat Hearn's," men will shrink from your side.  
 For gamblers and blacklegs we cannot abide ;  
 But " dabble in stocks," you may win or may lose,  
 And none your Society then will refuse.  
 Perhaps it may seem like gambling to me,  
 But only a " bold operation " 'twill be.  
 Lean back at your ease in your well-cushioned pew,  
 Nor fear that the parson is preadning *at* you ;  
 And what if he reads of the Temple which men,  
 Money-changers, and thieves, transformed into a den ?  
 It cannot mean you, though the public may learn  
 You sold them some shares in a *bogus concern*,  
 For the laws will acquit you of taking them in,  
 So hug the sweet thought that it was not your sin ;  
 And with conscience thus easily lulled into rest,  
 Think only of money, and how to invest.  
 But a truce to complaints, though the bubble has burst,  
 We will say with Tom Moore, " let fate do her worst."  
 Let cheating and trickery thrive while they may,  
 The honest and upright will yet hold their sway,  
 And a happier mode to gain wealth will be shown,  
 Then in spending the money that is not your own.