

THE FOLLOWING TITLES ARE INCLUDED ON REEL # 5520

- 1 Dickinson, Charles.
The Travels of Cyllineus: a poem.
[London], 1795.
66pts.; 4°
Missing cantos 1-36, 61-66.
- 2 Griffith, Richard.
The posthumous works of a late celebrated genius,
deceased. In two volumes.
Dublin, 1770.
2v.(viii,[4],280p.); 12°
- 3 Heloise: or, the siege of Rhodes. A legendary tale. By
the author of Maria: or, the generous rustic. Third edition.
To which is added, Harriet: or, the vicar's tale. In two
volumes. ...
London, 1788.
2v.; 8°
- 4 Longinus, Cassius.
[De sublimitate. English]. Dionysius Longinus on the
sublime: translated from the Greek, with notes and
observations, and some account of the life, writings, and
character of the author. By William Smith, ... - The fifth
edition, corrected and improved.
London, 1757.
220p.; 12°
- 5 Coventry, Francis.
The history of Pompey the little. Or, the life and
adventures of a lap-dog. - The fourth edition.
London, 1761.
xi[i.e.xix],[1],291,[1]p.; 12°
Page xix misnumbered xi.
- 6 Greenwood, James.
An essay towards a practical English grammar, describing
the genius and nature of the English tongue; ... By James
Greenwood, ... - The fifth edition.
London, 1753.
[12],339,[9]p.; 12°

(Cont'd on next page)

- 7 Bowles, Thomas.
Grammaticae Latinae syntaxis commentariis
illustrata: or, the fundamental rules of the Latin
grammar made plain and easy. By Thomas Bowles, D.D. ...
Northampton, 1738.
36,[2]p.; 8°
- 8 Homer.
[Battle of the frogs and mice. English].
Batrachomyomachia: or, the battle of the frogs and mice.
Translated from Homer. By a land-waiter in the port of
Poole. With some additional poems by the same hand.
London, 1736.
[4],28p.; 8°

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BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

O R,

The **B A T T L E** of the

FROGS and MICE.

Translated from HOMER.

B Y

A LAND-WAITER in the Port of POOLE!

With some

ADDITIONAL POEMS

By the same H A N D.

The Batrachomuomachia of HOMER is indeed a beautiful Piece of Railery; in which a great Writer might delight to unbend himself; an Instance of that agreeable trifling which hath been at some Time or other indulged by the finest Geniuses; and the Offspring of that amusing and chearful Humour which generally accompanies the Character of a rich Imagination, like a Vein of Mercury running mingled with a Mine of Gold. ... Pope.

J. O N D O N:

Printed for J. WILFORD, behind the Chapter-house, in St. Paul's Church-yard. MDCCLXXXVI. (Price Six-pence.)

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
JOHN,
LORD HINTON.

MY LORD,

AS I had the Honour to receive Part of my Education in the same School with your Lordship; so I hope you will indulge me in the Gratification of an Ambition I long ago entertain'd of publishing the following Performance with your Name prefixed to it.

I am sure, my Lord, I shall not incur the Imputation of Flattery if I say you are too well acquainted with the Character and Writings of Homer to stand in Need of any Information from me concerning them; and I do not question but you have read the Original with more Pleasure than the Translation can possibly give you.

I therefore only beg Leave to congratulate your Lordship upon the Distinction which hath lately been shewn you by His Majesty; and that your Actions may deserve the Continuance of the Royal Favour is the honest and hearty Wish of,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient

Humble Servant,

Names

Of the

FROGS.

Borborocætes.
Calaminthius.
Crambophagus.
Craugalides.
Hydrocharis.
Hydromedusa.
Hypsiboas.
Limnifius.
Limnocharis.
Peleus.
Polion.
Pelobates.
Pelusius.
Præstæus.
Physignathus.
Polyphonus.
Præstophagus.
Sentlæus.

Names

Of the

MICE.

Artepibulus.
Artophagus.
Cnissodiotætes.
Embafichytros.
Lichenor.
Lichopinax.
Lichomyle.
Meridarpax.
Pternotroctes.
Pternoglyphus.
Pternophagus.
Plicharpax.
Sitophagus.
Troxartes.
Tyroglyphus.
Troglodytes.

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

• OR, THE

BATTLE of the *Frogs* and *Mice*.



MAY the Nine from *Helicon* inspire
My kindling Breast with their celestial Fire,
While to the World I write of War, and sing
What endless Labours from Contention spring,
What mov'd the *Mice* (undaunted as the Pow'rs
That scal'd the Heav'ns, and shook their lofty Tow'rs)
To fill the frighted Fields with loud Alarms,
And dare the croaking Race to Deeds of Arms.

It chanc'd a *Mouse*, whom *Puffs* had close pursu'd,
Near the green Margin of a River stood,
And careless now of ev'ry Danger, sought
To cool his Thirst with a refreshing Draught;
When fam'd *Physignathus* the Wand'rer spy'd,
And to him sudden from the Waters cry'd:

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

Say, Who art thou? What Business brought thee here?
Tell whence thou cam'st, nor be controul'd by Fear.
Who is it boasts himself the Sire of thee?
Declare the Truth, and nought but Truth to me.
If thou to Friendship's holy Ties art bent,
Soon will I bring thee to our Royal Tent;
Soon shall our honorary Presents tell
How much I rev'ence those who merit well.
I am *Phygnathus*, whose boundless Sway
All those that breath within this Lake obey;
And where *Eridanus* extends his Shore;
Hydromedusa me to *Peleus* bore.
Thou too, methinks, art of a Kingly Mien;
Fair is thy Form, and beauteous to be seen:
Dauntless at Danger in the Field of Death;
Speak, tell me then from whom thou drew'st thy Breath.
He ceas'd; and scornful thus the *Mouse* begun:
Hast thou ne'er seen the Prince that calls me Son?
Sure not a few of those who dwell below,
As well as Gods above my Parents know.
From great *Troxartes*' gen'rous Loins I came;

Troxartes

Or the Battle of the FROGS and MICE. 3

Troxartes bade *Psebarpax* be my Name:
But fair *Lichomyle*, my Mother, springs
From *Pternotrotes*, once a King of Kings.
Nought for their Best-belov'd they deem'd too good;
Figs, Nuts, and Sweet-meats were my daily Food.
But since thy Nature differs so from mine,
How can I ever be a Friend of thine?
Thou in the Waters, I on Earth must live,
And share with Men what they refuse to give.
Mine is their finest Bread, their Tarts are mine,
I eat their Cheeses, and I drink their Wine;
In vain from me, conceal'd, their Bacon lies;
In vain their butter'd Buns and sugar'd Pies;
In vain their whitest Tripe and honey'd Cake,
And ev'ry luscious Bit the skilful Cook can make.
Nor am I startled, at its dire Alarms,
When Battle bids me sheath my Limbs in Arms,
But forth I rush, unconscious then of Fear,
And with the foremost, flames my shining Spear;
Puss and the *Hawk* my Soul alike abhors;
Against our Kind they wage eternal Wars.

A 2

With

With equal Care I fly the faithless Gin,
 That harbours Ruin and Deceit within.
 But more than all the rav'nous Cat I shun;
 For she pursues me wheresoe'er I run.
 Besides, the various Roots that nourish you
 Who haunt the Stream, can never feed me too.

Then with a Smile *Physignathus* reply'd,
 Forbear to boast with such an Air of Pride:
 We too our Dainties from the Land may take
 To feast a Friend, as well as from the Lake.
 This happy Choice our Race receiv'd from *Jove*,
 To dwell in Water, or on Earth to rove.
 But if thy Fancy lead thee to behold,
 And know the Truth of what thou hast been told;
 Seize with a firm Embrace my proffer'd Sides,
 Lest thou shouldst perish in the whelming Tides:
 While on these Shoulders I thy Weight support,
 And bear thee through the Stream in Safety to my Court.

He ceas'd; and strait *Pficharpax* with a Bound
 Leaps on his Back, and throws his Arms around.
 At first with Joy the Neighbouring Banks he view'd,

And how *Physignathus* his Way pursu'd:
 But when he felt the Waves with secret Dread
 To roar, and foam, and thunder o'er his Head,
 He rent his Hair, and curst his hapless Fate;
 He blam'd his Folly, but alas! too late.
 Close were his Feet contracted to his Breast;
 Grief and Despair his lab'ring Thoughts oppress:
 He strove to see the Shore, but strove in vain;
 Deeply he sigh'd, his Sighing told his Pain;
 Help he had none, but what his Tail supply'd,
 To stem the Fury of the raging Tide;
 That was his Oar, and That he hop'd would save
 His rescu'd Body from the liquid Grave.
 Nor did he cease to call on Heav'n for Aid;
 Till interrupted by the Flood he said:
 Not thus the *Bull* in former Ages bore
 His beauteous * *Mistress* to the *Cretan* Shore;
 As this dissembling, hateful *Frog* conveys
 My wretched Weight through the resounding Seas.

* *Europe*;

Scarce

Scarce had he spoke, a frightful Snake appear'd,
 And o'er the Waves his tow'ring Crest was rear'd.
 Soon as *Physignathus* the Monster spy'd,
 Swift down he sunk beneath the tumbling Tide,
 Escap'd the Death he well deserv'd to find,
 And unregarded left his Friend behind:

Meantime the helpless Mouse, deserted, lay
 Tost by the Billows on the Watry Way.
 His shiv'ring Limbs proclaim his mighty Fear,
 To see the Fate, he wish'd to shun, so near.
 Now lies he buried in the liquid Graves,
 Now floats he struggling on the topmost Waves.
 At length with various Scenes of Sorrow prest,
 And much incumber'd by his Hairy Vest,
 He yields, reluctant, to the Stroke of Death,
 And in these Words consumes his latest Breath.

Think not this impious Deed shall always lie
 Conceal'd from righteous Heav'n's beholding Eye:
 The Gods, *Physignathus*! the Gods will shed
 Their direful Vengeance on thy perjur'd Head.
 An equal Match by Land I was for thee,

Th

Tho' thou art more accustom'd to the Sea,
 But know, perfidious Prince! with like Disdain
 My gallant Friends shall stretch thee on the Plain,
 Shall doom thy trembling, guilty Shade to dwell
 With those whose Punishment is deepest Hell.

Thus having spoke, amidst the Waves he dies,
 And endless Slumber seals his darken'd Eyes.
 It chanc'd as near the flow'ry Banks he stood,
Lichopinae th' expiring Hero view'd.
 With hideous Howling swift he ran to tell
 How lost *Pficharpae* in the Waters fell.
 Soon as the *Mice* the dreadful News receiv'd,
 For lost *Pficharpae* ev'ry one was griev'd.
 Strait were the Heralds order'd to proclaim,
 That when the Day should first o'er Ocean flame,
 The banded Legions, hastning, must resort
 To the sad § Monarch's melancholy Court,
 Whose Son, far distant from the River's Side,
 Lay floating, breathless, on the driving Tide.

§ *Troxartes.*

Now

8 BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

Now soon as Morn appear'd, the Troops obey,
And to the Place appointed speed their Way;
When thus *Troxartes*, rising o'er the rest,
With gloomy Looks the lifting Chiefs address.

Altho' the *Frogs* have injur'd me of late,
Yet all are subject to be crush'd by Fate.
But such a Loss what Father ever bore?
Three Sons I had, and now they are no more!
One by the *Cat's* superior Strength was kill'd,
Another's Blood by Men unpitying spill'd,
As in the treach'rous Trap ensnar'd he lay,
And to the curst Invention fell a Prey.
Pficharpax last (by me distinguish'd more
Than all the Children e'er I had before,
And by his Mother through the World renown'd)
In the wild Deep *Phyfignathus* hath drown'd.
Come then, my Friends, the hostile Race invade,
And let your Limbs in Armor be array'd,

Thus he: His Speech each gen'rous Breast alarm'd,
And *Mars* himself the hardy Warriors arm'd;

First

Or the Battle of the FROGS and MICE.

First round their Legs the circling Greaves were clos'd,
Which the thin Rind of foodful Beans compos'd,
A *Cat's* Skin next, with curious Labour drest,
And stuck with Feathers, serv'd to guard the Breast,
Bright polish'd Bucklers, form'd of lucid Horn,
The little Soldiers loaded Hands adorn.
A brazen Needle ev'ry Hero bore,
And ev'ry Head a hollow Nut-shell wore.
Such were the *Mice*! So on the Plain thy stood
Breathing Revenge and Slaughter, War and Blood!

Now when to the proud *Frogs* these Tidings came,
They all with eager Haste forsook the Stream;
And to one Place retiring sought to know
How they might best prevent th' impending Blow.

But while they fate, attentive with Surprise,
And wondring whence this Tumult should arise,
Full in their View *Embafchyros* stands,
(The glitt'ring Scepter grac'd his holy Hands)
And thus the Chief, secure from hostile Harms,
Invites 'em forth to prove their Strength in Arms.

BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:

To what the *Mice* propose, ye *Frogs!* attend
 And hear the Message which by me they send:
 They, to revenge *Pficharpax*, whom your Lord
 Drown'd in the Deep, regardless of his Word,
 Defy th' assembled Forces you can boast,
 And dare the noblest of your armed Host.

He ceas'd, and frowning from the Place retir'd:
 His threatening Speech the listening Audience fir'd:
 At length, with Words like these the * Monarch rose
 To hush their Murmurs, and their Wrath compose.

Friends! not to me *Pficharpax* owes his Death,
 Nor did I see him lab'ring out his Breath.
 Like us to pass the Stream the Hero try'd,
 And for his Boldness in the Stream he dy'd.
 Yet these aloud for Vengeance call, and bring
 Their impious Arms against your blameless King,
 Rouse then, ye Warriors! all your Thoughts employ,
 To combat, conquer, and the Race destroy.
 But first to what I counsel lend an Ear,
 Let all our Legions on the Banks appear

* *Physignathus.*

Arm'd

Or the Battle of the FROGS and MICE. 21

Arm'd for the Fight, that when their Troops prepare
 With eager Fury to commence the War,
 Each Chief, secure, may seize his nearest Foe,
 And hurl him backwards to the Lake below.
 So shall their treach'rous Armies soon be slain,
 Unskill'd by swimming how the Shore to gain;
 While we victorious raise our Trophies on the Plain.

He said—In Arms their Limbs the Chiefs infold,
 And the broad Mallows ^{VEGETABLES} on their Legs are roll'd:
 Wide verdant Beets a fenceful Breast-plate yield,
 And Leafs of Colworts form their easy Shield:
 A pointed Bulrush ev'ry Hero bears,
 And ev'ry Head a shelly Helmet wears.
 Thus on the Banks the fearless Squadrons stand,
 Their Javelins brandish, and the Fight demand.

Now thundring *Jove* bids ev'ry Pow'r resort
 To the bright Mansions of his starry Court:
 From thence they view'd with Pleasure mix'd with Pain
 The shining Hosts advancing o'er the Plain:
 In dreadful Pomp each Warrior march'd along,
 Fierce as the Centaurs, as the Giants strong,

B 2

Whose

Whose daring Sons, by wild Ambition driv'n,
 Went up the Hills, and lifted Earth to Heav'n.
 At length, the Sov'reign Father smiling said,
 To whom, ye Gods! will you vouchsafe yur Aid?
 Then thus to *Pallas*, wife above the rest,
 The gracious Being these few Words addrest.

Daughter! to help the Mice dost thou design,
 Since they for ever haunt thy holy Shrine,
 Pleas'd with the grateful Scents that constant rise
 From thy frequented Altar to the Skies?

He ceas'd; and this Reply the Goddess gave:
 Never shall *Pallas* lift her Arm to save
 Th' injurious Race that impudently dare
 To vex my Quiet, and augment my Care;
 That still to spoil my Flow'ry Chaplets strive,
 And of their Oil the sacred Lamps deprive.
 Gnaw'd is my Veil (and this afflicts me more
 Than all I suffer'd from the Thieves before)
 That Veil, wrought by myself! which seem'd to shine
 With matchless Skill, and speak the Hand divine.

Nor shall the *Frogs* by me be rais'd to Fame,
 Since they, when from the Field of Blood I came,
 Spent by long Labours, by long Toils oppress'd,
 (Fools as they were!) presum'd to break my Rest.
 With aking Head and sleepless Eyes I lay,
 Till the loud Cock proclaim'd the dawning Day.
 Cease then, ye Gods! to aid the warring Bands,
 Lest ye should feel the Force of mortal Hands.
 Be Heav'n the Seat of our Abode To-day,
 Pleas'd to look down from hence, and view the horrid Fray.

So spake the Goddess: All the Pow'rs approv'd,
 And to one Place with one Consent they mov'd:
 While the loud *Hornets*, issuing forth in Sight,
 To either Host proclaim'd th' approaching Fight,
 Their breathing Trumpets rattled through the Sky,
 And *Jove* in Thunder told the War was nigh.

By brave *Hypiboas* first *Lichenor* dies;
 The pointed Javelin through his Navel flies:
 Prone sinks the breathless Body on the Plain,
 And Dust and Gore the beautiful Hairs distain.

Great *Pelion* next, as o'er the Field he rag'd,
Troglodytes, victorious Chief! engag'd:
 Deep in the *Frog* his Spear a Passage found,
 And the warm Soul came rushing through the Wound:
 Pierc'd in the Heart *Embafchitros* lies
 By bold *Scutlaus*. *Polipbonus* dies;
 To stern *Artopbagus* his Death he owes;
 The Warrior falls, away the Spirit goes.
Limnocharis, who heard his Friend's last Groan,
 Hurl'd at *Troglodytes* a weighty Stone;
 Full on the Middle of his Neck it rung,
 And sudden Darknefs o'er his Eye balls hung.
 At him his Javelin strong *Lichenor* sent;
 Th' unerring Weapon through his Liver went.
Crambopagus, astonish'd, leaves the Plain,
 And to the River flies, but flies in vain;
 Ev'n there the Chief pursu'd him, there he dy'd;
 The sanguine Current stain'd the Silver Tide:
 His mangled Carcass, dawb'd with filthy Gore,
 And his hot Entrails smoke upon the Shore.
 Next him to Fate *Tyroglyphus* succeeds;
 The hoary Hero by *Limnifus* bleeds.

But *Celamintbin*, smit with secret Dread,
 From proud *Pfernoglyphus* ignobly fled;
 His unavailing Buckler thrown aside,
 And trembling div'd beneath the friendly Tide:
Hydrocharis a rocky Fragment flung,
 That on *Pfernophagus*'s Forehead rung;
 Forth from his Nostrils flow'd the gushing Brains,
 The red Effusion sprinkled all the Plains.
 Next on the Banks *Borborocates* dies,
Lichopinax in Slumber seals his Eyes.
Paffopagus Cniffodiotes takes
 Gift by the Foot, and drowns him in the Lakes.
 Meantime *Pficharpax*, touch'd with gen'rous Woe,
 Reveng'd his lost Companions on the Foe,
 And in *Pelufiu*'s Belly lodg'd his Dart,
 That rent the Liver, and transfix'd the Heart;
 Before his Feet the wounded Warrior fell,
 His airy Shadow fought the Realms of Hell.
lobates ran haftning to the Flood,
 And furious fill'd his daring Hand with Mud;
 Gift at the *Mouse* the slimy Vengeance flies
 Just, it almost plaisters up his Eyes.

Down stoops the Chief to Earth, and from below
Lifts a large Stone, and drives it at the Foe;
The pondrous Ruin, faithful to its Trust,
Broke his Right-leg, and stretch'd him in the Dust.

The Victor now *Crangasides* defies,
And lo! beneath his Arm the Victor dies;
His inmost Belly feels the fatal Wound,
His rushing Bowels tumble to the Ground.
Stophagus confounded at the Sight,
Receded limping from the glorious Fight,
Opprest with Grief, and wrapt in deep Despair,
He sought the secret Ditch, and trembled there.

But now the great *Physignathus* appear'd,
Back ~~struck~~ the Mice, and own'd how much they fear'd,
Troxartes only stood the doubtful Chance,
And eager at his Foe dismiss'd the vengeful Lance.
Pain'd with the Stroke the vig'rous Hero gave,
Sudden the *Frog* descends into the Wave.
Troxartes still pursu'd him through the Flood,
Wild with Revenge impatient for his Blood,

But hasty to his Aid *Prassans* sprung,
And his sharp Bulrush at the Warrior flung:
The harmless Weapon hiss'd along the Field,
Nor touch'd the Chief, nor pierc'd his fenceful Shield.

Among the *Mice* a Youth there was renown'd
Beyond the rest, with Strength and Valour crown'd:
From good *Artepibulus*' Loins he came,
And *Meridarpax* was the Hero's Name.
Tow'ring in Arms this sprightly Warrior shone,
Proud of his Might, exulting, and alone
Where the red Stream with Blood was seen to flow,
And threaten'd singly to destroy the Foe.
Now had he finish'd all his Rage design'd;
(For great his Strength, unconquer'd was his Mind)
But partial *Jove* with pitying Eyes survey'd
The croaking Race, and to th' Immortals said.
Surely, ye Gods! of all yon dauntless Host
Great *Meridarpax* moves our Wonder most:
With matchless Might he vows to range the Field,
And ev'ry Foe to matchless Might must yield;

But

IN *BATRACHOMUOMACHIA*:

Let therefore *Pallas* join'd with *Mars* descend
To check his Fury, and the *Frogs* defend.
So spake the Pow'r who shakes the boundless Skies;
And the stern God of Battle thus replies:

Vain will be *Pallas*'s, and our Arm as vain
To save the *Frogs*, and drive him from the Plain.
Let all go down his Vengeance to controul,
Or bid thy Thunders crush his daring Soul,
Those Thunders whose resistless Rage o'erthrew
Enceladus and all his ghastly Crew.

He ceas'd, and strait th' Eternal from on high
Darts the bright Terrors through the burning Sky:
Leap the red Bolts, impetuous, from his Hand,
Olympus shakes, both Armies trembling stand.
Yet still the *Mice* their Enemies pursu'd,
And doom'd to certain Death the croaking Brood:
But fav'ring *Jove*, their Ruin to prevent,
A frightful Troop to their Assistance sent.

• Pour'd from the neighb'ring Strand, deform'd to View,
• They march, a sudden unexpected Crew!

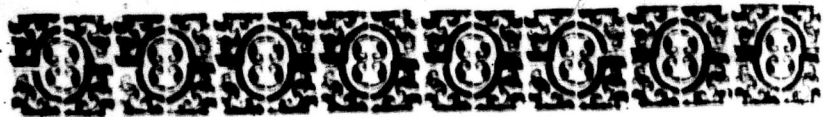
Of the Battle of the *FROGS* and *MICE*. 14

• Strong Suits of Armor round the Bodies close,
• Which like thick Anvils, blunt the Force of Blows;
• In wheeling Marches turn'd oblique they go,
• With Harpy-claws their Limbs divide below:
• Fell Sheers the Passage to their Mouth command,
• From out the Flesh their Bones by Nature stand:
• Broad spread their Backs, their shining Shoulders rise;
• Unnumber'd Joints distort their lengthen'd Thighs:
• With nervous Cords their Hands are firmly brac'd,
• Their round black Eye-balls in their Bosom plac'd:
• On eight long Feet the wondrous Warriors tread,
• And either End alike supplies a Head.
• To call these *Crabs* the Wits of Earth agree,
• The Gods have other Names for Things than we.

Now tow'rd's the *Mice* th' approaching Bands advance,
And bend or break th' unprofitable Lance.
Next on their Hands the Monsters seize, nor fail
From the torn Body to divide the Tail.
At length, unequal to sustain the Fight,
They sought for Safety by inglorious Flight.

The Lines mark'd with the *Comma's* are the late Mr. Arch-deacon *Parrell's*.

Mean Time the Sun departed from our View,
And the War ended as his Rays withdrew:



T O

The L A D Y ———

FROM fawning Crouds, and Noise and Strife,
To rural Ease, and private Life,
You, Madam, with the Spring remove;
And who can blame what you approve?
Gay as the Season of the Year
Does the delightful † Place appear,
And Art and Nature jointly meet
To make it, as it is, compleat.
Here drawn at length by *Kneller's* Hands
The Majesty of *Britain* stands.
In that Apartment, drest for War,
Terribly shines the fierce *Bavár*.

† *Charborough, in Dorsetshire.*

Aloft, by *Thornhill's* wondrous Skill,
On fabled *Ida's* fruitful Hill,
The *Phrygian* Shepherd sits to keep
His dear *Oenone's* harmless Sheep.
Imperial *Juno* from above,
And chaste *Minerva*, born of *Jove*,
With wanton Beauty's foster Queen
Descend and tread the flow'ry Green.
Each wou'd the glitt'ring Apple claim,
And unrestrain'd by Fear or Shame
Swift to the Youth they speed their Way,
And ev'ry hidden Charm display.
He hears the Promises they make,
But soon for Love and *Hellen's* Sake
The golden Prize to *Venus* gives,
And in his Father's Palace lives.
Not long——to *Greece* the Hero flies,
And meets the Fair with lustful Eyes:
She listens to the blooming Boy,
And with him seeks his boasted *Troy*.
Here breathing Statues, graceful, stand
And praise the Workman's forming Hand:

There taller Trees, triumphant, rise
 In beauteous Order to the Skies,
 And spread, with annual Verdure crown'd,
 Their venerable Shades around:

Hither the †Chief (whose deathless Name
 Shall live in Verse, and grow in Fame)

From publick View in Peace retir'd,
 Nor popular Applause desir'd.

Taught by his righteous Sword to yield,
 The daring *Spaniard* left the Field;
 And *Gallic Lewis* shook with Fear,
 Whene'er his conqu'ring Troops drew near.

But now no more with hostile Blood
 He drowns the Plain, or swells the Flood;
 Deep in the Dust the Warrior lies,
 For ever lost to mortal Eyes!

Watch then the Tomb, and o'er it weep,
 In which his awful Ashes sleep;
 And teach your Children to admire,
 And emulate their martial Fire.

† The late General Earle.



S U P P L I C A T I O N

FOR

The **L A D Y** _____.

I.

LORD of the World, whose Pow'r is known
 Through Heav'n and Earth, and Air and Sea;
 Look down with Pity from thy Throne,
 And hear the Vows we make to thee;

II.

Preserve the Dame for whom we mourn,
 For whom we shed these tender Tears;
 O! let her wonted Strength return,
 And with her Strength increase her Years.

III.

See! prostrate on the Couch she lies,
 Around the pious Poor complain,
 Or what to her thy Hand supplies,
 To them she freely gives again.

IV.

If therefore she should yield her Breath,
How will the pious Poor lament?
And still be poorer by the Death
Of her who did their Wants prevent.

V

Spare then her Life; 'tis all we ask;
Nor suffer Fate to strike her now;
'Twill be for us too hard a Task
To live without her here below.



T O

Thomas Ridge, Esq;

WHILE you alike from Books and Friends retire,
And mourn with filial Duty o'er your Sire;
We at this Distance, Sir! confess your Grief,
And think it all in vain to seek Relief.
No more the careful Pilot's skilful Hands
Direct our Ships to visit other Lands;

For her lov'd Spouse the Wife no longer fears;
Thou and thy Father claim her tend'rest Tears.
Our hardy Youths, who lately scorn'd the Shore,
And dauntless heard the threatening Tempest roar,
Fly from the well-known Dangers of the Sea,
And learn with one Consent to grieve like thee.
Thee! and thy mournful Mother! how she stands!
And beats her Breast! and wrings her aged Hands!
Then her warm Lips to his cold Cheek applies,
And baths it with the Drops that trickle from her Eyes!
Ah cease, unhappy! cease thy Tears to shed;
'Tis not in thee to move the stubborn dead:
Vain are thy Vows, and fruitless is thy Pray'r,
For unembodiy'd Spirits flit in Air.
' She too who glitt'ring with unrival'd Charms,
Receiv'd the generous † *Harvey* in her Arms,
Now shuns her Lord, declines his fond Embrace,
And keeps conceal'd the Beauties of her Face.
The sparkling Diamond, in the Ring display'd,
Th' embroider'd Mantle, and the rich Brocade

* *Mrs Ridge.*

† Son to the Earl of Bristol.

16 **BATRACHOMUOMACHIA:**

Delight no more, no more her Mind inspire
With pleasing Hopes, gay Thoughts, and young Desire:
All only serve to aggravate her Woe,
And deeper in her Heart descends the Blow.
Be thou then kind and good, nor ever cease
Thy pious Labour till thou bring them Ease;
And let thy Mother and thy Sister see
A Husband and a Father still in thee:
So shall the Muse rejoice to sing thy Praise,
And make thy Deed the Subject of her Lays.

Man that is born of a Woman, &c.

I.

HOW short, how narrow is the Span!
How few the Years allow'd to Man!
And ev'n in those few Years he feels,
And groans beneath a thousand Ills.

Or the Battle of the **FROGS and MICE.** 17

II

As springs the Flow'r in some gay Mead,
Then sudden hangs its drooping Head:
So does our boasted Strength decay,
And like the Shadow fly away:

III.

For ev'ry Moment that we breathe,
'Tis hastning to the Gates of Death;
And who can needful Help afford
In that sad Hour, but thou, O LORD?

IV.

Conscious of Guilt to thee we cry,
And raise the Hand, and lift the Eye;
Yet sure our Sins may justly move
Thine Anger rather than thy Love:

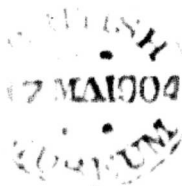
V.

But, O most holy! most ador'd!
Superior King! Almighty Lord!
Have Mercy when we yield our Breath,
Nor doom us to eternal Death;

VI.

**The Secrets of our Hearts are known
To thee, O God! and thee alone:
Be gracious then, and let us find
Thee ever Good, and ever Kind.**

F I N I S.



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