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1903.

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Forster Collection (Victoria & Albert
Museum.).



THE
BUBBLE:
A
POEM.

(Price Six-Pence.)



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BUBBLE:
A
POEM.



LONDON,

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T H E
B U B B L E :
A
P O E M.



E wise Philosophers explain

What Magick makes our Money rise,

When dropt into the *Southern* Main ;

Or do these Juglers cheat our Eyes ?

Put

Put in your Money fairly told ;
Presto be gone——'Tis here agen :
Ladies, and Gentlemen, behold,
Here's ev'ry Piece as big as Ten.

Thus in a Basin drop a Shilling,
Then fill the Vessel to the Brim ;
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The Pond'rous Metal seems to swim :

It rises both in Bulk and Height,
Behold it mounting to the Top ;
The liquid Medium cheats your Sight,
Behold it swelling like a Sop.

In Stock Three Hundred Thousand Pounds ;
I have in view a Lord's Estate :

My Mannors all contiguous round ;
A Coach and Six, and serv'd in Plate.

Thus the deluded Bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a desp'rate Bett ;
Then plunges in the *Southern Waves*,
Dipt over Head and Ears—in Debt.

So, by a Calenture misled,
The Mariner with Rapture sees,
On the smooth Ocean's azure Bed,
Enamel'd Fields, and verdant Trees.

With

With eager Haste he longs to rove
 In that fantastick Scene, and thinks

It must be some enchanted Grove;
 And in he leaps, and down he sinks,

Rais'd up on Hope's aspiring Plumes,
 The young Advent'rer o'er the Deep

An Eagle's Flight and State assumes,
 And scorns the middle Way to keep:

On *Paper* Wings he takes his Flight,
 With *Wax* the *Father* bound them fast;

The *Wax* is melted by the Height,
 And down the tow'ring Boy is cast.

A Moralift might here explain
 The Rashness of the *Cretan* Youth,
 Describe his Fall into the Main,
 And from a Fable form a Truth.

His *Wings* are his *Paternal Rent*,
 He melts his *Wax* at ev'ry Flame ;
 His Credit sunk, his Money spent,
In Southern Seas he leaves his Name.

Inform us, You, that best can tell,
 Why in yon dang'rous Gulph profound,
 Where Hundreds and where Thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *Wise* are drown'd.

So have I seen from *Severn's* Brink
A Flock of *Geese* jump down together;
Swim where the Bird of *Jove* would sink,
And swimming, never wet a Feather.

But I affirm, 'tis false in Fact,
Directors better know their Tools;
We see the Nation's Credit crackt,
Each Knave hath made a Thousand Fools.

One Fool may from another win,
And then get off with Money stor'd;
But if a *Sharper* once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the Board.

As

(II)

As Fishes on each other prey,
The Great Ones swallowing up the Small;
So fares it in the *Southern* Sea:
But Whale *Directors* eat up all.

When *Stock* is high, they come between,
Making by second-hand their Offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a Million in his Coffers.

So when upon a Moon-shine Night,
An Afs was drinking at a Stream;
A Cloud arose, and stopt the Light,
By intercepting ev'ry Beam:

The Day of Judgment will be soon,
Cries out a Sage among the Croud ;

An Afs hath swallow'd up the Moon :
The Moon lay safe behind the Cloud.

Each poor *Subscriber* to the Sea,
Sinks down at once, and there he lies ;

Directors fall as well as they, ...
Their Fall is but a Trick to rise.

So Fishes rising from the Main, ...
Can soar with moisten'd Wings on high ;

The Moisture dry'd, they sink again, ..
And dip their Fins again to fly.

Undone

Undone at Play, the Female Troops
Come here their Losses to retrieve;
Ride o'er the Waves in spacious Hoops,
Like *Lapland* Witches in a Sieve:

Thus *Venus* to the Sea descends,
As Poets feign; but where's the Moral?
It shews the Queen of Love intends
To search the Deep for Pearl and Coral.

The Sea is richer than the Land,
I heard it from my Grannam's Mouth;
Which now I clearly understand,
For by the Sea she meant the *South*.

Thus

Thus by *Directors* we are told,
Pray, Gentlemen, believe your Eyes;
Our Ocean's cover'd o'er with Gold,
Look round about how thick it lies:

We, Gentlemen, are your Assisters,
We'll come and hold you by the Chin;
Alas! all is not Gold that glitters:
Ten Thousand sunk by leaping in.

Oh! would these Patriots be so kind,
Here in the Deep to wash their Hands;
Then, like *Pactolus*, we should find,
The Sea indeed had *Golden Sands*.

A Shilling in the *Bath* you fling,
The Silver takes a nobler Hue,
By Magick Virtue in the Spring,
And seems a Guinea to your View:

But as a Guinea will not pass
At Market for a Farthing more,
Shewn thro a multiplying Glas,
Than what it always did before;

So cast it in the *Southern* Seas,
And view it through a *Jobber's* Bill;
Put on what Spectacles you please,
Your Guinea's but a Guinea still.

One Night a Fool into a Brook;
Thus from a Hillock looking down,
The *Golden Stars* for *Guineas* took,
And *Silver Cynthia* for a *Crown* :

The Point he could no longer doubt,
He ran, he leapt into the Flood ;
There sprawl'd a while, at last got out,
All cover'd o'er with Slime and Mud.

Upon the Water cast thy Bread,
And after many Days thou'lt find it ;
But Gold upon this Ocean spread,
Shall sink, and leave no Mark behind it.

There

There is a Gulph where Thousands fell,
Here all the bold Advent'urers came;

A narrow Sound, though deep as Hell,
Change-Alley is the dreadful Name:

Nine times a Day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the Surface lies,

Without a Pilot feldom knows
The Time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by Thousands float,
And juttle one another down;

Each padling in his leaky Boat,
And here they fish for Gold, and drown.

** Now bury'd in the Depth below,
Now mounted up to Heaven again;
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their Wits end, like drunken Men.*

*Mean time secure on † Garr'way's Cliffs,
A Savage Race by Shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd Skiffs,
And strip the Bodies of the Dead.*

*But these, you say, are factious Lyes,
From some malicious Tory's Brain;
For, where Directors get a Prize,
The Swiss and Dutch whole Millions drain.*

Thus

* Psalm . 27.

† Coffee-House in Change-Alley.

Thus when by Rooks a Lord is ply'd,
Some Cully often wins a Bett,

By vent'ring on the cheating Side,
Tho not into the Secret let.

While some build Castles in the Air,
Directors build 'em in the Seas;

Subscribers plainly see 'em there,
For Fools will see as Wise-Men please.

Thus oft by Mariners are shewn,
Unless the Men of *Kent* are Lyars,

Earl Godwin's Castles overflown,
And Castle-Roofs, and Steeple-Spires.

Mark where the sly *Directors* creep,
Nor to the Shore approach too nigh;
The Monsters nestle in the Deep,
To seize you in your passing by:

Then, like the Dogs of *Nile*, be wise,
Who taught, by Instinct, how to shun
The Crocodile, that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antaus could, by Magick Charms,
Recover Strength whene'er he fell;

Alcides held him in his Arms,
And sent him *up in Air* to Hell,

Directors

Directors thrown into the Sea,
Recover Strength and Vigour there;
But may be tam'd another way,
Suspended for a while in Air.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long Experience we have found
What Planet rul'd when you were born;
We see you never can be drown'd:

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your Cully's Reach;
For if the Sea should sink so low,
To leave you dry upon the Beach;

You'll

You'll owe your Ruin to your Bulk ;
Your Foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd Hulk,
While you lie helpless on the Sand.

Thus when a Whale hath lost the Tide,
The Coasters crowd to seize the Spoil ;
The Monster into Parts divide,
And strip the Bone, and melt the Oil.

Oh ! may some *Western* Tempest sweep
These *Locusts*, whom our Fruits have fed,
That Plague, *Directors*, to the Deep,
Driven from the *South-Sea* to the *Red*.

May

May He, whom Nature's Laws obey,
Who *lifts* the Poor, and *sinks* the Proud,
Quiet the Raging of the Sea,
And *still the Madness of the Croud.*

But never shall our Isle have Rest,
Till those devouring *Swine* run down,
(*The Devil's leaving the Posselt*)
And *headlong in the Waters drown.*

The Nation too too late will find,
Computing all their Cost and Trouble,
Directors Promises but Wind,
South-Sea at best a mighty Bubble.

F I N I S.

*H. R. Allen Bull of
Whittomsey Vale*

1

Dear Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 15th inst. in relation to the above named subject.

The same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. W. Allen

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STS.002 Finance and Society
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