

has appeared from Archbishop Walsh, the most responsible Irish ecclesiastical politician. It is dated from Rome last Monday. In it he says (the italics are his own):

"The Irish people, whether at home or abroad, will, I trust, accept my assurance that neither the Nationalist movement nor the National League is in the smallest degree injuriously affected by the recent decree. Beyond this I do not wish to go. As no one would be justified in supposing that the Irish cause is even indirectly censured by the recent act of the Holy See, so neither should we be justified in asserting that the Holy See was influenced in it by a desire to hasten on the triumph of our great constitutional movement. *But that this will be the necessary result of what has taken place, I, for my part, have not the shadow of a doubt.*"

#### THE NEW GALLERY.

LONDON, May 11.

THE opening of the New Gallery on the 8th inst. by invitation to a very crowded private view, and on the 9th to the general public, has been anxiously expected by artists and lovers of art as an event of the greatest importance. All doubts and fears as to the success of this undertaking are now at rest, and have given place to the unlimited satisfaction of artists, critics, and society in general.

All praise is due to Messrs. Hallé and Comyns Carr, the directors, who, in the incredibly short space of three months, have erected the most delightful picture gallery we have yet seen in London, and they are to be congratulated on their courage in carrying on their work in the face of so many difficulties and doubts and such half-hearted support from many of the artists themselves. It is true that they had the entire sympathy of Burne-Jones, Watts, and Alma-Tadema, and the certainty of their sending all the work they could have ready and could dispose of to the new exhibition, although the latter two were under the obligation to send to the Academy also. J. E. Millais, Holman Hunt, W. B. Richmond, A. Parsons, Onslow Ford, Giovanni Costa, M. R. Corbett, H. Herkomer, and A. Legros also promised pictures, although they determined at the same time to give some of their work to the Grosvenor and to the Royal Academy. It was feared by the pusillanimous that the three exhibitions could not flourish at the same time, and that to compete with the well-established Grosvenor Gallery would be more than rash. Perhaps under better management the Grosvenor might have been a formidable rival, but now that the three exhibitions are open, the artists who chose to remain faithful to Sir Coutts Lindsay are very indignant at the want of courtesy and discrimination shown them in the hanging of their works, and also at the exclusion of certain pictures at the last minute which had been personally chosen and solicited by the director himself. Complaints are very general on those grounds, and not a little surprise is expressed at the lack of management and of common politeness, in such strong contrast with the treatment received in former years.

The entrance of the New Gallery is in Regent Street through a narrow passage (which we hear is to be converted into a more appropriate entrance), to a beautiful marble hall of *giallo antico*, round which runs a gallery supported by columns of cipollino marble; a fountain plays in the centre, and shrubs and plants in groups serve to set off the sculptures in marble and bronze here displayed. This hall is of very charming effect, both in color and arrangement: the balustrade running round it, at present gilt and ordinary in design, is to be

changed for small columns of alabaster ornamented with gold. From below, one sees the water-color drawings, pastels, and silverpoint studies in the balcony, hung on a background of gold Japanese paper.

The chief pieces of sculpture are Prof. Legros's "Young Satyr," exquisitely modelled and executed with great knowledge and ease; Mr. Swynnerton's large design for a fountain; Mr. Bates's "Peace and War"; a dead Christ bas-relief in bronze by Miss Elinor Hallé; and a small statuette of the "Mower," by H. Thornycroft, with many interesting busts and medals.

On entering the west gallery the work of Burne-Jones faces us. Those who are in sympathy with his pictures are unanimous in declaring that he has surpassed himself in producing the most exquisite piece of pure bright color in his "Danaë and the Tower of Brass"; the most powerful of all his designs in "The Doom Fulfilled," besides the most perfect drawing of the nude in both the figures of Andromeda. In the first of the series, "The Rock of Doom," the maiden is chained to the rock near the shore, expecting her death, while Perseus, passing in the air with his winged sandals and helmet of darkness, first sees her. The action of Perseus exactly expresses that he is independent of any firm footing: he just skims above rock and sea, his feet nearly touching them—his handsome face full of surprise and devotion as he gazes at the maiden whose timid, resigned look answers his. Joppa is the background—very gray, with sober bits of green cliff between; the sea is blue-green; Perseus, in sombre armor beautifully designed, serves as a foil to the ivory pallor of the naked Andromeda. The idealization of the female form is very successful, and a study for this figure in the gallery above, and others for Perseus's armor, show how thoroughly this master prepares himself for every part of his design. There is no bright color anywhere, and yet the whole work is quite powerful and harmonious. In the companion picture, "The Doom Fulfilled," Perseus is slaying the monster after having fought with it. The long, dark-green, slimy dragon is a wonderful invention. In its coils Perseus is balancing himself while he is prepared to strike the cruel head still hissing defiance at him. The maiden, seen from behind, chained to her rock, which makes the background to the coils of the dragon, is anxiously watching the combat. The design and carrying out of every detail leave nothing to be desired, and the sombre color harmonizes perfectly with the character of the subject. Between these two Perseus subjects is placed the taller picture of "Danaë and the Tower of Brass." The slim, fair-haired maiden, clad in a closely pleated inner garment of purple, with a drapery of bright crimson wrapped round her, stands beside a dark cypress tree. Her pale face looks startled and full of foreboding of a disastrous future, as through an open bronze door she sees past the cool courtyard a troop of workmen erecting a brazen tower, already well advanced. King Acrisius stands among them urging them to activity. It is in this picture that we have all the magic power and intensity of color of the earlier work of this great painter, combined with all the delicate, sensitive workmanship of these later years. Every inch of canvas is exquisitely finished: the deep-blue flags in the foreground, the paving-stones of the yard beyond, the cypress tree, and the blue-green bronze door—all are treated with minute skill, forming as a whole a delightful harmony.

Immediately opposite to Burne-Jones is Legros's "Femmes en Prière," a very perfect work, and we greet with delight the appearance

of this painter after several years of absence from exhibitions. Here we have austere tints of gray, black, white, and flesh-color in the kneeling figures of the praying women, of whom the one in front holds a lighted taper. Their faces, framed in white caps, have the innocent, healthful charm of village life. The painting is throughout very masterly, especially in the treatment of the masses of warm black in the women's cloaks. There is also a "Dead Christ" by Legros in this same room, less interesting as a subject, but, for its knowledge of anatomy and in its appropriate realization, equally fine. Holman Hunt exhibits a portrait of a gentleman, careful and hard and metallic in execution, as most of his recent work is. In G. F. Watts's "Angel of Death," No. 30, we see a grand, powerful figure in slaty gray, with head swathed in white, the figure encircled by strong black wings, holding in her lap a dead baby, whose face her hand hides from our view. The angel, in her whole attitude, expresses consolation and tenderness rather than relentless power. The execution is in Watts's best manner, with the peculiar charm of suggestiveness which he considers appropriate for allegorical subjects, though the baby seems scarcely enough carried out, its hands being hidden in the angel's lap without sufficient reason for their disappearance. Although not one of his best works as a whole, this is a very characteristic one, and bears the magic touch of true genius.

Among the imaginative works must be mentioned Mr. J. M. Strudwick's little picture of "Acrasia." The knight, in beautifully designed armor, sleeps in the "bower of bliss." He has been pelted with roses, and is lying in the shade of an apple-tree, through whose branches beautiful girls, in closely pleated white draperies, are seen watching his slumbers. One, who plays on a lute, is probably intended for Acrasia, the "false enchantress" of Spenser's tale. This work of Strudwick's carries perfection of finish and design to the very highest point, and yet, although each leaf of the apple-tree is most carefully drawn and studied, as also each plant among the grass, the whole is perfectly in keeping, and has a misty feeling of dreamland in its wan color, a perfume of romance and the ideal world, strongly differing from its impressionist neighbor, "Homewards," by E. Stott of Oldham. Nothing could illustrate better the unsatisfactory nature of exhibitions than the proximity of these two works, as different in aim as in manner. Mr. Stott's early spring-green landscape, with a rosy-cheeked ploughboy driving calves beside a stream, makes Strudwick's work look colorless, while Mr. Stott's study looks too crude and sketchy beside this highly finished picture. Even the best intentions to hang everything most advantageously must fail somewhere, and I only mention this instance as an example of the disappointment a painter feels at an accident which lessens for the time the value of his work.

Sir John Millais sends two female studies, the one, No. 99, "Forlorn," very garish in color. A maiden, leaning on a balcony on which is thrown a Persian rug, looks far away towards an evening sky, with distant country. Her dress is red, and hastily painted in streaks; her face is of a chalky white, with carmine cheeks, quite out of harmony with the background. "The Last Rose of Summer" (No. 157), in the same room, is more carefully painted, though lacking any definite intention, as do most of the works of this master of late years. A girl in a dark-red cloak over an orange-colored skirt, with a broad-brimmed black hat, stands before us, holding a rose; the background is distant

gray sky. It is a pleasing and forcibly painted portrait of the model, and that is all.

Tadema has sent five works, but of these only one (No. 131), "He loves me, he loves me not," gives an adequate idea of his skill. This artist always seems to us at his best in his smaller canvases, and this one, for freshness of detail, clever painting, and grace of arrangement, leaves nothing to be desired. Two girls, in their clinging draperies, are lounging on a couch, while one of them pulls a marguerite to pieces. The window behind them is open, and between the blind and the window-sill one sees the tops of temples and palaces and bits of gardens and trees. In the room all is cool and subdued, but beyond the fierce light of a southern summer touches everything. In "Venus and Mars" we have a small child in a pink-red shirt, holding a toy; behind him is the inevitable white marble balustrade, beyond which is a vividly blue sea. The oyster-shells on the ledge are very perfectly painted, but the *tout ensemble* is decidedly unpleasant. The sketch for the "Heliogabalus" now at the Academy, and two portraits, which look true enough to nature, but have no living quality, complete his contributions.

Mr. C. E. Hallé, the director, exhibits a large picture of "Paolo and Francesca," a well-worn theme, which he has treated with more movement and expression than we are wont to expect. The lovers are in a garden, the book is falling to the ground; Paolo, on his knees, is clasping Francesca's hands; her face is full of ecstasy. The draperies are harmonious in color; in the foreground a tiny fountain plays, and we cannot help finding fault with its miniature dimensions, which must strike the most unpractised eye as serving neither for use nor for beauty. Mr. Hallé sends also a portrait of the late Stephen Heller, the delightful pianist and composer, and a lady's full-length portrait, as refined and graceful as his portraits of women always are.

There is no lack of portraits at the New Gallery. Herkomer, Holl, E. A. Ward, Fairfax Murray, John Sargent, Shannon, John Collier, Mrs. Swynnerton, and W. B. Richmond, all have exhibited, and most of them more than one. They are generally good examples of their different manners, but no one has shown so many and such thoroughly good works in this line as W. B. Richmond. His portrait of Miss Gladstone (for Newnham College) is admirably painted. The lady looks austere and dignified; the color of the dress is a subdued dark red. Sir Edward Malet, in full court dress, is also a very interesting work by the same artist. Mrs. Andrew Lang and Mrs. Cunningham Graham are excellent, both in tasteful arrangement and in the care with which all the detail is painted and chosen; but most delightful of all is the portrait of Mrs. Drummond. This lady wears a dress of dull heliotrope-colored brocade, the background being dark blue. The movement of figure and hands is very graceful, and the pale, expressive face turning towards the spectator seems about to speak. No wonder that Mr. Richmond is so popular as a painter of fine ladies, for he spares no pains to make each portrait a picture which will always be interesting even when the likeness will count for nothing.

I pass by many large compositions filling up spaces on the walls, because they seem deficient in interest and ordinary in treatment. The landscapes are very good and of every variety. The poetic school is well represented by Giovanni Costa of Rome, No. 77, "The First Smile of Morn," by M. R. Corbett, who also sends a morning effect of sunlight striking a pine wood—an Italian landscape of great beauty. Mark Fisher sends spring effects, with the exquisitely dappled sky which is his speciality. G. H.

Boughton's "Harvest of the Dawn" represents him fairly well: the mushroom gatherers are rather dull-like in action, but the landscape has more color than most of his later work. William Padgett and David Murray send many canvases of merit, and Arthur Lemon, compositions with centaurs of remarkable imaginative power. In "A Struggle," No. 48, two centaurs are wrestling near the sea on a dreary cold wave-beaten shore; in "A Vendetta," the scene is in a forest glade beside a pool: the centaur has been struck by an arrow, and is this time struggling with death. The composition of the landscape and its color are very fine.

There is no space to write of the water-colors in the balcony and the silverpoint drawings and studies for pictures, although they form an interesting feature of the exhibition. I hope that imaginative art may have found encouragement and a just appreciation in the New Gallery, and that this new venture may prove as successful as it promises to be. The system of hanging each picture with a space between it and its neighbor, which has been adhered to, is much to be commended. The walls are covered with National Gallery red flock paper.

## Correspondence.

### A SWISS POPULAR ASSEMBLY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Some time since you published an interesting account of some researches made at the City Library of Trèves by Mr. George L. Barr, Instructor in History in this University.

I now send an extract from a letter recently received, giving an account of his visit to the Landsgemeinde of Canton Appenzell, thinking it may interest your readers, as giving an example of democratic procedure, pure and simple.—I remain very truly yours,

ANDREW D. WHITE.

CORNELL UNIVERSITY, May 22, 1888.

"We were welcomed at the home of Oberriechter Sturzenegger, and given a window which looked out directly into the great square, into which the twelve thousand odd voters were closely packed. All came *anständig gekleidet*—as the law provides—in solemn black, and with the swords of their ancestors at their sides. At the appointed hour of eleven, the Landammann (no longer Colonel Roth, who has claimed the exemption from the burdens of office to which every functionary is entitled at the end of six years), the six other members of the Regierungsrath, and the Land-Weibel, or crier, were escorted with great ceremony to the platform which stood near one end of the square. The proceedings were opened by a moment of silent prayer, and by a national anthem which was sublimely sung. Then the Landammann delivered an address which, judging by its reception, must have been eloquent, though at our distance I could hear only occasional sentences. Thereupon the assembly proceeded to its first order of business—the auditing of the year's accounts. The question was upon their acceptance as correct, or the appointment of an auditing committee, and they were accepted outright by an enormous majority. Never have I seen a more curious sight than the coming up of all those white hands out of that black crowd. Next came the election of officers. The question was first put always upon the reelection of the present incumbent; and in every case the reelection was almost unanimous—a fact which is perhaps less surprising when one remembers that the highest salary paid to any public official in Appenzell is two hundred francs a year—the judges of its Supreme Court get six francs a day, but only during the session. As Judge Sturzenegger laughingly said, it is the way the canton manages to lay a tax on brains—for every man elected is bound to accept or move out. He added that there is at present in the canton only one regularly educated lawyer, and he has to eke out an existence, by keeping a *Wirthschaft* besides.

"Funnily enough, only over the unimportant

but noisy office of Land-Weibel was there a sharp contest. As the chief qualification is a stentorian voice, each of the candidates was required to recommend himself to the voters in a short speech, and you can think of nothing more comical than this competition; for, whether the aspirant piped or roared at the outset, he always ended in a squeak.

"The manner of taking the votes is singularly fair to minorities. We had occasion to note this, especially in the filing of the two vacancies in the Regierungsrath. A mass of nominations were made, and taken down in writing. Then the question was put separately on the name of each candidate. From these the two who had received the fewest votes were now eliminated, and the question taken on each of the remainder, and so on until only two were left, when the decision was, of course, apparent, though more than once the vote had to be taken over and over before the Landammann would trust his eyes to declare it. On the announcement of the final vote, the position of the successful candidate in the crowd was shown by the thrusting up of all the swords in his vicinity, and the band sallied forth to escort him to the platform. For the second vacancy the question was then put again, as before, upon all the candidates but the elected one.

"After the elections came the legislation. Only three bills were submitted. The first, the repeal of a practically obsolete law for the guarantee of cattle, met with no opposition. The second, the proposed forcible closing of the *Wirthschaften* at twelve at night, was rejected by a considerable majority. The third, providing that even *resident* peddlers should pay a license, and that a license—not yearly, as with us, but once for all, at the opening of the business—should also be required of the keepers of *Wirthschaften* (a bill, that is, to abridge the right of every citizen to peddle or sell wine as he pleases), was in both its clauses voted down overwhelmingly. The defeat of these measures was explained to us, and I think justly, as proceeding far less from any opposition to the ends they sought than from suspicion and impatience at their encroachment upon personal liberty.

"The business being ended, there remained only the oath. It was read solemnly by the venerable clerk, and taken first by the Landammann. Then, with bared heads, and three fingers lifted high in air, that army of freemen listened to its terrible clauses of vow and imprecation, unchanged from the Middle Ages, and rumbled with one voice its repetition of them. No man dared be silent in that throng. Then came another anthem, and the Landsgemeinde was over. It had lasted three hours.

"Never have I seen such perfect order, such perfect quiet—not even in a body of a tenth its size. Yet there were no police, not so much as a constable. Once or twice, after the most exciting votes, a slight murmur passed through the host, but a cry or two of 'Quiet!' (*Ruhig!*), as the business began again, brought a hush, as of death. The only break in the gravity of the proceedings was during the comical scene of the Land-Weibel competition. Did you ever hear twelve thousand men smile? It was like the ripple, dash, and vanish of a wind-blown thunder-shower.

"We dined with our Oberriechter, saw with him the modest splendors of the cantonal capital, and under his escort were off over the mountain on our homeward tramp."

### CLEAR, THE ADJECTIVE, USED SUBJECTIVELY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Upwards of forty years ago, during my early days in India, I transmitted to the late Dr. Worcester a large quantity of materials supplementing his Dictionary published in 1846. Among the things which I then remarked on, as overpassed in it, was the subjective sense of the adjective *clear*, a sense for which I furnished him with excellent and abundant authority. This, to my surprise, when he brought out a new edition of his Dictionary in 1860, I found to be unrecorded there, though he had availed himself of hundreds of the particulars supplied by me. Nor has any other dictionary that I am acquainted with recognized it. That, however, it has been in our language close on three centuries, and that it has the practical counte-