

independent standard devised for men. As for the argument that the preparation for such examinations is likely to interfere with the "domesticity" of women, it is enough to say that another of the "objections to the statute" is that it makes no requirement of residence: it affords, in fact, an opportunity to girls who may have studied at home of having their knowledge tested by the most competent authority.

But we quite agree with the authors of the manifesto in to-day's *Times* that the education of "the future mothers and teachers of our race" is more than a merely academic question. The present statute is to be opposed, it seems, because it is a step in the direction of giving the women of England "an intimate acquaintance with heathen literature as well as with physiological research." But that surely is a consummation devoutly to be wished. The future mothers are necessarily the teachers of our race, and the best hope of social progress lies in the better education of women.

A pleasant surprise is in store for such playgoers as form part of the audience at the Criterion to-night, where Mr. Charles Wyndham makes his reappearance after his long and successful tour in America. This much-abused theatre—and that it well deserved the hard words that were showered upon it no one will deny—has during the last year been almost entirely rebuilt. Additional exits have been made, walls knocked down, and spacious corridors constructed. A large area open from the basement to the sky has been formed on one side of the theatre by cutting off a considerable portion of the adjoining restaurant. The new corridors run the length of the Piccadilly frontage on the stalls, dress circle, and gallery levels, leading on one side to a handsome and commodious crush-room and the new Piccadilly exit, on the other to the box-office entrance. Some of the private boxes have been removed, the space being utilized for the circles. The whole theatre is now brilliantly lighted by electricity, and with its sumptuous hangings and tasteful draperies presents a very pretty picture.

It is a suggestive coincidence that the long and weighty letter which the *Times* publishes this morning from an Australasian on the recidivist question should appear in the same sheet with the report of Lord Rosebery's speech at Dundee last night. "Nothing more surprised me on my return from Australia," said Lord Rosebery, "than the indifference with which this country regards its giant possessions all over the world;" and the fact that he chose the subject of Australia for his first reappearance on the political stage suggests the hope that he means to do what he can to correct this strange neglect. In that case not Scotland only but the empire at large will, as the Provost of Dundee remarked, have reason to give Lord Rosebery for what he might do, even more than for what he had done. Colonial questions of the greatest importance are in the air, but the only thing that is certain is that a vast deal more knowledge and sympathy than is at present forthcoming will be required before those questions can ever be properly approached. We are living, Professor Calderwood told the Edinburgh students yesterday, in an age of specialists; and Lord Rosebery might do worse for his own reputation, as he could hardly do better for the public welfare, than to specialize his "eloquence, tact, and humour" in an Australian direction.

### PICTURES FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

MR. JAMES D. LINTON.

THE President of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours has made a reputation as an oil painter solely by a single series of pictures. This is the only way in which we can account for the fact that one of the first craftsmen of the age remains outside the ranks of the Royal Academy. That body considers painting in oils as alone worthy of its attention, and until 1880 Mr. Linton was simply one of the best of living water-colour painters. As we all know, he had the happy inspiration of furnishing a great room with five large oil pictures, representing the life of a soldier in the sixteenth century. It will not be the least notable fact about the Royal Academy of 1884 that it will contain the best instalment of this extremely interesting series. The five pictures have not been exhibited in their proper order. This is their true distribution:—"The Declaration of War," Royal Academy, 1884; "The Benediction," Royal Academy, 1881; "The Surrender," Royal Academy, 1883; "Victorious," Grosvenor Gallery, 1880; "The Banquet," Royal Academy, 1882. The legend running through them may be thus rapidly defined; the young soldier is in the service of a German prince who declares war against the Turk; he is solemnly blessed and knighted in the Cathedral; he attacks the principal fortress of the Turk and storms it; he returns to his prince covered with glory; and he is honoured with a public banquet of congratulation. It may be a matter of some interest to mention that throughout the series many of the heads are portraits. The young Prince is Mr. E. J. Gregory, A.R.A.; his Minister of State is Mr. Brewtnall, the distinguished

water-colour painter, and the faces of several other kindred artists may be detected by the curious.

The picture of this year, "The Declaration of War," though the last painted, is the first of the series. We stand in the interior of a Byzantine palace, which, presumably, from the order of its architecture and the nature of its ornaments, stands not far from the Adriatic—in Istria, perhaps, or Dalmatia, although the arms which we see embroidered in gold and black on the blue arras are the arms of Bohemia. At the top of a low flight of marble steps, the young Prince of the State, Herzog or Landesherr, owning no Suzerain but the Kaiser, stands in a splendid attitude of wrath, rending the parchment treaty which the two stolid Ambassadors from the Grand Turk, who stand below him on the left-hand side, have brought. These Ambassadors, of whom Mr. Linton has obliged us with a sketch



SKETCH BY MR. LINTON FROM "THE DECLARATION OF WAR."

which we reproduce, bow with a dignified resignation. Evidently all the Germans sympathize with their Prince. Behind him, from one door, the Church gives him her support in a stream of priests and acolytes, headed by a blond Teutonic bishop. On the other side, the slender young soldier, a mere stripling in armour, who is to be the hero of the series, is presented as general of the coming war by the Minister of State, who advances in a long robe of vair. At the left-hand corner of the picture the lawyers, although it is a foregone conclusion, form a picturesque group over their codes and Latin formulas. The colour of the whole picture is sumptuous. The simple green and red of the flowing robes of the ambassadors contrast with the elaborate richness of the Prince's dress. By the Turks, on a carved marble seat of florid Renaissance work, stand the useless gifts which they have brought with them from their Orient.

Mr. Linton thinks it yet possible that he may be tempted to add an appendix to the series. He would like to represent his soldier in old age, still wearing the costume of his glorious youth, and serving a new young Herzog, whose ways are not his, and whose fashions are half a century later.

### A JOURNALIST IN GAOL.

THE subject of imprisonment for libel is just now occupying the minds of those who are connected with, or take an interest in, and indeed those who read papers; so it may not be out of place to narrate what in the present day constitutes the treatment of a "first-class misdemeanant" placed in durance vile through the indiscretion of the pen or inadvertence in editing. The fairy tales of the past, in which the happy literary martyr is represented sitting luxuriously in a well-appointed "cell," with books, papers, pipes, and other comforts, are not so well defined if one has the misfortune to have a friend inside the walls of "Holloway Castle" to visit under circumstances of first-class incarceration. I can only speak from the experience of visiting the editor of an important provincial paper who, a few years ago, perpetrated a libel upon the colonel of a volunteer regiment: the libel consisting entirely in facts received from some of the