

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

The Christmas preparations have begun. It is only necessary to take a very brief stroll abroad to assure oneself of this. St. Andrew's Feast, with its attendant balls and banquetings, has passed, and we have fairly entered upon the sober decorous season which gives us time to make ready for the festivities of the closing year. I have always taken it as a very kind and considerate thing on the part of Holy Mother Church or whoever it was mapped out the calendar to give us these four weeks of Advent to brace ourselves up for Christmas joviality and its fell consequences. I am very much in doubt whether the originators of the season had exactly this end in view, but I am grateful all the same. This is the season of expectation too. Boys and girls at school are looking forward gleefully to speedy release from their books, while matrifamilias ruefully contemplate the season of unrest and confusion their presence will bring. Clorinda, who is a little *passée*, wonders whether she will get off at last; Sacharissa vows that she will bring faint-hearted young Moneybags to proposing point, and pretty douce little Aimée, whose first season it is, is in a constant flutter of anticipation and delight that pleasantly contrasts with the well-bred self-possession of her more mature sisters. And papa? Papa is in his study, busied with his expectations. They are of a less rosy tint. Over-due notes, tradesmen's bills, Christmas boxes, and empty purses are the sum and substance of his dreams.

If in the spring-time the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, with the approach of winter the reflections of the staid householder veer somewhat heavily and unwillingly in the direction of debts. Settling day is at hand and it behoves him to come down with his shekels or suffer the consequences of defalcation. Of the two—love or debt—I declare I hardly know which is the more perplexing. On reflection I admit that the former betrays the most alarming symptoms, while the latter is dangerous chiefly in its results. I have known a young man grow fat over his debts, though they were no small matter and he was harassed by a tribe of duns who for dogged persistence and diabolical ingenuity of invention never had their equal. Yet the same youth thinned down to a mere skeleton under the consuming influence of a little love affair that ended in smoke after all. His worst and most vindictive creditors never troubled my young prodigal's easy temper and digestion, though all the engines of the law were set at work against him. He was sued, garnished, capiased, and what not?—what do I know of such matters?—but he only laughed and began again. The youth was a mystery to me; I found myself respecting, almost revering him as more than mere mortal clay. Until one day my idol broke. He met his fate, as he called her, though of course she did not turn out to be indispensable to his existence after all; and from that day he began to wilt. His goodly proportions vanished, his comeliness departed from him, and in three weeks he was a mere spectre. No, madam, you need not shake your ambrosial locks at me. I am not telling you my own experiences. With young prodigal's case before me I am afraid I must rule, at the risk of offending all the dear good ready-money people, that love, so long as it lasts, is more trying than debt. Imagine, sir, the immense wear and tear on the average youth's brain during that arduous period when his main business in life is the composition of sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow. Did you ever see a young man so deeply intent on the problem of reconciling his assets and liabilities as upon that of finding a better rhyme for Flora than "adore her"? Oh, the weary nights he spends, after the day's pretence at work, in ruminating the changes on his beloved's name, while the dear one, all unconscious of his pangs and labours, is sleeping the slumber of the just! In this women know themselves wiser in their generation than the sons of men. You don't catch them sitting up into the wee small hours prospecting around for a rhyme for Henry, or William, or Augustus. They know better than that. Angelina, who is engaged to young Hopeful there, dismisses her lover tenderly at ten o'clock and goes off to her rest like a sensible girl, while the young man, after driving the old folks upstairs to desperation by the unconscionable length of his stay, betakes himself home to rhyme and rhapsodize until the sun peeps in at the windows. These are the facts of the case, believe me: *ex parte crede*, which my fast young friend would translate with more force than elegance, I know how it is myself. Yet if we may be permitted to peep into Angelina's *escritoire*, we shall doubtless find sundry scraps of paper, inscribed in a fine school-girl's hand with such cabalistic words as "Angelina Hopeful," "Mrs. Henry Hopeful." Just to see how it looks, my dear!

What a mournful Christmas it will be for many this year! The festive season always brings me a feeling of sadness. 'This time last year,' what a flood of recollections the words call up. How many well-known faces have betaken themselves to the unexplored shore since this time last year. How many of us look around to find ourselves well nigh alone since we last celebrated the season of peace and good-will. Here a relation is missing, there a dear friend, one of those near companions of the kind that stick closer than a brother.

'Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?'

Let us not be ashamed of our honest sorrow. If we have lost a *carum caput* it is no shame to bewail his loss. There is humanity enough left in the world, the cynics notwithstanding, to weep with them that weep and rejoice with those who do rejoice. In many homes this Christmas will bring more than its usual share of sadness. Multitudes who have hitherto been accustomed to comfort and easy living will now learn for the first time the full stern meaning of 'Hard Times.' And in how many homes will there be mourning for the lost ones just perished in the great accident of which men yet speak with moist eyes and bated breath. How the heart goes out to those poor mortals who in mid-ocean were hurried into eternity with twelve minutes to make their peace with their Maker! Twelve minutes to atone for the sins and follies of a life-time! But *genug gepredigt*. We can all, and do doubtless, feel sufficiently on such sad subjects. In the midst of our preparations for the Christmas festivities let us have a warm corner in our hearts for those whom the ocean has robbed and a well-filled end to our purses for those whom the recklessness and selfishness of their fellow-men have turned upon the cold charity of the world.

SALA-HIEL.

PEARLS OF FRENCH COOKERY.

The rarer products of French cookery, says the author of "French Home Life," are beyond the reach of the nation as a whole; daily home life knows little of them, but yet an allusion to them can scarcely be omitted in an examination of the food of France. It is, however, in their local rather than their general character that they present real interest. Everybody has dined at Philippe's and the Moulin Rouge; everybody has eaten, at least once in his life, "when he was in Paris," one curious dinner of which the memory dwells within him; when he made acquaintance with a *disque d'écrevisses* and a *saut de filets de sole à la Vénitienne*, and a *Kromieski de volaille*, and *cailles en caisse*, and a *crème à la Bourdonnais*, or half a dozen other amazing compounds with similarly unintelligible denominations. But the number of us who have eaten grilled *Royans* at Bordeaux, or crawfish out of the Fontaine de Vauluche, or *calissons* at Aix, or violets and roses at Grasse, or *foies de canard* in the Périgord, or the other peculiar products of twenty other places, is probably somewhat limited. And, more than all, how many of us have dined at the *Réservé* at Marseille, that famous restaurant on the Mediterranean shore, where the brothers Roublon have acquired immortal fame? There is but one word in English which describes the sensation of the traveller who eats there for the first time—that word is revelation. New truths seem to be imparted to you as you swallow, new objects and new theories of life seem to float around you, strange ideas come to you across the sea; and when it is all over, when with a calm-bringing cigar, your legs stretched out, you silently digest and think, with the Chateau d'If and the flickering waves before you in the moonlight, you gratefully thank Providence for having led you there. All this is the effect of garlic, which works upon you like hashish. You began your dinner with *Preyres*, shell-fish which are as good as oysters, and with them you drank the stony flavoured white wine which grows on the rocks at Cassis, half-way to Toulon. Then you took a soup called *Bourride*, a fascinating mixture of creamy-fish, thin bread, and *ailloli* a *purée* of hot garlic. Then came red mullets, *en papillote*, the woodcocks of the sea. Your mouth having become somewhat hot, you stopped to cool yourself with Rubion's *Musigny* of 1837, stimulated by a little *Poutargue* a preparation of fish eggs superior to *caviar*. Comforted and strengthened, you began again on fillets of duck, into which the essence of a hundred olives from the Crau had been injected by simultaneous stewing. One glass of *Latour* of 1854 materially helped you at this juncture. Then came a *Chateaubriand*, floating in a *remoulade* of which one-half was *ailloli* again. Here, as you will remember, you needed three more glasses of that *Latour*. Vegetables you refused, you had had enough; but you toyed a little with an unknown soft cake soaked in syrup of *Kirsch* assisted by un-iced dry champagne (*Roussillon's carte d'or*). Finally, you got to your hotel to bed, and tossed about all night in a red-hot fever. In your fitful sleep you dreamed that you were Monte Cristo; and you felt frightfully ill next morning; that was garlic again; the people of the country told you, however, that you would become accustomed to it after four or five years of patient practice. "The sea hath its pearls, the heaven hath its stars;" England has Richmond and Greenwich; France has the Pavillon Henri Quatre, at St. Germain, and the *Réservé* at Marseille. Maids-of-honor and whitebait, however, do not reach the height of the *filet Beurnaise* in Seine-et-Oise, or of the *ailloli* in the Bouches du Rhone; they are certainly the pearls and stars of lofty eating. If you doubt it, try it. The white fish on Lake Superior, the prawns that get fat on the dead negroes who are buried in the sea at Rio Janeiro, the canvasbacks in October at Baltimore, are all sweet to eat and to recollect, but they are pale indeed by the side of *ailloli*.

News of the Week.

THE DOMINION.—Mr. O. E. Beckford has been nominated as the Conservative candidate for West Toronto, in opposition to Mr. T. Moss, Government candidate. Eighteen thousand dollars worth of property was destroyed by fire at Halifax on Sunday. A Branch Home Rule Society has been formed in Toronto. The St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, has adopted the terms of union of the Scotch Church with the Presbyterian Church of Canada. Numerous applications for employment are made daily at the Ottawa lumbermen's offices, but there is no demand; those who have been engaged are receiving forty per cent. less wages than last year. Much destitution prevails in Toronto owing to lack of employment. The Hon. D. A. Macdonald, the Hon. A. J. Smith, and the Hon. Mr. Cartwright, have been re-elected for their respective constituencies, the two former by acclamation.

UNITED STATES.—The failure of the grain crop last summer produced great destitution in a portion of north-western Iowa. Ingersoll, another of the infamous Tammany Ring, has been sentenced to five years in Sing-Sing. Tweed's counsel will present a bill comprising nine objections on which to base arguments for a stay of proceedings. In the meantime, the condemned is not to be sent to Blackwell's Island.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Sir John Duke Coleridge, Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, is to be raised to the Peerage, under the title of Baron Coleridge.

GERMANY.—Gen. Manteuffel and Count von Goeben fought a duel on Saturday, to decide a quarrel which arose during the Franco-Prussian war. The Count was seriously wounded in the stomach.

SPAIN.—The "Virginius" question has been amicably settled. Spain will restore the "Virginius" and surviving prisoners, and apologize, leaving the question of indemnity to arbitration. Under a threat of bombarding Cartagena, the North German squadron last week compelled the insurgents to restore 25,000 pesetas, which had been extorted from the German residents of that city. The city is now being bombarded by the National troops. The Carlists report that typhus fever and small-pox prevail to such an extent among the Republican troops that they are unable to make any offensive movement.

CUBA.—A letter from Havana states that the people there would not permit the "Virginius" to be given up to the United States Government, or any reparation to be made for the execution of her crew, even if the order were sent from Madrid.

AFRICA.—Despatches from Cape Coast Castle report another engagement, lasting an hour, in which the natives were defeated with a loss of thirty men. The British loss was light.

JAPAN.—Advices from Japan state that on the 21st October the Mikado's Ministry, with two exceptions, sent in their resignations, which were accepted, though some have since withdrawn them. The trouble arose from a proposition to send an expedition against Corea.

Notes and Queries.

CHECKMATE.—What is the origin of the word "checkmate"? (It is a rendering of the Arabic *Es-shakh mat*: The shah (king) is dying.—Ed.)

CONY CATCHING.—In response to T. K.'s query concerning the phrase "coney-catching," I inform him that it is equivalent to the now current epithet, "thinning them out," denoting the getting hold of a youth and deluding him in every possible manner. Chas. Knight, in his vocabulary of Shakspearian expressions, loosely terms it thieving.

C. D. H.

RULE THE ROAST.—I have heard the term "ruled the roast," and while I understood its import—such as, in slang, "Cock of the Walk," "Top of the Tree," &c.—but I was not previously aware from whence the saying came until reading lately Holland's Translation of Pliny, p. 109, ed. 1600, wherein is the following passage:

"In this new state of Government, Appius was the man that bare the greatest stroke, he ruled the roast, and swayed all the rest, so highly stood he in grace and favour of the people."

K.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA PROPHESED.—A prophecy from Seneca relative to the discovery of America: "There shall come a time in later ages when Ocean shall relax his chains and a vast continent appear; and a pilot shall find new worlds, and Thule shall be no more earth's bound." See *Medea* xl, 375.

Venient annis

Sæcula seris, quibus Oceanus
Vinculorum laxet, et iugens
Patet tellus, Tiphysque novos
Delegat orbis; nec sit terris
Ultima Thule.

Thus translated by John Stedely, 1586:

Time shall in due outbreak

When ocean wave shall open every Realm,
The wandering World at will shall open lie;
And Typhus will some new found land survey,
Some travellers shall the countries farre espye,
Beyond small Thule, known furthest at this day.
SENECA. His tenne tragedies. Translated into English.

T.

"GO GET THEE TO YAGHAN."—In reply to a friend who is puzzled about the saying of the grave-digger in Hamlet, Act 3, sc. 1,—"Go get thee to Yaghan and fetch me a stoop of liquor," and who thinks it a corruption of Youghal—as indeed some actors pronounce it—I wrote: There can be but little doubt that the word Yaghan is a corruption, unless it is intended for the name of a publican whose bar or tap-room was in Shakspeare's time, even as it is now in English country towns and villages, near to the church. Or it may have been the name of a keeper of some tavern, near the old Globe Theatre, which was well known to the groundlings, or frequenters of the pit, or to the comedian playing the part, who had forgotten Hamlet's advice: "Let those who play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them." Sending a man for a drink from the burying-ground at Elsinore to Youghal would indeed "set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh though indeed in the meantime some necessary question of the play be then to be considered." A Youghal in Denmark would be an anachronism, but what of that? Hamlet swears by Saint Patrick; and converses with Guildenstern on the *Children of the Chapel of Saint Paul's*. If the second grave-digger had been despatched to Youghal, there would have been time to have buried the whole court, King, Queen, Hamlet, and Laertes, ere the first grave-digger would have got his stoop of liquor and took "his repose."

Again, the Y may have been substituted for a V—Vaughan is by no means an uncommon name; at all events there is nothing so aristocratic about it that we may not find a Thomas Vaughan keeping a village "Nag's Head" or "Castle and Bear."

The whole sentence may have been interpolated, as the second grave-digger did not come back with the liquor; and, judging from the general habits of grave-diggers and undertakers at funerals, it is more than probable that the grave-digger would have taken his stoop with him. But as the sentence, "Go get thee to Yaghan," remains in most of the editions, let us make the best we can of it. Collier's annotator has changed Yaghan to yon. In Warwickshire and some of the Midland counties yon is a very common expression. Even now, with people of the class from whom grave-diggers, masons, shipwrights, carpenters, and gallow-makers would be elected. Dost know yon? Go yond' and fetch yon thing. Whose yonder chap? you be heard daily. Therefore it would be natural for the grave-digger to say to his mate or chum, "go to yon," or "go yonder," meaning thereby to such a person or place; his mate would know from whom he generally got his stoop, or the place where the liquor was sold. The simple command, go to yon, or go yonder, would have been explicit enough.

Perhaps go get thee to yon or yond is the best solution of the difficulty. In "Twelfth Night," act 2, sc. 4, we have "go get thee to yon same sovereign cruelty; and again, in act 3, sc. 2, Maria says to Sir Toby Belch, "Yond' gull Malvollio is turned heathen, a very renegade." In "King Lear," act 4, sc. 8, we have, "See how yond' justice ralls upon yond' simple thief. Hark in thine ear, change places; and handily-dandy which is the justice? which is the thief?" In "Cymbeline," act 3, sc. 3, Belarius says: "Now for our mountain sport. Up to yon hill, your legs are young." In "As You Like It," Celia, act 2, sc. 4, says: "I pray you, one of you question yond' man," &c. In "Richard III," act 3, sc. 3, we find both King Richard and Percy using the word yond'—"Tell Bollingbroke, for yond' methinks he stands," "King Richard lies within the limits of yond' lime and stone." King John says to Hubert, act 3, sc. 3, "Throw thine eye on yond' young boy." The Friar, in "Romeo and Juliet," act 3, sc. 3, asks "What torch is yond'?" Bedford says to Talbot in "First Henry VI," act 2, sc. 1, "I'll to yon corner." Mrs. Page, in the "Merry Wives," act 4, sc. 2, says to Mrs. Ford, "Why, woman, your husband is in his old lunes again, he so takes on yonder with my husband." Cominius, in "Coriolanus," act 1, sc. 5, puts this question as Marcius is entering: "Who's yonder that does appear as if he were flay'd?"

Enough. Shakspeare uses the words yon, yond' and yonder about one hundred and forty times—see Clarke's Concordance—and he puts the words into the mouths of every grade of character from clowns to priests, gentle ladies, stern warriors, haughty barons, and proud kings. Milton uses them very seldom, not, perhaps, more than a dozen times; but the one poet was a Midland county man who spoke and wrote "Anglo Saxon," the other was a Londoner, and Cromwell's Latin secretary. Here are a few quotations from "Paradise Lost":

Seest thou yon dreary plain,	Book I, L. 180
Under yon boiling ocean,	" 2, " 183
Yon flowry arbours, yonder alleys green,	" 4, " 626
To waste and havoc yonder world,	" 10, " 817
More orient in yon western cloud,	" 11, " 205

In another place Milton has—

"First and chiefest with thee bring,

Him that yon soars on golden wing."

Should any correspondents or to readers of the column of Notes and Queries think differently to myself, I shall be glad to hear their opinions on this Yaghan question.

THOMAS D. KING.