

THE
WOMEN'S
PETITION
AGAINST
COFFEE.
REPRESENTING
TO
PUBLICK CONSIDERATION
THE
Grand INCONVENIENCIES accruing
to their SEX from the Excessive
Use of that Drying, Enfeebling
LIQUOR.

Presented to the Right Honorable the
Keepers of the Liberty of *VENUS*.

By a Well-willer ———

London, Printed 1674.

This is a facsimile; however, it is set in 18th century, IM FELL DW Pica PRO typeface and contains the antique lettering features and line breaks of the original. You will notice that page 6 is set smaller than the preceding pages. That is probably so that the lengthier text on that page would all fit, providing an even number of pages for the competed folio, which would have three double-sided pages plus the cover.



To the Right Honorable the Keepers
of the Liberties of *Venus*; The
Worshipful Court of *Female-Af-*
sistants, &c.

The Humble Petition and Address of se-
veral Thousands of Buxome Good-
Women, Languishing in Extremity
of Want.

SHEWETH,

THat since 'tis Reckon'd amongst the Glories of
our Native Country, To be *A Paradise for Wo-*
men: The same in our Apprehensions can con-
sist in nothing more than the brisk *Activity* of
our men, who in former Ages were justly esteemed the
Ablest Performers in Christendome; But to our unspeak-
able Grief, we find of late a very sensible Decay of that
true *Old English Vigour*; our *Gallants* being every way so
Frenchified, that they are become meer Cock-sparrows,
fluttering things that come on *Sa fa*, with a world of Fury,

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but

but are not able to *stand* to it, and in the very first Charge
fall down *flat* before us. Never did Men wear *greater*
Breeches, or carry *less* in them of any *Mettle* whatsoever.
There was a glorious Dispensation ('twas surely in the
Golden Age) when *Lusty Ladds* of *seven* or *eight hun-*
dred years old, *Got* Sons and Daughters; and we have
read, how a Prince of *Spain* was forced to make a Law,
that Men should not Repeat the *Grand Kindness* to their
Wives, above *NINE* times in a night: But Alas! Alas!
Those forwards Days are gone, The dull *Lubbers* want a
Spur now, rather than a *Bridle*: being so far from doing
any works of *Supererregation* that we find them not ca-
pable of performing those Devoirs which their *Duty*, and
our *Expectations* Exact.

The Occasion of which Insufferable *Disaster*, after a se-
rious Enquiry, and Discussion of the Point by the Learn-
ed of the *Faculty*, we can Attribute to nothing more than
the Excessive use of that Newfangled, Abominable, Hea-
thenish Liquor called *COFFEE*, which Riffing Na-
ture of her Choicest *Treasures*, and *Drying* up the *Radi-*
cal Moisture, has so *Eunucht* our Husbands, and *Crippled*
our more kind *Gallants*, that they are become as *Impotent*,
as Age, and as unfruitful as those *Desarts* whence that
unhappy *Berry* is said to be brought.

For the continual sipping of this pittiful drink is enough
to *bewitch* Men of two and twenty, and tie up the *Codpice-*
point without a Charm. It renders them that use it as *Lean*
as *Famine*, as *Rivel'd* as *Envy*, or an old meager Hagg
over-ridden by an Incubus. They come from it with no
thing *moist* but their snotty Noses, nothing *stiffe* but their
Joints, nor *standing* but their Ears: They pretend 'twill
keep them *Waking*, but we find by scurvy Experience, they
sleep

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sleep quietly enough after it. A Betrothed *Queen* might trust her self a bed with one of them, without the nice Caution of a *Sword* between them: nor can all the Art we use revive them from this Lethargy, so unfit they are for Action, that like young Train-band-men when called upon Duty, their *Amunition* is wanting; peradventure they *Present*, but cannot give *Fire*, or at least do but *flash in the Pan*, instead of doing Execution.

Nor let any Doating Superstitious *Cato's* shake their Goatish *Beards*, and tax us of *Immodesty* for this Declaration, since 'tis a publick Grievance, and cries aloud for Reformation. *Weight and Measure*, 'tis well known, should go throughout the world, and there is no torment like Famishment. Experience witnesses our Damage, and Necessity (which easily supersedes all the Laws of Decency) justifies our complaints: For can any Woman of *Sense* or *Spirit* endure with Patience, that when priviledg'd by Legal Ceremonies, she approaches the Nuptial Bed, expecting a Man that with *Sprightly* Embraces, should Answer the Vigour of her Flames, she on the contrary should only meet *A Bedful of Bones*, and hug a meager useless Corpse rendred as *sapless* as a *Kixe*, and *dryer* than a *Pumice-Stone*, by the perpetual Fumes of *Tobacco*, and bewitching effects of this most pernicious *COFFEE*, whereby Nature is *Enfeebled*, the Off-spring of our Mighty Ancestors *Dwindled* into a Succession of *Apes* and *Pignies*: and

—*The Age of Man*

Now Cramp't into an Inch, that was a Span.

Nor is this (though more than enough) *All* the ground of our Complaint: For besides, we have reason to apprehend and grow *Jealous*, That Men by frequenting these *stygian Tap-houses* will usurp on our Prerogative of *Tatling*,

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ling, and soon learn to exceed us in *Talkativeness*: a Quality wherein our Sex has ever Claimed preheminnence: For here like so many *Frogs* in a *puddle*, they sup muddy water, and murmur insignificant notes till half a dozen of them *out-babble* an equal number of us at a *Gossiping*, talking all at once in Confusion, and running from point to point as insensibly, and as swiftly, as ever the Ingenious *Pole-wheel* could run divisions on the Base-viol; yet in all their prattle every one abounds in his own sense, as stiffly as a Quaker at the late *Barbican* Dispute, and submits to the Reasons of no other mortal: so that there being neither *Moderator* nor *Rules* observ'd, you may as soon fill a Quart pot with *Syllogismes*, as profit by their Discourses.

Certainly our Countrymens pallates are become as *Fanatical* as their Brains; how else is't possible they should *Apostatize* from the good old primitive way of Ale-drinking, to run a *Whoreing* after such variety of destructive *Foreign* Liquors, to trifle away their *time*, scald their *Chops*, and spend their *Money*, all for a little *base, black, thick, nasty, bitter, stinking, nauseous* Puddle-water: Yet (as all Witches have their Charms) so this ugly *Turkish* Enchantress by certain *Invisible Wyres* attracts both Rich and Poor; so that those that have scarce *Twopence* to buy their Children *Bread*, must spend a penny each evening in this *Insipid* stuff: Nor can we send one of our Husbands to *Call a Midwife*, or borrow a *Glisten-pipe*, but he must stay an hour by the way drinking his two *Dishes*, & two Pipes.

At these Houses (as at the Springs in *Afric*) meet all sorts of Animals, whence follows the production of a thousand Monster Opinions and Absurdities; yet for being dangerous to Government, we dare be their Compurgators, as well knowing them to be too tame and too talkative

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kative to make any desperate Politicians: For though they may now and then destroy a Fleet, or kill ten thousand of the *French*, more than all the Confederates can do, yet this is still in their politick Capacities, for by their personal valour they are scarce fit to be of the Life-guard to a Cherry-tree: And therefore, though they frequently have hot Contests about most Important Subjects; as what colour the Red Sea is of; whether the Great Turk be a Lutheran or a Calvinist; who *Cain's* Father in Law was, &c. yet they never fight about them with any other save our Weapon, the Tongue.

Some of our Sots pretend tippling of this boiled Soot cures them of being Drunk; but we have reason rather to conclude it makes them so, because we find them not able to stand after it: 'Tis at best but a kind of Earthing a Fox to hunt him more eagerly afterward: A rare method of good-husbandry, to enable a man to be drunk three times a day! Just such a Remedy for Drunkenness, as the Popes allowing of Stews, is a means to prevent Fornication: The Coffee-house being in truth, only a Pimp to the Tavern, a relishing sop preparative to a fresh debauch: For when people have swill'd themselves with a morning draught of more Ale than a Brewers horse can carry, hither they come for a pennyworth of Settle-brain, where they are sure to meet enow lazy pragmatikal Companions, that resort here to prattle of News, that they neither understand, nor are concerned in; and after an hours impertinent Chat, begin to consider a Bottle of Claret would do excellent well before Dinner; whereupon to the Bush they all march together, till every one of them is as Drunk as a Drum, and then back again to the Coffee-house to drink themselves sober; where three or four dishes a piece, and smoaking, makes their throats as *dry* as Mount *Ætna* inflam'd with Brimstone; so that they must away to the next *Red Lattice* to quench them with a dozen or two of Ale,

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Ale, which at last growing nauseous, one of them begins to extol the blood of the Grape, what rare Lagoon, and Racy Canary may be had at the *Miter*: Saist thou so? cries another, *Let's then go and replenish there with our Earthen Vessels*: So once more they troop to the Sack-shop till they are drunker than before; and then by a retrograde motion, stagger back to *Soberize* themselves with Coffee: Thus like *Tennis Balls* between two Rackets, the *Fopps our Husbands* are *banded* to and fro all day between the *Coffee-house* and *Tavern*, whilst we poor Souls sit *mopeing* all alone till *Twelve* at night, and when at last they come to bed smoakt like a *Westphalia Hog's-head* we have no more comfort of them, than from a *shotten Herring* or a dried *Bulrush*; which forces us to take up this Lamentation and sing,

*Tom Farthing, Tom Farthing, where hast thou been, Tom Farthing?
Twelve a Clock e're you come in, Two a Clock e're you begin, And
then at last can do nothing: Would make a Woman weary, weary,
weary, would make a Woman weary, &c.*

Wherefore the *Premises* considered, and to the end that our Just *Rights* may be restored, and all the Antient *Priviledges* of our Sex preserved inviolable; That our Husbands may give us some other *Testimonies* of their being Men, besides their *Beards* and wearing of empty *Pantaloon*s: That they no more run the hazard of being *Cuckol'd* by *Dildo's*: But returning to the good old strengthning Liquors of our Forefathers; that Natures *Exchequer* may once again be replenisht, and a Race of Lusty Hero's begot, able by their Atchievements, to equal the Glories of our Ancesters.

We *Humbly Pray*, That you our Trusty Patrons would improve your Interest, that henceforth the *Drinking COFFEE* may on severe penalties be forbidden to all Persons under the Age of *Threescore*; and that instead thereof, *Lusty nappy Beer, Cock-Ale, Cordial Canaries, Restoring Malago's*, and *Back-recruiting Chocholet* be Recommended to General Use, throughout the *Utopian Territories*.

In hopes of which *Glorious Reformation*, your *Petitioners* shall readily *Prostrate* themselves, and ever *Pray*, &c.

F I N I S .