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

In Four Volumes

**Addison, Joseph**

**London, 1721**

No 83. Tuesday, June 5.

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brated funeral oration of *Pericles*, which he made in honour of those brave *Athenians* that were slain in a fight with the *Lacedemonians*. After having address'd himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the publick cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; "And as for you (says he) I shall advise you in very few words: Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other.

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N° 83. *Tuesday, June 5.*

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----- *Animum pictura pascit inani.*

Virg.

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WHEN the weather hinders me from taking my diversions without doors, I frequently make a little party with two or three select friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under covert. My principal entertainments of this nature are pictures, inasmuch that when I have found the weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to see a gallery that is furnished by the hands of great masters. By this means, when the Heavens are filled with clouds, when the Earth swims in rain, and all Nature wears a lowering countenance, I withdraw my self from these uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with shining landskips, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with gay Ideas, and disperse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons.

I was some weeks ago in a course of these diversions; which had taken such an entire possession of my imagination, that they formed in it a short morning's dream, which I shall communicate to my Reader, rather as the first sketch and outlines of a vision, than as a finished piece.

I dreamt that I was admitted into a long spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.

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On the side of the *living*, I saw several persons busie in drawing, colouring, and designing; on the side of the *dead* Painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceeding slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolv'd to examine the several Artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied my self to the side of the *living*. The first I observ'd at work in this part of the gallery was VANITY, with his hair tied behind him in a ribbon, and dress'd like a *Frenchman*. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air, which he bestow'd indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The *toujours gai* appear'd even in his Judges, Bishops, and Privy-counsellors: in a word, all his men were *Petits Maitres*, and all his women *Coquettes*. The Drapery of his figures was extreamly well-suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colours that could be mixt together; every part of the dress was in a flutter, and endeavour'd to distinguish it self above the rest.

On the left hand of VANITY stood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dress'd like a *German*, and had a very hard name that founded something like STURDITY.

The third Artist that I look'd over was FANTASQUE, dress'd like a *Venetian* Scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at *Chimera*, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flow'd from his pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest figures, than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examin'd, was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his picture so unfinished, that the beauty in the picture (which was design'd to continue as a monument of it to posterity) faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to dispatch his business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was AVARICE.

Not far from this Artist I saw another of a quite different nature, who was dress'd in the habit of a *Dutchman*, and known by the name of INDUSTRY. His figures were wonderfully labour'd: if he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escap'd him. He had

had likewise hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that seem'd to shew themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several parts of them; and were so inflamed by the sun-shine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out, *Fire*.

The five foregoing Artists were the most considerable on this side the gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busie in retouching the finest pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before over-charged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every colour it touched. Though this workman did so much mischief on this side of the living, he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was ENVY.

Having taken a cursory view of one side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied myself standing before a multitude of spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they were pictures. *Raphael's* figures stood in one row, *Titian's* in another, *Guido Rheni's* in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by *Hannibal Carrache*, another by *Correggio*, and another by *Rubens*. To be short, there was not a great master among the dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery. The persons that owed their being to these several masters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their shapes, complexions, and cloaths; so that they looked like different nations of the same species.

Observing an old man (who was the same person I before-mentioned, as the only Artist that was at work on this side of the gallery) creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand touches, scarce produced any visible effect in the picture on which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated touch after touch without rest or intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable gloss that hung upon a figure: he also added such a beautiful brown to the shades, and mellowness to the colours, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from the master's pencil. I could not forbear looking up-

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on the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be TIME.

Whether it were because the thread of my dream was at an end, I cannot tell, but upon my taking a survey of this imaginary old man, my sleep left me.

N<sup>o</sup> 85. Thursday, June 7.

*Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte  
Fabula nullius Veneris, sine pondere et arte,  
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,  
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*

Hor.

IT is the custom of the *Mahometans*, if they see any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some piece of their *Alcoran*. I must confess I have so much of the *Mussulman* in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable circumstances it may appear: for as no mortal Author, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, knows to what use his works may, some time or other, be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a Prelate; and know a friend of mine, who, for these several years, has converted the *Essays* of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a Poem of an eminent Author on a victory, I met with several fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in squibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its subject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr. *Baxter* under a *Christmas Pye*. Whether or no the pastry-cook had made use of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious *Viande*, I know not; but upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an Idea of the Author's piety, that I bought the whole book. I have