

And such as were not *Indian* proof,
 They *scorn'd*, despis'd, as paltry Stuff:
 And like gay *Peacocks*, proudly strut it,
 When in our Streets along they foot it.
 This humour *strangely* thus prevailing,
 Set all the *poorer* fort a railing,
 Or else with *grief* their Case bewailing.
 The *richer* seeing what was doing,
 And how the *Nation* ran to ruin,
 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 *Lords* Anointed,
 To hear the Case, and *sad* Complaining,
 Of those that *Then* were for Restraining;
 Who *plainly* did their Lordships tell,
 What *mischief*s 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 Case 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 *Soliah*,
 Who all the *Host* stood in dety-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* and *Wool* Growers grumble,
 When *Cloathes* and *Fleeces* o'r they tumb'd.
 And further *mischief*s 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 to,
 To this *Wool* *Act* they're now no Foe:
 So that from *Ladies* great, to *Skullion*,
 All buried lay in our own *Wool*len.

And happy thrice would *England* be,
 If, while their *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 *Esses*,
 Delight to wear these *Indian* *Dresse*,
 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,
 Metbinks I *met* Folks offended,
 And 'gainst this *Tale* Poet rail,
 Because be've told so plain a *Tale*,
 And *New* and *Old* *Sock*, *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 *hollow*,
 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 ruin,
 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 shift as well as they,
 And that he writ this, not for Pay.

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