

The Athenian Mercury.

WE have lately found some of our Querists so very troublesome, that we must be forc'd, in order to live a little quieter, to fall from *Answering of Queries*, to *Answering of Letters*; though we resolve to dispatch all that we have any thing to say to in this one Paper, as well for our ease, as the Reader's diversion; and, by that time we have done, hope we shall be pretty even with 'em for their *Epistles*; and if either they, or some of their dear Friends happen to be expos'd a little, they may e'ne thank themselves for giving so much occasion.

For the first of our Sparks, he, it seems has met with a *Question* concerning the French, &c. not Answered to his Mind, N^o— which has made him so very Angry, that he cou'd not so much as see the right end of his Paper, but Writes as if he were blind-fold; now one end on't uppermost, and then t'other— We shan't trouble the Reader with the whole *Letter* altogether, but only produce it Paragraph by Paragraph, with some *short Notes* of our own, by way of *Illustration*— He begins thus, *I had once a good Opinion of the Athenian Mercurists*— (for which we are very sorry, and know nothing we have done to deserve it) *That they were an Ingenious and Learned Society of Virtuosi* (What if he shou'd be mistaken?) *whose Design was only the advancement of the Bellæ Litteræ, and the Entertainment of the Ingenious World* (one wou'd think a Person who so hugely admires the French, shou'd have used their Language, and rather Written *Belles Lettres*, than *Bellæ Litteræ*— but that's so small a thing, 'tis hardly worth minding, for now the Plot thickens, and you shall immediately hear him Thunder) *But in such a Mercury, I find so foolish, ridiculous and trifling an Answer to this Question, Why the French love the English, &c. that it rather raises Shame than Anger*— (Good News, if it be true, that one who is of the French side has any Shame left; for 'tis now e'ne too late for 'em to be Angry. As for the Answer— we must confess we did not much endeavour to please him in't, since whatever that is, we are sure enough that the *Question* is sufficiently *Ridiculous*— Why the French Love the English, &c. Which, how much they love us, we may pretty well guess; if we consider the English are the Nation which has now Check'd 'em in their Ambitious Grasping after the Universal Monarchy— They may love us, 'tis true, as far as a Compliment and Grimace, for that's the Nature of the Creature; but how inwardly, how entirely they love us, when by Force or Treachery they get us in their power, we have but too many Instances; but need go no farther than that of *Sicard* in the *Gazet*,

whom neither the Laws of Nations, nor those of Hospitality cou'd restrain from shewing his Nations Love to our Countrymen, by the most Barbarous of Villanies.) He goes on; *First of all the Barbarous and Ungentile manner of Reviling a whole Nation*— (when we charge a Whole Nation with those *National Vices* which they are really guilty of; 'tis indeed neither Reviling nor Slandering 'em, unless it be with *Matter of Truth*— And we don't doubt but that this Gentleman is as Angry with *Cæsar* for reviling the *Whole Nation* of the *Gauls*, by giving their *True Character* formerly, as with us for doing it now— But besides this, Losers may Speak; and when we Reflect, to whom we owe all our past and present Expences of Coin and Blood, both in *Ireland* and *Flanders*, namely, to our good Friends and Well-willers the French, they must forgive us, if we no more admire their Good-nature than we do their Valour or their Honesty— After all, the Writer of this *Epistle* has the least reason in the World to blame us for Reflecting on a VWhole Nation, when, not only the Famous French *Sorbiere* has done it most egregiously in his Lampoon on our Nation, which he calls, *A Voyage into England*; and even he himself follows his Example, and uses almost his very words; when, speaking of the *English*, and that, for ought we know, his own Nation, in the following Paragraphs— But the truth is, there's difference in Nations, as you may see by what comes next; “And that the bravest Nation “in the VWorld, whose Air and Sublime “Genius, above the rest of Mankind, all their “Neighbours, though they envy them, can- “not forbear Imitating. (How brave they are, we shall see, when we can perswade them to Fight, for they ne're dar'd to do it this Summer, unless before our Army was got together, and just in the Tail of 'em when drawing away. As Brave as they are, we have Beat 'em out of Two Kingdoms already, and, at this Present Time, unless, as their way is, in some sudden Sneaking Enterprize, when they have none to oppose 'em, they are Running away all the World over; and Thousands of their Choicest Troops are beaten every day by not so many Scores of Poor half-naked *Vandois*. But, let's give 'em their due, though we can't be perswaded to believe they love us, and own they have as much, or perhaps more of the Art of War, at this present, than any Nation in Europe— We'll suppose too, what we'll never grant 'em, that they had lost the Qualities of their Ancestors, and were as good at bearing an Impression, as they really are at making one— Let's suppose on, that all the Towns they have taken

ken by Surprize or Treachery, as well as all other Advantages they had gain'd ; had been gotten by pure dint of Sword, yet all this cou'd not make 'em *Brave Men*, they wou'd still be unjust and perfidious, and the Great Robbers of the Universe ; and cou'd no more pretend to *True Bravery* than a Banditti or Cut-throat— So much for their *Bravery*— As to their *Air*, and high *Genius*, which the rest of the World Imitate— We grant, they Generally *look like Men*, but so did the *Irish* themselves ; and another *unlucky sort of an Animal*, whose high *Genius* puts him very often on bestriding the Ridge of an House, and such kind of desperate Enterprizes. They are, we own, the fittest to make *False-Counts* of, of any Nation in the World ; and, as for true *Greatness of Mind*, if it consists in Humility, or not to abuse so good a word, a Servile baseness, they may indeed pretend to't, since, as one tartly observes, There are more Cooks, and Valet-de-Chambres of that Noble Nation, than any other in *Europe*— and as for any others imitating 'em, 'tis hoped those days are now over ; and neither French Diseases, nor French Fashions, so generally worn as they have formerly been [“ And because they “ have more Humanity in 'em, and Breed- “ ing in their Treatment of Strangers, than “ the Surly and Bull-dog-like Nature of an “ English-man is capable of, your own Ig- “ norance makes you impute it to their Inte- “ rest.] For their Humanity— *Sicard* agen ! But that's a Single Instance— What than was the *Parisian* Massacre, afterwards carryed all the Kingdom over ? Then for this present age, there's *Luxemburgh's* former Humanity in *Flanders*, not yet quite forgotten— and there's the Immortal *Lewis's* Humanity, in Torturing, Murdering, Pillaging, Banishing so many Hundreds of Thousands of his own Natural Subjects, for no other Reason, but that they were too good for him, against all Law, Faith and Obligation ; and, o' to'ther side, bringing his dear Brother and Ally, the *Turk* and *Tartar* in upon *Christendom*, and forcing the poor Duke of *Savoy* to use his Subjects as Ill, as his Kinsman had done his own, not confining his Humanity to so narrow a Compass, as either his own Kingdom, or *Christendom* it self— for all which he is daily Deify'd by his crowching *Slaves*, for *Subject's* a word too good for 'em, either because they are pleas'd with what he does, or to make a better-natur'd Construction on't, for the same reason the poor *Indians* make a God of the Devil, that he mayn't devour 'em. So much for their Humanity : Now for their *Breeding*, in the Treatment of Strangers— If we formerly were too Civil to 'em on that head, we're now ready to retract our Error ; since the best Piece of Good-breeding they shew to us, is, that they take it very kindly to be kickt down stairs ; which way of Salutation it's true our Bull-dog-English are not well acquainted with. But their *Breeding* towards others may be guest at, by what they use among themselves. They are ready enough to stile us *Insulaires*, *Barbarous* and *Rude* ; whereas the

French make *their Wives wait at Table*, at least admit 'em not there, when ours always sit down at the upper end. Now for their *Breeding* to others, especially to us English, we confess, we need go no farther then *Diep* or *Calaice*, when those *Ports* are open, to see abundance on't ; where, to borrow the words of one of the best Writers in our Nation, “ We are indeed generally welcom'd “ with care enough, for the Inhabitants of “ those places seize on every part of us, some “ catch our Cloaks, some our Hats, some “ our Portmanteaus, and when we are by “ Piece-meal brought to Shore, our officious Friends demand their own rates for “ having thus obliged us ; so that sometimes “ we scarce know whether we should call “ it a Landing, or a Wreck. This for their *Good-breeding*, which we readily grant an Englishman is not capable of, whom he calls *Surly*, and *Bull-dog-like* ; much after his Master *Sorbiere*, who complains, That the English are of a Gloomy, Extravagant, Fanatic, Melancholy, Humour ; and in another place, That they are Capricious, Dark, Irregular, Suspicious, and have a Melancholy peculiar to themselves, wanting Wit to distinguish between *Serious* and *Sullen*, as the same excellent Author tells him ; and all this only, because we can't Caper up to the Heights of his own Nations *Genius* ; who, unless he himself bely 'em ; *Wherever they come make such a Noise, that they draw all the Children and Dogs in the Town after them*— But the *Epistle-Man* now lets the English take *Breath*, and to work he goes with the Dutch ; and tells us [“ 'Tis no wonder the French hate “ them, or that as a Generous Man hates “ a Villain ; so the bravest Nation in the “ World should detest the most Vile, Per- “ fidious, Rascally-Race of People under the “ Sun, and the very Dregs of Mankind—] A Civil, Modest, Well-bred-Person this ; and gives very handsome Language, scorning to follow himself what he before so severely blames in us ; our *Barbarous* and *Ungentle* manner of *Reviling* a whole Nation— But we must give him leave to forget himself a little ; and, as he was just before ashamed without being angry, so now to be angry without shame, Fear, or Wit either, or any thing else, besides dull Ribaldery and down-right *Railing*. And yet, ten to one, but the Good Man has more Reason for this than we know of— None certainly can love *France*, but they must hate *England*, they being as contrary as *Light* and *Darkness* ; and none hating *England* but such as are *Jacobites* : and for those, their Talent lies in Scolding, which we must e'en let the feeble Creatures alone in, now they have done Scratching— And see what reason there was for such a Guess— In the very next words the Cloven-Foot begins to peep out very barely, wherein he complains— “ That the Dutch did not send *K. James* word before they came over— Why truly that was like a parcel of *Boorish Fellows*, and very uncivilly done of 'em ; for had the late King known of their coming sooner, he'd have been better provided for 'em, and not

not have been surpriz'd, and frighted out of his Kingdom with an Army of 40 or 50000 Men, by a parcel of some 14 or 15000; and the *Gazette* tells us, they were no more at their Landing. For the Proclaiming War, 'twas none of their Business, 'twas the Princes Private Design, and the main on't at his Charges; no War was intended; he only came at the desire of many of the best of the Nation, like another *Hercules*, to cleanse our *Augcan*-Stable of all the filthy Loads that the Romish Priests and Jesuits, and some other *Bearing Beasts* of our own had laid there— This certainly was his design, as his *Declaration* tells us; and thus, we may suppose, the late King himself understood and believed it to be; when he himself, we had almost said, *Signed an Address* to him, as well as some of his Friends before; and made him Generalissimo of all his Forces, actually commanding 'em to submit unto him— But supposing none of this had been true; and, that the Dutch had, without any Provocation, or Proclamation, actually made War upon the English, How well does this Accusation sound from one who defends the French Nation— How often, how notoriously have they violated the most Sacred Leagues, with no better Cause than their *Monarch's Glory*, and no more warning, than one Dorp on Fire gave to another? 'Twou'd make even a Turk Laugh (though they have now little reason for't) to hear the French complain of foul Play, Treachery, and breaking the Law of Nations; when the History of this whole Age will be made up of little less than what they themselves have done of that Nature— We'll, but this Good Patriot is further troubled, that for this *Service of the Dutch* 600000 l. was thought a small *Gratuity*, though they never laid out the Money— How then— Was the Fleet Equipt with nothing at all, or were the then Princes Army ferry'd over in a few Scullers? That Fleet which then made both *Shores tremble*, those at least even of our side; who, like this Gentleman, so much Sympathiz'd with those on the other— He goes on [*A very good requital this for all the English Blood and Treasure expended in their behalf against the Spaniard, to ruin those who preserved 'em; concerning which he desires us to Read this following Epigram;*

*Austriacum Batavis Regem detraximus Angli,
Auriacum nobis Gens bene grata tulit.
O mercatorum par impar! Hæc dedit ultro
Gens Libertatem, vendidit illa jugum.*

He concludes thus, for we'll now make an end with him; [*Gentlemen, I defy you to Answer this, and so adieu! ye have a cause to manage, which is not to be supported by Humane Wit.*

That what the Dutch have done for us, is a handsom requital, for what we formerly did for them, is true, without an Irony; and for their ruining us, thanks to Heaven and our Good King we are yet Heart-whole, and Old-England is alive, and alive like to be, and as stout as ever, whatever some of her

good Friends o' t'other side the Water, and their Correspondents here may wish her— For his *Epigram*, we might have let it alone, had he not defy'd us to Answer it, which the English Mastiff-temper, as he calls it, can't well endure. Stand clear then *Tully* and *Priscian*, and have-at it in the best *Lawyers Latin* we can get.

*Austriacum Batavis Angli fudere Tyrannum
Scotigenam nobis gens bene grata fugat.
O Benefactorum Par Compar! hæc dedit ultro
Gens Libertatem, Sustulit illa jugum.*

J A C O B I T E S.

We, for the Dutch, dethron'd the *Austrian*
To us that grateful people *Orange* bring: (King
Merchants ill-matcht! that Freedom freely
This made the other pay to be a Slave. (gave,

Which, together with the other, for the edification of our She-Customers, both *Jacobites* and others, we shall endeavour to make speak English, as much of 'em, at least, as we can squeez into our shorter Verses.

W I L L I A M I T E S.

For *Holland* we proud *Philip's* Fetters broke,
They kindly rescu'd us from *James's* yoke;
Both *Eriends* well-match't! to them we Free-
(dom gave;
As *England's* Chains they loos'd when doom'd
(a Slave.

Thus we have *Answer'd* this bold Challenger: and though, to carry on his own Bull-dog-Metaphor, he has given us a little tofs, we hope we have pinn'd him to the ground for his Labour: One word more, and then we part as good Friends as we are like to be, unless he alters his opinion. That we are certain we have a Cause to manage which has so much *Truth* on its side, and such a King to boot, that 'twill be at no great loss, though we can't bring much *Wit* to defend it.

Another of the Same, by— a GENTILE-MAN.

Quest. 1. *Gentlemen!*— *Whereas you have Printed some passages in your Mercury reflecting upon King James, which I Wrote t'ye about, and ye have yet taken no notice of it; So this is to give you to understand, that I am a GENTILE MAN, and one who am ready at all times to call any Man, of the best Quality in England to account for affronting the Queens Royal Father; therefore, if hereafter ye Print any thing Sawcy, or reflecting upon him, know, that I have Sworn to Cain you where-ever I meet you, and doubt not to engage a hundred GENTLEMEN to do the like—*

Ans. Good Angry GENTLEMAN! Where did you run away last— at *Salisbury*, the *Boyn*, or *Aghrim*? Well— never was poor Cause so put to't for *Secretarys*; and if they Fight no better than they Write, no wonder they've made such haste to lose three
King-

Kingdoms. But, we doubt, they are abus'd only— This is certainly some Whores hand, for the late King has still some Friends in a corner, some *Pucelle* or other, who is resolv'd to Cain whole Armies for the sake of her dear Master, and has put on a pair of Breëches, as my Lady Straddle her Jack-Boots, for that very purpose. But be it He or She, all we shall say to their Cantel, is, that they are very bold People, to fight with they know not who and how many, since, for ought they know, there may be a Hundred of us as well as them; and then it must be a pitch't Battle between us, and enough to make another dolefull Ditty as long as *Douglas* and *Piercy*. But, to prevent the effusion of Christian Blood, we promise 'em, that when they think as well of the late King's Royall Son and Daughter, as we doubt they do of the Queen's Royal Father, we'll be Friends with 'em, and Dudgeon shall sleep in rust and oblivion— and that even in relation to that late unhappy Monarch they discourse of, if they'll but let us alone, we'll endeavour to forget him, which is the greatest respect we can now shew him.

Here's one more in great haste—

Quest. 2. *Gentlemen— I'm just Booted and Spurr'd going out o' Town; I have sent you several Questions which ye don't think fit to Answer— However, I'll send you this one, and desire a Resolution in your next— "Whether you, Gentlemen, that Answer such a parcel of Impertinent Questions, have any Patent, or other Authority thus to make the City ring of your daily Nonsense? Yours, &c.*

Ans. Good Mr. &c. ! Why so short and angry? 'tis a hard World indeed that a Man can't Talk Nonsense, and Print it too, without having a Patent for't— However, as long as there is no Law, nor Act of Parliament against it, that ever we heard of, we claim the Priviledg of Englishmen, and if we have any occasion, shall still make bold to Print it, as well as you to Write it.

Quest. 3. *Whether the Ancients were as well Skill'd in Shipping and Navigation, as the Moderns are?*

Ans. The Negative appears partly by the Resolution of the former Question, and will farther by what yet remains.— 'Tis true they had vast Ships in those days, enormous Machines indeed, as the *Virtuosi* love to call 'em; and whatever we flatter our selves, vastly bigger, some of 'em at least, and able to contain many more than the biggest Ships now in the World, not excepting the *Royal Sovereign*, or *Brittania* themselves, or all the *Terribles* or *Invincibles* that the French make such a noise with; And though the vastness of the Bulk and number of Men some of 'em are said to have carry'd, seems almost incredible, yet we shall set 'em down, as we find 'em in Grave Authors. *Athenæus* tells us, that *Protophylopatër* had a Gally built for Pomp and Pleasure, with a double Prow, and Forty Ranks or Orders of Rowers. And even *Plutarch* himself, in his Life of *Demetrius*, that he e-

quipped several Ships of War, which had in them each *Four Thousand Rowers*. This for their bulk: then for the excellency of their Structure, if we'll believe *N. Witsen*, who writes of Naval Architecture in *High-Dutch*, whose Book was Printed at *Amsterdam* in 1671. (whereof the Royal Society give an account, *Vol. 6. p. 3006.*) they were much firmer, and more lasting than ours— For he tells us a strange Story, *Of a Ship found in the time of Pope Pius the 2d, in the Numidian Sea, 12 Fathoms under water, 30 Foot long, and proportionably Broad, of Cyprus and Larix wood, so hard, that 'twould scarce Burn or Cut, and not in the least any where rotten or perish'd; and (stranger than all) the whole Ship so close, that not a Drop of Water was soakt into the under Rooms.* But what e're we think of this Story, or of the vast Bulk assign'd to some Ships, this we are certain, that they anciently had some very large Vessels. Authentick Histories mention *Hiero the Syracusans Ship*, which, by the Description Mr. *Evelyn* gives of it out of old Writers, that 'twas among those which had been taken for Mountains, or Floating Islands, and that 'twas a Moving Palace, adorn'd with Groves of Trees, both for Fruit and Shade (it out-did our Abdicated Admirals) we say, by that description given of it, it shou'd seem to be the same with the Miraculous *Archimedes*, as his History tells us, by his Mathematical Engines lifted up in the Air, equal and even, as a tryal of his Art. when *Hiero* and all his Courtiers were at Dinner in it. Nor were they formerly wanting in Stratagems, or Ingenious Devices to Murder one another: For *Minos* is said to be the first Invention of Sea-fights, who liv'd not long after the Flood; and we are more sure, that not only the use of *Flags*, but even *False-colours*, *Fireships*, *Stink-Pots*, and *Snake-Pots* were known to the Ancients, as we learn in *Fronto* of Stratagems. Then for the number of their Vessels, we need not go so far back as *Homer*, who tells us, there were 1000 Ships against *Troy*, but may easily believe it was sometimes very great, from the number of Men Embarkt upon them, since as the Roman Histories and *Polybius*, a very good Author, informs us, the Romans and Carthaginian Armado's have met at Sea with more than a Hundred thousand Men of a side; and at other times, Forty thousand have been kill'd but of one side in one Battle. Nay, even we our selves have kill'd 30000 of our good Friends the French in a Sea-fight, under one of our *Edward's*, when they struggled with us once before for the Dominion of the Seas, as they do now, as may be seen very well and accurately describ'd in Mr. *Barns* his History. But notwithstanding all this, 'tis certain that we out-do the Ancients, not only in other parts of Navigation, but also in that of Shipping, our Vessels being, though not so great, as some of those are represented, yet much more serviceable than those of the Ancients.