

WITH the emancipation of women—whatever that may mean—one of the burning questions of the hour, it is suggestive that Mr. Gilbert has chosen that fashionable eccentricity as the protoplasm from which to evolve his latest topsy-turvy structure, "The Princess Ida." With stinging sarcasm he enlarges upon Tennyson's oft-quoted—

Prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,  
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.

In the second act there is a tableau of girl-graduates at the feet of Lady Psyche, who expounds the classics, and thus describes the lord of creation—

Man will swear, and man will storm,  
Man is not at all good form;  
Man is of no kind of use,  
Man's a donkey—man's a goose;  
Man is coarse, and man is plain—  
Man is more or less insane;  
Man's a ribald—man's a rake—  
Man is Nature's sole mistake.

ONE who had frequent occasion to hire vehicles in almost every civilized country has described "Cabby"—*cocher, gondolier*, what you will—as a "necessary evil." The necessity for the fraternity will hardly be disputed, and the discussion of its moral status may safely be left to *The Hackney Carriage Guardian*, a journal recently started in London to advocate the rights and declaim the wrongs of "that familiar figure who guides the wobbling hansom or perches on the box of the dawdling four-wheeler." Probably no other calling numbers in its ranks so heterogeneous a body of men as cab-driving does. The average Cockney Jehu delights to level his profession upwards by claiming noblemen for "mates." Many of us have had personal experience of this amiable weakness, and have been indebted to some enthusiastic knight of the whip for personal acquaintance with fellow-workers who could trace an unbroken descent from the Norman invasion. The reason such men drift into the calling of hack-driving in London is not far to seek. A large proportion of those who fall from affluence formerly kept horses for riding or driving purposes. Such unfortunate wights, having descended step by step the social scale until the patience of friends is exhausted and pride is gone, either turn rooks and blacklegs, at the imperious bidding of want, or adopt the only "trade" they know—driving—and are fain to do for bread that which they were wont to do for pleasure.

Not long ago there died in a Kentish work-house a baronet who, forty years before, was one of the best whips who ever tooled a four-in-hand from the White Horse Cellars. He was not rich, but was universally loved for his merry and devil-may-care style. Five years ago the ere-while envy of young bloods about town was seen in a Strand gin-shop taking "two-pennorth" with a "fare" whom he had driven in a hansom that was standing at the door. Some acquaintances, more hospitable than thoughtful, plied the aristocratic "cabby" with liquor until he became loquacious, forgot his "team" outside, related how he drove the Brighton coach, with the Duke of—on the box seat, in a blinding snow storm, "in so-and-so's year," and gave repeated assurances that he was "Sir —, Baronet," adding, "there's no better blood in the House of Lords this minute than runs in my veins." Enquiries proved his assertions to be correct in every particular.

THERE are unmistakable signs of the revival of boxing on this continent and in England. Scarcely a town or city of any magnitude but has its gymnasium, and most of these have their boxing classes. It is natural for such a form of athletic exercise to be popular among Anglo-Saxons, acting, as it does, as a kind of safety-valve to pugnacious instincts. Apart from this, boxing is valuable as developing self-command, caution, watchfulness, calculation, not to say almost every muscle in the human body. For these and other reasons "the noble art of self-defence" is deservedly popular. But there is danger that under cover of so-called "glove contests" fighting for money or prizes will regain more or less of its former popularity, and debase by its attendant brutalities. It is possible, in a fight with "hard gloves," to inflict almost as much punishment as with the naked fists. A recent "glove fight" in the Albert Hall, Toronto, was nothing less than a prize-fight for the "gate-money." From the published reports it appears that the contestants fought fourteen rounds, and the features of one at least were scarcely recognizable when the sponge was thrown up. Of course this was expected by the crowd that witnessed the fight. They knew—and all sensible men know also—that professional boxers do not fight for love, and they went to see these men fight for the receipts at the doors. Modern boxing bears very small resemblance to that of fifty years ago. "Sparring" with the gloves was only a means to an end; now it is both the end and the means. The test of a good man is not how many blows he gets in. The quality of the blow should determine its value, and a straight left-hander from the shoulder given without a return may fairly count twice as much as one delivered in a bungling way. A man who

stands his ground and stops or eludes each attack is obviously entitled to more credit than one who is all over the ring. If the hits are equal, the prize ought to be awarded to the man who does the most work in attacking. But perhaps the point which a good judge most carefully observes, and a bad one most disregards, is that science which is known as "timing." A blow which meets a man as he comes forward has usually more effect than two which strike him as he is standing quite still, or four which overtake him as he is drawing back. Now the art of timing depends partly upon so delivering the blow that it meets an advancing foe, though it also has to do with the quickness of sight which perceives when an enemy is uncovered for a fraction of a second. It is obvious that these matters ought to be regarded by a judge in arriving at his decision.

Enough has been said to show how much more there is to be noted in judging these matches than the uninitiated suppose. The same reasons which make the office of judge so arduous make it also necessary to the making of a good boxer that he should have had long and careful practice with a variety of opponents. It is for these reasons that boxing never has been and never can be so nearly reduced to the condition of an exact science as fencing or single-stick.

THE politeness of the French nobleman who recently shot himself in the Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo was worthy of Beau Nash himself. It will be remembered that just before he "retired" the late Count sent some twenty bouquets to as many ladies of the *grand* and *demi-monde* with compliments and regrets that unavoidable circumstances prevented him from further continuing their charming acquaintance. It is related that the late Lord Hertford—the "Lord Steine" of Thackeray—when dying in the presence of a noble friend and an apothecary, said to the one, "good-bye, Tom," bowed gravely to the other, and then gracefully expired. Of another nobleman whose politeness remained at command when the dews of dissolution were upon him, the story is told that, in response to the importunities of a leech who brought a draught which he said would certainly cure, the dying man replied, "I'm sure it will, if it comes from your hands," swallowed the potion, and died.

"THE pity of it, oh! the pity of it!" that girls who are to be wives and mothers should be allowed to grow up with so little idea of domestic matters generally! is the lament of a lady who writes upon domestic economy for children. Without the slightest idea of being cynical, the observant writer points out that the pulse of the average paterfamilias is largely affected by his dinner, and after reminding us that the Queen has set an excellent example in the way of teaching her children cooking, she says:

When girls are sent away to school, it is not easy to train them well in domestic affairs; but much may be done before their school days begin; it is but bad policy to leave it until they are ended. The keeping up of accomplishments, and the round of social duties and pleasures, make the taking up such a study as the art of cookery almost impossible except in a dilatory manner, the worst of all ways in which to take up anything. Besides this, though an added experience may be brought to bear on the subject, there is not the same zest for it as will be shown in the early days, when the more sticky and messy the productions, the higher the state of enjoyment. A girl of eighteen or twenty will enjoy putting on a love of a bibbed apron and dainty white sleeves, will go to the kitchen and mix a little fine pastry daintily, her hands when once she has mastered the art, being infinitely fitter for this than the cook's; but she will not, with any degree of willingness, trim, skewer, and prepare a piece of meat for roasting or boiling; nor will she care to baste or watch the same. The smell of the meat will seem objectionable, the fire scorching, and, probably because of the unpleasantnesses, she will give up the whole thing in disgust. If, however, she had made acquaintance with these same when a good healthy girl of ten, her added years would but show her how daintily to cook a good dinner, and still keep herself in the perfect freshness of ladyhood for the drawing-room.

THE ostrich-like conduct of Lord Salisbury and many other English peers, in refusing to see or hear any danger to the House of Lords and pooh-poohing suggestions for its reform, is not shared by all members of that august assembly. A paper by Lord Dunraven in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century* has attracted considerable attention in England. In it the writer admits the existing peerage is too numerous, and would distinguish between a peerage as a distinction and reward for merit and a peerage as conferring of necessity the right to legislate. His Lordship, moreover, goes a great deal beyond this by proposing that the Upper House should be elected for a term, say, of nine years, but, in order to make the change continuous though gradual, should be divided into three classes, each class going out in rotation. Lord Dunraven is not to be understood as wedded to the idea of having the House of Lords elected by the whole body of Peers only. On the contrary, he sees clearly many disadvantages which would arise from such a scheme, and proposes alternative plans by which, in his opinion, the balance of parties in the House might be made to fairly correspond with that of parties in the country. The most significant thing about the whole article is the admission which runs throughout that the reform of the Upper Chamber is a clear matter both of necessity and expediency.