

The
Character
of a
Coffee-House.

WHEREIN

Is contained a Description of the Persons usually
frequenting it, with their Discourse and Humors,

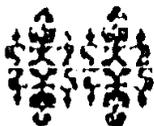
AS ALSO

The Admirable Vertues of

COFFEE.

By an Eye and Ear Witness.

*When Coffee once was vended here,
The Alc'ron shortly did appear:
For (our Reformers were such widgeons)
New Liquors brought in new Religions.*



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THE
CHARACTER
OF A
Coffee-house



Coffee-house, the learned hold
It is a place where *Coffee's* sold;
This derivation cannot fail us.
For where *Ale's* vended, that's an
Ale-house.

This being granted to be true,
'Tis meet that next *the Signs* we shew
Both *where* and *how* to find this house
Where men such *cordial broth* carowse.
And if *Culpepper* woon some glory
In turning the *Dispensatory*
From *Latin* into *English*; then
Why should not all good *English men*
Give him much thanks who shews a *cure*
For all diseases men endure?

As you along the streets do trudge.
To take the pains you must not grudge,

The Deri-
vation Of
A Coffee-
house.

Signs: how
to find it
out.

To view the Posts or Broomsticks where
The Signs of *Liquors* hanged are.
And if you see the great *Morat*
With *Shash* on's head instead of hat,
Or any *Sultan* in his dress,
Or picture of a *Sultaness*.
Or *John's* admir'd curled pate,
Or th' great *Mogul* in's Chair of State,
Or *Constantine* the *Grecian*,
Who fourteen years was th' onely man
That made *Coffee* for th' great *Bashaw*,
Although the man he never saw:
Or if you see a *Coffee-cup*
Fil'd from a Turkish pot, hung up
Within the clouds, and round it *Pipes*,
Wax Candles. *Stoppers*, these are types
And certain signs (with many more .
Would be too long to write them 'ore.)
Which plainly do Spectators tell
That in that house they *Coffee* sell.
Some wiser than the rest (no doubt,)
Say they can by the smell find't out;
In at a door (say they,) but thrust
Your Nose, and if you scent *burnt Crust*.
Be sure there's *Coffee* sold that's good.
For so by most 'tis understood.

Now being enter'd, there's no needing
Of complements or gentile breeding,
For you may seat you any where,
There's no respect of persons there;
Then comes the *Coffee-man* to greet you.
With welcome Sir, let me entreat you.
To tell me what you'l please to have.
For I'm your humble, humble slave;
But if you ask, what good does *Coffee*?
He'l answer. Sir. don't think I scoff yee,

If I affirm there's no disease
Men have that drink it but find ease.
Look, there's a man who takes the steem
In at his Nose, has an extreme
Worm in his pate, and giddiness,
Ask him and he will say no less.
There sitteth one whose Droptick belly
Was hard as flint, now's soft as jelly.
There stands another holds his head
'Ore th' Coffee-pot, was almost dead
Even now with Rhume; ask him hee'l say
That all his Rhum's now past away.
See. there's a man sits now demure
And sober, was within this hour
Quite drunk, and comes here frequently,
For 'tis his daily Malady,
More, it has such reviving power
'Twill keep a man awake an houre,
Nay. make his eyes wide open stare
Both Sermon time and all the prayer.
Sir, should I tell you all the rest
O' th' cures't has done, two hours at least
In numb'ring them I needs must spend,
Scarce able then to make an end.
Besides these vertues that's therein.
For any kind of *Medicine*,
The *Commonwealth-Kingdom* I'd say.
Has mighty reason for to pray
That still *Arabia* may produce
Enough of Berry for it's use:
For't has such strange magnetick force,
That it draws after't great concourse
Of all degrees of persons, even
From high to low, from morn till even;
Especially the *sober Party*.
And News-mongers do drink't most hearty.

The vertues
of coffee

Here you'r not thrust into a *Box*
As *Taverns* do to catch the *Fox*,
But as from th' top of *Pauls* high steeple.
Th' whole *City's* view'd, even so all *people*
May here be seen: no secrets are
At th' *Court* for *Peace*, or th' *Camp* for *War*,
But straight they'r here disclos'd and known;
Men in this Age so wise are grown.
Now (Sir) what profit may accrew
By this, to all good men. judge you.
With that he's loudly call'd upon
For *Coffee*, and then whip he's gone.

Here at a Table sits (perplext)
A griping *Usurer*, and next
To him a gallant *Furioso*,
Then nigh to him a *Virtuoso*;
A *Player* then (full fine) sits down,
And close to him a *Country Clown*.
O' th' other side sits some *Pragmatick*,
And next to him some sly *Phanatick*.
The gallant he for *Tea* doth call,
The *Usurer* for nought at all.
The *Pragmatick* he doth intreat
That they will fill him some *Beau-cheat*,
The *Virtuoso* he cries hand me
Some *Coffee* mixt with *Sugar-candy*.
Phanaticus (at last) says come,
Bring me some *Aromaticum*.
The *Player* bawls for *Chocolate*,
All which the *Bumpkin* wond'ring at.
Cries, ho. my *Masters*, what d' ye speak.
D'ye call for drink in *Heathen Greek*?
Give me some good old *Ale* or *Beer*,
Or else I will not drink, I swear.
Then having charg'd their *Pipes* around.

The company.

The several
liquors.

They silence break; First the profound
And sage *Phanatique*. Sirs what news?
Troth says the *Us'rer* I ne'r use
To tip my tongue with such discourse,
'Twere news to know how to disburse
A sum of mony (makes me sad)
To get ought by't. times are so bad.
The other answers, truly Sir
You speak but truth, for I'le aver
They ne'r were worse; did you not hear
What *prodigies* did late appear
At *Norwich. Ipswich, Grantham, Gotam!*
And though prophane ones do not not'em,
Yet we—Here th' *Virtuoso* stops
The current of his speech, with hopes
Quoth he. you will not tak't amiss,
I say all's lies that's news like this,
For I have Factors all about
The Realm, so that no *Stars* peep out
That are unusual, much less these
Strange and unheard-of *Prodigies*
You would relate, but they are tost
To me in letters by first Post.
At which the *Furioso* swears
Such chat as this offends his ears
It rather doth become this Age
To talk of bloodshed, fury, rage.
And t'drink stout healths in brim-fill'd *Nogans*,
To th' downfall of the *Hogan Mogans*.
With that the *Player* doffs his Bonnet.
And tunes his voice as if a Sonnet
Were to be sung: then gently says,
O what delight there is in *Plays!*
Sure if we were but all in *Peace*.
This noise of *Wars* and *News* would cease;
All sorts of people then would club

Their discourse.

Their pence to see n Play that's good.
You'l wonder all this while (perhaps)
The *Curioso* holds his chaps,
But he doth in his thoughts devise,
How to the rest he may seem wise;
Yet able longer not to hold,
His tedious tale too must be told,
And thus begins. Sirs unto me
It reason seems that liberty
Of speech and words should be allow'd
Where men of differing judgements croud,
And that's a *Coffee-house*, for where
Should men discourse so free as there?
Coffee and *Commonwealth* begin
Both with one letter, both came in
Together for a *Reformation*,
To make's a free and sober *Nation*.
But now—With that *Phanaticus*
Gives him a nod. and speaks him thus,
Hold brother, I know your intent,
That's no dispute convenient
For this same place, truths seldome find
Acceptance here, they'r more confin'd
To *Taverns* and to *Ale-house* liquor,
Where men do vent their minds more quicker,
If that may for a truth but pass
What's said. *In vino Veritas*.
With that up starts the *Country Clown*,
And stares about with threatening frown,
As if he would even eat them all up,
Then bids the boy run quick and call up
A *Constable*, for he has reason
To fear their Latin may be *treason*.
But straight they all call what's to pay,
Lay't down, and march each several way.

At th' other table sits a Knight,
And here *a grave old man* ore right
Against his *worship*, then perhaps
That *by and by* a *Drawer* claps
His bum close by them, there down squats
A dealer in old shoes and hats;
And here withouten any panick
Fear, dread or care a bold *Mechanick*.

The company.

The *Knight* (because he's so) he prates
Of matters far beyond their pates.
The grave old man he makes a bustle,
And his wise sentence in must justle.
Up starts th' *Apprentice boy* and he
Says boldly so and so't must be.
The dealer in old shoes to utter
His saying too makes no small sputter.
Then comes the pert *mechanick blade*,
And contradicts what all have said.
The end of all the *Chat* is this,
Each for the *Dutch* have *rods* in *piss*.

Their discourse.

There by the fier-side doth sit,
One freezing in an *Ague* fit.
Another poking in't with th' tongs,
Still ready to cough up his lungs
Here sitteth one that's melancolick,
And there one singing in a frolick.
Each one hath such a prety gesture.
At Smithfield fair would yield a tester.
Boy reach a pipe cries he that shakes,
The songster no Tobacco takes.
Says he who coughs, nor do I smoak,
Then *Monsieur Mopus* turns his cloak
Off from his face, and with a grave
Majestick beck his pipe doth crave.
They load their guns and fall a smoaking,
Whilst he who coughs sits by a choaking,

Till he no longer can abide,
And so removes from th' fier side.
Now all this while none calls to drink.
Which makes the *Coffee boy* to think
Much they his pots should so enclose,
He cannot pass but tread on toes.
With that as he the *Nectar* fills
From pot to pot, some on't he spills
Upon the *Songster*. Oh cries he,
Pox, what dost do? thou'st burnt my knee;
No says the boy, (to make a bald
And blind excuse.) *Sir 'twill not scald.*
With that the man lends him a cuff
O'th' ear, and whips away in snuff.
The other two, their pipes being out,
Says *Monsieur Mopus* I much doubt
My friend I wait for will not come,
But if he do, say I'm gone home.
Then says the *Aguish man* I must come
According to my wonted custome,
To give ye' a visit, although now
I dare not drink, and so *adieu*.
The boy replies, O Sir, however
You'r very welcome, we do never
Our *Candles, Pipes* or *Fier* grutch
To daily customers and such,
They'r *Company* (without expence,)
For that's sufficient recompence.
Here at a table all alone,
Sits (studying) a *spruce youngster*, (one
Who doth conceipt himself fully witty,
And's counted *one o' th' wits o' th' City*,)
Till by him (with a stately grace,)
A Spanish *Don* himself doth place.
Then (cap in hand) a brisk *Monsieur*
He takes his seat, and crowds as near

As possibly that he can come.
Then next a *Dutchman* takes his room.
The Wits glib tongue begins to chatter,
Though't utters more of noise than matter,
Yet 'cause they seem to mind his words,
His lungs more tattle still affords.
At last says he to *Don*, I trow
You understand me? *Sennor no*
Says th' other. Here the Wit doth pause
A little while, then opes his jaws,
And says to *Monsieur*, you enjoy
Our tongue I hope? *Non par ma foy*.
Replies the *Frenchman*: nor you, Sir?
Says he to th' *Dutchman*, *Neen mynheer*:
With that he's gone, and cries, why sho'd
He stay where *wit's* not understood?
There in a place of his own chusing
(Alone) some *lover* sits a musing,
With arms across, and's eyes up lift,
As if he were of sence bereft.
Till sometimes to himself he's speaking,
Then sighs as if his heart were breaking.
Here in a corner sits a *Phrantick*,
And there stands by a frisking Antick,
Of all sorts some and all conditions,
Even *Vintners*, *Surgeons* and *Physicians*.
The *blind*, the *deaf*, and *aged cripple*
Do here resort and Coffee tipple.

Now here (perhaps) you may expect
My *Muse* some trophies should erect
In high flown verse, for to set forth
The *noble praises* of its worth.

Truth is, *old Poets* beat their brains
To find out high and lofty strains
To praise the (now too frequent) use
Of the bewitching *grapes strong juice*.

Some have strain'd hard for to exalt
The *liquor* of our *English Mault*
Nay *Don* has almost crackt his *nodle*
Enough t' applaud his *Caaco Caudle*.
The *Germans Mum*, *Teag's Usquebagh*,
(Made him so well defend *Tredagh*,)
Metheglin, which the *Brittains* tope,
Hot *Brandy wine*, the *Hogans* hope.
Stout *Meade* which makes the *Russ* to laugh,
Spic'd *Punch* (in bowls,) the *Indians* quaff.
All these have had their pens to raise
Them *Monuments* of lasting praise,
Onely poor *Coffee* seems to me
No subject fit for *Poetry*.
At least 'tis one that none of mine is,
So I do wave't, and here write—

F I N I S.