

T H E Part I.
Weavers and Clothiers Complaint
AGAINST
The East-India-Trade.

The Argument.

*Shews why in Dogrel Verse this Tale
Was first begun o'r Pot of Ale ;
Shews Rise, and Progress of the Trade
To India drove, and Who 'twas made
The first steps to our Wooll Trades ruin,
And how it prov'd to Folks undoing ;
What done to stop its further growib,
And how those Measures came to nought ;*

*How Golden Fleece lay very dead ;
How Act for Burying it was made ;
And how, if we were truly Wise,
We should their Trangums all despise ;
Our Money save, Employ our Poor,
From starving keep, and from our Door ;
Who then cou'd drink, Some Ale, Some Sherry,
And Laugh, and Quaff, and all be merry.*

PROLOGUE.

IN place, one day, as I was standing,
Where folks were printed Papers banding
To those that wou'd, or read, or buy 'em,
These Remarks made, as I stood nigh 'em :
I saw, a mighty, zealous Crew,
Some for Old Stock, and some for New,
Were Pro and Conning their hard Cases,
By the chief Dons of several Classes,
'Mongst which **Grandeers** I sometimes fell in,
And heard most dismal Stories telling ;
The one, the other, much sign'd,
And credit of their Causes
Thus having heard each side complain,
Met bought, 'mongst both, were K—s in grain :
And that when such, fall out and scold,
An Injur'd Case might then be told :
And on th' Old Proverb made me think,
The more they stir, the more they stink ;
And did conclude from all these Hearings,
There's neither Barrel better Herrings.
I saw a Case, concerning Wooll,
With Reasons suft, both clear and full ;
Which plainly shew'd our certain ruin,
These mighty Talkers were pursuing,
Yet saw, that many, at first sight on't,
There were, that made but very light on't,
And found there were but few attend it,
But very few that wou'd defend it ;
Amaz'd I stood, and much dejected,
So great a Cause should be neglected.
Soon after that, I saw, with vigour,
Verses catch'd up, 'bout fight of Tyger,
By Old and Young, by Fools and Witty,
And by the great Dons of the City.
Thought I, this Case, if I should write,
In such a manner, Folks would buy't,
And read, for sake of Dogrel Rhime,
Which Thought improv'd ; I lost no time,
But presently, o'er Pot of Ale,
Writ a great part of this sad Tale,
Which, if you like, you may have more on't,
For I now have, or shall, have store on't.

*Saltpetre, Drugs, Spice, and like Trading,
Compos'd the bulk of all the trading ;
Bengals, and Silks, of Indian mising,
Our Merchants then refus'd to take in,
Knowing it wou'd their Country ruin,
And might prove to their own undoing.
Nor did they carry Gold or Bullion,
To fetch home what Supplants our Woollen ;
Nor were this Nation fond to wear
Such Indian Toys, which cost so dear :
Then were we clad in Woollen Stuffs,
With Cambrick Bands, and Lawn Ruffs,
Or else in Silk, which was Imported
For Woollen Goods, which we Exported ;
Which Silk our English Weavers bought,
And into various Figures wrought.
Then scarce a Child was to be seen,
Without Say Frock, that was of green,
Our Hangings, Beds, our Coats, and Gowns,
Made of our Wooll in Clothing Towns.
This Nation then was Rich and Wealthy,
And in a State which we call'd healthy.*

But since the Men of Garb arose,
And for their Chief Goliath chose.
And since that mighty Giants Reign,
Whose chiefest Aim was private Gain,
This Trade was drove on by such measures,
As soon Exhausted much our Treasures,
For then our chiefest Artists went
With Patterns, and with Money sent,
To make and purchase Indian Ware,
For which this Nation pays full dear.
Then by great Gifts of finest touches,
To Lords and Ladies, Dukes and Dukes,
So far prevail'd, as set the fashion,
Which Plague-like soon spread o'r the Nation.
Our Ladies all were set a gadding,
After these Toys they ran a madding ;
And nothing then wou'd please their fancies,
Nor Dolls, nor Joans, nor wanton Nancies,
Unless it was of Indians making ;
And if 'twas so, 'twas wondrous taking.
This Antick humour so prevail'd,
Tho' many 'gainst it greatly rail'd,
'Mongst all degrees of Female kind,
That nothing else could please their mind.
Tell 'em the following of such fashion,
Wou'd beggar and undo the Nation,
And ruin all o'r labouring Poor,
That must, or shall, or beg at door,
They'd not at all regard your story,
But in their painted Garments glory ;

The Tale.

WHen first the Indian Trade began,
And Ships beyond the Tropicks ran,
In quest of various Drugs and Spices,
And sundry other strange Devices,

