

Lives without any Incidents at all; and how they shift Coffee-houses and Chocolate-houses from Hour to Hour, to get over the insupportable Labour of doing nothing. R

Nº 55.

Thursday, May 3.

Intus, & in jecore ægro  
Nascuntur Domini



**M**OST of the Trades, Professions, and Ways of Living among Mankind, take their Original either from the Love of Pleasure, or the Fear of Want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As these two Principles of Action draw different Ways, *Perfius* has given us a very humourous Account of a young Fellow who was roused out of his Bed, in order to be sent upon a long Voyage by *Avarice*, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at Home by *Luxury*. I shall set down at length the Pleadings of these two imaginary Persons, as they are in the Original, with Mr. Dryden's Translation of them.

*Manè, piger, stertis: surge inquit Avaritia; eja Surge. Negas. Instat, surge, inquit. Non queo. Surge. Et quid agam? Rogitas? Saperdas ad-vehe Ponto, Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa. Tolle recens primus piper è sitiente camelo. Verte aliquid; jura. Sed Jupiter Audiet. Eheu! Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum Contentus perages, si vivere cum Jove tendis. Jam pueris pellem succinctus & ænophorum aptas; Ocyus ad Navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vastâ Ægæum rapias, nisi solers Luxuria antè Seductum moneat; quò deinde insane, ruis? Quò? Quid tibi vis? Calido sub pectore mascula bilis Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ? Tun' mare transilias? Tibi tortâ cannabe fulto Cæna sit in transtro? Veientanumque rubellum- Exhalet vapidâ læsum pite sessilis obba?*

*Quid*

*Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto  
 Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces?  
 Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est  
 Quod vivis; cinis, & manes, & fabula fies.  
 Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, indè est.  
 En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis hamo.  
 Hunc cine, an hunc sequeris? —*

Whether alone, or in thy Harlot's Lap,  
 When thou would'st take a lazy Morning's Nap;  
 Up, up, says *AVARICE*; thou snor'st again,  
 Stretchest thy Limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.  
 The rugged Tyrant no Denial takes;  
 At his Command th' unwilling Sluggard wakes.  
 What must I do? he cries; What? says his Lord:  
 Why rise, make ready, and go straight Aboard:  
 With Fish, from *Euxine* Seas, thy Vessel freight;  
 Flax, Castor, *Coan* Wines, the precious Weight  
 Of Pepper, and *Sabeen* Incense, take  
 With thy own Hands, from the tir'd Camel's Back,  
 And with Poste-haste thy running Markets make. }  
 Be sure to turn the Penny; Lye and Swear,  
 'Tis wholsom Sin: But *Jove*, thou say'st, will hear.  
 Swear, Fool, or Starve; for the *Dilemma*'s even:  
 A Tradesman thou! and hope to go to Heav'n?  
 Resolv'd for Sea, the Slaves thy Baggage pack,  
 Each saddled with his Burden on his Back.  
 Nothing retards thy Voyage, now; but He,  
 That soft voluptuous Prince, call'd *LUXURY*;  
 And he may ask this civil Question; Friend,  
 What dost thou make a Shipboard? To what End?  
 Art thou of *Bethlem*'s noble College free?  
 Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the Sea?  
 Cubb'd in a Cabbin, on a Mattress laid,  
 On a brown *George*, with lousy Swobbers fed;  
 Dead Wine that stinks of the *Borachio*, sup  
 From a foul Jack, or greasy Maple Cup?  
 Say, woud'st thou bear all this, to raise thy Store,  
 From Six i'th' Hundred to Six Hundred more?  
 Indulge, and to thy Genius freely give:  
 For, not to live at Ease, is not to live:

Death



Death stalks behind thee, and each flying Hour  
 Does some loose Remnant of thy Life devour.  
 Live, while thou liv'st; for Death will make us all  
 A Name, a Nothing but an Old Wife's Tale.  
 Speak; wilt thou *Avarice* or *Pleasure* choose  
 To be thy Lord? Take one, and one refuse.

WHEN a Government flourishes in Conquests, and is secure from foreign Attacks it naturally falls into all the Pleasures of Luxury; and as these Pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh Supplies of Money, by all the Methods of Rapaciousness and Corruption; so that Avarice and Luxury very often become one complicated Principle of Action, in those whose Hearts are wholly set upon Ease, Magnificence, and Pleasure. The most Elegant and Correct of all the *Latin* Historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable States of the World were subdued by the *Romans*, the Republick sunk into those two Vices of a quite different Nature, Luxury and Avarice: And accordingly describes *Catiline* as one who coveted the Wealth of other Men, at the same time that he squander'd away his own. This Observation on the Commonwealth, when it was in its height of Power and Riches, holds good of all Governments that are settled in a State of Ease and Prosperity. At such times Men naturally endeavour to outshine one another in Pomp and Splendor, and having no Fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the Enjoyment of all the Pleasures they can get into their Possession; which naturally produces Avarice, and an immoderate Pursuit after Wealth and Riches.

AS I was humouring my self in the Speculation of these two great Principles of Action, I could not forbear throwing my Thoughts into a little kind of Allegory or Fable, with which I shall here present my Reader.

THERE were two very powerful Tyrants engaged in a perpetual War against each other: The Name of the first was *Luxury*, and of the second *Avarice*. The Aim of each of them was no less than Universal Monarchy over the Hearts of Mankind. *Luxury* had many Generals under him, who did him great Service, as *Pleasure*, *Mirth*, *Pomp*, and *Fashion*. *Avarice* was likewise very strong in his Officers, being faithfully served by *Hunger*, *Industry*,  
*Care*,

*Care*, and *Watchfulness*: He had likewise a Privy-Counsellor who was always at his Elbow, and whispering something or other in his Ear: the Name of this Privy-Counsellor was *Poverty*. As *Avarice* conducted himself by the Counsels of *Poverty*, his Antagonist was intirely guided by the Dictates and Advice of *Plenty*, who was his first Counsellor and Minister of State, that concerted all his Measures for him, and never departed out of his Sight. While these two great Rivals were thus contending for Empire, their Conquests were very various. *Luxury* got Possession of one Heart, and *Avarice* of another. The Father of a Family would often range himself under the Banners of *Avarice*, and the Son under those of *Luxury*. The Wife and Husband would often declare themselves on the two different Parties; nay, the same Person would very often side with one in his Youth, and revolt to the other in his old Age. Indeed the Wise Men of the World stood *Neuter*; but alas! their Numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two Potentates had wearied themselves with waging War upon one another, they agreed upon an Interview, at which neither of their Counsellors were to be present. It is said that *Luxury* began the Parly, and after having represented the endless State of War in which they were engaged, told his Enemy, with a Frankness of Heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good Friends, were it not for the Instigations of *Poverty*, that pernicious Counsellor, who made an ill use of his Ear, and filled him with groundless Apprehensions and Prejudices. To this *Avarice* replied, that he looked upon *Plenty* (the first Minister of his Antagonist) to be a much more destructive Counsellor than *Poverty*, for that he was perpetually suggelling Pleasures, banishing all the necessary Cautions against Want, and consequently undermining those Principles on which the Government of *Avarice* was founded. At last, in order to an Accommodation, they agreed upon this Preliminary; That each of them should immediately dismiss his Privy-Counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a Peace, all other Differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good Friends and Confederates, and to share between them whatever Conquests were made on either side.



sider. For this Reason, we now find *Luxury* and *Avarice* taking Possession of the same Heart, and dividing the same Person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the Counsellors above-mentioned, *Avarice* supplies *Luxury* in the room of *Plenty*, as *Luxury* prompts *Avarice* in the Place of *Poverty*. C

N<sup>o</sup> 56.

Friday, May 4.

*Felices errore suo* —————

Lucan.

THE *Americans* believe that all Creatures have Souls, not only Men and Women, but Brutes, Vegetables, nay even the most inanimate things, as Stocks and Stones. They believe the same of all the Works of Art, as of Knives, Boats, Looking-glasses: And that as any of these things perish, their Souls go into another World, which is inhabited by the Ghosts of Men and Women. For this Reason they always place by the Corps of their dead Friend a Bow and Arrows, that he may make use of the Souls of them in the other World, as he did of their wooden Bodies in this. How absurd soever such an Opinion as this may appear, our *European* Philosophers have maintained several Notions altogether as improbable. Some of *Plato's* Followers in particular, when they talk of the World of Ideas, entertain us with Substances and Beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many *Aristotelians* have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial Forms. I shall only instance *Albertus Magnus*, who in his Dissertation upon the Loadstone observing that Fire will destroy its magnetick Virtues, tells us that he took particular Notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an Heap of burning Coals, and that he perceived a certain blue Vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial Form, that is, in our *West-Indian* Phrase, the Soul of the Loadstone.

THERE is a Tradition among the *Americans*, that one of their Countrymen descended in a Vision to the great Repository of Souls, or, as we call it here, to the

VOL. I.

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