

NOTES AND QUERIES.

ANSWER TO QUERY 1, VOL. III., No. 1.—In the original chronicle on which that of Geoffrey of Monmouth was founded, Leicester is called "Caer Llyr, or, in another language, Leir Cestyr." By Nennius it is called "Caer Lleirou."

This prefix, which is undoubtedly Cymric, and which is found in "Carnarvon," "Carlisle," "Carmarthen," &c., is probably akin to the Gaelic "carrag" and "carragh," and to the Erse "carrick,"—a rock, a fortress, and, ultimately, a town or city.

If we believe Caesar, the Ancient Britons used a good eye in selecting places for defence. The Romans, therefore, had no reason to quarrel with the sites of their forts or towns. So the Roman cities of Britain were built on British foundations.

This known, it is not difficult to account for the change of name. As the British towns, which fell into the hands of the Romans, must have been, with few exceptions, in the vicinity of a Roman camp, they were marked by their new masters with the terminational badge of conquest.

"Cester" is, I believe, neither Celtic nor Saxon. It is one of the comparatively few linguistic traces of the Roman domination in Britain, though, no doubt, it was received by the Britons into their vocabulary. But even if it were purely Celtic, the fact would not, in the present case, be of much benefit to us, as many Celtic and Latin words are derived from a common root. "Fear," for instance, and "vir" (man); "leabhar" and "liber" (book); "innis" and "insula" (island); "heigne" and "ignis" (fire) are plainly akin. And these are only a few out of thousands.

I can think of no better answer to the query about Shakspeare's spelling of Gloucester than the one "A. B." has given, that "it was a phonetic" corruption common in his time, and afterwards abandoned.

J. R.

QUERY.

Sir Massey Lopes, M.P. for South Devon, in addressing the Agricultural Society at the annual dinner said, among other things, that "Agriculturists were too much like their own sheep,—they seemed to like being shorn and fleeced." The farmers present are not reported to have entered any protest on their own behalf against this left-handed compliment, and, therefore, we may conclude that the Devon yeomen like the treatment referred to, but as for the sheep, was it the fish-wife who said eels liked skinning who told Sir Massey that sheep liked losing their tweed suits?

WHY NOT?

The Middlesex rate-payers, alarmed at the prospect of being obliged to raise £130,000 for a new jail, have held a meeting to remonstrate, and propose that their extra prisoners should be sent abroad, or to country jails which are not so well filled. The prisoners do not object to country quarters;—a change of air and scene will quite suit their tastes.

DIOGENES thinks the cheaper plan would be to reduce the police force, and only make arrests as vacancies occur, or, when punishment is really intended, send their prisoners to the workhouse.

CONS.

Why is the *humerus* always humorous?

Because it contains the *funny-bone*.

Why is colouring matter one of the greatest anomalies in nature?

Because it dyes (dies) before it fades.

What perfume resembles a stormy night?

Some "night blowing Cereus," (serious.)

CURRENT SHIPPING NEWS.—The little ship "Constitution" has just sailed for England, with a crew of five men and two dogs. We suppose he is what may be called *barb-rigged*!

TRUSTING IN PROVIDENCE.

The Bishop of St. Davids said the other day, when speaking of disestablishment, that the future of the Irish Church was, under Providence, in her own hands.

A child fell into a horse trough, and by the timely exertions of a milkmaid, was saved from a watery grave. "If it had not been for Providence," said the mother, "my child must have been drowned." "Yes," said a bystander, who, like the Bishop, did not wish to ignore human help, "your child would have been drowned, had it not been, as you say, for Providence and that other woman."

The Bishops and Clergy of the Church in Ireland will, we honestly believe, trust much in Providence; but it must be a great comfort to them to see how liberally the laity are furnishing funds to support the cause. They, too, DIOGENES thinks, are trusting a good deal to "that other woman."

A NICE LITTLE SINECURE.

The Rev Samuel Dendy has been appointed to the rectory of Pensthorpe, near Fakenham, vacant by the death of the Rev. H. Dugmore. The living is described by the *Clergy List* as being worth only £50 a year with twelve inhabitants and no church.—*Full Mill Gazette*, Oct., 1869.

A great deal of the *odium theologorum* has been called forth by the appointment of Dr. Temple to the See of Exeter; but except the foregoing short notice, no interest whatever is expressed as to the principles of the Rev. Samuel Dendy. He cannot be either High, Low, or Broad church, seeing that there is no church at all; in fact he must be a man of no principle, and consequently ought not to have a cure of even twelve souls. But of the twelve inhabitants, we may presume half only to be adults; of the remainder, half are probably Dissenters; for the curate, three will be a congregation, not even a "few,—that is, eight souls." £50 a year is not much, but it is still something for a man of easy conscience, and not ambitious of hard work.

Dean Swift's congregation, it is said, once consisted of himself and the beadle; so he commenced the service by reading, "Dearly beloved John, the Scripture moveth you and me," &c. The people of Pensthorpe, DIOGENES thinks, ought to dine with the Rector, and sing, "When shall we three meet again."

The marvel, however, is, how death or anything else could make such a small place vacant. One cannot empty a quart pot with the bottom out;—*ad nihil nihil fit*. Then, where did they find a Rector small enough to fill this imperceptible vacancy? This must be the parish of the "old wife who lived in her shoe," but before she had the children whose numbers "worry'd" her so that "she did not know what to do." Jolly Mr. Dendy! We have at last found the only happy man. £50 a year, twelve inhabitants,—no church,—nothing to do,—*contentus parvo*. Perhaps, however, he has "a view of the distant sea."

A CUNNING PADISHAH.

The Sultan did not entertain the Empress Eugenie at the opening of the Suez Canal. Her visit to him in Constantinople had eaten him nearly out of house and home; and the *Caleb Faldstone's* of his household say it would be cheaper to burn a palace or two than to receive another infidel Empress. The duty of hospitality thus devolved upon the Pasha of Egypt, who has, in this manner, been severely fined for his late presumption in assuming regal airs. In Ireland they quarter a regiment of soldiers upon a troublesome district; the Turk sends the Empress of the French to live at free quarters on his recalcitrant vassal, and DIOGENES thinks he has taken the better plan. How the descendant of the Prophet will laugh in his sleeve when he hears of the Pasha's "littic bill!"

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

—A correspondent, dating from Beauport, writes to ask whether the root of Father Hyacinthe's theology partakes of a *bulbous* character? The unfortunate is, evidently, gone past redemption. Dr. Landry ought to see that he is carefully watched day and night.

"H. M. K."—Thanks;—but hardly suitable.

"THE HISTORY OF A LOAFER."—The continuation is unavoidably held over till next week.

* * It is not true that the American ladies, who took charge of the refreshment tables at the Bazaar, in addition to a *hot lunch* provided *cold rag*. The whole was conducted on strict temperance principles.