

Curs'd be the Verse, how smooth soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy Man my Foe.

POPE'S Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot.

I mean to make no worthy Man my Foe.

PHILO-MUSÆUS, Epist. to a Friend.

S I R,

*A*ffidation of Wit and Humour very commonly leads Men into many Absurdities and Disgraces, and when they aim to pass for Men of good Education and Parts, by a Misapplication of ocher Mens Works, by hot Disputes about dull and trifling Matters; by playing upon Words, or the Ambiguity of their Sense; or, what is most usual, by acute Nonsense: They do not appear in the most advantageous Light, to Men of common Sense; and if they chance to gratify the Curiosity of any of that Class, 'tis but as Monsters do, not for their Beauty.

'Tis for the Use of such Dealers in Trash in this Infant Country (as our Infant Poet calls it, when he would recommend his Verses for its Improvement, and who is in a fair Way of doing much public Service to this Infant Country; but more I guess, by his Example, than spread Observations), that I have sent you the following Relation; which, as it is written in the facetious Way, generally allowed a proper Way of Writing on some Occasions, it is hoped may be suitable to such as it is intended for.

Your's, &c.

An Account of the Madness of L—— L——y, M. D. F. R. S. and Laureat of M——— I——d, a Gentleman formerly of great Distinction (as Peachum said) in his double Capacity.

Having heard that poor Laureat was no more, I had the Curiosity of going myself to his Lodgings, for the Certainty of it; where I found what I had heard too true, and being particular in enquiring of Mrs. —— in what Manner the Disorder appeared, she went on as follows:

About the latter End of March last, this Gentleman, whom you see there, took a very sudden melancholy Turn; the Occasion of which was was a Gazette then come to hand, that had something in it that touched the poor Man so, that he has never held up his Head since: Sure it was an unlucky Hand that wrote that Part of it which hit so home. You could hardly believe what Paper he has wasted, in endeavouring to clear himself, but all to no purpose; the more he strives in it the worse he makes it, like a Person who would vainly argue himself into a Reputation for Courage. I reason with him sometimes, and tell him the Author of those few Lines is only making himself merry with your Poetry, and the more angry you are with him, the better pleased he will be with you: But he will not believe it to be so, and goes on scribbling in hopes of saving his Credit.

But to make short of my Story, the poor Man growing worse and worse, I thought fit to send for his Friend Dr. Cacofogus. If this be the Effect of Scribbling, thinks I, I have got a Surfeit of it, as you shall hear. Well,—the Doctor comes, and taking a View of his Patient, he stood with his Arms folded across, his Head reclined on the left Shoulder, as in a suffering Posture; and in five or six Minutes, raising his Head and balancing his Hands, broke out in these Words: Oh Mad refs! Oh Madness! Then after a little Pause, turning short to me; Do you know, Mrs. ——, if he has been coltish for any Time? Puh, says I, to my Knowledge he has not had a Stool these three Months and upwards, tho' straining seven or eight Hours every Day. The Doctor shaking his Head, That was enough to make any Man in the Universe mad—We must get a Glyster immediately: And so he prepares one of the strongest Ingredients we could find, and proceeds to his Business; levelling his little wooden Tube according to Art, he gently slides it on; so spreading either Hand to press the Rectum, the fluid Matter inclines above, injects the healing Liquor. But unluckily for poor Cacofogus, his Medicine proved so powerful, that before he had Time to withdraw to a convenient Distance, (saying your Worship's Presence) the Patient lets drive flap in his Face;—upon the Receipt of which Sa-

lutation the Doctor being a little startled, reclines his Head backwards, as before to the left, and jumping up and retreating as quick as Thought, stumbles over a Stool that stood behind him with so much Force, that he could not stop himself 'til he got to the farthest Corner in the Room, where he did me some little Damage. Well,—getting upon his Legs again,—I have got a random shot you see, Mrs. ——: I see you have, Sir, says I; but you should have duck'd.—The Shot came to thick, he replies, there was no Possibility of avoiding it:—Then taking a View of himself in the Glass; Is not this fine, is not this very fine, Mrs. ——? and falls into a great Passion, cursing the poor mad Man, and calling him such Names as I am ashamed to repeat. But away he runs out of the Room, calling for Water; the Children, and some others, in the next Room, instead of answering his Demand, ran out of the House as if the D—— was in them all, the Dogs barking, the whole Houe to be sure in an Uproar.—To mend the Matter, the Doctor runs after one of the Curs, and makes a Kick at him, but elevating his Heel too high, misses his Aim, and down he tumbles upon his Back: To be sure, how angry he was. Well,—we got him all the Help we could, holding our Noses, and he making such Grimaces as I shall never forget.

The poor mad Gentleman, while we were thus employed about his Friend, was left to himself—the Consequences of which you may judge. I must intreat to be excused, says she, from a particular Account of it;—it would look, I fear, like insulting a Man in Distress;—besides 'tis too melancholy to relate,—it brings the Tears into my Eyes when I think of it;—nobody could forbear weeping that saw him.—Ah poor Gentleman, he has given me a Palpitation of the Heart; ogh done, ogh done, ogh done.

Well,—the Doctor, after he had got out of the Suds, had a Mind to see his Patient again, and stepping softly to the Room Door, peeps in,—thrusting in his Head farther and farther by Degrees. But the mad Man was ready for him, for no sooner had the Doctor got his Head in, than he empties his Jordan full-butt in his Face, in a most plentiful Manner.—The Doctor comes running back to us in an Instant, calling out, Mose Water here!—His sudden Return was a little surprizing to us, but we soon smelt out the Cause;—if he was chagrind before, he was ten times more so now: Oh! I am blinded, I am blinded, says he, with his Hands on his Eyes, and stamping his Feet, in a most sad Condition.

We had the same Tongue over again with the Doctor; but no sooner had we done, than out comes the mad Man again, with a large Pan full of what I don't like to name, the Consequence of the Glyster, and drives it among us all;—but unfortunately for the poor Doctor, the largest Share fell to him, which disgrud him, if possible, more than ever;—and washing his Mouth at that Time, which happened to be wide open, as he gargled the Water in his Throat, he received such a Meal as had like to have been his last: I am sure he was a Quarter of an Hour before he could speak, swallowing some, and out with the rest: so that I believe he digested about one half, and with much Difficulty came to himself.

After we had got the Doctor clean once more, he was in great Haste to be gone; and his Horse being brought to the Door, just as he had mounted and was setting off, out comes another Jug full of that same, from the mad Man's Window, and takes him on the Back; but it never retarded his Course, tho we would have him to take the other Lather, but he would not be prevailed on to alight; and so he proceeded on his Journey in great Order.

But, to cut short my Story, we were obliged to the last Remedy, as you see there, says she, pointing to the unhappy Man secured with a very disagreeable Pair of Garters, commonly called Bolts,

This is the Fruit of Infant Poetry, as I had it from Mrs. ——; which is published for a Warning to nasty Scriblers, whose Fate is generally bad.