Another EPILOGUE *Intended for the ſame.*

REflection on the different Brains of Men,
Has ſuddenly reſtor'd me mine agen,
Yet not ſo perfectly, but that perhaps,
There may be ſtill ſome fear of a Relapſe,
Your kindneſs, noble Friends, my Wits may ſave,
But if the Sparks grow mutinous, I rave,
Since 'tis not wholly from their Judgments done,
But ſome dear Female Punt, that ſets 'em on:
The Poets Cauſe and mine are one to night,
I do my beſt to act, as he to write;
If after this you our Endeavours ſlight,
Then I muſt fall into my former fit,
And though to all true Judgments we ſubmit,
Rail at the barb'rous Dragons of the Pit.
For to be hiſs'd by ſuch as ſcarce can read,
Faith 'tis enough to make one mad indeed.