

This humour *strangely* thus prevailing,
Set all the poorer sort a railing,
Or else with grief their Cause bewailing.
The richer seeing what was doing,
And how the Nation ran to ruit,
To King in Council did complain,
In time of Charles the Second's Reign,
On which were several Lords appointed,
By him who was the Lord Anointed,
To hear the Cause, and sad Complaining,
Of those that *Then* were for Restraining;
Who plainly did their Lordships tell,
What mischiefs to our Trade befel;
How both our Men and Bullion went
To work in India, and be spent
In needless Toys, and gawdy Dresses,
For Ladies, Madams, Trulls, and Misses.

The Cause thus heard, they were inclin'd
Some proper Remedy to find;
And something was in order doing,
To put a stop to further ruin,
But by the Craft of great Gossiah,
Who all the Host stood in defy-a.
There is this story passing Current,
That say 'twas he that stop't this torrent,
By pouring Gold in plenteous showers,
In Ladies Laps, who bore great Powers,
Which *strangely* alter'd all their Measures,
Such charms there are in hidden Treasures.
Thus Barroccading all Complaints,
Drove Jehu-like, without Restraints
Fill'd Town and Country soon so full,
As ruin'd much, our Trade in Wool:
And such great Stocks of Wool and Cloths,
Were hoarded up, and eat by Moths,
Made Clothiers all, and Growers grumble,
When Cloathes and Fleeces or they tumbld.
And further mischiefs to prevent,
Complaint was made in Parliament:
And 'cause the Wool, so near affected,
This *Salvo* for't was then projected,
That since the Living would not bear it,
They should, when dead, be forc'd to wear it:
This help'd in part, but the Grand Ill
Remains upon the Kingdom still.
Yet this our Ladies so offended,
As all our Female Sex contended,
And *fain* would had this Act rejected,
But then their Councils were neglected,
And Time has reconcil'd it so,
To this Wool Act they're now no Foe:

So that from Ladies great, to Skullion,
All buried lay in our own Woollen.

And happy thrice would England be,
If, while the Living, we could see,
Our noble Ladies but beginning,
To wear our Wool of finest Spinning,
Or in such Silks our Workmen make,
For which our Merchants Cloth do take,
Which soon wou'd bring them in such fashion,
As they'd be worn throughout this Nation,
By all Degrees, and Sex, and Ages,
From highest Peers to lowest Pages;
Nor would the meanest Trull or Bessy
Delight to wear these Indian Dresses,
Which certainly wou'd Profit bring,
To them, their Tenants, and our King,
And Heaven's Blessings in the bargain,
Because they'll keep our Poor from starving,
For they wou'd soon be then employ'd,
Our Honey too at Home wou'd bide,
And happy then both great and small,
With Mirth in Parlour, and in Hall,
When thus, with Plenty, Beards wagg all.

EPILOGUE.

AND now this Tale, thus far being ended,
Methinks I see some Folks offended,
And 'gainst this Dogrel Poet rail,
Because he've told so plain a Tale,
And New and Old Stock, Jobbing Throng,
Crying it down, be't right or wrong;
But if they do, and away sling 'em,
'Tis a great Sign, they're Truths that sting 'em.
But let them spend their Lungs, and bollow,
Such blustering Sparks he needs not value,
Since all his aim, and his designs,
Are to beat down their Indian Blinds,
That all true English Men may see,
What cause their real Misery,
That so they may prevent their ruit,
And save this Nation from undoing:
But if they still will shut their eyes,
And demonstrations plain despise;
And if his Tale shall be rejected,
Or if this Cause be still neglected,
He only this has more to say,
That he can shitt as well as they,
And that he writ this, not for Pay.

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