

MARTLAND GAZETTE,

Containing the freshest Advices foreign and domestic.

THURSDAY, April 9, 1752.

The SPARROW and the DOVE.

A FABLE.

IT was, as learn'd Traditions say,
Upon an April's blithsome Day,
When Pleasure, ever on the Wing,
Return'd, Companion of the Spring;
And cheer'd the Birds with am'rous Heat,
Instructing little Hearts to beat:
A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold Address, and flippant Tongue,
Just left his Lady of a Night,
Like him, to follow new Delight.
The Youth, of many a Conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping Train;
The chirping Train he quickly found,
And, with a saucy Ease, bow'd round.
For every She, his Bosom burns,
And this, and that, he woos by Turns;
And here a Sigh, and there a Bill;
And here—“Those Eyes, so form'd to kill!”
And now, with ready Tongue, he strings
Unmeaning, soft, restless Things;
With Vows, and Dem-me's, skill'd to woo,
As other pretty Fellows do.
Not that he thought this short Essay
A Prologue necotul to his Play;
No, truit me, says our learned Letter,
He knew the virtuous Sex much better;
But these he held as specious Arts,
To shew his own-superior Parts,
The Form of Decency to shield,
And give a just Pretence to yield.
Thus finishing his courtly Play,
He mark'd the Fav'rite of a Day;
With careless Impudence drew near,
And whisper'd Hebrew in her Ear;
A Hint, which, like the Mason's Sign,
The conscious can alone divine.
The fluttering Nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd, Sir!—pray Sir, explain your Meaning;
Go prase to those that may endure ye:—
To me, this Ruacens?—I'll assure ye!
Then off she glided, like a Swallow,
As saying—You guess where to follow.
To such as know the Party set,
'Tis needless to declare they met;
The Parson's Barn, as Authors mention,
Confess'd the Fair had Apprehension.
Her Honour there secure from Stain,
She held all farther Trifling vain,
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd licentious on the Joy.
“Hilt, Love!”—the ma'e Companion cry'd,
“Retire a While; I fear we're spy'd.”
Nor was the Caution vain; he saw
A Turtle rustling in the Straw,
While o'er her callow Brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her Young.
“Ye tender Objects of my Care!
Peace, Peace, ye little helpless Pair;
Anon he comes, your gentle Sire,
And brings you all your Hearts require.
For us, his Infants and his Bride,
For us, with only Love to guide,
Our Lord assumes an Eagle's Speed,
And, like a Lion, dares to bleed.
Nor yet by Wint'ry Skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest Wind,
From Danger tears the vital Spoil,
And with Affection sweetens Toil.
“Ah cease, too vent'rous! cease to dare;
In thine, our dearer Safety spare.
From him, ye cruel Falcons, stray,
And turn, ye Fowlers, far away!
Should I survive to see the Day,
That tears me from myself away,
That cancels all which Heav'n could give,
The Life, by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who, in the Thought, already die!

Ye Pow'rs, whom Men, and Birds, obey;
Great Rulers of your Creatures, say,
Why Mourning comes, by Blis convey'd,
And ev'n the Sweets of Love allay'd?
Where grows Enjoyment, tall and fair,
Around it twines entangling Care;
While Fear for what our Souls possess,
Energates ev'ry Pow'r to bless;
Yet Friendship forms the Blis above,
And, Life! what art thou, without Love?
Our Hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his Heart;
But quickly, with Disdain, suppress'd
The Virtue rising in his Breast:
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud,
And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd.
“Madam, you must not think me rude;
Good Manners never can intrude;
I vow I come through pure Good Nature:—
(Upon my Soul, a charming Creature!)
Are these the Comforts of a Wife?
This careful, cloyter'd, mooping Life?
No Doubt, that odious Thing call'd Duty
Is a sweet Province for a Beauty.
Thou pretty Ignorance! thy Will
Is measur'd to thy Want of Skill;
That good old-fashion'd Dame, thy Mother,
Has taught thy Infant Years no other:—
The greatest Ill in the Creation
Is sure the Want of Education.
“But think ye?—tell me without feigning,
Have all these Charms no farther Meaning?
Dame Nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your Ladyship much better.
For Shame! reject this mean Employment,
Enter the World, and taste Enjoyment;
Where Time, by circling Blis, we measure;
Beauty was form'd alone for Pleasure:
Come, prove the Blessing, follow me,
Be wis', be happy, and be free.”
“Kind Sir,” reply'd our Matron chaste,
Your Zeal seems pretty much in haste;
I own, the Fondness to be bless'd
Is a deep Thirst in ev'ry Breast;
Of Blessings too, I have my Store,
Yet quarrel not, should Heav'n give more;
Then prove the Change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.
Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our Gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.
“Methinks, to quit your boasted Station
Requires a World of Hesitation;
Where Brats and Bonds are held a Blessing,
The Cafe, I doubt, is past redressing.
“Why, Child, suppose the Joys I mention
Were the mere Fruits of my Invention,
You've Cause sufficient for your Carriage,
In flying from the Curse of Marriage;
That fly Decoy, with vary'd Snares,
That takes the Widgcon in by Pairs;
Alke to Husband, and to Wife,
The Cure of Love, and Bane of Life;
The only Method of forecasting,
To make Misfortune firm and lasting;
The Sin, by Heaven's peculiar Sentence,
Unpardon'd, thro' a Life's Repentance.
“It is the double Snake, that wed's
A common Tail to different Heads,
That lead the Carcass still astray,
By dragging each a diff'rent Way.
“Of all the Ills that may attend me,
From Marriage, mighty Gods, defend me!
“Give me frank Nature's wild Demesne,
And boundless Tract of Air serene,
Where Fancy, ever wing'd for Change,
Delights to sport, delights to range;
There, Liberty! to thee is owing
“Whatever of Blis is worth bestowing;
Delights, still vary'd, and divine,
Sweet Goddesses of the Hills! are thine.
“What say you now, you pretty Pink you?
“Have I, for once, spoke Reason, think you?

“You take me now for no Romancer:—
“Come, never study for an Answer;
“Away, cast ev'ry Care behind ye,
“And fly where Joy alone shall find ye.”
“Soft yet,” return'd our female Fencer,
“A Question more, or so;—and then, Sir,
“You've rally'd me with Sense exceeding,
“With much fine Wit, and better Breeding;
“But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
“Do those of your World never wive it?”
“No, no.”—“How then?”—“Why dare I tell?
“—What does the Business full as well.”
“Do you ne'er love?”—“An Hour at Leisure.”
“Have you no Friendships?”—“Yes, for Pleasure.”
“No Care for little ones?”—“We get 'em;
“The rest the Mothers mind;—and let 'em.”
“Thou Wretch!” rejoin'd the kindling Dove,
“Quite lost to Life, as lost to Love!
“Whene'er Misfortune comes, how just!
“And come Misfortune surely must;
“In the dread Season of Dimay,
“In that, your Hour of Trial, say,
“Who then shall prop your sinking Heart?
“Who bear Affliction's weightier Part?
“Say, when the black-brow'd Welkin bends,
“And Winter's gloomy Form impends,
“To Mourning turns all transient Cheer,
“And blaits the melancholy Year;
“For Times at no Periwation May,
“Nor Vice can find perpetual Stay;
“Then where's that Tongue, by Folly fed,
“That Soul of Pernefs, whither fled?
“All thrunk within thy lonely Nest,
“Forlorn, abandon'd and unblest'd;
“No Friend, by cordial Bonds ally'd,
“Shall seek thy cold, unfocial Side;
“No chirping Prattlers, to delight
“Shall turn the long enduring Night;
“No Bride her Words of Balm impart,
“And warm thee at her constant Heart.
“Freedom, restrain'd by Reason's Force,
“Is as the Sun's unvarying Course,
“Benignly active, sweetly bright,
“Affording Warmth, affording Light;
“But torn from Virtue's sacred Rules,
“Becomes a Comet, gaz'd by Fools,
“Foreboding Cares, and Storms, and Strife,
“And fraught with all the Cares of Life.
“Thou Fool! by Union every Creature
“Subsists, thro' universal Nature;
“And this, to Beings void of Mind,
“Is Wedlock of a meaner Kind.
“While womb'd in Space, primæval Clay
“A yet unfast on'd Embryo lay,
“The endless Source of Good above
“Shot down his Spark of kindling Love;
“Touch'd by the all-enlivening Flame,
“Then Motion first exulting came;
“Each Atom sought it's separate Clafs;
“Thro' many a fair enamour'd Mafs;
“Love cast the central Charm around,
“And with eternal Nuptials bound.
“Then Form and Order o'er the Sky,
“First train'd their bridal Pomp on high;
“The Sun display'd his Orb to Sight,
“And burn'd with Hymeneal Light.
“Hence Nature's Virgin Womb conceiv'd,
“And with the genial Burden heav'd;
“Forth came the Oak, her first born Heir,
“And seal'd the breathing Steep of Air;
“Then Infant Stems, of various Use,
“Imbib'd her soft maternal Juice;
“The Flow'rs, in early Bloom disclos'd,
“Upon her fragrant Breast repos'd;
“Within her warm Embraces grew
“A Race, of endless Form and Hue;
“Then pour'd her lesser Offspring round,
“And fondly cloath'd their Parent Ground,
“Nor here alone the Virtue reign'd,
“By Matter's cumb'ring Form detain'd;
“But thence, subliming, and refin'd,
“Aspir'd, and reach'd it's Kindred Mind.”

Caught