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**The Works Of The Right Honourable Joseph Addison, Esq.**

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

No 90. Saturday, November 5. 1709.

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N<sup>o</sup> 90. Saturday, November 5. 1709.

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-----*Amoto queramus seria ludo.*

Hor.

-----THE joining of pleasure and pain together in such devices, seems to me the only pointed thought I ever read which is natural; and it must have proceeded from its being the universal sense and experience of mankind, that they have all spoken of it in the same manner. I have in my own reading remarked an hundred and three Epigrams, fifty Odes, and ninety one Sentences, tending to this sole purpose.

It is certain, there is no other Passion which does produce such contrary effects in so great a degree: But this may be said for Love, that if you strike it out of the soul, life would be insipid, and our Being but half animated. Humane Nature would sink into deadness and lethargy, if not quickned with some active principle; and as for all others, whether Ambition, Envy, or Avarice, which are apt to possess the mind in the absence of this passion, it must be allowed that they have greater pains, without the compensation of such exquisite pleasures as those we find in Love. The great skill is to heighten the satisfactions, and deaden the sorrows of it, which has been the end of many of my labours, and shall continue to be so for the service of the world in general, and in particular of the Fair Sex, who are always the best or the worst part of it. It is pity that a passion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, should not be cultivated to the utmost advantage. Reason, Prudence, and Good-nature, rightly applyed, can throughly accomplish this great end, provided they have always a real and constant Love to work upon. But this subject I shall treat more at large in the History of my married Sister; and in the mean time shall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleasures which attend this passion with one of the finest Allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine *Plato*, and to show the opinion he himself had of it, ascribed by him to his admired *Socrates*, whom he represents as discoursing with

with his friends, and giving the History of Love in the following manner:

At the birth of *Beauty* (says he) there was a great feast made, and many guests invited: Among the rest, was the God *Plenty*, who was the son of the Goddess *Prudence*, and inherited many of his Mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the Garden of *Jupiter*, which was hung with a great variety of Ambrosial fruits, and seems to have been a very proper retreat for such a guest. In the mean time an unhappy Female, called *Poverty*, having heard of this great feast, repaired to it in hopes of finding relief. The first place she lights upon was *Jupiter's* Garden, which generally stands open to people of all conditions. *Poverty* enters, and by chance finds the God *Plenty* asleep in it. She was immediately fired with his charms, laid her self down by his side, and managed matters so well that she conceived a child by him. The world was very much in suspense upon the occasion, and could not imagine to themselves what would be the nature of an Infant that was to have its Original from two such Parents. At the last, the Child appears; and who should it be but *Love*. This Infant grew up, and proved in all his behaviour what he really was, a compound of opposite Beings. As he is the Son of *Plenty*, (who was the Off-spring of *Prudence*) he is subtle, intriguing, full of stratagems and devices; as the Son of *Poverty*, he is fawning, begging, serenading, delighting to lie at a threshold, or beneath a window. By the Father he is audacious, full of hopes, conscious of merit, and therefore quick of resentment: By the Mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-spirited, fearful of offending, and abject in submissions. In the same hour you may see him transported with raptures, talking of immortal pleasures, and appearing satisfied as a God; and immediately after, as the mortal Mother prevails in his composition, you behold him pining, languishing, despairing, dying.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with Fables, Allegories, and the like inventions, which the politest and the best instructors of mankind have always made use of: They take off from the severity of instruction, and inforce it at the same time that they conceal it: The supposing *Love* to be conceived immediately after the birth of *Beauty*, the parentage of *Plenty*, and the inconsistency of this passion with its self so naturally derived to it, are great master-strokes in this Fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furnish out a more pleasing Canto than any in *Spencer*.

Saturday,