

Few real Pleasures are on Earth possess'd,
 And Mortals only in their Dreams are blest;
 Then dream no longer, my well-meaning Friend,
 That *Mira's* Follies with her Muse shall end:
 Some younger Vanity succeeds the first,
 And the last Folly often proves the worst:
 No: While the rest in fruitless Cares are hurl'd,
 Let me enjoy my visionary World:
 To this glad Bosom hug the dear Mistake,
 If Dreams are Blessings, who wou'd wish to wake?



The S O W and the P E A C O C K.

A F A B L E.

IN Days of Yore, as Authors tell,
 When Beasts and Birds cou'd read and spell,
 (No matter where, in Town or City,)
 There liv'd a Swine exceeding witty,
 And for the Beauties of her Mind,
 Excelling all her bristl'd Kind:

But yet to mortify her Pride,
She found at last her failing Side.

Philosophy she had good Store,
Had ponder'd *Seneca* all o'er;
Yet all Precautions uselefs prove
Against the Pow'r of mighty Love.
It happen'd on a sultry Day,
Upon her fav'rite Couch she lay:
'Twas a round Dunghil soft and warm,
O'er-shadow'd by a neighb'ring Barn,
When lo, her winking Eyes behold
A Creature with a Neck of Gold,
With painted Wings and gorgeous Train,
That sparkl'd like the starry Plain:
His Neck and Breast all brilliant shine
Against the Sun: The dazzl'd Swine,
Who never saw the like before,
Began to wonder and adore;
But seeing him so fair and nice,
She left her Dunghil in a trice,

And

And (fond to please) the grunting Elf
 Began to wash and prune herself,
 And from the stinking Wave she run
 To dry her Carcase in the Sun :
 Then rubb'd her Sides against a Tree,
 And now as clean as Hogs can be,
 With cautious Air and doubtful Breast,
 The glitt'ring *Peacock* thus addrest :

‘ Sir ; I, a homely rural Swine,
 ‘ Can boast of nothing fair nor fine,
 ‘ No Dainties in our Troughs appear,
 ‘ But as you seem a Stranger here,
 ‘ Be pleas'd to walk into my Sty,
 ‘ A little Hut as plain as I ;
 ‘ Pray venture through the humble Door ;
 ‘ And tho' your Entertainment's poor,
 ‘ With me you shall be sure to find
 ‘ An open Heart and honest Mind ;
 ‘ And that's a Dainty seldom found
 ‘ On Cedar Flow'rs and City Ground.

Thus far the Sow had preach'd by rule,
She preach'd, alas ! but to a Fool ;
For this same Peacock (you must know)
Had he been Man, had been a Beau :
And had (like them) but mighty little
To say : So squirted out his Spittle.
And with an Air that testified,
He'd got at least his share of Pride,
He thus began : ' Why, truly now,
' You're very civil Mrs. Sow :
' But I am very clean, d'ye see ?
' Your Sty is not a Place for me.
' Shou'd I go through that narrow Door,
' My Feathers might be foil'd or tore ;
' Or scented with unfav'ry Fumes :
' And what am I without my Plumes ?

The much offended Sow replies,
(And turns a-squint her narrow Eyes)
' Sir, you're incorrigibly vain,
' To value thus a shining Train ;

' For

' For when the northern Wind shall blow,
 ' And send us Hail, and Sleet, and Snow;
 ' How will you save from such keen Weathers
 ' Your Merit? — Sir, I mean your Feathers:
 ' As for myself: — to think that I
 ' Shou'd lead an Idiot to my Sty,
 ' Or strive to make an Oaf my Friend,
 ' It makes my Bristles stand an end:
 ' But for the future when I see
 ' A Bird that much resembles thee,
 ' I'll ever take it as a Rule,
 ' The shining Case contains a Fool.



FLORIMELIA, *the First* PASTORAL.

By Mr. NEWTON.

OF *Florimelia* and her Charms I sing,
 Fair as the Blossoms of the smiling Spring;
 Whose lovely Temples wore a Myrtle Wreath,
 That serv'd to shade her glowing Cheeks beneath: