

good friends the Cabmen.—the law is an abomination, —and its supporters are a pack of senseless—”

“ ——— !” cried John.

“ ——— !” added DIOGENES—who is now quite refreshed, while the *Witness*, delighted at the pious method of giving vent to a virtuous anger in a style of emphasis not quite according to *Cocker*, is preparing an Editorial of great pungency against the *True*—with half an expletive at the end of it, just to give it a flavour.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

Answer to Query No. 1, Vol. II., No. 20.

Derivation of the word “CANADA.”

Mr. Thomas Hodgins, of Toronto, gives the following derivations:—One, taken from an ancient Castilian tradition, of an early visit of the Spaniards, (before the French,) who, perceiving no appearance of mines or riches, exclaimed, in the hearing of the natives, *Acá Nada*, “here is nothing,” and this being repeated by them to other European visitors, was supposed to be the name of the country. Father Hennepin gives another, confirming this early visit of the Spaniards—that, finding nothing to gratify their desire for gold, they called the country, *El Capo di Nada*, “Cape-Nothing.” These, however, as well as the speculation of its being named after M. Cane, a French nobleman, are unreliable. The more generally received derivation, which is supported by the analogy of other names, is, either that given by Charleroi, from the Iroquois, *Kanata*, “a collection of huts,” or, by other writers, from two Indian words, *Kan* or *Can*, “a mouth,” and *Ada*, “a country,” signifying “the mouth of the country,” originally applied, perhaps, to the River St. Lawrence, and mistaken for the name of what is now one of the greatest colonial possessions of the Empire, the Province (now Dominion) of Canada.

The name “Canada” is plainly the Spanish *Canada* (pronounced *Canyadah*), a common word in topography, applied by earliest discoverers. See article, by T. S. B., in *Montreal Gazette*, in the time of Abraham—not the Abraham of earliest record, but the Editor of that name, more than twenty years ago. ANONYMOUS.

In Mr. Parkman's “*Pioneers of France in the New World*” is the following note:—“The derivation of the name of Canada has been a point of discussion. It is without doubt not Spanish, but Indian. In the vocabulary of the language of Hochelaga, appended to the journal of Cartier's second voyage, Canada is set down as the word for a town or village. ‘*Ils apellent une ville, Canada.*’ It bears the same meaning in the Mohawk tongue. Both languages are dialects of the Iroquois. Lescarbot affirms that Canada is simply an Indian proper name, of which it is vain to seek a meaning. Belleforest also calls it an Indian word, but translates it ‘*terre*,’ as does also Thevet.”—ED. DIO.

Answer to Query No. 2, Vol. II., No. 20.

N. E. W. S.

Yes. When newspapers (or sheets) were in their infancy, they had a + at head of page, with the letters (as above) of the cardinal points of the compass, intimating that their information came from every direction, or from all quarters of the globe. * * *

The following is a doggerel epigram from a book called “*Wit's Recreations*,” published in 1640:

“When *News* doth come, if any would discuss
The letter of the word, resolve it thus:
News is conveyed by letter, word or mouth,
And comes from North, East, West, or South.”

At the time when this was written, newspapers were coming into vogue, though the earliest English one, “*The English*

Mercurie,” was printed in 1588, at the time of the Spanish Armada, and was not a regular periodical. The idea of the above epigram is, however, much older than newspapers. It occurs in *Piers Plowman*, but I have not the book at hand to quote.

Should we not rather look upon this idea as a mere fanciful conceit than as the etymology of the word? The word *news* seems to come so obviously from *new*, just as we derive *goods* from *good*, or *odds* from *odd*, as a Frenchman calls news *les nouvelles*, or a German *der neueste*, or the newest thing.—ED. DIO.

Answer to Query No. 3, Vol. II., No. 20.

I find the word “*Samite*” in Spenser, and my *Bailey's Dictionary* gives the definition as “*Satin*.”—H. M.

Webster's Dictionary says: *Sa'mite*-n-(old Fr.)—“A piece of silk stuff.” (Chaucer.) (*obs.*) * * *

In Chaucer the word *Samette* occurs. This comes from the old French word *Samet*, silk. *Samite* is used by Spenser in the same sense. Our Poet Laureate seems to have been guilty of a slight anachronism. Silk, though well-known to the ancients, could hardly have reached Britain in the legendary days of King Arthur and the Round Table.—ED. DIO.

Some unusually interesting communications and replies to this department are unavoidably postponed.

“WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING.”

“The future of Canada!” This spectral enigma looms up largely just now. It makes every one think who has a thought in him. There are hundreds of prophets to predict us a destiny, and thousands of pilots to steer the somewhat cranky bark, each to his own pet harbour. “Independence” and “Annexation” have both their several apostles. Monarchy and Republicanism have their forces arrayed for combat. But DIOGENES looks—and rather contemptuously—on all these manifestations, and fearlessly avows that he regards them as the offspring of the same feeling that induced the gentleman to walk down stairs because he knew if he didn't that he would be thrown out of the window. The *CYNIC* cannot disguise from himself the fact that our mother England is heartily tired of us, nor avoid thinking it is with very good reason. He fears we have been naughty and ungrateful children; that we have regarded the old mother only for what we could get out of her; and have shown her neither favour nor affection. He thinks we have acted, ever, pitifully to our brothers, and have never regarded the family connection in any other than an extremely selfish light—rejecting even reciprocity in our intercourse and relations. It has been all for ourselves,—nothing for those who protected our infancy, who defended, and still defend our youth, and for whose strong arms we squeal most piteously whenever danger threatens or shadows scare; and what is more, we never squeal in vain. An instance or two of how we act in small things will indicate how we do, or would do, if we could. No Englishman, Irishman, or Scotchman, living at home, can hold a patent in Canada. No lawyer or doctor, with British qualifications, can practice in the Dominion! We actually have the good taste to exact as high,—in some instances even higher,—duties on British manufactures than on those of other countries, but we never hesitate to go there when we want money, surety, or aid; and, indeed, we go nowhere else, and have nowhere else to go. It is all take, and no return. This won't do. If we desire to retain the English connection, we must, at least, act squarely. Gratitude, probably, will be dispensed with.

A decidedly Carnivorous Animal—Van Amburgh's Lion.