

162 DEFOE—Flagellum, or a Dry Answer to Dr. Hancock's *wonderfully-Comical Liquid Book*, 1723—Hancock, on the Cure of the Plague, 1724—Kick for Kick, Cuff for Cuff, a refutation of Dr. Hancock's Book, *wrote by* DAN. DEFOE, 1723—Curiosities of Common Water, 1725—Juice of the Grape, or Wine preferable to Water, 1724, in one vol, 8vo, *calf extra*, A SCARCE COLLECTION OF DEFOE TRACTS. 40s 6d 1723—4



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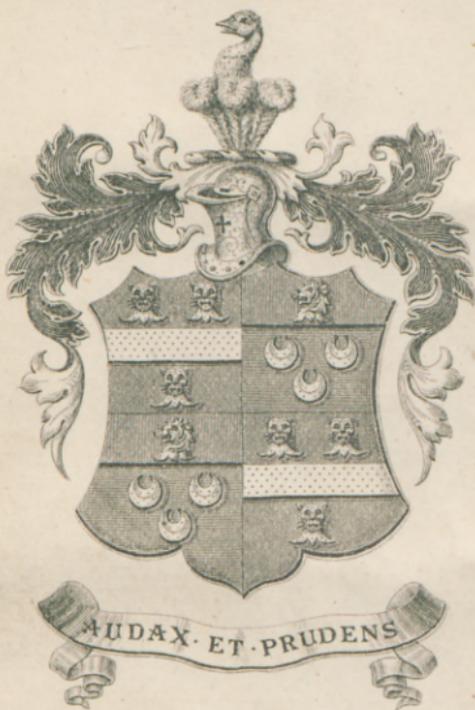
Gabriel John [Defae?]

Cornelius Paine



Wentworth Buller





Paines.

KICK for KICK,

AND

CUFF for CUFF,

A

Clear Stage, and no FAVOUR:

OR,

A Refutation of a Bombastical Scurrilous
Postscript, wrote by One who calls himself
GABRIEL JOHN, Others still will have it DANIEL
DEFOE, which he calls Reflections on my *Hudi-
brastick* Reply, to his *Flagellum* or dry Answer
to Dr HANCOCKE'S *Liquid Book*, &c.

With two remarkable Instances of Cures by
Common-Water, one of a Malignant *Fever*, and
no less than Seven in one Family of the *Pesti-
lence*.

BY THOMAS TAYLOR,
Anti-Lithotomist, but not Anti-Christ.

L O N D O N :

Printed by ELIZ. RUMBALL, for THO. CROUCH,
at the *Bell*, in *Pater-Noster-Row*, near *Cheapside* ;
and J. ISTEED, at the *Golden-Ball*, between St.
Dunstan's-Church, and *Chancery-Lane-End*, in *Fleet-
Street*. 1723. (Price Six-Pence.)



THE
PREFACE.

THAT Ever such a poor, paltry, despicable Wretch, as this insignificant puning Mortal, who calls himself Gabriel John, should set up for an Author, is Amazing! And that whilst he is Bear-Gardening Others, to extol himself, Surprising, but then, to Slabber over so much Paper, besides racking his Inventions into the Bargain, and at so low a Price as a Couple of Greggs for his first Performance, is altogether Shocking! that ever such a need Bound Animal, should concieve so much Vanity, as to become an Author, but thus it is, and who can help it? I little Thought, when first I began my Animadversions, but that I should have had to do with a Man, on some Account or other,

and not such an *Abject poor Slave*, who undertaketh to write a *Twelve-penny Book* full of *Calumny, Ribaldry and Nonsense*, purposely to *Be-spatter, Ridicule, and Abuse* his *Betters*, when the *Indigence* of the *poor worthless Mortal* is such, as necessitates him to value the *Copies* of his *vile Performances*, very near the *Level* with *common Hack Wages*. This is the *Great Champion* I have to do with, who deserves a *Whipping-Post*, or a *Pillory* more than an *Answer*, being indeed, not worth *Answer or Notice*, yet *poor Booby*, being hard put to it, squalls out, and complaineth, of *standing Kick and Cuff* with *Carmen and Porters*, I confess tho' I am neither, I cannot esteem it any *Credit* for me to *Kick or Cuff* either, with such a *miserable Antagonist* as this, and a *Shame* it would be, should I throw down my *Weapon* or quit the *Stage* now I am *Ingaged*, all that I can do now, is to *Kick him off*, and so get rid of him fairly, for I should hate to be branded with *Cowardice*, in *Order* thereunto, I have *Examined* his last *Performance*, and have taken some *Notice* thereof, 'Tis *Bear-Garden* all over, and I don't doubt but the *Reader* will readily pardon me for the *hard mouth'd Language* I was forced to use in the doing thereof, if I would use any at all. His first peice against the *Doctor* was call'd *Remarks*, and a very remarkable dull heavy *Thing* it is, and the remarkable *Author*
of

of it, Sold the Copy of it for a very remarkable Price too. Just as I had remark'd upon those wonderfully remarkable Remarks, out pops another Thing call'd Flagellum, or a dry Answer, this he saith is admired by all Wise Men (of the Bear-Garden, no doubt, he meaneth) this dry Answer I took Notice of in an Hudibrastick Reply, by Way of Appendix, which Reply of Mine, and his Hunger together, has fretted the poor Varlet to the very Guts, so, 'Tother Day, out comes, by Way of Postscript, added to the dry Book, another piece of Raillery and Scurrility against Me, as dry as the dry Book, tho' Gabriel has not been pleased to call it so. It is not Voluminous, being but one single Sheet, but cramm'd as full of Bombast, as any ever was since Paper was Invented; let the poor Tool take Care I don't find him out, lest I bring him to Account for his Personal Reflections, so have I given the Reader a Catalogue of the Works of this Great Man, Here's his wonderfully remarkable Remarks, but 'tis for its Stupidity and Dulness, then there's his remarkable dry Book, wonderfully remarkable too, for the Scurrilous usage therein, which he treateth the Doctor with, but dry, or sly enough, and the last is his Postscript, which he has most aptly call'd Reflections, and admirable remarkably dry Reflections they are, as ever Paper was yet spoild with, so here's a remarkable Book
of

of Remarks, a remarkable dry Book, and a very remarkable dry Postscript, and all writ by one remarkable dry Author, but more remarkable than all this, it would be, if ever he should gratifie the World with Three more such remarkable Dry Performances, no, he's so Dry already, that for ought I know he's as fit to make a Decoction of, as a Joint Stool, and perhaps as much Goodness might be Boil'd out of him, being a poor good for nothing Animal, tho' too much credited by the Notion the Publick has receiv'd of Daniel De-Foe's being the Author, No, No, This is a poor miserable spiteful Wretch of a Medicafter, who because he can have little or Nothing to do, nor no Body will have any Opinion of him, nor his Abilities, (and by villifying the use of Common-Water, he's never like to mend himself) and therefore he envieth every Morsel which falls beside his own Chops, or every Practitioner who has Business, do what good they will, 'tis all one with Gabriel John, as for his Scandal he has Aspersed me with, relating to the Hospital-Boy, if he dare appear by Day light, or shew himself Face to Face unto me, or let me but know his Name, and Place of Abode if he has any, or will come to my House in Gutter-Lane, he shall see and behold this Boy about whom so many Lies have been Aspersed, by Others as well as Himself, and then Gabri-
el

el and I may come to a Reckoning for the Lavish Abuse I have receiv'd from him, which I am resolv'd I will bring him to when and where ever I find him, as for the Future any Others may expect, who shall busy themselves with my Reputation. I have tamely suffer'd too much from slanderous Tongues already, but will not be so unjust to my Self, nor Family, any more.

THOMAS TAYLOR.



P. S.

AS It is my Principle to do Justice to Mankind in General, as well as my Self, I hereby freely own and acknowledge what my Friend GABRIEL has Asserted in his Postscript, (and by the Way, is giving the Devil his Due,) viz. That what I have Publish'd entitled Remarks upon Remarks, does not come up fully to the Title-Page of it, which says that it contains Some further Observations on Common-Water, not taken Notice of in any of them. The Reason of which Omission, was owing entirely to a Mistake, as well of the Printer, as my Self

Self, and indeed more, but that Omission will be made Good, with Interest, in the Second Edition of that Book, now Preparing for the Press; and its presum'd will be such a Discourse of the Nature, Difference, Use, Choice, and Efficacy of Common-Water, as the World has not hitherto been accommodated with, and will consequently make amends, as it cannot be, but that it will be found of Universal Service to Mankind.

T. T.





KICK for KICK,
 A N D
 CUFF for CUFF, &c.

OF all the Scurrility, Bombast or Ribaldry, that ever yet appear'd since Scribbling and Lampoonery became a Trade amongst the Scum of Mankind, the Hackney Sons of Banter, Bombast and Ribaldry. Nothing has ever yet come up with what *Gabriel John* (as he, very fictitiously calls himself) the elder Brother of them all, has lately written both against the Reverend Dr. *Hancocke*, and my Self; And furthermore, has done as other naughty Boys usually do, when they have been tumbling and rolling in a *Sirreverence*, has endeavour'd to scrape off all the Filth and Ordure from his own Jacket, to daub me over with; and then, with the highest Exclamations

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mations, (as well as the most Vile and Unjust) accuseth me of Bombast, Ribaldry, and bad Manners; besides many more wonderful Epithets, he has vouchsafed to honour me withal. Favours, which I shall never thank him for, because interlarded with Lies, Calumny, and the most notorious Abuses; by false Citations, willful and corrupt Perversions, by splitting my Sentences, and wresting, perverting and traducing my Words and Meaning throughout, at such a vile rate, that I cannot be much offended at the Matter, if he should be as good as his Word, and never more write against me. In short, if he does, he is a Lyar, and if he does not, I'll post him for a Coward, I have (before now) seen Dogs that would give a Snap, and run away, for fear of being well Cudgelled, and if *Gabriel* be of that Breed, I cannot help it, it may be too, by overstraining himself about this, he has burst his Gall; In short, he may write, or let it alone, 'tis all one, yet was he worthy my Advice, it should be, tho' never so much against the Grain, or the Nature of the Beast, that for once, and not use it, he would keep his Word, lest the more he stirreth. the more he and his vile Adherents (of perverse and lying Memories) may stink; his vile Performance already being such as civillized *Carmen* and *Porters* would be ashamed

sham'd of, and therefore he's much fitter to be herded with *Bunters*, *Kenel-Rakers*, or any Sort or Cue of *Black-Guard Miscreants*, tho' ever so profligate or reprobate, than with either *Physitians* or *Divines*, or with any Man of Sense, Education, Reputation, or even of tollerable clean Thoughts, or good Morals.

HIS Ridiculing me with *Bull* making and *Bull* riding, is altogether ridiculous, like some Noisy, Fractious, Scolding Whores, I have sometimes heard, when they have set a whole Neighbourhood of Matrons together by the Ears, and the Dispute comes to *Pro* and *Con*, or what those learned *Amazons* call Fending and Proving, why then out comes the veriest *Punk* in the whole *Pack*, and if she can, (as by chance she may 'twould be a hard Case else) Espy one honest Woman in the whole Revel rout, she'll be sure to call her Whore, because she would be thought honest herself; from whence the Proverb came, that the veriest Whore, will call Whore first, just like those Litigious, Termagant She Devils is the said *Gabriel John*, or *Alia's* who you please, (and 'tis easy to guess at the Persons Goodness and Worth when it comes to *Alias*ing) who after all the *Bull* making, and *Bull* riding, (common Attendants of Bogg Witticism) that any *Grub-Street Hack*, or *Bear-Garden Bull*

rider can be Guilty of, turns the Tables, and Fathers his own Ill-favour'd base born Brats upon me, who had not one Finger in the Pye, Well, according to his own Inimitable Non-sense, let him drink *Pease-Porridge*, (O! inimitable Spelling!) till he splits his Weame, it may prove as Excellent old *Hock*, as either *Butter-Milk* or *Plum-Porridge*, but who ever drank *Pease-Pottage*, (to call it once by its right Name,) and out of a Spoon too? or who ever eat it without a Spoon? or who in their Senses, ever drank it in any Sense? If *Gabriel* wont vouchsafe a sufficient Solution to these Questions, we must conclude, that *Gabriel John* wrote *Bulls*, without Sense, Reason, Understanding, or Learning; which last he must lay by, until he has learned to Spell *Pottage*, or to be more plain, That *Gabriel John*, *Bull-maker* as well as *Bull-rider General* to the *Bear-Gardens*, is a plaguy dextrous Fellow, or else he had never made a *Bull* of *Pease-Pottage*, but what is still more amazing! is, his great *Saddle Bull*, or horned Steed, of which you shall hear more by and by, and a Monster of a *Bull* it is, and of such a prodigious Size, that those who have Survey'd his Dimensions really Question, whether the Hide of the great *Elephant* which us'd to carry *Porus*, is large enough to make him a Saddle.

HOWEVER, Spight of *Gabriel John's* Eyes, and of all his *Saddle Bulls* into the Bargain, I'll make him to know that I am Somebody, tho' not that Somebody as he (like a vile Slave) would make the World believe, but such a Somebody, who feareth Nobody, and is usefull to many others besides those of *Grub-Street*, or *Hockley in the Hole*.

THE merriest Jest in his whole Lampoon, is his Quality, his Title, and the Antiquity of his House; which he derives from an Epitaph found on an Old Grave Stone, but where that Monument may be seen, in what County, or whether in *England*, or beyond *Sea*, in the *Mint*, or any where else *Gabriel* saith not, leaving us therefore in the Dark about the matter, unless that his Ancestors are of merry Memory, put me upon ransacking and rummaging to some Purpose, to find out the Matter, at chopping upon it, I was not a little surprized, to find a Man of so much Greatness to turn Thief, and be catch'd in the very Act. The said *Epitaph* he stole, (and but a peice of it neither by the by) from the Grave Stone of one *John Cabbot*, which entertains us with the following Words.

*Here Lies JOHN CABBOT, under this Stone,
Who Dy'd in the Year One Thousand and One;*

You

*You may pray for his Soul, or let it alone,
 For whether you pray, or pray not, 'tis all one:
 Yet since JOHN CABBOT, is Dead and Gone,
 Under his Head lay a Turf or a Stone;
 Or any Thing else, or let it alone,
 For whether you do, or do not, 'tis all One.*

As the Bull-rider found something of Wit, and something of a dry Whim, (which he calls Merry) in the Words aforesaid, he out of his redundant Honesty, and singular Sincerity, purloyns a part of the *Epitaph* to build his Fathers House on. Ah! Woe is me for him! That ever such a Man of Merit should be guilty of such a Heinous Offence; *Gabriel* did not walk by a direct Line here, unless directly by such a one as a drunken Man does, which is directly Crooked; he's a Robber too, in Robbing me of my right Name, my good Name, and my Reputation together; for which Fraud he deserves to be run through the Gizzard, (since he is of *Vulture* kind) *Gabriel John Esq;* a Gentleman of Rep. O! *Monstrum Horrendum!* Well, he may be an *Esq;* too, such a one as *Sancho Pancho*, understrapper to that merry conceited Coxcomb *Don Quixot*, (of Romantique Memory) I assure the Reader (after all) *Gabriel John*, is a very great Man, let him live never so far from, or above his Neighbours, he shall not
 always

always spend his Lungs and his Vitals in his own Praises, I hereby acquaint the Reader he has a Place of Honour, (and Profit no doubt) which every Blockhead is not qualified for, you must know that besides *Bull-rider General*, and Hack in Ordinary and Extraordinary to the whole Town, Now! Now! comes the Merriest, he's Head Clerk to that very great Man *Old Brooks*, the Oldest *Merry-Andrew* in the whole Town, and now serves in that Quality under *Thornhill* the Mountebank, and some are ready to say, if the Toothless old Beast should play *In Nomine Domine*, in a little time, *Gabriel* stands fair for his Masters Places and Preferments, and then, hold, what then? Why then, he'll doubtless assume the Title of a Marquis or a Duke, and a Rum Duke we shall have of him, as ever old *Brooks* the *Pickl'd-Herring* aforesaid was in his Juvenile Years, Nay, to give the old Fellow his due, he's a Rum Duke still, well this is that Terrible great Man of Honour and Rep. who saith, if you touch his Rep. you touch his very Life; Ay, Ay, that's right, if you do, but remember that in this Place, If, is as Emphatical a Word as any in his whole Book, for since he lays claim to only a fifth part of the Thing meant (and you'll say that's a poor diminutive Reputation,) he that should pretend

tend to discover where that small Particle lies hid, which he calls Rep. had as good seek a Needle in a Bottle of *Hay*, and would find the over Ballance full as great, and therefore the greatest Truth too, of any he has asserted in this particular peice of Banter, Strange! Touch that he never had! Nor knows nothing of, it must be a prodigious great Wit to do that, and stands much fairer for finding the *Philosopher's Stone*, than the Sarcastical *Gabriel John* or any such Widgeon. Marry *Jack!* An Author of the first Magnitude! Yes certainly, but of the Seoundrel Hackney Kind, and by so much the greater of the Kind, by how much he has belied me, in Asserting that I should say in my Remarks that his sawcy dry (or fly) Book against the Reverend Dr. *Hancocke*, was full of Wit, Whereas I never said so, writ so, nor never yet saw Reason or Room to think so; and therefore this is *Bull-riding* with a Vengeance, and *Grub-Street* in *Folio*; and any Body may readily perceive, that he's as well qualified for an Evidensh as any *Bogg-Trotter* that ever wore a Straw in his Shoe, and where hard Evidence is wanting, without doubt he might have a gainful Trade of it, if he would but be so kind to himself, as let us know his right Name, and what part of the Town, or whose Garret he most commonly Roosts in.

HE saith, he'll insist no longer on plain Fact, a most abominable Truth! No, No, he will not always do that, and to give him his Due, I cannot tell when he did, In the venerable Name of *Soap* and small *Shott*! What is it that *Rabshbeka* will insist on then? why, the same he did before, what's that? Why just nothing at all, but lying and bantering, and that is to pass off Current, and be admired too, by his Sort of Wise Men, for Wit, Learning, Honour, and Rep. but let him remember, that though some are Wise, many are otherwise, and no Body else will be his Votaries, I must give him all due Deference in befriending the Doctor, in adding *Soap* and *Shott* to *Common Water*, but as he has done it in his own dogged Way, it appears to be such a dogged Compound, that its fit for no Body but such a dogged Beast as himself to make use of, for with that *Gabriel* thinks he could make a Shift to scour his Guts, but does excellently well not to be too positive, before he has tried the Experiment; however if his Word be of any Rep. you are to do it, ay, how? why he tells ye, just to a Tittle as you scour Quart Bottles, Amazing! What mortal Coach Mare ever saw a Man wash Quart Bottles on a Trotting Horse, the Learned World must needs be mightily obliged to *Gabriel*, for this so wonderful a *brand*

new Discovery ; only, the duce on't is, *Gabriel* forgot to prove, as by his own abominable way of arguing he ought to have done, that his Stomach and Guts are made of Glass, which as he has not, they have no Analogy with Quart or Gallon Bottles either, so that this is a Bull of *Gabriel's* own making, larger than any Coach Mare or Cart Horse in all *England*, and much good may his great Saddle-Bull do him, it being reasonable he should have a lofty one, being *Bull-rider General* of all the *Bear-Gardens*, and one who Experimentally understands Altitudes.

WELL, *Gabriel* has a fresh raving Fit, wherein, not only his *Gall* boils over, but something else with it, I don't mean his *Guts*, no, no, *Gabriel*, must keep them in a while longer, to try whether *Water*, and *Soap*, and *Shott*, will supply the use of *Emeticks* and *Catharticks* (by the by) if that should fail, I would advise him to swallow the better half of a good large *Jack-Chain*, keeping one end in his Hand, and so draw it too and again, I don't know but that might scour his *Guts* unless the D — P's in them ; I say it is not his *Guts*, but something more Tremenduous, those affrighting, terrifying, awful Sentences which follow, IN THE NANE of Dulness and Cold *Water*! Who art thou? Or what would'st

would'st thou have? Which admirable and amazing Interogatory I thus Answer. *Sirrah*, I am a Man, one that appears every Day, and in all Places where my Business is, (and that was never yet in *Grub-Street*, nor *Hockley in the Hole*;) in my own Person, and by my own proper Name, openly and above Board, nor is my Name *Tom*, as thou like a Scoundrel Slave (as thou art) hast called me about fifty times in one single Sheet, and not once by my right Name, I fear the Face of no Man, but least of all the Surreptitious *Gabriel John*, alia's *Defoe*, alia's *James Gardner*, nor any *Bull-rider* in *England*, or his Aiders, or Abettors; nor I am no Scoundrel, nor was I born of such Race, tho' so liberally called so by one, and so very a one too, as is ashamed, or afraid to own his right Name, who like the false Prophets of Old, writes for pieces of *Bread*, or handfuls of *Barley*, or any Thing for the Sake of Mischief, whose Aider and Abetter, with Relation to the Case between the Cutting Surgeons and Me, as the Impostor *Gabriel* has stated it, is a rascally Falshood, not having a Word of Truth in it, and his Informant as very a Villain as himself who wrote it, and as great a Lyer and Traducer as our new fashion'd Esq; *Gabriel* himself, or any Cutting Surgeon upon Earth, and the said *Gabriel's* making me in such a whining

manner call my self by the Nick Name, his Reflections so very plentifully abounds with, together with the abominable Falshood there-to annex'd, points me out, very plainly the Tool who has been his Purveyor to furnish him with Stuff against me, whom I know to be a poor insignificant, little deminutive rascally Incendiary, who lives within a Mile of a *Meal Market*, a Party Tool of my lying Enemies the Cutting Surgeons aforesaid, who has confounded his own Brain (if he had any) with *Laudanum Liquidum*, and stinks so Egregiously of D — l's P — s, that a 'Man had better meet a *Poll-Cat*. Yet pestiferous as he is, upon more Accounts than one, he (of all Mankind) may depend upon it, I shall take Time and Opportunity to chastise him for his Villany, after a rugged Manner than yet I have done, those whose Cause he espouseth, as also, that I will not be hunted down by *Rome*, nor *Geneva*, any more than by the *Lithotomists* of *St. Bartholomew's*, or any Body else who came of Lying Families, or at leastwise such who were never well whipp'd when Young for Lying, as it's very much to be fear'd, the Impostor *Gabriel*, his Assistant, (that Son of a *Glister-Pipe*) the *Ginn-Monger*, or the Surgeons aforesaid were not.

THE said *Gabriel John*, complaineth of vile Language in my Animadversions, *Hoyty Hoyty!* Here the veriest Whore cry out Whore first again, let him with Shame look back upon his own, or rather let any Body else, who have common Sense, or common Honesty, read both and give the *Verdict*; 'Tis contrary to Equity and good Conscience, that my Accuser should be my Judge too, and according to Law, I have a right to plead for my Self, and therefore in Self-Defence, I have this to say for my Self. That he that can out doe the Counterfeit *Gabriel John* at vile Language, or make use of worse than the said *Gabriel* deserveth, ought to be well tossed in a *Blanket* if he do not give it him, but I fear me, that such a Man that can do it handsomely (as it should be) has never yet seen the Light, And besides all that, that every Beast understands his own Language best when he hears it, is an old *Adage* of one of his *Quondam* Friends, (of Canting Memory) and merrily demonstrated by him, when the Pious old Soul swore a couple of Swearing ruffetory Soldiers into Sobriety and good Manners, the very same Reason, lays me under a Necessity of using more of it, than I very well like my self; and if this be not a sufficient Answer to the said *Gabriel John*, or any *Bull-Rider* living, I cannot help that, he must ev'n go like

like a Barbarian and a Beast as he is; he may ruminatè too, if he will but put on his *Considering Cap*, that a Man cannot understand a Beast, unless the Beast speak articulate, and with Man's Voice, as was once Instanced by *Baalams* Ass: The true Prophets of Old never thought it vile Language, nor were never impeach'd as the Authors of such, when they call'd the False Ones *Evening Wolves*, *Ravening Wolves*, *Greedy Dumb Dogs*, and *Gabriel* biddeth fairer for that Honourable Title than any Thing else, by Prophecying (but falsly) that my former Impression would never fell off 'till the Consummation of all Things, when now it's a second Time Editing; he may consider too, when he's about it, that they were Two legg'd Beasts we are told of at *Ephesus* (perchance such Esquires as our *Bull-rider*) a two legg'd *Fox* too, was *Herod*, in the Account even of the Saviour of the World, a Generation of Vipers, you are of your Father the *Devil*, and such like Expressions, were never yet deem'd vile Language, Ribaldry, or Bombast; I could now I am at it, write a Hymn to such Language as *Gabriel* calls vile, but want of Room forbids it, and therefore shall close this Paragraph, with acquainting *Gabriel*, that none of the aforesaid Animals either walk'd or run, neither trotted nor gallop'd upon all Fours, which

which *Gabriel* may consider of; when he's bringing his great *Saddle-Bull* into his Paces.

I T's very likely, that *Gabriel* was an hungry when he wrote his *Bear-garden Postscript*, and therefore he reckons up *Apple-Dumplings*, *Hasty-Puddings*, a Porringer of *Burnt Brandy*, a (whole) Mess of *Furmity* (as he calls it;) no, stay Chops, let a *Hasty-Pudding* serve turn, which for all his *Welch Haste*, is not half so hasty as the *Bull-Rider*; then he lacketh to pamper his Guts with *Scalded Codlings*; it must certainly be a Famish'd Stomach must set the Fellow a raving about so much *Belly-Timber*; it has neither *Simile*, nor Resemblance, or any Thing else in it, and therefore downright *Bull-making*; and he may ride them himself, and be hang'd if he will, whilst his *Apple-Dumplings* and other *Conundrums* are getting ready; I say, there is nothing at all in his Bill of Fare, unless he would have the House (when on Fire) to be plied with *Apple-Dumplings*, and that those *Apple-Dumplings* shall answer all the Ends and Intentions of *Mr. Povey's Bombs*; or, (which is still much brighter) that *Mr. Povey's Bombs* are nothing else in the World but *Apple-Dumplings*, stuff'd with *Hasty-Puddings*, *Burnt Brandy*, *Furmity* (as he learnedly writes it) and *Scalded Apples*; and what if *Butter-Milk* and
Plumb-

Plumb-Porridge (as he as wisely spells it) were superadded, it would help to make up a Mess of *All together*, and if these *Amalgamated, Heterogene* Things, flung into a House on Fire, should by its hissing and sputtering extinguish the Conflagration, That would be a strange Thing indeed ! And then *Gabriel* would stand as fair for a Patent as *Mr. Povey*, And then ! Ah then ! *Hey Boys, up go we* : No more shall the *Leather Cap* bear the Sway, but *Gabriel John*, and his new invented Bombs made with *Apple-Dumplings* (*Cum Privilegio*;) But if *Mr. Povey's* Bombs are such, I advise him to keep them up close, and not let *Gabriel John* (if he should take a Progress to *Bellsize*) get at them, for Fear they should be all devour'd, for I dare say for the *Old-Boy*, he had rather see a Basket of these; than a whole Cart load of *RottenEggs*, for very good Reasons best known to himself; I shall make bold (take it has he will, I care not) to return the *Ninny-Hammer* upon himself, and leave him with all his Blunders, to ride the *Bulls* of his own making to *Grub-Street*, *Hockley in the Hole*, the *River Stigia*, or wherever his Familiar shall put it in his Noddle, not forgetting to take *Ursilla Joan* on *Bull-back* behind him; that would be *Bull-Riding* to some Purpose, and thus I conclude the Tale of *Gabriel John* and his *Apple-Dumplings*.

I AM half afraid, that *Gabriel* has made *Bulls* of *Juno's* Cows too, so then it must be *Juno's* Bull-Rooft for the future; when he has made better Sense of *Juno's* Cow-Rooft he prates of, I'll oblige him with the Text of Scripture he claims from me, but that *Gabriel* cannot do, until he has first found the Philosopher's Stone; and so we must content our Selves without a more clever Explication on the matter, until after the General Resurrection and Restoration of all Things, and then we shall be as wise as *Gabriel*, and not be beholding to him, or, when *Gabriel* (out of the Profundity of his amazing Wit) can prove an *Egg* to be a Rasure of *Bacon*, and not a *Bull*, I'll allow him one degree above a *Noodle*. 'Tis plain, *Gabriel* was hunger bitten when he wrote his *Postscript*, he would never else have talk'd of so many good Eatables, whilst he attack'd an Adversary, perhaps the poor worthless Wretch went Supperless to Rooft over Night, and so dream't of good Eating, which he could not put out of his Head, (the Distemper continuing, and no Kitching Physick at hand) whilst he disembogu'd his Stomach of the Rancour, Malice, and Scurrility he had against Me; however his Philosophying so Critically upon *Eggs*, gives me a Suspicion that he loves *Hens* too, as generally *Vultures* doe, as well as *Foxes*, and that he has

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more mind to Rob a *Hen-Roost*, than either *Juno's-Cow*, or *Bull-Roost*; he has a sneaking Kindness for *Eggs*, all but rotten *Ones*, which he can give a sufficient Reason for, and therefore we will Excuse him of them, untill they come to his Turn.

I Could turn a great deal more of his Paltry silly Stuff upon his own Pate, if I delighted in Ribaldry, or Bombast, half so much as this doubly Author, without any certain Name to be known by, does, and therefore am resolved, to cut short, and commit his other Abuses of me, by false Citations, miserable Pervertions, splitting, mangling, curtailng, and confounding my Words, and the intended Sense of them, and willfully traducing my Meaning, I say, I leave all this to the Judgment of his, and my disinterested and unbiass'd Readers, only must take Notice of one Thing more, and that is the heaviest Charge against me in his whole *Postscript*.

THIS Abominable, Shameless, and wicked Reviler, (not having the Fear of GOD before his Eyes) accuseth me of Bantering, and turning the Grace of GOD into Wantonness, (which GOD be thank'd) is like all the rest of his Pervertions and calumnious Way of treating me, both as to my Words and Meaning,

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as will evidently appear at first View, to any who will be but so impartial, as deliberately to read over both his and mine, the Charge is so very great, and of so fatal a Consequence, that I bless Almighty God, I have never reflected upon it, since I saw it lye against me in Print, but with the greatest Abhorrence which ought to fill the Heart of every true Christian, against so black, so fatal, and so irretrievable a Crime; I know very well, that both my Self and all the Posterity of *Adam* must be saved by that divine Gift of God, (*viz.*) the Grace of God, which bringeth Salvation, or be Eternally lost, having nothing meritorious in nor of, our Selves, and therefore none but a *Devil Incarnate* would have trump'd up such a Charge against me, but he that is of his Father the *Devil*, and therefore his Work he does and will doe; he need not in another Place, make a Question of it, whether I had any Meaning, he might be sure in this Place, he groundeth his Charge on, I had a farther meaning lay touched under a few abrupt Words, and as abruptly left on set Purpose, than he or any Body could pretend to unravel, unless they could enter into my Thoughts. My Meaning then, in this Place, amounteth only unto this. That the *Cholick* as a Distemper, is as much Confounded by Impostors and *Ignoramus's* in Nature and Medicine,

dicine, as to the very Notion of it, as the Grace of God is by some *Schismatics* who pretendeth to rank and divide it, into as many Parts or Sorts as this *Sauce-Box* has writ *Tom's* in his Idle Reflexions on my Book, whereas the Grace of God is One, and must not be divided, as Almighty God is One, and cannot be divided, and therefore his foul Charge against me fall's on those for whom I intended it, who wantonly confound the means of their Salvation, by whims of their own devising, for which they have no Warrant between the two Covers of the Bible, So that Distemper we call *Cholick*, from it's Seat the *Colon*, is but one Distemper, as being from one Seat and not a diversity of Parts, although some idle Dreamers, (of late Years) and amongst the rest the *Pestle* and *Mortar-Man*, have pretended to diversify that Distemper, and told us of (almost) as many Sorts of *Cholicks* as this beastly Fellow has loaded me with Lies and Reproaches, in his last stinking nasty Sheet of *Tail-Timber*, and *Gabriel* may consider at his Leisure, (if his poor scandalous Hackney Imploy will admit him any) whether that intestine be not the very, and only Seat of the *Cholick*, unless his ungodly *Puddings* (his Guts) are made differing from Christian Folks, or whether in his foul Charge against me he meaneth Wantonness or Lasciviousness,

vioufness, which the Original as naturally and as readily renders. I am not conscious to my self of any lascivious Word in my Book, no not so much as ravishing a *Cat*, and then upon the whole, if he thinks fit to break his Word, and oblige the World with a little more Bombast, (and I am certainly assured his Throat is to wide for a Lie to choak him, unless it will choak an open Sepulchre) let him tell me (if he can) wherein I have banter'd the Grace of GOD, or turn'd it into Wantonness, I did not say the Grace of GOD was *Romantick*, as this vile Scribler must mean, if he means any thing, neither does my Words (as they are laid down) admit of any such Construction, and as what he has charged me with, is as false as the Father of Lies, let my wicked Accuser take the Shame thereof unto himself.

MUCH more of his Bombast both against the Doctor and My Self might be noted, but 'tis only raking in Filth; I shall only remind him, in Answer to one of his fleering dry Banter against the Doctor, That, if at any Time any saucy spightful Puppy should drive a *Coach* and *Six* through his *Lungs*, or his *Gizzard*, (he being of *Fowl* kind) that he would not be such a *Ninny-Hammer* as to meddle with *Stew'd Prunes*, being a Thing he has ridicul'd,

dicul'd, but pour down plentifully of *Soap, Shot* large or small, or both, or *Cannon-Ball* if he will, *Apple-Dumplings, Scalded Codlings, Burnt Brandy, Double Aqua-Fortis,* or any thing else for a quiet Life, unless it be *Bacon* made of *Eggs*.

HE'S at a Loss too, to find a Rock of Ad-
 amant, the more is the Pity, nor I fear he'll
 never find one, till he has first found the Phi-
 losopher's Stone, (and that will be long e-
 nough) and so poor *Gabriel John* cannot per-
 petuate his infamous Name, or that of his
 Antient House, by indelible Characters, en-
 graven on any Thing perdurable; to help
 him out therefore at a dead list, I would ad-
 vise him, if he can but bridle his wicked Am-
 bition and wait the Time, until the last of the
 Fifty new Churches is built, (and that will be
 a long time first, and therefore to a Temper
 set on Fire to be elevated, may require a vast
 stock of Patience) his Skellerton, (when the
Crows and other his Fellow *Vultures* have
 pick'd all the *Carrion* clean off,) shall be
 Pearch'd on the Top of the Steeple thereof for
 a *Weather-Cock*.

*And now, thou wretched, Hackney Scribler, wicked witty Elf (Self.
 Go cram thy Guts with Soap and Shot, haste, haste, and hang thy*

THO. TAYLOR.

F I N I S.



POSTSCRIPT.



ERY Strange! and Surprizing it is! For a poor, insignificant, inconsiderable, silly Fellow, to rave, exclaim, villifie, and decry the use of *Common Water* in the Cure of *Fevers*, and in such a Dogmatistical Manner, to ridicule and deny the Possibility of carrying the Morbifick or offending Matter through the Excretory Outletts, (as he call's the *Emunctory's* of the Body, which he compares to an *Hue* and *Cry* thorough a Town, here the Man's Wit is exceedingly Amazing, and *Gabriel John* has even exceeded his own inimitable Self. What! Is an *Hue* and *Cry* sent through a Town, only for the Sake of Fashion and Formality! Or a Cerimonious Thing which signifies just nothing at all, any more than *Crissipusses Chips* in *Pottage*, or according to the Learned *Gabriel John*, a Decoction of *Join'd Stools*, O! Stupendious! I was always of that silly Opinion, with Submission to the wondrous *Gabriel John's*

John's better Judgment, that I thought, until better inform'd by this prodigious great Man, that an *Hue and Cry* (in Case of Politics) was always sent to find out, Stop, Intercept, and carry off the offending Matter in the Body Politick, and that the Expeditiousness of its Motion, was the sooner to overtake, lay hold of, grapple with, and reduce, or extirpate the offending Matter, an *Hue and Cry* seldom being in such a prodigious Hurry neither, as to over Shoot, or over run its intended Mark, which as soon as it findeth, and has chain'd, or fetter'd the Fugitive, the necessary Expedient or Experiment is Consummate, and its Post-haste for the Time being results in its own End or Termination, but his Worship *Gabriel John, Esq;* has most strangely over shot his, in giving this notable Hint, the Case being exactly parallel even to a Demonstration, unless the unparalell'd *Gabriel John*, by dint of his unheard of Wisdom and new found Philosophy (far exceeding the System of Old *Aristotle*,) can Unliquify *Water*, which he would be plaguily puzzled to do by any other Rule, unless that of making *Bacon* of *Eggs*, or unless in want of *Milk*, he should stir it all up into *Hasty-Pudding*, and even then, better Feats might be done with it than his Worship *Gabriel John* knows any thing of, especially in the Cure of a *Quinsy*, but then his denying

nying *Water* to be the first Principle, and referring himself to the First Chapter of *Genesis*, for a Dicision and my Refutation, is altogether absurd and foolish, I thought I had read and understood the Scripture as well, or better than such a poor miserable Scribler, No, No, *Gabriel* must of Necessity Con over that Lesson again, there is too much knotty Philosophy lies couch'd in that short Summary, for one of his Magnitude to Scan, and for ought that I can perceive he might as well pretend to render the *Smaragdine* Table of *Hermes* intelligible, that Chapter lies open to the View of every Body who can read *English*, and therefore need not take upon me to explain the Thing in Question, or to tell him how, better to understand it, because it is not fit to throw the Childrens Bread unto *Dogs*, nor have I forgot, how once the *Devil* took upon him to talk Scripture, and when he had all done, made as poor a piece of Work on't as *Gabriel John* has done; however, I assert even from that first Chapter of *Genesis*, that *Water* was the first Principle we read of, And dare *Gabriel John*, or any dry, or sly Author on Earth to disprove it, and until that be fairly done, my Assertion stands good, as does also the Doctor's *Hypothesis* of its Use, the Truth whereof has been sufficiently verified by the Experience of Many, and in Cases

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too, wherein the Doctor has not writ positive, but modestly (as became a good Man) deliver'd as his Thoughts, which Thoughts of his, with Relation to the Pestilence, I can confirm by a very good Voucher now living, who knew the Matter of Fact where a Family, of Master, Mistrefs, Children, and Servants. in all, fourteen in Number was visited, but seven of the Superiors of the Family first, who had all the Attendance and Helps of Means used that could be had of and by the best of their Physicians, yet not one of the seven was saved, the other seven, which were Servants, sickned, but not just at once, these poor Souls had no Body took Care of them, neither Physicians nor any Body else, ('Tis easy enough to guess at the Reason) but the tender Mercies of God being over all his Works, especially those whose destitute Case leaves them no other Dependance but on Him Alone, was pleas'd to afford them his Handmaid Nature to lead them by the Hand to their Cure, and pointed them out their Remedy, and in short, as they could come at little else, they one helped the other to *Water*, of which they all drank plentifully, and by the good Providence of God, every one of the latter seven recover'd, *Ergo, Water will Cure a Fever of any kind, And if Gabriel John, or any Others who Ride in his Troop (of Bulls) will*

will be such senseless Idiots, when they have a *Fever* to wait for a *Crisis*, they are very welcome to go out of the World their own way, whether *Secundum Artum*, or *Secundum Fort-*
m, neither I or Mine, nor any Body under my Care shall be used so, I knew an Instance in the City of *Bristol*, a Merchant there, who was seized with a violent burning *Fever*, his Physicians used him after their usual Mode, the Patient lay quite raving for several Days and Nights, in which Time he was not heard to speak any Thing sensible but only this, which he express'd very often, (*i. e.*) pray fetch me a Quart of *Water* from *George's-Well*, an Acquaintance of Mine visiting him, heard him cry out for the *Water*, over perswaded them to fetch it, though strictly prohibited by his Physicians, however he had it, drank it at a Draught, Slept and Sweat upon it, and on the Morrow was able to go to the *Well* himself, though half a Mile out of Town; let not *Gabriel* ask how all this is perform'd, he has luckily hit on it himself (Fools have sometimes Fortune.) Why? 'Tis by sending a *Hue* and *Cry* through the Excretory Outlets of the Body, Yes certainly, but this is not all the *Hue* and *Cry* does, it intercepts and brings to Dissolution, the Offender against the Law of Nature, and by bringing him to utter Destruction, Tempers, Cooles;

and quiets the whole Neighbourhood, and let Gabriel John, or any of his God-Fathers deny it if they Can.

Thomas Taylor.

Gutter-Lane, Cheapside.



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