

DOUBLEDAY

OF THE

NEW YORK

1910

How threat'ning *Mice* advanc'd with warlike Grace,
 And wag'd dire Combats with the *croaking* Race.
 Not louder Tumults shook *Olympus'* Tow'rs,
 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,
 A Gentle *Mouse*, whom Cats pursu'd in vain,
 Fled swift-of-foot across the neighb'ring Plain,
 Hung o'er a Brink, his eager Thirst to cool.
 And dipt his Whiskers in the standing Pool ;
 When near a courteous *Frog* advanc'd his Head ;
 And from the Waters, hoarse-resounding said,

What

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.

If worthy Friendship, proffered Friendship take;

And ent'ring 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,

And me, their Monarch, all its Frogs obey.

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

Begot in fair *Hydromede*'s Embrace,

Where by the nuptial Bank that paints his Side,

The swift *Eridanus* delights to glide.

Thee too, thy Form, thy Strength, and Port pro-
claim

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

Thro' wild Expanses of the midway Sky,

My Name resounds; and if unknown to thee,

The Soul of Great *Psycarpax* lives in me.

Of brave *Troxartas*' Line, whose sleeky Down

In Love compress'd *Lychomile* the brown.

My Mother she, and Princess of the Plains

Where-e'er her Father *Pternotroctas* reigns:

Born where a Cabin lifts its airy Shed,

With Figs, with Nuts, with vary'd Dainties fed.

But since our Natures nought in common know,

From what Foundation can a Friendship grow?

These

These curling Waters o'er thy Palace roll ;
 But Man's high Food supports my Princely Soul.
 In vain the circled Loaves attempt to lye
 Conceal'd in Flaskets from my curious Eye,
 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,
 Mix'd with the bravest, and unknown to Flight.
 Tho' large to mine the humane 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,
 And fix indented Wounds with dext'rous 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

And that false *Trap*, the Den of silent Fate,
 Where *Death* his Ambush plants around the Baît:
 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.
 But me, nor Stalks, nor watrish Herbs delight,
 Nor can the crimson Radish charm my Sight,
 The Lake-refounding *Frogs* selected Fate,
 Which not a *Mouse* of any Taste can bear.

As thus the downy Prince his Mind exprest,
 His Answer thus the croaking King addrest.

Thy Words luxuriant on thy Dainties rove,
 And, Stranger, we can boast of bounteous *Jove*:
 We sport in Water, or we dance on Land,
 And born amphibious, Food from both command.

But

But trust thy self where Wonders ask thy View,
 And safely tempt those Seas, I'll bear thee thro':
 Ascend my Shoulders, firmly keep thy Seat,
 And reach my marshy Court, and feast in State.

He said, and bent his Back; with nimble Bound
 Leaps the light Mouse, and clasps his Arms around,
 Then wond'ring floats, and sees with glad Survey
 The winding Banks resembling Ports at Sea.
 But when aloft the curling Water rides,
 And wets with azure Wave his downy Sides,
 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:
 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;
With oary Feet the *Bull* triumphant road,
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,
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 sable Fates below.
Forgetful *Frog*! The Friend thy Shoulders bore,
Unskill'd in Swimming, floats remote from Shore.
He

He grasps with fruitless Hands to find Relief,
 Supinely falls, and grinds his Teeth with Grief,
 Plunging he sinks, and struggling mounts again,
 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 flound'ring from thy
 Back,

As from hard Rocks rebounds the shatt'ring Rack,
 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:
 Ye *Mice*, ye *Mice*, my great Avengers rise!

This said, he sighing gasp'd, and gasping dy'd.
 His Death the young *Lychopinax* espy'd,
 As on the flow'ry Brink he pass'd the Day,
 Bask'd in the Beams, and loyter'd Life away.
 Loud shrieks the *Mouse*, his Shrieks the Shores
 repeat;

The nibbling Nation learn their Heroe's Fate:
 Grief, dismal Grief ensues; deep Murmurs sound,
 And shriller Fury fills the deafen'd Ground.
 From Lodge to Lodge the *sacred* *Heralds* run,
 To fix their Council with the rising Sun;
 Where great *Troxartas* crown'd in Glory reigns,
 And winds his length'ning Court beneath the
 Plains;

Psycarpax Father, Father now no more!
 For poor *Psycarpax* lies remote from Shore;
 Supine he lies! the silent Waters stand,
 And no kind Billow wafts the *Dead* to Land!

HOMER's



H O M E R's

BATTLE of the FROGS, &c.

B O O K II.

W H E N rosy-finger'd Morn had ting'd the
Clouds,

Around their *Monarch-Mouse* the Nation crouds,
Slow rose the Sov'reign, heav'd his anxious Breast,
And thus, the Council fill'd with Rage, address;

G

For

For lost *Psycarpax* 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 perished by the rav'ning *Cat*,
 As near my Court the *Prince* unheedful sate.
 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*!
 The last, his *Country's* Hope, his *Parent's* Pride,
 Plung'd in the Lake by *Physignathus*, 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,
 And careful *Mars* supply'd their Host with Arms.

In

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 Cat they slay'd :
 The Lamp's round Bos 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 ;
 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 *Embassichytras* drew :
 The sacred Herald's Scepter grac'd his Hand,
 And thus his Words exprest his King's Command.

Ye Frogs! the *Mic* with *V*engeance fir'd, advance,
 And deckt in Armour shake the shining Lance :
 Their hapless Prince by *Physignathus* slain,
 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 Crowd the Challenge hear,
 And proudly-swelling yet perplex'd appear,
 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,
 Nor saw the Gaspings of his latest Breath.
 He, vain of Youth, our Art of Swimming try'd,
 And vent'rous, in the Lake the Wanton dy'd.

To Vengeance now by false Appearance led,
 They point their Anger at my guiltless Head.
 But wage the rising War by deep Device,
 And turn its Fury on the crafty *Mice*.
 Your *King* directs the Way ; my Thoughts elate
 With Hopes of Conquest, form Designs of Fate.
 Where high the Banks their verdant Surface heave,
 And the steep Sides confine the sleeping Wave,
 There, near the Margin, clad in Armour bright,
 Sustain the first impetuous Shocks of Fight :
 Then, where the dancing Feather joins the Crest,
 Let each brave *Frog* his obvious *Mouse* arrest ;
 Each strongly grasping, headlong plunge a Foe,
 'Till countless Circles whirl the Lake below ;
 Down sink the *Mice* in yielding Waters drown'd ;
 Loud flash the Waters ; and the Shores resound :
 The *Frogs* triumphant tread the conquer'd Plain,
 And raise their glorious Trophies of the slain.

He spake no more, his prudent Scheme imparts
Redoubling Ardour to the boldest Hearts.
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.
Form'd of the vary'd Shells the Waters yield,
Their glossy Helmets glist'ned o'er the Field :
And tap'ring 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,
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:
 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!
 So the fierce *Centaur*s ravag'd o'er the Dales;
 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 asks what heav'nly Guardians take the List,
 Or who the *Mice*, or who the *Frogs* assist?

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,
And sure Attendance round thine Altar pay,
Where while the Victims gratify their Taste,
They sport to please the Goddess of the Feast.

Thus spake the Ruler of the spacious Skies,
But thus, resolv'd, the blue-ey'd Maid replies.
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,
My Veil, that idle Race profanely tore.
The Web was curious, wrought with Art divine;
Relentless Wretches! all the Work was mine!

Along

Along the Loom the purple Warp I spread,
 Cast the light Shoot, and crost the silver Thread;
 In this their Teeth a thousand Breaches tear,
 The thousand Breaches skilful Hands repair,
 For which vile earthly Dunns thy Daughter grieve,
 (The Gods, that use no Coin, have none to give.
 And Learning's Goddess never less can owe,
 Neglected Learning gains no Wealth below.)
 Nor let the *Frogs* to win my Succour sue,
 Those clam'rous Fools have lost my Favour too.
 For late, when all the Conflict ceast at Night,
 When my stretch'd Sinews work'd with eager Fight,
 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:
 Devoid of Rest, with aking Brows I lay,
 'Till Cocks proclaim'd the crimson Dawn of Day.

Let

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,
 Some daring Mouse may meet the wond'rous 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-ey'd Queen*; her Words
 persuade,
 Great *Jove* assented, and the rest obey'd.





H O M E R's

BATTLE of the FROGS, &c.

B O O K 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 Signal to the rushing War;

Their

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 Fighr the large *Hypsiboas* flew,
 And brave *Lychenor* with a Javelin 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 *Mouse* fell thund'ring, and the Target rung;
 Prone to the Ground he sinks his closing Eye,
 And foil'd in Dust his lovely Tresses lie.

A Spear at *Pelion Troglodytes* cast,
 The missive Spear within the Bosom past;

Death's

Death's sable Shades the fainting *Frog* surround,
 And Life's red Tide runs ebbing from the Wound.
Embasytros felt *Seutlaeus'* Dart
 Transfix, and quiver in his panting Heart;
 But great *Artophagus* aveng'd the slain,
 And big *Seutlaeus* tumbling loads the Plain,
 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 *Lymnocharis*, who view'd with Ire,
 A Victor triumph, and a Friend expire;
 And, fiercely flung where *Troglodytes* fought;
 With heaving Arms a rocky Fragment caught,
 (A Warrior vers'd in Arts, of sure Retreat,
 But Arts in vain elude impending Fate;)

*

Full on his finewy 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,
 And near the vanquish'd *Mouse* the Victor dies;

The dreadful Stroke *Crambophagus* affrights,
 Long bred to Banquets, less inur'd to Fights,
 Heedless he runs, and stumbles o'er the Steep,
 And wildly flound'ring flashes up the Deep;
Lychenor following with a downward Blow,
 Reach'd in the Lake his unrecover'd Foe;
 Gasping he rolls, a purple Stream of Blood
 Distains the Surface of the Silver Flood;
 Thro' the wide Wound the rushing Entrails throng,
 And slow the breathless Carcass floats along.

Lymnisus 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.

The dread *Pternoglyphus* demands the Fight,
 Which tender *Calamintius* shuns by Flight,
 Drops the green Target, springing quits the Foe,
 Glides thro' the Lake, and safely dives below.
 But dire *Pternophagus* divides his Way
 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 imbru'd,
 Swift as he mov'd, *Hydrocharis* pursu'd,
 'Till fall'n in Death he lies, a shatt'ring Stone
 Sounds on the Neck, and crushes all the Bone,

*

His

His Blood pollutes the Verdure of the Plain,
 And from his Nostrils bursts the gushing Brain.

Lycopinax with *Borbocætes* fights

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 *Cnissiodortes* off the rising Ground,
 Thendragshim o'er the Lake depriv'd of Breath,
 And downward plunging, sinks his Soul to Death.
 But now the great *Psycarpax* shines afar,
 (Scarce he so great whose Loss provok'd the War)
 Swift to Revenge his fatal Jav'lin fled,
 And thro' the Liver struck *Pelusius* dead;
 His freckled Corps before the Victor fell,
 His Soul indignant fought the Shades of Hell.

This

This saw *Pelobates*, and from the Flood
 Heav'd with both Hands a monst'rous Mass of Mud,
 The Cloud obscene o'er all the Hero flies,
 Dishonours his brown Face, and blots his Eyes.
 Enrag'd, and wildly sputt'ring, from the Shore
 A Stone immense of Size the Warrior bore,
 A Load for lab'ring Earth, (whose Bulk to raise,
 Asks ten degen'rate *Mice* of modern Days.)
 Full on the Leg arrives the crushing Wound;
 The *Frog* supportless, wriths upon the Ground.

Thus flush'd, the Victor wars with matchless
 Force,

'Till loud *Craugasides* arrests his Course,
 Hoarse-croaking Threats precede! with fatal Speed
 Deep thro' the Belly run the pointed Reed,

H

Then

Then strongly tug'd, return'd imbru'd with Gore,
And on the Pile his reeking Entrails bore.

The lame *Sitophagus* oppress'd with Pain,
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 *Mouse* reliev'd from Heat,
And safe embowr'd, avoids the Chance of Fate.

But here *Troxartes*, *Physignathus* there,
Whirl the dire Furies of the pointed Spear:
But where the Foot around its Ankle plies,
Troxartes wounds, and *Physignathus* flies,
Halts to the Pool, a safe Retreat to find,
And trails a dangling Length of Leg behind.
The *Mouse* still urges, still the *Frog* retires,
And half in Anguish of the Flight expires:

Then

Then pious Ardor young *Prassæus* brings,
 Betwixt the Fortunes of contending Kings:
 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
 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.
 The Warrior singled from the fighting Crowd,
 Boasts the dire Honours of his Arms aloud;
 Then strutting near the Lake, with Looks elate,
 To all its Nations threats approaching Fate.

And such his Strength, the Silver Lakes around
 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.
 Then thus to all the gazing Pow'rs began
 The Sire of *Gods*, and *Frogs*, and *Mice*, 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
 The black-fur'd Hero *Meridarpax* shakes!
 Unless some fav'ring Deity descend,
 Soon will the *Frogs* loquacious Empire end.
 Let dreadful *Pallas* wing'd with Pity fly,
 And make her *Aegis* blaze before his Eye:

While

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,
With all the Terrors of her hissing Shield,
Nor *Mars* himself, tho' *Mars* in Armour bright
Ascend his Car, and wheel amidst the Fight;
Not these can drive the desperate *Mouse* afar,
Or change the Fortunes of the bleeding War.
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,
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.
 Then swift he whirls the brandish'd Bolt around,
 And headlong darts it at the distant Ground,
 The Bolt discharg'd inwrap'd with Light'ning flies,
 And rends its flaming Passage thro' the Skies,
 Then *Earth's* Inhabitants, the Niblers, shake,
 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 inly mourn'd the Loss they bore,
 With strange Assistants fill'd the frighted Shore.

Pour'd from the neighb'ring Strand, deform'd to
View,

They march, a sudden unexpected Crew!
Strong Sutes of Armor round their 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 wond'rous Warriors tread;
And either end alike supplies a Head,
These, mortal Wits to call the *Crabs*, agree,
The Gods have other Names for Things than we.

Now where the Jointures from their Loins
depend,

The Heroes Tails with sev'ring Grasps they fend.

Here, short of Feet, depriv'd the Pow'r to fly,

There, without Hands, upon the Field they lie.

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,

Or creep conceal'd in vaulted Holes below.

But down *Olympus* to the Western Seas

Far-shooting *Phæbus* drove with fainter Rays ;

And a whole War (so *Jove* ordain'd) begun,

Was fought, and ceas'd, in one revolving Sun.

To