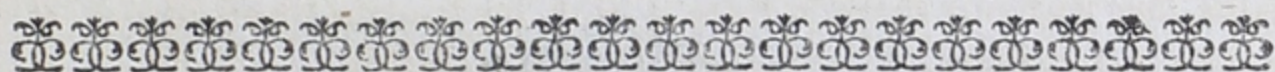


Mrs. BINDON'S ANSWER.

WHEN home I return'd from the dancing last night,
 And elate by your praises attempted to write,
 I familiarly call'd on Apollo for aid,
 And told him how many fine things you had said ;
 He smil'd at my folly, and gave me to know,
 Your wit, and not mine, by your writing you shew ;
 And then, says the God, still to make you more vain,
 He hath promis'd that I shall enlighten your brain,
 When he knows in his heart, if he speak but his mind,
 That no woman alive can now boast I am kind :
 For since Daphne to shun me grew into a laurel,
 With the sex I have sworn still to keep up the quarrel.
 I thought it all joke, 'till by writing to you,
 I have prov'd his resentment, alas ! but too true.



Sir CHARLES'S REPLY.

I'LL not believe that Phœbus did not smile,
 Unhappily for you I know his stile ;
 To strains like yours of old his harp he strung,
 And while he dictated Orinda sung.

Did