

Lifted him with angry dash,  
Bore him on with deafning crash  
O'er the rocks that lay beneath,  
O'er the cruel jagged "Teeth,"  
Cold and lifeless then once more  
Tossed him on the cruel shore,  
Smuggler Will!

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark! do you hear, full plain and clear,  
Sounds as of grief and woe?

Fancy? You're right, yet it seems to-night  
Like fifty years ago.

Never, I ween, had the village seen  
Such a sight as there was then,  
When in his grave by the sad sea-wave  
We buried the noblest of men.

Now, sir, you know why we call the cave so,  
Though Will's fame can never grow dim;  
Yet it's just our way of showing to-day  
We haven't forgotten *him*.

G. WEATHERLY.

## THE ORIGIN OF NAMES.



It would be difficult to find a person who will not readily admit that there is one word which is to him far more interesting than any other vocal symbol—a word which, when seen in print, gives rise to more or less emotion, and to which, when uttered, a unique sensation attaches; it is, in short, the word which forms an articulate personification of himself, being associated with his hopes, participating in his honour or shame, and acting as his representative before the rest of the world

—it is his *name*. As this verbal adjunct possesses an importance for everybody, a few particulars respecting the origin of Christian names and surnames may not prove uninteresting. The black-letter scholar and the industrious etymologist may, it is readily conceded, glean a mass of further curious information from the ancient records of the past, more especially information throwing a much more powerful light on the origin, signification, and history of surnames; and we would, therefore, remark that this paper is intended as a simple sketch of a subject which is capable of yielding fresh fruit with every fresh investigation. The definition of Cicero, "*Nomen est quod unicuique personæ datur quo suo quicque proprio et certo vocabulo appellatur*," is probably familiar to most readers, as is also the Roman system of nomenclature, which is thus described:—"To distinguish individuals of the same family, the Romans—at least, the more noble of them—had commonly three names, the *prænomen*, the *nomen*, and the *cognomen*." Of these, the first distinguished the individual, being equivalent to our Christian or baptismal name. It was usual to indicate it by a single letter, such as A. for Aulus; by two, as Ap. for Appius; or by three, as Ser. for Servius. The second, the patronymicum of the Greeks, was distinctive of the *gens*, or clan, and possesses no corresponding appellative among us. The cognomen designated the *familia*, and answered precisely to our surnames. Taking, for instance, the name Publius Cornelius Scipio, we find that Publius is the *prænomen*, Cornelius the *nomen*, and Scipio the *cognomen*. The Romans addressed each other by the first of these names in familiar conversation, or when it was wished to flatter; to which practice Horace alludes in his

Satires: "*Gaudent prænominè aures auriculæ*." Occasionally a fourth name was superadded; this was called the *agnomen*, and was invariably the distinguishing badge of some renowned action, remarkable event of life, or trait of character. Scipio was also styled Africanus, obtaining that name from the conquest of Carthage; and those who distinguished themselves in the wars with the Germans assumed the name of Germanicus. Other examples may be mentioned in Titus Antoninus, who, being considered a virtuous man, was surnamed Pius; and Cincinnatus, being attached to agricultural pursuits, gained the addition of Seranus. Coming to the names of Roman women, we find that their adoption was arbitrary in the extreme. In the event of there being but one daughter in a family, she received the feminine termination of her *Gentile* name—the daughter of Marcus Tullus Cicero being Tullia; and the sister of Octavius Cæsar, Octavia. When two daughters adorned the parental hearth, the one was called Major, and the other Minor; as Cornelia Major, Cornelia Minor. Should there be more than two, they were distinguished by their number, thus—Prima, Secunda, Tertia, Quarta, &c. With regard to the Greeks, it would appear that they had no family names, if we except a few families at Sparta and Athens. The Latin surnames owed their origin to various qualities (and defects) of body or mind; as Cato from *catus*, wise; *crassus*, fat; *macer*, lean; *calvus*, bald, &c. Leaving the particular consideration of Greek and Roman names, we will now come to those of more recent times. There is but small room to doubt that all names were originally significant. Such, we find, was almost universally the case in the early periods of history, and more recently we have found it illustrated in the Indians of America. A very large proportion of the Homeric names are expressive of heroic deeds; and we have only to look in the Bible to find that the proper names of Scripture are strongly charged with meaning. We have no definite information as to the exact period at which surnames were introduced into Europe. Until about the fourteenth century they were very little used by the common people in Germany and the neighbouring nations, the baptismal name being deemed sufficient. One thing is very certain: the nobility assumed family names long before the commoners thought of such a proceeding. Surnames were not

known in France until the year 987, when the nobles commenced to assume the names of their estates. Most authorities agree that surnames made their appearance in England shortly before the Conquest; but they were certainly never firmly established or used by the lower orders until the time of Edward II. Until this reign they had changed with the father's name, thus—if the father was called Gilbert, the son's surname was Gilbertson; if William, it was William-son, and so on. After this reign statutory regulations of names were made by order of Parliament.

Much antiquarian research has been expended on the original import of particular surnames, and the precise reason of their existence; but the subject is one respecting which ignorance predominates over knowledge. In many cases the philological investigator is baffled, the accidents that gave rise to these appellatives being so numerous, so endlessly diversified, and so entirely fortuitous, that in a large number of instances no clue is left by which he can arrive at a satisfactory explanation. The hybrid character of many of the names greatly adds to the difficulty; for in passing down from father to son through many generations they have lost much of their original signification, or perhaps gained an adventitious one, and altogether undergone such a metamorphosis, or, more strictly speaking, transnominatation, that the original garment is entirely hidden by the patches which have been added from time to time. It not unfrequently happens that, after a few generations, collateral branches of the same stock are the possessors of names entirely different from one another. Corruptions of this description may be seen in the names of Clerk changed into Clark, Person into Parson, Keymish into Cawmiss, the old Scottish surname Houg into Hogg, Red into Rudd, Reed, Read, &c. &c. In olden times the orthoepy of proper names was considered to be of far more importance than the orthography, to which fact their unsettled character is no doubt mainly due. Let us take as an example the extraordinary variety of spelling with which the name of the immortal Shakespeare is associated. It is known to most persons that a very bitter literary war was once waged on this subject, and with no very satisfactory result. In the register of Stratford Church the name is written Shakspere, but other documents exist wherein it is found to be spelt Shakspear, Shackspeare, and Shakespeare. Another instance of a like description is the name of Sir Walter Raleigh. In his "Curiosities of Literature," Disraeli admits that he is unable to pronounce as to the correct orthography, as it is found spelt in no less than five different ways—viz., Raleigh, Raleigh, Rawleigh, Raweley, and Rawly. Its proper pronunciation is, however, determined by a curious historical incident, which Disraeli relates as follows:—"When Sir Walter was first introduced to James I., on the king's arrival in England, with whom, being united with an opposition party, he was no favourite, the Scottish monarch gave him this broad reception, 'Rawly, Rawly! true enough, for I think of thee very Rawly, mon!'" It is no exaggeration to say

that the orthography of proper names was at one time so unsettled, that many persons were actually at a loss how to write their own names. Little more than 200 years ago—in 1660—a certain Dr. Crovne spelt his name in six different ways, evidence of which is to be found in printed books now extant. These varieties were—Cron, Croon, Crovn, Crone, Croone, and Crovne. Butler, the author of "Hudibras," was occasionally designated in print as Boteler; and Fuller records that the name of Villiers was spelt in *fourteen* different ways in the family deeds. It is not unusual, even to this day, for Highlanders to change their names upon change of residence, or of landlord—a fact which may be illustrated by a short anecdote. An English gentleman travelling in the wilds of Scotland secured a Highlander as guide, and as the man's face seemed familiar to him, asked if his name was not MacPherson. "No," replied the guide, "my name is Gordon." "Indeed! when I was shooting a few years since at a little distance from this place, surely you called yourself MacPherson?" "Yes," answered the Highlander, "that's quite true; but then I lived on the other side of the hill." Observation and inquiry would probably discover an indefinite number of similar appellative transformations. There can be no question but that the imposition of surnames was not originally directed by any certain principles, but just as fancy or circumstances happened to decide. We are told by Verstigan that "Divers of our ancestors took their surnames by reason of their abode in or near some place of note, where they settled themselves and planted their ensuing families, as within townes or fensed places, or at a wood, a hill, a feild, a green, a brook, a pond, a lake, or the like. Whereby, in example, Robert of or at the Green was so called because he dwelt on or by a green; afterwards the preposition *of* became by vulgar hast to be *a*; when instead of Robert *of* Green, he was called Robert *a* Green; and the *a*, at last, quite left out, he remayned only Robert Green: the like may be said of others in like manner."

A large number of names derive their origin from the seasons, as Winter and Spring; many others from the elements, as Frost, Snow, Flood; good or bad fortune; points of the compass, as North, South, East, West; dignities, offices, agriculture, utensils, and astronomy, and also from animals, as Wolf, Lamb, Lyon, Catt; vegetables, minerals, colours, arms, &c. But by far the most numerous class of surnames are those which had their rise in certain trades or professions, of which a few are—Webster, a weaver; Baily, a bailiff; Fletcher, a maker of arrows (from the French *flèche*); Tucker, a cloth fuller, to say nothing of the very obvious Butcher, Baker, Carpenter, Taylor, &c. A search in the old statute-books will furnish plenty of such names, as Robertus de Bakester (Baxter?), Simon Ironmonger, John Daylaborer, &c. Another very fertile source of derivation was from places, as Gilbertus Anglicus, Godefridus de Maunville, Henricus de Hessia, Gulielmus Parisiensis, &c., and most of the names terminating in *by*, *ham*, *ton*, and *ville*, belong to this class. Further, a large number of surnames were originally patronymics—that is to say, names formed by the

addition of son, or some other word expressive of a similar relation to the paternal name. The Normans thus superadded *fitz* (the old French for *filis*), as Fitz-Allen, Fitz-Gerald, Fitz-Walter; the Irish *O*, as O'Donnell; the Scotch *Mac*, as MacDougall; and the Welsh *Ap*, as Aphomas. It was once remarked to the writer as curious that Ben should be such a common name among the Hebrews, and considerable surprise was manifested when it was pointed out that it was originally a prefix, Ben-Hadad meaning simply the son of Hadad.

It is difficult to believe that any nation of men absolutely nameless has ever existed, although re-

port says that the ancient Scythians used no names at all. Travellers in Africa have also asserted that in some African tribes names are unknown, except as regards the oldest man, who is known (we should say disrespectfully) as the Old Boy. We are with those who ask, with Campbell, "Who hath not owned . . . . the magic of a name?" The magic is assuredly owned by everybody, and were we to be without some distinguishing epithet of a permanent character, whether that epithet be Jinx or Vavasour, we should probably find ourselves spoken of in such terms as that applied to the old African, or perhaps worse.

EDWARD OXENFORD.

### MY SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY: A CITY CLERK'S IDYL.



AN the sea-man—after tossing for weeks between sea and sky—look forward to the approach of land, can the prisoner anticipate his release, with greater delight than the City clerk welcomes the return of the summer holiday-time? After

the foggy and dismal London winter, after the weary mill-horse round from chambers to desk, desk to chambers, the poring over big ledgers dimly lit up by the mid-day gas, to break away into the open sunshine, away from City smoke and dust, into the green country among its pure air and flowers—this is like a new leasing of life to him, a new expanding and enlightening of his existence. During these dark monotonous months, "he has grown to the desk as it were, and the wood has entered into his soul;" he has become like one of the familiar City squares, dingy and narrow, with grimy trees which appear to have lost all remembrance of the green leaves, the singing birds, and blue sky. But the April sunshine, that swells their buds again, stirs up his young blood; and the early primrose and violet, which the flower-women now bring into the City's heart, quicken his sense of spring and coming summer.

London is blest with a charming rural site. A hundred delightful places are open to spend a half-holiday in. I can go up the river to Kew Gardens,

Hampton Court, Richmond Park, even Windsor; or down the river to Greenwich, Gravesend, Harwich, and Margate. I can take a row-boat for a spin among the reaches, or a steamer for longer trips. I can dally in a canoe on the Serpentine, or the quiet ponds of Battersea Park. I can ramble among the pasture meadows and green hedgerows of Herefordshire, or the corn-fields and copse-woods of Kent and Surrey. For the longer trips it is best to make one of a party, and to choose a whole Bank Holiday; for my half-holiday I prefer a quiet country stroll, with a single companion, or oftener still, alone.

It is not necessary to go far from town to enjoy a solitary afternoon ramble. There are rural spots of great beauty to be found not ten miles from town. My favourite haunts lie in the first ridge of the Surrey Hills. I go by train to some suburban station near there. I hurry through the pleasant streets, admiring as I go the pretty villas with their choice gardens, in which the City merchant regales his evening leisure with the flowers and greenery denied him by day in the dingy wilderness of brick. Soon I am clear of the last new cottage and in the dusty lanes under the leafy elms, with the woods and fields all around. The hedgerows on either side break into sheets of blossom. The crumbling chalky banks are hung with a tangle of wild flowers and brambles. A turn in the road gives me a glimpse of an old manor-house. It stands in an undulating park, shaded with massy clumps of elm and beech. I see the red brick walls with their white window-frames, and the tall chimney-tops, peeping between the black flakes of guardian cedars and the dense shrubberies which flank the lawn. The lawn itself is smooth-shaven, and brilliant with geraniums; but the park is one great flowery threshold to this English mansion. The lush grass, dewy and tender, is ablaze with buttercups and sheets of white daisies. The cattle are standing knee-deep amongst them. I can scarcely believe my eyes at sight of this gorgeous show of summer fertility. I envy the young colts that are able to roll over and over in it at will. Further on the road, a wooden field-gate beside an old pollard gives me a view of the open country—the fruitful Surrey plain hid in um-