

## FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.



OW rejoice all ye dwellers in Beaver Hall and be glad ye swells of St. Catherine Street, for the immortal *Jenkins* has taken up his abode among us! No longer shall your kettle drums, your musical *soirees*, or your tea fights be unrecorded, save in the columns of the scoffing *Star*. Now

shall the elaborate toilet of Mrs. City Councillor Wiggins be fitly recorded and full justice be done to the fascinations of Mrs. Captain de Boots.

"Jenkins" gives as a gentle intimation of his presence in the columns of a morning contemporary, wherein he records the arrival of Prince Alfred. There, he tells us, with some simplicity, that Lord Alexander Russell *first entered* the sacred precincts of the car containing His Royal Highness. He does not, as an inferior artist would do, weaken the effect by dilating upon the trembling awe with which the gallant nobleman approached the royal presence. He knows there are some achievements which, in their majestic daring, are beyond the power of language, however flowery, to exalt.

Then he recounts how the Prince stepped upon the platform, and "enjoyed a few minutes conversation with his admirers," after which he entered his carriage and drove off to the residence of the Hon. John Rose, where he was entertained at dinner. Although there can be no doubt that "Jenkins" was present at that entertainment he does not give us any particulars thereanent, and the Cynic can only express a hope that His Royal Highness *enjoyed* his dinner, at least as much as the conversation of his admirers, and that he derived even more benefit therefrom.

Seriously, DIOGENES would suggest to the chroniclers of the movements of H. R. H. that this absurd style of writing can only tend to excite the derision of our republican neighbours, and can be neither agreeable to the Prince nor to those who sincerely respect him.

## VERY FUNNY!

The press and the public have all along been under the impression that the Government would not venture to foist Sir Francis Hicks upon them in the face of their almost unanimously-expressed disapproval of the job. Sir Francis, on the other hand, seems to be equally certain that he will be welcomed with joy and gladness. It is curious to contrast Sir Francis's credulity and the public's incredulity.

The Cynic suggests a new spelling of the noun, which in future should be Hinckscredulity.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

A correspondent enquires why this department of DIOGENES has been recently discontinued? The Cynic assures him that its temporary absence has been only owing to unavoidable changes in his literary staff. This column, which was originally introduced simply as an experiment, has turned out, as far as it has gone, extremely successful. It is the only one of its kind in the Dominion, and should be the medium of interchange of thought among literary men. He has good means of knowing that the institution of this little portion of

the paper has given, so far, great satisfaction to those for whom it was intended. He would take, however, this opportunity of saying that it never was designed to be exclusively *literary*. Questions on art and science, or, indeed, on any subject not absolutely frivolous, will always be welcome.

During this interval, the following Queries have been lying in the Cynic's Tub:—

Query.—Can any of your correspondents furnish me with the real origin of the word "Canada?" I have seen many, but am still unsatisfied.—"J. D.," Waterloo.

Query.—A friend informs me that the English word "News" was originally derived from the letters of the cardinal points of the compass—N. E. W. S., from which all news comes. Is this correct?—"J. M.," Montreal.

Query.—In Tennyson's "Morte d'Arthur," and again in "The Idylls of the King," we find—"Clothed in white *Samite*, mystic, wonderful!" What is *Samite*?

Query.—What is the origin of the word *bull*, in the sense of an Irish Bull?—A. B.

## WHAT I WOULD I WERE.

## RABIES NO. 8.

I would I were a bird  
Of song and plumage rare,—  
A songster from some distant land,  
Some climate bright and fair:

But then I would not be a bird,  
And on queer diet feed;  
For little birds you always find  
Quite early "run to seed!"

Then, would I were a horse.—  
A steed of famous breed;  
A courser great, of high renown,  
Unequaled as to speed.

I guess I wouldn't be a horse,  
I cannot see the fun  
Of doing what's your "level best,"  
Then find your "race is run."

Well, p'raps I'd be a pig,  
And try *that* for a while,  
And eat and drink, and sleep all day,—  
In short, just live in *style*:

But then, pigs are such dirty things,  
Of husks they never tire;  
Besides, they wallow in the *mud*—  
An act I don't *admire*.

Well, perhaps, I'd better be a sheep,—  
At least, I'll think it over;  
For, unlike men, when "gone to grass,"  
*They* always "live in clover!"

## PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE!

A portion of our mercantile community is exercised concerning the alleged misconduct of a certain Anglo-Canadian Firm towards a brother merchant.

Without committing himself to an opinion on the merits of the case, DIOGENES would simply remark that it is unreasonable to expect a CROOK to be straight-forward.