

The Athenian Mercury:

Tuesday, March 15. 1692.

On his Majesties Voyage to Hollan d

NOT the bold *Argo* to the *Colchian* shore
A greater weight of *Grecian* Hero's bore,
Than that proud *Bark* which thro' the foaming
To longing *Belgia* bears our *Hercules*,
Where a bright Troop of *Princes* wait his Will,
And the great business of the World stands still.
'Tis he must act, all others but prepare,
For wants his Arm, nor strikes till he be there.
Go much-lov'd Prince! to meet the trembling Foe
With all our *Prayers* and all our *Blessings* go!
Chase the fell Wolves from *Belgia's* friendly shore
As here thy *Predecessors* did before;
In *Halls*, and hollow *Woods* they howling lye,
But dare not meet a manly *Enemy*.
Make ev'n their flight in vain! go hunt 'em thence
Spite of their *Heels*, their very best defence.
First find, then fight 'em as you've us'd to do,
The latter far the easier of the two.
Ah! would their old *Lycan* once be brave,
What future *Fields* of *Slaughter* might he save!
Would he no more precipitate his *Flight*,
But try the *English* *Mastiffs* ancient might!
He dares not grapple, foil'd so oft before,
So oft, so deep besmeer'd in guiltless Gore.
His *Crime's* so great, his *Fate* must sure be nigh,
None can too swift for *Fate*, or *Vengeance* fly:
While *Glorious* *Orange* well-bought *Fame* pursues,
And all the *Trophies* of his *Race* renews:
Truth, *Virtue*, *Honour*, on his side engage,
And stake the *Hopes* of many a future *Age*.
You heav'nly *Warriors* guard his *Life* and *Throne*,
And fight for *Europe's* *Quarrel*, and your own.

Tho' we had no *Question* propos'd on this Subject,
we doubt not but the publick will kindly accept this
short voluntary on so signal an Occasion; what follows
was actually sent, and accordingly we have endeavour'd
it an answer.

Quest. 1. Since Man, tho' styl'd the mighty Lord of all,
And the Vice-God of this Terrestrial Ball,
Through all his outward Pomp and Pride we find
A wretch diseas'd in Body and in Mind.
Who at the present murmurs and laments,
The future fears, and of the past repents;
Always displeas'd, he from himself does flye,
Weary of Life, yet much afraid to dye:
In his pursuit of happiness he runs,
Which like misleading Fire's the mortal shuns
With vain Chimera's he himself deceives,
Never enjoys, but in Reversion lives.
Through mighty pains he strives the Shore to gain
When near the Waves return him to the Main.
His Golden Honour, when he thinks to embrace
He finds an empty Cloud usurp the Place.
His lov'd Daphne with her fancy'd Charms
Proves as a senseless Plant within his Arms:
His Reason, which so smelts his Heart with Pride
As a sure Jaylor, but uncertain Guide.
When he comes to dye, instead of rest
From all those Grievs with which on Earth oppress'd,
From finite misery to Eternal Woes.
He flies, since all his Life is vex'd with Fears,
Griefs, regrets, shame, anxious Thoughts and cares,

Pains and Diseases, an innumerable Train
Of Miseries.

Tell me I pray, ye Learn'd Athenians, tell,
Do not brute Beasts in happiness excell
Their Lord, tho' scorn'd by him as vile and base,
Spite of his Reason and erected Face?
And tell me Faithfully, O wise Divan!
Whether to be, or not, is best for Man?

Ans. Vain peevish Man! what will thy *Plaints* avail?

We fool our selves, and then at *Fate* we rail;
Excuse those *Faults* which we in others blame,
Or gild 'em with *misfortune's* gentler name.
Nor good nor ill with equal minds we bear,
Swol'n with false *Hope*, or tortur'd with *Despair*:
Most of the *Ills* of which Mankind complain,
We wish and chuse, and yet we rave in vain.
Stab'd by the *Stone*, or wrack'd with *Gout*, or worse
The *Debauchee* will *Wine* and *Women* curse.
Scarce Heav'n escapes, which cruel he will call,
But never blames himself that caus'd it all.
True, nothing with such *Agonies* can seize
A tortur'd Mortal, as the *Mind's* *Disease*:
Fain from himself the wayward Wretch wou'd run,
And his still persecuting *Shadow* shun;
But then 'tis *Guilt's* the Cause, some *Crime* unknown
That haunts his steps, and *Guilt* is all our own.
Yet being is it self a *Bliss*, since still
We may be happy if our selves we will.
Felicity is near, but once begin
A *Virtuous* *Life*, you'll find it all within.
If the *World* from hence let it rattle you,
Since 'tis the kindest thing the *World* can do.
True *Honour*, let the *Crowd* say what they will,
Consists in doing good and suffering ill;
And Reason must not be ador'd, nor trod.
Since neither 'tis the *Wise* man's *Slave* nor *God*.
Would you if *Crippled* cast your *Crutches* by?
Will you not go, because you cannot fly?
What though 'tis plain to Sense, and is confess'd
That *Life's* but a dull business at the best?
There's hopes that half the *Dirty* *Road* is past;
At least we're sure that 'twill not always last.
Mean while a *Travelers* *Chance* let's calmly bear!
We must not look to have it always fair;
If foul, plunge through, nor lie lamenting there:
The env'd *Brutes* as much as this will do,
And though not happier, wiser are than you.
Or if your restless *Beast* beneath you lies,
Why do you switch and spur to make him rise?
What tho' —

Some Inconvenience we must find abroad,
There's many a pleasant Prospect on the Road.
Change, though it be of pain, can sometimes please,
Much rather when it is of Pain and Ease.
Friendship and Love at every Stage attend,
Hope ne're forsakes you till your *Journeys* end.
True *Virtue* guards, and bids you fix your Eyes
On the fair *Gole*, and certain glorious Prize:
In fine, since this sad *Life*, although confess'd
A weary *Journey*, is the way to rest,
Since Grief is mixt with some fair strokes of Joy,
And mingled pleasures all our pains alloy;
Since much of what we mourn our selves we chuse,
And happiness at last we cannot lose
Unless we will, since none can this deny,
We thus to our *INQUISITOR* reply:
If he lives well, his Being is a *Bliss*,
If ill, the vilest Brute far happier is,
The meanest Insect, Pismire, Fly or Mite,
Nay ev'n th' abhorriv Wretch that ne're saw the light.

Quest.

Quest. 2. *Pray what is the best Course to break off a contracted Habit of Idleness?*

Ans. Habits are contracted by Degrees, therefore to be broken by degrees; perhaps there's nothing in the World like the beginning with History, wherein there's so much Novelty, for tho' Idleness may divest us of all hardy Vertues, yet it always leaves behind it Industry enough for Novelty; afterwards you may set upon severer Studies, as Morality, &c. and in a little time by Custom you may not only root out the first Habit, but fix a contrary one: These are Natural methods, but the best means in the World is Prayer, and Acts of Piety, not but that the first is highly necessary.

Quest. 3. *Often musing of I know not what, I find my self transported from my first Inducements of thinking, into an immediate Surprizal of Encounters: Sometimes I'm vanquishing the King of France, sometimes destroying Monsters, like Hercules, or our Famous St. George, other times engaging an Army of Turks, &c. And by a long observation I find I always quit my self Conqueror: I beg your Reasons for it?*

Ans. Your Constitution is over Sanguine, if you bleed, or keep your Blood low, by observing Temperance, you'll find the Case alter'd, and your self another Man.

Quest. 4. *A Young Gentlewoman a Companion of mine having entertain'd a Gentleman that was very deserving, her Mother thereupon fearing she wou'd give this Gentleman encouragement, sends her Daughter to London, the Gentleman falls sick and dyes, her Mother is invited to his Funeral, and entering the Room where the Corps lay, and drawing near to view it, it immediately fell a bleeding till the Mother went out of the Room, and then gave over again, which exceedingly amaz'd the Spectators: You may be assured of the Truth of this, therefore I pray your Thoughts upon it?*

Ans. The Blood is congeal'd in the Body for two or three days, and then becomes Liquid again in its tendency to Corruption: So that the Air being heated by many Persons coming about the Body, it is the same thing to it as Motion is, for Air that is inclos'd in any Bodies, keeps Correspondence with the Circumambient Air, as is plain from all sorts of Bodies being colder in the Winter than the Summer, because the Air is so. 'Tis observ'd, that dead Bodies will bleed in a Concourse of People when Murderers are absent as well as present, yet Legislators have thought fit to authorize it, and use this Tryal as an Argument, at least, to frighten, though 'tis no conclusive one to condemn them: Yet after all, we grant, that many Murders have been found out by it, and that God has made use of Horses, Dogs, Crows, and many other considerable things to serve his ends; but this digression is only by the by; and we think it to have no relation to the Persons in the Question, which we look upon to be a pure Natural Accident, and nothing more.

Quest. 5. *Having read the Controversie betwixt you and the Anabaptists printed in French, wherein you have laid down three Propositions, promising upon their answering 'em to give up the Cause: Your Propositions are very reasonable, and the Natural Effect of your Disputation, and such as the World believes they are either bound to answer, or give up the Cause themselves; we desire to know what is designed farther in this Matter, since the Interest of the Anabaptists is so highly concerned in it, that unless they retrieve it, they will come again into as ill a repute as they once had in Germany.*

Ans. We yet hear no farther of 'em, but that it may not be thought we made our Proposals only to the Anabaptists here in London, we now further offer the same Propositions to all their Brethren in England, or elsew'here, that if there be any amongst them that can maintain their Cause, they have hereby an opportunity to do it, which we expect they improve, or for ever lay down their pretensions of maintaining Infant Baptism unlawful, any more than we do the Baptism of adult Believers.

Quest. 6. *Why gave you not an Algebraic Canon for this Question, Having weighed a Body in one Liquor to find the*

weight of the same Body in another Liquor, the absolute Gravity of the Body, and the Specifick Gravities of the two Liquors being given?

Ans. Because there's no need of it, being done by one single Rule of three Inverse; thus, according to the stating of the Question in our former Paper, which was agreeable to the Rule of Hydrostaticks.

oz. wt. oz. wt.
2 . 1 :: 2,5 . 8 .

Now to give a long tedious Algebraic Canon for this, is to go from Westminster to the Royal Exchange by the short cut of Islington.

The Questions concerning the Baptism of John, the strength of Lunatics, Fern-seed, Women nameless in Salust, the Roman Harangues, the Person at Sea raised twenty yards, &c. *Quid Baccho*, &c. as also the Questions mention'd last Tuesday concerning a broad and long Spheroid, Juvenal, Apuleius, and the best Preface, &c. shall according to our Promise, be all answered together next Saturday. We shall observe this method constantly, that so by answering all Questions whatever, we may render our Undertaking perfect.

Continue sending in your Questions to Smiths Coffee-house in Stocks Market, or to the Rotterdam Coffee-house in Finch-lane, till we give notice to the contrary.

In answer to the third Question in our last Paper, concerning Drances, there is escap'd an Errata, which we desire the Reader to correct with his Pen, after the word *Latinus*, insert the words, *Drances* advis'd that, &c.

Whereas a late Paper has appear'd in Vindication of Mr. Jones's Sermon upon *Usury*, we shall consider of it in a Mercury which we are preparing for the Press upon that Subject, therefore we desire both Mr. Jones and every Body else that is unsatisfied in that point, to send in their further Objections in a week's time.

Advertisements.

The Works of the Learned, Or an Historical Account, and Impartial Judgment of Books newly Printed, both Foreign and Domestick: To be published Monthly, February, 1692. by J. De la Croix, a late Author of the *Universal and Historical Bibliotheque*. London Printed for John Dunton at the Raven in the Poultry. Of whom are to be had the several Months from their first Publication.

* * The *Cælestial Race*, a Discourse perswading to the practice of Celerity, Constancy and Sincerity in the Ways of God. Preached at the Funeral of Mrs. Elizabeth Knock, who dyed January 2. 1692. in the 11th. year of her Age. By William Bush, Minister of the Gospel.

* * There is just now publisht the *Present State of England*, a Vision. Printed for Randal Taylor.

* * There is now printed and published the *Life of William Fuller*, now a Prisoner in the Kings Bench, the late pretended Evidence, who was voted by the House of Commons *Nemine Contradicente*, to be a notorious Impostor, a Cheat, and a false Accuser of several Persons of Honour and Quality, &c. with a Relation of all his Pranks and Villanies. Printed for Roper at the Mitre near Temple Bar. 1691.

LONDON, Printed for John Dunton at the Raven in the Poultry. 1692