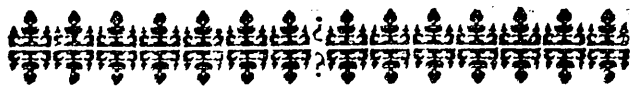


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THE  
Mens Answer  
TO THE  
Womens Petition  
AGAINST  
COFFEE,  
VINDICATING  
Their own Performances, and the Vertues of  
that Liquor, from the Undeserved Asper-  
sions lately cast upon them by their  
SCANDALOUS PAMPHLET.

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LONDON:  
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THE  
MENS ANSWER  
TO THE  
WOMENS PETITION, &c.

**C**ould it be Imagined, that ungrateful Women; after so much laborious Drudgery, both by Day and Night, and the best of our Blood and Spirits spent in your Service, you should thus publickly Complain? Certain we are, that there never was Age or Nation more Indulgent to your Sex; have we not condiscended to all the Methods of Debauchery? Invented more Postures than *Aretine* ever Dreamed of! Been Pimps to our own Wives, and Courted Gallants even with the hazard of our Estates, to do us the Civility of making us not only Contented, but most obliged Cuckolds: Is he thought worthy to be esteemed a Gentleman, that has not seven times pass'd the Torrid Zone of a Venereal Distemper, or does not maintain, at least, a Brace of Mistresses; Talk not to us of those Doating Fumblers of seven or eight hundred years Old, a Larke is better than a Kite; and Cock-Sparrows, though not long liv'd, are undoubtedly preferable for the work of

Generation before dull Ravens, though some think they live three hundred years: That our Island is a Paradise for Women, is verified still by the brisk Activity of our Men, who with an equal Contempt scorn *Italian* Padlocks, and desire *French* Dildo's, knowing that a small Doze of Natures Quintessence, satisfies better in a Female Limbeck, than the largest Potion infused by Art.

Let silly Cits--- complain never so much that Madam Money is Dead and Buried, we dare Appeal to all the Commissioners of *Whetstones Park*, the Suburb Runners, and *Moorfields* Night-walkers, if ever they had better Trading; Nay, have we not forced languishing Nature by preparations of Cantharides, Spiced Meats, Anchovies, Cullises, Jelly-broths, Lambstones, Diastatyrion, Bononia Sawfages, &c. All to answer the height of your Amorous Passions, and prevent the pitiful Letchery of an Artificial Tranguin. Have we not with excess of patience borne your Affronts, been Sweated, Purged, Fluxed between two Feather-beds, Flog'd, Jib'd, and endured all the rest of the Devils Martyrdoms, and will you still offer to Repine? Certainly experienc'd *Solomon* was in the right, when he told us that the Grave and the Womb were equally Insatiable.

But why must innocent COFFEE be the object of your Spleen? That harmless and healing Liquor, which Indulgent Providence first sent amongst us, at a time when Brimmers of Rebellion, and Fanetick Zeal had intoxicated the Nation, and we wanted a Drink at once to make us Sober and Merry: 'Tis not this incomparable settle Brain that shortens Natures Standard, or  
makes

makes us less Active in the Spotts of *Venus*, and we wonder you should take these Exceptions, since so many of the little Houses, with the Turkish Woman stradling on their Signs, are but Emblems of what is to be done within for your Conveniencies, meer Nurseries to promote the petulant Trade, and breed up a stock of hopeful Plants for the future service of the Republicque, in the most thriving Mysteries of Debauchery; There being scarce a Coffee-Hut but affords a Tawdry Woman, a wonton Daughter, or a Buxome Maide, to accommodate Customers; and can you think that any which frequent such Discipline, can be wanting in their Pastures, or defective in their Arms? The News we Chat of there, you will not think it Impertinent, when you consider the fair opportunities you have thereby, of entertaining an obliging friend in our Absence, and how many of us you have dubb'd Knights of the Bull-Feather, whilst we have sat innocently sipping the Devils Holy-water; we do not call it so for driving the Cace-dæmon of Letchery out of us, for the truth is, it rather assists us for your Nocturnal Benevolencies, by drying up those Crude Flatulent Humours, which otherwise would make us only Flash in the Pan, without doing that Thundering Execution which your Expectations Exact, we dare Appeal to Experience in the Case. Coffee is the general Drink throughout Turkey, and those *Eastern* Regions, and yet no part of the world can boast more able or eager performers, then those Circumcised Gentlemen, who, (like our modern Gallants) own no other joys of Heaven, than what consists in Veneral Tirillations; the Physical qualities of this Liquor  
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are almost Innumerable and its vertues (if you will beleave *Pointing*, able to out-noise the Quack-bil of an all-healing Doctor, when your kindness at the Close Hugg has bestowed on us a virulent Gonorrhæa, this is our *Catholicon*, *Ens Natura* and *Aqua Tetrachymagogen* is an Afs to it, 'Tis base adulterate wine and surcharges of Muddy Ale that enfeeble nature, makes a man as salacious as a Goat, and yet as impotent as Age, whereas Coffee Collects and settles the Spirits, makes the erection more Vigorous, the Ejaculation more full, adds a spiritualescency to the Sperme, and renders it more firm and suitable to the Gusto of the womb, and proportionate to the ardours and expectation too, of the female Paramour.

As for our taking Tobacco you have no reason to object, since most of your own Sex are so well skilled in managing a pipe; and if you find that of your Husbands to be naught, 'tis his natural infirmity, or your own perpetual Pumping him (not drinking Coffee) is the occasion of the defect, and therefore let such *Tom Farthings* be forbidden the decoction of the rare *Arabian Berry*, and condemned everlastingly with the rest of doelittles Congregation, to the carrying of Glitter-pipes for the use of the well effected Sisterhood.

You may well permit us to talk abroad; for at home we have scarce time to utter a word for the insufferable Din of your ever active Tongues, the Foolish extravagancies of our lives, are infinitely out-done by the wild Frolliques of yours; 'Till Noon you lie a Bed hatching Concupiscence, then having paid your Adorations, to the Ugly Idol in the Glass, you descend to Dinner, where

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where you gormondize enough at one Meal to Famish a Town Besiedg'd; after that, you are call'd out by a Cozen, and hurried out in his Honours Coach (whose jogging, serves as a Preparative to your Letchery) away to the Play-house, where a Lascivious Dance, a Bawdy Song, and the Petulant Gallants Tickling of your hand, having made an Insurrection in your Blood, you go to Allay it with an Evenings Exercise at the Tavern, there you spend freely, yet being Rob'd of nothing we can miss, home you come in a Railing humour, and at last give us nothing for Supper but a Butter'd Bun.

Cease then for the Future your Clamours against our civil Follies. Alas! alas! Dear Hearts, the Coffee house is the Citizens Academy, where he learns more Wit than ever his Grannum taught him, the Young-Gallants Stage where he displays the Wardrobe of his excellent no Parts; 'Tis the Non Cons Bull-baiting, the News-mongers Exchange, the Fools business, the Knaves Ambuscade, and the Wise mans Recreation: Here it is where we have the sparkling Cyder, the mighty Muan, and the back recruiting Chocolate; 'Tis Coffee that both keeps us Sober, or can make us so; And let all our Wives that hereafter shall presume to Petition against it, be confined to lie alone all Night, and in the Day time drink nothing but Bonny Clabber.

F I N I S.