

NEWFANGLE AND ITS OPINIONS.

BY A NON-RESIDENT OF THE SAME.

'A WOMAN of Newfangle,' if indeed it be a *woman*, of which I have grave doubts, is evidently afraid lest the girls of that prosperous township should *en masse* forsake cheese and butter-making for Greek and Latin grammar. So she comes forward to throw, if possible, a *douche* of cold water on the too ambitious aspirations of her sex after a more thorough education and wider choice of work. Of course, she has a perfect right to do this, an' she please. But it is hardly fair to mix up inextricably, in one lump, all shades of opinion regarding an important movement, in order to throw upon the whole question the odium attaching to the foolish and extreme opinions of some of its most indiscreet supporters. If the cause of Negro Emancipation had had to be judged by the utterances of some of its early friends, it would have been easy to set it down as a silly and fanatical movement, bearing its condemnation on its face. Because some female speaker, with more zeal than discretion, had the misfortune to say, possibly under a momentary excitement, that men were the 'lower and coarser half of humanity,' the movement for the higher education of women is stigmatised at once! But hold! it seems to me that I have heard something like this before, and not from female lips. Does not Robert Burns say somewhere,—

' Dame Nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes O,
Her prentice han' shey tried on man,
And then she made the lasses O! '

Out upon Robert Burns for such sentiments! But if I am not mis-

taken, this is by no means the only masculine utterance to the same purport which might easily be cited. Why not mete out to men the same measure as to women, when they so slander 'the more worthy gender?' And, by the way, *à propos* of Scotch poets, I beg to commend to a 'Woman of Newfangle' a Scotch poem of much older date than 'movements' for higher education, in which a ploughman, who thinks his wife's work the easier, proposes to change occupations for one day, an experiment which ends in the stout *gude wife's* triumphant return from a good day's ploughing, to find a husband utterly discomfited by a squalling baby, and a kettle that will not boil. And this also, by the way, is, I think, written by a male, not a female poet.

There are some curious conclusions to which the arguments of a 'Woman of Newfangle' would lead us, logically carried out. One of these is that the physical labour of the world is almost all that is worth counting. It is only the strong-limbed hewers of wood and tillers of the soil who 'make' a new country, and it is they, accordingly, who should guide its destinies. Intellectual and moral influence seem to tell for little here, or I am sure that the stout farmers of Newfangle would admit that, to the quick wits and—dare I say it?—finer tastes of their wives, much of the prosperity and beauty of Newfangle is certainly due. At this rate, it is our stalwart navvies who are our truest workers and rightful legislators, and the value of the 'world's work' is to be measured by its bulk in material production.

This being the case, it is no wonder