

prevailed. Nor must we forget poor Florence Nightingale, and the long, tedious term she served in the battle-field. Could the Hospitals of the North and the South speak, how many noble tales they could tell of suffering and deprivation which women have endured in attending to the sick, the wounded, and the dying. Step quietly into any of our charitable institutions, and behold our women unostentatiously looking after the poor, the blind, the halt, the orphan and the widow. How many philanthropic undertakings are present on foot that do not owe their origin to female fore-thought? Not many, we venture to say. While cold, mercenary man goes about the streets, with pockets tightly buttoned up, our women are to be found engaged in allaying suffering, and supplying the wants of the needy. How many soup kitchens, or Orphan Homes, or Bazaars would there be, if left for the men to get them up, or until our merchants, and bankers, and traders, *thought* they could spare time to devote to that purpose? Not very many, we opine. Now, why, we ask, should the sex, which so largely contributes to the moral, and social, and benevolent machinery of the community, (as all we have written fully demonstrates) not receive attention in the matter of education equal to that bestowed upon the opposite sex? There is no good reason, in our opinion, why it should not. It will be a dishonour to Toronto if the present movement does not succeed. Don't let those who have the matter in hand allow it to be killed off by "preliminary expenses," as is so often the case in this city. No petty interests must be permitted into the School Board when the question arises for final settlement; let the idea be adopted in a handsome manner. We see no room for any discussion on the principle at least; the details can be settled afterwards. Our City Council will require to give a little money, of course, but that they can easily do. Better will it be to rid our city buildings of some of the useless pensioners about it, than for us to have it to say that the money could not be raised for the splendid object of creating the means for female education in our midst. This movement should lead to laying the foundation of an institution of which, in a few years, Toronto would be proud. What right have the boys of our country to monopolize the University, Trinity College, and U. C. College, while our girls have to depend upon chance Seminaries for their learning and good breeding? No right whatever. We know of no movement which should be more universally taken up and carried out as this one; and we hope our big Daily brethren will take up the cause in right earnest, and hammer away until the proposed Female Colleges have roved a reality.

#### Not up in the Latin.

We were highly edified at the deep learning displayed by a "fair creature" at the convocation of the University on Wednesday last. A young "gallant" has just been dubbed a B. A. "What is that?" said an old lady who sat beside her. "Oh! that's *Bachelarum Artibus*," replied Miss. "I see! I see!" said the old lady, "I understand precisely!"

#### A Superintendent of Government Roads.

It is rumoured, on very good authority, that the notorious Mr. James Cotton is about to be appointed Superintendent of all the Government Roads, the York, the Dundas and the Hamilton and Port Dover. We trust the Ministry will consider this matter well before they finally settle it. We will not, just now, discuss the propriety of appointing a Superintendent *at all*; but we beg most respectfully to ask what is there about this everlasting Mr. Cotton that he should stand so prominent in court circles and be the recipient of some of the best favours which the Government have to bestow? It is well-known that he was the wire-puller in all the Footie jobs and that, previous to their date, he was famous for a good deal of very nasty Dredging operations. We wonder that the Conservatives have such a man hanging about them—going around professing to spit out the views and requirements of the party. To us, and to many respectable people, Mr. Cotton is most offensive, and we say it is a disgrace to the Province to think that our Government should be labouring under such a horrid state of prostitution, so bound to such a contemptible creature, when compelled to give him a lucrative appointment such as the one to which we refer. In fact, they are actually going to create an office for this man. It is high time that Mr. Cotton took off his coat and earned his bread and butter like any other common member of the community. So far as ability goes, he could earn, if he worked hard, about one dollar a day at any mechanical kind of employment. Why such men become claimants for Government patronage, we cannot tell. We contend that the Government have no right to saddle Mr. James Cotton upon the public purse. It is no wonder, indeed, that the yeomanry of the Province cry out against Governments who squander their money in stall-feeding "hangers" on of this kind. Facts, known facts, will justify us in speaking out in very plain terms regarding Mr. James Cotton; there could be a great deal said against him in more respects than one, and that, too, with very little to counterbalance it. We hardly know what to think or say of a Government that will unblushingly create offices for men of Mr. Cotton's calibre. It is an outrage upon the people that men absolutely distasteful to the community in which they exist—bores to the party to which they freeze themselves—should be permitted to participate in a civil service which ought to be pure, and untainted by the presence of no officials whose names will not stand the severest scrutiny. The proposed appointment of Mr. Cotton should not, under any circumstances, be made, to any office.

#### Chusan.

"I'd choose to be a baby," is the very ill chosen title of a song we see advertised. If the writer had considered the matter at all ripely, he would have remembered that nature has denied to the infant the power of mastication, not being able to *chew*, it is very unlikely to *choose* anything.

#### "Shall I not take mine ease in mine Inn?" —Falstaff

John de Coursier, an Innkeeper of Etobicoke, complains that a man of the name of James. Cooly came to his house on the 31st of May, and leaving a horse and buggy, *cooly* left on the Thursday. John is apprehensive there is something wrong, as the cool James has not been heard of since. He says, he is certainly in the receipt of a horse and buggy; but as the vehicle and nag may be claimed by the true owner at any time, he would rather be in the receipt of his bill.

#### All Aboard.

We see that "Lodging with partial board may be had at Adelaide St." A more foolish and injudicious notice, we never remember to have seen. To be partial in doling out the viands which grace your table, is about the surest way to create dissension, an injudicious housekeeper could have chosen. Fancy vegetables, the commercial man, profoundly attached to asparagus, and dotingly fond of mint-sauce; eyeing young Ripper, the medical student, as Ripper receives from a partial hostess, three-fourths of the asparagus and a bath of mint sauce. Look at old Bloater's face at breakfast time, no he sees young Periwinkles, (Hyson and Peatwinkles,) receive, with an unblushing countenance, all the thickest part of the Finnan haddock? Old Bloater, too, who swears the only fish worth eating are Sardines and Haddocks. 178 Adelaide Street, be warned, and amend your notice.

#### Retro, Sathanus!

"A black velvet lady's bolt lost." So an advertisement was worded in the *Leader*. We profess, as the Puritans used to say, we should like to see a black velvet lady. Wilkie Collins has immortalized the "Woman in white;" a French author, more clerical than moral, "The man with the red pair of breeches;" and some English novel writer "The Gentleman in black." But a black velvet lady, and with a belt too? Surely it cannot be some sable Dinah with a skin like black satinette? If so, "get thee behind me Satan."

#### The Two Spiritualists

An obliging friend has enlightened us as to the silence of our city members in Parliament. We have long been at a loss for a satisfactory explanation, but think he has hit the mark. He says "they are waiting for the Spirit to move."

#### Matrimony.

An "alliance for better or for worse" took place lately between parties in Toronto, where the bridegroom was "just sweet twenty," and the bride a "gushing young thing" of a widow about 39 with two or three little responsibilities into the bargain. Truly said the poet:—

There never was a goose so gray,  
But some-time soon or late,  
A silly gander came that way,  
And took her for his mate.