



*Upon my Son's speaking Latin in School to less
Advantage than English: Written as from
a Schoolfellow. By Mrs. Grierson.*

THUS twice detected, Con. thy Pride give o'er,
And hope to triumph in our School no more.
Tho' you speak *English* Verse with graceful Ease;
Tho' ev'ry Motion, Air, and Accent, please;
Tho' ev'ry Speech a crowded Audience draws;
And ev'ry Line be echo'd with Applause;
Yet now thy undeceiv'd Companions see,
The Muse, thy Mother, only speaks in thee:

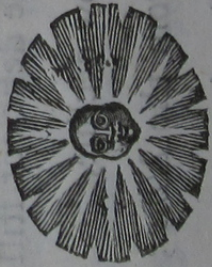
WE knew long since, your Verse, so much admir'd,
By her superior Genius was inspir'd;

And

And by your *Latin* Speech, this Day, you've shown,
Your graceful Action too was hers alone.
In learned Languages had she been skill'd,
Still with your Praises had our School been fill'd.

Y^ET, Youth, repine not at impartial Fate ;
Nor mourn those Ills, that must attend the Great.
For had she been with meaner Talents born ;
Did no uncommon Gifts her Mind adorn ;
Had she been moulded like the stupid Race,
Whom Culture can't exalt, nor Science grace ;
Phœbus had then not study'd to controul
The future Grandeur of her soaring Soul.
But, when he saw each Muse, with endless Pains,
Forming the curious Texture of her Brains ;
When he beheld them anxious to inspire
A double Portion of celestial Fire ;
Grown jealous for the Honour of the Dead,
He thus, in Anger, to the Virgins said :

- “ IN vain you strive, with such unweary'd Care,
“ To grace the Breaſt of this accompliſh'd Fair :
“ In vain you labour to adorn her Mind
“ With tuneful Numbers, and with Senſe refin'd ;
“ With ev'ry Elegance of Thought and Phraſe ;
“ With *Virgil's* Purity, and *Ovid's* Eaſe ;
“ Tho' ſhe with them in all their Graces vie ;
“ Yet I'll their univerſal Tongue deny.
“ For if, like them, ſhe could unfold her Mind
“ In Language underſtood by all Mankind ;
“ Their matchleſs Fame, thro' *many* Ages won,
“ (Her Sex might boaſt) would be in *one* outdone.”



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