Who ſaw his Reaſon was expiring,
Transform'd him to a Flow'r:
The Nymph amaz'd, the Wonder view'd,
And wou'd not thence remove;
At length ſhe by her Grief ſubdu'd,
An empty Voice did prove:
Both were to Folly Victims made,
She by her Fondneſs, he by Pride betray'd.

A Dialogue between Virgil *and* Mævius.

Mævius. WHere are thoſe ſacred Lawrels now
Which did above adorn thy Brow
And where the mighty *Maro's* Fame?
Here *Mævius* is as great a Name.

Virgil. Tho' me the Ghoſts will not obey,
Yet thoſe Above due Honours pay:
There I'm by all the Wits rever'd,
And ſtill by ev'ry *Mævius* fear'd.
Mine, and *Homer's* awful Shade,
By the learn'd World ſupreme are made;
There, like th' infernal Judges, we
Can puniſh, or Rewards decree.

Mævius. Can this a real Good beſtow?
Or make you happier here below?
A ſtarving Man may dream of Meat,
May in his Sleep choice Viands eat:

And Beggers, ſhivering with Cold,
May dream of Robes, of Fires, and Gold:
And Men, when toſt on raging Seas,
May dream of Safety, Calms, and Eaſe:
But when they wake, are ſtill the ſame,
Their Bliſs from Sportive Fancy came.

Virgil. Immortal Praiſe does feed the Mind.

Mævius. You, that an airy Food will find.

Virgil. 'Tis what the Heroes ſtill have fought,
What with their Blood and Lives they've bought:
For This the Men of Senſe contend;
In This their Toils of Thinking end:
'Tis This the Rich, the Proud, the Vain,
With ſo much Labour ſtrive to gain:
For This the Fair their Charms employ,
In This they place their higheſt Joy:
In This all with one Voice combine;
All own it is a Gift Divine.

Mævius. How can a Puff of fleeting Air
Deſerve to be a Wiſe Man's Care?
Or who'd be fond of empty Praiſe,
Of what the noiſie Rabble ſays?
Men fickle as th' inconſtant Wind,
Who but by Starts are Juſt, or Kind.
See thoſe who when you were above
Did treat you with Reſpect and Love,
Do now by you regardleſs ſlide
With a ſtiff and ſullen Pride,
Not one obliging Look will give:
Now all alone you here muſt live,

A poor

A poor forſaken wandring Shade,
By none deſir'd, by none obey'd;
And to your ſelf a Burthen made.

Virgil. The Man who is by *Phœbus* fir'd,
Can never with himſelf be tir'd:
He ſtill within new Trophies raiſes,
Himſelf both entertains, and praiſes:
He ev'ry noiſie Fool deſpiſes,
Good Senſe and Learning only prizes:
And while he is of theſe poſſeſt,
When moſt alone is chiefly bleſt.

My Thoughts, the Springs of pure Delight,
Still to internal Views invite;
Scenes charming, gay, and ever new;
To me the Works of Nature ſhew,
And all the *Mimick* Art can do:
Me and my Muſe they ſtill employ,
To us are conſtant Funds of Joy:
We paſt and preſent Ages ſee,
And pry into Futurity;
Then thro' the glorious Fields of Light
We take a bold and towring Flight,
View all the happy Seats above,
The ſhining Court of thund'ring *Jove*;
Thence downward wing our eaſie Way,
And ev'ry Sea, and Land ſurvey;
Then to theſe Realms deſcend again,
Where ſoft Delights for ever reign;
And where I ſomething always find
Fit to divert and feaſt my Mind.

While thus employ'd, I here below
The Height of Bliſs, and Pleaſure know:
I neither need, nor value praiſe,
And ſcorn a with'ring Wreath of Bays.

To the Learn'd and Ingenious Dr. Muſgrave *of* Exeter.

1.

THoſe who like me their Gratitude would ſhow,
Are griev'd to think they ſtill muſt owe:
Be ſtill oblig'd, and never know the way
The ſmalleſt part of the vaſt Sum to pay:
A Sum beyond th' Arithmetick of Thought,
And which does daily higher riſe:
To be your Debtor is no more my Fault,
The whole that I can give, will not ſuffice:
I am too poor Returns to make,
Unleſs you'll Thanks as a Requital take:
Thanks are the whole that I can bring:
My Muſe ſhall of Your wondrous Bounty ſing;
Your gen'rous Temper to the World make known,
That gen'rous Temper you've ſo often ſhown,
And which I ſtill muſt with the higheſt Praiſes
(own.