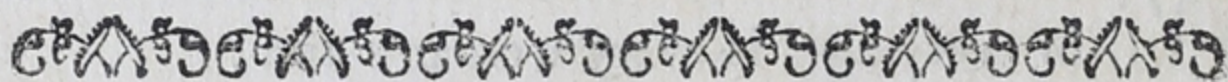


The GENTLEMAN'S ANSWER.

**W**HILST pretty fellows think a woman's fame  
 In every state and every age the same;  
 With their own folly pleas'd the fair they toast,  
 And where they least are happy, swear they're most;  
 No difference making 'twixt coquet and prude;  
 And her that seems, yet is not really lewd;  
 While thus they think, and thus they vainly live,  
 And taste no joys but what their fancy give:  
 Let this great maxim be my action's guide,  
 May I ne'er hope, tho' I am ne'er deny'd;  
 Nor think a woman won, that's willing to be try'd.



An EPISTLE to Lord B——

By the Same.

**H**OW happy you! who varied joys pursue;  
 And every hour presents you something new?  
 Plans, schemes, and models, all Palladio's art,  
 For six long months have gain'd upon your heart;

Of