

The Athenian Mercury:

Saturday, February 6. 1692.

Quest. 1. We wonder that since your Society obliges the World with all sorts of Learning, and since you have Poets amongst you that you have not made an Elegy upon Mr. Boyle, of whom you have so often made honourable mention, and who has deserv'd so well of the Learned World; Pray try your hands, and let him be redeem'd from the Common Fate of all such Great person as have dy'd lately, viz. to be murder'd afterwards with some Bellmans persecuting Ditty equally nauseous for Folly and Nonsense.

Ans. We design'd according to our promise to have return'd an answer to this Question in the 12 Numbers that are now in the press, to compleat our 5th Volume, but being earnestly importun'd for a speedy Answer, we have thought fit here to insert

An ELEGY,

On the Death of the Honourable

ROBERT BOYLE, Esq;

Fellow of the Royal Society.

A Pindarick.

1.
YES — still we must complain great *Boyl* untimely fell,
Spite of the Register and Chronicle,
By hasty Death abruptly snatch'd away,
As are these Lines which at his Hearse we pay;
For tho' old Time at least had shed
The Snow of *Threescore Winters* on his Head.
The World for such a Loss was unprepar'd,
It started when the News was heard,
And cry'd *Philosophy* is dead.
Nor was't our narrow *Isle* alone
Which paid an Universal groan,
For where was *Boyl* unknown?
'Tis true his Native *Thames*, nor cou'd she chuse
First heard, or rather felt the dismal news
Swol'n with th' unusual Floods that fall
To attend his Funeral.

When the strange briny Tide did downwards flow,
To her own *Boyl* she went the Cause to know;
But e're she half had reach'd her Head
Too soon the Dismal Tydings spread,
Too soon she knew that her own *Boyle* was dead.

2.
Nor *Thames* alone, even hostile *Sein* does mourn,
And backward to his much lov'd *Isle* return;
Proud *Paris* with resentment hears,
Nor her Academy refrain their Tears.
Their owa *Grand Lucifer* they now no more
For his Successful Villanies,
Bought Cities, and stoln Victories,
And worse than *Romish* Cruelties,
Blasphemously adore.

True worth they once with just *Encomiums* raise,
Restoring Virtue her forgotten praise:
Whilst in his Closet their proud Tyrant stays,
Consults the Advice of all his trusty Spys,
And reading the glad news with Bloodshot Eyes,
Thus vents his wicked Joy with a malicious Smile,
"As yet we're even with that stubborn *Isle*, (a)
"We've lost a Kingdom, (b) they have lost a *Boyle*.

(a) England. (b) Ireland.

3.
I'll Fortune sure has Wings,
Or borrows from the Pestilence — for see

Already 'ore the *Alps* it springs,
And the Worlds general *Lois* already brings
To fruitful *Italy*.
First heard and mourn'd the *Royal Poe*,
Rigid with grief almost forgot to flow,
As swoln with *Ice* instead of *Snow*.
Great *Tyber* him, him murmur'ing *Mincius* grieves,
And scarcely old *Benacus* leaves,
But the expecting Fields below deceives.
Him gentle *Arno* most, who sadly calls
On *Piza's*, and on fair *Fiorenza's* Walls,
But found 'em all in mourning drest'd for him,
Who merited and had so long their best esteem.
The *Letterati*, and the *Dotti* come,
(Names worn by many, merited by some)
And hang Poetick Garlands round his airy Tomb.
Nay *Denmark* too, and distant *Norway* hears,
And spite of their Eternal Winter thaw to Tears.

4.
If these, to whom his deathless Name
Was known but by his Writings and his Fame,
By such true grief their *Lois* and ours proclaim;
What then shou'd we, who knew
His Learning and his Virtue too,
What *Mausoleums* shall we raise,
Bright as his Worth, and lasting as his praise?
No, our officious kindness he disdain,
That Task he did himself perform,
Outbraving Time, and Age, and *Envie's* storm,
Nor left a thing of such concern to chance:
Those God-like *Works* in which his Life he spent,
To us and Future Ages lent,
Are his Eternal Monument.
Firm as the Center the broad *Basis*, lies
The goodly Spire aloft does rise,
Surmounts the Clouds, and glitters in the Skies.
Thus when the Noble *Theban* Conqueror dy'd, (c)
And Victory lay bleeding by his side,
And whilst he expiring lay, his Friends lamenting come
And fill with sighs the Melancholly room,
Lamenting that so great a *Mind*
Must all be lost in Fate,
Nor cou'd the grateful *State*
A way to express their kind repentments find,
He had left no Heir behind.

Mist

Mistaken Men, he cries,
With that last Breath, which when exhal'd he dyes,
Yes, two fair Daughters yet survive of me,
To give my Name Eternitie,
Leuctra's and Mantinea's Victorie.

(c) Epimanondas.

5.

How much to Boyl the Learned World does owe
The Learned World does only know.
He trac'd great Natures secret Springs,
The causes and the Seeds of things.
What strange elastic Power the Air contains,
What Mother Earth secures within her secret veins:
How Water mounts, what Fire can do,
The Chymists boasted Art he knew,
Both its false Wonders, and its true.
What motion, tho' unheeded, can perform,
How struggling Whirlwinds breed a Storm:
How pestilential Steams the Air invade,
And when the guilty Town's afraid,
What keeps us safe, or lends us aid.
How shivering Cold does the deep Baltick chain,
Or burning heat half-boyl the Atlantick Main.
Whence Colours which the Doves fair Plumes adorn,
And whence those Beams that paint the rising morn.
Whence chearful green, and red, and native white,
And all the mingled Tribes of shades and Light.

6.

He did not Airy Notions Learning call,
His Thoughts were solid, brave, and Manlike all;
Of Sense by Sense he judg'd, nor was content
To take on trust, as most, as some invent,
His Physicks built on firm Experiment.
Sworn to no Sect, an Enemy to none
Tho' more than all the rest he has shown,
To none oppos'd was he,
But those vain Fools who thought it self would see,
Who will not to just witness Credit give,
Who will not God himself believe,
Destruction Faith and History.
Or the loose Garden or Pyrronian School,
Whom only Sense, or only Fancy rule:
The Peripatetic Sense by Thought define
These thought by Sense, tho' they'll as soon agree
The Incommensurable Quantities,
As Spirit to dull Matters Rules confine,
Or by the Sences unproportion'd Line
Metre out th' unequal Bounds of Things Divine.

7.

The middle way our Hero wisely chose,
He had too much Philosophy
An Atheist or Enthusiast to be,
Those two Extreams, where most their Senses lose.
Its proper place to Revelation gave,
Nor Reason made its Mistress, or its Slave.
His Zeal no foolish Fire that leads astray
That over Rocks and Precipices leads,
Pretending pleasant Vales, and flowry Meads,
His Zeal but trac'd, his Judgment found the way,
His Zeal, which like his Phosphor shin'd with Lament day.
It warm'd, but did not burn, nor chap the ground,
Warm'd and enlightn'd all around:
How softly cou'd he all our Passions move,
How easily unhindg from Earthly Love
And fix upon the Beatific Beams above!
O Lindamor, I bless and envy thee!
Nay bless almost thy false Hermione;
For had she not been worthy blame,
We had not learnt to regulate our Flame,
Nor flye the noblest Passion at the noblest Game.
Read Sensual Lover, read * and see
If yet blind Passion has not blinded thee,
Read here which has most charms, Heaven or Hermione!
So sweet his Style, so smooth his Sense
So sweetly dress'd in flowing Eloquence:

(* In Mr. Boyle's Seraphick Love.)

He only sure cou'd Boyle excell
Who let us understand his Loss so well.
His other Virtues others may commend,
I'll only say that Boyl was Sarums Friend.

8.

Lend Galileo! lend thy wondrous Glass,
Though Boyle had those that thine surpass,
Let's see it from afar
Glitt'ring beneath our Northern Pole
We can descry some new unwonted Star,
For that must be his Soul;
Unless his numerous Virtues scatter round the Sky,
And paint another Galaxy:
Never on Earth shall we his second find,
O Father, O! we cry'd, as swift he went;
Clamb'ring against Heavens steep ascent,
Where hast thou left thy Mantle and thy Spirit behind!
A single portion wou'd sufficient be
To make us all work Miracles, while we
Sip at th' unbounded Ocean that still flow'd in Thee.
Sure when the pale-fac'd Operator came,
And told thee he must quench thy glimm'ring Flame,
Like Archimedes, thee he found intent
On the Success of some Experiment,
So busie he, he minded not the Souldiers cry,
The groans o'th' Slain, nor shouts of Victory,
And hardly cou'd himself find Time to dye.
Stay hasty Death, one moment more he cry'd!
I have it now, says he, with Learned Pride,
Then big with the dear Demonstration, dy'd.

All Attempts to interfere with us in our Athenian Project being wholly suppress'd, we shall still keep to our old days of Tuesdays and Saturdays, but more of this in our next Mercury. But we shall answer those 3 Questions Mr. G— has taken notice of in our following Mercuries, which are, to wit, (1.) What Nation invented Painting? (2.) Is there any such thing as the Philosophers Stone.

* * The Ladies Questions will be Answered next Tuesday.

Advertisements.

MR. De la Crose's Bookseller and ours finding that 'tis impossible for 'em both to continue publishing Extracts of Books without interfering with each other, have therefore agreed to print all the Extracts of Books hereafter made (except those which will be inserted in the Young Students Library) together in the same Journal entituled, *The Works of the Learned*, written by Mr. de la Crose, a late Author of the *Universal Bibliothecque*. This Journal will be publisht Monthly in a 12 d. Book, and contain an *Historical Account* of all the valuable Books publisht from time to time, the various Editions of Books, several Papers and Manuscript Copies never printed before: As also an account what considerable Works are in or going to the Press, and at the end of every 9 months there will be added to it 2 Alphabetical Tables, one of the Books, and the other of the Matters. This friendly Accommodation will not only prevent Extracts being made twice of the same Books, and many other inconveniences greatly prejudicial to the Learned World, but will also be as serviceable to all our Querists, we designing now that our following Supplements shall contain the *Natural and Artificial Rarities* of every County in England, &c. (which will be as entertaining to the Ingenious as any other part of this Paper, as was hinted in the Preface to our 4th. Volume, and shall be shewn at large in our Proposals.) and also those Questions and Answers which we have not room to insert in our several Volumes.

The Works of the Learned, written by Mr. De la Crose, for the Month of January, will be publisht next Week, Printed for John Dunton at the Raven in the Poultry.

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