

came into the Business of the World, he has been arrested twice or thrice a Year for Debts he had nothing to do with, but as Surety for others; and I remember when a Friend of his had suffered in the Vice of the Town, all the Physick his Friend took was conveyed to him by *Jack*, and inscribed, 'A Bolus or an Electuary for Mr. *Truepenny*.' *Jack* had a good Estate left him, which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to Demands upon it. This Easiness and Credulity destroy all the other Merit he has; and he has all his Life been a Sacrifice to others, without ever receiving Thanks, or doing one good Action.

I will end this Discourse with a Speech which I heard *Jack* make to one of his Creditors, (of whom he deserved gentler Usage) after lying a whole Night in Custody at his Suit.

S I R,

'YOUR Ingratitude for the many Kindnesses I have done you, shall not make me unthankful for the Good you have done me, in letting me see there is such a Man as you in the World. I am obliged to you for the Diffidence I shall have all the rest of my Life: *I shall hereafter trust no Man so far as to be in his Debt.* R



N^o 83.

Tuesday, June 5.

— *Animum picturâ pascit inani.*

Virg.

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,

Clouds, when the Earth swims in Rain, and all Nature wears a lowring 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.

ON the side of the *Living*, I saw several Persons busy 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 resolved to examine the several Artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied my self to the Side of the *Living*. The first I observed at Work in this Part of the Gallery was VANITY, with his Hair tied behind him in a Ribbon, and dressed like a *Frenchman*. All the Faces he drew were very remarkable for their Smiles, and a certain smirking Air which he bestowed indifferently on every Age and Degree of either Sex. The *Toujours Gai* appeared 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 extremely 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 endeavoured 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

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copied after him. He was dressed like a *German*, and had a very hard Name that sounded something like STU-
PIDITY.

THE third Artist that I looked over was FANTASQUE, dressed like a *Venetian Scaramouch*. He had an excellent Hand at a *Chimera*, and dealt very much in Distortions and Grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the Phantoms that flowed 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 examined, was very remarkable for his hasty Hand, which left his Pictures so unfinished, that the Beauty in the Picture (which was designed 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 dressed in the Habit of a *Dutchman*, and known by the Name of INDUSTRY. His Figures were wonderfully laboured: 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 escaped him. He had likewise hung a great Part of the Wall with Night-Pieces, that seemed to show 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 busy 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

this Workman did so much Mischief on the 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 my self to that which was filled by the Works of those great Masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied my self 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 Clothes; 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 upon 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. C

Wednesday,