

The Athenian Mercury:

Saturday, October 15. 1692. Licens'd, E. B.

1.

Quest. 1. **L**earn'd Sons of Athens, sing the noble Soul
Who first with shackling Verse durst words
(controul,

That all the hereby happy World may know
To whom a Debt so undischARGEABLE they owe?

2.

Did happy Adam's Language so agree
With his Affections, Humours, Harmony,
That ev'ry word in charming Verse was spoke,
Till Sin the Curious Order of the Soul so rudely broke?

3.

Or did kind Heaven this Remedy reveal
The Souls disturbed Faculties to heal,
When Orpheus conquer'd Tygers by a lay,
And David drove the Melancholly Devil away?

4.

Did Lebanon first, or sam'd Parnassus Hill,
Echoing greet her Native Charmers Skill:
Or did sweet Hybla's Bees inspire that Bard,
Who must have all Posterity's Praises for's deserv'd Reward?

5.

Who e're he be, we pay our Tribute due
Ingenious Athenians unto you:
Strain ev'ry string, and with unusual flight,
Raise the Immortal Hero from Oblivion's night.

1.

Ans. If Poetry it's rise to Man did owe,
His glorious Name we could not miss to know:
Above the Stars does its bright Founder shine,
What has no Humane Author needs must be Divine.

2.

God the first Poet was, his Works we see
Number all o're confels, and Harmonie,
Those artful strokes themselves around disperse
Thro' all this beautilous Poem of the Universe.

3.

In lofty Verse th' harmonious Quire above
Express their Adoration and their Love:
Ere Eve and Satan did to Sin entice,
This some kind Angel, Adam taught in Paradise.

4.

His Thoughts Heroick were, his words the same,
All great, yet free and Naitral all they came;
His Virgin Muse deliver'd without pain,
He ever spoke in Dryden's or in Virgil's strain.

5.

This Honour ah! he did not long enjoy,
Discord and Vice did Poetry destroy:
His Wit together with his Virtue goes,
He meanly dwindled down to sneaking Farce and Prose.

6.

Heav'n wou'd not leave the World in that dull state,
But pity'd what it did at first Create;
To help weak Reason Revelation came,
And Poet then and Prophet always were the same.

7.

Hark how inspir'd, the Holy Hebrews sing,
When God they prais'd, or else some God-like King:

How sweetly can their strains *Lifes* cares beguile,
How vast the Thought, how smoooth the Sence, how
(grand the *Stile*?

8.

Whether their Conquests o're the Egyptian Foe,
Or Debora's they, or David's Triumphs show:
O Jonathan! who would not dye, to be
Immortal made in such a Friend and Elegie?

9.

This did at first the Apostate Prince of Hell
Ill-ape, in many a Doggrel Oracle;
But ah! too soon he learn't to mend his Style,
Too soon with his false Charms did feeble Souls beguile

10.

Too long sweet Poetry has fetter'd lain
A Thrall to Vice, O break th' inglorious Chain.
Heroes of Verse! O lend your mighty Aid,
To th' Altar thus agen restore the heavenly maid.

Quest. 2. Tell me ye Sons of Athens, by what Laws
Pale Phæbe moves? what's her material Cause?
Whence she derives her Light, or is't her own?
What makes her in an Halo sometimes frown?
How far from Earth is plac'd her steady Sphere,
She doth so soon compleat her little Tear?
And what's the matter she doth roll in there?
What makes her Change and wanton in the Air,
Sometimes look wan, then red, and sometimes fair?
But why her Phases still the same appear?
Why Hills and Valleys still seem scattered there,
Each constant to its place when at the full
Her perfect Orb arrives? What makes her dull
Of times appear by Day? whether her beams
Govern the Tides, and influence the Streams?
And what to me seems most of Mysteries,
Whether and how she causes Lunacie?

Ans. Various are Cynthia's Laws, exactly known
To him who plac'd her in the Heav'ns alone,
The New Philosophers, and those before
Can only guess, expect from us no more.
The Matter which does the fair Moon compose
The same with Earth appears, its surface shows
As if it like our Neighb'ring World contain'd
High Hills, low Dales, wide Seas, and spacious Land:
Her Light her Beauteous Brother Phæbus lends,
And tho' she in Eclipse her self pretends,
To dusky Beams, we can for them account,
Nor will they to a Native Light amount:
Either their true Original is found
From the Suns stragling beams refracted round
Grown weak, as far from their first rise they're past,
And fix't on this opacous Globe at last;
Or else from other parts, we cannot see,
Since Luna can't all o're Eclipsed be.
When e're a thin moist Cloud it self does place,
Oppos'd direct against its radiant Face:
Its Rays refract we in a Halo see,
And Madam Luna stands in Pillorie.
The space from us to her refulgent Sphere,
As Noble Tycho guess'd of old, is near
Thrice ten times Mother Earths Diameter,
Its Orb thro' fluid *Æther* smoooth does go,
Or its own Atmosphere as ours below.
The different Lights and Shades her Stations take
From Sol, her different Forms and Changes make.
She's pale, when thro' a watry Cloud she pries,
And red when Earthy Vapours fill the Skies,
Or struggling Winds from hollow Caverns rise.

Glad

Clad in her Fesfal Robes, all clear and fair,
 When neither Clouds nor Vapours fill the Air :
 Her Phases needs must still the same appear
 To fight and tense, for still the same they are ;
 Needs Hills and Dales we in the Moon must see,
 As here on Earth where Hills and Dales there be.
 She dim appears in *Sols* more pow'rful light,
 As Candles are eclips'd when she shines bright.
 Fondly old Stagers dream the Moon presides
 O're the moist World, and rules the various Tides ;
 These Reasons for't the Neoterics give :
 Who underneath the same Meridian live,
 The Moon with them at the same time does rise,
 With her fair Beams enlightning Earth and Skyes,
 Nor so the Tides which drench the South before,
 With foaming Waves they kiss the Northern shore :
 Agen, were she the Cause, when Earth and Skies
 She *least* surveys, least wou'd their furies rise ;
 But this in Fact is false, when New they press
 With greater force, but when more large with less.
 You ask if she's of Lunacy the cause,
 And whether *Bedlam* must obey her Laws ?
 Was ever she horn-mad, or day or night
 The Dog that guards her Pallace known to bite ?
 Were e're her Eyes a Lover known to kill
 Besides *Endimion* once on *Larpos-hill* ?
 Let's clear her then, since guiltless her we know,
 Nor think her mad, unless our selves are so.

Quest. 3. *Bless'd to my wish I did securely live,
 Possess'd of all that Love could ask or give,
 The smooth pac'd Dayes were measur'd by delights,
 And painted Scenes of Bliss made short the Nights ;
 With Dreams so sweet, and seemingly so true,
 As did most Lovers real Joys outdo :
 One Passion me and my dear Charmer mov'd,
 She lov'd like me, or feign'd like me she lov'd ;
 And sure she cou'd not feign to that degree,
 For I dy'd not with Joy more oft than she :
 With clasped Arms upon my Neck she hung,
 Look'd like an Angel, like a Syren sung :
 Ye gods, how often have ye heard her swear,
 And with what pleasure she my Vows did hear ?
 Why with her falshood shou'd I trouble you ?
 Why do I live, and say she is untrue ?
 But Phyllis now no more for Strephon cares,
 No more he now the soft Appointment hears,
 You'll meet at Night is elsewhere whispered,
 Some Youth more happy reigneth in my stead :
 No Shipwrackt Merchant ever yet lost more,
 Or lately was so rich and now so poor.*

You whose sweet Mufe can make the dead to live,
 And greater rage to happy Bridegrooms give,
 Who cou'd describe Great WILLIAM at the Fight,
 And Verses equal to the Subject write ?
 Find if you can a remedy for Fate,
 And how to make her love, or make me hate.

Ans. Repent, if Criminal, and fix your Love
 Upon those beatifick Beams above :
 Happy if those true Beauties you prefer
 To that false she who endless Faith did swear,
 Nor need you hate, but only pity her.

Quest. 4. Gentlemen, I am inform'd that by some of the
 Hackney Sparks, as 'tis presum'd, there have been lately
 thrown in at Madam ——— Boarding-School at several
 times 5 or 6 Letters ty'd to Serpents, seeming a Profession of
 Love to one of the young Ladies, but written as well as di-
 rected in such general Terms that tho' some there were suspect-
 ed, yet they cou'd not be directly fastened upon any, so that
 the most took it only for a Frolick : I have procur'd a Copy
 of the last, which was in Verse, and is as follows ; I wou'd
 desire your Thoughts upon the whole ?

The Superscription was,

Deliver this to that fair Ladies Hand
 Who does my Love, my Life, my all Command.

L O N D O N, Printed for John Dunton at the Raven in the Poultry, 1692.

1.

Bless'd Messenger, be gone, no more
 Shalt fright the trembling Virgins hence,
 Thou art the last, I'll give no more,
 Tho' not to love, yet to give them offence.

2.

Methinks I see them panting lye
 For fear, upon the tender Grass,
 Yet when they see thee towards them flye,
 They skip about, and run, and cry Alas.

3.

Bless'd Messenger, your Work you've done,
 And she as kind as I desire,
 By Constancy the Fort is won,
 And with scarce equal flames she's met my fire.

4.

Shou'd I attempt my bliss to show,
 'Twou'd be alas, 'twou'd be in vain,
 Who can by words be made to show
 So great a Joy as turns almost to Pain ?

5.

Then with this Farewell I'll conclude,
 Adieu thou Charmer of my Soul,
 I only this one Wish intrude,
 May Love of all the Ladies cheat the School.

Ans. The Governesses of such places have need of
 Argus's Eyes, and indeed 'tis impossible such Tricks
 shou'd not be plaid sometimes, be they never so care-
 ful of their Charge. It appears most probable, that
 either this was pure Frolick, and nothing in't, or else
 that the Amour was of no little growth ; the two first
 Stanza's are either on purpose to confuse the finder, or
 they have a meaning dependant upon some secret past
 actions ; and the exposing of this, however the Case
 stands, won't make the Governesses less vigilant, and
 by consequence those committed to their Care not less
 unhappy.

Quest. 5. Wherein consists the difficulty of ascertaining
 the Longitude ?

Ans. Because we have no Point given us to mea-
 sure from.

Advertisements.

These are to satisfy the Gentleman that conveyed to the
 Publisher of THE PACQUET BROKE OPEN, those
 Letters which he says he formerly took from the Post at
 several times, that since they seem to contain A Compleat Secret
 History of the last 15 Years, he may expect to have 'em inserted in
 the Second Volume of The Pacquet Broke Open, which will be Pub-
 lish'd about February next, the First Volume having met with a very
 kind Reception. This is also to give Notice, that the Publisher of this
 First Volume has receiv'd from a Young Lady all the Letters sent her
 during a long Courtship, which shall be inserted in the Second Volume
 aforementioned, with the Ladies Ingenious Answers to all his Letters.
 Further this is to Advertise, that if any other Gentlemen or Ladies
 have any LETTERS, sent 'em either from their Lovers or Ingenious
 Friends, a Publication of which (with Remarks thereon) will ei-
 ther satisfy them or gratify the Publick, if they please to Direct
 'em For Mr. CHAPPEL, to be left at Smith's Coffee-house in
 Stocks-market, they shall be Printed, together with those Letters
 design'd for The Second Volume of the Pacquet broke open : And those
 Letters sent in according to this Advertisement, shall be mark'd
 with an Atterisim, to distinguish 'em from those taken from the
 Post.

A Practical Discourse on the late EARTH-
 QUAKES, with an Historical Account
 of PRODIGES, and their Various Effects.
 By a Reverend Divine. Price 6 d. Printed
 for John Dunton at the Raven in the Poultry.