

The Athenian Mercury:

Tuesday, April 12. 1692.

Quest. 1. **M**Y Muse in no sublime and lofty Verse,
Does here presume her Query to rehearse,
But only begs it may admittance have,

And from your Learned Pens an answer crave.

One of the fairest Sex whom I adore
More than Adonis Venus heretofore;
One who the longings of my panting Breast
Can soon allay with sweet and pleasing Rest:
Say if it be a Crime, with her Consent,
(And joyful I with equal Ardour bent)
Without the Matrimonial Knot to do
The Office of a Friend and Husband too?

Or whether one to gratifie the wish
Of him she truly Loves, would grant the Bliss?

Ans. Dull! and Debauch! there needs no greater
Nay scarce canst thou thy self deserve a worse. (curse,
Must we the Pandars to thy Sin be made?

Allia better understands the Trade.

Expect Revenge as heavy as 'tis just,
Keen as Desire, and raging as thy Lust.

Is it a Crime? what plea or what pretence

Can Hell or Sodom lend in thy Defence

Besides thy old last Refuge, — Impudence?

Is't not a Crime —

The easie Fool that loves thee to betray

To Want and Infamy expos'd a Prey,

Nay e'ne to thy mean scorn when once 'tis o're,

For tho' a Goddess but the hour before,

She then puts on the ugly Name of WHORE:

In vain she then will curse thy Breach of Trust,

Thy Perjury, Ingratitude, and Lust.

And are these Crimes? If not, thy Plea stands fair

And saves the Robber and the Ravisher.

Quest. 2. Bending with Age, and overpower'd with grief,

O'whelm'd by Fortune, and oppress'd by Love,

On every side in vain I seek Relief,

No willing Aids to sad Affliction move.

Scorning to fall, and yet born down by Fate,

I yield not tho' I sink unfortunate?

In this dire contest and unequal Strife

Past all the Remedies of humane care,

I neither court nor shun my Death nor Life,

Tho' circled with th' Alarms of black Despair.

Athenians say why petrified I grow

At my ill Fate, who melt at others Woe?

Ans. Brave and unhappy Man! how justly you

Our pity and our Admiration move!

Alone engag'd, (and yet a Conquerour too)

At once with Age and Fortune, Grief and Love.

Look round no more, since Earth its aid denies!

Look up and hope, and ask it from the Skies!

No wonder you a melting Statue stand

Like Niobe transform'd by Wrath Divine:

No wonder others Griefs those Tears command

So justly due, in vain, Brave man! to thine.

We hear no murmur where the water's deep,

And mighty woe can neither speak nor weep.

Quest. 3. — Suppose the Soul when separate

Could live, and think in a divided State;

Tell what is that to us who are the whole,

A frame compos'd of Body join'd with Soul?

Nay, grant the scatter'd Ashes of our Urn

Be join'd agen, and Life and Sence return;

Tell how can that concern us when 'tis done,

Since all the memory of past Life is gone?

Now we ne're Joy nor Grieve, to think what we

Were heretofore, nor what those things will be

Which fram'd for us the following Age shall see.

When we revolve how numerous Years have run,

How oft the East beheld the Rising Sun

E're we began, and how the Atoms move,

How the unthinking Seed for ever strove;

'Tis probable, and Reasons Laws allow

Those Seeds of ours were once combin'd as now:

Tet now, who minds, who knows his former State?

The Interim of Death, the Hand of Fate,

Or stopp'd the Seeds, or made 'em all commence

Such motions as destroy'd the former Sence.

He that is miserable must perceive,

Whilst he is so, he then must be and live.

But now, since Death permits to feel no more

Those Cares those Troubles which we felt before,

It follows too that when we dye again

We need not fear, for he must live that lives in pain?

Ans. What acts must live, the Soul is active all,

And thought the action of the Soul we call.

Though Form and Matter make a perfect whole,

'Tis own'd the Essence of the Man's the Soul

That thinks and lives, while passive matter lies

Inert and dull when thence the Spirit flies:

This Sacred Truth assures us shall return

As here it liv'd before, to joy or mourn.

Tho' this but once, when once the fatal shore

We touch, our Fate is fix'd, we're try'd no more.

The Seeds of matter in their endless roll,

Could ne're produce an immaterial Soul:

Nay, nothing regular by chance is made,

Without some wiser Guide's superiour Aid,

That bold Machine which we so highly prize,

That Shell of Man, which moulders when he dies;

The Casket where the Immortal Gem doth shine,

Ev'n that all o're confesses hands Divine.

Chance cou'd not make it what it was before:

If nothing then, how can it now do more,

And the same Seeds to the same Form restore?

But though it cou'd how weak is that pretence!

From may to is makes a lame Consequence.

Its true, the Seeds when once divorc'd or hurl'd

Thro' Fire, and Earth, and Air, and round the World;

But the great Architect can them descry

In what e're corner of his House they lie,

His awful beck they shall agen obey,

And crowd together at the last great Day.

So much for Heroick, now for a small familiar Epistle
or two.

Quest. 4. Worthy Athenians, spare some time,

And give an Answer to this Rhyme.

Of late I loved one whose Feature

Had all that's rare in Art or Nature:

I soon did to her gain Access,

She lov'd in a months time, or less.

Her Parents then we're gainst me set,

Which made me in my Soul to fret;

But her Love still t'wards me did burn,

Though I wish'd my self within an Urn.

Her Parents with her now both consent,

And tho' some Months may yet be spent

Nothing but Death can it prevent.

Now Learn'd Athenians! since you can

So well describe the happy Man, †

Say whether is the greater Bliss

In your Opinion, mine or his?

† Vol. 5. Numb.

II. Quest. 7.

To

Answ. To the same Tune.

Thrice worthy Querist, we must confess
You honour us much in your rare Verse.
And by the World it shall be se'd
That you likewise we have honoured.
What ever Art fr' your Love could do,
Nature has done as much for you.
How could you else have batter'd down
In one months time the stubborn Town?
When Parents 'gainst you at first appear'd
Like yours it fretted our Souls to hear't.
But since her Love she didn't deny,
O noble Roman! why wou'dst thou dye?
Howe're it seems, the Danger's past,
And Parents all consent at last,
'Tis clear agen now, tho' of late overcast,
And to Have and to Hold approaches fast.
On this you ask, if any can
Than you be judg'd a happier Man?
Sad Truths to light why shou'd we bring,
Dream on, and think your self a King!

Quest. 5. *Prometheus urg'd his Fate, when for his clod
He stole dear Flame from th' Chariot of the God,
And warm'd the Breast with a Celestial Fire,
Such of himself a Mortal cou'd n't inspire.
Thus pass'd the metamorphoz'd Clay for Man,
And he claims all for th' work of his own Hand.
The Wretch was bound on Top of th' Asian Hill
Nor cou'd he buy his Death nor Vulture kill;
And don't they urge their Fate who steal, and yet
Venting 'em for their own, will Verses write?
Their Crimes the same, from Sol they steal the flame
And then subscribe the Authors in their Name.*

*Spare not your Verdict! quickly doom the Owls,
Not Pallas Birds, but blinded senceless Fools?*

*Answ. Whatever borrow'd Lines our Works have shown,
This we dare swear, that thine are all thy own.*

Quest. 6. *What is the Reason one Sunday is called Sep-
tuagesima, the next Sexagesima, the next Quinquagesima,
the next Quadragesima, since but six days between each?*

*Answ. When the Bishops of that particular Church
at Rome fell into that Heresie, (which they remain in to
this day) viz. to dispense with the Commands of Christ
and his Apostles, to set themselves above the Greek
Church, which is the Mother Church, and to assume to
themselves that Name, and to run down all other
Churches that stood in her way; then they also invent-
ed superstitious Fasts, Feasts and Saints days from time to
time, and advanced them above the first Day of the
Week, or Lords Day, which was of Apostolick Institu-
tion, and enjoyned the observation of these days under
no less than Damnation, some of which are these in the
Question, still retained in Almanacks, because these ob-
solete Celebrations are still kept up in the Roman Missals,
Breviaries, and some of their Books, therefore kept in
just for Papists use.*

*Septuagesima was a Fast in Remembrance of the seven-
ty Years Babilonish Captivity. Sexagesima was a Week
added to piece out the foresaid Fast. Quinquagesima
was the fifty days before Easter. Quadragesima was ce-
lebrated forty days before Easter, (or Lent) in Memo-
ry of Moses, Elias, and Christs forty days fasting. The
Quinquagesimal Feast, was the fifty days space between
Easter and Whitsontide, or Pentecost, it contains six Sab-
baths, and was in memory of the Resurrection, Ascen-
tion, and descent of the Holy Spirit upon the Apostles.*

Quest. 7. *Whether Learning been't in some measure neces-
sary to a Preacher of the Gospel?*

*Answ. Yes, in a great measure, nay we make no que-
stion indispensibly so, as the case now stands: For how
else shall he understand the Originals, or but the best
Commentators? How shall he resist Gainsayers? How shall
he order his Notions in any tolerable method? or where
shall he have any but what are jejune and mean, and unfit
wherewith to instruct others? For that exploded Obje-*

*ction, The Apostles had no Learning, nor some of the Pro-
phets, they were Herdsmen, Tentmakers, &c. and that
God has chosen the poor and foolish things of this World
to confound the wise and mighty; there hardly needs
more than naming to confute it. Since the case then was
extraordinary, and those persons had extraordinary gifts,
and were Divinely inspir'd, the Apostles, so as to speak
all Languages, yet 'tis to be observ'd, that St. Paul who
had Learning, was more useful in the Church than all the
rest. As for their Folly we won't dispute it with 'em, tho
their Poverty we may, but had they as much of one as
t'other, we can't think that those are Qualifications ne-
cessary for a Preacher of the Gospel.*

☞ The Questions concerning *Jeremys* going to *Euphra-
tes*, a strict Fast, *Good Fryday*, Reformed Churches
beyond Sea, *Hedghogs*, *Fare age*, whether Mr. —
has a private Pension from the late King, *Trapezi-
um*, 3 Merchants, 309th. Verse of *Furvenal*, *Natu-
ral History* by *J. Ogilby*, &c. shall be all answered
next *Saturday*.

The Gentleman who speaks of a Latin Manuscript, is
desired to send it to the Raven in the Poultry, and
he shall have our Thoughts upon it.

This is to give notice, that in the 5th. Supplement
p. 11. where 'tis said, *An Answer to Mr. K's Syllogism*,
that 'twas a mistake as to the Author, Mr. Keach be-
ing not the Author of that Syllogism, which is
there answer'd.

The Gentleman that sent to us about the Experiment
of the Buller, &c. if he please to give Notice to our
Bookfeller where he may be spoke with, shall have
one of our Society to wait upon him with the Let-
ter sent us, to the end he mention'd in his Letter.

Advertisements.

☞ The Publisher of the Book entituled, *The Bloody
Affixes*, &c. has already receiv'd great numbers
of secret and publick Memoirs, (never before in print) in
order to the completing the said Book (in a 4th. Edition
of it) which is speedily designed, he therefore desires,
if any persons can send any thing further remarkable re-
lating either to the late *Geo. Ld. Jefferies*, the Executions at
Taunton, or any of the Western Sufferers, that they would
send 'em with all speed, directed to *John Dunton* at the
Raven in the Poultry, the Publisher of the said Book de-
signing to defer the publication of it for some small time
longer, that so by that means the History may be re-
garded as compleat as may be, in that new Edition of it
which is now designed.

* * There is just now Reprinted Mr. *Smitbies* of *Cop-
plegate's* Book on the Sacrament, entituled, *The Unworthy
Non-Communicant*: the 3d Impression with the addition of
Prayers before and after the Receiving of the Sacrament.

* * Some Reflections upon the short consideration of
the Defence of the Exceptions against the Theory of the
Earth, by *E. W. M. A.* Both sold by *John Southby* at the
Harrow in *Cornhill*.

☞ In *Grays-Inn-lane* in *Flow-yard*, the third Door, lives *Dr.
Thomas Kyles*, a Collegiate Physician, and Sworn Phy-
sician in Ordinary to King *Charles the Second*, until his death;
who with a Drink and Pill (hindring no Business) undertakes
to Cure any Ulcers, Sores, Swellings in the Nose, Face, or other
parts; Scabs, Itch, Scurfs, Leprosies, and Venereal Disease, expecting
nothing until the Cure be finished: Of the last he hath cured many
hundreds in this City, many of them after fluxing, which carries
evil from the Lower Parts to the Head, and so destroys many. The
Drink is 3 s. the Quart, the Pill 1 s. a Box, with Directions; a bet-
ter Purger than which was never given, for they cleanse the Body of
all Impurities, which are the causes of Droopies, Gouts, Scurvy,
Stone or Gravel, Pains in the Head, and other parts. With another
Drink at 1 s. 6 d. a Quart. He cures all Fevers and hot Difficulties
without Bleeding, except in few Bodies. He gives his Opinion of
all that writes or comes for nothing.

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