



A Letter written for my Son to a young Gentleman, who was sent to be educated at the Jesuits College in Flanders.

DEAR Jack, whilst you thro' *Flanders* roam,

Can you forget your Friends at home?

Say, will your Tutors give you Time

To write to *Hereticks* in Rhyme?

A Name they brand us with, dear Youth,

And we affirm they injure Truth.

The sacred Page before us lies,

Which you lock up from vulgar Eyes.

In vain to Men a Sight is giv'n,

To point them out the Path to Heav'n;

If, lest their Sight should make them stray,

Their Guides alone must see the Way.

I FANCY now you answer thus :

Lord ! what's Divinity to us ?

This serious Subject is unfit

To exercise a School-boy's Wit :

Then talk of other Matters, *Con.*

Inform me how your Clafs goes on :

Are you, poor Boys ! at School to Day,

While others are allow'd to play ?

DEAR *Jack*, that is our Case, 'tis true ;

We envy them, and envy you,

You, who may ramble from your Book,

To view the Towns EUGENIO took ;

Ev'n now, perhaps, attend the Story,

How MARLBRO' won immortal Glory ;

Whilst he who tells the wondrous Tale,

At ev'ry Period turning pale,

Still fancies Vengeance o'er his Head,

And asks you — *Are you sure He's dead?*

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P. S.

P. S. I JUST heard happy News, dear Boy;
 And Friendship bids me share the Joy:
Hibernia has not pray'd in vain;
 * CYRUS will visit her again;
 CYRUS, long train'd in Wisdom's School,
 And by † MANDANA form'd for Rule.
 ¶ RAMSAY, we find from whence you drew
 Those Characters admir'd in you:
 We § CASSENDANA's Virtues trace,
 And lovely Form, in WEYMOUTH's Race.

O WOULD MANDANA cross the Seas,
 And hear a People speak her Praise,
 With *Britain* vie to hail the Dame,
 Who, † GRANVILLE, could exalt thy Name,
 Transmitting down thy Fame with Care,
 And double Lustre, in her Heir!

* Lord Carteret declar'd the second Time Lord Lieutenant.

† Countess of Granville.

¶ Author of the Travels of Cyrus.

§ Lady Carteret.

† Earl of Bath, Father to the Countess of Granville.