

**A letter to the Right Reverend the Bishop of Cloyne, occasioned by His Lordship's Treatise on the virtues of tar-water. Impartially examining how far that medicine deserves the character His Lordship has given of it.**

**Contributors**

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LETTER

To the RIGHT REVEREND the  
Bishop of *CLOVNE*,

Occasion'd by His LORDSHIP'S

TREATISE on the VIRTUES  
OF  
TAR-WATER.

Impartially Examining

How far that MEDICINE deserves the Character  
His LORDSHIP has given of it.

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L O N D O N :

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LETTER

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT

OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

AND OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

WATTS



Printed by J. W. D. O'NEILL, 10, WATTS STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.

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My LORD,



T is with great Pleasure, that I, at length, send your Lordship my Tribute of *Impartial Praise* for the *Benefit* Mankind in general have received from your Treatise on the Virtues of TAR-WATER.

'TIS what I had determin'd from the first Appearance of that Work, and it has been with great Violence to myself, that I have hitherto deferr'd it: But as Reason appears with more than double Force, when supported by *Experience*, I resolv'd to stay till Truth should emerge in all her Force and Brightness from *her Well*, and sure and incontestible Evidence add the Strength of Certainty to what I did but then suppose.

My Motive is the same your Lordship's was, and I can declare it with the same Sincerity; A firm Belief that what I am doing will be of some Service to the World. My Reason for addressing myself immediately to your Lordship is, that as I look on Truth and Partiality to be inconsistent,  
B and



and therefore cannot avoid among the Praises of your Medicine, to throw in here and there, what trifling Objections may have been rais'd against it, I might lay them more directly in the Way of your Lordship's Answer.

IF it be true, that he who has discover'd a Remedy for any one of the Diseases our frail Bodies are subject to, has deserv'd more of the World than all the Heroes that our Poets and Historians have immortaliz'd; what must be your Lordship's Praise who have taken this true Road to Glory, and soaring above vulgar Flight have not stoop'd to deliver down a Remedy for *One*, but generously given at once a Cure for *All*. Your Lordship cannot but have heard however, that there are (such is the monstrous Ingratitude of the Times!) who laugh and rail, instead of Praising. How much Reason they have for doing so will soon be determin'd. And as to my own private Thoughts on this Head, I shall insert them with the utmost Freedom. I shall however have Justice enough condemn all to Neglect and Oblivion first, by beginning with a full Recital of the Praises of the Medicine, which as I am truly sensible, no one can do it with so good a Grace, or so much unanswerable Reason, as your Lordship, I shall give in your own Words, and claim no farther Merit in the Eulogium, than that of having carefully collected and given the Reader in one View, what your Lordship, who have every-where shewn you are above being tied down to Method have scatter'd here and there through the first Sixty Pages.

SOME Premonitions however may, in Consideration of vulgar Readers, and of the Pride of the more Learned that will make them be judging



ing for themselves, be necessary to be given, before we enter on the Catalogue; lest the former should not understand, and the latter turn to Jest and Ridicule what we give with so very different Design.

I HAVE wonder'd, indeed, your Lordship did not premise something of this Kind, in a Preface to your own Treatise, where assuredly it was at least equally necessary.

THE first Caution is, that as the following Catalogue is, as I have observ'd, not mine but your Lordship's, that they are to read it as they are to read your Treatise; that is, that while they are reading your Lordship's Works, they are to take your Lordship's Judgment of Things, and not have the Arrogance to *think* for themselves, or let *Others think for them*. The Reason of this, I presume, is evident, because as neither they nor any Body else, ever thought like *Your Lordship*, the jarring of Opinions would be apt to create Confusion.

THE Second necessary Caution is, that as they are neither to think for themselves, or let their Friends think for them, so neither are they to believe the Doctrines, Systems and Tenets delivered in the Books of Chemists, Philosophers and Physicians whether Antient or Modern, which have heretofore been received as the surest Guides to Truth and Certainty in Matters of this Kind; or the Standards of True Knowledge in them. The Reason of this, I judge, is equally plain, for whoever shou'd read this Catalogue, without this Caution, wou'd rashly think your Lordship in the Wrong in every Article, advancing Absurdities, and asserting Impossibilities.



THE last, is in particular to Physicians and Apothecaries, that they do not according to the wonted Way of many, proceed, without either Thinking or Reading at all, on the sole Guidance of what they mistakenly call Experience, or be led thence to imagine different Medicines are necessary for the Cure of Diseases, from different or contrary Causes, because, however such Opinions may have been heretofore received, they will find, from your Lordship, that they were perfectly erroneous, that all those Things are quite alter'd, and 'tis to be hop'd the College will now proceed on an entire new Method.

THESE Things premis'd, I am proud to lay before the World, the Catalogue of Virtues and Uses your Lordship has discover'd in TAR-WATER, firmly believing, that the greatest Thing your Lordship has advanc'd in its Favour, is as true as the least; And that it is as able to cure all the Diseases your Lordship has thrown into the Catalogue, as any one of them. However as the List appears so long, I believe, your Lordship will not judge I do amiss, in breaking it into Parts or separate Parcels; lest the Vulgar Reader should mistake it for the Detail of a Mountebank: And I shall add this serious Caution besides to every Reader, that he remember, thro' the Whole, That it is the Bishop of *Cloyne's* Account of the Virtues of TAR-WATER, and not the Speech of a High *German* Doctor in Praise of his Panpharmacon. I shall break therefore, as I observ'd, your Lordship's Detail of its Encomiums into these separate Parts. 1. What it is. 2dly, What are its general Virtues as a Medicine. 3dly, What particular



cular Diseases it will cure. 4thly, What contradictory Effects it is able to prejudice, by which Means it becomes useful in such a Variety of Cases. And lastly, What Drugs and other costly Medicines it possesses the Virtues of. Whence we shall learn, that from this one Discovery of your Lordship's, we may at once free ourselves from the expensive Assistance of Physicians, Apothecaries, Druggists, Distillers, and a long *Et cætera*: No Part of which the World will doubt, when they find it deliver'd on the Faith of a Person of your Lordship's Sacred Character, that TAR-WATER is an universal Medicine, and general Remedy for all our Diseases, as your Lordship has expressly said, that it suits all Circumstances, and all Constitutions: Which however absurd it might have appear'd in Regard to any other Medicine in the World, we shall be one fair Step towards believing, in Regard to this, when we are sensible from your Lordship's faithfully assuring us, that it is at once *Salt* and *Spirit*; *Soap* and *Balsam*; *Oil*, *Vinegar*, and *Sunshine*. That it is in Regard to its general Virtues; a *Stomachick* and a *Pectoral*; a *Restorative* and a *Diuretick*; an *Anti-hysterick* and a *Balsamic*; an *Attenuant*, *Detergent* and *Diaphoretick*; a *Paregorick* and *Deobstruent*; a *Purge* and an *Astringent*; a *Cooler* and a *Cordial*. Hence we may easily guess no Disease can stand before it; and are accordingly assur'd by your Lordship that it will cure, the *Small Pox* and *Consumptions*; the *Scurvy* and the *Pleurisy*; *Ulcers* and *Obstructions*; the *Spleen*, *Vapours* and *Cutaneous Eruptions*; *Peripneumonies* and *Indigestions*; *Erysipelas* and *Ulcerations of the Bowels*, and in the *Lungs*, *Costiveness* and *Diarrhæas*;  
*Asthmas*



*Asthmas* and the *Gravel*; *Dropsies* and *Inflammations*; the *Gout*, the *Plague*, the *Pox*; *Fevers* and the *King's Evil*. Together with all *Cramps*, *Spasms of the Viscera* and *Paralytick Numbnesses*; *Vigils* and *Anxieties*; *Gangrenes* and *Diseases of the Mind*. And which is little to say after all this, bids fair for *Immortality*. Lastly, which must greatly recommend it to the *Beaux*, *It gives a fine florid Complexion*, and *cleans the Teeth*. All which will appear less strange, when we have believed your Lordship, that it is equally good in a *cold watery Constitution*, and in a *hot cardiac Stomachick One*; that it will equally *Purge* and *Bind*, and set the *Blood* right, when too *thick* or too *thin*, when it moves too *quick* or too *slow*. And lastly, which no One can doubt who believes what has been said before, that it possesses the *Virtues*, and will save us the *Expence* of *Guaiacum* and all *Woods*; *Galbanum* and all *nervous Gums* of *Myrrh*, *Amber* and *Affasætida*, of *Stoughton's Drops* and *Elixir Proprietatis*, of *Chalybeate Waters*, *Wine*, *Ale* and *Brandy*, *Gen-zeng*, *Soap*, *Opium* and *GOOD NEWS*, the *surest* and *most pleasing* of all *Cardiacs*.

AND now, my Lord, I think we may boldly bid those short-sighted and ill-judging Men, who carp'd and cavill'd at your Design, and cry'd, with an ill-natur'd Sneer and significant Shake of the Head, What has the Bishop of *Cloyne* to do with *Phyick*? Why will he draw upon his Head the *Ridicule* of Half the World by meddling with what he cannot understand? Review this Catalogue, and blush, and tell us, Whether the Bishop of *Cloyne*, when he believ'd he had found so invaluable a Blessing, (as I must absolutely declare



clare against those People who think your Lordship would write what you did not believe) did not do well to unbend his Mind from Things above awhile, and deign to screw our Fiddles up, or to use your Lordship's own more delicate Expression, *put our Lutes in Tune.*

THUS have we thrown to the Ground, the first and great Objection of these Wits, as they esteem themselves; and prov'd, that unless the Words *Bishop* and *Charity* are inconsistent, which I have too much Reverence for the Order ever to be made to believe, however the Practice of too many may seem to prove it: Your Lordship ought instead of incurring Censure, to be own'd to have done the Duty of a charitable Man.

THE rest of their pretended Cavils it will be much easier to answer, and may be every where done from your Lordship's own Treatise; so that had they their Senses unprejudic'd, they would find they need only read, and be convinc'd.

How have they jeer'd, and with a Shew of Reason imaginarily expos'd and ridicul'd you on your Belief in *Specifick Remedies*? Sure, they did not consider, that it was necessary for the Cause, necessary for the Honour of TAR-WATER, that this old Doctrine, however with seeming Justice laugh'd out of the World an Age or two ago, should be reviv'd and *prov'd* again to be right: And they must know but very little of your Lordship's Abilities who did not plainly see, that your Lordship could always *prove* whatever it was necessary or proper you *should prove*, however repugnant to the Sense of Mankind in general, and I had almost said to Truth itself. Can there be a greater Proof, that what I am allowing

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ing your Lordship is but perfect Justice, than the very Part of your Treatise now under Consideration : How just are your Lordship's Thoughts ! How proper your Expressions ! And how admirably clear and conclusive your Reasonings on it ! 'Tis only what I was lamenting, your Lordship's not having prefix'd such Cautions to your Treatise, as I did to the Catalogue, that has occasioned all the Stir and Bustle about this Passage. We know very well, that such People as *Boerhaave*, *Kiel*, and *Sydenham*, and a long List of others, that may as well be nameless, have been of a contrary Opinion, and have made People believe, by a vain Ostentation of Argument, that they had Reasons for being so ; but do not we also know, that whole Ages before them did believe it, and that Dr. BERKLEY does believe it now. What Weight that ought to have, I leave to those who have as impartially as myself perus'd your Treatise, and wou'd ask them whether they do not think you able, as I am confident your Lordship wou'd glory in the Undertaking to bring again the whole Knowledge of Medicine to its Primitive Darknes to specific Remedies, and occult Qualities ? What, I wou'd ask them, may they not expect from one who can laugh at *Homberg*, and improve upon Sir *Isaac Newton* ? Let them for Shame lay by their ill-manner'd Railings and instead of Revilings.

*Sibi gratulentur te tale tantumque Extitisse,*  
 - - - - *Humani generis Decus.*

For my own Part, my Lord, my private Opinion, which I shall all along take the Liberty to declare occasionally, is, that all your Notions, I  
 beg



beg to be understood of all those that are your own, not what you have copy'd from other Authors, (which make more than two Thirds of your Treatise) your own, I say, I take to be perfectly exalted above all Sense and Understanding, and many of them to be most admirably describ'd by a very good Friend of your Lordship's and mine in a Line he certainly wrote prophetically for them; "*They leave all Memory of Sense behind.*" But to go on with the Objections and Revilings of these pernicious Wits, as they wou'd fain be thought. How unmercifully have they, as they phrase it, *roasted* your Lordship on advising and recommending it so seriously as a Dram to the Ladies; I nauseate their Pertness, and cannot do myself the Violence to repeat it; but can answer to it in very few Words, That I and every sober Person besides, most heartily wish your Reasonings may once at least be thought of Force, and that we may have the Pleasure of quickly seeing a Bottle of TAR-WATER brought forth from a Lady's Closet as a Succedaneum for the too dear, the too much lov'd *Barbadoes*.

ANOTHER Set of them (for they are become so numerous here, that, I profess, I never hear a Horse-Laugh in the Corner of a Coffee-house, but I guess your Lordship is the Subject of it) are for moving for a Bill in Parliament for regulating the Price of *Tar*, as it is already advanc'd from your Lordship's Standard of a Penny a Pound to Six-Pence.

A SECOND is telling a droll Story, doubtless of his own inventing, of a certain Set of Apothecaries who had prepar'd an humble Petition for setting on Foot a charitable Subscription of well  
C dispos'd



dispos'd Persons, for the Building of certain Hospitals and Almshouses, for the Reception of reduc'd Persons in all Branches of Physick. But that upon finding their Business prodigiously encrease, instead of diminishing, since the Use of TAR-WATER, they had, by the Advice of the Physicians, such is the strange Vicissitude of human Things! turn'd it into an Address of Thanks your Lordship.

A THIRD (his Invention doubtless rous'd by the Success of the former Story) backs it with an Account on his own certain Knowledge, that a Company of Parish Clerks, Sextons, and Undertakers, terrify'd, as they justly might, at the Danger of your bringing in Life and Immortality in a new Way, had after several Meetings, at length determin'd humbly to move your Brethren of the Gown in their Behalf, with whom not forgetting to urge the Diminution that must necessarily succeed of their own Profits, they had so far prevail'd, that they had drawn up a Letter (which with most consummate Impudence, for I can call it no better, he avows he has seen) reminding you of your Duty to the Church, and evidently proving to you from holy Scriptures, that it is not lawful to give Immortality this Way. But finding their Business encrease with the Weekly Bills of Mortality, they very prudently stifled it, and determin'd to reap the Advantages of TAR-WATER in Silence.

A FOURTH, a Man of a more serious and compassionate Turn, while the rest are roaring out a Laugh of Applause, sighs, and *Paul!* says he, with a Shrug of Pity, *Thou art beside thyself,*  
*much*



*much reading has made the mad*: Rot me, says another, and cocks his feather'd Hat with an uncommon Smartness, but the Author has serv'd his Medicine just as *Pope* serv'd him, by giving it every \* Virtue under Heaven, he has made all the World conclude it never had any.

COME, come, says another, rising from his Seat in Anger, and advancing gravely with a World of important Nothing in his Look, you talk like Boys, 'tis scandalous, the Bishop is a Man of sound Learning, I avouch it, and I have *read*. And what then, Sir, says another his Knowledge is borrow'd from the Writings of other Men; nay, you need but more attentively have observ'd his Lordship's own Treatise, where you will find in most Places, that his Lordship has even nam'd his Authors, and all you can be qualify'd to observe from having *read*, must be the extream ridiculous Figure, that his Lordship's own Notions make interspers'd with those of *Newton*, *Boerhaave*, *Homberg*, and the rest. And this to me is truly entertaining.

Now for my Part, reply'd again the Beau, gracefully adjusting his Sword Knot as he spoke, I never love to look into Things I don't understand, but may I perish if I can guess what all this is to the Purpose. Rot me now, if I don't think he has rambl'd farther from his Subject than the

\* A Line in one of Mr. *Pope's* Poems, speaking of his Lordship; by which it may appear how differently that great Genius thought of his Lordship, unless it be true as some People say that he never praised any Body but with an Intent that the World should construe it into something more bitter than his severest Raillery.



Fellow who began with a Story of *Alexander's* Battles, and ended in the Description of an *Armenian* Wheel-barrow. And there I must confess, my Lord, I think he was in the Right: I have that unalterable Value for *Truth*, that I must acknowledge, and revere it, let it come from ever so despicable an Animal. And therefore must confess the Force of this, tho' I pass over the rest as utterly below either your Lordship's Regard or mine, and altogether unworthy an Answer.

SUCH and so trifling, are the Objections of the World against your Lordship's Treatise. I wonder, indeed, that I have heard no others, and must acknowledge, that in my own Opinion, there are some of more Weight: Which, as I cannot get over, I'll take the Liberty of offering to your Lordship.

AND first, your Lordship has with great Justice observ'd, that as 'tis certain that *TAR-WATER warms*, some will perhaps, think it cannot *cool*. I must, according to your Lordship's Judgment of Things, take Shame upon myself, by professing I am of that Number.

YOUR Lordship afterwards adds, that from your representing it as good for so many Things, some will think 'tis good for nothing; and of that Opinion I must acknowledge myself to be too. From which perhaps, your Lordship will conclude, that I meant no more or less, by the Assertion in the fourth Page, than that I believe it will cure no Distemper at all.

I FRANKLY acknowledge to your Lordship, that is my sincere Opinion; and, I think, I have just and unanswerable Reasons for it: But as I can  
have



have no Reason to think my Assertions will be of such Weight as your Lordship's, nor have the Strength of the *Verbum Sacerdotis* to support them, I cannot expect the World should think so merely because I do. I shall therefore take a plain and easy Method of proving, that this is the Truth in Regard to your Lordship's Medicine, by making it evident, from the Testimony of some warrantable Author, that neither your Lordship's Medicine, nor, indeed, any other can ever do what your Lordship ascribes to it. And to do this, I need not search whole Volumes of Physick through; Every Author, that ever wrote rationally upon it, has affirm'd it. To seek no farther than the justly celebrated BOERHAAVE. What can be more express than his Saying, when speaking of an E-RYSIPELAS: "It is also evident, that a different Method of Cure is necessary, according to the different State and Condition of this Disease." This is one of your Catalogue of Diseases curable by TAR-WATER, and 'tis evident therefore that either your Lordship, or Boerhaave, must, in this one Case, at least, be mistaken. I am sensible, that if I had attack'd your Remedy, which you allow warms, on that Score, by saying, from the same Author, that cooling Medicines are in general most conducive to a Cure, you would readily have answer'd me, true, Sir, I allow it; but tho' TAR-WATER is wrong as it warms, yet you must grant me, that 'tis right as a Cooler, even from your own Author.

HEAR also, my Lord, what the same celebrated Author says in another Case; speaking of a PERIPNEUMONY, *Aph.* 849, his Words are: "The Method of Cure is to be varied, according  
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“ ing to the different State of the Illness, and the  
 “ Variety of Symptoms: So that what may do  
 “ some Service at one Time, will do Damage if  
 “ applied at any other improper Time.” He adds,  
 in the five or six following Aphorisms, different  
 Sets of Remedies proper in its different States.  
 This, I presume, agrees just as well with your  
 Lordship’s affirming, that it may be cur’d by  
 TAR-WATER, as what was before observ’d of  
 the *Erisypelas*. Is the Doctor again mistaken?  
 And can this too be cur’d by your Lordship’s  
 Medicine alone. Poor *Boerhaave*! had he known  
 the Virtues of TAR-WATER, what a World of  
 Pains might he have spar’d in this, as well as ma-  
 ny other Cases, where he *imagin’d* different Re-  
 remedies necessary, because the Distemper differ-  
 ed.

IN the Case of a Consumption too, in which  
 the Doctor is as much mistaken, does not your  
 Lordship look on him with Pity? For, I dare  
 presume, your Lordship cannot so far exult upon  
 the Mistakes of another as to laugh at him.  
 What a laborious, varied Method has he thought  
 necessary for a Cure: And with what Ease, with  
 what superior Greatness could your Lordship have  
 spar’d him the Pains of writing, I know not how  
 many Pages, by only the Two Words, TAR-  
 WATER.

How must he look too in the Eyes of all those  
 who us’d to think so greatly of him, when they  
 remember his Saying of the Gout, “ That it has  
 “ been reputed incurable by the Ancients as well  
 “ as the Moderns, if you except a few Quacks and  
 “ boasting Empiricks in all Ages:” After he has,  
 as he imagines, given Reasons why it must be so,  
 when



when your Lordship convinces us so plainly, that it may be cur'd by TAR-WATER. I am griev'd, methinks, to see we are here reduc'd to a Necessity of either thinking very inconsistently, with Regard to the establish'd Character of that great Man, or of ranking your Lordship (which I blush to think of) among Quacks.

BUT, how must we conclude then on the Whole? Must we continue to pay that Defe-  
 rence, which all the learned World have join'd to acknowledge due to the Character of that admirable Physician, and conclude it impossible that TAR-WATER should cure *Consumptions*, *Peripneumonies*, and *Erisypelas*? If so: Alas! my Lord, from what an Height of imaginary Happiness must we fall? For if your Lordship's Medicine cannot cure any one of these, as he has too severely prov'd it cannot, how can we be brought to believe it can cure them all, and thirty more. Must we think thus, my Lord? Or must we boldly conclude, that he and all the so lately celebrated Writers in Medicine were Fools and Dotards, and the BISHOP OF CLOYNE, the only true Physician?

I WILL be so free to tell you, I would attack you a good deal more home, my Lord, and would prove to you, beyond the Shadow of the least Mistake, that your Medicine, from your own Account of it, cannot, by the determin'd and unanimous Consent of all that have hitherto been esteem'd as Writers on such Subjects, do any Thing of all your Lordship ascribes to it, would trace it one by one through all the Diseases you have said may be cur'd by it, and make it evident, by the Reasonings of others, that it never



ver did, nor ever will or ever can cure any one of them, but for the happy, the impenetrable Shield of Contradictions your Lordship has advanc'd before it, I would tell your Lordship from *Quincy's Medico-Physical Essays*, that whatever in Inflammatory Fevers adds to the Blood's Celerity is Poison : From *Sydenham*, that in an Erisypelatoſe Fever cooling Medicines do more harm than good, and trace you ſo through each Article of your Contradictions, and through each Diſeaſe : But, alas ! to what Purpoſe ? When, as I obſerv'd before, your Lordſhip will allow me all that I advance, and yet overthrow it all, by telling me with perfect Unconcernedneſs, that I am right in objecting againſt TAR-WATER in Inflammatory Fevers, as it adds to the Blood's Celerity, but I muſt grant it right and a proper Medicine as it diminifhes that Celerity, which you can ſhew me where you have alſo aſſerted, and in the ſame Breath allow me all the Force of *Sydenham's* Reaſons againſt it in an Erisypelatoſe Fever as a cooling Medicine, aſſuring me, that you meant there it ſhould cure as an hot one ; and tell me, with an eaſy Smile beſide, have I not inform'd you, Sir, of Things of this Kind, in Regard to this incomparable Remedy through all my Treatiſe ? Have I not told you, it is good againſt Fluidity as a Balfam, and againſt Viſciditiy as a Soap.

WHAT I can ſay in Answer is only this, my Lord, that I am confident it is neither a Balfam, nor a Soap : And though I ſhould allow it to be both, I think one need no more than aſk, in Conſideration of this new Species of Ratiocination, (according to a certain very exquisite Diſtinction) for Reasoning, I do preſume no Body will



will ever be brought to call it: One need no more, I say, my Lord, than ask this plain Question, What becomes of it as a Balsam while it acting as a Soap? And *vice versa*, What becomes of it as a Soap while it is acting as a Balsam? Much of a Piece is this Arguing of your Lordship's, with that of an unhappy Fellow, I have somewhere heard of, of your Lordship's Kingdom, and from whom indeed perhaps your Lordship had the Hint of it, who being confin'd for Murther, confess'd the Crime, and yet avow'd his Innocence; declaring, that he shot the Man by his Master's Commands, and merely as his Master's Servant, but as a Man and Judge of his own Actions he renounc'd the Deed, and abhorr'd it. The Fellow, as odd as this Reasoning might appear to all the World but himself, could not be perswaded out of it by all the Clergy of the Place; nor ever gave it up, till at his Trial the Judge happily ask'd him, " Friend, what " will become of you as a Man, if I condemn " your Master's Servant to be hang'd?" And could an Argument like this induce your Lordship to believe, nay, to assert Impossibilities?

I BLUSH to think your Lordship could imagine a Preparation that speaks itself so perfectly insignificant, could cure any one the least Disease: But when I see your Lordship asserting its certain Efficacy over a Catalogue of two and thirty, and many of them the most stubborn and unconquerable, I cannot help reminding your Lordship of what was with great Justice said of *Salmon*, the only Author I can recollect of all the Writers in Medicine, of your Lordship's Turn: When he had been attributing a Catalogue of Vir-



tues, tho' not near so large as your Lordship's, to a much better Medicine: " As well might " that egregious Scribler have said, that it would " cure Corns, broken Bones, and Apoplexies."

BUT as your Lordship has so securely provided against all Attacks of TAR-WATER as a Medicine from your own Account of it, by ever-where thus throwing in Contradictions, 'tis vain to push it farther on that Head; however, if in the examining, *What it is?* It can be prov'd to be no Medicine, or something hardly worthy the Name of one, I hope your Lordship will own it can cure no Disease.

IF we can throw aside, indeed, our Reason, and believe your Lordship's positive Assertions, against Sense, Science and Conviction, we must believe TAR-WATER to be a noble Medicine, endu'd with all the Virtues you could wish us to grant its Subject: But if we come to trust our own Reason and Experience, we must find, that Cold Water pour'd on TAR can take none, not the least Part of its Medicinal Virtues. If we can, indeed, believe your Lordship's repeated Assertions, it brings off a glorious Quantity of its Oil, but if we ask the Chemist, he will tell us, *Oil cannot be mix'd with, or drawn forth by Cold Water.* I know your Lordship tells us, that it can, but you must pardon me, if I assure your Lordship, that however glibly it may pass off with the Ladies, the *Ipse dixit* of your Lordship will not, with Men of Science, stand against Experience and well-founded Knowledge. WATER, my Lord, give me Leave to assume so much the Chemist to inform you, can no more draw Oil from Tar, than Fire can Salt from Glafs.



Glaſs. I grant, that Tar has Oil, and we all know that Glaſs is half compos'd of Salt, but when I aſſure your Lordſhip, that ſcarce all the Art of CHEMISTRY can draw forth that Salt from Glaſs again. Why ſhould it appear a Wonder that Water cannot extract the Oil from Tar, tho' we allow it in it.

YOUR Lordſhip has produc'd Authority to prove, that the watery Acid is what makes Salt ſoluble in Water; but in your own Heart are moſt conſcious none ever thought there was any Thing in Oil to make it ſo.

THE Waſhing of Turpentine, which as your Lordſhip very juſtly obſerves, is a Subſtance much of the ſame Kind with Tar, has been I know, and is, the Practice of Phyſicians, from the earlieſt Time; nay, they have gone ſo far to boil it too, to render it fitter for certain Purpoſes, and do ſo to this Day; but I never heard yet of any Body's taking Turpentine-Water. Here, my Lord, is the Miſtake, you both waſh your Medicines, but they throw away the *Water*, your Lordſhip the *Balfam*.

EVEN your Lordſhip's Self allows the Water touches not the refinous Part of Tar, and I am not aſham'd to avow, I know not what balfamick Virtues can exiſt in an acid volatile Salt.

THAT Tar was accounted a noble Medicine by the Ancients I allow your Lordſhip, but remember, my Lord, they *gave* it, and you *throw it away*.

YOUR Lordſhip thinks the Water carries off the ſpecific Virtues of the Tar, Reason compels me to judge the Tar is not at all a worſe Medicine for the Loſs of any Thing the Water robb'd it of.



YOUR Lordship assures us, in your Index, for I cannot find a Syllable of it any where else, that TAR and HONEY will cure a COUGH. I never doubted it, I only despise the Water, the Tar will do this best after Washing.

WHAT then can the Water carry from it, I can allow it nothing more than some accidental Impurities that happen'd to be hanging about it, and a small Portion of its essential Salt. Of which I can affirm upon Experience, that it contains less than any other Vegetable Substance that I know. This is all that *Chemistry*, and consequently all I can allow it.

WHETHER with these Additions the Water can be suppos'd to work the Miracles your Lordship has assign'd to it, I leave the World to judge, and whether it can have any farther Addition from the Tar, I appeal to the Judgment of all who have studied, and work'd in *Chemistry*.

BUT let me not be understood, my Lord, by having denied its Virtues as a Medicine to mean to bring it to nothing, I do but affirm, it has no Power of healing; far be it from me to say, that it can do no Harm. Its Power that Way we have too many Proofs of; the daily Accounts we have of nauseas and grievous Cholicks, and the extream Danger that a Person of great Consequence and Eminence now lies in from its Use denies us to assert that. Could we overlook the Fatigues of the Physicians and Apothecaries unable to go through the Load of Business, and the visible Increase in the Bills of Mortality, since it came into Use. And these are Ills, I fear your Lordship must in some Degree account for.

BUT



BUT sure, your Lordship granting even that it is a Medicine, and might do something, is highly blameable in asserting such Incredibilities in its Praise. Could it not be a Medicine, but it must rise to a Miracle? Could it not be a Balsam, but it must possess the Virtues of all other Balsams in the World? Could it not do good in *one* Distemper, but it must be a certain Remedy in *all*? And what can your Lordship imagine must be the Sense of the World, in Regard to an Account under your Lordship's Name, of its having done such prodigious Things, when we are so incontrovertibly convinc'd of its never having done, or ever being able to do any Thing at all: We cannot be desir'd to wait any longer to be convinc'd of this, as in the Number of Cases that it has already been tried in here, if it were possible it could do any Good, some one or other would have found it out.

LET me add one general Caution here, which I beg I may be understood to mean also wherever else, in the Course of this Letter, I am oblig'd seemingly, in too gross a Manner, to contradict your Lordship, that such Things are meant with great Restrictions: Far be it from me to question the *Verbum Sacerdotis*, I only say, that assuredly your Medicine does not commit any of the Miracles your Lordship assigns to it on *this* Side the Water.

AND now, my Lord, I would be so far from aggravating, that I could say much to palliate your Lordship's Errors in this Case, had they but been kept in your own Breast; but the Publishing them as sound Doctrine to the World, with the Sanction of a Bishop's Name, has been the Occasion



sion of so many fatal Errors, that it excludes all Thought of Mitigation; and I can only think the Excuses that might have weigh'd otherwise something in your Lordship's Favour, can now be produc'd in Defence of those who have believ'd you. As,

THAT they are not the only People by Thousands who have been misled in the same Manner by new Miracles in Physick; and that for this plain Reason, that we naturally and easily believe what we wish: And 'tis the general Interest of the World, that what your Lordship, and other such Advancers of new Miracles in healing say, should be true.

CAN they not alledge the late famous Instance of Mrs. MAP, in which even our Eyes could not make us believe, but that she had all the astonishing Power we wish'd she had.

CAN they not tell us, that but a few Years since more Miracles, if possible, were recorded of crude Quicksilver than even your Lordship has recounted of TAR-WATER: Nay, I must avow the Author of that Practice did shew the Fondness of a Father to his new Notions even beyond your Lordship, having heard from his own Mouth a Story of his turning a Bay-Horse Black. Which indeed as your Lordship's great Compassion extending even to the brute Creation has prescrib'd your Remedy to Horses, I should not pass by without this serious Caution, that I wish Gentlemen, who are fond of Sets of Coach-horses of particular Colours would be cautious how they give it to such, being most confidently certain that it has as much Power to change them black as Quicksilver: And I believe, indeed, is as likely



ly to do that as any one of the other Miracles assign'd to it.

MANY other Instances, I might add, of the general Belief of the World being very easily gain'd in Favour of new Inventions in Physick, but as many of them are fresh in every Body's Memory, it would be trifling in me to repeat them. And they must naturally plead in every one's Judgment, in Favour of all who have been misled in this Case.

BUT for your Lordship, much I know must be necessary yet to be said, to convince you of a Mistake in this so favourite an Opinion, Errors of this Kind having ever been the most strenuously asserted of all others, even in the Face of Conviction.

IT will perhaps be the most effectual Way I can possibly take of prevailing with your Lordship to believe, that there are Absurdities, false Reasonings, misrepresented Facts, and misconstrued Authors glaring in every Page of your Treatise, to take the same Method I have in Regard to the Virtues of your Medicine, and lay these Things before you from your own Words, as I compos'd that Catalogue, the monstrous Absurdity of which, tho' perhaps it did not appear to your Lordship while interspers'd here and there with a Jumble of other unmeaning Jargon, yet when it confronted you at once, must, I think, flash Conviction to Eyes ever so obdurately clos'd.

HAD it been heard from the fam'd *Richard Rock*, the only Man among the Living, as Mr. *Salmon* among the Dead, who emulates your Lordship's Way of Reasoning, the World would have



have concluded it too gross even for his unmeaning Mouth, and would have judg'd some Person in Raillery had jumbled it together, and given him Money to pronounce it.

As to absolute Contradictions, however much they might have clogg'd a Vulgar Soul in its Flight through these Paths of Glory, yet the consummate Ease with which your Lordship reconciles, or at least, imagine, that you reconcile them, shews that to such an aspiring Mind as your's nothing shall hinder, but that what you wish, shall be.

YOU are determin'd that TAR-WATER shall be an universal Remedy, you have set your Heart and Reputation on the Proof of it, and therefore you resolve it shall be prov'd. You have unluckily somewhere said it is an Acid, and afterwards find that Acids must coagulate the Blood. This, tho' it makes for it in many Cases, yet is Evidence unanswerable that it must be wrong, be dangerous in many others. And now, what's to be done? How can it now be prov'd an universal Remedy? Why what more easy, *Boerhaave* has excepted Vinegar from the general Class of Acids, which he holds to be a Soap, and therefore freed from the Danger of coagulating the Blood, as other Acids must. Your Lordship has no more to do then, but to follow *Boerhaave*, and declare TAR-WATER a Soap too, and you are got over this formidable Stop. To know a Thing is necessary, and to do it are, with your Lordship, but one Thing; TAR-WATER must be found a Soap: You prove it is one, and with that Strength of Argument that 'tis evident you could, by a Parity of Reason had it been necessary,