

THE
FABLE of PHAETON

Paraphrased From
OVID's METAMORPHOSIS.

With swelling thoughts fixt on his great
(intent,
Now *Phaeton* had climb'd the Suns ascent ;
And to his radiant Father's Pallace came ;
Whose heavenly feat lookt blazon'd all with
(flame:
On Stately Pedestalls erected high
Above the Convex of the utmost Sky :
Its Glorious Front, dazled, yet pleas'd the sight,
With vigorous sallys of Æthereal Light.
The entrance, all divinely deckt, was wrought,
Beyond the invention of a humane thought ;
With

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With various figures exquisite and bold,
As the Amazing Novelties they told.

Here awful *Neptune* rises from the deep,
Around the peaceful *Billows* seem to sleep :

Here dreadful *Whales* the Bluff'ring *Tritons*
(stride,

And raise a *Silver Tempest* as they glide :

In mighty *shells* the lovely *Nereids* swim,

And blewish *gods* the lofty *billows* climb.

Wide from the Shore a pleasant *scene* of

(Land,

With careless *Beauty* did it self expand :

Here Mountains, Valleys, Springs, and *Sacred*

(Groves,

Flocks, Herds, Unpolish'd *Shepherds*, and their

(Loves ;

The *Dryads*, *Satyrs*, *Silver Gods*, and *Fawns*,

Had here their *Rural Pallaces* and *Lawns*.

Above

58 *Poems on several Occasions*

Above all this, appear'd the blest abodes,
And gay-Pavilions of th' Immortal Gods :
Upon a Painted-Zodiack brightly shone
With Glittering Emeralds *Sols refulgent Throne* :
Here sat in Purple the *Bright God of Day*,
(Whom *Phaeton* now trembles to survey :)
Smooth were his Cheeks, most lovely eyes, his
(brows
Adorn'd with *rays*, and his own sacred *boughs* :
Around, the *days*, the *months*, and *years* attend,
While, at his *feet*, the crooked *Ages* bend :
The beauteous Spring (more *gay* than all the
(rest,)
Stood smiling by, clad in a Flowry Vest :
Summer, with *Ears of Corn*, her *temples* bound,
And Autumn with *Luxuriant Clusters* crown'd :
In order next old hoary-*Winter* stood ;
His Aspect *horrid*, and congeal'd his *blood*.

Surrounded

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Surrounded thus with Majesty and State,

Bold *Phaeton's* Illustrious *Father* fate:

The God his ventrous Off-spring now espyes;

Amaz'd! demands, What urg'd his enter-

(prize?

And what great Embassy cou'd bring him

(to the Skies?

Monarch of *Light*, the doubtful Youth returns,

Whose absence *Life* it self and *Nature* mourns:

Most splendid Ruler of the wellcome *Day*,

Serenest *Spring* of all that's fair and gay—

If bolder I may speak--if e're--if e're

The Thoughts of *Love* and *Clymene* were dear;

----Then grant a certain sign, that may on

(*Earth*

Resolve the question'd grandeur of my Birth,

My best-lov'd-Son, great *Phæbus* made

(Reply,

(And back he casts the radiant Energy

Of his thick beams) my *Phaeton* draw Nigh:

And

Poems on several Occasions. 61

With *horror*, on the distant Earth at *Noon*,
We from the *Zenith's* dismal height look
(down

The steep *Descent*; from thence we swiftly
(roul:

Nor here our headlong *Courfers* Brook con-
(troul.

Even Lovely *Thetis* sees my *Fall* with dread,
Though every Night she expects me to her
(*Bed*:

Besides, thou'lt meet a Thousand rugged Jarrs
From the incountring Motions of the *Stars*;
Scarce our Immortal *Efforts* stem their force:
Betwixt the Bulls sharp hornes then lies thy
(course,

By *Sagitarus*, and the *Scorpion's* Claws,
The Gasty *Crab*, and *Leo's* dreadful Jaws.

Expect no *Groves*, nor Flowry *Mansions* there,
Nor Gods, nor Nymphs; but Monsters every
(where,

62 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Then let a Father's timely Care persuade,
And yet retract the dangerous *Choice* thou'st
(made

Be wise, and urge no more this fatal *Sign* ;
Alas, my *Grief*, too sadly, speaks thee *Mine*.
Of all the Earths, or Seas rich Bosoms hide,
Or *Treasures* which in upper Air abide ;
Ask what thou wilt, or dar'st (besides) to
(wish ;

Do, *Phaeton*, ask any thing but *this* ;
And, by my former Sacred *Oath*, 'tis thine.

But the *hot* Youth, fixt on his rash design,
With such an Enterprize, the more *inflam'd*
His anxious *Father's Oath*, now boldly claim'd,
Who forc'd to yield. The nimble *hours* soon
(brought

His *Chariot* forth in hot *Vesuvio* wrought,
By crafty *Vulcan*, and the *Cyclops* Art,
Who'd shown immortal skill in every part :

The

Poems on several Occasions. 63

The *Wheels*, and *Axeltree*, the purest Gold,
Bright as those *Lucid Tracts* in which they
(roul'd :

The *Harness* all Emboss'd with *Crysolites*,
And twinkling *sparks* of wondrous colour'd Lights.

But now *Aurora* from her Eastern Bed,
Had, o'er the Expanse her Dewy Mantle
(spread :

The Sickly Moon the Hemisphere resigns ;
And, with her Waning, *Lucifer* declines.

The *Dawning* grew more fair and ruddy still,
And *Sol* officious now against his will :

With *Sacred Compounds* his fierce *Orb* allays,
Then crowns the Joyful *Hero* with his *Rays* ;
With tender Speeches caution'd thus the while,
Let not Presumption thy fond Thoughts be-
(guile'

To give my hot unruly Steeds their course,
But use the *Reins*, with utmost care and force,
Along

64 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Along a beaten, broad, and oblique way,
Far from the *Poles*, now lies the *Road of Day*.
Avoid the *Altar*, and the hissing *Snake*,
Both *opposite*; betwixt them keep the *Track* ;
Observe a careful distance from the *Skies*,
Lest thou affront the awful *Deities* ;
Nor near the Earth approach, *the mean is best* ;
To *Destiny* with *hope* I leave the rest.
For, loe the pale *Commandress* of the *Night*
Resigns her *Empire* to th' expected *Light*.
Take up the *Reins* ; or yet, or yet be *wise*,
And grasp a more *proportion'd* enterprize:

But *Phaeton*, as *resolute* as *great*,
Undaunted, leaps into the *Blazing Seat* ;
Pleas'd with his glorious charge, nor doubts his
(Skill
To manage it, he Mounts th' *Olympick Hill*.

Aloud

Poems on several Occasions. 65

Aloud th' Immortal Steeds begin to Neigh,
And strike their Fiery *Hoofs*, and make *new*
(*Day;*)

As through the clouds they cut their *sparkling*
(*way:*)

And finding now the Reeling *Chariot* fraught
With nothing congruous to *Celestial* weight;
Unruly grow, and heedless of the *Rein*,
Its feeble *Checks*, and trembling *Guide* disdain;
And, all disorder'd, *careless* of their *way*,
Through *Paths* unknown to *Sol* himself, they
(*stray:*)

Now near the Fair *Triones*, who, in vain,
Implor'd more Temperate *Quarters* in the
(*Main*)

With Heat reviv'd, see the fierce *Serpent* roul,
Tho' fix'd his Station near the Frozen Pole.

Bootes *sweats*, and drives his *Lazy Team*

A nimble *pace*, untry'd before by them.

66 *Poems on several Occasions.*

As much distress'd, unhappy *Phaeton*
From Great *Olympus* arched Top looks down :
Black *horror* now, and aggravating *fear*,
Through all his Conscious thoughts trium-
phant were :
He Curst his *Pride*, conspicuous Seat, and Birth,
And covets the obscurest place on *Earth* ;
To be the Son of *Meropes*, safe below,
Unknown to Gods and Men, would please him
(now :
So, all confus'd, the hopeless *Pilot* Raves,
And yields, at last, to the relentless *Waves*.
What can he do? much of the *Glowing East*
Is yet Unconquer'd ; more he dreads the *West*,
That dangerous *Fall* ; nor one clear *Track* can
(fin'd
In Heaven ; nor call his Horses *Names* to mind :
Who now near where the dreadful Scorpion
(lay,
Hurryd the shatter'd Chariot of the Day :

Proud

Proud of the *Reins*, which from his trembling
 Now faintly drop, no *obstacle* withstands ^{(hands}
 Their furious *course* ; but through the *blazing*
 They foam, and rave, and all disorder'd fly. ^{(Sky}
 Now upward, to the Stars, a *Path* they rend,
 Then down agen the frightful *Steeps* descend :
 Below, her *own Diana* from afar,
 With wonder, views her radiant *Brothers Car* :
 The exhaled Earth down to its Centre dry,
 Wants *Juice*, her fainting *Products* to supply :
 Assaulted with the too prevailing rays,
 In fatal Flames, whole *Towns* and Mountains
 (blaze :

High *Athos*, *Oete*, and the Pin'y top
 Of pleasant *Ida* into Cinders drop :
 Old *Tmolus*, the *Cicillian* Mount, and high
Parnassus, smoak up to the darkned Sky :
Vesuvio roars, more fierce its entrails glow ;
 Nor work the *Cyclops* at their Anvils now.

68 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Steep *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Erix*, *Mimas*, flame
Nor *Rhodopean* Snows the fiercer Fire can
(tame.

Caucasus frys, *Dindyma* chaps, and burns
Her kindling Grove; fair *Aphrodites* mourns.
The Airy *Alps*, and Gloomy *Appenine*,
With *Ossa*, in the *conflagration* shine:
Surrounded thus with Smoak, and Wrathful
(Fires,

Unhappy *Phaeton* almost *expires*:
Despair within, and *Terror* all without,
By's furious Steeds, at pleasure, hurl'd about;
Gasping, and faint, still hurried round, nor
(more,

Tho prop't by Fate, a *Mortal* could have bore:
They say, the *Ethiopians* now with heat
Aduſt, and ſcorch't, diffus'd a Sable Sweat;
And all the waſted *Fountains* ſadly ring
Of ſome fair *Nais*, Mourning for her *Spring*.

Nor
Nor

Poems on several Occasions. 69

Nor from the Mightyer Streams the Flame re-

(coils,

For in its *Channel* antient *Tana's* boyls.

Xanthus, whose Waves agen that Fate must

(know ;

Meander, whose wild Waters, circling flow.

Melas, *Eurotas*, *Ister*, and the Fair

Euphrates, Torrents, half exhausted are,

Orontes, *Phasis*, and the cooler Stream

Of *Sperchius* now like boyling *Chaldron's* Steam;

Alpheus, *Ganges*, and the flowing Gold,

That in the Rich *Pactolus* Channel roul'd :

The *Muses* Mourn ; their *Swans*, who, as they

(dye

In Charming *Notes*, breath their own *Elegy* :

Deep, in his utmost Subterranean Bed,

Great *Nilus* hides his undiscover'd Head.

Earth

70 *Poems on several Occasions.*

Earth cracks, to *Hell* descend the hated *beams*,
And Plague the *howling Ghosts* with worse ex-
(*treams*:

The exhausted *Ocean* leaves a *Field* of *Sand* ;
Nor does vexed *Neptune* one cool *Wave* com-
(*mand*.

He has lost his share of the grand *Monarchy*,
And vainly lifts his *forked Trident* high.

The Lovely Sisters melt upon the *Rocks*,
While Aged *Doris* tares her *Silver Locks* :
The *Phocæ* dye ; the *Dolphins* vainly dive
In scalding *streams*, to keep themselves alive.

As much the Goddess of the *Earth* distressed,
With trembling *Lips* the King of Gods address ;
If thou the Groaning *World's* Destruction
(*mean*,

(Incensed *Jove*) Why sleep thy *THUNDERS*
(*then*?

If

Poems on several Occasions. 71

If thou the cause of this *Calamity* ;
Or if 'tis some less potent God then *thee* :
Where's all thy *goodness*, all thy *gentle* care
For Mortals now - that should these Ills re-
Have I for this thy Sacred *Victims* fed (pair?
In Hecatombs, to thy high *Altars* led ?
Those *Altars*, which with thy bright *Temples*
While *Jove*, in vain, the gasping-*Priests* In- (smoke,
And loe the Mighty *Poles* begin to *fume* ; (voke:
And, Wher's thy *Starry Seat* should they con-
Tyr'd *Atlas* sweating, of his load complains, (sume ?
And scarce the *burning Axletree* sustains :
But, fainting here, she stop'd, and shrinks her
Below the gloomy *Lodgings* of the Dead. (head
Jove calls the Gods (with him, whose daring
Too fond of Glory, had this *Mischief* done :) (Son,
To view the *dreadful flames* ; then mounts on
(high,
The

72 *Poems on several Occasions*

The loftyest *Turret* that commands the Sky ;
 From whence he us'd to shade the sultry *Air* ;
 And with kind *Showers* the Parched *Earth* to
 (chear :
 But throws his *Flood-gates* open now in vain,
 And prest the light *transparent clouds* for *Rain* :
 At which incens'd, his ruddy *Thunder* glows,
 Nor durst the *God* of *beams* himself oppose.
 See the wing'd *Vengeance* now, see where it
 (breaks;
 On the rash cause of those lamented *Wrecks* ;
 And sends the bold *Usurper* breathless down
 To the scorch't *Earth* from his *affected Throne* :

 So strike the *Gallick Tyrant*, that has hurl'd
 As guilty *flames* through the complaining
 (VVorld :
 So awful *Jove*, so Strike him from his *Seat* ;
 And all his *Aims*, and all his *Hopes* defeat.

T H E