

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Your correspondent "M." is in error when he suggests that the interesting passage quoted in DIOGENES of July 16th, from *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ* refers to the *camera lucida*. It is, clearly, a description of a somewhat primitive *camera obscura*. The *camera lucida* is a much more modern contrivance, invented by Dr. Wollaston. It is a small pocket instrument, often used by artists. It does not work by lenses, but the reflecting medium is a small triangular prism. It requires no dark chamber, or tent, and is not used by photographers. A. B.

QUERY 1. July 16th.—"A. B.," after quoting a stanza from a Scotch ballad, remarks: "The word *guffaw* has to me anything, but a Scotch sound." DIOGENES, on the contrary, thinks the word *guffaw* has nothing but a Scotch sound. It is used by Scott in the *Antiquary*, and is, in fact, familiar to all Lowland Scotchmen. Jamieson, in his Scottish Dictionary, says that *guffaw* is the preferable orthography. The word is probably derived from the German *gaffen*—to gape—and the Scotch have also the word "to gawf" or "to gafi," meaning to "laugh violently." Robin a' Ree, in the ballad quoted by "A. B." must indeed have been a villain to *guffaw*, or laugh violently, at the misery of the heroine.

In the first number of "*The Argosy*," December 1865, there is an amusing paper entitled "*The Natural History of Scotchmen*," which, "with equal fairness, brevity, and modesty," attempts a classification of Scotchmen. One of the "representative men" is described as follows: "The *Guffawing Scot* is the man whose life is one long laugh. Only the most conceited of Cockneys can venture to maintain, that the Scotch have no wit and humor. They have abundance of both. But the enjoyment of laughter is, with the Scotch generally, and with the *Guffawing Scot* in particular, a thing apart from humor and wit. The Scotch are better laughers than the English, and the *Guffawing Scot* is the best laugher in the world. There is talk in these days of Homeric,—truly colossal—laughter; but Homeric laughter is transcended by the *Guffawing Scot*." —Ed.

A TRUCULENT CHIEF MAGISTRATE.

DIOGENES have seen a proclamation of the Mayor of Cobourg,—one of our most noted seats of learning,—setting forth that the *owners* of all dogs, which shall be found running at large within the limits, *without being securely muzzled* shall be conviction, be mulct in such penalties as the law may allow. The Cynic is informed that several weak-minded individuals, either through fear of muzzling, or regard for muslin—he does not know which—at once made for the sea-side, where they intend to remain until the return of the cold season, when *rabies* is less likely to be in the ascendant. In the meantime the Chief Constable, who is represented as a cautious, as well as decent sort of Coon, has refrained from making any arrests, though, it is hard to say what he may not be impelled to do between this, and the 1st of October. It is to be devoutly hoped that stern duty may not force him to prosecute the Mayor for not obeying his own orders. By last accounts, His Worship was going about without the precautionary appendage.

INFORMATION GRATIS.

The way to make money, is to economize. To economize, be careful to make a little *go a long way*. This is very simple. Take, for example, half a dime; put it into an envelope, and send it to Australia, (postage unpaid,) and your end is accomplished!

"AMUSEMENTS."

"The Gregories" after having performed at a *Matinée* on Saturday afternoon "to the very *élite* of the city," (vide puff in a Monday daily,) appeared on SUNDAY at Guilbault's, where they were more at home. The Cynic thinks it a pity they were not originally engaged by Mr. Guilbault, instead of by the management of the Theatre Royal. Guilbault's is the classic ground for tumblers, trained poodles, ponies and legs, masculine and feminine. On Sunday the gardens were crowded,—mostly by the French population,—and DIOGENES is glad to hear that the greatest order and decorum prevailed.

On Monday, Hartz came out out the Mechanics' Hall as a professor of *diablerie*. It is just two years since he appeared on the same boards, and went through all the stock tricks of professional conjurers from Frikel and Houdin, to Anderson,—exacting tribute from all the greenhorns in town and country. This time in spite of a new basket trick "locally-itemized" to an extent hitherto unknown, Hartz has not been quite so successful. DIOGENES is glad to note that simpletons are decreasing in numbers,—but the millennium is yet a long way off.

On Monday the management of the Theatre Royal—"which perfectly understands how to cater for the Montreal world,"—produced the "Clodoche Troupe." The house was tolerably well filled with people who had, apparently, made up their minds to be astonished, but who were doomed to be egregiously disappointed. The Clodoche Troupe may be very funny, but the audience failed "to see it." There was a total absence of genuine pantomime,—the so-called witticisms were akin to inanity, and as far as regards the acrobatic feat of throwing a summersault while dancing a quadrille, better things are done by the strolling gymnasts of cheap circuses. Two French *dansesuses* appeared in a *divertissement*, and obtained some applause, but whether it was elicited by the lightness of their dancing, or the paucity of their attire, it is difficult to tell. The farce was the only passable performance of the evening, and that secured applause through the singing and dancing of Mr. Davenport who evidently understands his business. The green curtain dropped at a quarter to ten o'clock to the astonishment of the audience, who, up to that hour had been patiently waiting for the "novelties" promised them. No novelties came—everybody retired disappointed, and the management gave another proof, that it does *not* "understand how to cater for the necessities of the Montreal (theatrical) world," even though credited with the knowledge, "by those who are experienced in theatrical matters."

CANDOUR AND INFERENCE.

We generally look for something exceptional in post-prandial orations;—strange omissions, stranger admissions, awkward truths protruding their unexpected heads,—slips, paradoxes, bulls, no-meanings, and too-much meanings. The great Hincks dinner at Ottawa did not disappoint us. And first, and foremost among our entertainers, stands our dear old friend, frank Joe Howe. Joseph was called on to return thanks for the "Legislature of Canada," and he did it. In the course of his remarks he observed, "he did not believe that 180 men could be found in all Canada more honest, or *more hungry*, than the present Commons of Canada." The words in italics, strange to say, have not been reported in any Canadian journal.

We can pluck another leaf from Joseph's wreath. He passed by our august Senate, and its still more august President without a word of notice, actually and abruptly turning to the singularly-curious subject of *lumber*.