

# 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 undischageable 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 deseru'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 cou'd not mis 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 beautious Poem of the Universe.

3.

In lofty Verse th' harmonious Quire above  
Expres 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 Natral all they came;  
His Virgin Muse deliver'd without pain,  
He ever spoke in Dryden's or in Virgil's straine.

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 smooth 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 Law's  
Pale Phæbe moves? what's her material Cause?  
Whence she derives her Light, or is't her own?  
VVhat makes her in an Halo sometimes frown?  
How far from Earth is plac'd her stedy Sphere,  
She doth so soon compleat her little Year?  
And what's the matter she doth roll in there?  
VVhat makes her Change and wanton in the Air,  
Sometimes look wan, then red, and sometimes fair?  
But why her Phases still the same appear?  
VVhy Hills and Valleys still seem scattered there,  
Each constant to its place when at the full  
Her perfect Orb arrives? VVhat makes her dull  
Ost-times appear by Day? whether her beams  
Govern the Tides, and influence the Streams?  
And what to me seems most of Mysterie,  
VVhether 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 *Aether* smooth 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 Fellal 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'ful 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 *leaste* surveys, least wou'd their farges rise;  
 But this in Fact is false, when New they pres  
 With greater force, but when more large with less.  
 You ask if she's of Lunacy the caule,  
 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 smooch 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 bears,  
 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 Mule can make the dead to live,  
 And greater rage to happy Bridegrooms give,  
 Who cou'd describe Great WILLIAM at the Fight,  
 And Veries 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  
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 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 gratifie the Publick, if they please to Direct  
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