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The Odyssey Of Homer


Translated from the Greek

Homerus

London, 1726

Homer's Battle Of The Frogs and Mice.

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H O M E R's

Names of the MICE. Names of the FROGS.



B A T T L E

O F T H E

FROGS and MICE.

By Mr. Archdeacon PARNELL.

Corrected by Mr. POPE.



H O M E R S

Names of the MICE.

- PSYCARPAX**, One who plunders Granaries.
Troxartes, a Bread-eat.
Lychomyle, A Licker of Meal.
Pternotractas, A Bacon-eater.
Lychopinax, A Licker of Dishes.
Embafichytros, A Creeper into Pots.
Lychenor, A Name from Licking.
Troglodytes, One who runs into Holes.
Artophagus, Who feeds on Bread.
Tyroglyphus, A Cheese-Scooper.
Pternoglyphus, A Bacon-Scooper.
Pternophogus, A Bacon-Eater.
Cnissiodoctes, One who follows the Steam of Kitchens.
Sitophagus, An Eater of Wheat.
Meridarpax, One who plunders his Share.

Names of the FROGS.

- PHYSIGNATHUS**, One who swells his Cheeks.
Pelcus, A Name from Mud.
Hydromeduse, A Ruler in the Waters.
Hypliboas, A loud Bawler.
Pelion, From Mud.
Scutæus, Call'd from the Beets.
Polyphonus, A great Babler.
Lymnocharis, One who loves the Lake.
Crambophagus, Cabbage-eater.
Lymnisius, Call'd from the Lake.
Calaminthus, From the Herb.
Hydrocharis, Who loves the Water.
Borborocates, Who lies in the Mud.
Prasfophagus, An Eater of Garlic.
Pelufius, From Mud.
Pelobates, Who walks in the Dirt.
Prasfæu, Call'd from Garlic.
Craugalides, from Croaking.

Corrected by Mr. P. H.

HOMER'S BATTLE

OF THE

FROGS and MICE.

BOOK I.

TO fill my rising Song with sacred Fire,
 Ye tuneful Nine, ye sweet Celestial Quire!
 From *Helicon's* imbowering Height repair,
 Attend my Labours, and reward my Pray'r.
 § The dreadful Toils of raging *Mars* I write,
 The Springs of Contest, and the Fields of Fight;
 How threatening *Mice* advanc'd with warlike Grace,
 And wag'd dire Combats with the croaking Race.
 Not louder Tumults shook *Olympus*' Tow'rs,
 10 When Earth-born Giants dar'd Immortal Pow'rs.

These equal Acts an equal Glory claim,

And thus the *Muse* records the Tale of Fame.

Once on a Time, fatigu'd and out of Breath,
And just escap'd the stretching Claws of Death,

15 A gentle *Mouse*, whom Cats pursu'd in vain,
Flies swift-of-foot across the neighb'ring Plain,
Hangs o'er a Brink; his eager Thirst to cool,
And dips his Whiskers in the standing Pool;
When near a courteous *Frog* advanc'd his Head,

20 And from the Waters, hoarse-resounding said,

What art thou, Stranger? What the Line you boast?

What Chance hath cast thee panting on our Coast?

With strictest Truth let all thy Words agree,

Nor let me find a faithless *Mouse* in thee.

25 If worthy Friendship, proffer'd Friendship take,
And entring view the pleasurable Lake:

Range o'er my Palace, in my Bounty share,
And glad return from hospitable Fare.

This Silver Realm extends beneath my Sway,

30 And me, their Monarch, all its Frogs obey.

Great *Physsonathus* I, from *Peleus*' Race,

Begot in fair *Hydromeduse*' Embrace,

Where by the nuptial Bank that paints his Side,

The swift *Eridanus* delights to glide.

FROGS and MICE.

- 35 Thee too, thy Form, thy Strength, and Port proclaim,
 A scepter'd King; a Son of Martial Fame;
 Then trace thy Line, and aid my guessing Eyes.
 Thus ceas'd the *Frog*, and thus the *Mouſe* replies.
- Known to the Gods, the Men, the Birds that fly,
 40 Thro' wild Expanſes of the midway Sky,
 My Name reſounds; and if unknown to thee,
 The Soul of Great *Phœnix* lives in me.
 Of brave *Troaxartes*' Line, whoſe ſtecky Down
 In Love compreſs'd *Lychomile* the brow.
- 45 My Mother ſhe, and Princeſs of the Plains
 Where'er her Father *Pternirotas* reigns
 Born where a Cabin liſts its airy Shed,
 With Figs, with Nuts, with vary'd Dainties fed,
 But ſince our Natures brought in common know,
 50 From what Foundation can a friendſhip grow?
 Theſe curling Waters o'er thy Palace roll,
 But Man's high Food ſupports my Princely Soul.
 In vain the circled Loaves attempt to die,
 Conceal'd in Flaſkets from my curious Eye.
- 55 In vain the Tripe that boaſts the whiteſt Hue,
 In vain the gilded Bacon ſhuns my View,
 In vain the Cheeſes, Offspring of the Pale,
 Or honey'd Cakes, which Gods themſelves regale.

- And as in Arts I shine, in Arms I fight,
 60 Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to Flight,
 Tho' large to mine the human Form appear,
 Not *Man* himself can smite my Soul with Fear,
 Sly to the Bed with silent Steps I go,
 Attempt his Finger, or attack his Toe,
 65 And fix indented Wounds with dextrous Skill,
 Sleeping he feels, and only seems to feel,
 Yet have we Foes which direful Dangers cause,
 Grim *Owls* with Talons arm'd, and *Cats* with Claws,
 And that false *Trap*, the Den of silent Fate,
 70 Where *Death* his Ambush plants around the Bait,
 All dreaded these, and dreadful o'er the rest
 The potent Warriors of the tabby Vest,
 If to the Dark we fly, the Dark they trace,
 And rend our Heroes of the nibbling Race,
 75 But me, nor Stalks, nor watrish Herbs delight,
 Nor can the crimson Radish charm my Sight,
 The Lake-resounding *Frogs* selected Fare,
 Which not a *Mouse* of any Taste can bear,
 As thus the downy Prince his Mind exprest,
 80 His Answer, thus the croaking King address'd
 Thy Words luxuriant on thy Dainties rove,
 And, stranger, we can boast of bounteous *Fove*:

- We sport in Water, or we dance on Land,
 And born amphibious, Food from both command.
- 85 But trust thy self where Wonders ask thy view,
 And safely tempt those Seas, I'll bear thee through
 Ascend my Shoulders, firmly keep thy Seat,
 And reach my marshy Court, and feast in State.
- He said, and leant his Back; with nimble Bound
 90 Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his Arms around,
 Then wond'ring floats, and sees with glad Survey
 The winding Banks dissemble Ports at Sea.
 But when aloft the curling Water rides,
 And wets with azure Wave his downy Sides,
- 95 His Thoughts grow conscious of approaching Woe,
 His idle Tears with vain Repentance flow,
 His Locks he rends, his trembling Feet he rears,
 Thick beats his Heart with unaccustom'd Fears;
 He sighs, and chill'd with Danger, longs for Shore:
- 100 His Tail extended forms a fruitless Oar,
 Half-drench'd in liquid Death his Pray'rs he spake,
 And thus bemoan'd him from the dreadful Lake.
 So pass'd *Europa* thro' the rapid Sea,
 Trembling and fainting all the vent'rous Way;
- 105 With oary Feet the *Bull* triumphant rode,
 And safe in *Crete* depos'd his lovely Load.



Ah safe at last! may thus the *Frog* support
My trembling Limbs to reach his ample Court.

As thus he sorrows, Death ambiguous grows,

110 Lo! from the deep a Water-*Hydra* rose;

He rolls his sanguin'd Eyes, his Bosom heaves,

And darts with active Rage along the Waves.

Confus'd, the Monarch sees his hissing Foe,

And dives to shun the fable Fates below.

115 Forgetful *Frog*! The Friend thy Shoulders bore,

Unskill'd in Swimming, floats remote from Shore.

He grasps with fruitless Hands to find Relief,

Supinely falls, and grinds his Teeth with Grief;

Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,

120 And sinks, and strives, but strives with Fate in vain.

The weighty Moisture clogs his hairy Vest,

And thus the *Prince* his dying Rage exprest.

Nor thou, that flings me shoud'ring from thy Back,

As from hard Rocks rebounds the shatt'ring Wrack,

125 Nor thou shalt 'scape thy Due, perfidious King!

Pursu'd by Vengeance on the swiftest Wing;

At Land thy Strength could never equal mine,

At Sea to conquer, and by Craft, was thine.

But Heav'n has Gods, and Gods have searching Eyes:

130 Ye *Mice*, ye *Mice*, my great Avengers rise!

- This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd,
 His Death the young *Lychopmax* espy'd,
 As on the flow'ry Brink he pass'd the Day.
 Bask'd in the Beams, and loiter'd Life away:
 135 Loud shrieks the *Mouſe*, his Shrieks the Shores repeat,
 The nibbling Nation learn their Heroe's Fate:
 Grief, dismal Grief ensues; deep Murmur found,
 And shriller Fury fills the deafen'd Ground;
 From Lodge to Lodge the sacred *Heralds* run,
 140 To fix their Council with the rising Sun;
 Where great *Troxartes* crown'd in Glory reigns,
 And winds his length'ning Court beneath the Plains,
Psyccarpax Father, Father now no more!
 For poor *Psyccarpax* lies remote from Shore:
 145 Supine he lies! the silent Waters stand,
 And no kind Billow waſts the *Dead* to Land!



B. O. O. K. II.

- W**HEN rosy-finger'd Morn had ting'd the Clouds,
 Around their *Monarch-Mouse* the Nation crowds,
 Slow rose the Monarch, heav'd his anxious Breast,
 And thus, the Council fill'd with Rage, address'd.
 5 For lost *Pygmalion* much my Soul endures,
 'Tis mine the private Grief, the publick, yours,
 Three warlike Sons adorn'd my nuptial Bed,
 Three Sons, alas, before their Father dead!
 Our Eldest perish'd by the rav'ning *Cat*,
 10 As near my Court the *Prince* unheeded fate.
 Our next, an Engine fraught with Danger drew,
 The Portal gap'd, the Bait was hung in View,
 Dire *Arts* assist the *Trap*, the *Fates* decoy,
 And Men unpitying kill'd my *gallant Boy*!
 15 The last, his *Country's* Hope, his *Parent's* Pride,
 Plung'd in the Lake by *Phygnathus*, dy'd.
 Rouse all the War, my Friends! avenge the Deed,
 And bleed that *Monarch*, and his *Nation* bleed.
 His Words in ev'ry Breast inspir'd Alarms,
 20 And careful *Mars* supply'd their Host with Arms.
 In verdant Hulls despoil'd of all their Beans,
 The buskin'd Warriors stalk'd along the Plains,

- Quills aptly bound, their bracing Corſelet made,
 Fac'd with the Plunder of a Car they flay'd,
 25 The Lamp's round Boſs affords their ample Shield,
 Large Shells of Nuts their cov'ring Helmet yield;
 And o'er the Region, with reflected Rays,
 Tall Groves of Needles for their Lances blaze.
 Dreadful in Arms the marching Mice appear,
 30 The wond'ring Frogs perceive the Tumult near,
 Forſake the Waters, thick'ning form a Ring,
 And ask, and hearken, whence the Noiſes ſpring,
 When near the Croud, diſclos'd to publick View,
 The valiant Chief *Embafichytros* drew
 35 The ſacred Herald's Scepter grac'd his Hand,
 And thus his Words expreſt his King's Command,
 Ye Frogs! the Mice with Vengeance fir'd, advance,
 And deckt in Armour ſhake the ſhining Lance,
 Their hapleſs Prince by *Phyſignathus* ſlain,
 40 Extends incumbent on the watry Plain.
 Then arm your Hoſt, the doubtful Battel try,
 Lead forth thoſe Frogs that have the Soul to die.
 The Chief retires, the Croud the Challenge hear,
 And proudly ſwelling, yet perplex'd appear.
 45 Much they reſent, yet much their Monarch blame,
 Who riſing, ſpoke to clear his tainted Fame,



- O Friends! I never forc'd the *Mouſe* to Death, *ling*
 Nor ſaw the Gaspings of his lateſt Breath: *ditw boſt*
 He, vain of Youth, our Art of Swimming try'd, *edT* *re*
 50 And vent'rous in the Lake the Wanton dy'd. *is equal*
 To Vengeance now by falſe Appearance led, *is o ba*
 They point their Anger at my guiltleſs Head, *or ſat*
 But wage the riſing War by deep Device, *ni laibret*
 And turn its Fury on the crafty *Mice*. *gait know edT* *og*
 55 Your King directs the Way; my Thoughts elate *ation*
 With hopes of Conqueſt, form Deſigns of Fate, *as ba*
 Where high the Banks their verdant Surface heave, *edW*
 And the ſteep Sides confine the ſleeping Wave, *law edT*
 There, near the Margin, and in Armour bright, *edT* *eg*
 60 Sustain the firſt impetuous Shocks of Fight: *laud ba*
 Then where the dancing Feather joins the Creſt, *tw o Y*
 Let each brave *Frog* his obvious *Mouſe* arreſt; *eb ba*
 Each ſtrongly grasping, headlong plunge a Foe, *ndT*
 Till countleſs Circles whirl the Lake below; *abnoix* *op*
 65 Down ſink the *Mice* in yielding Waters drown'd; *ndT*
 Loud ſaſh the Waters; echoing Shores reſound: *brod*
 The *Frogs* triumphant tread the conquer'd Plain, *edT*
 And raiſe their glorious Trophies of the ſlain, *og ba*
 He ſpake no more, his prudent Scheme imparts *DM* *re*
 70 Redoubling Ardour to the boldeſt Hearts, *gait odW*

Green was the Suit his arming Heroes chose,
 Around their Legs the Greaves of Mallows close;
 Green were the Beets about their Shoulders laid,
 And green the Colewort, which the Target made;
 75 Form'd of the vary'd Shells the Waters yield;
 Their glossy Helmets glisten'd o'er the Field;
 And tapering Sea-Reeds for the polish'd Spear,
 With upright Order pierc'd the ambient Air;
 Thus dress'd for War, they take th' appointed Height,
 80 Poize the long Arms, and urge the promis'd Fight.

But now, where Jove's irradiate Spires arise,
 With Stars surrounded in Æthereal Skies,
 (A Solemn Council call'd) the brazen Gates
 Unbar; the Gods assume their golden Seats;
 85 The Sire superior leans, and points to show
 What wond'rous Combats Mortals wage below;
 How strong, how large, the num'rous Heroes stride;
 What Length of Lance they shake with warlike Pride;
 What eager Fire, their rapid March reveals;
 90 So the fierce Centaurs ravag'd o'er the Dale;
 And so confirm'd, the daring Titans rose,
 Heap'd Hills on Hills, and bid the Gods be Foes;
 This seen, the Pow'r his sacred Visage rears,
 He casts a pitying Smile on worldly Cares,

And

- 95 And asks what heav'nly Guardians take the List,
 Or who the *Mice*, or who the *Frogs* assist? baA
 Then thus to *Pallas*: If my Daughter's Mind
 Have join'd the *Mice*, why stays she still behind?
 Drawn forth by sav'ry Steams they wind their Way,
 100 And sure Attendance round thine Altar pay,
 Where while the Victims gratify their Taste,
 They spent to please the Goddess of the Feast.
 Thus spake the Ruler of the spacious Skies,
 When thus, resolv'd, the Blue-ey'd Maid replies,
 105 In vain, my Father! all their Dangers plead,
 To such, thy *Pallas* never grants her Aid,
 My flow'ry Wreaths they petulantly spoil,
 And rob my chrystal Lamps of feeding Oil
 (Ills following Ills) but what afflicts me more,
 110 My Veil, that idle Race profanely tore,
 The Web was curious, wrought with Art divine,
 Relentless Wretches! all the Work was mine,
 Along the Loom the purple Warp I spread,
 Cast the light Shoot, and crost the silver Thread,
 115 In this their Teeth a thousand Breaches tear,
 The thousand Breaches skilful Hands repair,
 For which vile earthly Dunns thy Daughter grieve,
 And Gods, that use no Coin, have none to give.

- And learning's Goddesses never less can owe,
 120 Neglected Learning gets no Wealth below.
 Nor let the Frogs to gain my Succour sue,
 Those clam'rous Fools have lost my favour too.
 For late, when all the Conflict ceas'd at Night,
 When my stretch'd Sinews work'd with eager Fight,
 125 When spent with glorious Toil, I left the Field,
 And sunk for slumber on my swelling Shield,
 Lo from the Deep, repelling sweet Repose,
 With noisy Croakings half the Nation rose:
 Dewoid of Rest, with aking Brows I lay,
 130 Till Cocks proclaim'd the crimson Dawn of Day.
 Let all, like me, from either Host forbear,
 Nor tempt the flying Furies of the Spear.
 Let heav'nly Blood (or what for Blood may flow)
 Adorn the Conquest of a meaner Foe,
 135 Who, wildly rushing, meet the wondrous Odds,
 Tho' Gods oppose, and brave the wounded Gods
 O'er gilded Clouds reclin'd, the Danger view,
 And be the Wars of Mortals Scenes for you.
 So mov'd the *blue-eyed Queen*, her Words persuad;
 140 Great *Jove* assented, and the rest obey'd.

BOOK III.

NOW Front to Front the marching Armies shine,
 Halt e'er they meet, and form the length'ning Line,
 The Chiefs conspicuous seen, and heard afar,
 Give the loud Sign to loose the rushing War;
 5 Their dreadful Trumpets deep-mouth'd Hornets found,
 The sounded Charge remurmurs o'er the Ground,
 Ev'n *Jove* proclaims a Field of Horror nigh,
 And rolls low Thunder thro' the troubled Sky.

First to the Fight the large *Hypsibos* flew;
 10 And brave *Lychenor* with a jav'ling flew,
 The luckless Warrior fill'd with gen'rous Flame,
 Stood foremost glitt'ring in the Post of Fame.
 When in his Liver struck, the Jav'lin hung,
 The *Monse* fell thund'ring, and the Target rung;
 15 Prone to the Ground he sinks his closing Eye,
 And soil'd in Dust his lovely Tresses lie.
 A Spear at *Pelion Troglodyses* cast,
 The missive Spear within the Bosom past;
 Death's sable Shades the fainting *Frog* surround,
 20 And Life's red Tide runs ebbing from the Wound.

Embafichytros felt *Seutlaus'* Dart

Transfix, and quiver in his panting Heart;

BOOK 2

But

- But great *Artophagus* aveng'd the slain, and gain'd
 And big *Seutlaus* tumbling loads the Plain,
 25 And *Polyphonus* dies, a Frog renown'd,
 For boastful Speech and Turbulence of Sound;
 Deep thro' the Belly pierc'd, supine he lay,
 And breath'd his Soul against the Face of Day.
 The strong *Lymochatis*, who view'd with Ire,
 30 A victor triumph, and a Friend expire;
 And fiercely flung where *Trogodytes* fought,
 With heaving Arms a rocky Fragment caught,
 A Warrior vers'd in Arts, of sure Retreat,
 Yet Arts in vain elude impending Fate;
 35 Full on his sinewy Neck the Fragment fell,
 And o'er his Eye-lids Clouds eternal dwell,
Lychenor (second of the glorious Name)
 Striding advanc'd, and took no wand'ring Aim;
 Thro' all the Frog the shining Jav'lin flies,
 40 And near the vanquish'd *Moufe* the Victor dies;
 The dreadful Stroke *Crambophagus* affrights,
 Long bred to Banquets, less linur'd to Fights;
 Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the Steep
 And wildly flound'ring flashes up the Deep;
 45 *Lychenor* following with a downward Blow,
 Reach'd in the Lake his unrecover'd Foe;

Gasp-

- Gasping he rolls, a purple Stream of Blood
 Distains the Surface of the Silver Flood;
 Thro' the wide Wound the rushing Entrails throng,
 50 And slow the breathless Carcass floats along.
Lymniscus good *Tyroglyphus* assails,
 Prince of the Mice that haunt the flow'ry Vales,
 Lost to the milky Fares, and rural Seat,
 He came to perish on the Bank of Fate.
 55 The dread *Pternoglyphus* demands the Fight,
 Which tender *Calamintibus* shuns by Flight,
 Drops the green Target, Springing quits the Foe,
 Glides thro' the Lake, and safely dives below,
 The dire *Pternophagus* divides his Way
 60 Thro' breaking Ranks, and leads the dreadful Day.
 No nibbling Prince excell'd in Fierceness more,
 His Parents fed him on the savage Boar;
 But where his Lance the Field with Blood imbrud,
 Swift as he mov'd *Hydrocharis* pursu'd,
 65 'Till fall'n in Death he lies, a shatt'ring Stone
 Sounds on the Neck; and crushes all the Bone,
 His Blood pollutes the Verdure of the Plain,
 And from his Nostrils bursts the gushing Brain,
Lycopanax with *Borbocates* fights
 70 A blameless Frog, whom humbler Life delights;

- The fatal Jav'lin unrelenting flies,
 And Darkness seals the gentle Croaker's Eyes,
 Incens'd *Prassophagus* with spritely Bound,
 Bears *Cnissodictes* off the rising Ground,
 75 Then drags him o'er the Lake depriv'd of Breath,
 And downward plunging, sinks his Soul to Death,
 But now the great *Pyscarpax* shines afar,
 (Scarce he so great whose Loss provok'd the War)
 Swift to Revenge his fatal Jav'lin fled,
 80 And thro' the Liver struck *Pelusius* dead,
 His freckled Corps before the Victor fell,
 His Soul indignant fought the Shades of Hell,
 This saw *Pelobates*, and from the Flood
 Lifts with both Hands a monstrous Mass of Mud,
 85 The Cloud obscene o'er all the Warrior flies,
 Dishonours his brown Face, and blots his Eyes,
 Enrag'd, and wildly sputtring, from the Shore
 A Stone immense of Size the Warrior bore,
 A Load for lab'ring Earth, whose Bulk to raise,
 90 Asks ten degen'rate *Mice* of modern Days,
 Full to the Leg arrives the crushing Wound,
 The *Frog* suppartless, wriths upon the Ground,
 Thus flush'd, the Victor wars with matchless Force,
 'Till loud *Craugasides* arrests his Course,

95 Hoarse-croaking Threats precede, with fatal Speed
 Deep thro' the Belly runs the pointed Reed,
 Then strongly tug'd, return'd imbrud with Gore,
 And on the Pile his reeking Entrails bore.
 The lame *Sitophagus* oppress'd with Pain,

100 Creeps from the desp'rate Dangers of the Plain,
 And where the Ditches rising Weeds supply,
 To spread their lowly Shades beneath the Sky,
 There lurks the silent *Moufe* reliev'd of Heat,
 And safe imbow'rd, avoids the Chance of Fate.

105 But here *Troxartes*, *Plysignathus* there,
 Whirl the dire Furies of the pointed Spear:
 Then where the Foot around its Ankle plies,
Troxartes wounds, and *Plysignathus* flies,
 Halts to the Pool, a safe Retreat to find,

110 And trails a dangling Length of Leg behind;
 The *Moufe* still urges, still the *Frog* retires,
 And half in Anguish of the Flight expires;
 Then pious Ardor young *Prassaus* brings,
 Betwixt the Fortunes of contending Kings,

115 Lank, harmless *Frog!* with Forces hardly grown,
 He darts the Reed in Combats not his own,
 Which faintly tinkling on *Troxartes*' Shield,
 Hangs at the Point, and drops upon the Field.

Now nobly tow'ring o'er the rest appears.

- 120 A gallant Prince that far transcends his Years,
 Pride of his Sire, and Glory of his House,
 And more a *Mars*, in Combat than a *Mouſe*:
 His Action bold, robust his ample Frame,
 And *Meridarpax* his resounding Name.
- 125 The Warrior singled from the fighting Crowd,
 Boasts the dire Honours of his Arms aloud;
 Then strutting near the Lake, with Looks elate,
 Threats all its Nations with approaching Fate,
 And such his Strength, the Silver Lakes around,
- 130 Might roll their Waters o'er unpeopled Ground,
 But pow'rful *Jove* who shews no less his Grace
 To *Frogs* that perish, than to human Race,
 Felt soft Compassion rising in his Soul,
 And shook his sacred Head, that shook the Pole.
- 135 Then thus to all the gazing Pow'rs began,
 The Sire of *Gods*, and *Frogs*, and *Mouſe*, and *Man*,
 What Seas of Blood I view, what Worlds of Slain,
 An *Iliad* rising from a Day's Campaign!
 How fierce his Jav'lin o'er the trembling Lakes
- 140 The black-fur'd Heroe *Meridarpax* shakes!
 Unless some fav'ring Deity descend,
 Soon will the *Frogs* loquacious Empire end.

Let

- Let dreadful *Pallas*, wing'd with Pity fly,
 And make her *Aegis* blaze before his Eye:
 145 While *Mars* refulgent on his rattling Car,
 Arrests his raging Rival of the War.
 He ceas'd, reclining with attentive Head,
 When thus the glorious God of Combats said.
 Nor *Pallas*, *Jove!* tho' *Pallas* take the Field,
 150 With all the Terrors of her hissing Shield,
 Nor *Mars* himself, tho' *Mars* in Armour bright
 Ascend his Car, and wheel amidst the Fight;
 Nor these can drive the desp'rate *Mouſe* afar,
 And change the Fortunes of the bleeding War.
 155 Let all go forth, all Heav'n in Arms arise,
 Or launch thy own red Thunder from the Skies.
 Such ardent Bolts as flew that wond'rous Day,
 When Heaps of *Titans* mix'd with Mountains lay,
 When all the Giant-Race enormous fell,
 160 And huge *Enceladus* was hurl'd to Hell.
 'Twas thus th' Armipotent advis'd the Gods,
 When from his Throne the Cloud-Compeller nods,
 Deep length'ning Thunders run from Pole to Pole,
Olympus trembles as the Thunders roll,
 165 Then swift he whirls the brandish'd Bolt around,
 And headlong darts it at the distant Ground,

- The Bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with Lightning flies,
 And rends its flaming Passage thro' the Skies,
 Then Earth's Inhabitants the Niblers shake,
 170 And *Frogs*, the Dwellers in the Waters, quake,
 Yet still the *Mice* advance their dread Design,
 And the last Danger threatens the croaking Line,
 'Till *Jove* that ioly mourn'd the Loss they bore,
 With strange Assistants fill'd the frighted Shore.
 175 Pour'd from the neighb'ring Strand, deform'd to View,
 They march, a sudden unexpected Crew,
 Strong Suits of Armor round their Bodies close,
 Which, like thick Anvils; blunt the Force of Blows;
 In wheeling Marches turn'd oblique they go,
 180 With harpy Claws their Limbs divide below,
 Fell Sheers the Passage to their Mouth command,
 From out the Flesh the Bones by Nature stand,
 Broad spread their Backs, their shining Shoulders rise,
 Unnumber'd Joints distort their lengthen'd Thighs,
 185 With nervous Cords their Hands are firmly brac'd,
 Their round black Eye-balls in their Bosom plac'd,
 On eight long Feet the wond'rous Warriors tread,
 And either End alike supplies a Head.
 These, mortal Wits to call the *Crabs*, agree;
 190 The Gods have other Names for Things than we.

Now



Now where the Jointures from their Loins depend,
 The Heroes Tails with sev'ring Grasps they rend.
 Here, short of Feet, depriv'd the Pow'r to fly,
 There without Hands upon the Field they lie.
 195 Wrench'd from their Holds, and scatter'd all around,
 The bended Lances heap the cumber'd Ground.
 Helpless Amazement, Fear pursuing Fear,
 And mad Confusion thro' their Host appear,
 O'er the wild Wast with headlong Flight they go,
 200 Or creep conceal'd in vaulted Holes below.

But down *Olympus* to the Western Seas,
 Far-shooting *Phœbus* drove with fainter Rays,
 And a whole War (so *Jove* ordain'd) begun,
 Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving Sun.

