quence of a fall from his horse, he had done much to free French painting from the themes and styles of classicism.

William Paulet Carey, "Raft of the Medusa; Mr. Jerricault's [sic] Picture, at the Egyptian Hall"¹

We stated, on our first view of it, the impression made on us by this very clever performance; and have now the satisfaction of knowing that our most favourable opinions have been amply confirmed by the judgments both of artists and amateurs. Our further remarks, therefore, will add little to the fame or advantage of Mr. Jerricault [sic]. But, as more frequent views of the awful scene have increased our admiration of the power of art and the ability of the artist, we shall endeavour to point out some of the striking qualities by which the mind is thus strongly excited.

The details in the picture, however excellent their character, are lost if not exhibited under the judicious arrangement of composition, aided by the effect of light and colour; and that which the ardent imagination of the artist or the poet takes in at a glance, must by the painter, become the subject of great consideration, and be subjected to certain rules and principles, yet so concealed as to appear the spontaneous effort of some powerful impulse.

In this tremendous picture of human suffering, the bold hand of the artist has laid bare the details of the horrid facts, with the severity of M. Angelo and the gloom of Caravaggio: the flesh indeed might be more strongly reflected; but the whole of the colouring is so well suited to the subject, and is in most instances so just, that we scarcely know if its tone can be called a blemish so entirely as at first sight it appears.

¹ [Verbatim from The London Literary Gazette and Journal of Belles Lettres, No. 180, July 1, 1820, p. 427.]
But it is over the varied details of form, the most correct anatomical markings of the figure, and all the agitated emotions of hope and fear, that Mr. Jerricault has impressed the magic of an effect that was to give value to the whole. The light brought into the piece and thrown upon the upturned faces of a centre group, powerfully assists in arresting the attention. This seems to break on them from the reflection of a highly illuminated cloud above their heads, and is contrasted by much surrounding gloom, and this again by the bright rays of the morning. Perhaps it is not natural; that is, could not happen to be so distributed in the full light of day; but there are great authorities for such departure from truth, in this respect.

The powerful element of the mighty waters is very happily depicted by the hand of the artist; and, taken altogether, his work is, as we before observed, one of the finest specimens of the French school, ever brought into this country. It cannot therefore fail to stimulate the exertions of British talents, to a further display of those powers, which have already so happily and so honourably distinguished our artists and arts. To Mr. Bullock, we think, great praise is due for procuring us such opportunities for examination and comparison of the two national schools: if he continues to bring over chefs d’oeuvre of French painters, he will do as good a thing as could be done to advance British art. Emulation is a noble teacher.