

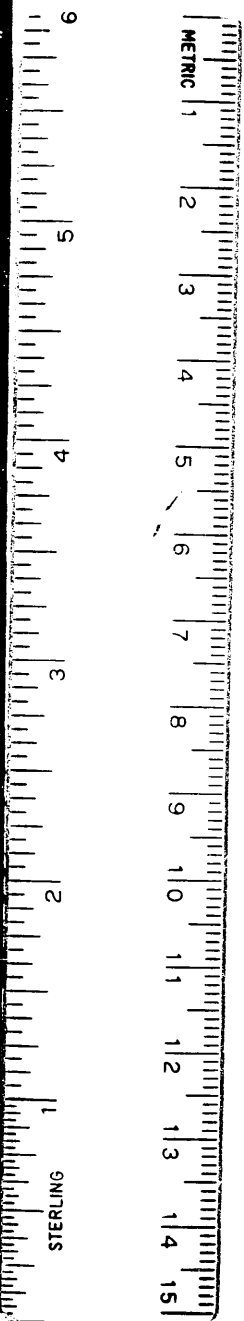
THE  
Ale-Wives Complaint,  
AGAINST THE  
Coffee-Houses,  
In A DIALOGUE between a  
Victuallers Wife  
AND  
A Coffee-Man,

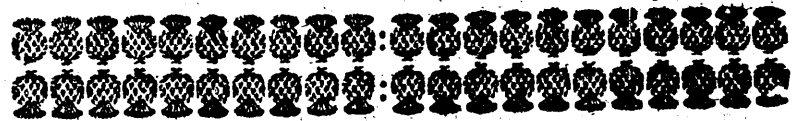
Being at difference about spoiling each others Trade.  
WITH  
Several Articles at last concluded upon between them,  
for the Settling what Customers shall belong to  
each place, and preventing differences for  
the Future.

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With ALLOWANCE.

L O N D O N,  
Printed for John Tomson in Duck-lane, 1675.





*The Ale-wives Complaint, &c.*

**A** *Le-wife.* Well may folks call this the long vexation, I think it will last all the year, and fret my Guts out, but if it do 'tis no great matter; for I perceive I am like to have but little use for them, sure all the people have sow'd up their Lips, or got a new mode to live as sheep do, without drinking, some used to tell me I was a drunkard-maker by profession, I am sure I have not had a good job at my calling these Twelvemonths; my house lies like a desert, as if 'twere built only for mice to revel in, not a Customer comes within my dores in a week, and I have scarce sold Liquor enough this fortnight to saddle a Sparrow; my husband is fallen away half a yard and a nail for want of his accustomed mornings draughts; time was when he and I in several companies could have stow'd half a Kilderkin apeice in our Bellies before noon, but now alas, if we do but sip off half a dozen Tankards, and two or three Quartrons of Brandy in a morning 'tis counted a mighty business.

If we vend any Liquor 'tis out of doors to Journey-men Taylors, old Women, or nurses at three half-pence the Quart upon the Tick, to be paid at latter Lammas when common Soliciters turn honest, and

A 2

Bum-

Bum-bailies good natur'd; I my self have undone three milk-women within these four months by borrowing chalk of u'm to score up desperate debts; Setting up a Fuddling school was wont to be counted a sure retreat, and a trade that would hold out when all other things fail'd, but now the mystery of a Broom-man, or the worshipful Profession of a Goldfinder is more advantageous; we may e'en pull down our signs and hang up ourselves for ought I see, unless we knew how to live upon faggot-sticks, or could pay our Rent with cheef-parings, there are so many new devices to draw away our custom. Here's *Fiddle-faddle* above street lately turned *Coffee-man*, an't please ye, and all the Neighbourhood swarm thither like Bees, and Buzze there like them too, but return like drones with little either honey or money; I see he comes this way, and I am resolv'd to have about with him, how does our English Turk, how goes your Heathenish Liquor off, have you a brisk Trade for your black Broth.

*Coffee-man.* Oh Neighbour Swill-bub your most observant Servant, how go causes I pray, have you brought people to drink in Cans lustily this summer, does the old mystery of misreckoning go on, is your Enchanted castle haunted with store of Jolly Topers.

*Ale-wife.* Store of Topers; do you jeer you Eggs face, you and your outlandish gewgaws have spoil'd our Trade with that honest fraternity; you have debauch't the old virtue of goodfellowship, made men forsake the primitive practice of Ale-drinking to run a Whoring after your pernicious Inventions, you would fain  
make

make peoples palates as Fanatical as some of their Brains, and cause them to affect as many several Liquors as sects; your back-recruiting Chocolet, your shortening Coffee, your Tea that will make one vomit that drinks it, your Lickorish Bracket, your rare *Herefordshire* Redstreak of Eighteen pence a Bottle, made of rotten Apples at the 3 Cranes, and colour'd with saunders, and incomparable Brunswick, brew'd with filthy Molassufs at *St. Katherines*, your Atomatick, and your Chepalice, your Rosado's and Pomeroy's (words that sound more like names of Infernal Spirits than fit drinks for honest Mortals) what are they all but so many baits to inveigle wanton curiosity, and gratify proud Extravagancy, that have not the good husbandry to be drunk like our discreet fore-fathers for Twelve-pence.

*Coffee-man.* And what I pray are your baits; do not some of you lie skulking all day behind your Redlettices like a spider in her web to catch flies, and as soon as ever a Goodfellow comes near, out you run and drill him in, and suck him before you leave him as a polcat does a Rabbet.

*Ale-wife.* And do not you decoy them with newes, and make them sit till midnight rattling of of-idle stories, that they neither understand nor are concern'd in.

*Coffee-man.* And do not you now and then score with a forked chalk; and froth your pots at least half way, and abuse people with your shams and your Ticklers, and Impose your tap droppings upon  
them

them when they are elevated, and if they are going, pretend to give them a pot, only to engage them in a new reckoning, and then score up three for it.

*Ale-wife.* And do not you magnify the vertues of your Coffee, and tell wonders of its effects, when o'th my conscience it seems both by tast and smell to be no better than a Sirrev---pulveriz'd and intermixt foot, one gives it the Hogo, and to'ther the colour, not to mention how you encroach upon our profession by selling of Ale, and that in Muggs no bigger than Acorn Cups, or a Tailers Thimble, which yet must be accepted, because forsooth 'tis in a Coffee-house; when they bawl at us for full pots and *Winchester* measure.

*Coffee-man.* Our guests are the sober and ingenious, that come not so much to ingurgitate vast quantities of stupifying liquors, as to enjoy society and good discourse.

*Ale-wife.* There may indeed some worthy persons chop in sometimes with you, who ought not to be mentioned but with reverence and respect, but for your ordinary green apron'd fry 'tis excellent society indeed, where all talk at once, and rare discourse, where nonsense, lies and impertinence (to say nothing worse) are too often their themes; is it not better people should mind the work of their calling & the honest business of drinking, than to fly-blow their brains with such prittle prattle; as for your pretence of making those sober that are elevated with the generous fumes of our efficacious drink, 'tis

'tis a meer destructive fallacy, that dries up the radical moisture, to the present prejudice of their wives, & future disadvantage of posterity, and we know how to cure them far better by that most excellent restorative receipt of a hair of the same dog, howe'ved we could be content you should enjoy your sneaking fops and your covetous misers, your Haberdashers of small news, and your conceited talkative Wits as you call u'm, if you would but restore us the sole management of the true topers, and the old soakers, and the honest Clubbers, and the no-starters, and not obtrude your insipid, filthy, nauseous, rot gut liquors upon our freinds.

*Coffee-man.* I am content, let us for peace sake therefore come to terms for settling our affairs and preventing future differences.

Hereupon both parties entred into a friendly consultation and after a long debate concluded upon the following Rules inviolably to be observed henceforth on either side.

1. *Imprimis,* That none that can neither write nor read shall be admitted into any Coffee-house, since the main end of going thither is perusing of news and holding of arguments.

2. That any person being reelingly drunk may be entertain'd in a Coffee-house to make himself sober, at which the Ale-house shall take no exception, but rather indeavour in brotherly kindness to make as many as they can so, to increase the Manufactory of Coffee.

3. That the Major part of Quakers may have recourse

course to Coffee-houses, since they have made the house part of their Religion, not to drink to any body; but if he be a wet Quaker he is to be referr'd to the Ale-houses; as the more proper place to elevate his brain-sick faculties.

4. That usurers calling only for a single pot, and begging first for a Crust of Bread and then a pipe of Tobacco into the bargain, shall henceforth go only to the Coffee-house when they are alone, but if they are to meet about sealing bonds or mortgage deeds, the Assignation shall be at the Ale-house, because there is better conveniency for a Roll and Cheese.

Lastly, That no civil person that keeps a Mistress wholly at his own charge, or is newly married, be allow'd to drink any thing in a Coffee-house but cholet; but if he be only partner in a girl, and have but four farthings in's pocket, he may be permitted there to pass away the time over a dish of Coffee till his copartner have taken leave of her.

All which Articles being mutually consented unto, and ratified, both parties departed in perfect amity to their respective Habitations.

**F I N I S.**