

Notes and Queries.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)
A TRIP IN THE "ORIOLE."

(Concluded.)

GRANDE GRÈVE.

"Toy" IN SHAKESPEARE.—The following reply to a friend of mine who asked my opinion on the passage in "Hamlet,"

"Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss,"

may be acceptable to students of Shakespeare:—
In all my editions of Shakespeare (8 in number,) the text in each, is "toy seems prologue" &c. There is not a word of comment upon the phrase by any of the editors—not even by Collier, who has given more emendations than any other. Upon reflection, you will, I think, find the word explicit enough if you carefully study the context. She, Ophelia, evidently wants to deliver some message, or in other words, is anxious to have some converse with the Queen. The Queen, knowing her own guilt, conscience-stricken with her "sick soul," "heart-sick," "sick at heart," is afraid that Ophelia may say something or other in her "unshaped speech" that may compromise the Queen; therefore any tale or toy of her utterance may be feared as a prologue to some great amiss—an introduction to, or forerunner of some great evil—it may be the divulging of the Queen's guilt, to which Hamlet, in a scene or two previously alludes, and which makes her exclaim:

"O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct."

Now Shakespeare uses the word *toy* in the sense of tale. Vide "Midsummer Night's Dream," Act V, Sc. 1.

I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys or tales.

Again *toy* is sometimes used in the sense of Joy, but the Queen could hardly say, "In my wicked sorrowful condition, each recreation, or pastime, or sport, or joy, seems but a prologue to some other grief or 'great amiss.'"

If you refer to a good etymological dictionary you will find *toy* is from the Hebrew *Tob*, which signifieth to be in a good humour; to be cheerful, joyful.

Toy may be construed into wantonness, lasciviousness—amorous dalliance. In Macbeth we find

There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead, &c.

Now here *toys* is used as an antithesis to serious. There's nothing serious in men's natures, they are all become frivolous and wanton; they care not for honour and renown, nor will they to "greatness dedicate themselves," hence when they fall "into the sea, the yellow leaf," they must not expect "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."
Milton in Book IX., Paradise Lost, line 1304, uses *toy* in the sense of *amorous dalliance*.

"So said he, and forbear not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well understood
Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbrow'd
He led her nothing loath: flowers were the couch,
Pansies, and violets, and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest softest lap.
There they their fill of love and love's disport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
Oppress'd them, wearied with their amorous play."

Again in Othello, Act 1, Sc. 3, we find:

"When light-winged toys
Of feather'd Cupid seal with wanton dullness
My speculative and officed instruments,
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm
And all indign and base adversities
Make head against my estimation!"

As much as to say—when I allow the sensuousness of love, or "love's disport," to make me forget my duty to the senate in the war which I am about to undertake "against the Ottomites," I'll change my general's baton for a woman's distaff.
Toy may mean a whim, a freak, a trick, or thought.
In Hamlet, Act 1, Sc. 3, Laertes says to Ophelia:—

"For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute;
No more."

Again, in the same play, Act 1, Sc. 4:—where Horatio tries to persuade Hamlet from following the Ghost on the platform, before the Castle of Elsinore;

"The very place puts toys of desperation
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath."

Toy may mean pleasure, amusement. In Love's Labour Lost, Act IV, Sc. 3, we have,

To see great Hercules whipping a gig
And profound Solomon tuning a jig;
And Nestor play at push-pin with boys,
And critic Timon laughing at idle toys.

Now *idle* may mean shallow, or foolish, or unseemingly, or worthless, or rank or gross, for we find in Shakespeare the terms *idle head*, *idle talk*, *idle merriment*, *idle pleasures*, *idle weeds* are fast, *idle weeds* that grow in our sustaining corn, *idle brains*. Therefore, the critical, cynical and misanthropical Timon may be said to laugh at gross and foolish pleasures, worthless amusements. *Toy* may also mean a bauble:

In Taming of the Shrew, Act IV, Sc. 3, Petruchio alluding to the cap brought home for Katherine, says:

"Why, 'tis a cockle, on a walnut shell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;"

and in the same play, Act V, the last scene, he says,

Katherine, that cap or yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

I have, perhaps, written enough to show you in what different senses Shakespeare employs the word *toy*. He never omits enough to give you some clue to the meaning of the passage each *toy* seems prologue to some great amiss; if not "cudgel thy face with beating," but exercise your mind on the following in Cymbeline, Act IV, Sc. 2:

"Lamenting toys
Is jollity for apes."

THOS. D. KING.

It is now high time that we left this valley of seclusion and dropt sermonizing. Half an hour's sharp walking brought us in sight of Grande Grève, with the appearance of which we were much struck, and a few minutes more brought us to the beach, where we called at the residence of the worthy mayor, Mr. William Hyman, who was unfortunately from home. In his absence we were courteously received by the representative of the firm of William Fruing & Co., of Jersey, who kindly gave us any information we required. The next morning, Tuesday, boats were placed at our disposal, or rather at the disposal of those "Orioles" who felt inclined to "go a-fishing." At break of day eight of them started, and after about four hours' toiling, which were not spent fruitlessly, even though they did not succeed in hooking a multitude of fishes, yet they obtained abundantly more than were required for the yacht's consumption. The superfluous was sold for about one half cent per pound in part payment for the hire of the boats, so that codfish is cheap at Grande Grève; it is a pity, we thought, that there's not some means of getting a plentiful supply on a Friday in Montreal or Toronto; even without oysters, fine fresh cod is not bad fasting—better than frogs, *fricassée de grenouilles*, which Sterne somewhere says is very good fish for a Good Friday.

GASPÉ BASIN.

In the afternoon we weighed anchor and arrived at Gaspé Basin about 6 p.m., firing our gun as we entered the inner harbour, the report of which brought a number of people upon the wharf, who, probably from our rig, rakish look, and the blue ensign of the T. E. Y. C. flying at the main, took us for a government cutter. The first to welcome us was the harbour master, Mr. Jos. Eden; we then went to the Custom House and paid our respects to the collector, Mr. Belleau, by whom we were cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained, and whose genial society, heightened as it was by that of Madame and Mdlles. Belleau, made us forget that the shades of evening were closing darkly around us. Adieu! good night; it was like tearing ourselves from felicity. A long sigh, then to the yacht again—to sleep, perchance to dream. There being no night-watch, and everything quiet, we all slept soundly, and found when we woke the sun many degrees above the horizon and shining brightly. After breakfast the majority went lobster fishing—ignoble sport compared with angling with a fly for trout in the Bergeronne or for salmon in the Marguerite. It could hardly be said to be as exciting as snigling for eels, because the lobsters are very abundant, and can be distinctly seen among the sea-weed at the bottom of the basin, the water being exceedingly clear; so that it is merely drawing these crustaceous shell-fish out with a small boat-hook. The only thing that commended the sport was its novelty. Others went for a drive along the road skirting the banks of the river that empties itself into the basin. The river scenery is very beautiful, and the farms to the right of the road are well cultivated, and the cottages have small gardens in their fronts, delighting the eye, thus forming a striking contrast to the farms and cottages between Fox River and Cape Rosier. By the time we returned to the yacht we were honoured with the company of a large party which the commodore had invited to luncheon; the steward and purser were found equal to the occasion. The merry twinkling eyes of the ladies demanded something more sparkling than limpid water, and their vivacity something more palatable than ordinary ship's fare; we had an impromptu symposium. In the evening we accepted the kind invitation of the Harbour Master, and went to his house before sunset in order to enjoy the surpassingly beautiful view of the basin which presents itself from the verandah. As the stars made their appearance, troupes of the fair belles of Gaspé,—some with a blue tenderness of the eye, long fair hair, rosy cheeks, blooming with health—began to arrive, until eventually the house was filled. Then came music, song, and the dance, which were not ended until the iron tongue of midnight had told twelve. One of the charms of the entertainment was its informality; there was no preëminent genius, each vied with the other to make the night joyous. The town of Gaspé may be recommended for three things: the picturesqueness of its scenery, the hospitality of its people, and the beauty of its demoiselles, qualities which will ever be impressed upon the "Orioles." One thing is, however, requisite to render this delightful harbour nearly perfect, and that is a good, commodious, comfortable and well-conducted hotel. The present one is poor in accommodation, and has none of the attractions or necessities requisite for a watering-place or a summer resort for those seeking health of mind and body, or to recruit worn thoughts and wearied spirits, or to throw off the long coil of busy care. With a good hotel, there is no more desirable spot on the lower St. Lawrence than Gaspé Basin; it may be called the paradise of the Gulf.

STARTING FOR HOME.

We bade adieu to it on Thursday morning with a tolerably stiff breeze, but upon rounding the bay we found a head-wind; it was blowing very hard, and accompanied with a heavy sea, so that we had to put back to Little Gaspé, a small protestant district about a mile from Grande Grève, where we anchored, and were soon joined by three schooners who had put in for shelter, one of them containing a valuable cargo of the mysteries of the deep, and having on board a party of savants, chiefest among whom was Mr. Whiteaves, the well-known curator of the Montreal Natural History Society, a keen naturalist who is not content with picking up the wonders of the shore, but is actively engaged in the deep-sea dredging of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. At this little anchorage we remained wind-bound until Saturday. During the night of Friday we had a thunder storm, the reverberation of the thunder claps from the neighbouring mountains being something awfully grand. While wind-bound we were not spell-bound, the wonders of the shore being nothing but pebbles, with here and there dislocations of the limestone rocks, with dykes and with veins of calcareous spar, and lead. Close to our anchorage were what appeared to us some unproductive lead quarries, also a diminutive trout stream, which afforded the fishermen of our party a few hours' amusement. The trout were not much larger than smelts, but they were of good

flavour and in sufficiency to make a good addition to our lunch. Others went raspberry picking, and thus provided us, with the aid of some cream obtained from a cottager, an after-dinner dessert. We added nothing to our collection of fauna, flora, fuci, or algae; there was not much fertility on the shores of our little water-world—

Here were no coral bowers,
And grots of madrepores,
And banks of sponge, as soft and fair to eye
As e'er was mossy bed,
Whereon the wood-nymphs lie
With languid limbs in summer's sultry hours.

We were getting languid with two days comparative inaction, and were rejoiced to weigh anchor again on Saturday morning. Unfortunately there was scarcely any wind, and by the time we got again off Cape Rosier the wind had died away and there was a calm accompanied by a long rolling sea which made the night very uncomfortable.

OUR SECOND SUNDAY.

Sunday morning still calm. At 11 a.m. we had the morning service, the simplicity of which was enjoyable. We had no surplised choirs; "no," as Ruskin calls it, "dramatic Christianity of the organ and aisle, no chanting hymns through traceried windows for back-ground effect and articulating the 'Dio' through variation on variation of mimicked prayer;" but, we trust we had our hearts and minds in accord with the beautiful liturgy of the Church of England, when we said, "The Lord's name be praised," "And His mercy is on them that fear Him throughout all generations."

During the afternoon, to relieve the monotony of the calm, many whales came up to look at us, monstrous fellows, "out of whose nostrils goeth smoke as out of a seething pot or caldron." They were not, like trout, to be drawn out with a hook, and we certainly felt no inclination "to play with them as birds," of which we saw but few, and these, for the most part, sea-gulls and sea-swallows, occasionally a few wild duck, and loons or northern divers (*colymbis glacialis*); the latter seem to have a sort of diving-bell apparatus enabling them to get a supply of air at great depths, and to remain under water for a considerable time. At 3 p.m. a gentle breeze and fair wind sprung up, and away went the "Oriole," "walking the waters like a thing of life;" the waves bounded beneath us as a stud that knows his rider, our course being for west point of Anticosti. The sun shone brightly, there was an intensely blue sky, with patches of light fleecy clouds (cirrus) in the zenith; we had, all of us, the sunshine of cheerfulness and hope in our hearts, which lightened the little clouds of disappointment we experienced from all the head-winds and calms on our voyage. The sunset was magnificent, gilding the whole western sky with rich alchemy. With the setting sun came also a calm, and looking northerly, the direction of our course, we were reminded of Byron's description of the ocean in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage:

Boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dead, fathomless, alone.

Anon came out the stars of Orionis, Ursa Majoris, Canis Minoris, Bootis, and the Pleiades, that have watched since first the world had birth; the twilight melted away as they appeared garnishing the heavens. Anon the brightness of the stars melted away with the brilliancy of the aurora, looking like a long silver drapery floating in the atmosphere, folding and reopening in a thousand ways.

CALM AND FOG.

Early morning we found ourselves becalmed off Anticosti, nearly abreast of Ellis Bay, and in company with one of the Lake clipper ships, bound inwards, trading between Liverpool and Montreal, but about a mile astern of her. The wind was very light, and we did not part company with her until night, when it came on to rain and afterwards sprung up a dense fog, making the night-watch wretchedly disagreeable. Our classic friend to whom we alluded in the opening of our narrative would probably in imagination have been Thetis (Iliad, Book iv. p. 359) rising out of the sea to console Achilles, and, like the Argonauts, would have, had he been on board, prayed to Apollo for some guiding light to have taken us past the Manicouagan shoals, near to which we were fast approaching. The fog was as thick as the dark cloud which Jupiter threw over the valley of Tempé to conceal his amour with Jo. Had we been fortunate enough to have had a copy of Ossian, the poet who is most conversant with mists, we might have whiled away the time more preciously than we did listening to the screeching fog horns answering one another, "piercing the night's dull ear," and only relieved by the screams of the fog whistle at the Manicouagan light-house. About half-past one p.m. the next day the fog cleared or lifted, and brought us a strong head-wind which soon enabled us to weather the "lake ship," and a schooner with whom we had been in close company all the night. When nearing Father Point we had some curious effects of mirage, bringing the coast line apparently nearer and giving us images of the sails of vessels which were below the horizon, and these images very much distorted. These constant atmospheric changes and phenomena were to the writer highly interesting, and helped to make up one of the greatest charms of the voyage. They enchain the attention of many of our company, and those who had an intelligence capable of their deep appreciation will doubtless in future feel a greater interest in the science of meteorology than they hitherto have done. All yachtsmen as well as sailors are, or ought to be, interested in that science, which enables the scientist to prognosticate coming storms. Many on board the "Oriole" contemplated, with no child-like feelings, the sublime scenery of the sky, with its ever-changing clouds, its glorious sun-rises and sun-sets, its thunders and lightnings, its auroral displays, its rainbows, with which the great architect has clothed the orb of heaven. They may have thought with Crashaw, one of the good old seventeenth century poets—

The self-remembering soul sweetly recovers
Her spirit with the stars; not basely hovers
Below—but meditates th' immortal way,
Home to the source of light and day.

At night-fall we passed Rimouski with a fair wind, and the "Oriole" saucily passed every vessel during the night and held on her way until we passed the Grand Bergeronne, a good trout stream well known to all the frequenters of the Saguenay. By this time the sun had risen, "gilding the top of the hills with gold" and w. his rising he brought a dead calm; the