

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* 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 *Goliath*,
 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 Barroading 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 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 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 Effes,
 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 Money 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 thus far being ended,
 Metbinks I Folks offended,
 And 'gainst this 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 bellow,
 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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