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HOMERIDES:

OR, A

LETTER

TO

Mr. *POPE.*



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NOVERIDES:

OR A

WINTER

OF

THE PEOPLE

HOMERIDES:

OR, A

LETTER

TO

Mr. POPE,

Occasion'd by his intended

Translation of *HOMER*.

By Sir ILIAD DOGGREL.

αἶψος δὲ ἀνὴρ, ἰσὸν Ἴλιον ἦλθε.
Φολκὸς ἔην, χαλὸς δὲ ἔτερον πόδα, τὸ δὲ οἱ ἄμω
Κυρτὸ ἐπὶ σῆθ' συνοχρότε, αὐτὰρ ὕπερθε,
Φοξὸς ἔλω καραλὴν· ψαδνὴ δὲ ἔπεινοθε λάχνη.



LONDON:

Printed by W. WILKINS, and sold by J. ROBERTS in
Warwick-Lane, 1715. (Price Six-Pence)

NOVEMBER:

OF A

LITTLE R

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TO

M. P. O. P. E.

MEMORIAL OF

MEMORIAL OF H. O. M. E. R.

MEMORIAL OF H. O. M. E. R.

MEMORIAL OF H. O. M. E. R.



T O

Mr. P O P E.

S I R,

YOUR ingenious Description of that *Temple of Fame*, in which you are likely to have so large a Place, has been no unhappy Earnest to the Town, of what they may justly expect from your Muse in a Translation of *Hommer*. 'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single Man to undertake a Work, which not all the Poets of our Island durst jointly attempt, and it is what no Man of an Inferior Genius to Mr. *Pope* cou'd even have thought of. But *jaeta est alea*, it is too late to dissuade you, by demonstrating the Madness of your Project. No! not only your attending Subscribers, whose Expectations

pectations have been raised in Proportion to what their Pockets have been drained of, but even the industrious, prudent *Bernard*, who has advanced no small Sum of Money for the Copy, require the Performance of your Articles.

'Tis too late then to give Advice; and all that we now have left, as good-natur'd Men to do, is to give you all the Assistance imaginable in this great Time of Need. And amidst the Croud of Friends that you may meet with among the Poets, I offer my Service to you, as far as ever I can be able, to help, forward your present Translation.

There are indeed but two Things to be considered in every Heroick Poem; first, how to write the Poem, secondly, how to make it sell.

The Latter of these being without dispute the main and principal Thing about which you and *Bernard* are concern'd, I shall begin with that. And must assure you, that if you have Room left for more Subscribers, that I have a Project now in my Head, that cannot fail of procuring you the wish'd-for Success.

There has long been a great Friendship between me and that ingenious Mechanick *Robin Powel*, who scarce does any thing without first imparting his Design to me. To this Man, Sir, I will apply; and I doubt not, but at my Request he will be perswaded to convert the whole History of the Siege of *Troy* into a *Puppet-show*. This will make all Mankind fond of seeing your Translation of that Story at large, and may, into the Bar-

Bargain, fell off a New Impression of that old Ballad of *Troy Town*.

I am sure, Mr. *Pope*, you know the *Bath* too well, to be ignorant of Mr. *Powel's* great Interest amongst the *Beaux* and the *Ladies* there, who by my Project will all of them be brought to favour your Cause. And, I suppose, 'tis only for such as them, who do not understand the *Greek*, that you design your Translation. It wou'd not therefore be amiss, if in Mr. *Powel's* great Room at *Bath*, a Book of your *Proposals for Subscribers* were laying open, that the Audience might be taken in, before they had time given them to cool.

And to shew you, how hearty a Friend I am to you, I have, dear Sir, been at the Pains of composing an *Epilogue*, which *Punch* shall speak by way of a Recommendation to *Homer*, after the *Puppet-show* is ended ; and I intreat you to send me your Corrections, by the next Post.

*Genteels, I come to wish you Joy,
Of a much better Tale of Troy.
Ours was but scanty, light and short,
And made to yield the Audience Sport :
Homer has this at length related.
Do you not wish he were Translated ?
There you might read the Whole at large,
With every Grecian's Name and Barge ;
How Helen runs away with Paris,
And how poor Hector's Wife miscarries*

How

How Nestor liv'd to be an Hundred;
 And how stout Bully Ajax blunder'd;
 How Diomede, that fighting Fellows
 Wounded God Mars, and made him bellow
 How Troy held out ten Years and more,
 And all for one poor batter'd Whore;
 How all the Heroes had their Misses,
 But one sly Simon called Urysses.
 There you may read what Jars and Piques
 Happen'd among the merry Greeks;
 And how they all had Bores and Spurs,
 And rode within a Wooden Horse;
 How Champions more than I can tell ye,
 Were all inclos'd within his Belly:
 All this, and more, will Homer say
 Is he not worth Translating, pray?
 I speak without a Fee, or Bribe,
 Here's Pen and Ink—good Sirs, subscribe
 Six Guineas each at least, I hope,
 Adds me—'tis done by Master Pope.

These, Sir, I think are so humorous, and at
 the same time so well adapted to the Grandeur
 of the Subject, that being pronounced by PUNCH
 with an emphatical Voice, they cannot fail of
 Success. I wish I could have found a way to have
 introduc'd Six Lines in the same Kind, which I
 beg you will therefore some way or other cram in-
 to your Translation; they are these.

The

*The Trojan Horse, as Homer notes,
 Was fed with Men, instead of Oats;
 And when for Provender he seeks,
 They bring him strutt a Peck of Greeks;
 But would it not amaze a Stranger,
 To see an Army in his Manger?*

Having then dispatched the chief Point, namely, the Sale of the Book, which I think sufficiently secured by such a *Puppet-show*, and such an *Epilogue* tagg'd to the End of it; I beg leave to come to the next great Point that I am able to help you in, and that is the Translation it self.

All wise Men (and such your Works proclaim you to be) that engage in a Undertaking of so much Labour, must propose to themselves some Patern, by which they intend to be guided; Cowley has imitated old *Pindar*, and *Horace*, *Milton* imitated your Friend *Homer*, and again *Philips* imitated *Milton*. Now I wou'd not have Mr. *Pope* imitate *Dryden*, nor *Ogilby*, nor any of those Translators, that pin themselves down to the Sense of their Author, but follow the glorious Example of Mr. *Cotton*, who in his *Heroi-Comical* Translation of *Virgil*, has never baulk'd a Jest, because it was not in the Original. And your Task in this Case will be exceedingly easy; for any Translation must of it self be a Burlesque upon *Homer*. I know the Criticks affirm, that it will be impossible to make any thing of his antiquated Phrases and quaint Nicknames—But begging Mr. *Lintott*, Mr. *Roper*, Mr. *Sewel*, Mr. *Parnel*, Mr. *Took*, Mr. *Dennis*, Mr. *Barber*, and the rest of that fault-finding Fraternity's Pardon, I have a Scheme now in my Head,

B

by

by which I shall direct you how to evade that Difficulty, by *modernizing* the whole Story in such a Manner, that every Country Milk-maid may understand the *Iliad* as well as you or I. And of this I will mention to you some Instances, which I here give you full Authority to insert in your Book.

Iliad A, Line 33.

*This said—The old Man grew afeard,
Slunk down his Ears and stroak'd his Beard ;
And silent trotted to the Shore,
'Gainst which the Waves do flouncing roar,
And there his Beads began to handle,
And curst them all by Book and Candle.*

Here now, Mr. Pope, you see I have converted Homer at a dash into a modern *Papist*, and I leave it to your Care to bring him over to the Protestant Faith.

Iliad A, Line 188.

*All griev'd and mad Achilles stood,
And look'd as if he had been Wood ;
With Doublet off,* and Breast all hairy,
He long time stood in strange Quandary,
Whether he out his Sword shou'd pull,
To slit poor Agamemnon's Scull ;*

* *The Greeks wore no Shirts in those Days.*

Or

Or shou'd put up his trusty Hanger,
 And not kill Aggy in his Anger :
 Woile from these Thoughts he cou'd not swerve—a
 Pop. at his Shoulder was Minerva,
 Whom Juno with her Elbows white
 Had just sent down to stop the Fight.

I know the whole Fry of Criticks will fall upon me in this Place, and demand some Reason for my fixing *Juno's* Beauty in her *Elbows*. But passing over the ridiculous-Answer the Scholiast makes to this Objection, I shall content my self with *three* Reasons; *First* then, I place *Juno's* Beauty in her *Elbows* because *Homer*, who was better acquainted with her than I am, has done so before me—*Secondly*, because I did not know where I should place it besides—and the *Third* Reason—shall be given in your *Preface*.

To proceed then upon my Project, I will give you a Translation of *Homer* Word for Word; which not being in the present Dialect of Compliments, will more than any thing demonstrate the Necessity of *Modernizing* this Father of the Poets, as I before propos'd.

Iliad A, Line 225.

Thou Drunken Dogs-Eyes, Heart of Goat,
Good Faith, thou liest in thy Throat.

And this is not, as you might imagine it, in a Dialogue between two *Watermen*, but it is the Speech of one great King to another about a Par-

son's Daughter, whom they had made a Whore of.

The next Thing I shall mention, is my Version of *Agamemnon's Scepter's Pedigree*, which you have so curiously mimicked in your *Rape of the Lock*, under the Personage of a *Bodkin*—You will see, Mr. Pope, that I have turn'd it into *English* with so great a Regard to your Reputation, that the World will be more apt to think that *Homer* stole his *Scepter* from your *Bodkin*, than that you stole your *Bodkin* from his *Scepter*.

Iliad B, Line 101.
 Then up the Emperor did stand,
 And held a Scepter in his Hand.
 This Scepter was Old Vulcan's Poker,
 And light the Pipe of that Lame Smaaker.
 He gave it Jove to bar the Door,
 When he was private with a Whore.

Mercury stole, by Slight of Hand,
 Stole it, and turn'd it to a Wand.
 But finding soon the Weight too much,
 He gave it Pelops for a Crutch.
 When Pelops died, then Atreus took
 And made of it a Shepherd's Crook.
 He left it Usurer Thyestes,
 Who with it barr'd up all his Chests;
 And when Thyestes Stryx had slept ore,
 Our Aggy turn'd it to a Scepter.

* Pelops had a Lame Shoulder.

You

You see by this, how easily *Homer* may be made intelligible; and to shew you how coarse he would look were he literally translated, I will present you with a Brace of his Similies.

The first is,

Iliad B, Line 459.

*And like a Flock of Geese on Crinas,
That cackling pitcheth Asian Plains,
So did the Grecian Goddesses wander
Then perch'd on Plains of fam'd Scamander.*

The second is,

Iliad B, Line 480.

*And as a Bull of Common Height,
Among small Cows looks mighty great;
So Jove's Atreides now did figure,
Than all his Grenadiers much bigger.*

Now I am sensible, that the Comparing of his favourite *Army* to a *Flock of Geese*, and of their *General* to a *Bull*, are not Similitudes that now a Days can be much relish'd or admir'd, but yet were the best that could be found in *Homer's* time, when *Geese* were more in repute than they are now, and when there was no *Distemper* among the *Cows*.

Just at the Back of these two Similies follows *Homer's* Invocation of the Nine Female Saints, that were

were worshipped by all the Heathen Poets, which you will find wants *modernizing* exceedingly.

Iliad B, Line 484.

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*And now, ye Muses that appear
In Helicon, or God knows where.
(For you are Goddesses and know it,
Unless you please, no Man's a Poet)
Tell me, you Sisters six and three,
Who the fam'd Grecian Hero's be.
For I wou'd not rehearse the Mob,
Though all their Names were in my Fob.
Though I had Tongues and Mouths a Score,
And Lungs of Brass with Stentors roar;
Unless the Nine wou'd help my Speeches,
Those Brats of Jove in Sheep-Skin Breeches.*

This, Mr. Pope, it must be confest, is a very contemptuous Way of Expressing himself, that our great Poet makes use of, when he speaks of *Jupiter* and his Children---This wants a *Reformation* with a Witness.

And to carry on the Fancy I began with, of making *Homer* a *Papist*, I wou'd fain have you transpose this into a Christian Prayer to *Saint Ursula* and the *Eleven Thousand Virgins* that suffered *Matyrdom* with her. This will be something surprisngly new.

And now, Mr. Pope, I come to your Assistance in that Place, which of the whole *Iliad* is the most puz-

puzzling, and at which I am credibly informed your Work sticks.

And that is, the List of the *Grecian* Leaders, of their Ships and of the Countries from whence each of them came. Give me leave to tell you, that the Names used in the Original can never sound prettily in *English* Verse, and will be fitter to frighten Children than to divert Ladies ; such are *Ascalaphus*, *Arcefilaus*, *Prothoenor*, *Jalmenus*, *Epistrophus*, *Sthenelus*, *Pteleon*, *Agapenor*, *Polixenus*, *Agasthenes*, *Tlipalemus*, *Phidippus*, *Protesilaus*, *Glaphyras*, *Polipates*, *Tenthredon*, and a Hundred more as proper for Heroick Boetry—Now Mr. *Pope*, leaving out this whole Parcel of crabbed *Greek* Names, that will by no Means be wheedled into Rhime, and wou'd puzzle above half your Readers to pronounce ; I send you here a List that I have drawn up, of the last House of Commons, I mean of such among them, whose Names wou'd come smoothly into Metre ; this you may insert in your Book instead of *Homer's* Catalogue of the *Grecian* Chiefs. And if the next *House of Commons* will *Nemine Contradicente* come into your Subscription, I will be assisting to you in the putting in all their Names, instead of *Homer's* List of the *trusty Trojans*.

I know those Captious Men, who are never pleased with any thing but their own Inventions, will object against this, and tell me that almost all the *last House of Commons* had as *bad Names*, as it was possible for any of the Commanders of *Greece* to have ; but certainly they are much more *modern*, and you shall be Judge, if they do not run much more glibly off the Tongue.

It

It is in Iliad B, Line 494.

To Westminster from Bedfordshire
 Came Charnock Knight, John Harvey Squire,
 And then there rush'd from Shire of Berks,
 Stonehouse and Packer, learned Clerks.
 From Reading came on their own Charges,
 Fœlix Calvert, Robert Clarges,
 The Town of Wallingford did send a
 Richard Brigg and Thomas Renda.
 And from the Town of Abingdone,
 Poor Simon Harcourt came alone.
 For Shire of Buckingham did stand a
 John Fleetwood Squire, and Lord Fermannah.
 Wicomb sent two, both not a bit wrong,
 Sir Thomas Lee and Sir John Witterong.
 There came from Marlow, which was pure,
 One Knight Sir Ethrege, and George Bruere.
 From Cambridge University
 Came Windsor Squire, Paske L. L. D.
 And likewise from the Town of Cam.
 Sir John Hind Cotton, Shepherd Sam.
 Cheshire, Pox take 'em; sent this Time
 Two Knights that will not come in Rhime, *

* Sir George Warburton, Bart.
 Hugh Cholmondely, Esq;

Two

Two other Squires as good as those,
 Chester's famed City likewise chose.
 And from the Land, which Cornwall hight,
 Came many a Squire and many a Knight;
 Some low, some high, some rich, some poor,
 In all their Sum was forty four.
 Lowther and Lawson Hand in Hand,
 Were sent to Twn from Cumberland.
 And from the Borough call'd Cock-ermouth
 Arriv'd Nich. Lechmere to be their Mouth.
 Devonshire chose upon the same Field,
 Sir William Courtney and Sir Bampfilde.
 And from the Town of old Barnstaple,
 Came * Sir Nich. Hoop, a Serjeant able.
 One Baronet and one Attorney,
 From Honyton did take their Journey.
 For Boralston no Men were fitter,
 Than Lawrence Carter and Sir Peter.
 And Dorsetshire for Members gave in,
 Tom. Strangeways, and his Friend George
 Chaffin.
 For Dorchester did likewise appear,
 Squire Henry Trenchard and Sir Napier.
 The Men of Lyme to shew their Courage,
 Sent Colonel Henly and John Burridge.

* Sir Nicholas Hooper.

But from the Borough called Melcomb,
 None but John Littleton † was welcome.
 From Bridport there did make their Entry
 John Hoskins Gifford, and Coventry.
 At Durham County 'twas agreed on,
 To send up Hedworth and John Eden.
 Sir Richard Child in Land * of Calves,
 With Sir Charles Barrington went halves.
 From Harwich on the Mouth of Thames
 Came two † with half a dozen Names,
 From Gloucestershire to make sides even,
 John Berkly came and Thomas Stephen.
 From Gloster issued Cox and Snell,
 The one can Write, the other Spell.
 From Hereford, I tell you no Lie,
 Came one of Honour * † with Tom. Foley.
 And farther there was made a damn'd Stir,
 To get Ned. Harley into Lempster.
 Weobly too sent up in a trice,
 A whipping Serjeant * † † with Squire Price.
 Hertfordshire chose one less than three Men,
 Squires Thomas Halsey and Ralph Freeman.

† The House voted out the three that were returned with him.

* Essex.

† Carew Harvey Mildmay, Benedict Leonard Calvert.

* † Hon: James Bridges, Esq ;

* † † John Birch, Esq ; Serjeant at Law.

New-

Newton sent up with one Accord,
 One Abraham Blackmore and John Ward.
 Great Grimsby * did a Surgeon choofe,
 And Footman sent to wipe his Shoes.
 But Middlesex to help the Party,
 Sent up Hugh Smithson and James Bertie.
 For Westminster no more than two were,
 Tom Medlicot and Cross the Brewer.
 But London City sent up four,
 Newland, Cals, Withers, and Sir Hoare;
 Who to St. Stephen's Chappel spurred,
 Like Aldermen, in Gowns all furred.
 Then at Lynn Regis there did pop in
 Sir Charles and his Friend honest Robin.
 At Berwick upon Tweed they ramm'd in
 One William Ord with Richard Hamden.
 From Newark upon Trent did strut on,
 Two Richards, Newdigate and Sutton.
 Midhurst too sent, I'll tell you that,
 One Knight Esquire, with Sir John Prat.
 And for the Borough call'd New Shoram,
 Two Justices came of the Quorum.
 But Worcester City at a Lift
 Dealt Thomas Wild and Samuel Swift.
 Nor did the Town of Evesham grudge
 With Goodere. Knight to send John Rudge.

* Will Coatsworth, Arthur Moar.

York City sent this time a Pair, Facks;
 Sir Robinſon and Robin Fairfax.
 At Rear of all this mighty Band,
 Came Master Lowndes with Bill in Hand.

This, Mr. Pope, is the Poetry which I wou'd earnestly intreat you to place in your Translation, in the Room of *Homer's* List of the *Grecian* Army, and let the *Trojan* Forces wait till the present House of Commons have at least chosen them a Speaker.

And to prepare the World for this, I intend to perswade my Friend Mr. Powel, to get a List of the City Trainbands instead of *Grecian* Heroes into his *Puppet-show*, and by that Means bring *Troy* into the *Artillery-Ground*, from whence the Transition to *Westminster* will be exceeding easy. And thus much as to *Homer's* List of the Ships. The next Passage that I have *english'd* for your Service is in

Iliad Γ, Line 196.

The old Man staring at Ulyſſes,
 Cried, Tell me Helena, who this is.
 By Head he's shorter than Atrides,
 In Back and Breast he bloody wide is.
 His Armour lays upon the Ground,
 And he, like any Ram, stalks round;
 A Ram, that bath of Wooll good stock,
 The Husband of a mighty Flock.

Here, Mr. Pope, you see *Homer* beautifully keeping up to his old Rustick Similitudes; but alas!
 this

this is nothing to compare with a Passage where he likens one of his greatest Champions to an Ass; you will find, I have not in the least debased the Original.

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Iliad A, Line 544.

*Great Jove struck Ajax then with Fear,
Which made him sink into the Rear.
He making best of a bad Market,
Flung on his Back his Sevenfold Target,
And staring wildly on the Trojans,
Slowly retreated to his Lodgings.
Just so, when Dogs and Doglike Rusticks,
Set on sly Reynard, with their Ploughsticks;
He then is forced to keep his distance,
From Henroost, 'cause of their Resistance:
But he still set on Flesh of Capon,
Tries all his Arts for to entrap one.
Yet after all his wily Tricks,
With Bite of Dogs and Blows of Sticks,
In Morning Reynard (and troth 'tis hard)
Stalks home with sad and hungry Gizzard.*

*So Ajax fretted to the Liver,
From Troy went down unto the River;
Being amazed and quite confounded,
For fear his Cockboats shou'd be drowned.*

*Of Long-ear'd Ass did you ne'er hear;
If ho when the Corn is full in Ear,*

Entring

*Entering for Pasture, there will fix,
 In Spite of all the Parish Sticks,
 And whilst belabour'd at his Haunches,
 Still cramming of his empty Paunch is,
 And scarce can feel his Sides are Jore,
 Till he feels he can eat no more.*

*So Ajax stood without much budging,
 And bore the Blows of angry Trojan.*

And in this place, Mr. Pope, *Homer* is much improved by me, for I have new vampt one of his Similies, which otherwise wou'd have been intirely lost to a *British* Ear. I consider'd that we had no *Lions* look in *England*, but such as frequented *Coffee-Houses*, and that they of late had lost both their *Teeth* and *Courage*; upon this Account, instead of *Homer's Lyon* I have thought fit to substitute a *Fox*, of which Species you know we have great Plenty. Infomuch that an old Punster told me, that I should make the People believe that *Fox* and *Gaese* were invented as well as *Chests* at the *Siege of Troy*.

And now, Mr. Pope, strain all your whole Nerves of Thought into the greatest Intenfeness, for here I will present you with an excellent *Winter-piece* which I have drawn from *Homer*. He in *Iliad H*, Line. 264, brings *Ajax* and *Hector*, as if they had forgot their *Swords* and their *Spears*, like overgrown *Boobies* flinging *Stones* one at another. Now thus I wou'd transpose it: It is certain that as the *Grecians* beleaguer'd *Troy* ten Years, they must needs have had *Winter Encampments*, and consequently must often have diverted themselves

elves, with *Snowballs*. This being once granted, I hope flinging *Snowballs* will be allowed to be a much more genteel Exercise than Knocking one anothers Brains out with Stones—Upon this score, my dear Friend, I have made our two Champions undertake to warm each other at a Bout of *Snowballing*—Pray now observe how cleverly I have done it.

Iliad H, Line 264.

*Not baulkt at this, the well-armed Hector
 Stood still the stiffer and erecter,
 And caught a Snowball not yet melting,
 And with fresh Vigour fell to pelting.
 The Ball was rough and very large,
 And bounce it hit on Ajax Targe;
 And thus did he renew the Battle,
 By making Ajax Doublet rattle:
 But Ajax snatch'd up one much larger,
 And soon return'd it on his Charger.
 And putting to it all his Strength,
 He laid poor Hector full at length.
 But just as Hector 'gan to expire,
 Apollo came and saved the Squire.*

Now, Mr. Pope, can any thing be more beautifully moving, and do not you think that all your Readers would believe that *Ajax* had a Stone in his *Snowball*, which entirely saves the Trojan Hero's Honour? And lastly, how would the Ladies be pleased with *Apollo's* good Nature? Upon all these
 Rea-

Reasons I make sure of seeing this Translation inserted in your Work.

In the next Place that I have *Englisht* for you, I have stuck close to *Homer's Meaning*. That old Bard is so fond of Stones, that he makes *Minerva* pelt them at *Mars* once, when they were met at a *Celestial Cadgel-playing*. Now this notable Contest being between a God and a Goddess, I have kept to the Fancy of the Stones. And you shall see how handsomely old Bully *Mars* is stoned by a *Rampant Maiden Goddess*.

It is in

Iliad 4, Line 387.

*The Heaven and Earth began to rattle,
With Gods preparing for the Battle.*

*Jove shook his Ears to see the Gods
Among themselves so much as odds.*

*Gods put their Armour on, the Goddesses
As quick whipt on their Iron Bodices.*

*Then Mars with Spear and Shield of
Brass,*

*Challenged Minerva like an Ass,
Crying—Thou Dogsfy,—Curfed Witch,
Thou impudent, unsated Bitch,*

*Don't you remember when Tydides
Through your damn'd Help did wound my Si-des,
And my fair Body sore did mawl,
Now, Hussy, you shall pay for all.*

At

At this; Mars struck upon her Shield,
 Which to Jove's Lightning would not yield;
 However Mars, with his long Javelin,
 Struck her somewhat below the Navel in,
 But she shrunk back to save her Bacon,
 And in her Hand two Stones had taken;
 Stones rough and black and very large,
 And Mars she strait began to charge;
 And on his Neck with force did seize,
 Then Mars grew weak about the Knees,
 And being no more fit to stand,
 He fell on's Head upon the Sand;
 And as he lay as if just killed,
 Seven Atræ covering—Pallas smiled,
 And thus insulted—"Though thou'rt bigger,
 "Thou'rt Fool to vye with me for Vigour;
 "In this I am by none surpass,
 "Though you've first Blow, I'll have the last.
 "If thou darest fight again I'll strip thee,
 "And send thy Mother here to whip thee.
 This said—She turn'd away her Eyes,
 Then Venus came to make him rise.
 Venus Jove's Daughter lent her Hand,
 But troth she scarce cou'd make him stand;
 For weak he was, and much did groan,
 And scarce cou'd call his Soul his own.

*Juno spy'd this and ran to Pallas,
And in these Words bespoke the tall Lads :*

“ See you the Bitch is gone to Mars,

“ To lead the Booby from the Wars.

This said—Minerva full of Wrath

Attacked with utmost Fury both :

Both fell (and much 'twas to their Honour)

First Venus, and then Mars upon her.

And here, Mr. Pope, who can forbear compassionating poor *Venus's* Case, who was forc'd to endure the Weight of such a swinging Fellow, one that covered Seven Acres?—I assure you, she was well covered.

But now, my dear Friend, that I have moved your Pity, give me leave to translate for you a Passage that will rouse the Indignation of all your Readers, especially such as have been in the Army. It is the Complaint of that great Warrior *Achilles* to *Ulysses*, that he was neglected, though he had dared to be honest in the Worst of Times.

It is in

Iliad I, Line 305.

To this the S W I F T - F O O T Hero answers,

You that are born of Godlike Granfires,

I ought to deal with you sincerely,

So I my Mind will tell you clearly ;

And that I mayn't with your sly Chat,

Be wheedled into this and that,

I hate

I hate him, as my Elder Brother,
 Who looks one Way and rows another :
 I now will speak what I think fit,
 Let Aggy and the Greeks go sb—
 For though I've broke so many Ranks
 Of Trojans, I have had no Thanks :
 To Merit there is no regard,
 The stout and weak have same Reward,
 He who takes pains or takes his ease,
 He who kills Trojans; or kills Fleas ;
 The fearful Lout and fearless General,
 Sit just alike at Pluto's Dinner all.
 I have born many Pangs of Mind,
 Expos'd my self to Rain and Wind ;
 I know not what my self can liken,
 Unless 'tis Bird that feeds its Chicken.
 Just so, I many sleepless Nights
 And Days have spent in bloody Fights,
 And I have led this plagny Life,
 To help a Cuckold to his Wife.

This, I think, is a noble Complaint, and shows a warm Resentment in a Soldier, for having his Services contemned. I know but one Objection that can be made to the whole, and that is, that I call *Achilles* SWIFT-FOOT at the Beginning, which is an Epithet more proper for a nimble Hare than a Hero, who ought never to quit his Post.

But begging the Criticks Pardon, I remember that *podus-ovrus*, is Greek for *Swift-foot or Light-heel'd*, and in that Sense is entirely applicable to *Achilles*; for he being Vulnerable only in his Heel, where cou'd *Homer* have placed his Cowardice more properly than there?

I know that shou'd you print this last Translation of mine, such a trembling Scholar as Mr. *Dennis* wou'd fancy that *Achilles's Ghost* might rise from the Shades below, and serve both you and your Bookseller in the Manner he did the foul-mouth'd *Thersites*, whom he killed with his Fist.

But Courage, dear Mr. *Pope*, and I will furnish you with unanswerable Arguments to prove *Achilles* a horrible Coward. First, when the brave *Grecians* were embarking for the *Trojan War*, did not he to avoid it even condescend to disguise himself in Woman's Cloaths? And did he not sink away in his Ships too in the very Heat of Battle, when his Countrymen most needed his Aid? Did ever Mother *Hecuba* or *Andromache* weep, wail, sob, or sigh so effeminately for their *Hector*, as he did for his dead Companion *Patroclus*? No! the Women only tore their Hoods and Scarfs, which they cou'd mend at leisure, * but this overgrown Blubberer cut off all his Carrotty Hair, and to make as much Stink as he cou'd, flung it into the Fire, nay, and like a Coxcomb would have cut his Throat too, had he not been prevented by *Antilochus*. But farther, when he had caught brave *Hector*, as he was shut out from *Troy*, he durst not fight him Hand to Fist, but basely overpower'd him with

* *Iliad* ↓ Line 144.

Numbers. If this be the Character of a Hero, Achilles may be called one, and not else.

There is one Translation more that I have been at the pains to make, but I cannot tell whether I ought to desire you to insert it in your Work; and therefore I have left it till the last, the rest being all of them indisputably the politest Versions of Homer, that have been yet seen in our Tongue.

This Place that I mention is in

Iliad Z, Line 232.

*This said, each from his Horse descends,
They kiss and promise to be Friends;
But Saturn's Son in the mean Season,
From Glaucus stole away his Reason,
Who changed with Diomedes (O Afs!)
His Arms of Gold, for his of Brass;
And Armour worth a Hundred Cows,
For one not worth a Hundred Sows.*

Now the great Objection I have to these Lines, is an Apprehension that I have, lest your Subscribers should take this to be the State of the Case between you and them; and imagine that you have changed away your Brass for their Gold. However this Comfort remains to them, that 'tis *Greek Brass you give them, in which the Chymists allow that there is no small Mixture of Gold. Upon the whole, I submit it to your Judgment (and I would

* Corinthian.

have

have you call a Consult of all your witty Friends upon it) whether it will be proper to print this last Piece or no.

But as for the rest of my Translations, they are such Master-pieces in their kind, that I expect to see every one of them in your Book. And now, Mr. Pope, I leave you to judge, if the Pains I must necessarily have taken about these Passages, and the Manuscripts I must have consulted, to chime in so perfectly with the Sense of my Author, do not deserve your hearty Thanks. And do you think that any less generous Man would have gone through so much Trouble to serve you, unless he had been promised a share in your Subscription Money; and yet that is what I neither expect nor will accept of, but remain till I hear of you farther,

Dear SIR,

Your most Humble Servant,

Iliad Doggrell.

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