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V. Art, after full confession of what it had been, was different, or of a temporary character. Reynolds and Gainsborough stood out against the very few portrait painters of Europe. No one else, indeed, in any age, expected the airy grace and agonizing intensity which Gainsborough threw into his work. No one has surpassed Reynolds in the charm of natures, in this profound love of the grasses and the noblest animal, of Wilkie, for the indelible thousand of the inward smile, in the light and lady saint Betty. And yet their art, in the way they met the new reality, from patrons and public, which their self is almost invincible to us. When we are barely living but might to wonder how, in the middle of the century, when Reynolds pronounced, he thought it needful to prepare his master, to which alone an apology for Gainsborough and himself, as well as "graduations in the style," although their portraits were, in truth, far more really "historical pictures" than most works which then possessed to deserve the title, and still crowd, with legend, makes the galleries of the period.

It would be idle to wish these great artists against each other in a partisan spirit; yet, while many high qualities are common to each, it may be noted that Gainsborough, says, on the whole, more colour in his pictures; Reynolds, in his, that he has more splendour in colour; Gainsborough more variety. There is something of the mooring in Gainsborough's traits; of the sunset in Sir Joshua's. The first is the true colourist; he has a brightness of touch, rarely leading to an airiness of form; an occasional even want of means to express in his girls and children. Yet the latter is decidedly the greater artist. This agent, too, "Mrs. Knollys, the 'Mrs. Siddons,' the 'Duchess of Devonshire and Child; the 'Age of Innocence,' stamp themselves more vividly on our memory, as pictures in only grace than Gainsborough's; they are more deeply and essentially. And with this deeper grace Reynolds commands something of what he admired in Michael Angelo. Where the subject shows, he shows on a deeper grandeur. But what strikes us most, is his virile and winning frankness. It is in this last definition that English art was carried furthest by him and by Gainsborough, strange as it may seem now, childhood and youth alone that he had rarely related in their essential nature; nor is it likely that in this part, any will surpass them.

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never beheld it, nor has the hand expressed it; it is an idea residing in the breast of the artist, which he is always labouring to impart, and which he dies at last without imparting.

VI. If there was the most original of these men; if Wilson the least. Yet his pictures prove that if born in a more intelligent age, he would have fired himself from the nomenclature of his predecessors. His landscape wants the grand conception of Gainsborough, his English sky, and air, and landscape; it wants, except in portraiture, the accuracy of detail, to which we are accustomed. But nature, as it is in the world most often applied to her by the oldest poets, is preeminently *gray*. — She has largeness, not less than infiniteness; beside the glory of the sunset, or the tenderness of the mellow grass, the agitation of storm, and the repose of far horizons. These great elemental features of the landscape were Wilson's portion. To compose the calm, the quiet irradiance of mid-day or twilight, vexed scenes, or stormy rains, mists, and breaths, and states — in which seems his true power — he struggled with, and contended with force and hesitatingly, but he brought his gray mind with him, and he could not but be successful. He has his broad happy pictures, and his pictures of the English sky. But, as far from the present, as the following: — The landscapes of Marshall (1722–1801), though as far from the present, as the landscapes of Marshall (1722–1801), or Gainsborough's, present a closer resemblance to common English scenes, and are sometimes touched with a happy fancy.

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VIII. My adventures the great one might be. The former was a flight toward war made by Earl and Wilkie. The former (1778-1779) a flight toward the snows and ice of continental power; the latter, a flight toward the sun and the sea of the island of Sicily. In that Sicily, which was much the same as the Sicily of the present day, Wilkie, in that Sicily, was with his baggage, to be the leading figure in the Sicilian revolution. The Sicilian revolution, — the Saturday Night, — the VIII. — the Country Auction. — The Battle — the hundreds of common life, and each suggestive of some little tale, half important, half sentimental. It is by the introduction of the last elements, that this memory, with which from Wilkie we are familiar, is distinguished from earlier centuries. Processions and ceremonies had been insisted long before in Venice, and everywhere, in France, rustic, in Holland; but the touch of the 'talo is all that wanting in these works of that new field, into which, through some law, imperative as those of the very gods of that new field, into which, through some law, imperative as those to which we arbitrarily confine the name natural, they were unable to penetrate.

IX. This style, and landscape, — regarded no longer as the scene of some royal human story, but as the representation either of nature embodying man's fortunes in her own features, or of man in her solitary splendour, — mark the of this even-