

SOME NECESSARILY-GRAVE REMARKS.

DIOGENES is always happy, when it lies in his power, to set anybody right, who is undoubtedly in the wrong. The correction of error is an act of kindness, when the error is demonstrated in a courteous manner. The Philosopher has studied with interest some philological articles that have appeared from time to time in the pages of the *Canada Scotsman*; and he agrees with the editor in saying, that the writer, in treating his subject, evinces a power of analysis, a clearness of thought, and a closeness of reasoning, which make his conclusions, if not always convincing, very suggestive. At the same time, DIOGENES is persuaded that the author of the papers referred to has occasionally been betrayed into error by the very force of his enthusiasm. Here is an instance. In the *Canada Scotsman* of Feb. 20th, there is a short essay "On the Article as it appears in different languages." In part of this essay the writer says: "Traces of *an*, we imagine, may be found in the composition of what are usually considered simple words in the French, Latin, &c. The French phrase *encore* is preserved in Gaelic as *an cor*, and means "more," or literally "the more." So again may the Latin *angulus* be resolved into *an*, "the,"—and "cul," the Gaelic word for "corner."

Now, the Cynic is as certain as mortal man can be, that both these assertions are wholly incorrect. *Encore*, in French, was originally an adverb of time only, meaning *as yet, hitherto*. Thus, *J'attends encore* is equivalent to *J'attends jusqu'à cette heure-ci*, which in Latin would literally be *ad hanc horam*. The Italian word corresponding is *ancora*, and the derivation of *encore* is beyond all doubt from *hanc horam*. With the after-meanings of *encore, still, more, again*, the philological student may compare the different uses of the Latin adverb *adhuc*.

As regards the word *angulus*,—it is a formation from the root *ang* or *anc*, in which we always find the notion of *bending* or *squeezing*. Not to mention many Greek words (for which at present DIOGENES has no type) he instances such terms as *angustus*, narrow; *ancora*, an anchor; *anguis*, a snake; *ango*, I choke or strangle, and probably *uncus*, a hook.

For the benefit of the very few who will take the trouble to read these lines, the Cynic will quote the wise words of Max Muller, the eminent philologist—words, which he also respectfully commends to the careful consideration of C. M. R. "Sound etymology has nothing to do with sound." "A derivation, even though it be true, is of no real value if it cannot be proved." "Etymology is a science in which identity, or even similarity, whether of sound or meaning is of no importance whatever." "We know words to be of the same origin which have not a single letter in common, and which differ in meaning as much as black and white. Mere guesses, however plausible, are discarded from the province of scientific etymology."

It is on this principle that DIOGENES unhesitatingly rejects C. M. R.'s derivations, "however plausible," of *encore* and *angulus*. They are mere guesses, which cannot be proved.

BRAVERY AND BROOMS.

(From our Ottawa Correspondent.)

If it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, it is certainly a very black snow that does not fall white for somebody. The unusual accumulations have proved a god-send for the late Civil Service Brigade. Those gallant youths, hating idleness, and scorning inglorious ease, have organized divisions of pioneers, and may be seen, early and late, in every direction,—shovel and besom in hand,—clearing the obstructed streets of "the Capital" they love so well.

N. B. No objection would be raised against sending a strong draft to Montreal.

TO DRESS, OR NOT TO DRESS: THAT IS THE QUESTION.

DIOGENES has a few words to say on a somewhat delicate subject, and will say them as delicately as he can. The petticoats of ballet-dancers, both in Paris and in London, have of late years been reduced to something hardly worth mentioning. They have become "short by degrees and beautifully less," until in 1869, the evening costume of some *danseuses* is almost identical with the costume of Eve.

The Queen's Lord Chamberlain has accordingly sent a circular to the managers of all the London Theatres, informing them that they must take steps to reform the present impropriety of female costume in *ballets*, *burlesques* and *pantomimes*.

Many actresses will, in consequence, be compelled to alter their dresses. But as these so-called dresses are already cut down within a few inches of the waist, it will not be easy for the ladies to adopt Paddy's policy with respect to his blanket, and "to take a piece off from the top and sew it on to the bottom." Many of them, under the circumstances, will seek *re-dress* from the managers, as by the action of the Lord Chamberlain they will be prevented from earning what is literally a *bare* livelihood. DIOGENES has often heard of a man's being under petticoat government; but in this case, petticoat government seems to be vested in a man. The Lord Chamberlain appears to think that only married women should be actresses. If not, why does he insist that every ballet-girl should be a *femme-covert*?

THIEVES, BEWARE!

DIOGENES is and ever will be grateful for appreciation and recognition. His mission is to cheer and enlighten even unto the remotest and darkest corners of the Dominion. Let who will borrow the flashes of his wit,—the scintillations of his wisdom; the more, the merrier they and he will be. But let them not imitate the *Leadonton Beetle*, a drear-eyed delinquent, that steals and makes no mark, leaving its two score readers amazed and blinded by the occasional coruscations that light up its cloudy columns, and wondering how the devil they got there. The mighty breast of the Cynic is the home of the affections, and is enwrapped in the charities, but he cannot see this unmoved—who could? To the unrepentant and the incorrigible his revenge shall be dealt out, but with a gentle and a loving hand; the offence shall be treated, *sui generis*, and the offenders arraigned under the statute, *Lex Talionis*. Prigs! hear his philosophic word and tremble! If the crime is repeated, he vows to quote from the criminal, and *acknowledge* it too, and that pretty plainly and freely. The *Leadonton Beetles* will scarcely like to take a flight out of their own drowsy droning courses.

"BY TELEGRAPH."

You will be pleased to hear that "Our Correspondent" is all right again. There never was much the matter with him. He rose from his humiliation unbleeding, unblackened, uninjured, unshamed, and ran to Mrs. Sykes, who was much afflicted, and had three mornings' sick leave. She vowed that she felt quite "all-overish." She declares that Goodwin shall be called Badwin, and fears he can never with any prefix, *win* back her regard. Ascertain by what standard they measure *physique* in Toronto. Six inches up in stature and thirty years more in age, do not everywhere make a man the better man, and not here, universally, for Mrs. Sykes says she will *bet her* all in any future fight on her pet and partner. Look out Goodwin! Mrs. Sykes straddling the *Globe*, makes up a very heavy-weight!