

of the French School. Compare this with No. 5, *The Sermon on the Mount*, by Prof. F. von Whale, of Munich, a rugged but fine and earnest work when viewed from the right distance; but, unfortunately, it is too near the observer to be seen at full advantage. There are some charming studies:—No. 3, *Pastoral*, by Macaulay Stevenson, of Glasgow, a very sweet work indeed; No. 14, *A November Evening*, by James Grace, a beautiful little study in blue and gold; No. 12, *Vases*, by F. W. Cadby; and No. 18, *St. Genevieve*, by George Hitchcock, which is a more ambitious work, a little crude but fresh in colour; the grey-green of spring is in the meadow as the girl-saint with her sheep comes towards you.

Another picture which deserves mention is No. 39, *Hebe*, by Miss Harriet Halhed, who has given us a new rendering of an old subject, clever and strongly painted; but why should the cup-bearer of the gods, who might be supposed to have some sense of beauty, be an ungainly child? No. 37, *The Last Quarter of the Honeymoon* will draw attention from its size, but is really unattractive and is a hackneyed treatment of a hackneyed subject.

The many admirers of Mr. Whistler will look for Nos. 49 and 56, two studies of sea. The first of these, called *Dark Blue and Silver*, is rather more realistic than one expects from Mr. Whistler, as is also No. 56, *Violet and Silver*, a deep sea; it is, nevertheless, very lovely in colour, with grey-gold mauve and silver in perfect harmony—the depth of the sea being very cleverly suggested. The third sketch, No. 70, is much slighter and even a little crude.

An excellent picture is No. 63, *The Windmill*, by J. Marras. *The Sentinel*. No. 70, by Prof. Heinrich Zügel, a very striking study of a dog. Lady Granby sends three of her graceful studies of heads, Nos. 67, 68 and 69. Three pictures which have much merit are 72, *The Return from Milking*, by C. H. Mackie; 73, *Harvesters*, by William Kennedy; and 77, *Whitby*, by M. Lindner. Mr. Shannon sends an attractive composition, *Tales of Japan*. On the whole, the most striking feature of the Exhibition is the excellence of the Scotch work.

We will now proceed to the room devoted to the pictures of the late Mr. Albert Moore, a collection of whose works has been "brought together and exhibited" as a tribute to the memory of that great artist whose "loss we deplore, and with a view of giving some idea "how great this loss is to English Art." Exquisitely delicate and refined as his work is, it does not gain by being collectively exhibited. Perhaps the most characteristic work is No. 155, *A Summer Night*, lent by the Corporation, Liverpool. In spite of the sweet colour and beautiful drapery, one becomes a little tired of the rather expressionless damsels when so many are seen at once; but it is all very loveable, and the visitor will turn with interest to the painter's last work, No. 195, *The Loves of the Winds and the Seasons*, and additional interest is imparted to it by the explanatory verses written for this last picture by the Artist himself, by quoting which we may appropriately close this paper:—

"Lo! fickle Zephyr chaseth wayward Spring—
It is a merry race;
Flowers laugh to birds that sing,
Yet frequent tears shall cloud her comely face."

This seems quite to express Albert Moore's work.

A Book of the Week.

ALONE WITH THE HAIRY AINU.*

After reading Mr. Landor's amusing book about the Hairy Ainu, the chief thing the reader will feel is, that he or she would far rather read about them in the pages of a book than ever see or scent them in the flesh! The pictures of these monkey-like men and women with which the author has himself illustrated his book are very repulsive. One felt quite glad to hastily finish the printed matter surrounding many of these drawings. One would far rather hail an intelligent-looking chimpanzee as one's ancestor than these terrible-looking hairy, dirty little creatures, to whom the name of men and women hardly seems appropriate.

Yezo, one of the islands which are inhabited by the Hairy Ainu, lies beyond Japan. The first group of them that were seen by the writer were busy skinning a cow-fish with their knives; they were stark naked, and their long hair streamed in the wind. The Ainu, however, objected to serving as models for anthropological purposes, and nearly slew the enthusiastic artist, who was not altogether sorry to leave the village which had displayed so little appreciation of his art.

Mr. Landor started with two vicious ponies and a large quantity of painting materials upon his journey. To a practical-minded person it seems strange that he did not add a few tinned provisions, as over and over again during his travels he describes himself nearly dying of hunger, or as having nothing but rotten salmon to eat, so that a few tins of Liebig or some beef lozenges would have been worth their weight in gold to him. The adventures of the writer and his ponies are very vividly described as they scrambled, crawled, climbed, and swam about the island. The Ainu houses seem mostly to be mud huts raised on sticks; a good many of their inhabitants seemed to be light-headed—and no wonder—their principal diet being rotten fish.

At Kushiri, Mr. Landor abandoned one of his ponies. By this time, his clothes and boots were sadly in need of repair. After a little more wandering in Yezo, he set sail in a miserable little Japanese tug-boat for the Kurile Islands, and at Shikotan he found more Hairy Ainus—only that the Shikotan Ainu spoke a little Russian, and the Yezo Ainu a little Japanese; both, however, spoke Ainu dialect. The writer gives us a most terrible description and drawing of a maniac Ainu, surrounded by crows who apparently lived upon the parasites which they found among the thick long hairs of his body. Hastily turning from this repulsive picture, the reader will be cheered by a most enlivening description in the same chapter of how Mr. Landor shot a fine eagle, and, as he had no arsenic to preserve the skin, he fixed it open with sticks, spreading out the great wings so that as he rode along on his pony he looked like a black-winged apparition, and frightened all the poor Ainus into fits. After this follow accounts of many rough and painful rides interspersed with scanty meals and many adventures. Mr. Landor collected most valuable information as to the customs and habits of these strange and hairy people. He says:—

* "Alone with the Hairy Ainu, or 3800 miles on a Pack Saddle in Yezo, and a Cruise to the Kurile Islands." By A. H. Savage Landor. (London, John Murray, 1893.)

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