

The coffee scuffle, occasioned by
a contest between a learned
knight, and a pitifull pedagogue.
With the character of a coffee-
house.

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1. THE Coffee Scuffle.

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[1]

OF Giants and Knights, and their terrible Fights
We have stories enough in Romances,
Of Hercule's Beam, and one eyed Polypheme,
With Don Quixot's attempts and mischances:

[2]

But Il' tell you a tale, worth a Noggin of Ale
Of a Combat was lately begun
Between a brave Knight, and a pitiful Wight
That out of th' Arena did run.

[3]

I was t'other day, in a place as they say

Where Doctors and Scholars assemble:
Where the folk do speak, nought but Latin & Greek
O'twould make a poor Vicar to tremble!

[4]

For hither resort, a throng of each sort,
Some clad in blew-aprons, some satin;
And each Prentice-boy, and brave Hobedehoi
Doth call for his Coffee in Latin.

[5]

[Page 3a]

But did you but hear, their Latin I fear,
You'd laugh till you'd burst your brechees;
To see with what state, they break Prissians pate
And yet do but scratch where it itches.

[6]

One talks, I suppose, of Ovid's great Nose,
With a Bridge as broad as Biliad;
A third breaks his tooth, with cracking forsooth
a nutshell to get out an Iliad.

[7]

One stands on his head, so Statesmen are said
To kick their heels up in the Air
Another I'll be sworn, doth crawl on all four,
And lick up the dust with great care.

[8]

The former man he, cries up Philosophy
Admireth brave *Euclid*, *Discartis*;
The one he crumps roots, and the other he moots,
And he's a good Lawyer, a fart he's.

[9]

The one talks of News, the other of Stews,

And a third of pick-pockets and Bears,
A fourth doth always curse Masques, Balls and Plays
Great Belzebubs markets he swears.

[10]

One loves Mathematics, the other fanatics
Store of Mercuries here to be found;
A three's for a Lecture, a fourth a Conjecture,
A fift for a penny in the pound.

[11]

[Page 3b]

One Quack doth pretend to foretell the last end,
Of Antichrist even to an hour;
And dares to prefix the year sixty six
As the period of the Beasts power.

[12]

The one is for canting the other for ranting,
With laughing endangers his crupper;
A four's for a Fast, eight hours to last
But with a good Breakfast and Supper.

[13]

The one bids apox, upon Beza and Knox
And the rest of that damnable Crew,
Cries up Blundel and *Grotius*, *Arminius* and Vossius
As the Doctors that only speak true.

[14]

Another's for Lockier, sweet Powel and Knocker,
Brother Jesse and honey mouthed Brook,
Who's a licence of late, to break Prissians pate
And say that his Printer mistook.

[15]

Some are for Tailor, and some are for Naylor

And others do cry up the Whipper;
A third is for Kiffin, a fourth is for Giffin,
And a fifth for *Paul Hobbs* the Dipper.

[16]

[Page 4a]

One's for a Teazar, another's for kaiser,
A third doth his Gildas adore,
The Countess' Usher, and Babylon's pusher
That can't pay his debts he's so poor.

[17]

Which was the viler, *Jack Straw* or *Wat Tiles*,
Or the mad Fifth-monarchy vermin?
Whether *harrington's Rota* or *Boils Vertuosa*
Be the nobler design they determine?

[18]

Other sit and tell tales, of Wakes and Wisson Alice,
and the Whore of Rome's bauble the Maypole,
The rest vent their whimsies, concerning the Chimneys,
upon which the Parliament lay toll.

[19]

And others I find do discourse of the Wind,
And how the Trees kicked up their heels:
How Christ Church at Norwich, the Busses at Harwich
was blown down, and turned up their keels.

[20]

How the Countryman smiled to see's Cock-loft untiled
and the Sun peep through the rafters,
And how't blew the rug, from off Robin and Jug,
and turned to pseturvey the Wafters.

[21]

[Page 4b]

The one swaggers and swears, against Altars and prayers

And blesseth the Convocation;
Saith 'tis a bad wick, to make costive the Kirk,
Conformitie's no Reformation.

[22]

There are many that fear, the plague will be here
Before the fourth next month is over.
Another says may this choke me, if Corbet and Okey
And Barkstead an't landed at Dover.

[23]

The one see's an Ass within a fine glass,
And smickers and grins at the same;
And wonders I swear which way he came there,
Into that fine Ebony frame.

[24]

The other talks louder, for Sr. Kenelms powder;
more sovereign than that of Steel,
Makes use of the fiction of pitiful Ixion,
And always is turning the wheel.

[25]

The one he doth smoke, and the other good foke,
Say Tobacco's a stinking vapour;
Another can dandle, a Thief in a Candle,
But crucify Christ in a Taper.

[27]

And thus are they all, both great, wise and small '
Engaged in such tattle if not worse:
And every one doth speak, like the members of Feak,
or the Gossips that follow a Course.

[28]

The Host on my Soul's an ingenious Pole,

Like John in the Wilderness di'ght,
The man is so pirt, and his loins are begirt,
And the Locusts swarm there every night.

[29]

Good Coffee he draws, and shirbets because,
They're pleasant, and sweet Chockalet,
The former doth speed all fumes from the head,
And the last makes the P— to curvet.

[30]

No sack is here drunk, her's no Bawd, Whore or Punk
But pimping fanatics good store:
The Stocks are too near, for good Ale, and strong Beer
And the Counter to keepe'r a Whore.

[31]

Here come loyal Souls, and fanatical Fools,
The sons both of God and the Devil:
Where Loyalists brew, there fanatics bake too,
And the good will be mixed with the evil.

[35]

Yet none of them dare speak Latin I swear,
But a Quack, the more is the wonder:
And a dull Pedagog with a snout like a hogg,
And a face as flat as a Flounder.

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[36]

He whips his boys Asses and tickles their Tasses,
Sees which is a man which a woman:
And the poor Scholars knock, is his Dyal and Clock;
But his own pocky nose is the Gnomon.

[37]

He sits like a King, a Tyrannical thing,

His Desk is his Chair and his Throne:
His Sceptres a rod, and his globe is a clod,
And an old Oxford Custard his Crown.

[38]

Verses and Themes, the petitions it seems,
which the Shcollars do bring, and he tears:
And whether he doth break, I cannot well speak,
Poor prissians pate oftener or Theirs.

[39]

The Welsh man Cot tam her, doth Kenn not the
Desires *Ap Williams* direction, Grammar:
His money he earns, but the first thing her learns,
I dare say is an Interjection.

[40]

But if so be some of his Scholars are com'e,
To that part, which is called Syntaxe;
The Concord's do reach to the Rod and the Breech,
And figura is read on their backs.

[41]

He has a forehead of brass, and ears like an Ass
And he uses the Welshmans houlter:
His nose and his snout, jet forth like a spout,
Or if you please like a Blow Coulter.

[Page 6a]

[42]

His breath's muckle strong, and his eye brows are long,
Yet hath never a hair on his chin:
His wide mouth hath swallowed his cheeks that are hollowed
And his bones do crump in his skin.

[43]

His eyes are as little as those of a Beetle,

But O when he fettles to speak:
I dare say you may welly, look into his belly,
Another devil's arse a peek.

[44]

His breath would even fill, a sail drive a mil,
His Countenance hollow and meager;
Yet his buttocks below, very liking do show,
And his stomach is coming and eager.

[45]

His face doth look Callous, like one dropped from the Gallows,
Or some of your Newgate Cattel,
But when he speaks plumbs, fill his wizzin and gums
I'd as live hear my Grannums breach twattle.

[46]

The man would be kicked, that should think him a picked:
For all his thin jaws and course grain,
Since the Carrots I trow that do on his head grow,
Do rather declare him a Dane.

[47]

He hath never a beard, and weled may be feared,
That the Gentleman wants a Bobin,
Let me be aspersed if he's not hoperarc'd,
Like Aniseed water Robin.

[Page 6b]

[48]

He's a Bachelor, as some do aver,
And solitarily doth live:
He's too ne'er on my life, to marry a wife,
Too gluttoning chastely to live.

[49]

Whither's hand, or his foot, his glove or his boot

Are the biggest I cannot well tell:
Or which of the two make the greatest ado,
I ken not the dog or his bell.

[50]

Should Egypt I say, thy face but survey,
Thy ugliness they would adore:
And think thee some odd, old Memphian god,
Found lately cast upon the shore.

[51]

Let Africa see her Monsters in thee,
The *Crocked'ile*, *Pardus*, and jaccall:
A kennel of those, doth thy person disclose,
More deformed than those that are black all.

[52]

Sure the Curtains were rung, with monsters were hung,
Or thy Father and Mother were Meager;
So Dames heretofore, by phancying a More,
Have been brought to bed of a Neager.

[53]

He's a Socinian in some men's opinion,
Denies the divinity of our Saviour:
But I am sure He, hath no humanity,
If I understand but behaviour.

[Page 7a]

[54]

One night above others he met his good Brothers,
And down to the Table he sits:
Falls a talking of Latin, like ruffling of Satin,
Excepting his hums, and his hits.

[55]

It chanced that night, that a Learned Knight,

The glory and shame of the City,
Came into the Room as he used to come,
A person both serious and witty.

[56]

Rome never did know, nor Athens I trow,
One speak purer Latin and Greek,
If Tully were here, or Demosthenes near,
They could not more fluently speak.

[57]

That Scholars are Clowns, and sloving in Gowns
My Grannum I oft have heard say;
Call 'em blunt tools, and dogmatical fools,
Good only to preach and to pray.

[58]

But Sir I is a Shollar, I'll wage you a dolor,
A Gentleman both born and bred:
Blood, virtue, or either, no buskin or feather,
Have made him to be so I ded.

[59]

Tapsters and Grooms, and men that sell brooms,
Did see his accomplishments thorough,
And had not the spy been blind with one eye,
He had been Burgess for the Burrow.

[60]

Yet nevertheless none but will confess,
Sir I's of a generous temper:
Who knows how to obey, can rule I dare say,
Subjectio'ns' the way to an Empire.

[61]

The Knight, of no worse did begin to discourse,

[Page 7b]

then of books and of Tongues and of arts:
But first in the way he a Query did lay,
And after his judgement imparts.

[62]

His Queries were not such as Harrington wrote,
That deserved a frown and a search:
Nor were they indeed such as Captain Mead,
Did make at *St. Alhallows* Church.

[63]

The query was this, what the reason is,
That Holland, a thick and gross air,
Should breed as good wits, if not better by hits,
Than England a Region more fair:

[64]

He instanced in *Vossius*, *Erasmus*, and Grotius,
In Heinsius and Schurman the wonder:
Spanhemius, *Barleus*, *Vanhelmout*, *Walleus*,
Whose fame hath resounded like Thunder.

[65]

But Grotius alone, is sufficiently known,
Great Master of Tongues, and of Arts;
Whom Papists deplore, Protestants adore,
For his profound learning and parts.

[Page 8a]

[66]

Grotius, whose Name, on the wings of fame,
Hath been carried where Grotius is dumb:
The talk of these days the wonder and maze,
Of all generations to come.

[67]

Athens and *Syracuse*, *Smarta*, and famous Greece,

Jerusalem live in his story:
And he that shall read his Latin indeed,
Will swear he sees Rome in his glory.

[68]

His Poems do prove how the Muses did love,
The babe, when it lay in its Cradle;
How they hung like fond bees, on his lips and his knees
As Historians of Plato do fable.

[69]

Before ever (we know) that Grotius could go,
Or the least of a man could discover:
His fancy and wit on Poetical feet,
Had traveled the Universe over.

[70]

Princes and great ones, own their Sceptres and Crowns,
To him for his learned defence,
Of their honour, and power, the Buckler and Tower
Of Monarchy, Allegiance.

[71]

Who see's not his learning hath little discerning,
Bued as blind as an Owl or a Widgon;
Dull Atheist for why, who his worth doth deny,
Must also the Truth of Religion.

[Page 8b]

[72]

But lest I should slain, should wound or profane,
So precious and sacred a thing,
As Grotius, his name, by blending the same,
With such trifles as these that I bring.

[73]

I'll leave him to rest after storms at the best,

Good marble lie light on his head:
Holland brags of his birth, and France of his earth,
And the World of his books it is said.

[75]

But the shade dog's the Sun, and the dog bats the Moon
No virtue without its disgraces:
Though such stories and flams, are but foils unto Gems,
Or black patches to beautiful faces.

[76]

The Thredbeare pedant, 'gan to strut and to vaunt,
Calls Grotius, a Gobernole Priest;
A rotten Arminian, and wicked Socinian,
And the short pushing Horn of the Beast.

[77]

Base vile Runegado, franciscan Bravado,
Idolater, Cavalier, what not:
Apostate, bad liver, and reprobate silver,
And the stripling his Second a hot shot.

[78]

His Discourses are weak, and his Arguments eke,
But his Tenants and principles Hideous,
His Latin withal and his eloquence small,
But his pride and ambition prodigious.

[Page 9a]

[79]

Nor doth he admire Hugo or the Squire,
But rather demires them both:
Gramercy good Joke, 'tis a quibble is spoke,
And the man is a wit by my troth.

[80]

But such was the sting of the zealous thing,

That he called as many bad names,
As the Papists did Parry, the monk did Old Harry,
And the boatswain the Billingsgate dames.

[81]

Sir I doth engage, ' thought passion or rage,
To vindicate Grotius his fame;
But as for himself let the whippiting elf,
Talk himself out of breath a God's name.

[82]

'tis beneath a great Soul, to regard what a fool
His person or learning shall style,
From a Hector or Drab, 'twould call for a stab
From a Gentleman only a smile.

[83]

A smile sometime will, as fatally kill as a Poniard, a Sword or a Dagger,
Not to mind or regard, an affront's a reward
Sufficient to make a fool swagger.

[84]

[Page 9b]

His blood was too thin, and his person too mean to merit revenge from Sir J.
His boys shall chastise, his base contumelies;
what Eagle will cope with a Fly?

[85]

Let the dogs bough-wough soon, our Knight like the Moon shall move in his
orb and his sphere,
His fame shall be hurled, through the British world and his light maugre clouds
shall appear.

[86]

Sharp tongues, blubber lips, no more can eclipse his worth than a punctum of
earth,
Then a cloud or a shade, can screen and invade the Sun in his glory and mirth.

[87]

Let E. and his train go learn Cato again, and then let 'em come and discourse;
Though the Coffee-house can't of much compliment vaunt yet its dialect is not
so course.

[88]

But who would have thought, that a business of should occasion such words
with a p— nought
When 'twas only I trow, which should uppermost go
An English tale or Butterbox.

[89]

Sir J. God forbidden, he did no way recede from Nature, from Honour or
Reason:
Nor did he forswear his own Climate and air,
which would amount almost to treason.

[90]

[Page 10a]

He acknowledged then, that no learned men have ever been bred on the
main,
Then have flourished some while in this troublesome Isle and may so for all this
again.

[91]

Yet 'tis justice say you, to give all men their due,
Hugo Grotius wrote rarely well,
And what we can't reach to condemn and impeach is the pride of the Angels
that fell.

[92]

Then let pitiful E crouch down on his knee, and to the Knight pardon implore:
His boys you may swear, with many a tear for lesser mistakes have done more.

[93]

So thus together they came, like two Cocks of the game,
But what was the issue say you sirs?

E. had the best beak, if I may so speak,
But Sir J. had the sharper Spurs.

FINIS.

[Page 10b]

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§

THE Coffee Scuffle, Occasioned by a CONTEST Between a Learned [Page 1b]
Knight, AND A Pitiful Pedagogue. WITH *The Character of a* COFFEE-
HOUSE.

[printer's or publisher's device]

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1662.

[Page 2a]

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