tury not less distinctly than religious subjects mark that of the fourteenth. Hardly known to our great-grandfathers, what could have rendered them so prominent now? In such inquiries the risk is great of considering as cause, what is only itself an effect of some larger, and, perhaps, undecipherable reason. Yet it is indisputable that the growth of the Incident style in painting runs parallel with the great outburst of novel writing from about 1790 onwards, with the social change which gave the patronage of art rather to the mercantile than to the educated classes, with that fusion of ranks and interests which (in another sphere) found expression in Burns, Scott, Crabbe, and Wordsworth. It would be rash and invidious to attempt to name precisely the artists of this age who might be placed in the first rank with the four of the last. But of those whose claims to excellence none will deny, Wilkie and Mulready represent the style most satisfactorily, and will be here treated as typical of many others. Every lesser master, if a true man, has undoubtedly, like the greater, his own gifts and methods; yet the aim of many known men is circumscribed on the whole by the limits above defined; and space fails here to trace their individual characteristics, although two clearly marked divisions of this school must be noticed. Historical incidents, viewed mainly in their picturesque character, or in the light of sentiment, have been chosen by one; scriptural, by the other division. The grace and delicacy of Eastlake, to whom the latter direction of English art is mainly due, have not yet been equalled by his followers.

X. In Hogarth's pictures a direct moral is generally dominant; they are De Foe on canvass. In Wilkie's (1785—1840) the moral is subdued beneath the wish to paint the scene in all its humours, comic or serious. He is thus more truly and essentially an artist; but the circle of Wilkie's creations is smaller, lying mainly within the field of Scottish peasant life. Here, however, like Burns, he reigns and triumphs; and, like the poet, in proportion as he recedes from it, is less and less successful. We think of him always as the painter of 'The Rent Day,' 'The Fiddler,' and the 'Blindman's Buff;' yet his later works have a charm and a variety, which show that but for the early failure of hand and eye, he might not, in such scenes, have fallen below his earlier excellence. In exchange for the minute finish of his first painting, these are executed in a broader style, more sweet, if less expressive; they make us feel the loss, of all losses the most irrecoverable, which a nation sustains in the premature death of genius. Not so with Mulready, who has been spared to our advantage through a long life of unusual gifts, united to unusual industry. His power of invention is probably less spontaneous than Wilkie's, his presentment of the scene less dramatic, his subjects drawn oftener from books; but with felicity of line, what a deep and Grecian grace are they exhibited! No English work for the first fifty years of this century, equals Mulready's masterly drawing, no landscape-glimpses excel his in finish and beauty; no one has brought so pure and poetical a thoughtfulness to the aspects of common life; others have given grander, none more brilliant or sweeter colouring.

XI. To draw thoroughly and colour truly, are the first fundamental necessities of painting as art; nor will graceful feeling, or depth in thought, or sense of life and humour—no pictorial *intention*, in a word, however excellent—atone for want of these primary requisites. Two men may be named, amongst many, who have hence fallen short of the place for which they appeared marked out by nature—Stothard and Leslie; they must be looked at, almost less as painters than as designers. But viewed thus, we owe to Leslie many scenes of a thoughtful, delicate, and gracious humour in which the very genius of Addison seems to reproduce itself; to Stothard, many which in tenderness, purity, and a certain mysterious and ineffable grace, rank second only to the designs of Raphael. And as Stothard reminds us of Florence and Rome, so the glorious days of Venice are recalled by the last great figure-painter (not professedly historical) of that half-century,—Etty (1787—1849). He alone amongst his contemporaries successfully devoted himself to represent the pure human form, which he painted with a brilliant transparency of colour rarely seen beyond the limits of Venetian art. It is true that he tried portrait, landscape, subjects sacred and historical, and often with happy, almost always with striking, results; but his love for human form restricted him in the main to what may be called subjects of fancy. This was unfortunate; for scenes from mythology—whether the genuine mythology of Greece, or that later artificial mythology, which for three centuries has infested Europe—cannot have for us the least genuine, head and heart-felt interest. But if a less unreal theme engaged him—when he was with Cleopatra in her glory on the Cydnus, or Youth at the prow, or 'where eternal summer dwells' in the gardens of Hesperides—Etty produced

works which are for all time, and rank amongst our best national treasure.

XII. Millais's work, like Etty's, stands apart from the style of domestic incident, though not so much by virtue of choice in subject as by greater elevation of tone and corresponding splendour of execution. His art, in fact, like Wilkie's, ranges over life in all its variety, from knight to churl, selecting always, though not always with equal success, themes which appeal strongly to passion or to imagination. Millais, with Holman Hunt, may be said to have taken up the inheritance of colour from Etty, although with the gift they have not followed the execution, often vague and slovenly, of that celebrated colourist. Nature has a thousand aspects, and in all is alike inimitable; but that Vision which we call Art, from time to time turns to mirror some one of her attributes which had before been less represented. Thus, more persistently than any former artists, Millais and Hunt, with others, have aimed at fidelity and minuteness, trusting less to remembrance than to fact; and there is hence a subtlety of handling and of expression in their works of which the eighteenth century, and the artists trained in that style, supply few examples. Here also we find the general accordance between art and the prevalent taste of the age displayed in an accurate pictorial rendering of past ages or foreign habits to which modern historians and travellers have accustomed us. Many of Hunt's pictures are proofs of this tendency, yet they are not realized through minute detail; the details, with the main idea, are rather vivified by his own intense inner faculty of realization. A serious, an almost tragic, interest pervades his work; it strikes us with a strange earnestness. Nor has any other English artist rivalled him in the force with which he has thrown these qualities into religious art.

XIII. An age in which pictures are mainly desired for the adorning of private houses, and the subjects popular are domestic incident or landscape, will be ungenial towards the historical style, even when rightly understood and treated with vitality. We have here but a scanty list:—Haydon, whose abortive ability fell short of his early promise; Martin, in whose art perspective powerfully treated is, however, the only real element of art present; and more recently (to pass over minor, or hitherto hardly proved, aspirants), Cross and Maclise. The latter, though not very successful in harmony and grace, or in management of light and shade, has given us many fine inventions, in his latest designs reaching an elevation and a power which are not often conferred by the years of advanced maturity. Cross (1819—1861), little known during his brief career, has received a tardy and too late recognition. A few works which the struggle for subsistance left him leisure to execute, though, like those of Maclise, deficient in the graces of colour, are amongst our highest historical pictures in dramatic truth, grandeur of arrangement, and beauty of line; nor in the weak point of English art, life-size delineation of human form, has any English artist shown greater mastery.

XIV. Except by a more minute accuracy and greater aim at realization of the scene in all points, the historical art of this century does not essentially differ from that of the eighteenth: But landscape painting, as already noticed, is the second distinctive style of our own age. As with the art of domestic incident, this mode of art is also in strict sympathy with corresponding phases in literature and taste. As the former was contemporary with the modern novel, so the latter has appeared simultaneously with the love of travelling and the love of natural description. These passions (we may justly so call them) are due, no doubt, in part to simple increased opportunity; to recent wealth and peace, and multiplied facilities for journeying. Perhaps the more familiar conversance with nature in her loveliness or her terror, the simple sight of Western Scotland, or Naples, or Monte Rosa, has inspired the wish to transfer to our walls what, in verse or in actual vision, has so charmed our senses: perhaps the poetry of physical science has enlightened and enlarged our sympathies: perhaps the very contrast with the civilization which enables men to travel readily, deepens their appreciation of the scenes in which civilization has no part, and even the powers of man seem but a little thing before the majesty of nature. However this may be, the love of landscape has been a glorious gain to modern English art, and gives it its most essentially original character. We no longer see trees and mountains through the imperfect eyes of Claude or Poussin; we do not measure the sunbeams by the standard of Cuyp, or the twilight after the proportions of Rembrandt. Yet this great advance was not made at once. A few artists, of whom Crome and Bonington were perhaps the most gifted, worked in a mixed style, blending the teachings of nature with the traditions of the schools. Others felt the inadequacy of earlier attempts, but have been able to free themselves entirely from a different influence. Something of the