
FROM

PHILANDER TO EUMENES.

WITH pleasure I your welcome letter
read,

While Cupid for a little from me fled.

With freedom write, dispel your trivial fears;
There's nought presumptuous in your song
appears;

Tho' strange th' ideas which you now con-
vey,

While you our lovely females thus portray.

No doubt, there are, in the promiscuous
crowd,

The worthless fair, the virtuous and the good;
The haughty nymph, the maid of humble
mind;

Th' imperious, yea, the gentle and the kind;

Such as an adamantine heart could charm,
And furious tygers of their rage disarm.
In all vicissitudes of human life,
Man's greatest blessing is a virtuous wife:
Her smiles can't fail to sooth his anxious
 breast,
Diffusing joy, while various cares molest:
Her prudent counsel swift relief can bring,
As Abigail appeas'd Isr'el's king.

Nor need I thus the sacred annals trace,
In Britain's Isle they claim the highest place;
When dire oppression, with uplifted hand,
His yoke extended o'er our native land,
Our fires to abject slavery were doom'd,
Our mothers all their ancient claims resum'd:
You'll say my speeches do me partial prove,
And so ascribe the cruel cause to love.
Are you alone exempt from such a guest?
Are you of every antidote possess'd
T' effect a cure, or mitigate the pain?
Then may the archer cast his shafts in vain.

Of late dear friend I did such valour boast;
But by one fatal glance the field was lost.

While you are free of dangers, still beware ;
Be warn'd by me, and shun th' alluring
snare.

It is by some deem'd cowardice to fly,
But sure it more ignoble is to die :
To die, I'm frantic, sir ; what did I say ?
Reason once more resume thy wonted sway ;
Kind heaven defend us from such dire alarms ;
Who would a victim fall to female charms ?
I find I'm better while your lines I read,
I'm almost from my Gallic fetters free'd.
As you alone were partner of my grief,
Pray now congratulate my quick relief.
I would not by prolixity offend ;
Both bound and free, Philander is your friend.