

The Book of Unthackerayed Snobs.

NO. 4. THE STRONG-MINDED FEMALE.

Of all the daughters of EVE, the strong-minded female is the least feminine. To understand this fair phenomenon aright, we must remember that she is always at a white heat of enthusiasm, and is as impotent to control herself as are those gushing, simpering, fragile creatures who work slippers for unmarried curates, sigh tearfully over religious heterodoxy, and take Ritualistic divines into their inmost confidence. A hobby of some sort is as necessary to the she-radical as is fresh air to an invalid, and she stands up for her whims and crotchets with as much dogmatism, ill-will, envy, hatred and malice as the professional politician for his party, assailing rival crotcheteers on platform and in magazine with all the energy and spite of which the strong-minded amazon is capable. As a general thing strong-minded women have been bereft by beneficent nature of personal attractions. So far, however, from this being a drawback it is a positive advantage, for it enables them to devote more of their time and energy to a furtherance of their respective hobbies, untrammelled by the attentions of admiring men. If these females cannot pride themselves upon their beauty, they can at any rate draw public attention to their intellect, which is best achieved by being quaint and eccentric, and having the reputation of being *bizarre*.

It not unfrequently happens that the she-radical is also the she-infidel. In this particular department of thought and opinion she has no doubts about anything. Education is her panacea for the annihilation of the Deity, and if we only give our boys and girls enough of it, letting them have plenty of physical science and history, they will speedily arrive at that high state of intellectual enlightenment, where morality can be left to take care of itself. These particular specimens of the strong-minded female are death on superstition. Everything must be capable of proof, and to ask one of them to believe what may be incapable of demonstration, is to set their backs up and draw down upon one's self their most unmitigated contempt. Beliefs, creeds, sentiments, are the indication of a weak mind, and the she-radical will have none of them. Environments, destinies, evolutions and the permanent self are more to her liking and about them she loves to babble, delighting in her own intellectual superiority. The spirit of progress is upon her and she moves with the times. With the enthusiasm of her class she frequents the society of long-haired men, and of short-haired women, like herself, and is never better pleased than when crusading against revelation.

So enthusiastic are the women of strong mind that, even when they remain orthodox, they delight in organizing everything to which they turn their minds to a prodigiously fine point. Whether it be charity or religion, art or science, visiting the sick or relieving the poor, the occupation is taken up more as a hobby than as a duty, and becomes elaborated until a society is formed. There are some ladies who organize themselves into essay societies, a sort of mutual admiration clique, in which the one speaks enthusiastically and critically of the other; others fill their parlours with enthusiasts for woman's rights, and there are still others devote their energies to visiting the poor, temperance work, educational systems and religious theories. Their appetites for sensational activity are enormous, and for the fascination of publicity they will put up with a considerable amount of inconvenience. It does not always happen that these tender creature agrees amongst themselves. Beneath a tranquil exterior they often cherish feelings of spiteful hate towards each other and towards the members of rival organizations. The respective advocates of sprinkling or total immersion, as applied to baptism, cherish mutual hate

as deep as that existing between rival beauties, and exchange sarcasm and invective as full of animosity as a thunder cloud is full of electricity. For a time matters may go on harmoniously, but sooner or later differences occur, and the fight waxes exceedingly fierce and bitter.

It is almost unnecessary to add that in her own household the strong-minded female reigns supreme. Should she be married and have olive branches, her husband, for the sake of peace and quietness, humbly kisses the rod and lets her have her own way, and her children develop into prigs and pedants, precocious beyond their years and full of ideas unsuited to their age. Woe to the hired girl who falls into the clutches of one of these amazons. Order and method are the rule of the establishment, and a chair out of place, a disarranged cover, or a speck of dirt, is enough to draw from the censorious mistress a piece of her mind, which, to those who have once heard it, is dose enough for a life time. Should the married amazon be orthodox, Sunday, in her establishment, is a day to be dreaded. Her children are stuffed with catechism and the chief end of man until their heads ache, whilst over the whole place she succeeds in throwing an air of stiff and cold asceticism, which is as much like genuine Christianity as the cosmogony of DANWYN is like that of MOSES. If our friend is heterodox, she devotes her Sunday evenings to attending Radical lectures, often holding forth herself, and preparing subjects relating more particularly to the social condition of women. Like the *Saturday Review*, she is always hypercritical, and never better pleased than when engaged in argument. To her own house she invites women like herself, who, with the combative, argumentative love which characterizes all infidels, and nearly all social reformers, air their respective ideas with energy. In the matter of dress, these she-radicals are as *bizarre* as they are in matters intellectual. In reality they belong to another world, and are strangely out of place in this.

Jones Waxen Warm.

JONES doesn't altogether like the *Bystander*. Its philosophic tone, its cool assumption of superior wisdom and insight, makes JONES hot. Since he read the July number, he makes it warm for those he meets by remarks such as these: "Continental policy! Fiddlesticks! Commercial union! Rubbish! What does anybody care to whom he sells or from whom he buys, so long as he needs the article he purchases and finds it cheap and useful. When he sells he doesn't expect to find his customers bigger fools than himself. If he thought they were, he'd take care to sell for cash, whatever continent they came from. N.P.s and Commercial Unions must limit credit and create distrust. They are both, or either of them, red flags that warn common honesty of danger."

"Given, a revolving *Globe* and a stationary Senate, is it any wonder that the former has rolled past and lost sight of the other? Aged members in 'dotage and despair,' is a fine thought. The despair is quite in order. It is the dotage of the Senate—it's uselessness—which the people lament."

"The effects of the National Policy"—plain as a pikestaff forsooth—dire depression, and, outside of the *Bystander* various other alliterative "d's" not fit for ears polite.

"Progress and poverty."—stuff and nonsense! Anybody knows that the one necessarily neutralizes the other. Progress is only real when it lessens poverty. There is room for progress yet—room and to spare.

"Is life worth living? Hardly—without a fan and ice cream for the fair sex; and, for the sterner half of mankind, a good balance at one's banker's, assuring temporary freedom from financial worry."

"JONATHAN EDWARDS and MANSIE," true men I daresay, but don't care about them. Ought to

have known better than try to tie men down to their creed by their superior talents. Might have used them more wisely in aiding liberty of thought and kindness of life. Wouldn't have been famous then probably, but then they would never have grown infamous as the ages ran away past them."

And so JONES goes on, till people flee at the sight of him, and thus rescue their buttons and button holes from his feverish clutch.

The Affecting History of Daniel Pryce.

My tale is of a learned lad, so wise and oh, so clever. I scarcely think I ever met a wiser—"hardly ever." But stay! I quite unconsciously have quoted *Pindore*. Which is, to say the least of it, a nuisance and a bore.

Well: even in his cradle he rebuked his smiling ma. For using doubtful grammar, and remarked to his papa, "Be careful, sir, in future to say *cars* instead of *keers*. Your language is disgraceful and unsuited to your years."

Of course from what I've told you, you can readily surmise

A future of distinction awaited DANIEL PRYCE. And when he left his college at the early age of ten. In learning he could discount all the very wisest men.

In Japanese and Swedish he could eloquently speak. He used to think in Turkish, and often too in Greek. His only relaxation was in studying the stars. (For he was the discoverer of the well-known planet Mars.)

His father had a sewing maid, the tidiest ever seen. Her name was rather uncouth—*Olcmarargine*: DANIEL called her "*Buttercup*," but here am I once more. Referring to that nuisance I commented on before.

Now, love, as I have often heard, needs neither bolts nor locks.

At men as wise as SOLOMON the little rascal mocks, So DANIEL fell a victim and a willing one. I ween. To the glances of the sewing maiden—*Olcmarargine*.

No tongue could tell the awful yell which his dejected pa Emitted when he heard the news from DANIEL's fond mamma:

In fact proverbial thunder among proverbial eels Was nothing to the hideousness of DANIEL's father's squeals.

His "sisters, cousins and his aunts" all wept in noisy plaint:

His wealthy uncle fell into an apoplectic faint: His washerwoman wallowed in an epileptic fit: And I felt grieved and hurt myself, to say the least of it.

But that is neither here nor there, for DANIEL stopped his car.

And did not care a copper for that baptism of tears: (To take a horse up to a well is easier than you think. But, ah, it's quite another thing to force the brute to drink.)

So DANIEL didn't care a bit. He said he'd made a vow To marry little BUTTERCUP in spite of all their row. "Whenever he was old enough" (for he was only ten, And his income quite inadequate for matrimony then.)

His wooing was peculiar—the fact I will admit. Science and mathematics formed the greater part of it: Astronomy and logic both lent their timely aid. To DANIEL's funny wooing of the tidy serving-maid.

He argued with himself one day, "This girl can hardly spell,

She's shady in her grammar and slangy, too, as well. But when she is my better half she'll wiser be than me, And that's good logic! DANIEL, boy, as far as I can see."

His wedding morn at last arrived, a bright and sunny day. A brave assemblage filled the church, all dressed in colors gay.

The blushing bride stood waiting there before the altar rail, Arrayed in snowy dimity and an antimacassar veil.

"But where on earth's the bridegroom?" the wedding guests enquired, (And rampant curiosity the female portion fired)— "This really is outrageous, to play such horrid tricks. And leave the whole assemblage in such an awkward fix."

They searched for and they found him. But ah, the truth is sad,

That very day poor DANIEL P. had gone stark, staring mad,

They found him in his night-gown, (in a great big four-post bed,) Nursing a doll maternally and standing on his head.

But that is neither here nor there, so upon this reflect. All silly stories that rolling go no verdant moss collect. A living dog is better than a lien lying dead. And half a loaf, (at any time,) is better than no bread. B.

For a GOOD SMOKE
USE MYRTLE NAVY.
See T. & B. on each plug.

If you want GOOD CLOTHING go to
FAWCETT'S 287 YONGE ST.
First-Class workmanship and GOOD FIT guaranteed.