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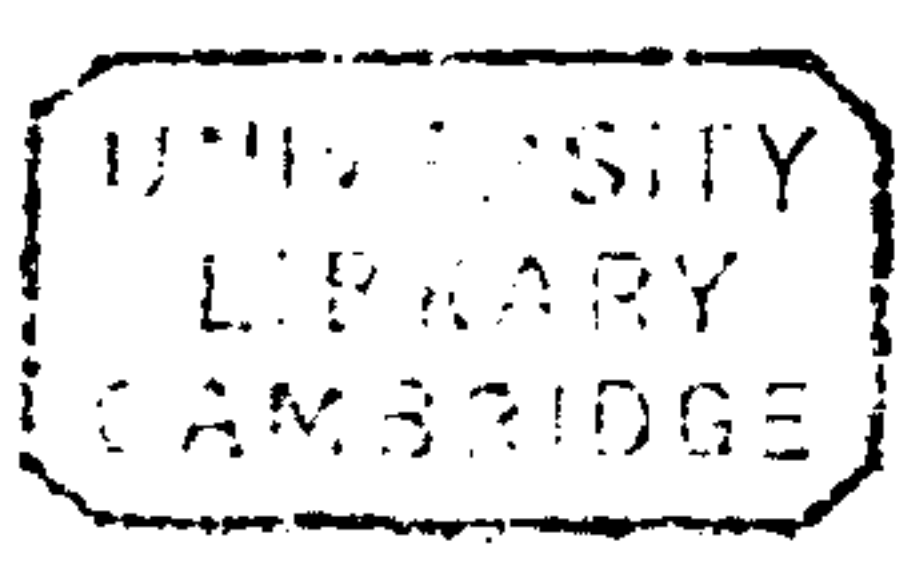
ANTI-THELYPHTHORA.

A T A L E,

I N V E R S E.

By William ...

— Ah miser,
 Quantâ laboras in Charybdi! *Hor: Lib. I. Ode 27.*



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ANTI-THELYPHTHORA.

AIRY del Castro was as bold a knight
As ever earn'd a lady's love in fight.
Many he fought, but one above the rest
His tender heart victoriously impress'd :
In Fairy land was born the matchless dame,
The land of Dreams, Hypothesis her name.
There Fancy nurs'd her in ideal bow'rs,
And laid her soft in Amaranthine flow'rs ;
Delighted with her babe, th' Inchantress smil'd,
And graced with all her gifts the fav'rite child.

Her, woo'd Sir Airy, by meandring streams,
 In daily musings and in nightly dreams ;
 With all the flow'rs he found, he wove in haste
 Wreaths for her brow, and girdles for her waist ;
 His time, his talents, and his ceaseless care
 All consecrated to adorn the fair :
 No pastime but with her he deign'd to take ;
 And if he studied, studied for her sake.
 And, for Hypothesis was somewhat long,
 Nor soft enough to suit a lover's tongue,
 He called her Pofy, with an amorous art,
 And grav'd it on a gem, and wore it next his heart.

BUT she, inconstant as the beams that play
 On rippling waters in an April day,
 With many a freakish trick deceiv'd his pains,
 To pathless wilds and unfrequented plains,

Enticed:

Enticed him from his oaths of knighthood far,
Forgetful of the glorious toils of war.

'Tis thus the tenderness that love inspires
Too oft betrays the vot'ries of his fires,
Borne far away on elevated wings,
They sport like wanton doves in airy rings,
And laws and duties are neglected things.

NOR he alone address'd the wayward Fair ;
Full many a knight had been entangled there.
But still whoever woo'd her or embrac'd,
On ev'ry mind some mighty spell she cast.
Some she would teach (for she was wondrous wise,
And made her dupes see all things with her eyes)
That forms material, whatsoe'er we dream,
Are not at all, or are not what they seem ;

That

That substances and modes of ev'ry kind,
 Are mere impressions on the passive mind;
 And he that splits his cranium, breaks at most
 A fancied head against a fancied post :
 Others, that earth, e'er sin had drown'd it all,
 Was smooth and even as an iv'ry ball ;
 That all the various beauties we survey,
 Hills, valleys, rivers, and the boundless sea,
 Are but departures from the first design,
 Effects of punishment and wrath divine.
 She tutor'd some in Dædalus's art,
 And promis'd they should act his wildgoose part,
 On waxen pinions soar without a fall,
 Swift as the proudest gander of them all.

BUT fate reserv'd Sir Airy to maintain,
 The wildest project of her teeming brain;

That

That wedlock is not rig'rous as suppos'd,
But man, within a wider pale inclos'd,
May rove at will, where appetite shall lead,
Free as the lordly bull that ranges o'er the mead ;
That forms and rites are tricks of human law,
As idle as the chatt'ring of a daw ;
That lewd incontinence and lawless rape,
Are marriage in its true and proper shape ;
That man by faith and truth is made a slave,
The ring a bauble, and the priest a knave.

FAIR fall the deed! the Knight exulting cried,
Now is the time to make the maid a bride !

'Twas on the noon of an autumnal day,
October hight, but mild and fair as May,

C

When

When scarlet fruits the russet hedge adorn,
 And floating films envelope ev'ry thorn,
 When gently, as in June, the rivers glide,
 And only miss the flow'rs that grac'd their side ;
 The linnet twitter'd out his parting song,
 With many a chorister the woods among ;
 On southern banks the ruminating sheep
 Lay snug and warm, 'twas summer's farewell peep.
 Propitious to his fond intent, there grew
 An arbour near at hand of thickest yew,
 With many a boxen bush, close clipt between,
 And Philyrea of a gilded green.

BUT what old Chaucer's merry page befits,
 The chaster muse of modern days omits.
 Suffice it then in decent terms to say,
 She saw,—and turn'd her rosy cheek away.

Small need of pray'r-book or of priest I ween,
Where parties are agreed, retired the scene,
Occasion prompt, and appetite so keen.
Hypothesis (for with such magic pow'r
Fancy endued her in her natal hour)
From many a steaming lake and reeking bog,
Bade rise in haste a dank and drizzling fog,
That curtain'd round the scene where they repos'd,
And wood and lawn in dusky folds inclos'd.

FEAR seiz'd the trembling sex ; in every grove
They wept the wrongs of honourable love.
In vain, they cried, are hymeneal rites,
Vain our delusive hope of constant knights ;
The marriage bond has lost its pow'r to bind,
And flutters loose, the sport of every wind ;

The

The bride, while yet her bride's attire is on,
 Shall mourn her absent lord, for he is gone,
 Satiated of her, and weary of the same,
 To distant wilds in quest of other game.
 Ye fair Circassians! all your lutes employ,
 Seraglios sing, and harems dance for joy,
 For British nymphs, whose lords were lately true,
 Nymphs quite as fair, and happier once than you,
 Honour, esteem, and confidence forgot,
 Feel all the meannesses of your slavish lot.
 Oh cursed Hypothesis! your hellish arts
 Seduce our husbands, and estrange their hearts.——
 Will none arise? no knight, who still retains
 The blood of ancient worthies in his veins,
 To assert the charter of the chaste and fair,
 Find out her treach'rous heart, and plant a dagger there!

A knight

A KNIGHT (can he that serves the Fair do less)
Starts at the call of beauty in distress ;
And he that does not, whatsoever occurs,
Is recreant, and unworthy of his spurs *.

FULL many a champion bent on hardy deed,
Call'd for his arms, and for his princely steed.
So swarm'd the Sabine youth, and grasp'd the shield,
When Roman rapine, by no laws withheld,
Left Rome should end with her first founders lives,
Made half their maids, *sans* ceremony, wives.
But not the mitred few, the soul their charge,
They left these bodily concerns at large ;

* When a knight was degraded, his spurs were chopp'd off.

Forms or no forms, pluralities or pairs,
 Right reverend Sirs! was no concern of theirs.
 The rest, alert and active as became
 A courteous knighthood, caught the gen'rous flame;
 One was accoutred when the cry began,
 Knight of the silver moon, Sir Marmadan*.

OFT as his Patroness, who rules the night,
 Hangs out her lamp in yon cærulean height,
 His vow was (and he well perform'd his vow)
 Arm'd at all points, with terror on his brow,
 To judge the land, to purge atrocious crimes,
 And quell the shapeless monsters of the times.

* Monthly Review for October.

For

For cedars fam'd, fair Lebanon supplied
The well-pois'd lance that quiver'd at his side ;
Truth arm'd it with a point so keen, so just,
No spell or charm was proof against the thrust.
He couch'd it firm upon his puissant thigh,
And darting through his helm an eagle's eye,
On all the wings of chivalry advanc'd
To where the fond Sir Airy lay entranc'd.

HE dreamt not of a foe, or if his fear
Foretold one, dreamt not of a foe so near.
Far other dreams his fev'rish mind employ'd,
Of rights restor'd, variety enjoy'd ;
Of virtue too well fenc'd to fear a flaw,
Vice passing current by the stamp of law ;
Large population on a lib'ral plan,
And woman trembling at the foot of man ;

How

How simple wedlock fornication works,
 And Christians marrying may convert the Turks.

THE trumpet now spoke Marmadan at hand,
 A trumpet that was heard through all the land.
 His high-bred steed expands his nostrils wide,
 And snorts aloud to cast the mist aside ;
 But he, the virtues of his lance to show,
 Struck thrice the point upon his saddle bow ;
 Three sparks ensued that chased it all away,
 And set th' unseemly pair in open day.
 To horse, he cried, or by this good right hand
 And better spear, I smite you where you stand.

SIR AIRY, not a whit dismay'd or scar'd,
 Buckled his helm, and to his steed repair'd ;

Whose

Whose bridle, while he cropp'd the grafs below,

Hung not far off upon a myrtle bough.

He mounts at once, fuch confidence infus'd

Th' infidious witch that had his wits abus'd ;

And ſhe, regardless of her fofter kind,

Seiz'd faſt the ſaddle and ſprang up behind.

Oh ſhame to knighthood ! his affailant cried ;

Oh ſhame ! ten thouſand echoing nymphs replied.

Placed with advantage at his liſt'ning ear,

She whiſper'd ſtill that he had nought to fear ;

That he was caſ'd in ſuch enchanted ſteel,

So poliſh'd and compact from head to heel,

Come ten, come twenty, ſhould an army call

Thee to the field, thou ſhouldeſt withſtand them all.

By Dian's beams, Sir Marmadan exclaim'd,

The guiltieſt ſtill are ever leaſt aſham'd !

But guard thee well, expect no feign'd attack ;
 And guard beside the forc'ers at thy back.

HE spoke indignant, and his spurs applied,
 Though little need, to his good palfrey's side ;
 The barb sprang forward, and his lord, whose force
 Was equal to the swiftness of his horse,
 Rush'd with a whirlwind's fury on the foe,
 And, Phineas like, transfix'd them at a blow.

Then sang the married and the maiden throng,
 Love grac'd the theme, and harmony the song ;
 The Fauns and Satyrs, a lascivious race,
 Shriek'd at the fight, and, conscious, fled the place :
 And Hymen, trimming his dim torch anew,
 His snowy mantle o'er his shoulders threw ;

He turn'd, and view'd it oft on ev'ry side,
And redd'ning with a just and gen'rous pride,
Bless'd the glad beams of that propitious day,
The spot he loath'd so much for ever cleans'd away.

T H E E N D.