

losing all self-reliance and power of self-help; and whenever a poor person suffers a misfortune, not only does he *not* try to help himself, but, as a matter of course, he looks at once to society to make good the loss. As an instance, it is related that on a recent Saturday night the performers in the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's, not having been paid, after two or three scenes had been got through the curtain rose on a number of scene-shifters, supers, and ballet-girls, who all "made pitiful appeals to the audience for the money of which they had been defrauded." Now, it is not an uncommon thing for performers of the first rank to strike, and these humbler folk, not being able to get their money, had a perfect right to strike also, if they thought fit; but is it not rather an alarming novelty to see English men and women, instead of having the quarrel out manfully with their employers, coming before an audience and begging for help like so many Italian *lazzaroni*?

THE state of feeling experienced by the military gentleman in *Punch*, who, wishing to say how dull he had found some holiday, described it as for all the world like a Sunday without *Bell's Life*, is, we fear, shared in, and with much better reason, by very large numbers of people. When a man works from Monday morning till Saturday night he cannot on Sunday be in a fit state, physically or morally, to properly attend to his religious duties. A certain preparation of previous rest and intellectual recreation is necessary, which a Saturday half-holiday gives to some, but which the most—and those especially that need it most—never get. For these, then, who are the great mass of workpeople in an old-settled country such as England, the opening of the national museums, picture galleries, and art collections, just resolved on by the Lords, will, if the Commons confirm it, as no doubt they will, be a great boon. If a weekly holiday besides Sunday were generally in use, this step could by no means be approved; but in the present condition of the working-classes, the mass of whom pass through life without an opportunity to profit in the slightest degree from these institutions, we believe Sunday-opening will promote the cause not only of education but also of religion. Lord Bramwell, in the course of his speech in favour of the resolution, observed that "the proper interpretation of the supplication 'Lead us not into temptation' is 'Do not lay down for us a rule for Sunday which we cannot observe.' . . . The English Sunday is misspent. It leads people into temptation." And in conclusion, he referred to the objection workingmen might have to being employed on Sunday at places of recreation; but this was, he said, selfish, for there were plenty of other people who were entitled to consideration. Here undoubtedly lies a great objection to the movement: it is impossible to open these institutions on Sunday without forcing a good many to work on that day; but if the influence is salutary, and makes for education and religion—as who can doubt it does—the employes are as necessary an instrument as are the officers of a church. In this view, and with the reservation that the movement ought under no circumstances to be allowed to extend in any way to Sunday-trading—which will be a real danger now that the first step is taken,—this Sunday-opening will probably receive the support of most educated laymen.

In spite of all our general philosophies of history, personal questions retain an undying interest, and we can still lend an ear to him who has anything new to tell us about the case of Amy Robsart. A perusal of Mr. Walter Rye's elaborate essay on the subject leaves us more than ever convinced that poor Amy was cruelly murdered. Such, undoubtedly, was the almost universal belief at the time. Such evidently was the belief of Burleigh. Leicester (Lord Robert Dudley as he then was) is hotly courting Elizabeth; she is listening to his addresses; her councillors are in a paroxysm of alarm at the prospect of an imprudent marriage—the pair, it seems, at length going so far as to hold out to the Spanish Ambassador through a go-between hopes of a restoration of Catholicism if Spain would support their marriage. Lady Dudley, meanwhile, is immured in a lonely hall belonging, as Mr. Rye finds, to the Queen's Physician, and tenanted by Antony Forster, a creature of Leicester's. Rumours of her approaching destruction are abroad; sinister reports of her sickness, when she is not sick, are spread; the poor woman herself is in an agony of fear. One day all her own servants are sent away to a fair, leaving her in the hands of Forster and his household. On their return, they find her lying dead at the foot of a flight of stairs, down which it is pretended that she has fallen and broken her neck. Leicester has "dealings" with some of the coroner's jury. His own character is infamous. Forster, immediately after Lady Dudley's death, is enabled to buy the hall and afterwards receives large grants of priory lands. That the Queen openly, and to the scandal of everybody, received his addresses knowing him to be a married man is absolutely

certain, and it is equally certain that she continued to receive his addresses after his wife's death. Whether it can be said that she was an accomplice before as well as after the fact depends on the accuracy of a report, preserved in the Spanish archives, of a conversation between her and the Spanish Ambassador, De Quadra, before the death of Amy Robsart, in which she betrays her knowledge that Amy is going to die. The Spanish Ambassador was not unfriendly to the marriage, which indeed would have best suited the Spanish game; his despatch was strictly confidential, and he had no apparent motive for misleading his master. The Elizabethan Court, like that of Henry VIII., and all the courts of Europe at that time, was desperately unprincipled and vicious. In setting forth the moral evidence, Mr. Rye omits to mention the letter of Elizabeth's Secretaries to Sir Amyas Paulett, instigating him to assassinate Mary Queen of Scots, the authenticity of which is incontrovertible, and which must certainly have been written with the knowledge of the Queen. That the relations of Elizabeth with Leicester were indelicate and scandalous is beyond doubt; whether they were worse than indelicate and scandalous is a question which may well be allowed to sleep. Mr. Rye has been led to the conclusion that when the coat of whitewash which covers the figure of the Virgin Queen is scraped off, it is found to have covered a very paltry woman made up of meanness, caprice, and lechery. Mr. Froude's researches appear to have had the same result. In his earlier volumes, before he has studied Elizabeth's reign, he speaks of her as a transcendent and beneficent genius; but when he comes to study her reign, he is compelled to own that she was nothing more than the little figure at the head of a generation of great men. This judgment is confirmed, and more than confirmed, by the facts brought to light by Mr. Motley. There is not a hollow reputation in history.

OUR new comic journal, the *Arrow*, has appeared, and makes a fair bid for public favour. The cartoon is by a hand which is very decidedly the best we have in that line.

A PARLIAMENTARY reporter of forty years experience, and of no political bias, has expressed the opinion that the debating power of the present British House of Commons is superior to that of any he can remember.

THE benefit of the philanthropic legislation proposed by the advanced English Radicals is already and in advance being given by some landlords to their lucky tenants. Mr. Samuel Morley, late Liberal M.P. for Bristol, has, it is announced, adopted the allotment system on his estate at Leigh, near Tunbridge Wells. He has cut up the land into plots of about twelve rods, and these he lets to *bona fide* workingmen at the rate of 6d. a rod per annum. The value of this boon will be seen when it is remembered that this is at the rate of 80s. per acre, whereas the rent of the best land in that part of the country does not exceed 30s. per acre.

HERE is a chance for Spelling Reformers to associate themselves with a movement which is very much akin to their own. At the School of Commerce, in Paris, on a recent Sunday, a meeting was held to explain and discuss a universal trade language called Volapuk, a name made up of "vol," the German *welt*, and "puk," from the English "speak." To show the probability of its general adoption, it is sufficient to say that the roots of its words are borrowed principally from the French, English, German, and Italian vocabularies. For instance, river is flum, from flumen; smoke is smok; time is tim; pop is people; fel is field; baludel is Sunday; maludel is Monday, and so on. Already there are seventy associations for teaching this strange tongue, and dictionaries in Volapuko-French, English, Russian, German, and Portuguese have been published. If it alone were not more difficult to learn than all the tongues it is to supersede put together, it might have at least a chance of becoming a universal language.

THE Toronto and Lorne Park Summer Resort Company have undertaken a very promising enterprise. A summer residence within accessible distance of Toronto is a thing to be wished for by all engaged in business or otherwise in the city; and for their own sakes they should do their best to promote the realization. Montreal is now surrounded with such places, where men can go every day and sleep in pure air: ten years ago only a few took advantage of this healthful and inexpensive means of change, but now thousands do so. And Lorne Park being accessible by water as well as rail, an extra attraction is offered to ladies and children for residence there in the hot weather.