

Flagellum: or, a dry answer to Dr. Hancock's wonderfully comical liquid book, which he merrily calls Febrifugum magnum, or common water the best cure for fevers ... (a book proved ... to be wrote when the Doctor was asleep) / by Gabriel John.

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F L A G E L L U M :

O R, A

Dry A N S W E R

T O

Dr. H A N C O C K ' s wonderfully-Co-
mical Liquid Book, which he merrily calls
Febrifugum Magnum, or common Water
the best Cure for Fevers, &c. (a Book proved
beyond Contradiction, to be wrote when
the Doctor was asleep.)

W H E R E I N

Not only many obscure Passages, in that great
Performance (which neither the Doctor nor any
body else understood the meaning of) are ironi-
cally explain'd to the meanest Capacity; but the
Use and Excellency of cold Water and stewed
Prunes, is also clear'd up.

Very fit to be bound up with the Doctor's Book.

*Who ever saw another such Divine,
That drank cold Water, when he might have Wine?*

The S E C O N D E D I T I O N : With a *Postscript*, con-
taining a few merry Reflections on a late bombastick
Pamphlet, in Defence of the Doctor's Book, wrote
by one *Tom Taylor*, the first-born of all the Sons of
Stupidity, and Bull-Rider to the *Bear-Garden*.

y G A B R I E L J O H N, a seventh Son, and
Teacher of the occult Sciences in *Yorkshire*.

L O N D O N : Printed, and Sold by T H O. W A R N E R at the
Black-Boy in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1723. Price 1 s.

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THE

ANNALS

OF

THE

ROYAL SOCIETY

OF LONDON

FOR THE YEAR 1780

CONTAINING

THE

PROCEEDINGS

AND

DISCUSSIONS

OF THE SOCIETY

IN

THE

MONTHS OF

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH,

APRIL, MAY, JUNE, JULY,

AUGUST, SEPTEMBER, OCTOBER,

NOVEMBER, AND DECEMBER,

1780.

PRINTED BY

W. BARNARD, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

1781.



T O T H E

Most Noble, most Virtuous, most Wise,
and *tolerably beautiful* old Virgin,

URSULA JOAN,

Dutchess of Puddle-Dock,

A N D

Countess of Bunhill-Fields, &c.

May it please your Grace, or Highness,



HERE we lie under the greatest Obligations (as I do to your Grace) it is natural for a generous and grateful Mind, to lay hold of all Opportunities for expressing a just sense of its Benefactor's Favors : I remember with Pleasure (and I fear a little Pride too) that when Fame had outrun my Feet, and the learned World rang of my Art, as I return'd from my Travels

from Utopia, Terra Incognita, and the Country of Prester John, where I had cured his Grandmother of a confirmed Rickets, and his Godmother of a violent Cholick in her Thumb, and some dozens of old Maids of most exorbitant Copper-Noses, contracted by that most nefarious practice of Water-tibbing; and which the most Learned of those Countries had in vain attempted to eradicate: I say, then it was, that your Grace was pleased by your superfluous goodness to shine in upon my Merits, daily abounding more and more (as it were) by large Fees, Sack and Sugar, elegant Dinners, and other Demonstrations of your Bounty, your Grace being then almost drench'd out of your Life, quite out of your Beauty, and all hopes of Matrimony, and your Constitution had crumbled almost to nothing, by a Complication of impertinent Distempers, particularly the Hypo; and (the inseparable Companions of stde Virginitie) your Grace was also possess'd with a strange and uncommon Spirit of Contradiction and Objurgation; out of all which, your Grace very well knows (if you do not misremember) that by the profound Concavity of my Learning and Understanding in unintelligible Mysteries, I had the honor to recover your Grace, in a few weeks, by putting your Grace into a regular Course of Ratafia, Citron-Water and Mackroons; at the same time strictly forbidding all manner of Water, except well corrected by a due quantity

tity of fine Loaf-Sugar, and Juice of Lemons, to a grateful Acidity, and then corroborated with quantum sufficit of right Nants; and at Meal-times a Pint of red Port or Burgundy for your share. Upon which your Grace's antient captivating Red return'd into your Cheeks, which grew plump, and the Wrinkles in a great measure disappear'd; so that to my immortal Honour, and your own unspeakable Consolation, I may venture to say without a Solæcism, that your Grace is become new Vamp'd, and at this present Writing, a very good second-hand Beauty; altho only under the guard of antiquated Vitue, thanks to old Age and cold Water. And this was not a thing done in a Corner, but well known to all the Ladies of Quality, all about Bunhill-fields, Norton-Falgate, and the whole Precincts of Shoreditch.

Wherefore your Grace, being the first Fruits of my Lucubrations and Labours in my native Country, I humbly conceive, that I cannot without the most gross and base Ingratitude, dedicate these my Essays to any noble Personage but your self, beseeching your Protection and Patronage against all sober Sots, Water-drinkers, and Water-Rats, in the three Kingdoms, of what Order or Rank soever.

As to the learned Doctor whom (by a new Method) I both answer and defend at the same

same time ; I am not ashamed to own, that I honour him ; and must say that he has deserv'd well, of the York-Buildings and New-River Companies ; but cannot help observing, that he is not so Orthodox in Physick as he is in Divinity : yet that may very well be excused, considering that he wrote when he was asleep, and had not the Command of his Faculties ; and so being not then sui juris, is not so answerable for his Blunders, as he would otherwise have been. Indeed his Style and Method is something different from the number of great Men that have gone before him ; but there may be much human Prudence in *THAT*, which we four Wits cannot penetrate into the Reason of ; neither is it fit we should, any further than that we know it is wrote so itfully, as to be accommodated to the meanest Capacity, as to the Diction, and Style I mean ; but as to the Meaning and Argument of the greatest part of his Book, no Man alive can come at that, without my exuberant Learning, and Art of Dreaming ; which I cannot tell, that ever any ye attain'd to, nor perhaps ever will : on Phænix in a Century is sufficient ; the Doctor is a Water-Phænix, and I am one by Land, and both useful in our way.

I find by my Art, that the Doctor was born under Aquarius (a watry Sign) Saturn Lord thereof, posited in his own House, in
Trin

Trine to that merry Planet Mercury: all which shew the Doctor to be a great Wit, and a Man of Elegancy and Judgment; and had it not been for an unlucky Square of the Sun, and Mercury (which in a measure hinder'd, or as it were eclipsed his Honour) he had certainly gone to Sea, and been at least Arch-Deacon of a Man of War. But who can stand against Fate? Every Man of Merit cannot get Preferment; I know it by woful Experience, having had nothing remarkable to boast of, in my own Country, except your Grace's Favour, which I am justly proud of; and the whole and utmost of my Ambition is, that when your Grace seems meet, I may be appointed Conjurer in Ordinary to your Grace, during Life, with some small Salary, just enough to keep a Coach and four, and be able to live above the Contempt of inferior Fortune-Tellers.

Some sort of Folk, perhaps, may wonder, why the Doctor did not give some mechanical Account of the nature of every sort of Water; the modus of its Operation in an human Body, when mixt (and circulating) with the Fluids: and have given us also the Cause, Signs, Diagnostick, Prognostick, &c. of every Distemper; and from thence argued, how and why cold Water should cure it: but this would have been to make every one as wise as himself.

And

And who would be a F—l then? No, no! Water is of such a particular Texture, Nature, and Mechanism, that it mows down every Distemper, as thick as Hops, without ever enquiring, whence it comes, what it is, or who it belongs to. Indeed we know, that a Feather thrust up the Nose will tickle it, and cause a Sneezing: well! but we can produce Sneezing as often as we please to tickle one another's Noses (humbly begging your Grace's Pardon) without knowing that all Sternutatories irradiate the Spirits, undulating in, and irradiating those Nerves, that are diffeminated into the internal Membranes of the Nostrils; or that the Spirits being provoked into Spasms and tumultuous Transports, loosen the impacted viscous Matter, shake them out of their place, and eliminate them thro the Infundibulum and pituitary Glands, out of the Confines of the Brain, into, &c. with a great deal more such unintelligible Jargon, of no use to any but the Owner: and so in other Cases, there is no need to multiply words, to describe Causes and Reasons: 'tis only knowing that cold Water will cure it, (no matter for a Reason why) and what need we trouble our Heads any farther about the matter? Water is Water; a Distemper is a Distemper; and a Cure is a Cure; which we are very sure of, if we swallow but Water ENOUGH.

I am sorry I am forced to say so much in the Doctor's Defence; a word to the Wise would be enough, had we to do with none but wise People: but we are like all the Folk in the East, both in Ethiopia, the Country of the Abyssines, and other Places where I have travel'd, viz. some are wise, and some are otherwise; therefore I am very willing to unfold the Doctor's mystical meaning, and discover what he means to the meanest Capacity. And if the Doctor will do me the honour, to honour me with his Thanks, I beg of him to deliver them to your Grace, without any Compliment; for if I have done any thing to merit his Gratitude, it is all owing to your Grace's Influence, and therefore is to be given directly to you: and I think verily, I should no more be able to bear a Letter of Thanks from the Doctor, (wrote as he knows how) than I could bear a Musketoon to be fired in my Face without starting; and therefore I beseech your Grace, to lay your Commands upon him on that account, lest he should inadvertently put me into bodily Fear; which he might afterwards be very sorry for.

I heartily wish your Grace length of Days, and increase of Beauty, and a renovation of your Teeth: and that your grey Hairs may prove Nets to entangle

*Crouds of Admirers ; and that you may
live to see cold Water put down by order
of the Senate ; and the Doctor exalted to
be Dean of Pickadilly ; is the hearty wish
of (may it please you!)*

Your Grace's most humble,

*From my Study,
this 1st of
April, 1723.*

most obliged, and

most obedient Servant,

GABRIEL JOHN.



A Dry Answer to Dr. Hancock's wonderfully-comical Liquid Book, &c.

IT is very apt to give me the Cholick, when I see Men of Merit disregarded, as is but too common in this ungrateful Age. When I had the Honour (by divers private Advertisements in the publick News-Papers) to know, that the Doctor's Book grew very famous a long way off *all about home*, and no Answer given to it, I must confess it raised my Indignation exceedingly: For nothing can be a greater Affront to an Author, or shew a greater Contempt of him, than to let him *write on* without *Contradiction*; for that is in effect saying, *he is not worth Notice*. Therefore we Authors, when we see ourselves thus neglected, often do ourselves the honour, to write Answers *to* ourselves, and then Defences *of* ourselves, and very smart ones too, when we are in proper *cue*. Now the Doctor being a Clergyman, it might have been expected that some of his Brethren should have wrote in his Defence: only we might have thought, with good reason, that there is hardly another *Water-drinker* amongst them all, to defend

the Practice: They are a Body of Gentlemen who know better things, remembering the Apostle's Advice, *to use a little Wine for their Stomach's sake, and their often Infirmities.* And therefore and because that they have not drawn Pen in his Defence, and since the Doctor, out of mere Contempt to himself, and (as it were) on purpose to mortify and affront himself, has not as yet wrote any Answer to himself; I shall, with all Humility, do my self that Honour, against all Opposers whatsoever, if it be to the very last Drop of my Ink: And if there is any Person so vain-glorious or hardy, as to answer this my unanswerable Answer and Defence, I shall answer him by saying nothing at all in answer to him; which I know will vex him to the very Guts.

In the Doctor's *Liquid Discourse*, besides the Elegancy and Fineness of Style, Loftiness of Expression, Strength of Reasoning, and Depth of Learning; there are many things worthy of notice. Indeed there are in the Book many things hard to be understood, some that have no meaning at all, and others that have a very good meaning, but it is not to be come at without very deep Learning or Revelation. There are some things in it that the Doctor and every body understands; and others that neither he, nor any body, but my self, knows any thing of; and it is for that very Reason, that I now flourish my Pen in the Defence of Dr. Hancock and fair Water, and am now just beginning to begin.

The Doctor is very careful that People should know he is *no Physician*, and often gives the Caution; which, altho it is a good Mark of the Doctor's Integrity, yet I think it *needless*, because whoever reads the Doctor's Book (if he has but half an Eye) will see that GREAT TRUTH in every Page, and many other very momentous ones:

ones: As where the Doctor says, *that he once had* p. 45.
a violent Cough, and eat a vast Quantity of stewed
Prunes; that he had as clever a Son as most are; p. 28.
that he walk'd ten Miles to Breakfast; and that he p. 55. 18.
exposes himself to the Contempt of many; and supposes p. 65.
that he shall not be able to persuade any one to use this
Method; that he has said enough, and perhaps some p. 30.
People will say too much, as to what he has said per- p. 66,
haps foolishly of the Gout; and that he knows some p. 47.
Readers will think he is too full of himself, &c. Tho
with great Submission, I think this last a needless
Fear in the Doctor, for (except there be a Spring in
his Guts) how can the Doctor be too full of him-
self, when he has just emptied himself of a whole
Book of 108 Pages full of Water? Indeed small
Vessels are soon full. But had he his individual
Self intire, and whole within himself, I don't
think he would run over very much; and if he
was not so full as to run over, he would with no
Propriety of Speech be said to be too full of him-
self: but this en passant; for all this comes from
the Doctor out of the same Humility and Self-
Abasement, as when he emphatically cries out
(like one in a Fright) I am no Physician, and but p. 15.
a Smatterer in any kind of Philosophy.

Now, lest any *Sauce-Box* should ask (since
the Doctor owns that he is neither Physician nor
Philosopher) how is it that he wrote his *Differ-*
tations on cold Water, and thereby pretends to
cure Fevers, which is the Business of a Physician?
The Doctor, in answer to it, (or rather to an-
ticipate such an Objection) confesses *it is a lit-*
tle out of his way. But (says he) I am not the p. 108.
first that has wrote of a Subject he knows little of:
and it looks as if he desired he should not be the
last that should write so, when he invites the
Physicians *to write Books in Divinity. Well!* *ibid.*
y LITTLE here, (the Doctor being a very

metonymical Gentleman) his meaning is, *not* that he knows *but little*, but that he knows *nothing at all* of it; *knowing little* being often a *Periphrasis* of *total Ignorance*, as might easily be prov'd out of *Renard the Fox, Valentine and Orson*, and many others of the most valuable of the Antients.

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But now, lest any should say, if the Doctor has wrote a new Discovery in Physick, and yet is no Physician, nor knows but *very little* of the Matter, how is it that he has hit upon a thing which was never dream'd of since the Creation of the World, even from *Adam* down to *Doctor Case*? To which I reply, in the Doctor's Words, that a *Draught of cold Water*, taken when one goes to bed, gives *easy, quiet, and undreaming Sleep*: So that it was not possible for the old Water-drinkers to dream any thing of the Matter, as the Doctor has most learnedly and *drowsily* done, for 108 Pages together: for they drinking Water constantly every Night, had as constantly *undreaming Sleeps*, and so never dream'd of *this Matter*; which the Doctor wisely observing, when he had any Impulse towards new Discoveries, he eat half a Porringer of stewed Prunes, and so went to sleep upon it, where he had this *cold Water Revelation*. So that what he (in Language lofty and fine enough) calls a *short Account of his long Experience*, is only an Account of his manifold Dreams, by the neighbourly Assistance of stewed Prunes. And all this I know, not only by the Doctor's Confession, but by the *Profundity* of my Art, and the many Dreams I have had concerning him; by which I am able to interpret all his *Cabalistical Conundrums*, which no Man but my self knows any thing of. And that he has a prophetic Spirit (altho he wrote his Book when he was fast asleep, and so knows not when he wrote it, nor what is in it) appears by his

p. 16.

his foretelling what a Spirit of *Risibility* would appear abroad at his writing a Book; when he says, *if I durst, for being laugh'd at, &c.* and that *it would be labour lost to persuade any one to use this Method, it being so much out of the common way.* Now how could the Doctor have *told, or foretold* all this, unless he had it by Revelation? and how could he have it reveal'd but in a Dream? and how could he dream except he eat stewed Prunes, and went to sleep? Indeed some People dream waking, but then, I observe, they never make any great Discoveries.

There is *a time for all things*; and some one or other was the first Inventor of every Art, even to make Mouse-Traps and Pudding-Bags; and the Doctor is the first that prescrib'd cold Water for Sweating, altho he has not said whether it will be a *cold Sweat*, or a *hot one*, which (under Correction) was a very great oversight, and which I readily pardon for the sake of the Doctor's superior Merit, and many Excellencies; and do say, that if the Doctor has the Art to make People *immortal*, what is that to any body? There must be a time to find out the Longitude, *if ever it be done*; and some body or other must do it, *if any body does*; ay, and the Philosopher's Stone too: and none more likely than the Doctor to do both of them, who seems to have a very *Longitudinal* Head, and he cannot but have a cool Brain for Reasons very evident. Now what can we assign as the Cause of the *Longevity* of the *Antediluvians*, but their abundantly drinking of *pure Element*? If *Methusalem* had drank *October* or *Gin*, he had not lived 500 Years; and we see how it fared with good *Noah*, how that after he had tasted the Juice of the Grape, his Constitution was so broke, that he linger'd on but 350 Years after the Flood: But according to Gen. 9. 28. the

the Doctor's *Theory*, no Man ever died of a Fever before the Flood; and it's very unaccountable how they should die of it since, in Countries where they drink nothing but Water; and to be sure drink it in Bed too, where if they do not sweat, as the Doctor says they will, I cannot help it. But *undoubtedly* the thing is Fact, that no Man need die of a Fever unless he will; for two half Pints of Water taken in Bed, produce a Sweat, that Sweat carries off all the morbifick Matter by Perspiration, and so the Patient is well again in the twinkling of a Bed-staff; which no Man ever was so happy as to hit upon, till it was revealed to the Doctor in a Dream: so that as the *Romans* never heard of the Cholick till the Days of *Tiberius*; nor we of the Small-Pox before the *Arabian* Physicians, nor of the Rickets until *Dr. Glisson*, nor of the hysteric Cholick (as such) until *Sydenham*; so *Dr. H.* has the Honour of the first Discovery of *Fever-frighting* by cold Water.

Now altho the Doctor's most *outrageous Modesty* would not suffer him to tell us so; yet he knows as well as I, and would say so too (if he had the gift of utterance) that cold Water would equally cure red Noses, Cramps, Corns, kib'd Heels, the Mulligrubs, or Vapours in Women, and many other Distempers not mention'd in the Doctor's Book; and even the Dropsy it self, altho a watry Distemper: for altho *Water* upon *Water* would be false *Heraldry*; yet as we know by happy Experience in eating, that one Shoulder of Mutton will drive down another, then by the same way of reasoning, why may not one quart of Water (*vi & armis*, as it were) drive a gallon of Water out of the *Abdomen*, that had tyrannically taken up its quarters there, without any Right or Title to the possession of the Premises;

mises ; or render a Person of such a juicy Constitution, as to make him piss a Pottle of Water for every pint of Ale he drinks.

For the Doctor says, *That it is a wonderful* P. 30.
Aperient, promotes Circulation, sensible and insensible Perspiration, creeps by the fineness of its Parts into the minutest Vessels, and capillary Arteries, and dilutes the Humours that beget Obstructions, imbibes and absorbs the noxious tartarous Salts that are apt to stagnate in the capillary Vessels, and carries them out with it self by insensible Perspiration, &c.

But by what sort of *Mechanism* it does all this, or by what *Modus*, the Doctor is not so kind as to tell us. But he says, not only that it will cure all manner of Fevers, which are exceedingly different, both in their Causes, Signs, method of Cure, &c. but that any sort of Water will do the Trick equally alike, whether that of Pump, or Well, or River, provided it be clear and sweet : and tells you of this peculiar Excellency which it possesses, and which you can hope for from no other thing under the Sun, (except a Chip in your Porridge) viz. take it as often as you will, whether it works a Cure or not, it will do you no harm, and that it is infinitely safer than Mercury. Which last is a very valuable hint, some People might else have dreaded to drink it in due quantities, for fear of a Salivation and sore Jaws.

And I can't say but the Doctor is very cautious what he asserts in divers Places, as, *I think I am pretty sure it will cure it :* and in another place, *I can't say I have ever tried it, but am confident it would do the work ; that is, I am sure that I am sure on't, if I am not mistaken,* which is a very modest way of expressing a moral Suasion : and as he is very cautious, so he is very happy in chusing out happy, elegant and lofty Expressions, and very frequent in the Repetition of
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them to every purpose, which gives a great Beauty to his Performance, *viz.* apt to conclude, apt to suspect, apt to believe, pretty sure, pretty much, pretty cool, pretty betimes, pretty violent, pretty good, pretty well satisfied, a touch of it, generally speaking, much what difficult, look pitifully, bad, badly, kindly sweat, I fancy, for ought I know, mostly, I think I am fully satisfied, I don't know but that it may do good, I boldly assert, if I don't misremember, upon the matter, Fevers are tickle things, with many other Pen-and-Ink words, not to be met with but amongst the *Literati* and brightest Wits. But it is inimitably fine, the Directions he gives to Cholick Patients when they drink Water: they must keep themselves in a moving Posture; now sit, now lie, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, — (good!) lean forward — (better and better!) lean backward (better still!) tumble on a bed (most excellent!) and if they can (and not else!) sometimes stand on their Head (excellent!) and if they can bear it (without being Sea-sick) get into a Coach, and ride on the Stones, (prodigious!) or get on Horseback (or upon a Mare) to set the peristaltick Motion of their Bowels on work, being first cramm'd full of cold Water, which the Doctor is very sure would do the work, altho he never tried it. Oh! methinks it's great pity the Doctor did not put all these fine things into Verse, either *Pindarick* or *Hudibrastick*: which done by his masterly Hand, *Milton* and *Addison* must both have veil'd to him.

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p. 6.

The Doctor tells us, that many of the *Antients* gave Water in Fevers; but their wiser Sons, like naughty Boys, left it off, as thinking 'tis likely, that Champain and Burgundy was preferable; like the old Song of,

Betty would drink no Water,
 For she had a Conceit
 Came into her Pate,
 That Sack and Sugar was better, &c.

However Galen, like a bloody Author as he was, advises to let Blood till the Patient faints, and to drink Water. Oh, hard-hearted Galen! till he looks pale. But this I conceive is only done, when Ladies want a Complexion, or Men are troubled with Copper-Noses, or the like: Tho in case of a Plethora, Hippocrates gives nothing but Water for three Days together; by nothing here the Doctor must mean, not absolutely nothing, but comparatively nothing, viz. nothing but that, whilst he drank nothing else; or (more elegantly) nothing, but nothing, besides Water; so that there was nothing except nothing, and when nothing was taken from nothing, there was nothing remaining for the Patient but Water, and a little nothing else, &c. And notwithstanding the Doctor assures us, That he is a Man of very little Curiosity; yet, he has look'd over a great many Physick Books, both Antient and Modern, as far as Indexes will carry him: so that to turn over most of the Antients and Moderns, has nothing of Curiosity attending it; and it is a sign the Doctor was curious, (whatever he says to the contrary) when he has been looking for a Book of Vander Heiden's this 20 Years, and has the good luck at last to find it; which it is very reasonable he should, after so long a search, as might have found the Philosopher's Stone, or even a Needle in a Bottle of Hay. But woe is me! After all his search, he finds nothing in him of giving as a sudorifick in Fevers; nor does he find that Physicians have had hitherto any Notion of Sweating in Fevers,

P. 71.

Fevers, by plentiful Doses of cooling Liquids, and particularly Water. No certainly! nor ever will, if he searches till the seven Stars come to fourteen; the discovery is all Dr. *Hancock's*; and it is my *Advice*, that he gets a *Patent* for it; it not being just, that any Man should interfere in so important a Project, and beneficial Invention, which was reveal'd to him in a Dream.

Our Physicians generally are so weak as to judge of Water, according to its *Transparency, Fluxility, Insipidness*, and as it is more or less united with *vegetable, mineral, or terrene* Particles, which are of different *Natures* and *Gravities*, according to what Parts it travels through: so they say *Rain-Water* soonest stinks, because the freest from mineral Particles, but loaded with *volatile ones*; if it was not for which, it would be the best to drink of all others; but *Spring-Water* being less apt to corrupt, altho heavier, is fitter for common use; and, that of what Nature soever the Mineral (or other) Particles are, with which any Water is fill'd, these, according to their several *Gravities*, the *Capacity* of the *Canals*, &c. will, when they come to circulate in the animal Body, be, by the Laws of Motion, deposited in one part or other, and according to their Qualities or Principles are often undigestable in the Body, and often produce Concretions in the Kidneys, Bladder, and Joints; also Scurvies, Tumors in the Spleen: and by their *corrosive Salts* twitch and irritate the Membranes of the Stomach and Bowels, hinder Digestion, and when they come into the Blood, obstruct the small Canals of insensible Transpiration, and so cause *Cachexies*, Pains in the Limbs, livid Spots in the Skin, &c. and our Well-Waters *incrusted* the insides of the Ladies Tea-kettles very much, as every one may observe; and those that
are

are of a lax Constitution, cannot bear Water-drinking at all, which spoils both their Appetite and Digestion; and that *mineral Waters* would do the same, were it not for their stiptick Quality, whose Salts carry them into the Habit of the Body, and thereby inable them to open Obstructions: But those Waters which come from chalky Springs are the best, because in Chalk we find no unwholesom Mineral.

River-Water partakes of the Soil it runs thro, and is a Compound of *Spring* and *Rain Waters* together. *Rain-Water* is prefer'd as a Diluter before any others, and *Well-Water* is subject to the same and greater Inconveniency than those from the *Spring*, because by its *Stagnation* it is apt to take up many *pernicious Particles*, besides what is brought thither; and therefore of all others, is the most to be suspected. *Pond-Water* is mostly from *Rain-Water*, and the most *uncleanly* of all others, &c. But the Doctor takes no notice of all this difference; but as I observed before, he says, *it is indifferent of what sort it is, so it be clear and sweet*; and that he generally uses *Pump-Water*, which being from a *stagnating Spring*, is one of the worst he could have pitch'd upon.

So in Fevers our Physicians distinguish between one and another sort of them, and tell us that what we now call a *Fermentation* of the Blood, the Antients call'd *Putrefaction*; and from hence named such Fevers as proceeded from thence *putrid Fevers*, meaning thereby a more mild dissolution of the Blood, that indeed *binders*, but not *totally* suffocates the *vital Expansion* of it; and that crude Humours mix'd with the Blood are generally the *material Cause*, and the *Fermentum Febrile* the *efficient Cause* of putrid Fevers; and from a malignant Crudity of Matter mixed with
the

the Blood arise malignant Fevers ; and that the diversity of Fevers proceeds from the different Fermentation of the Blood ; and that there are as many differences of *febrile Ferments*, as there are divers Natures and Dispositions of Crudities incident to the Blood ; and that in the *Ephemora* there is an Inflammation on the Spirits, in the *humoral* a fire in the Humours, in the *hectic* one in the *solid Parts* ; and that in the *malignant*, a venomous *Miasm* infects the Blood, and congeals its Liquor ; with many other distinctions too long for this Paper ; all which call for very different Methods of Cure. But the Doctor (like no Physician as he is) gives Water of *any sort* in Fevers of *every sort*, without considering the Nature of the one or the other ; and makes cold Water as grand a *Catholicon* as the *Dutchman's Butter*, which was *good for every thing*.

The Doctor knows better than to talk of a *Crisis*, but has the *knack* to drown a Fever before it comes to a *Crisis*, and *slap-dash* sends it a packing, as soon as it is born ; by carrying it thro the Pores, with all its acrid Salts, and other Malignity along with it, like Water thro an Alembick : But he is not so much of an *Alchymist* as to know, that no Salts come over the Helm in Distillation ; as he might find if he distill'd salt Water, which would come over all fresh, and leave the Salt behind.

p. 8.

The Doctor is a little *testy* at the Translator of *Bellini's Book de Febris*, which he, like a naughty Man as he was (the better to make his Book sell) call'd, *A mechanical Account of Fevers*, altho there was nothing *mechanical* in all that Discourse ; which makes me very cautious how I call his *Febrifugum Magnum* a mechanical Account of *cold Water*, for this would be to wrong the Doctor *most immechanically* ; and tho I am

†

not

not the Doctor's *Translator*, yet I am his *Commentator*, and explain his meaning (*where there is any*) not perhaps according to the *Letter*, but according to the *Spirit* of it, as a late *Grand Monarch* used to do his Treaties, and according to the Revelation he once had when he was *fast asleep*, and under the inspiration of *Morpheus*: and therefore if I should call his Book a *new Theory*, a *new Revelation*, or a *liquid Dream*, of fair Water and Fevers, I hope he would not call me *coram nobis* for it. For I am so far from envying the Doctor that Honour, which is justly his due on this account, that was it in my power, he should have a chief Place in *Winstanley's Water-Works*, *in perpetuam rei Memoriam*.

The Doctor says *very gravely*, and cautiously, that *for ought he knows*, Dr. Sydenham broke the Ice as to the *cold Regimen*; now if the Doctor first broke the Ice, it is no wonder that he *first* got at the Water, for how should he else come at it? But be that as it will, this is a *notable Discovery*, and a very *useful Note* in our way; and which every Reader might not have understood, if I had not thus explain'd it.

The Doctor, like a *generous Soul*, says, that no p. 10.
body would be more glad than he to see *Physick*, both
in *Theory and Practice*, reduced to a *Demonstration*.
There have been many ingenious Books wrote of late p. 11.
about the *animal OEconomy*, *animal Secretion*, &c.
we have *mechanical accounts* of *Fevers*, and of the
Non-naturals; but these are not enough to raise *Physick*
to a *demonstrative Science*, equal to *Geometry*;
and to prove it, he learnedly says, p. 12.
There are *a great many Rationales*'s of *Fevers* by *eminent Hands*,
as *Mechanical* as any can be given from *Geometry* or
Algebra, *Mechanicks* or *Hydrostaticks*. And again,
Vell! we'll suppose all this done, and done *Mechani-* p. 13.
ally and to a *Demonstration*: But what are we the
better?

p. 15.

better? How! nothing the better for a *Mathematical Demonstration*? No, for *I believe that all our Reasonings are dark* (the Doctor speaks experimentally) *and short, and far from Demonstration, in this, as in most philosophical matters; and that Physick has little to do with Geometry, except perhaps in some very few parts of it.* Now if the Doctor does not want an Interpreter, no Man ever did: for first he wants to see Physick reduced to a *Demonstration*; and secondly he says it has been done, as mechanically as can be by *Geometry or Algebra, Mechanicks or Hydrostaticks*, and to a *Demonstration*, even just as he wish'd it, and yet it all signifies nothing; for it is all short of a *Demonstration*, or, altho it is *demonstratively demonstrated*, yet it wants a *Demonstration*: for our Reasonings are so short, that we know not when a Thing is *demonstrated* very plainly, and when not; which is another plain *Demonstration* that the Doctor was fast asleep at the time of writing this *demonstrative Demonstration*.

p. 14.

But to compound for this *Allegory*, the Doctor insinuates that Distempers may be cured, without our being at least *demonstratively* sure, either of the Cause of them, or the manner of the Operation of the Medicine that cures them; and that we must regard Experience with some little Reasoning upon it: but then being conscious, that this way of talk is *Old-womanish*, he asks this Question, *to what purpose is all this?* (that is, if it is to no purpose, to what purpose is it?) to which he *very archly* replies, *I design it for no body but my self.* Now as the Doctor goes out of the common road in every thing, so he is certainly the first Man that ever wrote a Book for himself: which, however, is a plain Proof that he is no *Empirick*, for they pretend to do all for the *publick good*; whereas the Doctor writes

p. 15.

writes for the good of himself only ; and that *if*
he be sure of the Hoti, he does not trouble himself a- p. 14.
bout the Dihoti ; and like a good Man, owns, that p. 8.
 all his Experience came by *Accident*, and that
 six Months before he wrote his Book, he had
 forgot the most common Terms in Physick, and
 the names of common Simples and Compositions, p. 16.
 and that he was in fear to talk more like a *Fool*
 than a Physician, and therefore he took time to
 read a little ; and certainly he was very much
 in the right on't, for he had else most certainly
 made a most wretched piece of work on't. I
 am intirely of the Doct^r's opinion, *that we have* p. 19.
a set of as learned and good Physicians as ever we had,
or perhaps (or without a perhaps) ever shall have.
 And the more is the pity, for of what use will
 they be ? For if a Patient be ill, it is only put-
 ting him to Bed, and giving him a pint of cold
 Water, and whip ! the Fever is gone ; or as the
 Doct^r more *waggishly* has it, *put him to Bed, and* p. 13.
pour a pint of cold Water on his Head, and he will be
as quiet as a Lamb. Gentlemen, do you see this
thirsty, red-hot Phantom ? Gentlemen, this is
 what we call a *Fever* ; now Gentlemen, you shall
 see, how by my Art of *hocus pocus*, I'll make this
 Tyrant run away, like a Dog that has burnt his
 Tail. In the name of cold Water : Hey ! pass !
 presto ! arise Blunderbus ! *Hixius Doxius !* Be-
 gone ! — look ye there Gentlemen ! do you
 see now ? — *Lau ye now !* where's the Fever ?
 Gone ! fled ! and dead as a Door-Nail. It's true
 there is something more to be said, when you
exorcise a Fever out of an old Maid, or a Person
 with a *Crump-back*. Which tho I could tell ye all
 that Trick, yet for brevity-sake, I shall omit it,
 till I publish my Essays on *stewed Prunes*, and
 pickled Cucumbers, which cannot be done (*for*
Reasons of State) until after the Dog-days.

p. 10. The Doctor says, that this Trick of *Fever-killing* he little thought (*viz.* dream't) of 30 Years ago; and for near that time, he has not

p. 16. had a *Phyſick-Book* by him to read: So that he has neither read, nor been taught, and yet is become a great *Dab* at *Phyſick*; which is *tacitly* owning what I have been ſtriving to prove, that the Doctor had it by Revelation in a Dream; and the firſt occaſion of it was, that about 28

p. 19, 20. Years ago, the Doctor had a *terrible* Fit of the *Jaundice*, a *Fever*, and *Cough*; that if he had not fat up for two Months together, he had been *broke to pieces*. Now, as the Doctor is a very *Anigmatical* Gentleman, I am to acquaint the *gentle Reader*, that the Doctor was *Hide-bound*, and ſo if he had not fat up, had *burſt his Skin*, or *broke to pieces*: but this is not all, for he *got up Phlegm as black as his Hat*; he *got it up*, but has left us in the dark as to the manner how, neither do we know how black the Doctor's Hat was, which is another misfortune; and it may be doubted, whether that black *Phlegm* had been any blacker than *Butter-milk*, if the Breach in the Doctor's Lungs had not *tinctur'd* it with *Blood*, which in moſt *Chriſtians* is *red*. However, the next Spring the Doctor was afraid, becauſe of the *breach in his Lungs*, leſt he ſhould *not get thro it*; that is, he was afraid he ſhould not be able to *mount the breach*: but how he ſhould get thro a Breach in his own Lungs, is a *Problem*, not to be ſolved by *Euclid*. However ſo it was, that's certain, and the *Breach* fill'd up, and *Jaundice* cur'd, *with cold Water*.

p. 21. Then the Doctor tells us, *he had a Son of his own*: Good! the Doctor had a *Son of his own*, who was his *own Son*; that *fell ill, got up, came down, fell down, was carried to Bed, fell into a Sweat*, and ſweat ſo much, that he drench'd his

his *Shift*. N. B. By *Shift* here, we must understand *Shirt*, and then the thing is as plain as a *Pike-Staff*: However by this Sweat with cold Water the Child got as *sound as a Roach*; but thro' taking cold, fell ill again, and sweat upon the *Matter*, and was cur'd. Now there is nothing difficult in all this, but sweating upon the *Matter*, when we had not heard of any great *Matter* in all the Story: I do affirm that by Sweating upon the *Matter*, the Doctor did not mean, that the Boy had an Ulcer upon his Back which ran *Matter* or *Pus*; but the Bed being a *material* Substance, and Substance being *Matter*, and the Doctor being very *Conundrumically* inclin'd; the Child's sweating upon the *Matter*, is no more than if the Doctor had told us, in plain English, that the Child sweat on his Bed; and there's an end of the *Matter*. P. 22.

Another Story of the Doctor's is, that a Woman in his neighbourhood fell ill, and so ill, that the good Women about her stick'd not to say it was little better than the *Plague*. Strange! — but stranger yet; the Man kept a *Coffee-house*! Well, and what then? Why then the Man fell ill also, and so ill, that he own'd himself worse than his Wife was; that is, proceeding from bad to worse! an ill Wife, and a Husband worse than she: and it appears he was a very ill Man, by his Circumstance, That when a Clergyman persuaded him to go to Bed (or upon the *Matter*) because he thought he could cure him; the Man thought he banter'd him. Sorry Man! Not to believe a Man, that assur'd him of a Cure, in *verbo Sacerdotis*. However at last, he persuaded him to go to Bed, made him drink a quart of Water, fell into a great Sweat, and the next Day was well: here's the Woman fell ill, and the Man fell ill, and so ill, that he was worse than

his Wife; till the Clergyman *persuaded* him to be *persuaded* to go to bed, where a quart of Water *fell* into the Man's Guts, by which he *fell* into a great Sweat, and so *fell* very well again, contrary to the opinion of several *learned old Women* of great Veracity: so making good the Proverb, that *all's well that ends well*.

p. 26.

The next Secret the Doctor discovers is, *That within a Year after he took Orders, he was Curate in a great Parish, eight or ten Miles over.* This was a great Parish indeed! eight or ten Miles over quoth-a! sure this was the Parish of *Kent* or *Cumberland*, or some other Parish out of the Bills of Mortality. But what may stumble the Reader, is the word *OVER*, *viz.* whether the Doctor means it was eight or ten Miles in *Diameter*, or in *Length*, or so much in *Circumference*; because we don't find of what *Geometrical Figure* it consisted, whether an *oblong Triangle*, or a *triangular Square*. But we can easily set this matter in a very clear Light, by saying (and that truly) that eight or ten Miles *over*, is eight or ten Miles *over*. But, what is yet more wonderful, is, that *in it there was a great Market-Town*: What! a Market-Town in a Parish it did not belong to? Now some People would have said, that in *such* a County there was a *great Market-Town*, whose Bounds or Extent were *such*, as were eight or ten Miles in *Diameter*. But the Doctor gives us an account of a large Parish, with a large Market-Town in it! But in this *great Parish* and *great Town*, there being a *great many* Folk sick, a *great many* died, on which account the Doctor put on his *considering Cap*. *A fancy ran in his Head, that Sudorificks were the most proper Cure for Fevers, and that was the very first occasion of his hitting upon this Secret of the cold Regimen!* Happy Man! and happy we, to live to see it divulg'd!

p. 27.

But

But now comes *the Cream of the Jest*; the Doctor ibid. says, that he has verily thought this twenty Years (and that's a very long thought indeed!) that if a Man would drink off a *Pint* or *Quart* of Water when he feels the Ague a coming upon him, and go to Bed upon it (and sweat, I suppose, tho the Doctor does not say so) he believes it would cure him at the second taking it at farthest! — I don't wish the Doctor an Ague, to make the Experiment; but the very thoughts of it are apt to put one into a Condition far different from a Sweat. But the Doctor I find is willing to substitute cold Water in the room of the Bark: for he says, *that he had a Son, as CLEVER and healthful a Man as most are*; (and indeed this is as *clever Story* as most are in his Book) *that got an Ague, and trusted to the Bark for a Cure, for half Year together: But* (now you shall hear a *bad, and bad Case*) *whether it were the bad Country, or the bad Ague, or the bad Bark (or the bad Doctor that gave it, or the bad management of the Patient that took it) or the long taking of it if it were good, (or the not cleansing the first Passages before he began to take it, or took it in proper quantities, or at due intervals, all which some silly Physicians think essential to the Cure of an Ague with the Bark) he never after was an healthy Man; but I believe it is easier to get good Water than good Bark. True! true! and much cheaper too! Besides the conveniency of taking it whole, and without powdering.* But as there is sometimes a difficulty to get good Bark, so I fear it will be full as difficult to get Water *so good* as to cure an Ague, which if the Doctor can do, I shall say, it is *Never Water*.

As to the Bark, its Contexture (upon its being broke) appears like little *Cylinders* or *Needles*,
shoot-

shooting one over another, and when it is broke transversly, those Points appear very visible; and the difficulty of reducing it to an impalpable Poudre, and the little alteration it undergoes by a long Infusion, with its manifest Astringency on the Tongue, are sufficient Proofs of its Solidity, and angular Figure. And hence we learn how it is *so effectual* in the Cure of Agues: and that is, 1. Sometimes to destroy those *Viscidities* in the Juices, that obstruct the Capillaries and small Vessels: And, 2. To invigorate the Vibrations of the Solids, and to draw them up to such a *Tensity*, as may prevent the Generation of new Matter. Now by the smallness, solidity, and irregularity of its Particles, when mixed with the Blood, it presently increases the *Occurrences*, and Impulses of its Parts one against another, whereby its *Cohesions* will be broke, and the occasion of them prevented for the future: that is, the Blood *thereby* will become *less viscid*, and *more fluid*, and so *Digestion*, and a proper *Comminution* of the Juices, will be the better perform'd, by its *corrugating* the Nerves, and making the Contractions of the Vessels more vigorous. And thus when the Blood comes to be loaded with the Particles of this *Drug*, the Fibres in all Parts will be shortened, and corrugated at once, whereby the whole Body will acquire such a strength and firmness, as will enable it not only to keep off the Attacks of the morbidick Matter, but to expel it, as an Enemy, out of the whole human *System*. I could say much more to account for the operation of the Bark, in the Cure of Agues; but I conceive the Doctor is an utter stranger to this kind of Reasoning, and therefore shall puzzle him no farther; only desire him *if he can*, to give so much as *one Reason*, why Water should cure an Ague, and then, *Erit mihi magnus Apollo.*

Apollo. But these are Speculations peculiar to
 Men, that are got but very little farther than the
 cold, calidum & siccum, frigidum & humidum, ca- p. 14.
 dum & humidum, frigidum & siccum, of the An-
 tients. But to proceed,

As at p. 21. the Doctor told us he had a Son
 of his own, that fell ill with Trembling and Shi- p. 34.
 verings; so here he as elegantly informs us that
 he had a Daughter of his own, which as he
 thought fell ill of a Fever, but it proved the
 Small-Pox; he gave her a good Dose of cold Wa-
 ter; but how much that good Dose was, the
 Doctor does not say, but he says something as
 disifying, and that is, *that it did not make her
 sweat, which he wonderfully wonder'd at; and
 that he gave her Toast and Water, which he as-
 sures us, is a very pleasant Liquor, almost of the co-
 our of Canary; upon which the Small-Pox came
 out plentifully, and she slept well upon the mat-
 ter; and which is still better and gooder, the Lady
 did not lose her Beauty, (which I heartily re-
 joice at) nay to this Day, unless you look very
 near (which would be very unmannerly) and
 almost on purpose, (or for the nonce, and with
 design to spy Faults) you cannot see that she
 has had 'em.* And the Doctor says that he don't
 remember that ever he saw any one, that had
 'em worse; that is (says the Doctor very learnedly) p. 36.
 that had more of 'em. So that to have a great
 plenty of a good sort, is to have 'em as bad as
 bad can be: but the Doctor is so good as to
 explain himself by saying, *I am sure never any,
 with so many, that had 'em better; that is, he ne-
 ver saw any body that had 'em worse, that ever had
 'em better.* And hence it appears, he says, that
 the Life of the Game (most ciceronically express'd!)
 is to quell the Fever at the very first. But very
 often there is no Fever at all, or not sufficient
 to drive out and plump the Pustules: Oh! no
 matter,

matter, whether there is any Fever or not, yet *quell it and keep it under*; for it is the *Life* of the *Game*; but what that *Game* is, I must wait for another Dream to discover; but it seems to me, at present, a *Game at Hotcockles*.

Well, Water is not only the *best Remedy* in the Small-Pox, but the *Measles* also; and here the Doctor tried it (*like a good Man, that would not try Tricks upon Strangers*) upon another of his own Daughters; but first, he put her under the Care of an antient Apothecary, (*half as good as an ordinary Doctor*) however the young Lady grew *worser and badder*; infomuch that the Doctor's Lady would not trust her *with any body*, but sat up her self, with *some body* to assist her; so that she had a much better Opinion of *some body*, than she had of *any body*, whom (for good Reasons no doubt) she would not trust however. Notwithstanding the good Lady her self did all she could, and had the assistance of *some body*, and then it's like would have took the advice of *any body*; yet the Daughter was so ill, that they had thoughts of sending for the *Apothecary* in the Night-time; but he being neither *some body*, nor *any body*, but being old, was next of kin to *no body*: and therefore they did not think fit to send for him: but the Doctor sent his Lady to Bed; and with four Wine-glasses of cold Water, given at a small distance, brought the Patient from Death's door, (*where she was just lifting up the Latch to go in*) and placed her in *statu quo*, without so much as calling the Apothecary out of his Bed; to the Doctor's *immortal Honour*, and the Damsel's *great Consolation*, the old Lady's *exceeding Joy*, and the whole Family's *Edification*; and all by the *quintessential Spirit of cold Water!* Well! all this may be: but the Plot thickens, and the best is yet behind:

hind: at twenty one or twenty two Years of Age the Doctor was in a *bad Consumption*, and so *bad* it was, that his Doctor thought he would die; and the Doctor being born for great Discoveries, and having observ'd that in *all* Colds, *some* sharp Rheum comes out of the Nose, tho' the greater part falls upon the Lungs, resolv'd to try if he could not turn the Current wholly to his Nose; wisely considering that it was more *eligible* to have a *sore Nose*, than *sore Lungs*: and a very *sore*, but *deep* thought it was! So that he assures us, *the very next Cold he had, he did nothing else* (that is, he did nothing but blow his Nose, whilst he was blowing it) *but blow his Nose as hard as he could, without bringing Blood, for a day or two*; and at length by that method, brought the *handle of his Face* to so compliable a Temper, that from thence-forward all his Colds discharg'd themselves *most obediently* that way, without any loss of Time, or hindrance of Business; and then by taking cold Water, he so thickened the Rheum, and sweetned the *Lympha*, that he could *follow his Nose* in a few days with *great Tranquillity*, and see as far beyond it as usual. p. 45.

Thus far have I led the *gentle Reader* on, by easy steps, to contemplate the Excellency of a Gentleman born for great Things, whose Notions (like the purling Streams from whence he takes the Water with which he cures *everything*) glide on with sweetest softness, and travel thro' many secret *Meanders*, still affording something charming and new. *Hitherto* we have been entertain'd with the Use and Excellency of *cold Water*; and one would think nothing more could be added: But the dear surprizing dreaming Man, all on a sudden, and when no living Soul dreamt any thing of the matter, makes at once a *transition* from *cold Water*; and most agreeably entertains us with a dish of *stewed Prunes*. ibid.

p. 46.

I cannot find a better place (says this great Man) to tell the World what cur'd the breach in my Lungs; I cough'd up Blood, or bloody Matter, for six or seven Years, more or less, and chiefly in a Morning; and because I could not walk so far as the New-River-Head without coughing up Blood, I was wholly confin'd to walk in the Town. I took all the Remedies I could think of my self, or be directed to by others, without effect. But now for the greatest Discovery that ever was made known to the Sons of Men! I came home one Night when I was very bad (and it is to be fear'd that he came home but badly) my Wife asked me if I would eat any Supper, (and a very proper question it was) I said NO (it was very probable that it was, no I thank ye, only the Doctor does not love to trumpet his own Praifes) said she (that is, Mrs. H. said) I have some stewed Prunes, you used to love those (what a kind, innocent, and sweet Confabulation was here!) I consented she should bring some of them. — She brought me a pint Porringer half full, — I eat 'em all up, (that is, all the Prunes, not any of the Porringer) I went to Bed, and in the Morning, whereas I used to cough up Blood, and bloody Matter, three or four times (which made me very weak) that Morning I did not cough up any at all, nor indeed cough at all; and by the continued use of stewed Prunes, half a pint every Night, (but how long he cannot tell) the Doctor recover'd his Health and Strength. Now how stewed Prunes, that by nature are laxative and opening, should assume to themselves a restringent balsamick Quality, and passing thro the Blood by Circulation arrive at the Lungs, and there electively adhere and stop the bad Breach there, in the space of one Night, the Doctor has omitted to inform us: and I must needs chide him for not putting down in his Diary how many he eat in all; but we will suppose it to be a couple of Hog-

p. 47.

Hog-

Hogheads or thereabouts: However, I think, that is not quite so material, as for him to have given us the Receipt *how they were stewed*; for that I take to be a very great Point, and much to the purpose, and the Doctor would do well to oblige the *learned World* with it. And altho he has already told us, that *cold Water* is the best thing in the World for stopping a Cold, and taking off a Cough, he now assures us that *stewed Prunes are better*; but to make us some amends, he leaves his *stewed Prunes* at *sixes* and *sevens*, and runs us insensibly into the virtues of *hot Water*, as he did before from *cold Water* to *stewed Prunes*. *When I was Curate for eight or* ibid. *ten Years in A GREAT PARISH* (probably that before mention'd eight or ten Miles over) *I read Prayers, and preach'd twice, viz. twice a day, (as I have heard of some that did so, and made nothing at all on't) in a great Church, and to a great Congregation (here the word great is the Doctor's great Darling) and had often Buryings and Christenings, the same Evening (and perhaps a Wedding or two in the Forenoon also) I was spent and fatigu'd, and wanted something to refresh me, and take off my Weariness.* Now perhaps you'll ask why he did not take a glass of Sack? Why! he did so, and several other comfortable things besides: p. 48. But they are all Hog-wash in comparison of hot Water, with a Toast in it, being drank five or six dishes without Sugar; for the Water imbibes the Spirit of the toasted Bread (*which to be sure is very great and extremely nourishing*) and then the Bread takes off the vomiting quality of the warm p. 49. Water; so that the one is an Antidote for the other; and it's not so much the quality, as the quantity of the Liquor that gives the refreshment. But if that be so, then Tea Water-gruel, or even Pease-Porridge, may do as well. Why, so they may,

p. 38. may, *full at well!* only warm Water is better: and this puts me in mind of what I have sometimes heard, that if you make a Posset of hot Water and cold, the *Curd* will not choak ye, which is as great a Truth as any in the Doctor's Book, if I do not *misremember*, as the Doctor very wittily has it.

p. 49. But to follow the Doctor, *I think by this*, (viz. by what he has said of the Excellency of hot Water to refresh one when weary, p. 48.) *any one may see that there cannot be a more refreshing Liquor than Toast and Water in Fevers.* Admirable this! that becauses it takes off Weariness, it must needs cool a Fever! Hitherto we have been directed to cold Water in Fevers, and now a

p. 47. Toast pops in to warm it; *but that's no matter, the Doctor will speak what he thinks*, that is, he will write what he thinks; and he shall think what he pleases, *maugre* any Man that does think to the contrary. Well! now Water warm'd is best, and continues so for three or four Pages; and

p. 52. then, *I verily believe that a Dose of cold Water given in Bed as soon as the Fever begins (if the Fever begin first)*—— Hey day! if the Fever begin first? How first? What! if the Fever begin before you take the Water? I thought the Water had been given, because the Fever was begun, or else what was it given for? Must a Man go to bed and fill his Guts with cold Water, and lie there expecting a Fever, or how? For the Expression, *begin first*, naturally supposes it. Well! this only shews us, that we are to day Men, and to morrow—— *Blunderbusses*. But the Doctor clears himself very *cleverly* of this, by supposing the Fever symptomatical of a *Quinsy, Pleurisy, Erysipelas, &c.* but then he knocks all on the head again, by saying, *generally speaking those Distempers are not the Cause of Fevers, but the contrary.*

As to the Quinsey, p. 51. *he is sure that cold Water will cure it : ay, full as well as Dogs-T — and Honey : no doubt out ! if taken in Time — Right ! if taken before you ail any thing, it will most certainly cure ye — Not that the Doc- P. 51. tor is against Bleeding also : No ! he is not willing to spoil the Apothecaries Business, and Surgeons also at once ; but all he says is, that a Quinsey has been cured even without Blood-letting, and may again by cold Water, tho perhaps better with it. Ay, may-hap so too ! for what has been, may be, and there's nothing new under the Sun, except the Doctrine of cold Water, which the Doctor has so generously communicated to the World. But the Doctor has seen a Pleurisy, that was caused by terrible fretting and vexation from unkind Usage, cured by drinking a great DEAL of cold Water. Happy Man ! and happy we, that are a fretful Generation, and meet with very unkind Usage to boot ! Quære, if it will cure the Frets, that proceed from any other Cause ?*

But Water is good in Asthma's also of any kind, p. 53. whether Dyspnaa's, Orthopnaa's, or any other sort with hard Names, or if it proceed from the narrowness and straitness of the Passages of the Lungs, or want of due Elasticity in the Arteries. This may be, but then Ditch-Water taken in March must be the thing ; because (the Frogs having then just spawn'd) such Water is then full of Tadpoles, which taken with the Water into the Blood, may by wrigling their Tails about in their Passage, give the Arteries a due Elasticity ; and when they come to the Lungs, nestle their little Heads thro the narrow Passages, and clear away all the viscid Matter that lodges there, and so make the Patient long-winded ; and if the Doctor can give any better account of the Modus operandi of cold Water in the cure of an Asthma, he is very welcome to it.

p. 54.

But he says, if an *Asthma* proceeds from *Dryness* or (as I may say) *Schirroufness* of the more solid and fleshy Parts of the Lungs, nothing I think can be better than *Water* to moisten and mollify those *Schirroufities*. Yes, no doubt on't, if one could pour *Water* directly upon the Lungs: but the mischief is, it cannot pass at all thro the *Aspera Arteria*, but that and all other *Potables* as well as *Edibles* go thro the *OEsophagus* to the Stomach, and then passing over the *Pylorus*, and entring the *Vena Lactea*, so take their Course with the *Chyle* to the *Receptaculum Chyli*, and from thence arise thro the *Ductus thoracicus* to the left *subclavian Vein*, and so glide on to the descending branch of the *Cava*; and after that to the right *Auricle*, and then to the right Ventricle of the Heart; then by its *Systole* they are forced thence into the Lungs, and then descend into the left *Auricle* of the Heart, &c. so that if the Doctor was to swallow a quart of *Water*, it must (comparatively) take as great a Circuit thro his Body, before it could come to his Lungs, as he did, when he

p. 55.

walked eight or ten Miles to Breakfast; and which is more, he did it pretty much upon the stretch too, which is an Expression that puts my Invention as much upon the stretch to come at its meaning, as it will the Doctor's to understand what I have been just now (in an anatomical way) explaining. However the Doctor says, that if he was to walk for a Wager, he would drink a Pint of cold *Water*; but let who will walk with him for me! for if he can walk so well for nothing but a Breakfast, how would he stretch his Legs for a Wager? But now we know the reason why he walks so far for a Breakfast;

p. 56.

I seldom want a good Stomach to my Breakfast, and hardly ever yet wanted as good a Stomach to my Dinner. So that having naturally

p. 55.

a craving Appetite, and being a pretty good Walker in his Time, and still pretty good for his Age, it is no

wonder why he walk'd eight or ten Miles to a Breakfast, and eight or ten Miles back again to a Dinner.

He says next, *that a glass or two of cold Water* p. 57. *(he thinks) will cure the Heart-burning sooner than Chalk.* But what if Chalk was given in the Water?—Ay, that's true! but then one should be in more danger of getting the *Green-sickness*; and perhaps *that* the Doctor was aware of: However, this he very modestly tells us, with an [*I think*] but now *he thinks he is pretty sure* (or he is pretty sure that he thinks) *a good large Dose of cold Water* (a Pond-full, and lie half an hour totally under it) *is very good to stop a violent Vomiting, I mean such a Vomiting as comes of it self; that is, such a Vomiting as comes without being sent for.* Witty! outrageously witty! the Doctor would not say as our *silly Physicians* do, a *spontaneous Vomiting*, but *a Vomiting that comes of it self.* Well! of all Men that ever wrote, that was not a Physician (as the Doctor says he is none) none ever wrote more unlike a Physician than honest Doctor H.

Says the Doctor, if I *durst for being laugh'd at* (and indeed there is some danger of it) *by the Physicians and others,* (but why others?) I would say here *what I think of the Cure of the Cholera Morbus by Water.* Prithee Man speak out! and let not thy noble Courage be cast down! *Why* p. 57. *when it shall out—If the Water put the Patient into a Sweat—What then?—For ought I know (good!)—It might be a step to the Cure.—However fancy* (and Fancy goes a great way in some things) *that it would stop the Vomiting, &c. that is, if the Vomiting came of it self, as is before noted. But of this I know nothing but by guess, (and guess-work they say is best, if it hits) and uncertain Reasoning, in which I may easily be mistaken.* p. 58. Ay, nothing like Experience! and without Con-
juring

juring one may tell, *that it is easy for the Doctor to be mistaken*, when there is such pregnant Proof of it, for 108 Pages together.

But now the Doctor is seiz'd with a fit of the Cholick; and says, *that he is convinced partly by Reason, and partly by Experience, that cold Water will not only take away a Fit, but the Cause of it too.* And I am convinced, not partly and partly, but wholly, and by Reason, that the Doctor is, like his Son, *as clever a Man as most are at some Things*; but he seems not to consider how many sorts of Cholicks Mankind is subject to, which proceeding from *different Causes*, require *different Methods of Cure*; so that could the Doctor's cold Water cure *any one* of them, it is not possible however that it should cure *another*, proceeding from a quite *different Original*. As 1. The *bilious Cholick*, proceeding from Acrimony, or redundancy of Choler irritating the Bowels, and causing a *Diarrhæa*; and here indeed cold Water bids the fairest. 2. A *flatulent Cholick*, caused by Wind pent up in the Bowels; and this calls for *Carminatives*. 3. An hysterick Cholick, which arises from Disorders of the Womb, and affects the Bowels by consent of Parts, and is to be cured by Hystericks. 4. A *nervous Cholick*, coming from *convulsive Spasms*, of the Intestines themselves, and is best managed with *brisk Catharticks*, in conjunction with *Opiates*, taking plentifully at the same time of emollient Diluters. And the 5. Is the *Stone-Cholick*, which is to be encounter'd with *Nephriticks*, oily Diureticks, &c. Now should we manage *all these sorts* after the *same way* and manner; and particularly should we give cold Water in all of them, it would (as a merry Grig has it) *have the same effect, as if we should lay the muzzle of a Pistol into the Patient's Fundament, and let fly in hopes to clear the way of all Obstructions.* But the Doctor has this

to say, *that if his Method should not work the Cure*, p. 58. *it would do but little harm*, which, I humbly conceive, is as great an Error as the rest, for the Reasons above; but for the *greater certainty*, I refer my self to the Doctor's *better Judgment*. And as to what he says, *that a Person of Quality, that had the Cholick, and upon taking cold Water the cholicky Humour was thrown out into a Rash*; I think it a *rash Experiment*, and a great *Rashness* to imitate the Practice.

The Doctor says, *he believes a regular Gout* p. 62. *would cure the Rheumatism*; that is, it would do it, as eating plentifully of *Garlick* takes away the smell of *Onions*, from a Person that has his Breath perfum'd with 'em; and much about as *cleverly* as cold Water would cure the *Rheumatism*, p. 63. and *Gout* too, *which the Doctor verily believes it will*; and says, *that Physicians have hardly been more mistaken in any thing than the notion of Con-* p. 72. *coction*. And *Dr. Willis* was so silly as to *distinguish between a Fever and its Venom*; and that p. 5. *many learned Physicians have confess'd that they did not understand either the Cause or Cure of Fevers*; p. 3. and quotes *Sydenham* as saying, *that if Fevers could be cured only by Sudorificks, any body might be* p. 70. *a Physician*. Now if the Physicians that wrote of Fevers, did neither understand their *Cause* or *Cure*; I beseech the Doctor to tell us what they wrote about? And I may retort upon the Doctor, that if cold Water would cure all *Distempers*, *any body might be a Physician*; for there is no great *Witchcraft* in putting a Person to Bed, and giving him a *pint* or a *quart* of cold Water. But the Doctor is for bringing *Physick* into the compass of a *Quart-Pot*: and as others have wrote of Fevers, which they did not understand, either as to their *Cause* or *Cure*; the Doctor reveals a certain Cure for them without knowing the *Cause*, or caring a Button from what *Cause* they

they proceed, or why Water cures 'em : It is sufficient for him that he knows it will *infallibly* do it; or if not, it will *infallibly* do no hurt; that is, *if it does not do it, it will let it alone.*

p. 76.

As to Vomiting in Fevers, the Doctor says, *that when occasion is, it may do good, but he never found that occasion, since he used Water in Fevers; for as soon almost as the Water is given, the inclination to Vomit is gone, and the Stomach is easy.* Now it is hard to say what the Doctor means by *Vomiting*, whether it be about *giving* a Vomit, or concerning the *propensity* or inclination to *Vomit*, that Persons often have in Fevers. If he means the *former*, Water has nothing to do with it, unless given *hot*, and in large quantities; and if he means the *latter*, what becomes of all that load of *Phlegm* and *Choler* that oppress'd the Stomach, and provok'd Nature to a Discharge that way? Do they *subside* in the Stomach, and lie quietly there for the future? Or do they return into the Intestines, and so pass away by Stool? Or how else do they dispose of themselves?

p. 77.

I have had a Notion, says the Doctor, a great many Years (and perhaps a silly one) very likely indeed! That bleeding, as it is commonly used in Fevers, does neither much good nor much hurt. I shall agree with the Doctor, if he will allow, that it does not do *much good* where the Case does not *indicate* it, nor *much hurt* where it is *absolutely needful*; but otherwise (if the Doctor is never so waspish) I shall affirm that it does good or harm, as it is *wisely* or *unwisely* order'd, which only a prudent Physician is capable to judge of: but the reason of this uncertainty of knowing *when* it is to be administered, the Doctor tells us is, because *Fevers are such tickle Things.* Now here the Doctor wants an *Expositor*, for our *English ones* have no such word; — tickle Things! — the word *tickles* my
Fancy

Fancy strangely! and is really *a ticklish Point*. —
 I fancy the Doctor still remembers a fragment of
 an old Song (common when he was a Boy) of
 John *come tickle me, &c.* But the Doctor's mean-
 ing is (if my Dreams do not *misinform* me, or I
misremember 'em) that Fevers will *tickle a Man till*
his Heart akes, or they are *tickle Things*, that is,
 things that give us a *disagreeable Sensation*; which
 is a *Discovery* worth all the Price of his Book.

He says, *the only sure way to promote a Circulation* p. 79.
of the Blood, is to alter the Blood it self; and that the
great Fault of the Blood in Fevers is, that it wants
Serum: But I can hardly believe that *six, eight or*
ten Ounces of Blood taken away at the beginning of a
Fever, can do any great good. But with all due re-
 spect to the Doctor's *superior Knowledge*, I must re-
 ply, that the want of *Serum* is not *always the great*
Fault in Fevers, nor hardly ever (*at the beginning*)
 of any: for in some sort of malignant Fevers,
 particularly those attended with Spots, the
 Blood suffers a *Dissolution*, and its Texture is
 wholly dissolv'd and broke; and eight or ten
 Ounces of Blood taken away at the beginning of
 Fever, when the whole Blood abounds in
quantity, will help to stop its Career, and so abate
 its Force against the Vessels too much op-
 press'd by its *quantity*, bearing hard against their
 sides; which quantity being abated, its Impe-
 tuosity is the easier curb'd by proper *Diluters*, or
 its Malignity overcome by *Alexipharmicks*.

The last thing the Doctor attempts is, to shew
 how probable it is, that cold Water will cure the p. 81.
 Plague also; and so it may the P—— too, with as
 much Reason: and yet all *Physicians confess, there is*
no Specifick as yet found out, that will certainly do it: p. 87.
 So that the Doctor is *wiser than the wisest*, and
 more wise than all the Men that are dead; and
 says, *If Water given in time, and in good quantity,* p. 96.
will cause a plentiful Sweat, and take off the Fever,

'tis not improbable, it will likewise at the same time imbibe and absorb those noxious Particles of Matter that caused the Fever, be they of what kind they will, better than Alexipharmicks, &c. and therefore wonders why Physicians should so nicely distinguish between the Fever, and malignity in the Plague, when they know not wherein the malignity of the Plague consists: and therefore I assert that cold Water is more likely to imbibe and absorb those noxious and poisonous Particles that cause the Fever, &c. So that the thing is not only not improbable, but more likely to do it; altho he very honestly tells us that he has had no Experience of it, and hopes he never shall, and I wish so too; but he tells of a Woman and her Husband that were both cured of the Plague, by taking *Lamb's-Conduit Water*, and queries whether other Water may not do as well? O yes! as well! full as well! no doubt on't. He also relates another Story of a Gentleman, who was formerly a Resident at *Morocco*, who (once upon a time) was afflicted with the Plague; when one of his brother Factors (a rum Duke to be sure) gave him a Dose of Rum for it, (but how Rum should come to *Morocco* the learned are not agreed) and left a Jew to attend him, of whom he beg'd some cold Water; but he (like a Jew as he was) would give him none, till he was over persuaded to it by the Eloquence of two or three Ducats; after which he fell into a violent Sweat, and that produced the beginnings of a *Bubo*, both which went off, at his taking more Rum; but by the Charity of another Ducat, the Jew gave him more cold Water, and so Sir he recover'd. And to this he adds another excellent Story of his Excellency, an Ambassador, that was cur'd of a Calenture by cold Water also.

Then he acquaints us of *Borelli's* Method of altering the fermenting Salts in Fevers, viz. by giving other Salts contrary to and destructive of those

those Salts, already in the Blood—‘ But (*says he*) what are we the better, unless we can know what kind of *acrid* or *acid* Salts those are—?’ p. 105. and if we know not of what Nature they are, I cannot tell how we shall know what Salts are destructive of them. Besides, Salts are *dogged things*, and Fevers are *tickle things*: here’s *destructive* Salts, *acrid* Salts, *acid* Salts, *fermenting* Salts, and *dogged* Salts, all *salted up* in a few Lines; besides some *tickle things* into the Bargain: and why *Borelli* may not have leave to give *Salts*, which he knows by Experience to be contrary to the abounding *morbifick* Salts in the Blood, without giving a *mathematical Account* of the Nature of those *morbifick* Salts, as well as the Doctor give his *cold Water*, without giving any *such Account*, is not easy to say: only the Doctor says, if his cold Water does no good, it will do no harm; whereas in giving *Borelli’s* Salts, there is danger to destroy something else (*tho he does not say what*) or else to join in with the common Enemy. And now to draw to a Period, *I think*, p. 107. says the Doctor, *no Drink can be more thin, small, weak and watery, than Water it self. Risum tepeatis—!* nothing can be more *watery* than *Water—!* nothing more *small!* nothing more *weak,* (*except the Doctor’s Arguments*) that’s *poz—!* *thin, weak, small, and watery!* *weak, small, watery, and thin!* *watery, thin, small, and weak!* a very pretty Jingle this! But as the Doctor observes, *there is something of fashion in Physick*, so there is something of *jingle-jangle* in Words, which the Doctor seems to be very fond of: tho I must own he is a great good Man, who will not hide his Talent in a Napkin, *Water* is his *Dream*, and *Water* is his *Theme*, his *Text* and *Application*, his *End* and *Aim*, his *Premises* and *Conclusion*; and if his Doctrine should spread, we may in a little time ride ten Miles
upon

upon a *Stretch*, and not be able to meet with a *Fever* for Love or Money; and should there come a dry Summer, it is well if the *New-River Company* do not raise the Price of their Water; for all Mankind are naturally selfish, and given to *filthy Lucre*, and do not (like the Doctor) consider the general Good.

But notwithstanding the Doctor's brave *Alls*, the Discovery is not so *new*, as some may ignorantly imagine; for if I do not *misremember*, there is a hint of it in the good old Song of *Moor of Moor-hall*, and the Dragon of *Wantley*; from whence I gather that both the *Champion* and the Dragon knew that cold Water was *exceedingly refreshing*, viz.

*But 'tis not Strength that always wins,
For Wit does Strength excel,
Which made our noble Champion
Creep down into a Well;
Where he did think, this Dragon would drink,
And so he did in sooth;
And as he stoop'd low,
He rose up, and cry'd Boh!
And hit him a Slap on the Mouth.*

Now, tho I cannot altogether justify *Moor's* Conduct in creeping so sily down into the Well, not only to *intimidate* and fright the Dragon by such a sudden Surprize (whereas had he been fairly out of the Well and unarm'd, and alone with the Dragon, *in Place where*, it is more than probable, he could not have said Boh! to a Goose) but also to keep him from his *Aqua vite* in the Well, without which he could not *subsist*; nay, he did not only do *that*, but he also struck him unawares: so that upon the whole, I must say that Mr. *Moor* was an unfair Champion, and shewed himself both a Coward, and a Man of Cruelty;

Cruelty; but which of them he was *most*, is a Point *much what as difficult* as any in the Doctor's Book. And what I bring the Story for, is to shew how antient the use of cold Water is, and that not only *Moor* of *Moor-hall*, but the Dragon also was acquainted with its Virtues. I don't say that the Dragon absolutely knew it would cure a Fever, (no, I would not bely the Dragon any more than I would the Doctor) but the Dragon knew by *happy Experience*, that it would *quench Thirst*, and all People in Fevers are *thirsty*, and those who are *thirsty* will *drink*, and the Doctor says *drinking* of Water will cure a Fever; *ergo*, the Secret is of an older Date than the Doctor, except we will suppose that no body ever drank Water in a Fever till the Doctor's Discovery. And *moreover*, and *besides*, the Doctor will be oblig'd to tell us what they did drink instead of it; which I conceive he is not at leisure to do. But perhaps the Doctor may pretend that *his Water* does *nothing*, except given *in need*, and that the Patient sweats *upon the Matter*; therefore, what I say does not prove that either *Mr. Moor* or the Dragon had any further understanding of the use of cold Water, than only to drink of it in common, &c. In answer to which, I cannot see but that *Mr. Moor* must sweat most enormously, being in a *close Well*, and in fear of some *dogged Trick* from the Dragon, (as I dare say the Doctor would, had he been in his place) and the Dragon, no doubt, sweat too with Fear and Vexation, when he was not only deny'd a little Water to cool his *Pluck*, but assaulted and struck over the *Face* and *Eyes*, when he little dreamt of any Disturbance at all, as being about his *lawful Occasions*.

And lastly, to take my leave of the Doctor, whom I honour and respect upon more Accounts than I shall discover to every body, I hope he

will have more Converts from the *Pulpit* than he is ever like to have from the *Press*; for I fear he will have but few Volunteers in his *Cold-Stream Regiment*, they will sooner be persuaded to drink *burnt Brandy* or *Pease-Porridge*: For alas! we live in a very degenerate Age, where a Man may write his Pen quite out of *Breath* (as it were) or preach his Lungs all to *Shivers*, before People will mind what he talks about; *the more's the Pity!* Which, with my humble Service to the Doctor, concludes my Answer to, and Remarks on, his most excellent *Febrifugum Magnum*.

Now stand off all ye Physicians, Apothecaries, *Urine-Casters*, *Figure-Casters*, and all other *Medicasters*, from *Warwick-Lane* to my good Friends *Lang—m* and *Tr—r* in *Morefields*, by whatever Name or Title dignified and distinguish'd; not excepting my dear Counsellor and Cousin, the Worm-killer in *Abchurch-Lane*. Burn all your Books, break your Gally-pots, split your Glister-pipes, throw away your *Album Gracum* and the rest of your *Slip-slops*, pave the Streets with your Pills, purge the Common-shore with your Potions, present your Bolus's and Pouders to the Scavengers, turn your Mortars into *Water-Cocks*, and your Pestles into Grid-Irons, shut up your Shops, take to some other Calling, live honestly, and learn to lap cold Water: here will for the future be no Work for any of you, and but little for the *Sexton*: Men will now become half immortal, and except in a *dry Season*, you shall not hear a Knell go in a long time; therefore make room for the *Water-Doctor*, and your humble Servant,

Gabriel John.

P O S T.

POSTSCRIPT.

LITTLE did I think, when I obliged the *learned World* with the first Edition of this Book, that any thing less than an *M. A.* or an *A. D.* or a *D. D.* or some Gentleman of one of the Universities, or at least a Man of common sense, that could write English, and tell twenty, would have the Assurance to *push* me with his *pen!* But as sometime a Gentleman is obliged to stand kick and cuff with Carmen and Porters, so the Authors of the *first Magnitude* are often com- pel'd to parry with our Pen such scoundrel Au- thors, as would be glad to be run thro the *Giz- ard*, because they do not know how to live. As for my part, whilst I was deeply engaged in my studies in the Country, and was as near finding out the Philosopher's Stone, as ever Fryer *Bacon* was, or even *Dr. Hancock* himself, down comes a Letter from my Bookseller, with a Pamphlet piping hot out of the Prefs, called *Remarks upon Remarks, &c.* which bore very hard upon one *Dr. Gardner*, and punn'd, very *DULLY*, upon his my Book, which all wise Men admire. Now you must know, that altho I am naturally of a very peaceable Disposition, yet I am a Man of Honour as well as Learning, and if you touch my *R E P.* you touch my Life. But it would prove any Man to see a *dull Fellow* persuade him out of both his Christian-name and Sirname al- together, as this *Sauce-Box* does both *Dr. Gardner* and myself; he will needs have *Dr. Gardner's* Book to be wrote by *Daniel de Foe*, because he says
G there

there is no Wit in it; and that this my Book was also wrote by *de Foe* because it is Comical, and full of Wit: *but I don't thank him for his Compliment.* As to *Dr. Gardner* and *Mr. de Foe*, they are of Age to answer for themselves, and both Strangers to me, as I believe they are to each other: *but this I know*, that this Book was not wrote by *de Foe*, nor by any other Person but by *Gabriel John ESQ*; altho this Author has so little Manners as to call me plain *Gabriel John*, because I (forsooth) out of great Humility, gave my self no Title at all. Yet be it known to all Men that I am descended from a noble and anti-ent House; as appears (*inter alia*, as the Lawyers express it) by this very old merry Epitaph, on a Namesake of mine of merry Memory, *viz.*

*Pray for the Soul of Gabriel John;
Who dy'd in the year a thousand and one;
If you will you may do't, or else let it alone,
'Tis all one.*

But to insist no longer on plain Fact, I do affirm, that in spite of all the *Clot-headed* Authors and *Bull-Riders* in *England*, I *Gabriel John Esq*; and not *Daniel de Foe Gent.* am Author of this Book. When I first read his Title-Page, I found it very long, and promising great Matters; a certain sign that the Author was of the *Grub-street* Breed, that used to get his Bread by writing Narratives of Apparitions, Murders, Fires, &c. in all which, if you read the Title, you read the whole Account: and I was confirm'd in my Opinion before I came to the last Page, (beyond all doubt) for from one end to the other, there is neither Argument, Learning, Sense, Grammar, Manners, Reason, Wit, nor any thing but what the meanest Ballad Maker might be ashamed of;

‡

Bear-

ear-Garden Compliments, filthy Language, the *Innuendoes*, forced Conclusions, silly Reflections, mean *Punns*, and every thing that shews a want of Skill of Parts, and want of Learning in the *English Author*; and in a word, I don't remember that ever I saw so much good Paper daub'd over with so much Scurrility, and so little Wit.

It is impossible to answer him, because there is not one Argument in his Book, and where there is no Argument there can be no Answer; otherwise I might have taken *Solomon's* Advice, and have answer'd him according to his Folly. As for my self, he has not said any thing (worth notice) against me; and the Reason was, *because he could not*. What he has offer'd that way, he has attempted in most dismal *Bombastick* Verse, as wretched as his Prose, which I shall expose in its due place; and take notice only at present of some of his Trickings and Nonsense in his Animadversions on *Dr. Gardner*, a Gentleman I do not know, nor have I ever seen his Book against *Dr. Hancock*, so cannot answer for his Conduct towards him. My Business is to reflect on this Trickster's Folly, Style, and Bear-Garden Behaviour, without one tittle of Argument in all he says; but at the same time I fear I shall elevate his mean Soul, by doing him the Honour to take any notice at all of him: from whence he will be apt to infer, that he is *SOME BODY*; when in truth he is a poor worthless Mortal, of no use to any body, but the Inhabitants of *Grub-street* and *Hockly-in-the-Hole*.

The first Fraud of this Trickster, is in his Title-Page, where after many lying Pretences, he says, *To which some Accounts are added of the Use and Abuse of common Water in many Distempers, not taken notice of by any of them*. Which is a grand imposition upon the Reader, for there is no such

Account in all his Book, and for which Cheat he ought to be well tofs'd in a Blanket. Finding no Name to the Title-Page, I concluded (until I had read him) that this must be some shreud Fellow, that like the Blacks of *Waltham*, had daub'd over his Face that he might not be known, when he went out upon Mischief: when lo! contrary to all other Authors, he puts his Name to the last Page of his Pamphlet; like my old Lord *Banbury*, who being eating Bread and Butter, but going hastily to the Door to let in some Gentry that knock'd, clap'd his Hand with the Bread and Butter in it behind him, because they should not see it, and very gravely walk'd in before 'em. —

In the Name of Dullness and cold Water, Who art thou? or what wouldst thou have? — *I am a poor Grub-street Scribler, without Money, without Learning, and without Sense, setting up for an Author in hopes to get a Penny: my Name is Tom Taylor, Bull-Rider to the Bear-Garden, Anti-Lithotomist, or Anti-Christ, or any thing you please for a quiet Life: But my Talent is dissolving Stones without cutting, as the Surgeons of the Hospital can bear me witness, — But that they — Right! but that they have try'd thy Medicine, and finding it good for nothing, advertised thee in the publick News for an Impostor. This is the true state of the Case between poor Tom and the Surgeons of St. Bartholomew's.*

Page 56. But lest any body should think Dr. *Hancock* employ'd him to write in his Defence, he screams out, like a Cat going to be ravish'd, *That he did not write at any Request of the Doctor, or any Person from him or on his behalf. — Enough! Enough! I readily believe him! For altho I gave the Doctor a merry Rebuke for meddling with things out of his way, and for being guilty of some slips with*

with his Pen, yet I honour him as a Minister, a Gentleman, and a Scholar, and believe he has more sense than to employ such a Buffle-head Thick-scul as *Tom*, for a Champion, if he wanted any. But *Tom* says the *Doct̄or did not know of it, directly nor indirectly*; that is, he did not know it *directly* nor *obliquely*; neither upon a *strait Line* nor a *Curve*. But *Tom* not content with this, says, *I never in all my Life heard from him, or TO MY KNOWLEDGE saw him, or he me, that I KNOW OF.* — Stupendous this! To his *Knowledge* he never did, that he *knows of!* — or to his *Knowledge* he *knows* nothing of it! — or he does not know it, according to his *Knowledge!* — or according to his *Knowledge*, so far as it is *knowable*, honest *Tom* knows nothing at all about the *Matter*.

In *Tom's* Epistle, he says, *Dr. Gardner has RIVALLED Death it self!* What he means by it is a *Mystery*. But I can find no such Word as *Rivalled*, and what must we do in this Case? Why truly *Rivalled* is *Rivalled*, &c. But now! now! he says *Dr. Gardner flogs the College Hip and Thigh like Sons of Belial, — and has basted them soundly.* Poor *Tom!* I thought flogging had been apply'd to the place *behind* the *Hip*, and above the *Thigh*, and that the *Daughters* of *Belial* perform'd it upon the *Sons* of *Impotence* — and by the Word *Basting*, one would think that *Tom* was either a *Roasting Cook* or a *Taylor*, or perhaps a *Tapster*, for presently he says that *de Foe's* *Ink-Barrel* is at *pop*, his *Brain* *superannuated* and *dreggy.* — I must confess that these are all *Notes* above *Ela-*
but he who formerly was the Terror of the Children of the Muses, (the *Darling*, I suppose he means, if he has any meaning) *may be now dealt with by any old Apple-woman*: Witness the *Insolence* of *Tom Taylor!* who is not worthy to carry *de Foe's* *Pen* after

Page 56.

Ibid.

P. 4. l. 9.

Page 5.

after him, *as to Wit*: but as for *Honesty*, we will make no Comparisons; it being hard to prove Negatives; and dangerous *too*, between Men of Honour, as they are.

The uncommon Meanness of *Tom's* Style is an evident Proof of his low Education, poor Original, and sorry natural Parts; as is his vile Language a certain Indication of a narrow depraved Soul. — Sometimes his Adversary is a Son of *Anak*, p. 2. at others, a foolish *Galatian*, p. 11. Now he is a remarking *Ishmaelite*, p. 27. and by and by a pragmatistical Coxcomb, *ib.* First he is a *Barbarian*, and a Beast, p. 17. then an *Ass*, p. 13. and a poor Wretch, p. 15. then a Miscreant, p. 21. and a Lunatick, p. 29. and a cross-grain'd Fool, p. 33. *cum multis aliis.* — Yet in p. 40. he blesses God that he believes the Scriptures, and that God made the Physician. If he believes the Scriptures, they say, *Every Fool will be meddling*, Prov. 20. 3. And I know that God made *Tom* a Man, but Pride and the *old Boy* made him an Author. *Tom* very gravely tells us, p. 36. that *WATER* was the *RICHEST WINE* our first Parents drank. This is exceeding witty! *Water* was the richest *Wine*! — Just as Butter-milk is the richest *old Hock*, or *Tom* the archest Wag in the Bear-Garden! But *Tom's* Wit is bright above Measure in p. 24, 25. where he compares a Man in a Fever to a House on fire, and calls upon *Dr. Gardner* to ply the House with Medicines of the hot kind to quench the Flames, such as he would give his Patients in Fevers, instead of plenty of *Water*, and he will find that *Water* would have been much more to his purpose. This silly Comparison, *Tom* is forc'd to own is but a mean one; but yet he says, *He that will deny that there is any analogy between a Man in a Fever and a House on Fire, must have the Impudence of the Devil.* —

But *Tom* forgets that Comparisons do not run on *all fours*; and this of a Man in a burning Fever, bears as equal Similitude to other things, as well as to a House on fire: If we would strain the Point as *Tom* does, *viz.* to a hot Hasty-Pudding, to an Apple-Dumpling, to a Porringer of burnt Brandy, to a Mess of boiling Furmity, to a Dish of scalded Codlings, and many other things, that bears an equal Analogy to the thing in question: But *Tom* is fond of shewing his Wit any way, (as great Wits commonly are) like a certain *Simile* Alderman that I have heard of, who used to say, *That it rained like an Arrow out of a Bow*; and, *That his Breeches were tore as if Heaven and Earth would come together.*

Indeed *Tom* is in the right on't, that much Water will sooner put out a Fire, than *Venice Treacle*, Powder of Snake-Root, Plague-Water, or any other thing of that kind; which any *Ninny-Hammer* could have told as well as *Tom Taylor*: but according to what his Book is endeavouring to prove, he should shew, that when a House is in a Flame, cold Water will put it into a SWEAT, better than the hot *Regimen* will make him sweat who is in a violent Fever; or rather that cold Water will put a House into a Sweat that is not on fire: For the Question is, not whether cold Water will cool a Man in a Fever, but whether it will sweat him, and to better purpose than hot Medicines? But *Tom* is so desperately witty, that one knows not where to save him! — And he is very intelligible, where in the same Page he says, *That there needs no Argument to convince us that Water will quench Fire.* But then what follows is hard to be allow'd, *viz.* *And it is as plain, that Water given in Fevers, has kill'd a great many Patients, NEVER KILL'D, or hurt ANY.* And to confirm it, he says,

p. 22 & 23, that *he is positive if common Water will sweat in a Fever, it is not too cold.* Why no! If it will sweat, it is not too cold to sweat, that's certain; so will Exercise, so will Vinegar, and other Acids, and so will *Plum-Porridge* if you go to bed and lay Clothes enough on you: But what's all this to encountering the febrile Matter, and forcing it out by the Pores, as warm Sudorificks are inabled, by their natural Texture and component Parts, to do? But *Tom*, according to the usual *Redundancy* of his Wit, roundly says, I am *certainly sure*, the more cooling, the better the Sudorifick. — *Certainly sure!* is so like *Dr. Hancock's* Style, and indeed so is every thing in *Tom's* Book (except the Ribaldry) that one would think the Doctor and he compar'd Notes; only for very good Reasons, I am *certainly sure* that the Doctor would have nothing to do with such a very *silly Fellow*. But *certainly sure*, is as much as if *Tom* had said, *as sure as a Gun*; or more solemnly, *indeed, and double-deed*; or *as sure as Eggs are Eggs*; or more wittily yet, *as sure as Eggs are Bacon*.

But now comes the Cream of the Jest, p. 32. *If Water should at last carry the bell, (Ay, IF it should! what a strange thing that would be! But what then?—) Why then there won't be a halfpenny odds between a Fool and a Physician.* And then down goes the *Warwick-lane Conventicle!* p. 30. and *hey Boys up go we!* Then *Tom of Bedlam, Tom Taylor, or Tom T—d*, may be as great Doctors as ever *Tom's* beloved *Culpepper* or *Salmon* were, who *Tom* wisely affirms, *did more good in the Physical way, than any two Men that ever England produced*, p. 7. And therefore (*Tom* says) for *Dr. Gardner* to praise God that they are both dead, (*O inimitable Tom Taylor!*) *looks like serving God (even) as if the Devil was in him.* Here *Tom* has

exceeded himself, and this is the only *witty wicked* thing in his whole Book. But if *Dr. Gardner* had praised God that they were both *buried* as well as dead, I cannot see how *Tom* could have helped himself. As to *Culpepper*, he was a positive *foul-mouth'd* Scribler, whose Works are calculated only for *old Women*, and his Prescriptions *inartificial* and *absurd*, and will not answer the vain Character he gives them: and when he treats of the Parts of Generation, and the Distempers peculiar to the *fair Sex*, which ought to be handled with all possible Modesty, his Expressions are so rough and unbecoming, and sometimes even *obscene*, that a modest Reader must put a Constraint upon himself to read them without blushing. Indeed he has a great Talent at Railing, and perhaps, that makes *Tom* so much in love with him.

As to *Salmon*, he was no better than a Quack, and wrote what he did not understand, and pretended to five times more than he really knew. His Works are Collections, Translations, Quotations, and *altogether* a huge *Hodge-Podge* of Inconsistencies and Falshoods; and so full of Errors, that should *Tom Taylor*, or any one of his Capacity, begin to study Physick from *Salmon's Works*, he would soon be guilty of *Man-slaughter*. In short, he was a Trickster, that made Honey of a Dogs-T—d; pretending to Preparations of a long and costly Process, on purpose to amuse people; and *in reality* prepar'd 'em quite another way, with very little Cost or Trouble; and cry'd of some particular Things as great Secrets, which were in every body's Knowledge, only under other Names. What is his *Hercules*, which he so much beyond Modesty extols, but *Ethiop's Mine*? What is his *Spiritus Anticholicus*, but *Spiritus tri dulcis*? as is very evident, even from his

own printed *Recipe's*. And what can be said to all this? Why truly, wise *Tom* styles him, p.8. our *English Paracelsus*, and prefers both him and *Culpepper* to *Dr. Peachy* and *Quincy*, both which were Men of very good Sense and Learning; the one a Fellow of the *College of Physicians* in *London*, and the other of the *University of Edinborough*. But to leave these Trifles, let us follow our Friend *Tom* in things of greater Moment.

In p. 5. *Tom* is very mystical, where he says, *The Case is very plain, that Physick is no particular Man's, nor body of Mens particular Province, unless it be some particular Persons, as particular private Arcana, that indeed would be dangerous, for the greatest Doctor on Earth to dabble in, by mere imitation; the liberty of finding out and using those things for the good of others, being every Man's Right, whom it shall please God to inable, as is plain from the Sacred Text.* — Now if any Man in *England*, or beyond *Sea*, in *Southwark*, can make Sense of all this, I will give him the right Hand of Fellowship, and that's a proud *Word* you'll say; nay, if *Tom* himself can do it, I will say that he is not such a *Noodle* as I took him to be: and in particular let him tell us what *Text* it is that he proves all this Nonsense by.

What! says he, p. 15. *may not those that have real Secrets, and Skill to put them in practice, have the Liberty to do good?* — Again, p. 17. *And if it please God to bless their Studies, &c. have they not the same Justice and Right to put it in practice, especially when their honest endeavours are crown'd with constant Success in things curable.* — Why, laue ye there now! — the Man does not always talk downright Nonsense, but sometimes writes that he may be understood. — Where Men have *Skill* to practise, let 'em practise, provided they are examin'd by their *Godfathers* whether they really

really have Skill or not, and not take their own Words for it; who will, like *Tom Taylor*, pretend to 26 Years Experience, *p. 23.* and yet know as little as he of the Practice of Physick. *Tom* is very *waspish* at that general Saying, *viz. If I die, I'll die under the hands of the Learned, p. 21.* No, no, *Tom* is for dying by the hands of the Ignorant, and not be push'd out of the World *secundum Artem*, but by such as have constant Success in things curable, and not such as cure Distempers that are incurable. And indeed *Tom* is much in the right on't, and I would do the same my self: And his Observation is very just, that every Man is duly qualified to be a Physician who understands Nature and natural Things, and the nature of Distempers, *p. 21, 22.* — that is, every Man is duly qualified, that has due Qualifications! A Discovery worthy to be wrote in a Rock of Adamant, (*p. 38.*) *if we knew where to find one.*

That Water is a Blessing and Mercy to Mankind, as *Tom* learnedly affirms, *p. 38.* is certainly true; and that it is a Medicine in some Cases, *Tom* says it *certainly is*, and may be so in many more, **FOR OUGHT HE KNOWS**; and by the same Rule, *for ought he knows* of the Matter, *it may not*; and so, *for ought Tom knows*, a Decoction of a Joint-stool may cure the *Crinkums*; and *for ought he knows*, he may live to be as wise as *Waltham's Calf*, that went nine Miles to suck a Bull, and it prov'd an Ox.

Tom excellently well observes, *p. 37.* that we cannot cleanse the exterior Parts of our Body without Water, and doubts not, where a cleansing Medicine is necessary, Water may prove the best for cleansing the interior; and he is very sure, that cleansing is of absolute necessity in most of the Maladies we are subject to. By which it should seem, that *Tom* is a good sort of a *Housewifely*

Mortal, and knows something of the *mundifying* Part of a *Laundry-Maid's* Business. But what Distempers want this sort of Cleansing, or how Water that does not purge, but runs thro the excretory Out-lets of the Body (*like a Hue and Cry thro a Town*) can possibly cleanse our *interior Parts*, *Tom* has not been so kind as to inform us; indeed if we swallow good store of Soap with it, and so make a *Lather* in our Guts, or swallow a Pound or two of small Shot, and so fill ones Guts full of cold Water, and ride ten Miles upon a hard-trotting Horse, and so make a rattling in ones Belly, as we do to wash quart Bottles, I know not but our *interior Parts* may be this way *mundified* cleverly enough. But that Water was before all other Matter, is an Error *Tom* may rectify, by reading the first Chapter of *Genesis*, and too long here for me to discuss; and he can say nothing extraordinary of Water (from that Chapter) but what may be equally said of the Earth also. And what he says as to the Cures wrought by the Prophets, our Saviour, and his Apostles, &c. is so trifling, and wide of the Argument, so childish and silly, that it merits no reply; and the same may be said in answer to what he advances about every Man's Right to publish Advertisements, and giving Bills about the Streets, &c. p. 9.

He says, p. 4 & 5. *That the Art of Healing must be allow'd a Place in the Catalogue of Spiritual Gifts; there's no Christian that denies it.* Very excellent this! — Any Man that gets but a few Receipts together, and has the Art to make a *Poultice*, or cure a *Kibe*, from that very Moment commences a spiritual Doctor! and he that denies it, is no Christian! — But I am quite out of Breath with his Nonsense, and shall have done when I have given one Instance more of it. —

He

He says, p. 3. *That it is a Mistake to say, that England is the only Nation that gives Encouragement to silly Pretenders; for many of our neighbour Nations give more Encouragement to real useful Discoveries. Was ever the like Absurdity? other Nations give more Encouragement to Quacks than England, because they give more Encouragement to useful Discoveries; which cannot possibly come from Quacks and Pretenders! This is all Blunder, and Bull-Making as well as Bull-Riding, with a witness! Nor is it to be conceived to what purpose the Story of the Coachman that was blooded until he dy'd (p. 43.) is brought in; or what relation that has to Fevers being cured with cold Water: Or how does that justify Dr. Hancock's Hypothesis?*

And now to wind up the Bottom, I shall make a small search into his Verse, and take a few of his *Couplets* to pieces, to have a clear View of the Sense, Beauty, and Cadence of 'em; not taking any notice of the rest, for they are too nauseous to be nam'd.

For who'd be such a Fool or Ideot, p. 48.
If that at any Pump or Rivulet——

Here's *Ideot* and *Rivulet*; the Jingle is very nice, and runs as smooth as *Jeremiah* and *Nebuzadnezzar*.

Besides the plaguy Cost they're run to,
And risque they run of Health and Life too.

Most abominably Excellent! Like the Sailor's story for a Wedding-Ring—— *I love Joan, and Joan love I*; who assur'd the Goldsmith, it was his own *Devisement*. Again,

Free from Distempers as vain Man p. 50.
With all his Wit and Pride can't free him from.

And p. 51.

*As it fares with our Coach Mare, Horseman,
 Who neither feareth God, nor good Man.
 Where's any Beast that ever yet was kill'd by't,
 Or yet distemper'd, tho they all do live by't?*

I remember that about thirty Years ago, there was one *Tom Saffold* of *Quacking Memory*, who used to publish Bills in Verse, not quite so bad as this, viz.

*Tom Saffold's Pills, much better than the rest,
 Deservedly have gain'd the Name of best ;
 Each Box has eighteen Pills for eighteen Pence,
 Which is too cheap in any Man's own Sense, &c.*

But now you shall hear, p. 54.

*His fancy'd Victories o'er sturdy Windmills,
 Or Hogsties, which he thought were fill'd with Devils,
 And with such bedlam Fury lay about him,
 Till's Strength was spent, and's Breath almost forsook
 him.*

This puts me in mind of a Story that I have heard of a certain *Poetaster*, like *Tom*, that was resolv'd to be very Satirical upon the Town of *Salisbury*, for some *scurvy* Treatment he had met with in an Inn there: and a terrible Satire he wrote, viz.

*Farewel to Salisbury, farewel to thee,
 For thou hast got a Steeple like a Knife and Sheath,
 Again.*

gain, p. 55.

*A merry drolling Fellow, I confess,
Some flights of Wit, but for the rest,
'Ten't worth a Rush, unless to wipe your Br — ch.
nswer,*

*I ne'er saw the like, abroad or beyond Sea,
For Wisdom and Wit — nor never shall — I fear it!*

But the greatest Truth in the whole Book I had
e to have forgot.

*Let scribbling Fugitives say what they will, p. 51.
Good Water will be Water still.
nswer,*

*This is a truer Story, and more pat,
Than his that said, the Candle eat the Cat.*

In Tom's Preface he says, p. 6. *That blasphemous
sequences are always allowed, and inherent in a
t. And as he sets up for a sort of a Poet, he
ves to make good his Assertion, and concludes
bomastick Reply with bantering the Grace of God,
turning it into Wantonness. Speaking of the
opsy, he says, p. 55.*

*No aukwardly he handles that Distemper,
As I dare say for't, we have no Dissenter
E'er handled Grace of God to less effect,
As I can prove, was I to recollect
hose uncouth Notions which they dream on,
romantick too, as George and Dragon.
wer,*

*ease wretched Scribler, wicked foolish Elf!
o fill thy Guts with Water, then — go hang thy self.*

And

And now *Tom*, I must tell thee that thou art a Thief, and hast not only stole away my *Christian Name* and *Surname*, but hast endeavour'd to rob me of my *good Name* also, by laying my *legitimate Offspring* to *Daniel de Foe*, as if I was not able to beget a Child in my own Likeness, *as wise as he*. I must tell thee, *Tom*, that I fear *thou art the Man* that robb'd *Juno's Cow-Roost*, taking from her *Pig-stye* at the same time, two live *Conger-Eels* and a *Brace of Turkey Poutes*; besides a *Corinthian Face*, which I have heard (*by the by*) thou dost wear to this day — Let me advise thee to keep wholly to the *Bear-Garden*, and write *no more*; it is a thing thou art not cut out for: but if in spite of thy Stars thou wilt *write on*, and disturb my repose, I will not say one word further by way of Reply: and that shall be a certain Token, *to all Christian People*, that thou art a very worthless Animal, not worthy of the least Notice from

From my Study,
this 20th of
June, 1723.

Gabriel John.

P.S. *Besure don't write any more, until the first Impression of thy Book is all sold off, and then we shall hear no more of thee, until the Consummation of all Things.*

F I N I S