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A A  
 DEFENCE  
 OF  
*English* Commodities.  
 Being an  
 ANSWER to the PROPOSAL  
 For the Universal Use of  
*Irish* Manufactures,  
 AND  
 Utterly rejecting and renouncing every Thing  
 that is Wearable that comes from *England*.

*Frangimur si Collidimur.*

To which is Annexed,  
 An ELEGY upon the much lamented Death  
 of Mr. DEMAR, the famous Rich Man, who  
 Died at *Dublin* the 6th Day of *July*, 1720.

*Written by* Dean SWIFT.

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T O T H E  
R E A D E R .



*FOR the Satisfaction of the Publick, the Original of this Excellent Tract (printed at Dublin) is left in the Hands of Mr. Roberts, to shew any Gentleman who desires to see it; tho' the Genuineness thereof will be easily perceived by any Person, who has been ever so little conversant in the Writings of our Author.*

*Among the many Beauties interspersed throughout, and the uncommon Manner of treating a Subject of this Kind, the Raillery upon himself must be looked upon as Inimitable.*

To the READER.

It may seem improbable, (*says he*) that one that has done all that in him lay, to ruin his own Trade, should have so much Charity as to set up for an Improver of other Peoples: *This Turn, being exactly agreeable to what he has before said in his incomparable Imitation of HORACE, (Addressed to the Earl of Oxford) wherein he merrily declares himself to be,*

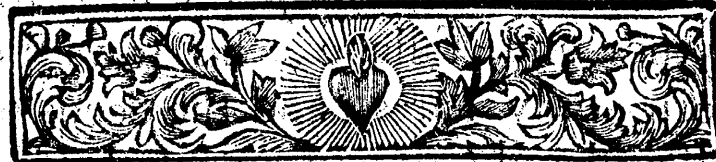
A Clergyman of Special Note,  
For shunning Those of his own Coat;  
Which made his Brethren of the Gown,  
Take care betimes to run him down.

*As to the Elegy upon Demar the Miser, by comparing it with That upon Partridge the Astrologer\*, it will evidently be found to be the Product of the same Pen. Vale.*

\* See, Dean Swift's *Miscellanies*, 8vo.

An

( 1 )



An ANSWER to the  
Proposal for the Universal  
Use of Irish Manufactures,  
&c.

SECRET I AM a Stranger to the Author of this Project, but I am sure he is not a Christian; and by this Mark I have nobody to suspect amongst all my Acquaintance, but a *Tory* Doctor of Divinity. It may seem improbable, that one that has done all that in him lay to ruin his own Trade, should have so much Charity as to set up for an Improver of other Peoples; but if duly examined, he  
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will appear all of a Piece, and consistent with himself; tho' he is for Tythes and Tillage, he sows no Corn, only Tares, and the Seeds of Discord and Contention, under the Cover of a Bandbox\*.

The *Palladium* was not more dear to the *Trojans*, than the Woollen Manufactory to the People of *England*.

They have persuaded themselves, that it is their ancient Inheritance, the Foundation of their Power, and even necessary to their Existence. This is emblematically expressed by setting their Magistrates upon Wool-Packs in the supreme Tribunal, to put them in mind, that They are the Support of their Authority, and to be the Object of their Care.

In these they cannot endure either Rivals or Partners; they are not

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\* This refers to the Story of the Band-Box Plot against the Earl of O—f—d.

more

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more jealous of their Wives when an *Irishman* looks at them.

If any body cries out, that these Wool-Packs are in Danger, it immediately puts them into Fits and upon quarrelling.

This Reverend Projector for the Good of *Ireland* in the first place, turns Informer against her, and acquaints the People of *England*, that the Rents of *Irish* Lands have been paid hitherto by running Wool; which is not true, unless he means from *Dorsetshire*.

And after he has told *England*, that *Ireland* has supplied Foreign Markets with Wool, and enabled them to work for themselves, in order to preserve Peace and Unity between the Two Kingdoms; he proposes, by way of Recompence, to prohibit every Thing in *Ireland* that is WEARABLE, that comes from *England*.

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His

His Pleasure is, that every Thing shall be burnt that comes from *England*, except the People and the Coals; and till this is done, *Ireland* will never be happy; and for this, he has a Sort of an old Prophecy delivered to him by the Archbishop of *Tuam*.

He is not yet (says he) for lessening the Number of these Exceptions, nor is he yet for *Abolishing Christianity*\*; but by the Weakness of his Reasons to the contrary, nobody can believe him to be in earnest.

*Non tanti Mitra est non tanti judicis ostrum.*

He is for continuing the Reprieve or Benefit of this Exception to the *English* People; but how long? I suppose it is only till there is a convenient Opportunity of cutting their Throats.

\* See a Tract upon that Head, in Dean Swift's *Miscellanies*.

But

But this Favour is not to extend to the *English* by Birth; he has fallen upon some of them already in the most bloody and inhuman Manner, and butchered their Reputations with the Cruelty of an Assassin and Barbarian, without the least Grounds or Foundation; a Madman, a *Grubstreet* Translator, and the Standard of Stupidity, are the best Titles he can afford to Persons of the greatest Worth, Rank, and Distinction.

Any body may know what Strain this Author is of, by his howling. These are the *Labia Latrantia* (which I find taken Notice of in an ancient Act of Parliament) that used to be so formidable to the *English* Nation in former Ages.

But this good Work cannot be done without a Law; and Laws cannot be made without the Consent of the Legislative Body, of which the Privy-Council in *England*

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is a Part, by *Poining's Act*. For this he finds an Expedient, an Ordinance of the Two Houses of Parliament, a Solemn League and Covenant, or an Association will do the Business; especially if their Honours of the Army come into it, to whom he has not Courage to speak, but gives a Hint.

I should be very glad, that the Gentlemen of *Ireland*, out of a publick Spirit, and a Regard to the common Interest of the Kingdom, would make it their Choice to be content with their own Manufactures, tho' dearer and worse than the *English*: But what Sentiments such a Prohibition would beget in *England*, and how far it is in their Power to make Reprisals, would be worth while to consider. An Ordinance of this Nature was formerly made by an *Irish* Parliament, in the Reign of *Edward* the Third, when they had a much better Authority to do it,

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it, which was attended with a Resumption of their Liberties, and that produced a Rebellion, which ended in a Confiscation.

After he has awakened the Lion, and alarmed him with the Danger of his Whelps from *Ireland*, which at the same time he spirits up to attack them, and puts Arms and Ammunition into their Hands; he finds one great Obstacle in his way, and that is, that the People of *Ireland* are in their perfect Senses, which he endeavours to remove very prudently. For as God Almighty infatuates People sometimes, in order to make them destroy themselves; so the Devil mimicks him, and pursues the same Methods.

*Quos vult perdere, dementat.*

And therefore he applies himself with great Dexterity to drive them out of their Wits.

1<sup>st</sup>, He stimulates them with an Aggravation of their Wrongs, and instead

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instead of Oil pours Vinegar into their Wounds.

2dly, He recommends Madnefs as a Virtue, and one of the Daughters of Wisdom; and to prove it, calls God Almighty for a Witness, by vouching his Word, and perverting the Sense of it, which, in my Opinion, is the vilest of Perjuries; for I look upon an Interpreter of the Gospel to be as much upon his Oath, as a *Latimer* in the Courts of Justice.

Says he, Oppression makes wise Men mad, and therefore consequently speaking, if some Men are not mad, it is because they are not wise; however, it were to be wished, that Oppression would in time teach a little Wisdom to Fools.

He makes Madnefs to be one of the Daughters of Wisdom, which is known by her Children; and upbraids

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braids the Sobriety and good Temper of the People of *Ireland*, as an Evidence of their Folly; and then composes a short Form of Prayer for them under the Title of Fools.

The Text only means, that Oppression may make wise Men otherwise; not that it always does, for wise Men more frequently make Oppression light by bearing it.

True Wisdom and Virtue, often grow by Adversity.

*Crescit sub pondere virtus.*

And of this the People of *Ireland* are an Instance; for since they have been Wise, they have thriven like the Palm, even by the Weights that have been laid upon Them; and I don't know that ever they got any thing by their Madnefs, except it was to have their Horns pared; which I mention here only for the Benefit of a certain Alderman of my Acquaintance, who begins to be dis-

C

tified

tisfied with his present State, and to murmur at the Higher-Powers that Providence has placed over him.

I have heard of a Puppy that hanged himself, because he could not make his Wife say the word *Cravent*; and of a certain King that cut his own Throat, only because he was not an Emperor. But I hope the Alderman will prove a better Christian, and that he will consider, that the Liberty of making use of *the Best in Christendom*, at least once a Week, is no hard Portion for an Alderman\*.

After he has done with the Holy Scriptures, the Author ransacks the Heathens for a Case in Point, in behalf of Madness; and he is so unfortunate, as to pitch upon the Fable of *Pallas* and *Arachne*.

\* Supposed to be one Queen, an Apothecary.

*Ovid* relates it thus:

*Arachne*, a young Virgin, had been brought up by *Pallas* to great Perfection in the Art of Spinning and Weaving; but she was so ungrateful as to disown her Benefactor, and to give out in Speeches, that she excelled her. *Pallas* hearing of it, and taking it ill, came to her in the Shape of an old Woman, and advised her to avoid such Speeches, and to submit her self to the Goddess; but she called her an old Fool, upbraided the Infirmities of her Age, and bid her go and teach her Grandchildren, for that she was wise enough to rely upon her self, desiring her withal to carry a Challenge to *Pallas*; whereupon the Goddess revealed her self: *Arachne* was a little abashed, but still persisted in her Presumption; for which *Pallas*, after a long Trial, gave her a Stroke upon the Head, which deprived her



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of her Senses, and made her Hang her self. As she was hanging, the Goddess relented, and cut the Rope; but to preserve the Letter, and ease the Severity of the first Sentence, she turned her into a Spider, with Liberty to exercise her Art only upon the Materials of her own Bowels. Upon which she and her Posterity were to Hang or Depend for ever.

- - - *Pendentem miserata levavit*  
*Atq; ita vive quidem, pende tamen im-*  
*proba dixit*  
*Lexq; Eadem Poenæ ne sis securæ futuri*  
*Facta tuo generi serisq; nepotibus esto.*

By *Arachne*, according to the best Mythologists, is meant the Devil; and by *Pallas*, the Deity.

The Pride, Vanity, Ingratitude and Presumption of the Creatures, and the Goodness, Wisdom and Justice of the Creator, are exhibited in

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in this Story. The Moral of it is to caution us against this great Virtue, that this Author would inculcate, by shewing the ill Consequences of putting our Trust in our selves, and contending with God or our Superiours.

The Judgment is founded upon the standing Rules of Providence, which is to humble the proud, and has some Resemblance to that which was given against *Adam*, from whence some hold, the Poet took the Hint.

But on which side does our wise Projector declare himself; for *Pallas* or *Arachne*? Would any body imagine, that the Devil should be so foolish as to employ any body that would own he was of his side? and yet that is in effect the Case. He owns he has always pitied poor *Arachne* from a Child, and that he never could heartily love the Goddess, upon Account of the Injustice of this Sentence. Could

Could *Belphegor* himself have spoken with a greater Fellow-feeling and Tenderness for his Brethren? Or could any body express in plainer Terms, his Esteem for Pride, Vanity, Folly and Presumption, and his Hatred of Truth, Justice, and Wisdom.

He very candidly now gives his Reasons, why he never could heartily love God, and that it was upon account of his Cruelty and Injustice to the Devil. Poor *Arachne* is a great Object of Compassion, that was guilty of no other Crime, but Pride and Presumption; and he is for reversing the Sentence of Heaven against her, lest it should be a Precedent in his own Case.

After he has made Madness pass for Wisdom, and Wisdom for Folly, and justified the Devil, and made God the Author of Sin; he does the Archbishop of *Dublin* the Honour

to place him on his Right Hand, and to introduce him into the Company of his Favourites, with a Compliment upon his Qualifications to succeed *St. Peter*.

I can deny nothing to the Character of that Great, Good, and Learned Prelate, but Infallibility; and I am sure he has done nothing to deserve the Favour of the Conclave designedly; nor am I less sure that this Author would not have magnified his Deserts, if he had thought that he had not.

But *England* he salutes with a *Vade ad sinistram*, and places her on the same Bench with *Pallas*, and the rest of his Enemies.

But what has *England* done? Why, she has executed the Sentence of *Pallas* upon *Ireland*, and with Additions of Rigour and Severity: In what? If he means by *Ireland*, the native *Irish*, his Countrymen, as I believe he

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he does, I must confess that he has once spoken Truth. They have been chastised by *England* with great Severity; and I am in great Hopes that they will take warning for the Future. But if they have had the Fate of *Arachne*, it was for the same Crime, *viz.* their Madness, Pride and Presumption: And yet though their Crime was as great, their Punishment does not seem quite so bad: They have been Metamorphosed, but into what? Not Spiders, but Men; they have been transformed from Savages into reasonable Creatures, and delivered from a State of Nature and Barbarism, and endowed with Civility and Humanity.

*England* has adorned them with her Habits, Language and Manners, and let them into all the Benefits and Privileges of her Laws, Policy, and Government; and some of them  
shine

( 17 )

shine at this Day, in the highest Places of Honour and Trust under her Authority.

*Ut omnes scirent patere virtuti viam.*

And indeed to do Justice to the *Irish* Nation, they have afforded this Age some of the most Celebrated Wits, as well as the most Renowned Heroes; in which Number I cannot deny this Author, (as wicked as he is) a principal Place, without departing from those Rules of Candour and Integrity by which I propose to walk.

But if he means the *English* settled in *Ireland*, who are best known by the Name of *Protestants*; what Reason have they to complain? If they have, they do not.

They retain one inseparable Property of *Englishmen*, which is to be *Tenacious* of their Liberties; but

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they

they are too wise to murmur at any thing they cannot help, without such Measures as would make the Hazard of losing all, much greater than the Prospect of Redress.

There is not a nobler Branch of the Reformed Religion, or of the *English* Nation, to be found in the World.

They are not only inviolably attached to the Interest of His Majesty's Royal House, but most affectionate to the *English* Name.

With this they are branded as a Crime, not only for being patient, but for being fond of every thing that comes from *England*, only for being *English*.

This Author has put Three Persons of the greatest Merit, in a most ridiculous Light, only to reflect upon the People of *Ireland*, for their Partiality in the Regards which they have shewn them; which if it had not

not been due to their Persons, makes the Compliment the greater to their Country. The Protestants of *Ireland* are sensible, that Nature and Circumstances, as well as Constitution and Original Right, have placed them under a Dependance upon their Mother Country, whose Protection and Justice they have the utmost Confidence in, and think it their great Happiness, that they have her to depend upon; because they cannot depend upon themselves, much less upon them whose Properties they enjoy, and whose Enmities can never be extinguished, as long as the Motives of Interest, Religion, and National Aversion endure.

Though it is very natural for every Man to covet to have a Mill of his own, especially a Miller; yet they don't think it unreasonable for the Head Landlord, upon a Division of the Soil into Tenancies, to re-

serve Suit of Mill and Court to himself; that is to say, the Manufactory and Judicature, which were usual Tenures amongst the Saxons; and therefore they cheerfully submit to such Restrictions, as the Donor, under whom they claim, and by whose Warranty they subsist, has thought fit to impose upon them.

They are satisfied with their present State, and not desirous to meddle with the Forbidden-Tree, whilst they have Liberty to enjoy all the rest of the Fruits of the Garden; and whoever endeavours to persuade them to the contrary, they look upon him as an Emissary of the Devil.

This is the Sense of the Protestants of Ireland, which has been already expressed by the Presentments of the Two Grand Juries of the City and County of Dublin; and whoever endeavours to represent them otherwise, is an Incendiary. The

The Serpent that now deludes them in the Form of a Projector, they were presently aware of; and knew him, notwithstanding the Shifting of his Skin, to be the same evil Genius that set the People of England against their best and most faithful Allies\*. He has Variety of Shapes; sometimes he is a Statesman and a Politician, sometimes he is a Priest, sometimes a Philosopher, and at other times a Tradesman; but for the most part a Ballad-Maker, a Punster, and a Merry-Andrew; unchangeable in this alone, that his constant End is to do Mischief, and to make People Mad in order to destroy them.

I shall conclude with the Speech that the Old Woman made to Arachne, (says she) It is the greatest

\* Alluding to a Pamphlet, Entitled, The Conduct of the Allies.

Happiness of Mortals to know themselves; a Friend can do them no greater Good than to instruct them with Fidelity; and an Enemy never gains a greater Advantage over them, than when he puffs up their Pride, and puts out their Eyes with Flattery, and engages them in Enterprizes to which they are unequal.

Consider who you are, with whom you contend, and what it is you contend about. You are but a mortal Woman, tho' you excel all your Sex in Beauty and Skill; but Pallas is a Goddess, renowned for Wisdom and Courage. Look into the Councils of the Gods, and you will find that Jove himself relies upon her: In the War with the Giants, she hurled Mountains at them. The Art of Spinning she has been possessed of from all Eternity, 'tis her ancient Property: The Gods have most bountifully provided for you; Venus has adorned you with her Beauty, and

and Pallas with her Skill: Don't provoke them by your Pride, Ingratitude, and Presumption, to withdraw the Blessings which they have bestowed upon you. Put not any Trust in Mezentius, who despises you, and would rejoice to see you miserable: He is a Contemner of the Gods, a Hater of Mankind, and a Lover of himself; he was lately kicked into the Island of Lemmos, for throwing Squibs at Jupiter.

This is to the same Purpose with Vulcan's Speech to his Mother in Homer, when she quarrelled with her Husband, and may serve for an Instruction to States and Kingdoms, as well as Private Families.



A N

# E L E G Y

*On the much lamented Death of Mr. DEMAR,  
the Famous Rich Man, who died the Sixth  
of this Instant July, 1720.*

---

By the AUTHOR of the *Art of Punning.*

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**K** Now all Men by these Presents, Death the Tamer  
By Mortgage hath secur'd the Corpse of Demar;  
Nor can Four hundred thousand Sterling Pound  
Redeem him from his Prison under Ground.  
His Heirs might well, of all his Wealth possess'd,  
Bestow to bury him one Iron Chest.  
*Pluto*, the God of Wealth, will joy to know  
His faithful Steward, in the Shades below.

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He walk'd the Streets, and wore a Thread-bare Cloak ;  
 He Din'd and Supp'd at Charge of other Folk,  
 And by his Looks, had he held out his Palms,  
 He might be thought an Object fit for Alms.  
 So to the Poor, if he refus'd his Pelf,  
 He us'd 'em full as kindly as himself.

Wheree'er he went, he never saw his *Betters*,  
*Lords, Knights and Squires* were all his humble *Debtors*.  
 And under *Hand and Seal* the *Irish* Nation  
 Were forc'd to own to him their *Obligation*.

He that could once have Half a Kingdom Bought,  
 In half a Minute, is not worth one Groat ;  
 His *Coffers* from the *Coffin* could not save,  
 Nor all his Int'rest keep him from the Grave.  
 A Golden Monument would not be Right,  
 Because we wish *the Earth upon him light* \*.

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\* ——— Sit tibi terra levis.

Oh,

Oh, *London-Tavern* ! Thou hast lost a Friend,  
 Tho' in thy Walls he ne'er did Farthing spend ;  
 He *touch'd* the *Pence*, when others *touch'd* the *Pot* ;  
 The Hand that sign'd the Mortgage paid the *Shot*.

Old as he was, no vulgar known Disease,  
 On him could ever boast a Pow'r to seize ;  
 But as his Gold he weigh'd, grim Death in spight,  
 Cast in his Dart, which made Three *Moydores* light.  
 And as he saw his darling Money fail,  
 Blew his last Breath to sink the lighter Scale.

He who so long was *Currant*, 'twou'd be strange  
 If he should now be *cry'd down* since his *Change*.

The *Sexton* shall green Sods on Thee bestow,  
 Alas, the *Sexton* is thy *Banker* now !  
 A dismal *Banker* must that *Banker* be,  
 Who gives no *Bills*, but of *Mortality*.

The



( 28 )

*The* EPITAPH.

**B**eneath this verdant *Hillock* lies,  
 Demar the *Wealthy*, and the *Wise*.

His *Heirs* for *Winding-Sheet* bestow'd

His *Money-Bags* together sow'd.

And that he might securely rest,

Have put his *Carcass* in a *Chest*.

The very *Chest* in which, they say,

His *other Self*, his *Money* lay.

And if his *Heirs* continue kind,

To that dear *Self* he left behind;

I dare believe, that Four in Five

Will think his *better Half* alive.

---

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Written by Dean S W I F T,

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