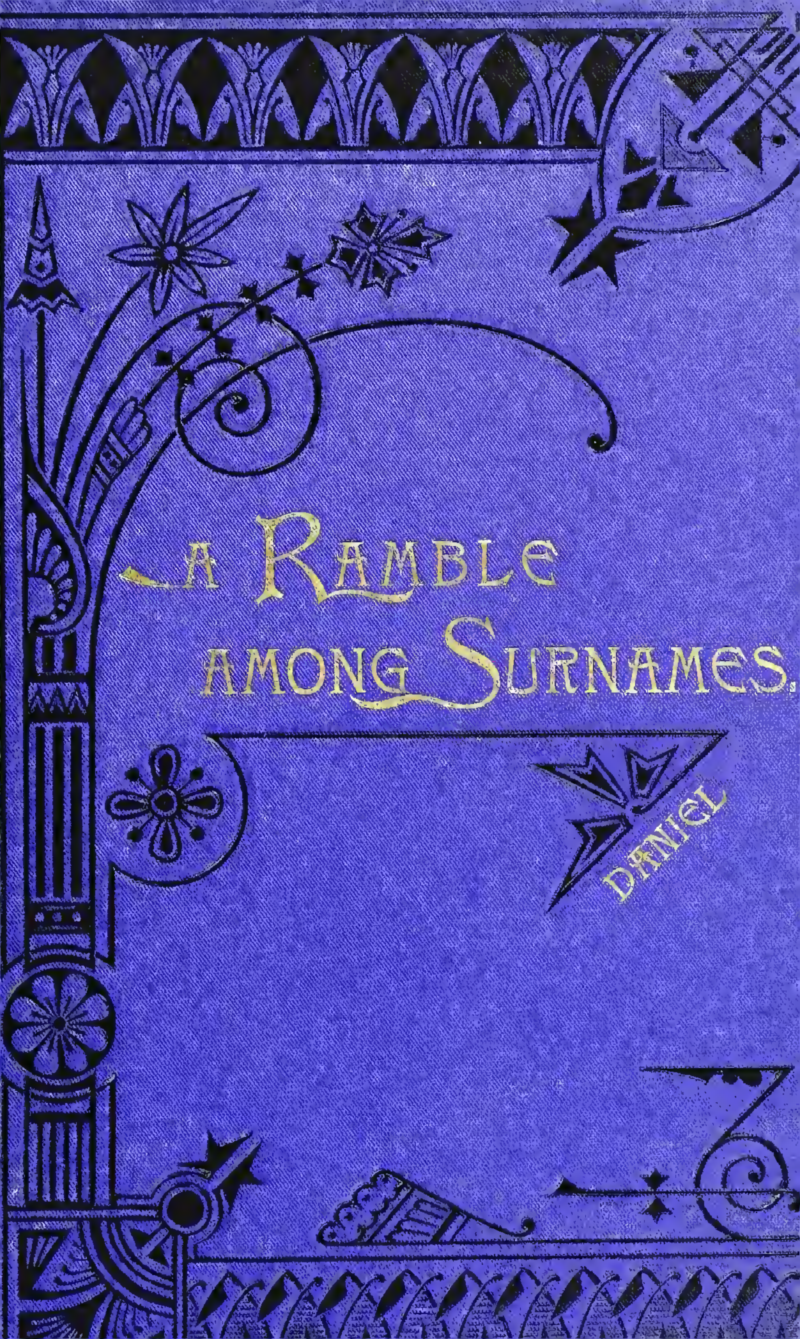

A RAMBLE AMONG SURNAMES.

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A RAMBLE AMONG SURNAMES,

REV. J. W. DANIEL, A.M.,

Author of "The Girl in Checks" and "Out from under Cæsar's Frown."

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DEDICATION.

It is the custom of authors to dedicate their productions to some person or persons. No limit has been fixed relative to the number of people to whom a single volume may be devoted. Hence the author takes the liberty of dedicating this volume most respectfully, without consulting them, however, to every man, woman, and child whose surname is recorded within this book, with the sincere hope that the perusal of its pages may be as pleasant to those who read as the writing of them was to the

AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

It is natural that all men desire to know the origin as well as the signification of their names. This little volume, the author flatters himself, will gratify that appetency in the minds of many who may read it.

We are not too modest to declare our honest conviction, that a close and thoughtful perusal of the pages of this book will help many readers to a higher appreciation of English history and literature. The author has struggled with those environments, which circumscribe the major part of the readers of this day and time. Hence he persuades himself to believe that he sympathizes with that large class of readers who have neither the time, nor the library in and by which, to solve the problems that are continually presenting themselves to every thoughtful reader.

Let every reader decide for himself as to how much he has really lost already by not having been able to appreciate the allusions in English literature to the customs, manners, and domestic life of our progenitors. It may be that thousands of pages of history and fiction have been read with the hearty appreciation of a certain degree of vagueness pervading the whole, and arising from certain missing links, or at least clues not in the possession of the reader. Who has not at some time in his life stumbled, so to speak, upon an exposition of some old custom or usage which has shed a volume of light upon what he has read? Is it a presumption on the part of the writer to affirm that most authors have assumed that the ordinary reader is more conversant with the social, moral, and political life of his mediæval progenitors than he really is? If such statements savor of a spirit of audacity, then the writer pleads that his experience and observation have been thoroughly anomalous.

The author then, of these pages, flatters himself that this book will bring much pleasure to ordinary readers, not only in solving the problem of the meaning and origin of their names, but also in shedding at least some light upon much that they have read. The book herewith submitted to the public has furthermore been written for the people. Hence the writer hopes that it will be instrumental in helping even the youthful reader to appreciate more fully what he may read hereafter. It is not by any means a treatise on etymology, though it necessarily has much to do with that branch of linguistic research. Wherever the author has undertaken, however, to trace a name to its primary root, he has followed the latest and most highly approved standards.

It may be necessary to state that the author has penned these pages during the fragments of time snatched from professional duties. This in part, may account for many defects in the book. Truly thankful, however, without bemoaning the many imperfections of the volume, for whatever favor his former productions have met with from an indulgent public, he sends forth this unpretending treatise on surnames in the hope that many may be enabled thereby to learn something that they did not know before. If the reader finds, however, as he doubtless will, that the subjects treated frequently change, let him remember the old adage: "Variety is the spice of life." The mellow notes of the Southern mocking birds which have greeted the writer's ears during the composition of the volume which he now gives to the public admonish him of the truthfulness of the adage just quoted. THE AUTHOR.

Chester, S. C.

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A RAMBLE AMONG SURNAMES

CHAPTER I.

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

WHEN the student becomes wearied and exhausted by close and prolonged application, there is no surer or more efficacious restorative than a ramble along the prattling brook or through the deep shades of the forest or over the hills and through the secluded valleys. Nature has her own *vis medicatrix*, and to him only who dares to penetrate the solitary glens and the sylvan seclusions of earth will come the aroma of wild flowers and the exhilarating voices of wild nature's revels. Many rare and choice bouquets may be gathered elsewhere than from hothouses and well-cultivated flower gardens. So, along the byways of literature and almost unwritten history, the rambler may gather the sweetest nosegays of unadorned truth. I therefore propose in this chapter, a vindication, if such defense is required at my hand, of "A Ramble among Surnames," which the title of this volume promises to its readers.

A ramble, such as we have determined to take, may be considered by the student, as he sits in his cozy library, surrounded by thousands of volumes of the best literature of all the ages of the historic past, to be wholly unnecessary; while the professional critic may find much, as he would even in scrutinizing a beautiful flower that God made, to condemn in the proposed ramble through the backwoods of history. The strict utilitarian may demur. We even now hear his cyniclike interrogation: "What's the use of it?" But we too may ask, as we stand upon the border of the territory which we mean to partially explore: Have all such demurrers forgotten the declaration even of the old Roman, "*Sine nomine homo non est?*" and may a man not seek to know where his name came from and what it means? Surely he who is not interested in all that pertains to his individual appellative, whether such relative matter comes from the noonday scenes of civilization and refinement or from what we have chosen to christen rambles through the backwoods of history, is not capable of being interested.

But we have the teachings of the ancients on our side, and that fact is even potent enough to persuade the critics to go along with us, for anything that is antique has more influence over many of the degenerate sons of Adam than even the truth itself. The old Grecian philosopher, Pythagoras, taught that the name bestowed in childhood was instrumental in shaping the character in after life, and that, therefore, the success of people depended largely upon the names bestowed upon them in infancy. The ancient Romans also laid much emphasis upon the choice of names for their children. A great feast was made on the day the child received its appellation, which they called *Nominalia*, the naming feast or festival. And even so wise a heathen as Cicero believed that names influenced the formation of character, therefore he has left on record a list of names which he considered fortunate.

But it may be that many are inclined rather to pass over these declarations of the ancients as merely the outgrowth of that degree of superstition which characterized those dark ages in which they lived; but really there is much more in this affirmation than we are liable to suppose upon merely a casual examination of the subject.

The Cherokee Indians, the noblest of all the North American tribes, called the panther, once so numerous in that territory formerly occupied by them, "the cat of God," and selected it as one of their great religious emblems. Their male children were made to sleep upon its skin from infancy to manhood, that they might imbibe from it some portion of the cunning, strength, and prodigious spring of the animal to which it belonged. On the same principle their female offspring were reared on the soft skins of fawns and buffalo calves, that they might become gentle and obedient.* We must admit that these results were achieved by the Cherokee parent. Their women, the earliest historians tell us, were the gentlest of the women of all the tribes of the North American Indians, and their men were, until corrupted by the white trader, the bravest and noblest of their race. Who then will deny that these several traits of character were largely produced by the custom to which we have alluded? The children of these savages were taught the design of that custom from their earliest infancy up to mature manhood and womanhood; therefore they strove to incorporate into their moral and physical natures the lessons intended to be taught thereby. The results, however, would have been quite different if the child had been left in ignorance as to the signification or design of these pallets of skins. This, of course, is merely illustration.

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* Logan's "History of Upper Carolina," p. 54.

The Greeks, Romans, and ancient Hebrews, unlike the people of to-day, knew the meaning and understood thoroughly the import of their names. Therefore, on the same principle that the Cherokee Indian was inspired by the associations that clustered about the bed of skins upon which he or she was reared, so the ancient Greek, Roman, or Hebrew youth was ambitious to emulate the ideal contained in the name which distinguished him as an individual. There was, then, really no superstition in ascribing virtue to a name, the meaning of which was understood and appreciated by the man or woman upon whom it was conferred; and therefore there ought not to be the remotest surprise at the fact that Cicero denominated certain Roman names as *bona nomina*.

We can base an argument, however, proving the influence of names on character on no higher authority than that of divine inspiration. If really a name, the meaning of which is appreciated by the person upon whom it is bestowed, has no influence over the moral and mental natures of an individual, then we may justly demand of those who thus affirm a reason as to why God claimed the sole prerogative of bestowing names upon certain individuals who were to become mighty agents in perfecting his plans, and of changing the names of Abraham and Sarah when they were called actively into his service.*

But some one, out of harmony with history, may ask with Juliet:

> "What's in a name?
> That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

That is doubtless true, but we must remember that she had just said:

> "O be some other name!"

Thus she has left on record the fact that she really felt, as a mere matter of sentiment, that there was not a little in the cognomen by which men and things are known, or we may more properly affirm that the doctrine that there is something in a name is really Shakespearean. There is much in an appellation, even if it serve no other purpose than that of distinguishing man from man and thing from thing. All of us, indeed, are brought to appreciate its value when, wishing to speak of something or of some person, we awake, as did Nebuchadnezzar of old, to the realization that the thing is gone from us.

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*For a fuller account of scriptural names see Chapter XI., pp. 120–122, of my little work "The Girl in Checks."

There can, indeed, be no exercise in the whole business of instruction more useful to the mind than the analysis of names in the concentrated light of history and the conditions out of which they were evolved. It brings the careful student into the inner sanctuary of thought, as it relates to the annals of nations, for they are but the crystallization of thought as it stands connected with the great as well as the lesser events of the ever receding past. Surnames are the side lights of history, while the appellations which things and places bear constitute the foot lights of the drama of life as it was played by our Anglo-Saxon progenitors. He who reads history without a knowledge of the derivation of names may stand in the dim light of the outer court, and even there he may indeed offer incense, but he who penetrates within and looks upon the scene under the resplendent influences of side and foot lights beholds it grow incandescent in interest, and he worships and adores.

Surnames became generally hereditary about the close of the thirteenth century, and all kinds of methods were resorted to in order to establish them. They were fixed upon us by our ancestors from the most casual incidents and evironments, as well as from commonplace characteristics and occupations. It may, at the first thought, appear incredible that surnames should have been applied so indifferently; but when we consider that only a few centuries ago the single names, which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors bestowed upon their children, were really less than four hundred in number, and that only twenty or thirty of these, for each sex, were in common use—half of all the names of men being made up of the seven appellations, John, Henry, William, James, George, Thomas, and Richard—so that a number of persons even in a small community would bear the same name; and when we remember that these single names gave no hint of relationship or family descent, we can easily see that the necessity for a second, or surname, would speedily arise, and that the source of supply would be a matter of secondary importance.

Surnames, therefore, became a necessity, and are really so to this day. However, we have our patronymic appellations, no matter how they came, and we are all more or less inclined to trace our genealogy as far back as we possibly can. In Massachusetts, it is said that so many articles of furniture are claimed, even to this day, to have been brought over in the "Mayflower," with the Pilgrim Fathers, that it has long since passed into a standing joke to allude to that ship, so famous in American literature, as "The furniture vessel." This disposition to trace our lineage as far into the remote past as we can, and to make the descent and connections as honorable as we can, seems to be an innate propensity of mankind. And is it not commendable? Indeed, we have no hesitancy in affirming that this predisposition in the heart of man has been strengthened by the strict genealogies of the Bible, wherever the teaching of divine inspiration has obtained the ascendancy.

But, as merely illustrative of this disposition to trace one's genealogy, the story is told of a dispute between an Irishman and a Jew as to the antiquity of their respective nations. The Jew grew eloquent as he correctly affirmed that he could directly trace, through the Bible, his genealogy to Adam. It was a crushing argument, but the ever ready Hibernian was competent to meet it. "Why, tare and ages," said he, "my ancestor married Eve when she was a widow!" This somewhat amusing anecdote is true to nature: when man cannot trace his genealogy, there is frequently a disposition to invent a line of descent.

Again, the absurd and puerile attempts to account for the meaning of some surnames have given prominence, among the unlearned masses, to certain traditions, which have been handed down from father to son. The reader may have heard the anecdote by which some would-be wit at-tempted to account for the large number of Moors,* that have found their way into almost every town and community. It runs thus: "Once upon a time," and that is evidently the orthodox formula with which to begin folklore, "the people of the world met together to make surnames. They labored hard all day," mentally, of course, "and when they had named the last applicant, and were congratulating themselves upon the results of their day's work (for the supply of names was just equal to the number of applicants, so that there were no names to throw away, neither was any applicant compelled to go without a name), the *tardy* denizens of the world made their appearance in the distance, leisurely walking forward to receive their surnominal appellatives. The Naming Committee was so perplexed that their joy was turned into mourning, for the supply of names was already exhausted. Just at this perplexing juncture, however, an urchin discovered the approaching column of those who always, it appears, delight in being behind in every undertaking, and cried out: 'Yonder comes *more!*' 'A name! A name!' vociferated the populace. So all who came in late, after the supply of names had been exhausted, were called *More*." The wit who would thus place the great burden of the world's tardiness upon the Moors, however, would have no doubt been a little *tardy* himself in giving expression to his witticism had he stood, at the time he gave utterance to the solution of the problem, in the presence of the progenitors of that worthy and numerous family. *More* in the Anglo-Saxon tongue means great or large, a surname inherited by the *gigantic* men among our progenitors. The reader will pardon the insertion of another one of these old family legends. It was related to me by an intelligent member of the Scotch family of Moreheads, and the narrator evidently believed the myth by which he accounted for the surname. "There once lived," said he, "in Scotland two Johns More, who were neighbors. One of them lived on the top of a high hill, and the other lived at the foot of the same hill. They were popularly known as John More at the head of the hill, and John More at the foot of the hill. But in the course of time a mad bull made its appearance in the community of the two Johns More, and the ferocious monster became the terror of the entire neighborhood. The citizens determined to slay the mad beast, and on a certain day they turned out *en masse* to hunt and kill, if possible, the ferocious intruder. At sundown they were to meet on the top of a neighboring hill, that the results of the search for the bull might be made known to all of the hunters. On the day appointed, therefore, the hardy Scotchmen of the community sought everywhere, over hill and through valley for the disturber of the peace of their neighborhood, and as the sun began to sink behind the western hills they began to gather together, one by one, at the appointed place of meeting. And as each sturdy Scotchman came in from the hunt he was compelled to announce the results of the fruitless search for the monster. At last all the hunters had returned but John More at the head of the hill, and no one had found the mad bull. The absence of John More, beyond the time of meeting previously agreed to, however, begot serious apprehensions relative to the probable fate of the brave Scotchman. But anon, in the dim twilight, they beheld the hitherto absent hunter slowly wending his way toward the appointed place of meeting. He staggered under the ponderous weight of some object, which he carried upon his shoulder; and when he reached the circle of his friends, it was discovered that John More at the head of the hill had encountered single-handed the brute, had killed him, and had cut off his large head, which he laid down at the feet of his waiting countrymen as a trophy from the hard-fought field. His neighbors, therefore, ever after that event called him John Morehead, and he became the progenitor of the numerous family which bears his name." Morehead, however, like the Celtic Kenmore, simply means large head, and was doubtless bestowed upon some Scotchman just as the grandson of Duncan, Malcolm of the Great Head, got his surname.

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* The spelling of the name varies, as More, Moor. and Moore.

Does not, therefore, the mere existence of these old traditions relative to surnames, which, as we have just seen, are frequently untrue, make it plain to every one that any attempt to arrive at the truth is commendable, even if it relates to only a name? Indeed, there is something superbly grand in that measure of honest and sincere mental culture which enables any man to rise superior to his environments, to get above that which is merely legendary, and to satisfy that appetency to know why things are as they are, even if it is merely to know the causal agencies of so insignificant a thing as a surname.

We appreciate the sentiment of the old Roman: "Nomo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto."* Surnames relate exclusively to man, and are naturally of universal interest. Hence the writer proposes in the following chapters to pull at the latch strings of mediæval castles, to refresh himself under the rooftree of the humble cottages of the Middle Ages, to walk amid the din of the crafts of our progenitors, to ramble over their playgrounds and battlefields, to linger amid mediæval rural scenes, and to sit in old England's marts of trade, viewing all of these things under what we have chosen to term the foot and side lights of the drama of life, as it was acted by our forefathers, and all to the end that we may know what there is in a name.

The Mesopotamian traveler, it is said, is frequently surprised to find the by no means pretentious buildings of the modern inhabitants of that ancient country constructed of brick stamped with the cuneiform legends of Nebuchadnezzar. These ancient brick have survived empires, felt the shocks of the battering-rams of beseiging armies, and having spanned centuries pregnant with decay and revolutions awful to contemplate, now furnish building material for the degenerate Mesopotamian, who is totally ignorant of the meaning of the cuneiform inscriptions imprinted on them. A sad lesson indeed! but may we not discover a more humiliating fact in the wide-spread ignorance relative to the meaning of those surnames which are almost daily uttered by our own tongues?

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* "I am a man, and nothing which relates to a man can be a matter of unconcern to me."

Surnames are instructive, and it is frequently the case that the study of a single name produces much food for thought, just as the study of words gives us clearer ideas and broader conceptions, for English surnames are but words, and many of them words which have long ago become obsolete. Indeed, family names make up the links of that chain which binds us securely to the past. *Ding*, as an old English verb, for instance, is now almost obsolete, and to many educated Englishmen it is as much a mystery as a word from the Greek language would be to one who had never studied the beautiful language of Plato and Aristotle. But Dingman still survives as a surname, and it is precisely the same name as Thrower. It was applied to one who became an expert in hurling missiles or implements of war, and the two names bear exactly the same relation to each other, relative to the time in which they were applied as surnames, that the patronymics Archer and Gunner sustain to each other. We see that the one is older than the other, and the names Archer and Dingman bind those who have inherited them to mediæval arts of war, and the later name keeps an old word from dying completely.

There is something then in a name, and in the following pages we will endeavor practically to demonstrate this truth. If, however, some things are written which the reader may think irrelevant, and if now and then that which is ridiculous and that which may provoke a smile claim the attention of those who may follow us in these desultory rambles, let it be remembered that our design is somewhat similar to the spirit which pervades Marmion's palmers:

To charm a weary hill
  With song, romance, or lay;
Some ancient tale, or glee, or jest,
Some lying legend at the least,
  They bring to cheer the way.

CHAPTER II.

A FEW ENGLISH SURNAMES THAT MAKE US LAUGH.

THERE are many peculiar surnames which provoke a smile the moment we hear them uttered. It is worthy of note that the most amusing surnames that we hear and read of are pure English words. This is the result of two causes. The fact that we readily perceive their meaning makes them funny. Many very common family names would appear just as ridiculous as the most peculiar patronymics that we occasionally hear if we knew what they mean. The other cause, which lends an air of oddity to certain surnames, is the fact that the word or words, which enter into the composition of such names, have undergone very radical changes relative to their signification. Take, for example, the English family name Coffin, which formerly meant a covering of any kind. In Shakespeare's "Titus Andronicus" the word is used to denote a pie crust. In Act V., Scene II., Titus addresses his daughter Lavinia, relative to her enemies, Chiron and Demetrius:

> "Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,
> And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
> And of the paste a coffin I will rear."

The word also meant a chest, so that the original Coffin may have been a chest maker. In the course of human events a Coffin may have claimed the hand of a Wainwright—*i. e.*, a wagon maker—and among their progeny there may be one of whom those who fear the coffin and shudder at the thought of a grave may say:

"Her voice is as sweet as the whippoorwill's,
And the sunshine's in her hair;
But I'd rather face a redskin's knife
Or grip of a grizzly bear."

And yet there is really no difference between a chest maker and a wagon maker. Who would not be as willing to be called the one as the other?

There is little Julia Tanner—
Such a mite of a gal!
Why, two of her size rolled into one
Won't ditto sister Sal.

Yet she is plucky; but notwithstanding all these things, the effeminate, though tall and handsome Charlie Fairchild claims her hand in holy wedlock. If the current of domestic life flows smoothly, all will be well; but suppose there is a little unpleasantness, then the timid Fairchild may truthfully say:

"Though she ain't any size, while I'm
Considerable tall,
I'm nowhere when she speaks to me,
She makes me feel so small."

It is very plain to every one who has even casually studied surnames that certain personal traits and characteristics, peculiarities and oddities, accomplishments and habits, have entered largely into the composition of patronymics. Indeed, one cannot but be impressed, in studying the origin of surnames, with the *naïveté* among all nationalities with which peculiar characteristics were sought out and applied in surnames. The student of colonial history in the South is familiar with the names of the Cherokee Chiefs, Corane, "a raven," and Sinnawa, "the hawk's head." These names were doubtless given because of some personal trait, as watchfulness, for instance, which their fellow-savages saw in them. He who was an expert in killing deer, among these Cherokees, was called Awatahowwe, "the great deer killer of God for the people."

But there are purely English names that demonstrate the natural predisposition to give prominence to certain habits and characteristics in conferring surnames. A stealthy, quick, and scoutlike movement records the chief characteristic of the progenitor of the Golightly family. The originator of the name Goforth may have secured his name by the frequent excursions he made, in the days of the feudal system, into the lands of his enemies. Anyway it was applied because of some idiosyncratic mark of this kind. Ashburner could not have originated from any profession. We have known men in the rural districts where wood of every variety was plentiful, to burn hickory altogether. May not the name Ashburner have thus come in use as a surname?

Black, Blackman, Redman, or Redmon, as it is frequently written, together with Whiteman, are names of comparison relative to complexion. The Whiteheads and Blackheads could very frequently swap surnominal appellations, and thus truthfully bear each other's patronymic.

Longfellow and Short, as descendants of progenitors who worthily inherited those cognomenic titles of distinction, can no longer claim their names by virtue of anything uncommon in their bodily make-up, but are now really as other men. But here is a scene worthy of the pages of a patent medicine almanac. It might be very appropriately styled " before and after taking." John Stout, lean and cadaverous, arm in arm with Henry Tallman, who is almost as broad as he is long. The scene speaks eloquently of how the mighty are fallen, and really the shadowy has passed into genuine substance.

This natural predisposition, to give surnames expressive of qualities or attainments, is beautifully illustrated by the line of old English kings. Beginning with Alfred, surnamed the "Great," or the "Truthteller," we have as his direct descendant Edward, surnamed the Elder, who was succeeded by Ethelstan, surnamed the Steadfast, and Edmund the Deed Doer, and Edred the Chosen, so called on account of the many excellencies flowing from his pious life. Then came Edgar the Peace Winner, who really made peace, however, by virtue of hard fighting. Then we have Edward the Martyr, so styled because he died at the hand of an assassin instigated by Edward's step-mother, Elfthrith. Ethelred, surnamed the Unready, which did not mean then what it would now mean, but *Ill-advised*, was the Rehoboam of the long line of Old English kings.

From the line of Danish kings, descended from Harold Bluetooth, we may note Sweyn Forkbeard, Harold Harefoot, so named because he was swift on foot; and from the House of Flanders, Arnulf, surnamed the Young, and Baldwin Fairbeard, as illustrating the disposition of the populace to confer surnames because of certain distinguishing features or characteristics. If kings were thus named, we submit that the populace was even more liable to be nicknamed.

We do not mean to institute invidious comparisons, but it appears to be a very reasonable proposition that, since almost every rural town has, to-day, its "Cheap John," it is not at all strange that old English communities should have had a John Smart or a Henry Sharp.

Outlaw is rather a suspicious-looking surname, but he who thinks that there is anything dishonorable connected with that formidable-looking name only publishes his ignorance of English history. It is a name which may be placed in a line, for all we know, with the names of martyrs, who died for the truth. The great rulers of England frequently *outlawed* the best of men. Note the following instance: "One day" about A.D. 1050, King Edward's brother-in-law, "Eustace, who was a

Frenchman, had been to see the king, and was riding back to the sea to pass over to his own earldom of Boulogne. When he and his men came to Dover, they behaved lawlessly, and wished to make the townsmen lodge them where they would; and one of them struck a townsman. Then a fight began, and many were slain on either side; but at last the men of Dover drove them out of town. Then Eustace rode back to the king and complained of the Dover folk, and told the story his own way. The king was very angry, and bid Godwin, the earl, go and punish them. But Godwin said he would not till they also had been heard, and he told the king that the Frenchmen ought to be punished. Then the king sent for Leofric and Siward; and Godwin summoned his folk, and it was like to have come to a battle between the two armies. But Leofric thought it better that the Wise Men be called together to settle the matter. When the Wise Men met they outlawed Sweyn again, and called Godwin and Harold, his son, to come alone before them; but they would not come unless safe conducts were given them. So the Wise Men outlawed Godwin and his kin." We have quoted thus from York-Powell's "Epoch's of English History" to show that *outlaws* were sometimes the best of people.

The surname Toplady is an English word, which is rather hard to understand intelligently in the connection in which it is used. The old-fashioned and now *obsolete* whipsaw doubtless gave us this name. Timber was formerly sawed lengthwise by means of a saw operated by two men. One stood in a pit, hence the surname Pitman; and the other stood on the scaffolding above, and was called Topman. They drew the saw upward and downward, and thus sawed the timbers used in mediævil buildings. We can, therefore, easily conceive how the daughter, or wife, who may have been bereft of her husband, for mere consistency's sake, may have been called Toplady in the day when surnames were not permanently fixed as they now are. It is impossible to say positively how the surname Overall came into use. It is a modern English word, and while its meaning is perceptible to every one, no one can say, confidently, how it came to be applied as a surnominal appellation. It is very probable, however, that the title was given to some early under king who was raised to the kingship of several factions.

Goodenough is, without doubt, a survival of the old Puritan idea of coining such names for their children; for the old registers abound with such Christian names as Thankful, Dust-and-ashes, Hold-the-truth, Accepted, Repent, and many such ridiculous names. The story is told of a backwoods American mother that she named her infant daughter Amazing Grace, and when some one remonstrated with her, she replied: "Why! it's a nice name, for it's in the hymn book." Charlotte M. Yonge says: "Original is a family name still handed on in Lincolnshire. Probably it was at first Original Sin.'' Every whim and peculiar notion to which humanity is heir seems to have been utilized as material for names. Hence surnominal literature teems with a sense of the ridiculous.

William Loveman may edit a matrimonial journal, John Trueman may still be true to his cognomen, and the Stickwells have manufactured glue and mucilage.

A bicker was an engraver, the Anglo-Saxon *sted* (*steth*) means a bank or shore; Bickersteth therefore signifies the engraver's homestead, for *steth* is really cognate with *stead.* But as some old Bicker lived on the coast, it was very natural that he should have dug a dike to keep back the tides, hence we have the territorial surname Bickersdike conferred on some one who lived in close proximity to the dike. Washburne was applied to a branch that was subject to overflow. It is not a matter of surprise, then, that Minnie Washburne's affections should break over the channel in which they were once confined, and fill Bickersdike with sunshine and happiness.

Attaculaculla was a prominent Cherokee chief who lived and reigned over his tribe from about 1700 to 1753. The name signifies "most excellent wood cutter." The old English name Truax, which has lost an *e* between the contiguous *u* and *a*, the suffix being the way the old English spelled *axe*, has about the same signification as the name of the old chief to which we have just alluded.

No doubt the progenitor of the Truax family knew how to "hew to the line," and kept a keen edge on his tools. This suggests the surname Whetstone,* with which the writer has met. Would it not provoke a broad smile if a Truax should marry a Whetstone?

Those of our progenitors who loved to have *sunshine in the soul*, who laughed away the dark shadows of life, and who sought happiness everywhere and in everything, have given the world the surname Lovejoy. The ancients regarded the rose as a symbol of secrecy. It was suspended over their tables at their festivals in token that all that was said there should not be divulged. Hence arose the saying *sub rosa*. In the feuds between the houses of York and Lancaster the white and red rose became respectively the badges of the contending partisans. It is not, therefore, strange that we should meet with Rose as a family name; nor is it surprising that he who distilled the rose was called Rosewater.

The name Peabody was bestowed on some plump-bodied mediæval Englishman in very much the same manner that Edith Swan's-neck, whom Harold dearly loved, got her surnominal appellative. The name has been contracted to Swaneck. Notwithstanding the oddities of surnames, however, they have multiplied as man has gone forth on his mission of multiplication.

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* See Chapter IV. The name was doubtless suggested by a shop sign.

Peabody Duty perhaps keeps a store,
  With washing tubs and wigs and wafers stocked;
And Dr. Quackenbox proclaims the cure
  Of such as are with any illness docked;
Dish Alcibiades holds out a lure
  Of sundry articles, all nicely cooked;
And Phocion Aristides Franklin Tibbs
  Sells ribbons, laces, caps, and slobbering bibs.

But hold! here comes William, or for short Bill Graybill, whose black hair and beard tell us too plainly that he is not old enough to claim the true import of his name, arm in arm with John Bedgood, whose angular form speaks so eloquently and convincingly that we had, by far, rather accept the truthfulness of what his name implies than to put it to a practical test.

"Speak of the ——, and his imps will appear." True to the proverb, here comes John Walkup. It was cruel to say the least of it, that some uncouth characteristic of the primal progenitor of the accomplished little Nellie Wildman should have fastened such a surname on her, but then it need not be so for a lifetime. She may change her name without a special act of the Legislature. But alas! there is poor John Craven, who has an eye single to the prize, and Miss Nellie feels that, if surnames are to enter into such matters, in the approaching nuptials she will have only leaped "from the frying pan into the fire." These matrimonial alliances are really ridiculous sometimes. Only last month Walter Fitzwater—*i. e.*, Walter *the son of Water*—married

Minnie Crane. Was it a union of different species of the same genus? And again, cards are out announcing the approaching union in holy wedlock of Rev. George Swindler and Miss Grace, the accomplished daughter of Henry Overcash. Can it be possible that it is really a love match? But it was announced through the press a few days ago that there was a brilliant wedding in a rural town. The groom, Richard Allamong, "took unto himself to wife" Miss Fannie Newcomb. It is to be hoped that the union will be a very congenial one; for if it is not, we have grave apprehensions that Richard Allamong's black ringlets will pay for it, and that he will repent the day in sackcloth and ashes in which he formed the acquaintance of a new scalp scraper. But that was rather a consistent, as well as a happy union, that took place ten years ago between the two contracting parties, Miss Carrie Skinner* and Thomas Swift. We felt assured, at the time the wedding was announced, that there would never be a divorce suit in this case, provided the groom would always exercise common sense, and fleetness of foot, when little family jars might occur. And really time has verified our surmise, for assuredly ten years is long enough to demonstrate the fact that a Swift, with ordinary discretion, may live with a Skinner.

We have really been afraid to read the press notices of divorce suits, ever since we read of Robert Child wedding Minnie Breakspear; we have lived cherishing the hope, however, that no bones have been broken in the severe course of discipline through which the bride may have caused the stupid Child to pass.

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* A dealer in skins, a prominent branch of mediæval as well as modern merchandise.

But enough of such puerile punning with names, even if they do justify it at least in some measure.

Brock means a badger. It has long since passed into an adage in speaking of persons or things extremely gray to refer to them as being "gray as a badger." It may have been because of gray hairs that this appellative was bestowed. A beard streaked with gray would have reminded our simple-hearted progenitors of the streaked face of the badger. Hence we have the surname Brockman.

Johnsrud is a corruption of Johnsrood—*i. e.*, the measure of land that belonged to John. Gilhousen is composed of the Gaelic *gil* (a servant) and *housen* (the old English way of spelling house). Gilman simply means a servant man. Goodnow is thoroughly English, but how long will that blessed state continue? Who would not as willingly submit to the patronymic Hogwood as to Swinburne, or hogbranch? Who had not just as lief be a Roundtree as a Rockwell.*

Pennypacker was an employee in the mint, and a more liberal monetary policy on the part of the government might have obviated the necessity for the surname Poorman. The name Starkweather is connected in some way with a sheep divested of its warm coat of wool, but as to how the name originated no one is able to explain. Livingood is a descendant of one who lived well and "fared sumptuously every day," while Hogmire lived near a swamp in which hogs were pastured.

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* These are territorial names, and are fully explained in Chapter VI.

Lookabill is an English surname with which the writer has met. It is doubtless a corruption of the pet name *Lucky Bill*, a popular cognomen which was bestowed on some mediæval William to whom fortune was partial. A friend of mine, however, told me that his mother knew a family living in one of the Northern States whose patronymic appellation was Redheifer. I gave my Yankee friend the palm, for that was to me the most ridiculous surnominal cognomen I ever heard of a man enduring, and really it must have been humiliating to the feminine members of the family. Happy lot for them that they could change their family name through the services of a minister, and it is to be hoped that all the *boys of that family were girls* and that they all found suitors.

Many of the more seriously disposed readers, however, of this book may criticise the light manner in which the writer has dealt with quite a number of peculiar names which occur in this chapter, but he has only one suggestion to offer relative to peculiar surnames, and no apology for what they may suggest to the mind, for he is not responsible for them. The suggestion is this: Love covers a multitude of defects, even in surnames; and matrimony annihilates a vast number of uncouth family names. Peg-a-way is an Americanism, the meaning of which is familiar to all of us. The fact that it is an Americanism saved the expression from having been fastened on some poor mortal as a surname, for Stickaway is actually a patronymic appellation. Charlotte M. Yonge, in her excellent work, " Christian Names," says that in one of the Northern States there is a family " where the sons are called One, Two, Three Stickaway and the daughters First, Second, Third Stickaway." The best we can do, then, with our peculiar names, if we cannot change them, is simply to imitate the honest Shoemaker,* peg-a-way and *stick to the last*, for what Englishman would not rather have the most peculiar surname with its centuries of Anglo-Saxon history and progress han any patronymic appellation that could be coined in the light of this nineteenth century? We love our names with all of their oddities because our fathers bore them.

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* See Chapter V.

CHAPTER III.

PATRONYMIC INHERITANCES FROM REMOTE FATHERLANDS.

THE names of countries have very frequently performed double duty, if we may so express the idea, for we often meet with them as surnames. Many of our progenitors sought their fortunes in other lands than those in which they were born, and in the emergencies and exigencies which necessarily evolved family names it was very natural that the name of the country, from which one emigrated to England, should serve also as a surname. Thus Thomas from Wales very naturally became known to the people as Thomas Waley or Waleys. In this way also the names Welch and Walsh were derived, and the progenitors of those who bear either of these three family names were undoubtedly Welsh emigrants, who cast in their lots with their nearest neighbors, the Englishmen. The etymology of the ethnic name Welsh proves conclusively that the term was conferred upon the inhabitants of the Province of Wales by the Germans, as a reproach. It is from the Sanskrit *mlêch*, and means " a person who talks indistinctly " or " a jabberer." The Sanskrit *m* frequently becomes *w* in the Gothic tongue. Hence according to this phonetic law " from *mlêch* we obtain the

German *wlack*, *walach* and *wälsch*." "The root," says Isaac Taylor, "appears in German in the form *wal*, which means anything that is *foreign* or *strange*." Hence we obtain the German word *waller*, which no longer survives in English except as a surname, and which means a stranger or pilgrim. We still have, however, *wallet*, a stranger's or pilgrim's equipage.

The surname Saxon has survived that ethnic branch of the great Indo-European family from which it sprung. The term means a knife, a short sword, or dagger. The term was applied to our ancestors as an ethnic name, doubtless, because of the peculiar arms with which this warlike tribe defended themselves. As a surname it was bestowed upon some bold descendant of the old Saxons, who, like Cedric of "Ivanhoe" fame, clung tenaciously to old Saxon customs and manners, and who preserved the purity of the Saxon blood after the Norman invasion and the revolutions that followed that period of English history. The Saxons, however, unlike the Waleys, Welchs, and Walshs, were not immigrants, but the conquerors of the dark-skinned Euskarian tribes, which originally inhabited England.

Hugh, the German who sought a home among his Anglo-Saxon cousins, was very naturally called Hugh German or Gorman. Isaac Taylor says of this name: "The etymology has been fiercely battled over; perhaps the most reasonable derivation is from the Gaelic *gair mean*, 'one who cries out,' and the name either alludes to the fierce war cry of the Teutonic hordes, or more probably it expresses the wonder with which the Celts of Gaul listened to the unintelligible clash of the harsh German gutturals." *Scot* means a wanderer. It is derived from the Irish *scuite*, which denotes a rover. Thus William, who *wandered* over into England, became known to the people as William Scott; while Harold, " from the Land of the Midnight Sun," and a descendant he may have been of the Vïkings, inherited the surname Norman or Norris. Thus Louis from France passed very easily into Lewis French, Francis, or Frank. If the later appellation prevailed, as was frequently the case, his progeny would be known as Franks. It has been very plausibly supposed that the French or Franks, like the Saxons, won their ethnic title from the use of the *franca*, a kind of javelin.

The surnames Briton and English doubtless came into use through the effort of our progenitors to distinguish, in a day prior to the annihilation of tribal differences, between two persons bearing the same Christian name.

The place name Holland means the *fen*, from *ollant*, marshy ground. It was applied as a surname to some emigrant from that country. Thus we may account also for the surnames Ireland and Spain. The Flemings were emigrants from Flanders.

These surnames, which clearly demonstrate the prevalence of foreigners in England at a very early period of her history, show how readily our progenitors received strangers from any part of western Europe. Isaac Taylor, in tracing the history of place names in England, satisfactorily proves that many of these emigrants to England were of the noblest families of Western Europe. They were in many instances the descendants of kings and noblemen. "The Icelings," says he, "the noblest family of Mercia, are found at *Icklingham* in Suffolk." The name of the place *Icklingham*, the home of the Icelings, where the name still obtains as a surname, proves very conclusively that this ancient family chose that place as their home when they first entered the land of their adoption. The same writer affirms that "the Hastings, the noblest race of the Goths" are yet found at Hastingleigh and Hastings, places first settled by them in the counties of Kent and Sussex. The name frequently occurs as a surname, and wherever we meet with it we may rest assured that it sprung from this noble race of Goths. Arding is a royal name. The name was applied to a race of kings among the Vandals. This royal family settled in Sussex and Berkshire, as the place names Ardington and Ardingley conclusively prove. A branch of the royal Visigothic family first founded Belting in Kent. Hence the name by which they were known was not only given to the town which they built, but was bestowed upon many of their descendants as a surname. Isaac Taylor also affirms that "The Irings, the royal family of the Avars, are found at Erringingham in Sussex and at Errington in Yorkshire," whence the name has spread abroad as a surname. No less than thirteen places in England were founded by the Billings "who were the royal race of the Varini;" they therefore profited extensively by the conquest of England, and the name as a surname became extensively applied to their numerous progeny. Whether Henry W. Shaw, the humorist, craved a kingly name, or designed to burlesque a royal appellative, or really wanted to be identified with the numerous descendants of the Billings, when he assumed Josh Billings as a *nom de plume* is a question which presumably must forever remain unanswered.

The English surname, sometimes met with, Newcomer was evidently applied to some immigrant to England, but the fatherland of the Newcomers must forever remain a mystery. It is really an instance of a nickname passing into a permanent surname, just as we have in the names Littlejohn, Whitehead, Golightly, Goforth, Friday, and Triplett, doubtless one of a trio born at the same time.

Surnames are so thoroughly connected with the customs and even with the efforts put forth by old England to evolve that phase of gubernatorial, ecclesiastical, and social rank to which she afterward attained, that it is difficult to appreciate the full force of certain current expressions unless we are familiar with all the conditions out of which they were evolved. Hence it frequently occurs that the study of surnames, for they are words more closely connected with prevailing conditions of society at the time they were applied, than any other class of words, perhaps, gives us a clearer conception of the meaning of kindred terms than we could easily obtain otherwise.

In the eastern section of South Carolina there is no more familiar name than Easterling. Our Anglo-Saxon forefathers called emigrants from the country lying east of their little sea-girt island *easterlings*. Hence the term Sterling. Connected, therefore, with that name we have a most interesting piece of history.

In that far-off age when surnames were made, when every petty earl or baron had his private mint, when money was coined by towns as well as by states, we cannot fail to learn even from romance literature that men had even then learned the art of short weight. A scene in Ivanhoe illustrates the prevalent shortage at that time in coin. When Gurth, the thrall of Cedric, acting, clandestinely, squire to the disinherited Wilfred, paid Isaac of York eighty zecchins for the use of the noble steed and goodly armor, which the disinherited knight used in the tournament at Ashby, it will be remembered by every one, who has read the scene, how the covetous Jew weighed the eightieth zecchin on the end of his finger and tried its genuineness by ringing the metal upon the table, struggling all the while between a desire to reward the swine herder and his greed for gold. But the clear ring and full weight made Gurth one zecchin poorer than perhaps he would otherwise have been. In that age when there could be very little guarantee of the genuineness and quality of the current money, the coin brought to England by the Germans was known as Easterling or Sterling money, which was a synonym for its purity, hence the pound sterling, or the term as used to denote a man of pure character.

The surname Wightman is of doubtful origin. The prefix *wight* may be the Scandinavian term denoting nimble, active, or strong, or the name may have been applied to an emigrant from the Isle of Wight. In the latter case it literally means the Jute, or Goth-*man*, for "in the laws of Edward the Confessor the men of the Isle of Wight are called Guti—*i. e.*, Jutes or Goths. We have also the intermediate forms Geat, Gwit, Wiht, and Wight." Newport, either in the Isle of Wight or in South Wales, has perpetuated itself as an old English surname. There are, however, no less than twelve villages in England bearing the name Newport, and the place name has become a family name, just as the villages of Stroud, Newland, Newby, (the suffix *by* means a town), Newbury (sometimes corrupted into Newberry), and many other place names have passed into surnames. The name Galloway is a beautiful illussurnames were frequently derived from mere accident. One of the *galleons* of the famous Spanish Armada "succeeded in weathering Cape Wrath and the storm-beaten Hebrides," and was at last wrecked on what is now the coast of Galloway, hence the place name. "Tradition avers that a Spanish stallion rescued from the wreck became the ancestor of the strong and serviceable breed of Galloways."

Ratcliffe, at Bristol, England, has given us a family name. It means *red cliff*. Norwood (North wood) was bestowed on some denizen who inhabited such a region of uncultivated country. Thus we have also such surnames as Baldridge and the poetic appellations Whitehurst (white-forest), and Silverwood. But as we will devote a chapter especially to these territorial surnames, it is not necessary that we pursue the study of this class of family names at this point in our rambles.

It may be a matter of information, however, to say, before closing this chapter, that all surnames were originally written not after the Christian name, as they are now placed, but above it. Hence they were originally called *supernomina*, or overnames. They were never hereditary in England till after the Norman conquest. When they became hereditary, they were no longer called *overnames*, but sirname or sire's name.

CHAPTER IV.

SURNAMES DERIVED FROM THE SIGNS OF SHOP KEEPERS.

THE chief towns and cities of England have always been busy marts of trade. The manufacturer as well as the trader, the shop keeper as well as the importer of foreign articles, all had their respective places of business. Thames Street, London, was, in that period when surnames were bestowed, literally alive with fish mongers. There were so many fast days and Lenten seasons that fish formed an important article of food, and we may rest assured that Anglo-Saxon energy and enterprise created a supply equal to the demand. Ironmonger's Lane was filled with the smoke of the furnace, while the clanging sound of the hammer's strokes upon the anvil and the groan of the bellows told plainly how busy the begrimed smiths were who stood toiling at the forges. Armors had to be manufactured and repaired, implements of bloodshed as well as tools for the artisan; in fact everything that was made of iron engaged the attention of the busy workmen, for a mediævil city made nearly everything that the populace wanted. The Vintry tells of the place where the vinters stored and dealt out their wines.

East Chepe or East Market as the name implies, St. Nicolas Shambles, and the Stocks Market all tell us of the places of business of the mediæval butchers, while Cordwainer Street was the abode of the sons of Crispin. Paternoster Row and Bowyer Row tell us respectively of the places where beads were turned with which the saints worshiped, and bows were made with which the sinners killed each other.

It is not till one examines the long lists of trades collected together by Riley that he can form anything like a correct estimate of the enormous amount of work that was performed day by day, and of the divisions and subdivisions of labor that prevailed on every hand. The craftsmen were nearly all specialists in some particular line of trade. We may rest assured that the spirit of rivalry was abroad among these multitudes of laborers. The craftsmen did not forget to advertise their wares and their respective places of business, though it was done without the aid of printers' ink.

Macaulay speaks of the gay appearance of London in the olden times, caused by the painted signs of the store and shop keepers. All sorts of animals, frightful dragons and monsters were painted to attract the attention of the passer-by and invite his custom. The shop keepers of feudal times were ambitious to excel each other, as they are to-day, in the novelty of their signs; and this, together with the ignorance of the times, gave rise to many amusing scenes. "The story is told of a certain shoe maker, who hearing or seeing the Latin expression, *Mens conscia recti*, though knowing nothing of its meaning, thought it would be an additional attraction to his sign and had it inscribed beneath his pictorial shoe. A rival son of Crispin, not to be outdone in business enterprise, at once offered an amendment, and placed upon his sign the words, *Men's and women's conscia recti*. These signs gave rise to personal names."

The Fishers made their name with hook and line, but the competing fish mongers along Thames Street in London and elsewhere, took their names doubtless from the pictorial representations of their craft painted in gaudy colors over their fish stalls. Thus John, a fishmonger, who had the figure of a bodfish painted over the entrance of his place of business or who dealt especially in that species of fish, would become very naturally known as John Bodfish, by way of distinguishing him from some one else bearing the same Christian name. In like manner the surnames Bass, Pike, Roach, and Fish were no doubt conferred upon those who first received these appellations.

There is a sad and pathetic chapter of American history relative to a surname, which doubtless originated from these painted signs of the mediævil fish mongers. Every student of the colonial history of America has lingered with feelings of sorrow over the account of Sir Walter Raleigh's attempt to plant a colony on Roanoke Island, on the eastern coast of North Carolina. The little band of brave men and women left by that unfortunate explorer on the island in the year 1587, and never again seen by white men, has been generally alluded to by historians as "the lost colonists." Recent investigation, however, has established the fact that the colony was not destroyed, but allied itself with the Croatan Indians, who still hold a reservation in Eastern North Carolina.*

Virginia Dare was the name of the first child born in the colony, and therefore the first white child born upon the American continent. Her progenitors were doubtless fish mongers. The word "dare" means a small species of river fish. The name as applied to men doubtless originated from the painted sign of the "dare "or dace over the place of business of the man who first received the name.

"Dare" is from the old French *dars* or *darz*, a dart or javelin. It is more remotely from the Low Latin *dardus* which meant the same thing. The fish was so named from its quick motion. The word was pronounced by the Anglo-Saxons as if written "dahr." Strange to say that when Hamilton McMillan began to investigate traditions among the colony of Croatans in Robeson County, N. C., relative to the fact of their descent from

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* For proof of this alliance see "Out from under Cæsar's Frown," Chapters XXVIII. and XXIX., a work by the author.

"the lost colonists," he says: "The name 'Dare' was not recognized by them in our first investigations, but we afterward discovered that they pronounced the name variously, as 'Darr,' 'Durr,' and 'Dorr.' This discovery was made when we related to an old chronicler of the tribe the story of Virginia Dare, the first white child born on American soil."

It is, indeed, stranger than fiction, that the very Saxon pronunciation of a surname should have been locked up within a tribe of Indians for centuries, and at last become a potent factor in establishing the facts of history and tradition.

Ling, herring, lampreys, and sturgeon were also consumed in great quantities as articles of food. Hence we meet with the names of these fishes as surnames. Special dealers in these varieties of fish painted pictorial representations of them over their fish stalls, and in turn the people applied the sign as a name.

William, doing a smith's business at the sign of the "arm and hammer," might after awhile become known as William Hammersmith. Or another William, a rival blacksmith, zealous to portray the muscular capacity of his arm, had the sign painter to deal somewhat in pictorial hyperbole, and may have thus secured for himself the patronymic Armstrong.* We may account for many English names in this way, for in the mediæval towns and cities where the trades were thoroughly distributed we find one man making one thing and nothing else all his life. The maker of bolts for crossbows would very naturally exhibit over his place of business as a sign the painted image of a great bolt, hence he would be distinguished by his neighbors from other persons having the same Christian name by the surname Bolt. Likewise the maker of spears inherited that title as a patronymic distinction for his long line of descendants. We sometimes meet with the English name Swords, which doubtless came into use as a surname from the sign of that instrument of carnage over the place of business of the mediæval sword maker. The forger of chains would very appropriately exhibit the painted *links* of a chain to publish to the eyes of the passing throng the manner of business that was carried on within.

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* This name, however, may have been bestowed upon an individual because the strength of his arm was a distinguishing characteristic.

When we take into consideration the fact that our ancestors, in the days when surnames were formed and bestowed, were generally ignorant to a degree that debarred them from reading their mother tongue, we readily understand how emblems painted upon signboards over their shops and stores were the only mediums through which the artisan and trader could intelligently communicate the nature of their vocations to the great mass of their customers. Therefore the manufacturer of bells would have an enormous bell painted on some conspicuous object at his place of business, so as to attract the attention of any one needing work in his line, and in the course of time his sign became his surname. And assuredly the Bells had a lucrative trade; for mediæval England struggled through the mists of the Dark Ages, keeping step with the jingling, jangling, and jarring tones of thousands of bells on every side. "They rang," says an English writer, "all day long; they rang from the great cathedral and from the little parish church, from the stately monastery, the nunnery, the college of priests, the spital, the chantry, the chapel, and the hermitage; they rang for festivals, for fasts, for pageants, for processions, for births, marriages, and funerals, for the election of city officers, for coronations, for victories, and for daily service; they rang to mark the day and the hour; they rang in the baby; they rang out the passing soul; they rang for the bride; they rang in memory of the dead; they rang for work to begin and for work to cease; they rang to exhort, to admonish, to console." The bell makers were therefore important factors in early English civilization. They not only advertised their craft through the medium of the eye, but manufactured that which advertised almost everything through the medium of the ear.

We sometimes meet with the English name Hornblower. Since there were men, therefore, who made their surnames by winding horns, it was very necessary that the demand for that instrument of torture to sensitive ears be supplied. Hence there were horn makers then as now. Indeed, the spirit of the times made that branch of manufacture very essential, for our progenitors were a very noisy set of fellows. The hunter, the yeoman, the soldier, and the rustic, as well as the gentleman, owned horns. Indeed, it was an accomplishment to know how to wind a horn. The *horn maker*, therefore, *painted his sign*, won his surname thereby, and added by his craft to the daily volume of noise that floated out upon the air of the sea-girt island. What a blessing the air is, anyhow! It swallows so much that is offensive and discordant. Verily, its digestive organs are good and powerful!

We have already alluded to short weight in the coin that was circulated in mediæval times. There was a necessity for weighing apparatus in primitive times as well as now. Hence scale makers were in demand, and again the painted sign has given us the surname Scales.

In this manner many of the names of the animals of the forest were fastened as surnames upon men. A number of rival butchers doing business in the same town or city took their names from the painted images of certain animals over their places of business. Thus we have from the mammals Buck, Bull, Bullock, Lamb, Roe, and many others.

The surnames Fox and Todd must have originated through these signs of the shop keepers. Tod, generally written Todd as a surname and frequently spelled *Todde* in the oldest Saxon books, is of Scandinavian origin, and primarily meant a bush; but the term was applied to the fox, it is supposed, on account of its bushy tail. The names Fox and Todd, therefore, are the same in meaning, and doubtless came to be used as family names through the medium of these signs. The name Hinds may have originated from the fact of some mediæval butcher having painted the figure of a female deer over his meat shop, or it may possibly have been derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hine*, the *d* being excrescent, a domestic.

The birds of the forest were not ignored in the day of surname making, for we have the names: Wren, Dove, Sparrow, Swan, Nightingale, Finch, Bullfinch, Jay, Hawkes, Crane, Drake, Partridge, Woodcock, Henshaw, which is, properly speaking, *Hern*shaw, another name for heron; and this brings to mind the saying, "He doesn't know a hawk from a handsaw," wherein the last word is a corruption of hernshaw. By substituting this word the drift of the proverb is apparent, intimating that one does not know the difference between the hawk (or falcon) or the heron (or hernshaw) which the hawk pursues.

Peacocks adorned the tables of the rich at great banquets; the hedgecock was also consumed as an article of food. Hence we have these names as family names.

The major part of these names, perhaps, came from the painted signs of hucksters, though some of them may have originated from trivial characteristics and incidents. Carlyle informs us that Harald, the first Christian king of Norway, as early as A.D., 961, "got the name of *Greyfell* from his people on a very trivial account, but seemingly with perfect good humor on their part. Some Iceland traders had brought a cargo of furs to Trondhjem (Lade) for sale. Sale being slacker than the Icelander wished, he presented a chosen specimen, cloak, doublet, or whatever it was, to Harald, who wore it with acceptance in public and rapidly brought disposal of the Icelander's stock and the surname of *Greyfell* to himself."

The surname of the first conqueror of the numerous jarls of Norway, Harald Fairhair, and that of the author of the Norman conquest of England, Rolf the Ganger (Walker) came from incidents equally as trivial as that which gave Harald Greyfell his appellation. Rolf Ganger was so weighty a man no horse could carry him, says Carlyle, and he walked, "having a mighty stride withal and great velocity on foot." Hence his name. Harald aspired to marry the beautiful Gyda. The proud beauty answered him: "Her it would not beseem to wed any jarl or poor creature of that kind. Let him do as Gorm of Denmark, Eric of Sweden, and Egbert of England: subdue into peace and regulation the confused, contentious bits of jarls around him, and become a king; then perhaps she might think of his proposal; till then, not." The proud answer pleased the young suitor, and "he vowed to let his hair grow, never to cut or even to comb it till this feat were done and the peerless Gyda his own." It took him twelve years to accomplish the work; but it was done, and he won a wife and a surname. Therefore it is clearly seen that our progenitors were quick to perceive and apply any peculiar trait, sign, or acquirement.

Surnames were sometimes bestowed from a spirit of jealousy. We have a striking illustration of this truth in the earliest historical records of Norway. Thus, Chapman is of Norse origin, and means a merchant or peddler. Bjorn, the son of Harald Fairhair, as early as the middle of the ninth century was the first man, so far as history informs us, that ever bore that surname. He was a peaceable, frugal, trading, and economic underking whom his jealous brothers mockingly called "Bjorn the Chapman." He was cruelly murdered by his brother "Eric Blood-axe" about A.D. 933. But the name still lives. As it comes to us through the English we have Chapman, but that branch of the hardy family that sought their fortunes among the Germans was called Kaufman. The two names have a common Norse origin, and are really one and the same name.

The Osbornes also are of Norse origin, and the name means "The Bear of the Gods." It was bestowed originally, doubtless by some viking, upon some brave Norman who fought with an energy and a spirit of fearlessness which characterized the northern bear. Many names came from personal habits, customs, and peculiarities. Prior to the year 1127, Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, had received the surname Plantagenet "from his custom of wearing a sprig of flowering broom (*genista*) in his cap." Likewise three of the sons of Henry XI. as early as 1169 had received surnames by which they were popularly known. Henry, surnamed *Short Mantle*, doubtless from the lack of his mantle to measure up to, or rather down to, the customary standard, received from his father Maine and Anjou; Richard, surnamed *Cœur de Lion*, the second son, so named on account of his bravery, was given Aquitaine; Geoffrey, the third son, was made Duke of Brittany; John, the fourth son, had nothing given to him, hence he was called John Lackland.

Philip V. and his son Charles, Kings of France, both inherited the surname Fair. Another son, Louis X., on account of his temper, was surnamed the Quarreler; while still another son, Philip VI., was popularly known as Philip *the Long*. Again, John, the son of Philip of Valois, who succeeded his father on the French throne in the year 1350, was like his father, impetuous, violent, brave, and prodigal, altogether a very bad man, yet he was surnamed John the *Good*, because doubtless of that extraordinary degree of personal valor which characterized him—"a quality at all times possessing an irresistible charm for the French people."

Hugh Capet doubted his own right to the throne. Hence he would never wear the crown, but contented himself with wearing the *chappe* as abbot of St. Martin de Tours; and therefore his surname. It is a mistake, as some have supposed, that "Capet was an opprobrious appellation, derived from *Capito*, big head. A large head, we know, is often a sign of imbecility," but Hugh Capet was not a fool. This erroneous idea led an old chronicler to call Charles the Simple, *Capet* (Karolus stultus vel Capet). Hugh's son, the pious Robert, chanted vespers clad in a *chappe*. The ancient standard of the kings of France was the *chappe* of St. Martin. Hence they gave the name of chapel to their oratory.*

Surnames cannot always be relied on as telling the truth. So much is proven at least in the case of John the *Good*. The brave son of this prodigal king, Phillip the *Bold*, was, however, more appropriately surnamed. To multiply illustrations as to how patronymics were evolved we may point to another French king. In Charles V., who ruled France from 1364 to 1380, "the French saw for the first time a king who could regulate the march of an army without engaging personally in the campaign." Charles, "though he did not himself lead his troops, knew how to appoint good generals." Hence he was surnamed *the Wise*.

There was a curious custom that prevailed among our progenitors, even as late as the seventeenth century: that of wearing patches on the face. This peculiar custom originated with the ladies of the court who cut court-plaster (hence the origin of that term) "into the shape of crescents, stars, circles, diamonds, hearts, crosses, and some even went so far as to patch their faces with a coach and four, a ship in full sail, a *chateau*," and many such things. Thus we may account for many surnames, such as Cross, Ship, or Shipp, and Castles. Doubtless the surname Standish originated from this custom. It will be remembered that Pope received a present from Lady Shirley consisting of a "standish and two pens." A standish (stand dish) was "a standing dish for pen and ink." The surname Pitcher must have either originated from this strange custom or from a shop sign. The old French *ewer* has been adopted by our voracious language and was current in the day of Shakespeare, for Gremio, one of Bianca's suitors in "Taming of the Shrew," eloquently presses his suit before Baptista, Bianca's father—

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* M. Michelet's "History of France," p. 342.

> First, as you know my house within the city
> Is richly furnished with plate and gold;
> Basins and *ewers* to lave her dainty hands.

The surname Ewer may be referred to this custom of pasting patches of court-plaster on the face.

Vane, a weathercock, Pear, Flagg, Crowe, and Crabb, with a great host of English surnames of this type, all had their origin either from shop signs or patches of court-plaster worn as ornaments on the face. The surname Trump, " one of the suit of cards that takes any other suit," is a corruption of *triumph*, and it is by no means improbable that a noted gamester, exulting in his skill as a card player should have so shaped the ornamental bits of court plaster that he pasted on his face as to advertise the fact that he was a *Trump*. May the Trumps continue to triumph, but along other lines, however, than that of mere gamesters.

The surnames Shear, Clock, Coulter, and Sickles were doubtless derived either from these signs or from the custom of wearing the patches of court-plaster to which we have alluded. Indeed a large number of surnames were thus originally conferred upon the progenitors of those who now bear them. The reader may account, therefore, for many purely English names which do not appear in this chapter by remembering the customs to which we have alluded.

CHAPTER V.

SURNAMES DERIVED FROM THE OCCUPATIONS.

THE Anglo-Saxon race, at any period of its history, can never be accused of idleness. Our progenitors were not only shrewd traders, skilled in the art of advertising their wares in those days prior to the introduction of printing presses, and when almost universal ignorance prevailed, but they were a producing people. The din of industry and the whir of crude machinery in mediæval times, united with the clanging of bells, the blast of horns, and the cries of hawkers and traders, made old England a Babel of discordant sounds. In fact, if the voice of history were silent on this point, English surnames alone would constitute an imperishable monument to the memory of this truth; and a nobler heritage than the fact that our ancestors were laborers has never descended to any people. They wrought and they dressed. Did they not have the right to array themselves in costly garments on holidays, at least, when honest toil was the price paid for such bodily indulgences? Chaucer, old English for *shoe maker*, sings of their extravagance in dress. And since his progenitors had made a surname for all of their descendants by sticking to the last, did not this father of English poets have the right to violate the declaration of L'Estrange, "The cobbler is not to go beyond his last," and to sing of the gayly attired young mediæval squire,

> "Embrowdid was he, as it were a mede
> Al ful of fresslie flowures, white and reede?"

But not only could the squires afford to dress well in those days, but of the honest carpenter's wife he says:

> "A seynt [girdle] sche wered, barred al of silk;
> A barm-cloth eek as whit as marne mylk
> Upon hir lendes [loins], ful of many a gore.
> Whit was hir smok, and browdid al byfore
> And eek byhynde on hir coler aboute,
> Of cole-blak silk, withinne and eek wihtoute."

There were Wymplers in those good old days when surnames were made, and they took the name of their occupation for their patronymic. They manufactured wimples, or neckerchiefs, for women, and many a Saxon belle, as well as queenly matrons, like the wife of Bath, of whom this poet, descended from the cobblers, sings, might have been seen, in mediæval England, with their scarlet stockings, and we may rest assured that they were not over-particular to conceal them—why should they be since they were beautiful (we mean the stockings) and with their fine white wimples, or kerchiefs.

Ancient Hosiers' Lane in London tells of the extent, as well as the antiquity, of the stocking trade. Verily, the Wymplers and Hosiers were lady's men, and, since the one sought to adorn the neck, he must have been subject to their "beck and nod;" while the other, working daily to clothe and adorn the other extreme of their fair bodies, was simply a *football* for beauty's fantastic toe. But these old Wymplers and Hosiers have never, in any age of the world's history, been without sympathizers and a goodly number of fellow-associates struggling with like environments. Indeed, while a few men, possibly very few, may be really *henpecked*, countless multitudes are veritable *hen hussies*, if having to do with women's concerns makes them such.

Many English names like these we have referred to have the suffix *er* and *ster*. These are the respective endings of masculine and feminine nouns in the Saxon language. Thus some Nimrod, who in mediæval times roamed over England's majestic forests of oak clad in his jacket of Lincoln green, that he might the better conceal himself alike from his foes and the game he sought, being in strictest harmony with the panoply of green about him, with his quiver of steel-tipped arrows, silver hunting horn, and well-bent bow of flexible Spanish yew, who, like Locksley of Ivanhoe fame, could notch the shaft of a Hubert or cleave in twain the swaying willow rod, or transfix the advance guard of a flock of wild geese winging their way to the solitary fens of Holderness—such a woodsman worthily won the title of Hunter.

Baker as an English surname is wide-spread, competing, in this particular, with the names

Brown, Smith, and Jones. The work of the baker was in great demand, and it always will be, hence the name is common. Not only were there public bakeries then as now, but every gentleman had his domestic baker; and besides, there were great bodies of Church functionaries which must have employed quite a number of professional bakers. A recent writer, Walter Besant, in speaking of St. Paul's Cathedral and of the great number maintained by the Church in that building alone, says that "in the year 1850 the society, the cathedral body, included the following: The bishop, the dean, the four archdeacons, the treasurer, the precentor, the chancellor, thirty greater canons, twelve lesser canons, about fifty chaplains or chantry priests, and thirty vicars. Of inferior rank to these were the sacrist and three vergers, the succentor, the master of the singing school, the master of the grammar school, the almoner and his four vergers, the servitors, the surveyor, the twelve scribes, the book transcriber [whence we have the name Scribner], the book binder, the chaimberlain [hence the surname Chamberlain], the rent collector, the baker." This last and important functionary "ovened every year," says the same writer, "40,000 loaves, or every day more than a hundred, large and small." Hence the chief baker of such an establishment must have employed quite a number of helpers. A great Church institution like this gave to the world at large, therefore, a large number of persons bearing the name Baker, when trades came to be applied as surnames. Therefore, that Baker, more fortunate than Pharoah's, who probably lost his head on account of bad cooking, one who excelled in the culinary art, at least to that degree necessary to the establishment of his profession, fixed that title as a surname upon the long line of his numerous progeny.

"In Mincing Lane," London, we are told, "dwelt the men of Genoa and other parts who brought wine to that port in their galleys." Hence these importers of wine came to be known after awhile by the surname Vintner or Vintners.

Mercer means a merchant. We frequently meet with the name in its Middle English form, Mercer, and also in its modern form, Merchant. The names are one and the same.

In every great cathedral there were, besides those already mentioned, sextons, gardeners, turners of beads for prayer, masons, painters, carpenters, gilders, and carvers. It may have been that these names of trades were first applied as surnames among the inmates of these cathedrals, for we can readily conceive how a greater necessity for some such cognomenic distinction would exist among so great a number of men placed thus in actual and daily contact than would arise among the people outside, and who were not brought into such close personal contiguity, just as surnames became a necessity in towns and cities before they were essential in the more sparsely settled country districts.

Thus the world is indebted to the trades for its Joiners, Sawyers, Farmers, Saddlers, Bowyers (or bow makers), Archers, Wheelers (or wheel makers), Ropers (or rope makers), and its Plumers (or feather workers), who doubtless made the plumes that waved over the brows of knights and kings; and they, too, may have plumed many of those deadly shafts that flew with such unerring precision from the flexible bows of our progenitors and which tried every joint and rivet in the armors of their enemies.

The mediæval barber was an important adjunct to his community. He not only did the hair dressing for the people of his neighborhood, but also the tooth pulling and blood letting, hence their red and white striped sign posts. They have lived to see their ancient profession divided into three distinct branches, two of them (dentistry and surgery) honorable, the other menial, leaving to the descendants of the first barbers only the name.

While the porter made a name for his offspring either by guarding gates or carrying burdens, the potter at his wheel made a name for his progeny by his dexterity in handling the pliable clay. To the perfidy of these ancient craftsmen we are indebted for one of our most expressive words. There were Roman potters as well as Roman orators, poets, and philosophers. Roman potters, it seems, were as shrewd as our *down-easters*. When they discovered a crack in their wares, they filled it up nicely with a kind of prepared wax, and thus concealing the flaw, they put their cracked wares on the market and sold them as sound vessels. Roman pottery merchants thus imposed upon were taught to look, when they made their purchase, for the wax that concealed the flaws of imperfect workmanship. Hence when they discovered a perfectly sound vessel, they said it was *sine cera*, without wax. From this we have the word sincere, signifying primarily without flaws.

Since our progenitors, as we have seen, knew how to dress, weavers were a necessity, hence we have Weaver as a surname. The Anglo-Saxon word *webba* meant a weaver; the suffix *a*, says Skeat, denoted the agent. The word is now obsolete, except in the old English surname Webb.

The great Webster whose eloquence, logic, and astute statesmanship won him a name second to none in the annals of America; the learned Webster whose lexicographical labors yet abide as the standard of English-speaking people; and the lesser Websters whose names have not been placed upon the roll of honor and fame may all trace their origin to some gentle and humble Saxon dame who plied the shuttle, day by day, thus winning an honest living and a surname for her progeny. The *thump* of the loom was her piano and the *hum* of the distaff her organ. Her vocation ranked among the finer arts of that day, and had been considered an accomplishment second to none from time immemorial. The science of music was left in the hands of strolling harpers and clowns, and the websters were useful as well as ornamental; and while it may be said of these two accomplishments, that the first has verily become the last, we should never forget that poets, as far back as history leads us, have sung of distaffs and looms as the choicest symbols of princely women. Thus Homer describes the present of Alcandra to Helen:

> "Alcandra, consort of high command,
> A golden distaff gave to Helen's hand;
> And that rich vase, with living sculpture wrought,
> Which, heaped with wool, the beauteous Philo brought.
> The silken fleece, impurpled for the loom,
> Recalled the hyacinth in vernal bloom."

So also Theocritus, when he gives a present to his friend's bride, couples it with verse:

> "O distaff! friend to warp and woof,
> Minerva's gift in man's behoof,
> Whom careful housewives still retain,
> And gather to their household gain,
> Thee, ivory distaff, I provide,
> A present for his blooming bride,
> With her thou wilt sweet toil partake,
> And aid her various vestes to make."

And even Augustus himself, at the height of human splendor, wore a robe which was made for him by Livia, his wife.

There was an old practice in the years agone, that a woman should never be married until she had herself spun a set of body, table, and bed linen. It is not difficult to see how easily the term became applicable to all unmarried women, and finally became a law term and became fixed as spinster.

The Websters, therefore, like the Smiths,* may claim an ancient and honorable lineage, and though the Harpers sung in palaces and before kings, the Websters really have higher claims to aristocratic origin.

Weber, or webber, meant a male weaver. The word is now obsolete except as a surname. Tucker is a Norse word, and is synonymous with the English word weaver. It is not, however, quite obsolete, like weber, but still survives not only as a surname but as a word. We have it in the modern tucking mill (cloth-making mill).

Brewer is a very common English surname. There was not a single monastery in all England that did not have its brewer as well as its baker. It is recorded that the brewer of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, brewed in the year 1286 67,814 gallons of beer. Verily the Church at least has made considerable progress in the virtue of temperance. But we have Brewster also as a surname, showing that the brewer's art was also in the hands of women. Over the products of their art many a brave knight uttered the common Saxon toast *waes hael* (be well) to his drinking companion, and drank to the king, queen, or his lady love. But many of the descendants of the Brewers and Brewsters are to-day heart and hand against the traffic of their progenitors.

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* See Chapter VII.

And so also the plucky Saxon dame, who dared at that early period of English history when surnames were made, to enter the arena of professional trades and compete for custom, placed her bread tables by the thoroughfares and exhibited the fruit of the oven—tempting barley loaves, kneaded by her hand and baked under her supervision—and thus won not only a living but a name for all of her offspring—bakester, a female baker. Hence we have the name Baxter.

Tyler is from the French *tailleur*, a cutter, a term applied to an individual, who stood with drawn sword, as the guard of a lodge of Freemasons. Those who have been initiated into the profound mysteries of that ancient order may appreciate more thoroughly, perhaps, what his real duties were than the great outside world. Whatever else may be the merits of the order of Freemasonry, it must be admitted that it has given the English-speaking people of the world a surname. The surnames Butler, Plater, Glover, Collier, and Fuller are purely modern English names, and were derived from the vocations of the progenitors of those who bear them. The Scrivener was a scribe or copyist. There was no vocation known to our mediæval ancestors to which the world is more indebted than to the work of the Scriveners and Scribners. We owe to them not only the preservation of our early history as English people, but the conservation and guardianship of ancient literature and the Bible, the corner stone of the vast and imperishable edifice of Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Hatcher is a name easily understood when we remember that one of the trades of the Middle Ages was that of raising sporting hawks for the gentry. Hence one engaged in that occupation, of rearing hawks under a *hatch* or coop, was called Hatcher.

"There is no excellency without labor," and, indeed, it appears that there would have been few surnames without it. Like the doves of which Israel's sweetest singer speaks of hovering, among the pots, upon the flat house tops of the Jews, there seeking a resting place for the night, but soaring away in the early dawn with their wings "covered with silver" and their "feathers with yellow gold," untarnished by the sooty cooking utensils, so the Cooks and Cooksons made themselves a name in the crude kitchens of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors.

Dexter sometimes occurs as a surname. The progenitors of those who have inherited that patronymic were the attendants of the knights. It was an heraldic term (meaning on the right side), and the name was applied to the chief herald at tournaments, a place as well as an office of honor. Hence it came in use as a surname.

The Woodward was the keeper or warden of the forest, while Woodruff was the master of the wood.

The name Shepherd scarcely needs explanation, and is closely allied to Steward. They both belonged to that class of laborers which looked after the stock of the old Saxon and Norman landlords. Steward was originally written *Sti-weard*, and meant "warden of the sties, or cattle pens." The religious denomination which I have the honor to represent has well-nigh monopolized the word. Stewards are no longer keepers of the stock pens, though they may think that they have some *hard stock* to deal with when the time comes to collect *quarterage*, but are now the financial board of a great Church. They ought, therefore, as a body not only to "be men of solid piety," but they ought to demonstrate their "sound judgment" by abounding in the graces of liberality and thanksgiving, for the Church has rescued them from a very menial office. But that name in its ancient as well as modern signification carries with it the idea of very great responsibility. The old Saxon *Sti-weard* was responsible for the stock committed to his keeping. And so God has honored this name above all others, and, in one sense, he has made it of universal application, so that all men are stewards of the talents he has committed to their keeping.

But it ought to be a source of pride to every Englishman and American that so many people bear names which are derived from the professional trades. One of the most interesting features of name study is the fact that a large percentage of our ancestors made their names by diligence and perseverance in some honorable vocation. Even the wild savage recognizes those traits of character and attainments, which distinguish the possessor from the less accomplished; and he is wont to confer on the brave, the cunning, and the wise such titles as are expressive of their attainments.

Bookstaver, one who compressed the folded sheets or pages of books with a pointed or edged instrument, preparatory to stitching them together, occurs as a surname. Bookhammer was the manufacturer of a broad-faced hammer formerly used for beating together the pages of books. It was used especially for hammering the leather backs of books, in very much the same manner that a cobbler uses his *shoe-hammer*. The Carrier was an overland transporter of mails and packages of merchandise, while the Cheeseman was the manufacturer of that article of diet.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," says the writer of Proverbs, and, while it is true that our progenitors did not choose their names directly, it is evident that they were an industrious people, and that they so wrought in the professions and trades as to secure to their descendants honorable names.

Caraways, Pliny informs us, were originally from Caria. The seed of the caraway were much used in confectionery and also in the composition of certain sweetmeats, for Cogan says: "We are wont to eat *caraways*, or biscuits, or some other comfits.'' Therefore a confectioner who made a specialty of caraways would very naturally take the surname Caraway.

The surname Stickler, as a word, now means to insist on etiquette or persist in an opinion. Such was not the original meaning. In Troilus and Cressida, Act V., Scene IX., Achilles is made to say:

> " The dragon wing of night o'erspreads the earth,
> And, *sticklerlike*, the armies separate."

A stickler was therefore a peace maker, " one who parts combatants or settles disputes between two men fighting,'' a man who had the arrangement of the field during the time of those frequent combats which took place between the gentry of mediæval England, frequently on very trivial grounds.

Fielder must have been an excellent axman, who cleared away the primal timber of old England and put the land in arable condition. Isaac Taylor says that *fell* " is derived from Norway, where it takes the form *fjeld* (pronounced *fi-ell*). It is the usual name for a hill in the north-west of England. The Anglo-Saxon *field* or *feld* is from the same root as the Norse *fell*. A *fell* is a place where the ground is on the fall; a *field* or *feld* is where the trees have been felled. Just like the American term '*a clearing*,' the word field bore witness to the great extent of unfelled timber which still remained. In old writers wood and field are continually contrasted. With the progress of cultivation the word has lost its primitive force. The word fold is from the same root, and means an inclosure formed by felled trees."

Badger is often met with as an English surname. The name is also applied to a wild animal. But Sceat says that the name, as thus used, "is a sort of nickname, the true sense of the Middle English badger or bager being a dealer in corn, and it was thus presumably jocularly transferred to the animal because it either fed, or was supposed to feed on corn. This fanciful origin is verified by the fact that the animal was similarly named *blairean*, in French, from the French *blé* "corn." The name was originally spelled *bladger*, the *l* having been dropped for convenience of pronunciation; it is from the old French *bladier*, explained by Cotgrave as "a merchant or ingrosser of corn." Originally it is from the Low Latin *bladum*, corn.

The surname Buckner is common. It is closely allied with the English name Lander, which, in Middle English, was variously spelled *launder*, *laynder*, and *landar*, and meant, if we are governed by the masculine ending, a washing man. Verily, the occupation of washerman has been wrested from the sterner sex, like that of the wimpler and many others. Who can tell? The good women may yet relieve us of much of the *wear* and *tear* of political life. There may be a rest day in the near future for man, for the good women have already taken us from the washtub, and the signs of the times indicate that we have just had a fore-taste of the elevation that awaits us. The occupation of washerman had not wholly passed out of the hand of men in Shakespeare's time, for in "Merry Wives of Windsor" Mrs. Ford orders the servant: "Go, take up these clothes here quickly; where's the cowl-staff? look, how you drumble; carry them to the laundress in Dutchet mead; quickly, come."

But when Mr. Ford entered the apartment, he meddled like a modern husband in woman's affairs. Hear him as he addressed the servant: "How now? whither bear you this?"

"To the laundress, forsooth."

Mrs. Ford, like a modern wife, could not submit to such *high-handed* indignity on the part of the husband without at least telling him that it was *none of his business;* let him attend to his own affairs. "Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with buckwashing?"

The intermeddling husband showed very clearly the traits of his *genus*. If we may use a Western phrase, he *bucked* like a thoroughbred broncho: "Buck? I would I could wash myself of the buck! Buck, buck, buck? Ay, buck; I warrant you, buck."

Buck signifies to wash linen, to steep clothes in dye, and the term *buckner* was applied to a *bleacher* of linen.

The Chandler, or Candler, a different spelling of the same name, got a surname from his occupation. He was a candle seller or maker, thus carrying light into many homes. It is, indeed, a singular coincidence that one of that name should really have been the originator of female colleges, thus sending into innumerable homes more light than was ever dispensed by his candle-selling ancestors. In the year 1835, "a young lawyer, Chandler by name, made an address at the Commencement at Athens, Ga., in which he declared his belief in the mental equality of the sexes, and advocated collegiate education for young ladies."* The speech resulted in the establishment of the Methodist Female College at Athens, Ga., the first female college instituted *strictly as such* in the world.

Parker was the keeper of the wood. We may get a better idea of the true import of the name by comparing it with the somewhat kindred appellation, Forester, or, as it is sometimes contracted, Foster. Mediæval writers oppose the *forestis*, or open wood, to the walled-in wood, or *parcus*. An old writer says: "*Forestis est ubi sunt feræ non inclusæ, parcus, locus ubi sunt feræ inclusæ.*" So the Forester, or Foster, was an inhabitant of the open wild wood, while the Parker was the keeper of the inclosed wood.

By *thatch* we mean a covering for a roof. This word is a weakened form of the old Anglo-Saxon *thak*, due doubtless to the use of the dative *thakke* and plural *thakkes;* hence we have, in provincial English, *thack*, a thatch, and Thacker, both as a surname and a word, denoting a thatcher.

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* See Smith's "History of Methodism in Georgia and Florida," p. 508.

Linder is derived from the lime tree, the lind. The wood was white and smooth, and hence it was much used for carving purposes; therefore the term generally used for shield by the Anglo-Saxons was *lind*, because it was made of the wood of the lind. Hence, Linder was a carver in Lind wood, or a shield maker.

The Palmer was a *privileged* character in mediæval society. He bore about a palm leaf in token of having been to the Holy Land—he was a pilgrim, hence he was granted immunities which were not bestowed on every son of Adam. To his fertile imagination, and the prevalent propensity of that day for hearing and telling tales, we may attribute many of the unreasonable legends and myths of mediæval England.

Bower, says Skeat, was a bow maker, while the occupation of the Downer was, in all probability, to plume arrows.

The English surname, Marshal, is primarily from the Old High German *marah*, a battle horse, and the Middle High German *shale*, a servant. It is very closely allied in meaning with the surname Stabler, a master of the horse, a farrier or groom. This name, like the office of constable, has worthily worked itself up from the stables of the old landlords to the position of a title of honor, just as that officer of the peace was originally in the Latin tongue *comes stabuli*, literally count of the stables, a kind of overseer of the master's horses.

Goodman was the "master of the house," and in this sense it is used in King James's translation of the Bible. (See Luke xii. 39.) At the time, and even prior to that day, when surnames were made, the old feudal lords were away from their castles much of their time, either on crusades to the holy land or on the war-path against rival or enemy. Therefore it was necessary for them to have some trusty steward to look after matters at the castle during their absence. Those who have read "The Abbot," by Sir Walter Scott, will remember how vividly the great novelist portrays the necessity of such an overseer. This name, like that of Steward, enjoys the distinction of having been incorporated into the text of Holy Scripture. No Goodman should, therefore, ever bring reproach upon that name, but should *watch* day and night, as he is commanded in Luke vii. 37–40, that no thief spoil the master's goods.

It has been frequently stated by writers on surnominal nomenclature that Sanders is a corruption of the Greek Christian name Alexander; but it seems clear to the writer of these "Rambles" that Sanders, as a surname, was derived from what must have been rather a prominent occupation with our Catholic progenitors. On saint's days—and they were neither few nor far between—we are told that the air of mediæval England was fragrant with that scented Indian wood called sanders. There must have been men, therefore, who imported and sold that great ecclesiastical staple, and who very naturally inherited the surname Sanders.

The moorer was a laborer on board of a ship. Primarily his work was that of confining or securing a vessel in a particular station by means of ropes or cables. The term was finally applied to any laborer in marine service; hence, also, the name Moorman.

Stricker was applied as a surname to the man who manufactured the strickle, an instrument used to strike grain to a level with the measure, which contained the threshed cereal. Taylor and miller are occupations which still survive, so that the origin of these names of trade and their use as surnames is clearly obvious to every one. The surnames Carter, Cartwright, and Boatwright are purely English, and therefore need no explanation to make clear their origin; and Hooper is equally as plain when we remember that the laborers of mediæval times were all specialists. The hooper was, therefore, a necessary adjunct to the cooper.

According to Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," hops were introduced from the Netherlands into England about 1524, and used in brewing. The introduction of this plant, together with the commercial demand for the herb, created a surname, Hopper, a dealer in hops.

"The surnames Hayward and Howard," says a recent English writer, "are corruptions of Hog-warden, an officer elected annually to see that the swine in the common forest pastures or *dens* were duly provided with rings, and were prevented from straying. The Howard family first comes into notice in the Weald, where their name would lead us to expect to find them." So the family name Coward may also be accounted for. The duties of the cow-warden were analogous to those of the howard.

The patronymic Cushman is very probably derived from the Anglo-Saxon *cúsceote*, a wild pigeon, whence we have the modern English cushat, a wood pigeon. Hence Cushat-man—by contraction Cushman—was doubtless a hunter or vender of wild pigeons.

The names Dyer, Draper, Cutler, Fowler, and Stoneman, together with Bowman and Rickman, doubtless sprung from the several vocations of the progenitors of those who bear them. Rickman, however, was the master of the barn or rickyard. The arkwright was a chest maker, and the boardman was a manufacturer of tables.

Sir Walter Scott, in "Ivanhoe," in the interesting dialogue between Gurth and the clown Wamba, has stressed the fact that bacon is Saxon: it was preëminently the flesh upon which our progenitors fed. There are many evidences, even in surnames, of the importance attached to swine in Anglo-Saxon times. It is not, therefore, surprising that there should be Bacons, as well as Lardner, in the list of English names. The latter name was bestowed on dealers in lard.

Beavers is sometimes used as a surname. We should not confound the patronymic with the name of the wild animal, for the beavers were manufacturers. Primarily the old term *bever* signified "a child's bib, mocket, or mocketer, put before the bosom of a slavering child;" finally, the term beaver meant the lower part of a helmet. In this sense it is used by Shakespeare in "Hamlet:"

Hamlet. "Then saw you not his face?"

Horatio. "O yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up."

In mediæval times, therefore, the Beavers were producers as well as consumers.

The trusler was a rope maker. It is derived from the Middle English *trussen*, to twist or bind together. From it the modern English truss, "to pack, bind up, fasten as in a package or in bundles," is derived.

Spencer means a short overjacket. Lord Sandwich (sand-bay) invented *sandwiches*, and Lord Spencer was the inventor of the short jacket called by his name. Hence some poet wrote:

Two noble earls, whom, if I quote,
  Some folks might call me sinner,
The one invented half a coat,
  The other half a dinner.

The plan was good, as some will say,
  And fitted to console one,
Because, in this poor starving day,
  Few can afford a whole one.

The proper meaning, however, of the surname

Spenser is clerk of the kitchen—a spender, or caterer.

In King Lear's reply to his daughter, Regan, when she admonished him to return, after "dismissing half his train," to the roof of her sister Goneril, we have an allusion to an occupation which gave us a surname:

> "Return with her?
> Persuade me rather to be a slave and *sumpter*
> To this detested groom."

Roquefort says, and it is corroborated by the quotation we have just made, that sumpter originally meant not the horse, as we mean by that term now, a pack horse, but the horse's driver. It is accordingly, he says, "from the old French *sommetier*, a pack horse driver." The surname is generally written Sumter, having lost a *p*. The Falkner managed hawks, more difficult to govern, doubtless, than the charge which was committed to the hand of the Sumpter. It is synonymous with, or rather it is the same word as, falconer.

The Tyerman made iron hoops with which he bound together the segments of coach wheels. The school teacher's *craft* gave him a surname, Schoolcraft; while the preserver of fruits fastened the patronymic Pickler to his progeny. The professional hair curler was called a crispman, which has been corrupted into the surname Crissman. The Holder was a laborer who worked in the *hold* of a vessel. There was a kind of snare used for capturing small animals, called in Middle

English a *springe*, from the fact that it was provided with a flexible rod. P. Plowman alludes to it in Book V., 41. The manufacturer of these snares would very naturally inherit the title Springer, just as the maker of the

> Arcadian pipe, the pastoral reed,

of which Milton sings, became popularly known by the surname Reeder.

He whose craft was to ornament with gold lace the sleeves of the gentry was known as Gildersleeve, while he who administered to the ills to which flesh is heir was designated, not the *doctor*, but the Leech, so the soldiers in the closing lines of Timons of Athens, propose to

> Make each
> Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.

The shop keepers of London, even down to the reign of George II., kept men and boys stationed at the doors of their respective places of business to cry out an invitation to buy, and to enumerate the wares on sale at their shops. The streets where the private residences were located were filled with hawkers crying their wares, so that the city was a perfect medley of harsh sounds. Hence we have the surname Crier. The Miner, unlike the Crier, was not city bred.

The warren was "a place privileged by prescription or grant from the king, for keeping certain beasts and fowls, called beasts and fowls of *warren*." Therefore we have not only the surname Warren, bestowed upon some one who lived near a warren, but also Warrener, the keeper of the warren. This latter name has been contracted into Warner.

It may be merely a guess, but it appears to be in strict accord with the spirit of the age of surnominal generation that the maker of *patens*, "the plate or vessel on which the consecrated bread in the eucharist is placed," should have been called Pater. Hence we have Patterson.

A man who wrought steel very naturally took the name Steelsmith. *Tod*, as we have already said, means a fox. Hence the surname Todhunter is easily understood. We sometimes meet with the family name Trainer. The progenitors of the family may have trained either horses, hawks, or dogs. Wright was applied to any one who wrought wood for mechanical purposes.

Proctor, says Skeat, means "a procurator, an attorney in the spiritual courts." Hence it is also applied "to an officer who superintends university discipline." It is evidently a corruption of the Latin *procurator*. Copeman means a merchant. It is derived from the Dutch *koopman*, from *koopen*, to buy. It is the same name as the Norse Chapman and the German Kaufman. B. Johnson uses the word in its original sense when he says:

> "He would have sold his part of paradise
> For ready money, had he met a *copeman*."

The trades and professions have given the world a large percentage of the surnames in common use to-day, and as we conclude this desultory ramble among the shops and places of business of mediæval craftsmen to refresh ourselves in the rural districts of old England, as they were in the days of our progenitors, it is with a degree of pardonable pride, we hope, that we affirm that our surnames teach us that our ancestors made an honest living by honest work.

CHAPTER VI.

SURNAMES DERIVED FROM PLACES OF RESIDENCE.

IT was natural that men were surnamed from the places of their respective habitations, for place names have always existed, and men were doubtless first distinguished from each other—that is, those who had the same Christian names—by appending to their given names the names of their respective places of residence. This class of family names is perhaps the oldest in existence. This method of discriminating between two persons in the same region of country, who bear the same name, is still in use by the people in the rural districts. Thus, two Johns Anderson, where one lives near a bridge, and the other in the fork of two rivers or creeks, would be distinguished by their neighbors as *Bridge* John and *Fork* John. There is scarcely a neighborhood, into which one may enter, where he will not hear some such distinction made relative to members of its constituents. If such, then, is really a custom now, when surnames prevail, we can readily perceive how much more extensively such a usage would naturally obtain when there were no surnames.

Some mediæval Englishman, therefore, whose name we will suppose to have been Henry, and who lived close to a tower noted for its height, was distinguished from another Henry, who lived in or near an unusually large house, by the popular appellative Henry Hightower, while his neighbor having the same Christian name was called Henry Morehouse, *more* signifying great or large in Middle English. So John who reared his crude mediæval dwelling on the top of some high hill forever fastened the patronymic Hillhouse on his progeny. The Norwegian word *stackr* meant a columnar rock, but when the word was Anglicized it became *stack*. Hence another John, perhaps in the same community, who built his cabin near a massive pile of columnar rocks was known popularly, and his descendants after him, as John Stackhouse. Thus we get the modern English surname Gunhouse, which is of very late origin, having been applied as a patronymic after the introduction of the manufacture of guns. Stenhouse is undoubtedly a corruption of Stanhouse, which means in Modern English stone-house.

Ware was at first a place name. It is connected with the romantic history of the great and good King Alfred, who constructed a *weir* across the river Lea in order to cut off the retreat of a Danish fleet, which had dared to invade his kingdom. Ware in Hertfordshire marks the place where this dam was built. Hence the surname was applied to an inhabitant or inhabitants of that place to distinguish them from other persons living in the neighboring communities. These territorial surnames have in many instances been so abbreviated that they are scarcely recognizable. For example, William of St. Denys was contracted, or corrupted rather, into William Sydney; John of St. Maur became John Seymore; Henry of St. Paul passed popularly into Henry Semple; and George of St. Leger became known in the vernacular of the people as George Sillinger. In the early annals of London mention is made of Sir William Sevenoke, who was so called because he was from the town of Seven Oaks, which as a surname has been unmercifully abbreviated into Snooks. So the place name Trotterscliffe has passed into Trosley, also used as a surname.

Hinton was applied as a place name to a town located behind a hill, and the term as a surname was first bestowed upon a man or men dwelling in the little village hiding itself away beneath the brow of the hill.

Croft in the Saxon tongue meant a wood. It is frequently used also as an element in other surnames. Therefore those names compounded of that term give us at least the place of the habitation of their ancestors. The old English name Ravenscroft was first given to some man who lived near a forest noted as a haunt of that mischevous and noisy bird. *Ban* meant a proclamation. It is of Sanskrit origin, and is closely allied to *bane*, destruction. Hence we have even from other tongues *bandit*, *abandon*, etc. It therefore meant a proclamation of outlawry. A wood infested with outlaws would very naturally be spoken of as *Bancroft*, and George or Henry who lived near that wood was so called.

Lea, or *leigh*, signified a partially wooded field —a meadow or pasture. This word is appended as a suffix to many English surnames. Thus we have the name Owley (owl wood), Horseley and Cowley, meadows or woods in which these animals were pastured. Westley and Westfield are almost the same name. Ashley, Oakley, and Birchley, or Berkeley, are frequently met with as surnames, as well as place names. They tell us of the peculiar kind of trees which grew in those meadows adjacent to, or within which those of our progenitors to whom these names were first applied, lived. By the name Lindley we learn that those who were first called by that name lived in or near a meadow shaded by the lime tree. So we see that the trees of the forest occupy a conspicuous place in English surnames. For example, *Ac*, *Ack*, or *Ock* meant in the Anglo-Saxon tongue an oak. Acton, therefore, signifies oak-town; Ackworth, oak-farm; and Ockley, oak-meadow. The Gallic *dair* also meant an oak. Hence Adair is a contraction of *atten* Dair, meaning a man, who dwelt at the oak. *Er* at the end of names of places signifies a man of the place, as Acker, a man of the Oaks—that is, a man who dwelt among or near a cluster of noted oaks. Those grand and imposing old monarchs of England's primeval forests were indeed very proper objects to enter as component elements into English names.

Much unwritten history and thrilling traditional scenes clustered about their great gnarled trunks and limbs; the yeomen of the Middle Ages had held their councils and divided the spoils of their predatory excursions beneath the shade of these old seers of the forest, and the old Druids had gathered mistletoe from their great, clutchy arms. Hence the oak has become thoroughly incorporated into English history, songs, and ballads, fiction and legends, as well as English names. May those into whose names the oak enters as an element be as solid and useful as the timber from which their names were constructed!

The ash is also a valuable timber. It constitutes the framework of many Anglo-Saxon names. Thus we have Ashfield, Ashland, and Ashton. The surname Nash may be thus accounted for: William who pitched his tent or cabin near some notable ash would be very naturally referred to as William *atten* Ash, contracted finally into William Nash. There is, therefore, really no difference between that name and Ashmore, except the difference between the size of the respective ash trees near which the progenitors of these two branches of the Ash family pitched their rude cottages, *more* being Anglo-Saxon for great.

By, particularly in the North of England, meant a dwelling or a town; as Derby, deer's dwelling, corrupted by dialectic influences to Darby; Kirkby, town of the church; Rugby, rock town; Ashby, dwelling or town at the ash. Nasby is really the same as Ashby—thus, William who lived in a town situated in a grove of ash would be alluded to as William *atten* Ashby, abbreviated to William Nasby, or Nashby. Let, therefore, the numerous namesakes of this towering giant of the forest bend as gracefully under every trial and calamity as does this handsome sylvan giant under the fiercest blasts of Boreas. Let them be as flexible, graceful, useful, and as strong as this sound and tall production of the rich alluvial plains and bottoms, for their genealogy, as the name proves, extends as far back in the annals of English history, proportionally, as the penetrating roots of the graceful ash enter into the firm clay subsoils of the earth; for is not the fact of ancient lineage inspiring to all men?

Relative to the name Birch, which was applied in the same way as the names just referred to, this story is told of Lord Lytton: He was seated one day at dinner next to a lady whose name was Birch, and who, tradition says, was beautiful, if not over intelligent. Said she to his Excellency: "Are you acquainted with any of the Birches?"

Replied his Excellency: "O yes, I knew some of them most intimately whilst at Eton; indeed, more intimately than I cared to."

"Sir," replied the lady, "you forget that the Birches are relatives of mine."

"And yet they cut me," said the viceroy; "but," and he smiled his wonted smile, "I have never felt more inclined to kiss the rod than I do now."

Mrs. Birch, sad to say, did not see the point, and, so the gossips have it, told her husband that his Excellency had insulted her.

But, to return to surnames ending in *ley*, we have Shipley, a sheep pasture, and Whitley, a white meadow or pasture. Heutley and Hartley both mean deer meadow. Huntley was a little paradise for the sportsman, a meadow in which game abounded, and therefore a hunting ground. Shirley is from the Anglo-Saxon *sciran*, to divide. Hence we have the word *shire*, a division of the kingdom. Therefore the Shirley was a meadow which divided or separated two sections of country. The first syllable of Shockley is modern English; it was a meadow used, therefore, for shocking corn. Beasley is doubtless a contraction of Beaversley. Beverley is an older form of the same name. Eversley meant wild boar's wood. Arley and Earnsley are different forms of the same name, and chronicled the haunt of the eagle—eagle's wood, as we would designate a place even to-day frequented by that bird.

Surnames of this class help us to arrive, at least, at a vague conception of the importance attached to the various Anglo-Saxon deities. Our progenitors worshiped in groves, hence Tewesley was the place where Tiw, the god of war, received the adoration of our benighted ancestors. Freasley tells us of another grove or meadow, where Frea, the mythological wife of Odhin or Wodan and the goddess of marriage, was worshiped. Wadley and Wansley were places where the chief deity of our progenitors, Woden, received that reverence and homage which the heathen render to their gods. Thursley was a grove dedicated to the worship of the dreaded Thor. Tinsley was the meeting place of Things, or general council of the whole island. The Thing was introduced into England by the Northmen, and it has given us a number of place names, at least one surname, and two of our commonest words. Thus, Dr. Dasent informs us that *meeting* is from *mot thing*, the assembly of freeholders, while *hustings* is derived from *house things*, an ancient council of duly qualified householders to delegate their legislative powers to representatives elected to a higher council.

Hinkley, from *hengst*, a horse, was, like Horseley, a forest *ley*, or pasture for horses. Henley is from the Anglo-Saxon *hean*, poor. Hence the name implies poor pasture or meadow in the sense of barren. Langley means long meadow. Stanley, from *stan*, a stone, was, as we would say, stony meadow.

A very interesting piece of history is connected with the name Markley. Dr. Isaac Taylor says: "When the unbelievers had been finally expelled from Northern and Central Spain, the debatable ground was the province which now goes by the name of Murcia. This word means the district of the *march*, or *mar*gin, the de*marc*ation between two alien races. To make a *mark* is to draw a boundary. Letters of *marque* are letters which contain a license to harass the enemy beyond the frontier. A Margrave, Mark-graf, Earl of March, or Marquess, was the Warden of the Marches, who held his fief by the tenure of defending the frontier against aggression, and this important office gave him rank next to the Duke or Dux, the leader of the forces of the shire. The root is found in all the Indo-Germanic languages, and is probably to be referred to the Sanskrit *marya*, a boundary, which is a derivative of the verb *smri*, to remember. We may compare the Latin *margo* and the Persian *marg*, a frontier. The uncleared forest served as the boundary of the *gau* of the Teutonic settlers. Hence the Scandinavian *mörk*, a forest, and the English word *murky*, which originally denoted the gloom of the primæval forest. The chase took place in the forest which bounded the inhabited district. Hence the Sanskrit *mrga*, chase, hunting. A huntsman being nearly synonymous with a horseman, we have the Celtic *marc*, a horse, which has found its way into the English verb to *march* and the French word *maréchal*, a groom or farrier." Therefore "the Anglo-Saxon kingdom of Mercia was the frontier province between the East Angles and the Welsh." Hence we have the place names along the frontier line: Marbrook, line of border brook; Marbury, border town; and Markley, from the Celtic *marc*, a horse, and the Old English *ley*, a meadow or pasture. Hence the meaning of this surname is really the same as Hinkley and Horseley.

Hay, or, more properly, *haw*, meant a hedge;

therefore we have the surnames Haynes, or Hedges in modern English; Haley, Hawley, or Harley, different spellings of the same name, and all meaning hedge pasture. Hawes is identical in meaning with Haynes. Haywood means Hedgewood, and Hagood, which has lost a *y*, or more properly a *w*, means a good hedge. Hayworth may be easily understood when we remember that *worth* means a dwelling or town. Hawthorn means a thorny hedge, while Haughton and Houghton, the same name, simply mean hedgetown, or *tún*.

From the Roman *strata*, or paved roads, we get the surnames Stradley and Streatley. They were meadows along these old Roman roads, which crossed the island from point to point, and which were as straight as the course of an arrow. Netley meat a pasture for *neat* cattle, while Wheatley simply meant a meadow which had been cleared and planted in wheat. Norleigh and Sudley mean respective north and south meadow. Dudley is compounded of the Scottish *dud*, a rag, and the suffix *ley*. Hence it means rag meadow. Mobley was a place where some one of those disorderly crowds designated as a *mob*, for which mediæval England was noted, once assembled. *Low* and *law* as suffixes of English names are the same word. The former is English, while the latter is the pronunciation of the word on the Scottish border. The word is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hlaw*, a mound, or rising ground. Bradlaw therefore signifies broad hill. "The numerous *peels* along the Scottish border are an evidence of the insecurity arising from border warfare in times when every man's house was, in a literal sense, his castle also. The hill where the border clan of the Maxwells used to assemble previous to their dreaded forays bears the appropriate name of the *Wardlaw* (guard hill). A reference to this trysting place is contained in the war cry of the clan: 'I bid you bide Wardlaw!'" In the surname Winslow we have an allusion to some hill dedicated to the worship of Woden, of which *wins* is a corruption. Low and Law also occur in surnames. They are, as will be readily seen, synonymous with the English name Hill. We are not surprised therefore, that there are Lowsons and Lawsons.

Waddell is a corruption of *ward dell*—*i. e.*, the watchman's dell. It is a Scotch border name, like Wardlaw and Ward, a watchman.

Ludlow means the "people's hill," a place of meetings, just as the ancient place of national assembly in Scotland was the *mote hill* at Scone, near the ancient capital of the kingdom. Thurlow was a mound or hill upon which Thor was worshiped.

Towns and streams, hills and wells, and the trees of the forest were also a fruitful source from which family names were culled. While Richard who lived *at* or near the wood naturally inherited the title Richard Atwood, John from Cornwall became John Cornwall or Cornish; while William who lived on a hill, *under* a hill, or near a well, won for himself the surname William Hill, or Underhill, or Atwell. Becket, in the Anglo-Saxon language, meant a small stream, from the Norse *beckr* (Danish *bæc*), a brook. Thomas who lived near such a stream was popularly known as Thomas at the becket, and thus was named the Martyr Thomas à Becket, and thus may be accounted for the surnames Beck and Beckett. Holbeck or Houlbeck are different dialectic spellings of the same word, and mean the "brook in the hollow." Cawdbeck implies the cold brook, and Foulbeck is synonymous with Fulbeck. Both mean "muddy brook."

Drayton means literally wagon tún.* Beresford explains its derivation when we remember that the spelling of the first syllable is precisely the way that the Anglo-Saxons spelled *bear*, the wild animal. These last two names are indissolubly connected with the history of education in South Carolina. Gov. Drayton may be justly regarded as the founder of the South Carolina College, and Richard Beresford left at his death in 1722 the sum of £6,500 for the maintenance and education of the poor children in the Parish of St. Thomas and St. Denis near Charleston. Journalismism in South Carolina was first introduced by a man whose forefathers received their surnames by living in close proximity to some bog or swamp, the peculiarity of which was its white mud or soil.

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* See Chapter VIII., where this word is explained.

Thomas Whitmarsh issued the *South Carolina Gazette* on Saturday, January 8, 1731. His successors, though not swamp bred, have done much for the State and for humanity in dissipating the moral miasmas of the Swamp State. Long live every true knight of the quill. Boggs is likewise a territorial Scotch name. It was bestowed on some man who lived close to some one of the numerous *fens* or *bogs* of Scotland.

Our progenitors were doubtless ignorant of the science of botany, as ignorant as many of their descendants are of the meaning of the names which they have fastened upon themselves, yet patronymics derived from the names of plants are found in great abundance. The Anglo-Saxon *alr*, derived from the Latin *alnus*, an alder tree, together with the Teutonic *ey*, an island, gives us the surname Olney. Thus we have the names Allerton or Ellerton, and Allerdale, implying respectively alder island, alder town, and alder dale. The lime tree has given us Lindfield and Lyndhurst. *Hurst* is from the Anglo-Saxon *hyrst*, a thick wood. The apple comes in, at least for a small share of English surnames, as may be seen in the names Appleby and Appleton, both signifying apple tún. The names are the same, the only difference being that the Applebys were originally from the North of England, where *by* meant a tún just as *ton* did farther south.

We have met with the modern English name Crabtree. The meaning of the name is clear to every one, but how it came to be applied as a surname cannot be accounted for otherwise than that some Englishman who did not have a surname happened to live near an apple tree of that species. We must remember that surnames were made by the people at a time when a taste for æsthetics did not prevail. It is frequently amusing to note from what trifling incidents surnames were evolved. Walter Besant quotes "a curious little story" which happened in the reign of King James I., illustrating this fact. "One day in Bishopsgate Ward," says he, "a poor man named Richard Atkinson, going to remove a heap of sea-coal ashes in his wheelbarrow, discovered lying in the ashes the body of a newly born child. It was still breathing, and he carried it to his wife, who washed and fed it and restored it to life. The child was a goodly and well-formed boy, strong and well-featured, without blemish or spot upon it. They christened the child at St. Helen's Church, by a name which should cause him to remember all through his life his very remarkable origin. They called him, in fact, Job Cinere Extractus. A noble name, for the sake of which alone he should have lived. What an ancestor to have had! How delightful to be a Cinere Extractus! Who would not wish to belong to such a family and to point to the ash heap as the origin of the first Cinere Extractus? Nothing like it in history since the creation of Adam himself. What a coat of arms! On a shield azure, an ash heap proper, with supporters of two dustmen with shovels; for crest, a sieve; motto like that of the Courtenays, '*Quo descensus?*' Poor little Job Cinere Extractus died three days afterward, however, and now lies buried in St. Helen's churchyard, without even a monument." Thus surnames were bestowed from almost every conceivable source. What difference does it make with us whether we were named from an ash heap or a canebrake, granted that we do not know what our names mean? And canebrakes were utilized as name material. What was not? Rodney, Reed island, and Retford or Redford, Reedy ford as we would say, conclusively prove that there were homes where the reeds grew. Farnham and Farnborough tell us respectively of a home and a fort among the ferns. The silvery-barked beech has given us the names Buckland, Buckhurst, Buckley, Beecham, and Buckhalter. Was this last name applied to some Englishman who by accident or misfortune was forced to test the truthfulness of the adage, "necessity is the mother of invention," and thus provide for his steed a halter improvised from the flexible limbs or withes of the beech? Such things do occur even to this day in the extreme rural districts. The birch has also forever perpetuated its name in the patronymics Bircholt (birch wood) and Birbeck (birch branch).

Ben and *bin* mean bean in the Anglo-Saxon language. Therefore Bennington signifies a settlement reared by the descendants of the Bentons, and Binfield was first a place name and was bestowed as a surname upon those who lived near a farm or field distinguished for the production of beans.

There were two words, owing to the different dialects of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, for broom: *brom* and *birm*. The old Saxon surnames Bromley and Birmingham therefore meant respectively Broom-meadow and the home of the descendants of the Birms or Brooms. In all probability the progenitors of these two families were broom makers and venders.

The syllable *ing* is sometimes used as a prefix; and when it is thus used, it denotes a meadow, as Ingham, meadow home, or Ingrove, meadow grove. It also has a topographic signification. In the old English charters and chronicles, mention is made of the Centings or the men of Kent, and the Brytfordings or men of Bradford. A rule which generally holds good in determining the signification of this little syllable with its trinity of meanings is this: When it is the initial syllable, it means meadow; when it occurs in the middle of a name, it denotes descendants; and when it is the last syllable, it generally has a topographic meaning. Thus, the large family of Billings were originally devotees of the Celtic god Bel, which, mythologically at least, was closely allied to the Syrian Baal. Their settlement in England has given us the place name Bellinger in

Hants, which in turn gave many Englishmen its own name as a surname.

The old chronicles speak of the family, or, more properly, the tribe of the Hardings. The word *ward* carries with it the idea of protection. There is very little difference between the sound of *ward* and *hard;* hence many names, in which *ward* occurs as a component element, are spelled in German and French as if they were *hard.** Therefore the term *hard*, when met with in names, is frequently a corruption of *ward*. Both of these words, in their primitive signification, are closely allied to the German *heri* and the Northern *her* or *har*, war. The old Norsemen delighted in relegating to themselves the idea of strength and firmness, therefore the Hardings were the descendants of the *firm* men, or, as we would say, the *invincibles*.

The Waelsings were the men of Wili, one of the primeval gods of the old Teutonic race, which impersonated the *will*. The Wælsings settled in Norfolk, Durham, and Northumberland, and Wolsingham and Woolsingham are corruptions of Wælsingham, the home of the men of Wili. Hence we have the surnames Walling and Woolfolk.

The Arrings settled at Arrigny, in France, and at Arrington, in England. The word *aar* in the Scandinavian tongue meant an eagle. Hence the Arrings were the descendants of the eagles, and the place name Arrington has passed into a somewhat common English surname. From the *aar* we get also the surname Arnold, eagle power. Thus we find quite a list of these old family or tribal names, as Herring from *herr*, an army, or, as it is sometimes translated, a soldier; Stanning, from *stan*, a stone; Gilling, from *gillie*, a servant; and Canning, from which the philosopher of Chelsea derives the term king—*konning*—*kanning*, the man who *knows* or *cans*. Kings among the original Scandinavian tribes were the strongest and most potent men, physically and mentally. Their attainments fitted them for the position of leaders and governors. The darkest ages of the world have recognized true worth and have honored and rewarded the acquirements and accomplishments of their sons. The man who *knows* or *cans* has ever been the true king of his community.

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* Charlotte Yonge's "History of Christian Names," p. 420.

Many English surnames end with the suffix *den*, which in Middle English meant a valley. The word finally came to be applied almost exclusively to hog pastures, however, and very naturally, too, because the low valleys were adapted to this use. Isaac Taylor says: "The *dens* were the swine pastures; and down to the seventeenth century the 'Court of Dens,' as it was called, was held at Aldington to determine disputes arising out of the rights of forest pasture."

Cam is a Gælic term which means crooked. The surname, as well as place name, Camden, therefore, in plain English, simply means crooked valley. There are, to the American who has studied his country's history, sad associations clustering about the name Camden. As we stand, even at this late day, among the Southern pines and think of the struggle of our brave sires for liberty, the defeat of the American army under Gates,* and the fact that many brave patriots were hung at Camden, the place, even at this distant day, seems to be enveloped in an atmosphere of grief. There is, indeed, no sadder wail in all the multiplied forces of nature than the low, sorrowful moan of the Southern pine. The widow and orphan, as they listened to the soft wail of the pines around Camden, may have almost imagined that their groans, borne away on the Southern zephyrs, were but echoes of the grief in their own hearts. The pines have a right to moan, however, for an actor whose atrocities stand out in bold characters upon the pages of Southern history was ushered upon the scene of defeat at Camden. Rawdon is purely an English name, and when we restore the eliminated *w* in the last syllable we get the full meaning of the name, *Raw-down* or *barren heath*, a name bestowed, doubtless, because of the barren nature of the lands where the first Rawdons reared their primitive dwellings. The name is repulsive even to this day to the ears of an American. We fancy that we can almost hear the bleak winds of winter as they howl angrily over the treeless heath and around the crude buildings of the first Rawdons. There is frequently an expressive appropriateness in names. Rawdon affords us a striking illustration of this fact, for assuredly it is a name in American history *barren* of mercy and humanity toward innocent captives.

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* Gate, in Middle English, signified a passage, lane, or opening. An individual living at the conjunction of several ways would be called Gates.

The pines have ample cause to groan and sigh, for he whose progenitors wounded the shaftlike trunks of these wailing seers of the forest and cremated their resinous stocks has come, and Tarleton wounds humanity by hanging innocent men. The suffix *le* in the Saxon tongue was used to express iteration. Thus tar, or pitch, was a commercial commodity among our progenitors who lived in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, the period of surname making, just as it is among us. Hence a town noted for the production of *tar* was called Tarleton, and John or Henry who were inhabitants of that place were called respectively John and Henry Tarleton, by way of distinguishing them from other persons who bore the same Christian names.

The pines, I repeat, had a right to bewail the coming of Rawdon and Tarleton, and now that they are gone may they not breathe a requiem over the silently sleeping dead? Hobkirk hill was drenched in blood, and many a home was made desolate because they came to Camden.

Hobkirk is a surname. Skeat says, in tracing the etymology of the prefix *hob*, that the old English sense of the word "is well preserved in the related word *hump*, which is the same word with a nasalized termination." The original base was *hup*, easily corrected to *hub* or *hob*. *Hup* means, says Skeat, "to go up and down; whence also the modern English hop." Kirk is Gaelic for church. Hence Hobkirk was applied as a surname to some man who reared his dwelling in close proximity to a church built upon the pinnacle or highest part of a hill.

Many English surnames still preserve the Middle English spelling and pronunciation. Thus we have Dunstan, Dunham, and Dunton, frequently corrupted into Dutton. *Dun* is the Middle English pronunciation of the Anglo-Saxon *dún*, a down or hill. *Stan* and *ham* are Middle English for stone and home, therefore Dunstan literally means *hill-stone*, or, as we would say, *stone-hill;* Dunham, hillhome, or Hillhouse, as it is written in modern English; Dunton, hilltown.

Sometimes we meet with names composed of both Modern and Middle English words. Downham is a striking illustration. It is precisely the same name as Dunham. Stanton is Middle English for stone-town. *Stan*, a stone, and the Welsh suffix *cyl*, an oven or cell, make the surname Stancil. All of these surnames were doubtless bestowed by the populace because of the place of habitation of those who inherited them.

Harden may be explained by restoring an eliminated *d*, but as *har* is a common element in surnames, we are very sure that as it occurs in patronymics it antedates its derivative *hard*. A single warrior was called *har* by the Northmen. It was very early in use as a compotent element in names, as it is not only used in Ulfilas' Bible, but occurs in the names Harivald and Harald, meaning an "army wielder." Tacitus alludes to the name in speaking of a Batavian prince as Chariovalda, evidently a Latinization of the name Harivald. German scholars have translated the term *har* by *army*, instead of warrior or soldier, hence Harden was doubtless first applied as a territorial surname to some individual who lived near or within a valley or hog pasture which had become distinguished as the camping place of an army. Thus we may account for the surnames Harman, a soldier, and Harrington.

Til, in Anglo-Saxon, meant good or excellent; therefore the purely Anglo-Saxon surname Tilden is easily interpreted. Cobden means spider pasture, if we translate it literally, for *cob* was the Anglo-Saxon term for spider and still survives in the modern English cobweb. The name was doubtless applied to some hog pasture infected by spiders. We are inclined to believe that Ogden has lost an initial *h*, which when restored makes the name comprehensible, just as the restoration of an eliminated *e* gives us the unmistakable meaning of Kinden, or as the restoration of *de* gives us the signification of the surname Gladen (glade-den). Arden means "great forest" or pasture. The first syllable of Dryden is thoroughly English, and is therefore easily interpreted as a surname. A hog pasture the principal growth of which was the alder would very naturally take the name Alden. Golden and Colden, in their present forms, are liable to mislead us relative to their primative signification. The former was evidently applied to some hog pasture noted for its yellow soil, or possibly for the production of yellow flowers, as the marigold (named in honor of the Virgin Mary) or some other wild flower. Our Anglo-Saxon progenitors would have very naturally called a pasture thus distinguished *gylden-den*, which, in Middle English, was shortened to Golden. The latter name either came from the fact that there were coal deposits in or near the *den*, or it may have taken its name from a species of the cabbage which the *den* produced, for the Middle English *col* or *caul* meant a cabbage.

Dowden has lost an *n*. Downden was its original form. Hence the name literally translated means hill pasture. *Car* is Welsh, and means a fortress. Philologists are not agreed as to whether it is related to the Erse *cathair* or the Latin *castra;* Carden therefore means the fortress pasture or den, a place name, doubtless, at first, which was afterward bestowed as a surname. Since we have given the meaning of *car*, the surnames Carr and Carson will be easily understood. In this connection, also, we may understand the signification of the surname Carlisle. The *l* in this name is intrusive; and when we eliminate it, for it was doubtless introduced to facilitate pronunciation, the meaning of the name is evidently car isle, or fortress isle, as we would say.

Bourn, or *burn*, as it is usually written in surnames, means a stream. If Edgar, the son of the Earl of Gloster in Shakespeare's play, "King Lear," sings,

> "Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,"

the Fool gives us to understand that the term was applied to the larger class of streams:

> "Her boat hath a leak,
> And she must not speak
> Why she dares not come over to thee."

Woodburn is therefore easily understood as a territorial surname, and the first syllable of Claybourn is Modern English, so that the signification of that surname is clear to every one. Swinburn is equally as intelligible as Burnside when we restore the *e*, which makes the first syllable pure English. The name Kilburn, however, carries us back to the old times when the simple-hearted priests reared their cells in the deep forests of old England. *Kil* is Gaelic for church or cell. Hence the name signifies "the branch of the cell," just as Kilgore means bloody cell.

Endicott is a name indissolubly connected with the colonial history of Massachusetts. It is composed of an Icelandic term *endi*, end, and the Anglo-Saxon *cott*, a dwelling house, and was doubtless applied to the last house on some street or in some one of the earlier settlements of England. It is therefore closely allied to the thoroughly English name Townsend. Westcott was so named on account of its position relative to the points of the compass. The name Prescott, however, is not so easily understood. The English word *press*, says Skeat, is rather poorly explained by the dictionaries. It meant formerly "to engage men by earnest money for the public service." Quoting Wedgewood, he says: "It is quite certain that *press* is a corruption of the old word *prest*, ready, because it was customary to give earnest money to a soldier upon entering the service, just as to this day a recruit receives a shilling. This earnest money was called prest money—*i. e.*, ready money advanced—and to give a man such money was to *imprest* him, now corruptly written *impress*. At a later period the practice of taking men for the public service *by compulsion* made the word to be understood as if it signified to *force* men into service, and the original reference to earnest money was quite lost sight of." It is therefore evident that a cottage given as a hire or a reward for service, would be called prest cott. The *t* having been dropped for convenience of pronunciation, we have the surname Prescott.

The name Bacot is compounded of the Anglo-Saxon *bæc*, back, and *cote*, a small dwelling or inclosure. *Cott* or *cot* was the Northern and *cote* the Southern form of this word. The position of the *cote* relative to other *cotes* determined its name. The Bacots were originally from Southern England, and strange to say, the old Saxon pronunciation still adheres to the surname. It is pronounced as if written *Baycote*. The origin of Trescot is not clear. The old dictionaries speak of the *tresser*, a weaver, or one who plaits or makes tresses, "*or roules of women's haires*," as an old writer expresses it. We are very certain, therefore, that Trescot is an abbreviation of *tresser cote*.

In comparing the names Urbanus, "one who dwells in *urbs*, a city," with the derivatives of *Pagus*, Charlotte M. Yonge says: "In opposition to this word Urbanus comes that for the rustic, *Pagus*, signifying the country; the word that in Italian becomes *pæse*, in Spanish *pais*, in French *pays*. The gospel was first preached in the busy haunts of men, so that the earlier Christians were townsfolk, and the rustics long continued heathen. Whence Paganus, once simply a country man, became an idolater, a Pagan, and poetized into Paynim, was absolutely bestowed upon the Turks and Saracens in the Middle Ages. In the meantime, however, the rustic had come to be called *pæsano*, *pays*, *paysan*, and *peasant*, independently of his religion; and Spain, in addition to her *payo*, the country man, had *paisano*, the lover of the country, and either in the sense of habitation or patriotism Pagano was erected into a Christian name in Italy, and Payen in France, whence England took Payne or Pain, still one of the most frequent surnames.

There is a bit of biography connected with the name Payne worthy of preservation. "John Howard Payne, the author of 'Home, Sweet Home,' was a warm personal friend of John Ross," says a recent writer, in recording some personal recollections of the celebrated Indian Chief, "at the time the Cherokees were removed from their homes in Georgia to their present reservation west of the Mississippi River. Payne was spending a few weeks in Georgia with Ross, who was occupying a miserable cabin, having been forcibly ejected from his former home. A number of prominent Cherokees were in prison, and that portion of Georgia in which the tribe was located was scoured by armed squads of Georgia militia, who had orders to arrest all who refused to leave the country.

"While Ross and Payne were seated before the fire in the hut, the door was suddenly burst open and six or eight militiamen sprang into the room. Ross's wife was seated on a trunk containing many valuable papers and a small amount of money, and at the unexpected intrusion she sprang up and screamed wildly. Ross spoke to her in the Cherokee language, telling her to be seated, as she would save the contents of the trunk. She sat down again, and the intruders told Ross that he and Payne were under arrest and must prepare to accompany the squad to Milledgeville, where they were to be imprisoned. The soldiers lost no time in taking their prisoners away. Ross was permitted to ride his own horse, while Payne was mounted on one led by a soldier. As the little party left the hovel rain began falling, and continued until every man was thoroughly drenched. Toward midnight Payne's escort, in order to keep himself awake, began humming 'Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home,' when Payne remarked: 'Little did I expect to hear that song under such circumstances and at such a time. Do you know the author?'

"'No,' said the soldier; 'do you?'

"'Yes,' answered Payne, 'I composed it.'

"The soldier gave Payne to understand that he doubted his declaration. 'You can tell that to some other fellow, but not to me. Look here! You made that song, you say; if you did (and I know you didn't), you can say it all without stopping. It has something about pleasures and palaces. Now pitch in and reel it off; and if you can't, I'll bounce you from your horse and lead you instead of it.'

"The threat was answered by Payne, who repeated the song in a slow, subdued tone, and then sung it, making the old woods ring with the tender melody and pathos of the words. It touched the heart of the rough soldier, who was not only captivated but convinced, and who said that the composer of such a song should never go to prison if he could prevent it. And when the party reached Milledgeville, they were, after a preliminary examination, discharged, much to their surprise. Payne declared that it was because the leader of the squad had been under the magnetic influence of Ross's conversation, and Ross insisted that they had been saved from insult and imprisonment by the power of 'Home, Sweet Home,' sung as only those who can feel can sing it."

This close friendship existed between Ross, whose Cherokee name was *Koh-weh-s-koh-weh*, the swamp sparrow, and Payne, who sung so sweetly and tenderly of home, yet he never owned a home until the grave closed over the mortal remains of him whose song has found a home in almost every Englishman's heart.

Lynch is an interesting surname. It strikes terror to the heart of courts of justice, robs the lawyer of his fee, and relieves the jailer of his saddest duties. It is derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hlinc*, a hill, a sense still preserved in the modern English provincialism *linch*. (See Halliwell.) The term now means to punish summarily by mob law, but was originally applied to some sturdy Anglo-Saxon who lived on or near a ridge of land. Skeat, in his "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language," quoting from Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates," says that "this mode of administering justice began about the end of the seventeenth century," and that is "said to derive its name from John Lynch, a farmer who exercised it upon the fugitive slaves and criminals dwelling in the Dismal Swamp in North Carolina;" while Webster says that "the term is said to be derived from a Virginia farmer named Lynch, who thus took the law in his own hands." Thus it will be observed that these learned lexicographers differ as to the place of habitation of that Lynch who gave to the world a word and a quick way to justice or, as is doubtless sometimes the case, a short route to injustice.

We are not willing, however, that South Carolina should be robbed of her dues even by such distinguished authorities as those we have just quoted. Lynch was not, properly speaking, a farmer, neither did he live in Virginia or North Carolina; but he was a stock raiser who, true to the import of his name, lived in the mountainous section of South Carolina. In Mill's "Statistics of South Carolina," under "Pendleton District," this sentence is recorded: "At the foot of the mountain resides Captain John Lynch, the author of the famous law called by his name, of very notable effect." The book was published in 1822, and it seems that Lynch was then living. When, prior to the Revolutionary War, as the struggle for American independence is sometimes called, it was impossible to bring a criminal to justice in the "back country," as the border settlements were then denominated, owing to the fact that there were no courts of justice outside of the city of Charleston, and when the entire "back country" was overrun with horse thieves, John Lynch acted as judge, jury, and sheriff, and summarily hanged these miscreants to a limb of the most convenient oak whenever they fell into his hands. His name became a terror to these wretches and is yet a terror to the heinous criminal. And while the bad example which John Lynch inaugurated has spread to the utmost bounds of the United States, no state, perhaps, has suffered so severely from its evil influences as South Carolina.

The surnames Ledyard, Ridgeway, Whitesides, and Westall are all thoroughly English words, and are therefore perfectly intelligible. The last name mentioned, however, has lost an s, the restoration of which makes the meaning clear when we remember that the Middle English *stal* was applied to one's place of business.

Wick is common as an element in surnames. It occurs in Norse names as well as in Anglo-Saxon names, and while the spelling of the word is the same in both languages, the meaning is different. Isaac Taylor says: "With the Anglo-Saxons it was a station or abode on land. Hence a house or a village. With the Northmen it was a station for ships. Hence a small creek or bay. The sea rovers derived their name of *vikings* or *creekers* from the *wics* or creeks in which they anchored. The inland wicks, therefore, are mostly Saxon, while the Norse *wics* fringe the coasts." The names Eastwick, Westwick, and Northwick were first applied to bays where the

Norse invaders anchored their vessels when they came over to England on their predatory excursions. These names of bays were given eventually to towns that sprung up in the vicinity of these Norse stopping places, and finally passed into surnames, conferred by way of distinction upon at least a few of their inhabitants. Lastwick and Langwick mean primarily last bay and long bay. Wicklow means town hill, while Wickham signifies town home, or home town as we would say. Warwick means war town. It is frequently written *wich*, as Greenwich, the "green reach"—*i. e.*, a green *stretch* or expanse in the bay; and Netherwich, the lower or last bay. Woolwich * means "hill reach," and Woolpert, "hill bright" or "bright hill" as we would say, wool being a corruption of *hul*, a hill. Traywick was doubtless first applied to a town or settlement noted for the manufacture of platters and bowls, or more properly, perhaps, a tray-shaped bay.

Garland in Modern English means a wreath, but the prefix *gar* in the surname doubtless means a spear, for that was the Anglo-Saxon word for spear. The surname Garland, therefore, means spear land, from a spear-shaped piece of land, or possibly from a piece of land the timber of which was especially sought after for the shafts of that instrument of carnage. Garfield simply means spear field.

Well in Old English meant any place whence water flowed forth. Hence Bradwell signifies broad spring. Crosswell was doubtless bestowed upon some man who reared his crude hut or well-fortified castle, as the case may have been, near a spring where some pious pilgrim had set up a crude wooden cross to commemorate his gratitude to God for the mission of its gurgling waters in an hour of intense thirst and suffering on the part of the enthusiastic wanderer. Caldwell is a common English surname. It was bestowed in all probability upon the progeny of some man who liked cold water as a drink, and who accordingly chose a site for his dwelling house near a spring noted for its cold water. The prefix *cald* is simply the Mercian form of cold.

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* Taylor's "Words and Places," p. 109.

Hel was the "mistress of the gloomy under world," but "Helwell in Devonshire is probably only the covered well, the word hell originally meaning only the covered place. Thus a wound *heals* when it becomes covered with skin. The *heel* is that part of the foot wich is covered by the leg. A *helmet* covers the head. The *hull* is the covered part of the ship. To hele potatoes is to clamp or tump them. In Kent to *heal* a child is to cover it up in its cradle, and to heal a house is to put on the roof or covering. A *hellier* is a slater." Therefore the name Elwell, having lost an *h*, simply means covered spring.

The old English surnames Mundenhall and Munhall are interesting names from the fact that they embody this idea expressed in *heal* or *heall*, the Anglo-Saxon word for hall, " the original sense being cover or place of shelter," and because the former embodies the *den* or swine pasture, while both names have the Teutonic *mun*, signifying "rich protection," as a prefix. The former name gives us to understand that there was a well-fortified hall or castle reared within or close to the hog pasture, the name of which was eventually conferred as a surname on its inmates. It seems that Shakespeare had some grave apprehensions of the advancement of the price of hogs. In his great play, "Merchant of Venice," he makes Jessica say: " I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian."

Launcelot, the clown, replies: "Truly, the more to blame he; we were Christians enough before: e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs; if we grow all to be pork eaters we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money."

However, if we may judge from the prevalence of the *dens*, the supply must have been equal to the demand. The Celto-Saxon word *combe* means a " bowl-shaped valley." It is the same word as the Welsh *crom*, and in Wales " it denotes a cup-shaped depression in the hills." When we unite the Norse *holl*, a hill, with the suffix *combe*, remembering its Welsh signification, the surname Holcombe becomes perfectly intelligible. Compton, originally Combeton, and Gatcomb, Gatecombe, are easily understood when we thus restore their original forms. The surnames Dodd and Doddridge are plain enough when we learn that the Cumbrian Dodd means "a mountain with a round summit."

Barrow, *borough*, and *berg* are suffixes of place names, and hence, since men frequently took their names from the place of their habitation, they have passed into the field of surnominal literature. Isaac Taylor says that these suffixes are related "to the Anglo-Saxon verb *beorgan*, and the German *bergen*, to shelter or hide." The same author says: "Sometimes these words denote the funeral mound which gave shelter to the remains of the dead, but more frequently they mean the embanked inclosure which afforded refuge to the living. Such places were often on the crests of hills. Hence the word came to mean a hill fortress, corresponding to the Celtic *dun*. In Anglo-Saxon a distinction was made between *bearh*, which answers to the German *berg*, a hill, and *buruh*, which is the equivalent of the German *burg*, a town. This distinctive usage is lost in Modern English. The word *barrow*, however, is generally confined to funeral mounds." Marlborough was therefore a fortification erected on a marly or chalky soil. In the surname Richberg, where another fortress was erected, *rich* describes the fertile nature of the land. *Yar* is of Celtic origin, and means rapid or rough. The name Yarborough was therefore doubtless applied to the descendants of some brave, hardy mountaineer, who selected a site for his home or fortress as the eagle selects a place for her ærie, amid the projecting crags of some towering cliff. Thus his castle was naturally fortified against the inroads of those predatory bands that roved over England prior to that age in which surnames were made. May the numerous descendants of the first Yarboroughs always take high positions and secure ground relative to every moral issue, so as to place themselves above the petty bands of roving demons that infest the low grounds of immorality and wickedness!

Cleveland and Clifton, *cleve* signifying in the Anglo-Saxon tongue a cliff, are closely allied to Yarborough, at least relative to the primal places of habitation of the progenitors of these families. The Clevelands and Cliftons, notwithstanding the fact that many of them have arisen to prominence, were, like the Hillboroughs, originally *cliff dwellers*.

Among the brave heroes of the united colonies in their long struggle for independence, the name of Col. Cleveland, "who bore a command in the engagement at King's Mountain in October, 1780," is almost forgotten. His remains rest on the east bank of the Tugaloo River, in Oconee County, South Carolina, near the little town of Madison, on the Peidmont Air Line railroad. The spot of his interment was left without a stone to mark his sleeping place until a few years ago, when a handsome granite shaft was reared over his grave to perpetuate his memory. Like the distinguished President, a distant relative, he was a large man, weighing over four hundred pounds.

Scarborough is closely allied to Yarborough. *Scar* is a Norse word, and means "a face of rock or cliff." The latter name was given to one who might have lived on any cliff, while the former was bestowed on some inhabitant of the *Skerries*, or the rocky islets near the coasts of England, which so frequently became the harboring places of the hardy Norsemen.

The church "set upon a hill" could not be hid in that day in which our progenitors sought surname material. Churchill commemorates the fact that there was a church thus located, and that some Englishman's cottage also shared the heights of that hill with the sober old structure dedicated to the worship of God. Its walls and worshipers have long since returned to dust, but the surname which it gave still lives. Longstreet and Shorthouse, Newland and Wetherhall are English names, and their meaning is perceptible to every Englishman. The last name, however, has been contracted into Wetherall. The *hall* in Old English simply meant a place of protection. A barn for sheep would hardly be called a sheep hall now. Carstairs means stone steps, applied as a surname doubtless because some one happened to live at or near a stairway constructed of stone. The Celtic word *man* meant a district, while the suffix *ship*, from the Old English *scipe*, is equal to our word *shape*. Hence manship means *district shape*.

Shaw means "a shady place; a wood." In the "Robin Hood Ballads" it is used in the plural.

> In somer when the *shawes* be sheyne,
> And leves be large and longe,
> His is full merry in feyre foreste,
> To hear the fouly's song.

The Brezonec *ker* is precisely the same word as the Welsh *car* and the English *chester*, all of which are from the Latin *castra*, a fortress. By the surname Kershaw we therefore understand that the originator of that name lived near a fortress located in the wood. Crenshaw is a corruption of Craneshaw. Evershaw, wild boar's wood, from *eofer*, a wild boar, and Hinshaw, a wood behind a hill, are frequently met with as English surnames. Cromwell is a hybred, compounded of the Welsh *crom*, bending or bowed, and the English well, a spring or fountain of water.

Wad in the Anglo-Saxon tongue meant the same as the modern word *woad*, "an herbaceous plant," says Webster, "of the genus *Isatis*, of which one species was formerly cultivated for the blue coloring matter derived from its leaves, but is now used only with indigo as a ferment in the vat." This plant was cultivated by the Britons, the first inhabitants of England. Frederick York-Powell, in his "Early England," says, in speaking of the old Britons: "When the men went to war, they used to throw off their cloaks and rush into battle half naked, painted blue with the juice of an herb called woad, just as is the habit of some savages now." The name of this species of indigo cultivated by our progenitors, together with *worth*, a dwelling, near the field where it was cultivated, gives us the surname Wadsworth.

But this ramble must close. We hope that the reader will be able to arrive at the meaning of many surnames not contained within this chapter, by means of what is suggested by it.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SMITHS, BROWNS, BLACKS, AND RAILROADS.

WE by no means feel inclined to attempt to vindicate the broad scope we have given to this chapter by the caption. Neither are we disposed to apologize for associating railroads with the three surnames we propose to discuss. The subject matter of this chapter will, we hope, amply justify the appalling liberty we have assumed. The author is perfectly willing that every Smith, Brown and Black read what he has to say of them in this ramble among glowing furnaces and clanking anvils, provided they buy this book and never lend it to any of the *common people*. If, however, after close examination of the *data* he has collected, throwing light upon one of the most perplexing problems of patronomatology, any member of that universal family, I mean the triune family, upon which all railroads and material enterprises are dependent, does not heartily concur with all that the writer has said, the whole matter may be compromised by sending the author his photograph, together with a bank bill, not less than fifty dollars, to remunerate him for lost labors and toils many. The proposition is, we think, a fair and equitable one. Hence we enter upon the Herculean task now before us with fear and trembling.

A difficult problem, it is said, once puzzled the brain of a rustic American citizen. He could not solve the mystery as to the existence of so many people who bore the *ubiquitous* cognomen Smith. It was indeed the problem of his life, till at last he drifted, by chance it may have been, into the "City of Brotherly Love." There he read this sign over the main entrance of a great factory: "THE SMITH MANUFACTURING COMPANY." The problem was solved satisfactorily, at least to him; there, he concluded, they made Smiths, and thus peopled the world.

But that honorable name, so laudably connected with almost every phase of Anglo-Saxon history, antedates not only the city of Philadelphia, but the glories of the New World itself. It is of ancient origin, and was a common name among the Romans. (Fabricius—a smith.) There is, indeed, an allusion to the name in the New Testament itself: Demetrius the silversmith, who did St. Paul very great wrong. If that name, as it is recorded in the sacred volume, had appeared as a disciple, or follower of Christ, it would have become a powerful argument in the hands of polemics in the universal establishment of the doctrines of Arminianism, or salvation decreed for all men.

Smiths are not made, therefore, as the rustic backwoodsman imagined, but the whole fraternity of them enjoy the honorable distinction of being self-made, and may honorably claim a glorious and ancient lineage. They get their name from the Anglo-Saxon *Smitan*, to smite. That term was applied to all who dealt blows in an honest and lawful craft. Their vocation was not to smite men on the bloody field of battle, thus weaving for themselves garlands of victory, and thereby inscribing their name in the annals of the world's butcheries; but they smote the crude material from the earth's bowels "hip and thigh," and thus brought beauty, order, and utility out of *chaos*. They were the artisans, the Tubal-cains of the Anglo-Saxon race. Therefore, while the theological controversialists have been unable to use the name in the establishment of their doctrines, that name proves conclusively that the disposition of the Anglo-Saxon race has ever been in favor of getting an honest living by honest strokes.

South Carolina and the world owes a lasting debt of gratitude to that name, for our rice takes precedence in all the markets of the world. "In 1693," we are told, "Landgrave Thomas Smith—of whose descendants more than five hundred were living in the state in 1808 (a number doubtless largely increased since), moved perchance by a prophetic sense of the fitness that the father of such a numerous progeny should provide for the support of an extensive population—introduced the culture of rice into South Carolina. The seed came from the island of Madagascar, in a vessel that put into Charleston harbor in distress." It is, indeed, an evil wind that blows nobody any good, but it always requires a Smith to smelter and hammer it out of adverse circumstances.

But this eminent Smith, who not only enjoyed the distinction of having been created a lord, with four baronies of twelve thousand acres of land, in 1691, which baronies, together with the title, it was expressly declared by the patent dated on the thirteenth of May of that year, were to forever descend to his heirs "paying an annual rent of a penny, lawful money of England for each acre."*

But alas! that unlucky date, the 13th of May! Had the patent been granted by his Majesty on some other date beside that of the unlucky 13th, perhaps the Revolution of 1776 would not have proved so disastrous to that title and the four baronies. But that famous Smith, notwithstanding his misfortunes, impressed his good sense and sound judgment upon at least one usage of his country. Tradition says (and it is corroborated by authentic dates and facts) that he "obtained the passing of a law, the principle of which continues to this day, for drawing juries indiscriminately from a box so as to preclude the possibility of packing a jury to carry any particular purpose."†

How fortunate it is for us that the influence of the Smiths has generally been upon the side of right! for really they hold in all moral and political issues the balance of power.

Jones is a Scripture name, a corruption of Johns.

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* Ramsay's "History of South Carolina," Vol. I., p. 5.

† *Ibid.*, Vol. II., p. 113.

As a surname it almost rivals Smith in popularity, but even the Joneses can never hope to surpass in numerical strength the Smiths. The reputation of the Smith family is thoroughly established, and those of us who did not happen to be called a Smith can do nothing else but yield to that universal family the palm, not only in numbers, but in antiquity of family and in all things else. What adventurer ever surpassed Captain John Smith? What wit ever equaled Sydney Smith?

It has been a subject of conjecture as to why the great sea captain, John Paul, who did the Americans such noble service in the war of American independence, took the surname Jones. John Paul, the father of the brave sea captain, lived at Arbigland, parish of Kirkbean, Scotland; and "there, on the 6th of July, 1747," John was born. In baptism he was given his father's name, and as a boy was called John Paul. At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to a merchant, whose ships were engaged in trade with the American colonies. The boy went to sea in these vessels, made several voyages to America, became a sailor, and while still in his teens acquired a passion for sea life, for adventure, and for war.

"The elder brother of John Paul emigrated to America and established himself as a planter in Virginia. Meanwhile the younger son became an underofficer on a ship engaged in the slave trade with the West Indies. It was not long, however, before his moral nature revolted against the business in which he was engaged, and he left it, as the books say, 'in disgust.' On his way back to England both the captain and mate of the ship on which he was sailing died, and the command of the vessel was given to John Paul, who brought her into port with so great success that the owners appointed him to the captaincy.

"In 1773 the elder of the Paul brothers died in Virginia, and his estate fell to the younger. It was at this time that the latter took the name of Jones. His reason for doing so does not appear, but I conjecture Jones was the maiden name of his mother, and that the son, now twenty-six years of age, and fired with ambition, determined to transmit *her* name rather than the father's to posterity."*

I am inclined to disagree with the historian. May it not have been *prudence* that caused him to adopt the name Jones? Virginia had her John Smith, and the young seaman could never hope to rival him. Who wants to be overshadowed by a greater man of the same state? It may have been *modesty* that caused the young captain to adopt the name Jones; or perhaps it was because he desired to help the weaker. Every colony had its Smiths, and John Paul came to the rescue of the Joneses, and thus helped to cement the United Colonies by a dual element of commonality, for these common names ought surely to bind together every segment of our glorious Union.

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*John Clark Ridpath, in *The Chautauquan* for March, 1892.

Virginia and South Carolina may, therefore, grasp hands even across "the old North State," with her teeming multitudes of Smiths, and exult in the historic distinction that while the personal magnetism of one John Smith, in some way or other, touched the heart of the fairest wild maid of the Virginia forest when Powhatan was about to become practically a *Smiter* himself, our Landgrave Thomas Smith retaliated on the proud old chief, and snatched the last, lingering laurel from the brow of the poor red man, who has hitherto exulted in the distinction that he had nobody else to thank for his corn; but now the Smiths may rival these denizens of the forest in the fact that they have nobody else to thank for their rice.

But in the mediæval birthday of names, when occupation fixed the cognomen Smith, Smyth, Goldsmith, and Smithers, *species* of the same *genus*, upon so many hardy Anglo-Saxons, complexion also had much to do in fastening everlasting appellations upon the sons of men. The Browns belonged originally, perhaps, to that honorable class of men which cultivated the earth, or at least their ancestors must have spent much time outdoors; and thus tanned and *browned*, perhaps, by the sun's rays, they won their laudable titles. The Blacks were more tanned, and hence their name. Many of the descendants of the Browns and Blacks would exchange appellations with the Whites, and many of us would lose our cognomenic distinctions if another naming day were to roll around.

So the Browns and Blacks belong really to the *genus* Smiths, for they were *Smiters* too, though they smote the earth "fore and aft," and were we to institute a comparsion between them we would follow the model of that distinguished Smith who taught more children the principles of the English language than any other man, dead or alive, and who even rivaled Cupid himself in teaching the youthful pupils that they "might, could, would, or should love"—we would follow his model and say—*positive*, Smith, *comparative*, Brown, *superlative*, Black.

But while the world owes a debt of gratitude to that enterprising Smith who introduced the culture of rice into South Carolina, it should never forget another South Carolinian, Alexander Black, who did more for the "old Palmetto State" than any other man, living or dead. Our fathers had rather a slow way of getting from place to place. Judge O'Neall, in his "Annals of Newberry," tells us that as late as 1813 the Hon. Ker Boyce, then keeping a store in the little village of Newberry, S. C., "began to trade overland with Philadelphia. Cotton was hauled from Newberry to Philadelphia, and goods brought back by wagons. He and Thomas Pratt [a fellow-townsman] annually mounted their horses and rode to Philadelphia, purchased their goods, and thus laid the foundation of their respective fortunes." Again, there is a manuscript in the handwriting of General Thomas Pinckney, still extant, which tells us that

"On the 15th of May, 1815," the General, "with two ladies of his family, set out from their plantation on the Santee, in their own carriages, and traveled to Boston. They reached Philadelphia on the 15th of June, having traveled 692 miles in 31 days, including stoppages, to that point. The traveling expenses, including two weeks' stay in Philadelphia, amounted to $420."

Alexander Black to the rescue. In 1827 he secured a charter for the first railroad ever built in America. Chiefly through his instrumentality that road was completed from Line Street, near Charleston, S. C., to Hamburg, S. C., in October, 1833; and during that month the crude little engine—apparently prophetically named "Best Friend"—made its first trip at that time over the longest continuous line of railroad in the world. The first United States mail ever transported by steam was hauled over a part of that road in February, 1832.

The road was built by driving piles every six feet a part, in parallel lines. The heads of the piles were left about eighteen inches above the ground, and were bound together by transverse sleepers. Hence the term *cross-tie*, which still adheres to the transverse piece of timber underlying the rails, though the piles which they tied across are no longer used.

A writer in the *Southern Review* of May, 1831, says, in describing the road: "These [piles thus bound together] are surmounted by the longitudinal wooden rails, about nine inches square, in various lengths, from fifteen to thirty-five feet, on the top of which, on the inner side, the flat bar iron is nailed. The tracks are about five feet apart."

Historians have robbed South Carolina of the honor of having built the first railroad in America; but it is due the state, even at this late day, that she have restored to her the honor she has merited in this matter. It is claimed that the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was the first built in the United States. That road has unjustly worn an unmerited honor long enough. "On the 28th of December, 1829, the contracts were given out, and on the 9th of January, 1830, the railroad was actually begun, by the driving of piles at Line Street," Charleston, S. C.

"The Baltimore and Ohio, begun before the Charleston and Hamburg, was intended for horse power, it being then supposed to be impracticable to use locomotives on short curves."

"Mr. Peter Cooper," whose progenitors doubtless knew originally how to make curves, "practically refuted this notion in August, 1830, but some months before his experiment at Baltimore—viz., on the 14th of January, 1830, five days after the commencement of work on the Charleston and Hamburg road—the Board of Directors of that road (the Charleston and Hamburg) adopted the report of Mr. Bennett, containing this memorable sentence: 'The locomotive shall alone be used. The perfection of this power in its application to railroads is fast maturing, and will certainly reach, within the period of constructing our road, a degree of excellence which will render the application of animal power a gross abuse of the gifts of genius and science.' "

Thus it is clearly seen that the Charleston and Hamburg railroad—as a road for the use of locomotives—is seven months older than the Baltimore and Ohio.

In the construction of this road, at Aiken, S. C. (a name frequently met with as a surname from the Old German Å or *Aach*, flowing water, and the Celtic *ken*, a cape, or headland, meaning, therefore, at the head of the flowing water), a point six hundred feet above Charleston, the engineers met with quite an obstacle. There is quite an abrupt descent from the heights at Aiken to the low plains of the Savannah, upon which Hamburg, the northwestern terminus of the road, was located. The civil engineers were compelled to make a precipitous descent of two hundred feet within half a mile, air line, in order to reach the level plain below. The idea of constructing a curve along the sides of the sand hills, thus securing a gradual descent into the lowlands, seems never to have entered their minds. They therefore laid a double track for half a mile, an inclined plane, thus reaching the base of the high sand hill upon which the town of Aiken is built. Upon the crest of the hill was located a stationary engine, which operated a large horizontal wheel, about fifteen feet in diameter, with a groove in the rim, or fellies, in which worked, as a belt, an enormous rope, as long as the track constituting the inclined plane. This wheel was placed between the tracks. When the engine reached Aiken from Charleston, therefore, it was *side tracked*, having reached the end of its journey. Half a mile below could be seen the engine on the other end of the road waiting for its coaches, which were to be let down this inclined plane. The wonderful feat, in civil engineering, now began. One end of the great cable was fastened to a coach at the bottom of the inclined plane, while the other end was attached to a coach on the heights, thus serving as a balance to each other. As the great wheel revolved one car descended slowly into the valley, while the other ascended the heights. Thus one by one the coaches were let down and drawn up.

The coaches were very much like our modern freight cars. There was a door in the side through which the passengers entered, and a seat, a rough bench, was constructed along the entire length and width of the coach, against the walls, which constituted the back of the seat. There was no need for checking baggage, as every passenger was required to deposit his traveling effects on the floor in the center of the coach in which he was placed, so that all of the passengers sat with their backs against the walls of the coach, and facing the pile of baggage in the center of the car, so that each passenger could watch whatever belonged to him. The conductor kept the engineer company on the little platform of the engine. There was no cab attached to the engine in those days, and both the engineer and conductor got the full benefit of outdoor life in all kinds of weather.

A narrow platform was built around the coaches, and the conductor passed from the engine around and into the coaches when he went forth to collect the fare from the passengers. But the great artisans have made wonderful improvements. Through the instrumentality of the craftsmen, the Smiths, we may now cross the continent in a handsome parlor car. Really distance has been well-nigh annihilated, and the ends of the earth have been linked together! Who then does not feel thankful for that disposition of the Anglo-Saxon race which not only gave us the wide-spread surname Smith, but which has girded the continent with railroads? Horace Bushnell, in speaking of this age of road building, says: "The dark age built castles on the inaccessible peaks of mountains, to get away from enemies; we build cottages on public roads, which we like to have as perfect as possible, to facilitate access and motion. The Egyptians built pyramids over the dead; we build roads to give life and swiftness to the living. The Chinese erect a wall to shut themselves in; we open roads and ports and span the ocean itself with floating bridges, that we may go everywhere and behold the coming of all people."

To macadamize a road, a system of road making devised by John Macadam, means literally to son of manise a road, from the Gaelic *Mac*, a son, and the Hebrew *Adam*, man. Surely the roads of mediæval times needed to be made passable for the sons of men, for that dark age was an age like that in which Shamgar lived. "In the days of Shamgar the son of Anath, in the days of Jael, the highways were unoccupied, and the travelers walked through byways." (Judges v. 6.) This fact is beautifully portrayed in the first chapter of "Ivanhoe," in the dialogue between the Prior, the Abbot, Gurth and Wamba. Therefore, if Pathfinder occurs as a surname, we are not surprised; if John and Henry really indulged in the privilege of having a road through the dark forest to the place of their habitation, we are not surprised that their fellow-men should have distinguished them from the masses by bestowing the surname Hathaway; and if William really reared his crude dwelling upon a roadside, we are not surprised if he inherited the surname Attaway. Ridpath—*i. e.*, —Ridepath, gives us to understand that many of the roads of our progenitors were merely by-ways.

In concluding this ramble, then, let us notice some of the periods of development in road making. A name frequently gives us a memento of two or three periods of English history. Thus *Avon* or *Aven* is a Celtic term which means a river; *strat* is an abbreviation of *strata*, the name by which the Romans called the roads which they built through the territory of the ancient Bretons; therefore we have Strathaven, a river road; so in the rural districts we hear roads referred to as the river-road and the ridgeway. Rutledge (from the Celtic *rut* path) means the same as Ridgeway. The name of Shakespeare's birthplace, "Stratford on Avon" contains words from three periods of English history, Celtic Avon, Roman *Strata*, and Anglo-Saxon *ford*. From the bypaths of the Celts and Saxons, to the great roads of the Romans, we pass on through the intermediate stages of road making, and enter a parlor car, take up a morning paper published hundreds of miles away, and as we speed along through our great country we are ungrateful if we do not breathe a benediction on the Smiths, Browns, and Blacks.

CHAPTER VIII.

SURNAMES WHICH EMBODY THE ANGLO-SAXON IDEA OF HOME.

THERE is nothing connected with English surnames with which the student of patronomatology is more impressed than with the prevalence, in Anglo-Saxon names, of those prefixes, and suffixes, principally, which convey the idea of protection, inclosure, and defense. We may find a cause for this national idea of the sacred right of property in the fact that the Saxons were invaders, and therefore found it necessary at first to fortify and protect their homes and their property. Hence the sacred idea of home, from this incipient step of what may be termed national self-preservation, has become thoroughly incorporated into the very nature of English-speaking people, as well as into the very texture of the civil institutions of those countries where the Anglo-Saxon element predominates, as in that of no other people or nation on the globe.

A close examination of these suffixes gives us a correct insight into the distinguishing characteristics of English civilization, and indeed that love of privacy and seclusiveness of home life which they reveal, as well as the sacred rights of property and of home, constitute the basic elements out of which has grown the grandest and strongest type of civilization the world has ever known. And, what is truly remarkable, the great conflicts, social and political, of this century, such as Socialism, Nihilism, and Communism, have been the outgrowth not of English civilization, but of those civilizations where these sacred rights of home and property have not been inculcated in the heart of every freeman from century to century. It is indeed interesting to trace the development of our social institutions through the medium of English nomenclature.

"The primary meaning of the suffix *ton*," so frequently met with as an ending of English names, says Isaac Taylor, "is to be sought in the Gothic *tains*, the Old Norse *teinn*, and the Frisian *tene*, all of which mean a twig, a radical signification which survives in the phrase "the tine of a fork." We speak also of the tines of a stag's horns. In modern German we find the word *zaun*, a hedge, and in Anglo-Saxon we have the verb *tynan*, to hedge. The phrase "hedging and tining," for hedging and ditching, was current two hundred years ago. Brushwood used for hedging is called *tinetum* in law Latin. Hence a *tun*, or *ton*, was a place surrounded by a hedge, or rudely fortified by a palisade. Originally it meant only a single croft, homestead, or farm; and the word retained this restricted meaning in the time of Wycliffe. He translates Matthew xxii. 5: "But thei dispisenden, and wenten forth, oon into his toun (ἀγρός), another to his marchanndise." This usage is retained in Scotland, where a solitary farmstead still goes by the name of the *toun*, and in Iceland, where the homestead, with its girding wall, is called a *tun*. In many parts of England the rick-yard is called the bar*ton*, that is the inclosure for the *bear* or crop which the land bears. Thus we have the English patronymic Barton, corrupted frequently into Burton, and Kerton or Kirton from the Brezonec, *Ker* either from the Latin *castra*, or the erse *cathair*, a fortress, thus implying fortress inclosure. So we may also account for the surname Kershaw, fortress wood or thicket. In the name Winchester we have the remains of Roman civilization in England. The first syllable is from the Celtic *gwent*, a plain, which by Latinization passed into *venta*, which in time was corrupted into *win;* the word Chester is from the Latin *castra*, a fortress, Winchester therefore means "the fortress of the plain." Chichester, anciently written *Cissanceaster*, and meaning "fortress of Cissa," who, according to the Saxon chronicle, was one of the three sons of Ælle, who landed at Keynor in Selsea, and having advanced into the interior and succeeded in capturing the old Roman fortress (now Chichester), established the capital of his kingdom over the South Saxons at that place. "Dorchester," says Taylor, "was the city of the *Dur*otriges, or dwellers by the water." *Dur* is Celtic, and means water. The Celtic word *man*, a district, occurs in the name Manchester, "district fortress.'' Colchester is from the Latin word *colonia*, a colony, and the suffix *chester*. Taylor says that "in the immediate vicinity of Colchester a legion was stationed for the protection of the colony'' planted there by the Romans. "The precise spot which was occupied by the camp of this legion is indicated by the remains of extensive Roman earthworks at Lexdon,'' England, "a name which is a corruption of *Legionis Dunum*.'' These place names were, of course, conferred upon men as surnames because they happened to be inhabitants of those places.

But, to return to the study of surnames ending with the suffix *ton*, the name Washington brings up an interesting feature of the Anglo-Saxon language. *Ing*, while it was not universally used in that sense, was the common patronymic of our progenitors. Thus the old Saxon Chronicle of A.D. 547, long before the day of surname making, we read:

> Ida wæs Eopping,
> Eoppa wæs Esing,
> Esa wæs Ingwing,
> Ingwi Agenwiting.

Which in Modern English means:

> Ida was Eoppa's son,
> Eoppa was Esa's son,
> Esa was Inguy's son,
> Inguy, Agenwit's son.

"In fact, the suffix *ing*,'' says Isaac Taylor, "in the names of persons had very much the same signification as the prefix *Mac* in Scotland, O' in Ireland, Ap in Wales, or *Beni* among the Arabs."

Wash is from the Anglo-Saxon *wascan*. "The original sense," says Skeat, "was probably 'to wet.' Hence to flood with water," therefore we have the English place name *The Wash*. Hence Washington was the son of some pioneer who reared his *tun* or habitation on some alluvial plot of ground which was subject to overflow or inundation. There is frequently observable a degree of fitness, purely accidental it appears, between names, separated by time and geographical space, that is really remarkable. A beautiful coincident of this kind may be traced between the first local settlements of those pioneers upon whom the surname Washington was bestowed and the site of the national capitol.* This fortuity becomes still more noticeable when we remember that Potomac signifies, in the Indian tongue, "river of the burning pine," or, which is more intelligible to Englishmen, "the river or place of the council fire." We are led to marvel at these thoroughly fortuitous combinations of what may be appropriately styled ancient and modern facts and associations.

Morton simply means great or large inclosure. This meaning is readily observed by restoring the eliminated *e*, whence we have the Celtic *more*, great. By a similar process we get the modern as well as the primitive signification of the first syllable of the surname Whitington, and by applying to the name what we have just learned relative to the name Washington we may arrive at the full import of that surname. We will not affirm, however, that the progenitor of the Whitingtons lived in a white house. The adjective was, more probably, descriptive of the chalky nature of the soil upon which the *tún* was located. Some mediæval landlord who first reared his house in a quiet and, perhaps, secluded cove, by the choice of a building site forever fixed on his progeny the surnominal cognomen Covington. Norton (north town), Sutton (south town), Weston (west town), and Eston or Easton (east town), with the popular corruptions of the last two into Wesson and Eason, likewise becomes surnames from the place geographically considered, where, severally, these *túns* were first reared. The names Middleton, Shelton (shell town), and Walton (wall town) embody physical and geographical features, which distinguish them not only from each other, but from the great number of names ending with the suffix *tún*.

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* The greater portion of the present site of Washington was almost a swamp less than a century ago, and subject to overflow.

Sir Walter Scott has strikingly portrayed, in "Ivanhoe," the Saxon propensity for swine's flesh. Hence we have the surname Swinton; but Kinton (kine inclosure) proves that they also possessed cows, while Shipton (sheep inclosure) shows that they owned sheep. Newton and Nevil, as well as Neville, are one and the same name, the only difference is that the last two have a French suffix. Carl and Charl both mean a churl in the Saxon tongue, but it by no means follows that the Carltons and Charltons are the descendants of churls, because they are the progeny of some one, who happened to live in a mediæval town by that name, any more than it makes a man a horse if he should have been born in a stable.

Dalton is compounded of the old Saxon *dal*, a valley, and the prefix *tún*, meaning, therefore, valley home. A *tún*, or inclosure, standing apart from all other buildings would, very naturally, be referred to as Singleton. Hence the surname. Saxton marked the spot where some old Saxon reared his buildings; the *tún* of the Saxon, or more properly speaking the English, for Saxon is really a misnomer, was very different from that of the old Briton who "lived in wattled huts half-sunk in the ground, without windows or chimneys. These huts were set together in villages which had often a wooden paling and earthen walls round them, and were placed in the midst of woods, or on islands in the rivers or marshes; or on hills, so as to be safer against foeman." The English or, as the Welsh called them, Saxons "were not a savage people, but a nation of yeomen, living each in his own homestead, tilling the ground and keeping cattle. They did not dwell in towns, but men of the same kin lived together little in knots or farms. They called these villages after the name of the kin that dwelt in them, as Ashingham, the home of the Ashings, or family of Ash," and Cotingham, the home of the Cotings or descendants of Cote, a small mud cottage. Coton is the plural of *cote*. Hence the surname Cotton as it is frequently spelled. *Cotton-tún* simply means *cottages*.

We frequently meet with families of German extraction which bear the name Little. The original name was Klein, which has been translated into the English surname Little. Other branches of the same German family have, in America, transformed the name into Cline. Just such transformation doubtless took place in mediæval England, when their cousins, the Germans, some of whom bore the diminutive appellation *Klein*, or Little, cast in their fortunes with our English progenitors. Hence we have the English surname Clinton, or Littleton. Denton was simply a *tún* located in a swine pasture; while Heaton is a contraction of Heathton, a *tún* built on some heath.

Graf, *grave*, or *grove*, from the Anglo-Saxon *grafan*, to dig, signify a small inclosure, or grove, and are frequently met with as component elements in Anglo-Saxon names, as Grafton, an inclosed town, Cotgrave, an inclosed cottage, circumscribed, perhaps, by a ditch or moat, and Musgrave, or grove, the name is the same, the only difference is in the spelling, which meant in the Saxon tongue an odorous grove, or inclosure, and bestowed, doubtless, upon the progenitors of those who now bear the name from having lived within some sweet-scented grove.

There is a bit of interesting Southern history connected with the last name. Captain Musgrove, during the latter portion of the seventeenth and the former portion of the eighteenth centuries, was a prominent Indian trader with the Creeks. The historians of Georgia have had much to say of this successful, though unscrupulous trader, under the name of John Musgrove.

"Oglethorpe," (evidently a nickname; *thorpe* means a village, and as a surname corresponds with the English name Towns, the prefix was doubtless bestowed upon the son of the first Thorpe, who doubtless had a son whose eyes were defective or peculiar, for *Ogle*, a Dutch word, which was introduced into England at a late period, for it was added by Todd to Johnson's Dictionary, means "to look at sideways," or "to cast sheep's eyes upon one," therefore the nickname Oglethorpe is very much the same as, we sometimes hear it, Crosseyed John. If we substitute Thorpe, or the English equivalent Town for John in the last sentence we have the full meaning of the name) says an early historian on his first ascent of the Savannah River, found him established, with his famous half-breed wife, Mary, on the same bluff where now stands the city of Savannah. "This Indian, Mary, was born in the year 1700, at the town of Coweta, upon the Chattahooche (painted or figured stone), in Alabama. Her Indian name was Consaponaheso, and by maternal descent she was one of the queens of the Muscogee nation, and the Indians conceded to her the title of princess. When ten years of age, her father took her to Ponpon, in South Carolina, where she was baptized, educated, and instructed in the principles of Christianity. Afterward she fled back to her forest home, laid aside the civilization of the English, and assumed the ease and freedom of the happy Muscogee. In 1716 Col. John Musgrove was dispatched to the Chattahooche by the Government of South Carolina to form a treaty of alliance with the Creeks, with whom that colony had been at war. It was there stipulated that the Creeks were to remain the free occupants of all the land east as far as the Savannah River. The son of the British negotiator, John Musgrove, had accompanied his father to Coweta, and falling in love with the Princess Mary, made her his wife. After remaining in the nation several years, and after the birth of their only child, they removed to South Carolina. There residing several years in much happiness, they afterward established themselves upon Yamacraw Bluff, at the head of an extensive trading house, where Oglethorpe found them. By his alliance with this remarkable woman, who was well versed in the Indian and English languages, Musgrove obtained considerable influence over the natives and became exceedingly wealthy. Mary was afterward the warm friend of Oglethorpe, and several times saved the early colonists of Georgia from savage butchery." *

It was in 1736 that this woman became indirectly the tutoress of the great founder of Methodism. Mr. Ingham "came to Savannah from Frederica on the 30th of March" (1735), to enable Mr. Wesley, by exchange of appointments, "to visit his brother Charles in his sickness, which it was thought might prove fatal. After Mr. Wesley's return from Frederica to Savannah on the 20th of April, it was thought best, in view of the missionary work contemplated among the Indians, that Mr. Ingham should remain at Savannah and learn their language. He accordingly arranged to spend three days a week in taking lessons from a half-caste woman (Mrs. Musgrove), and the other three in teaching what he had learned to Mr. Wesley." †

This beautiful woman, Mary Musgrove, married Capt. Jack Matthews after the death of her first husband. She was again left a widow, after which she married Thomas Bosomworth, a clergyman of the Church of England. Her history fills, after her union with the notorious Bosomworth (*worth* is Anglo-Saxon for mansion or town, therefore Bosomtown or mansion), a large and inglorious part of the early annals of Georgia and South Carolina.

Thus, really, the wild maid of the *sweet-scented*

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* Pickett's "History of Alabama."

† Shipp's "History of Methodism in South Carolina."

forest was wooed and won by the *sweet-scented grove*, but, alas! she was too true, whatever may have been her virtues, to the wild and barbarous instincts of the savage. She and Bosomworth lie buried on St. Catherine's Island.

The surnames Hargrave and Hargrove are compounded of the old Norse *har*, an army, and the Anglo-Saxon *grafan*, to dig. Hence an encampment fortified by means of moats or ditches. A man who lived near a plot of ground thus distinguished from the surrounding country was thus named from the place of his residence.

"The suffix *ham*, which is very frequent in English names, appears in two forms in Anglo-Saxon documents. One of these, *hăm*, signifies an inclosure, that which hems in, a meaning not very different from that of *ton* or *worth*. These words express the feeling of reverence for private right, but *hām* involves a notion more mystical, more holy. It expresses the sanctity of the family bond: it is *home*, the one secret (geheim) and sacred place. In the Anglo-Saxon charters we frequently find this suffix united with the names of families, never with those of individuals. This word, as well as the feeling of which it is the symbol, was brought across the ocean by the Teutonic colonists, and it is the sign of the most precious of all the gifts for which we thank them. It may indeed be said, without exaggeration, that the universal prevalence throughout England of names containing this word *home* gives us the clue to the real strength of the national character of the Anglo-Saxon race. What a world of inner difference there is between the English word *home* and the French phrase *chez nous!* It was this supreme reverence for the sanctities of domestic life which gave to the Teutonic nations the power of breathing a new life into the dead bones of Roman civilization." *

A number of these surnames ending in *ham* are easily understood, as Bigham, Oldham, Parkham. Beckham and Burnham were dwellings reared close to rivulets. The original sense of *bar* is "a thing cut, a shaped piece of wood." Hence Barham means a house built of hewed timber. *Ham*, however, occurs in such names as Willingham, the home of the descendants of Wili, and Cunningham, the home of the king.†

The Anglo-Saxon *yard* and the Norse *garth* are synonymous terms, and both are very nearly equivalent to *tún*. The primary meaning is that of an inclosure by means of rods, twigs, or brushwood. The plot of ground took its name from the nature of the fence by which it was inclosed, a sense still adhering to the English words yard and garden. Therefore we have such surnames as Stanyard—*i. e.*, a yard inclosed with a stone wall—and Applegarth, which simply means *apple orchard*.

The terms *stoke* and *stow* are sometimes met with as component elements in surnames. A *stoke* was a place inclosed by piles, a stockade. Hence we have the surnames Stokes and Stow, which simply mean a stockade, and were conferred on some man at first who lived near some notable inclosure of that kind. It is generally believed by etymologists that the name Bristow is derived from the Celtic *briga*, a bridge, and the suffix *stow*, a stockade at the bridge or bridge stockade as we would say. But we have gone far enough along the lines indicated by the caption of this ramble. We will now listen to the gurgling streams, and coast along the shores of the deep blue sea.

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* Taylor's "Words and Places," p. 82. † See page 103.

CHAPTER IX.

ISLANDS, FORDS, AND LAKES.

THE old Norse *Holm* means an island in a river. We may thus account for the family name Holmes and many other patronymics ending with *holm* as a suffix. An island in the sea is denoted generally by the Teutonic suffix *ey* or *ay*, as Whitney or Ramsay, white island and ram's island. The world owes a debt of gratitude to Eli Whitney, of Connecticut, who invented the cotton gin in 1793, and thus made cotton culture the great industry of the South. The sea islands along the Southern coast, and the mainland far into the interior, annually, as the fields really become "white unto the harvest," seem to whisper the name of the great inventor, and to breathe, after all of our international troubles, sentiments of a closer union of the states. Surnames which have originated from progenitors who lived on the numerous islands that fringe the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland are really as multitudinous as any other class of territorial names. Thus we have Fairey, fair, or beautiful island; Lindsey, denoting an island where the linden grew abundantly; Rodney, reed island; Henney,* poor island; and Kirksey, church island. It is not always easy, however, to distinguish between names ending with the suffix *ley*, an open place in the wood, and those ending with *ey* or *ay*, an island. They are all territorial surnames, however, just as Langeland, long land; Parkhurst, park wood; Beveridge, beaver ridge; and Asburn, ash branch—*i. e.*, a rivulet characterized by the ash trees that grew in the territory through which it passed.

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* See page 93.

Notwithstanding the fact that England was a well-timbered country, as the surnames ending in *hurst*, a wood, *croft* denoting the same thing, and many other words as *ley*, *park*, *den*, verify; there seems really to have been very few bridges in the days of surname making; nevertheless Bridges and Bridgeman came in eventually for a small share of the family names that were handed down to posterity. The scarcity of bridges, however, was not due to a lack of timber, for there was wood of every variety from the Hazelhurst to the Broadhurst, or from the hazel thicket to the broad forest, embracing every variety of building material. But the streams were crossed just as if there had been bridges in abundance. The name Ford, which was applied to some one who lived at or near those places where the streams were forded, evidences the fact that the rushing stream was really no barrier to our hardy progenitors, even if they had not brought the art of bridge building to perfection. But Ford was rather too general to designate every one who lived at such crossings. Hence we have the patronymics Sandford, Oxford, Woodford, Stanford (stone ford), Stratford (road ford), and *Hert* or Hartford (deer ford). The word *ford* does not always, however, denote passages across rivers for men and cattle. The term is frequently of Scandinavian origin. The Vikings applied the word to passages for ships up the arms of the sea. Hence we have the surname Langford (long ford) which could not be very appropriately applied to the crossing of a stream, for in such case we would say Broadford, just as our progenitors did say Bradford.

There is no doubt that Wofford is from *wol*, the Slavonic term for ox, and the suffix ford. For the sake of euphony and ease of pronunciation *wol* has been changed into *wof*. Quite a number of surnames are derived from fords named from the fact of having been the crossing places of certain animals. From *neat* cattle and sheep we have Nutford and Weatherford, the bear has given us the surname Beresford, and the hog Swinford. "The Gælic and Erse word for water is *wisge*. The word whisky is a corruption of *wisge-boy*, yellow water. In Welsh we have the related word *wysg*, a current." Hence Wishford was a river crossing distinguished on account of the swift current of water with which the traveler had to contend. The place name Stratford was easily corrupted into Strafford, which frequently occurs as a surname; the *r* in Strafford was dropped, and the surname was called Stafford. Mountford and

Clifford are pure English words, and we may easily understand why the fords were thus named. The close proximity of a mount and a cliff doubtless gave rise to the names of these crossing places, and the individual who reared his habitation in the vicinity of these fords took their names as surnames. A ford noted as the meeting place of some one of the mediæval guilds would very naturally be known to the populace as Guildford. The place name Bedford, which, like most place names, occurs as a surname, distinguishes the place settled by Bedca, who was doubtless one of the original Saxon invaders of England. In the old Saxon Chronicle the name is written Bedanford. Halliford is likewise derived from *Halga*, and in the old records it is written *Halgeforde*. So, also, the name Charford was anciently written *Cerdices-ford*, which proves that this place name was originally the plot of ground occupied by the old Saxon chief Cerdic.

The surname Lake is very common. It was derived from the fact that some old Saxon reared his *tún* in close proximity to such a body of water, and his descendants, or a part of them at least, were popularly named Lake. We have met, also, with the English surname Broadwater, which was doubtless derived in the same way. *Linn* in the Celtic tongue means a deep pool. Hence we have the surnames Lynn and Lincoln. Kell, which is frequently met with as a Celtic surname, is synonymous with our English word spring, " a place where water flows forth." *Cam*, as we have already said, means crooked. The word was adopted by the English from the Welsh, but is now obsolete. Shakespeare in the play "Coriolanus," Act III., Scene I., applies the word to the *crooked* reasoning of Menenius Agrippa: "This is clean kam."

In the dialect of Manchester to *cam* means to "bend anything away, or to cross or contradict a person." Hence the surname Camlin really means crooked pool, just as Hamlin means home pool, and Cambeck signifies crooked or bowed branch. Sherburn was the brook that marked the boundary between two shires, and he who "pitched his tent" by the side of its gurgling waters took the name of the branch for his surname. But his neighbor John or William, or whoever it may have been, got for himself and progeny the surname Overbrook, or Brookover, because he lived on the opposite side of the brook relative to some one else who had the same Christian name. Welborn simply means spring branch. Carwell signifies rock spring. Blackburn, Burnley, Bradbrook, and Hilburn are intelligible to all who have followed us in our rambles to this point. Wardwell * carries us back again to the Scotch border. Drinkwater and Stockwell, pure English names, give us to understand that our progenitors did not share a spring in common with the beasts of the field. Dillbeck tells us of a stream where the dill grew in abundance.

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* See page 96.

The Welsh *pwl*, an inlet or pool, has given us the surnames Poole and Bradpole (broad pool). The Anglo-Saxon *ora*, the shore of the sea or of a river, occurs in the surname Windsor, which as a place name was anciently called *Windlesora*, the winding or tortuous shore. From the Celtic *Ruimne* and the Anglo-Saxon *mere*, both of which mean a marsh or a district of small lakes, we get the surnames Romney, marshy island as we would say, and Mersey, which means the same thing, or rather the island of lakes. Blackmer(e) is perfectly intelligible when we restore the lost *e*.

But we have rambled by the side of the clear water of the deep mountain pool, "lying like a tear on the face of the hill," along the prattling brooklet, through the marshes, by the shore of the deep blue sea, and over the islands dotting the land's end, and for fear of wearying those who may have accompanied us, we will close this chapter and seek rest and refreshment under the arched roof of the mediæval cathedral, and amid kings' palaces and the spacious halls of Parliament, for many of our English surnames have originated among these scenes of religious and civil life.

CHAPTER X.

SURNAMES FROM CIVIL AND RELIGIOUS OFFICES.

THE Church and the State have had a large share in the work of surname making. Indeed, there could not exist any phase of government worthy of the name of government, as we understand that term, without the existence of surnames. Confusion would reign everywhere supreme. As an illustration of the disorder that would arise from the fact that there were no surnames, supposing such to be really the case, let us take our stand at the delivery window of some post office, and there witness the embarrassment not only of the officials of the government, but of the recipients of the mail as it is handed out to the waiting crowd of citizens. A letter or package directed to John, William, or Henry could be claimed by a half dozen constituents of the town or community. This would lead to the exposure frequently of private affairs, to great delay often in the delivery of mail to the proper person, and indeed to almost every conceivable form of disorder and confusion. This illustration may be applied to almost every department of the government, thus demonstrating the necessity of surnames.

Bible history beautifully illustrates the growing necessity for surnames in the earlier ages of the world. It shows us that at first men had only single names, but these names frequently embodied peculiar traits of character, prominent events, and unusual experiences, relative to those persons upon whom they were bestowed, thus supplying in some measure the lack of surnames: as Moses, "drawn forth," referring to his remarkable rescue from the waters of the Nile; an experience *sui generis*, and not likely to be repeated in the life of any other man. The same distinguishing features were inherent in the names of Isaac, "laughter;" Jacob, "the supplanter;" Moab, "the son of his father;" and a great number of Biblical names during that period of the world's history. What was true in this respect with the Hebrews was also characteristic of the Greeks, Romans, Chaldeans, and Egyptians. Only single names were at first bestowed; and afterward, when by natural increase men began to multiply and became aggregate in towns and communities, various expedients were invented to distinguish two persons who had the same name. Thus among the Romans such additional appellations as Fabricius (Smith), Pictor (Painter), and Agricola (Farmer) became very common.

When among the Hebrews, however, these single names were perpetuated from a sense of revernece for the men upon whom they were at first bestowed, they lost their peculiar import, became common property, and really "multiplied upon the face of the earth." Hence, as it was very natural also that the mother desired to perpetuate the name of the father or grandfather in the appellation bestowed upon the infant on her bosom,* there arose the need of some additional means of designation, and to meet this necessity the name of the father, grandfather, or mother came to be added to the Christian name. Thus, we read of "Joshua the son of Nun," to distinguish him from all other persons upon whom that popular name had been bestowed, and of Simon Bar Jonas—*i. e.*, Simon, son of Jonas—to distinguish him from all other Simons. This custom was in use among the Jews down to comparatively recent times. Frederick the Great compelled all the Israelites within his kingdom to abandon this custom and to take surnames. Thus arose the surname Strauss. Simon, son of Jonas, means Simon, the son of the dove, in the Hebrew tongue. Hence the German Jews, in order to comply with the edict of the great Prussian king, simply translated Jonas into the German language, left off the term for son, and in this way the name Simon, son of Jonas, became Simon Strauss, or in our tongue, Simon Dove. It would indeed be very interesting to trace the results of this civil enactment to its utmost influence on surnominal nomenclature among the German Jews, but such is not within the design of this work.

The old Greeks, however, adopted the same plan as that which was in vogue among the Jews: the father's name was appended to the name of the son. This custom also prevailed among our English progenitors, and although they were not compelled by civil action to take surnames as were the Jews, yet the name of the father thus appended very naturally passed into a surname by common consent. There is but a single step from James Thomas's son to James Thompson, and from John James's son to John Jameson. So William John's son became William Johnson, and thus we have the clue to a large number of patronymics, as Anderson—*i. e.*, Andrew's son—Dixson, Dickson, and Richardson. The appellation William thoroughly illustrates the patronymic possibilities which one of these English Christian names has proven to have contained. It has transcended its original sphere in Christian nomenclature, and has become in surnominal literature a generic title, surrounded by no inconsiderable number of specific appellations.

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* See Luke i. 59–63.

The bold and adventurous Northmen, while they were heathens, deified the *will*, and we may rest assured that no feature of ancient mythology, as crude as the mythologic speculations of the Northmen may have been, has exerted a more powerful influence on English history and civilization than this phase of the ancient Norse religion. "In the beginning," not God, but the cow Audumbla contrived to fashion the first man, Bur, not out of the dust of the earth, but laboriously licked him out of the solid rock. It is not therefore a surprising fact that Bur, the creature of of such persistent will force on the part of the sacred cow, became the grandfather of the god Wili, the Will, who ranked equally with Odin, the all-pervading, and Vê, the holy. Hence we have the Teutonic Christian name William, denoting "helmet of resolution." The name was popular throughout the whole Teutonic-speaking world. Hence before the day of surnames John or Henry the sons of William would very naturally be alluded to as William's John or Henry, and in this way the Christian name passed into a surname. Therefore we have Williamson, Fitzwilliams, and McWilliams. Wilson and Willson are contractions of Williamson. Billing is the son of Will, and the addition of the letter *s* to this last name gives us Billings, the grandson of the original Will or Bill. The appellative Willie was pronounced Wylie in the North of England and in Scotland, and frequently occurs as a surname. Willis is also a Scotch contraction of Willies, and is precisely the same name as the English Williams. Wilkins and Wilkes are dialectic variations of the same popular cognomen. Wilmot and Wilmett are old English feminines of William, and are occasionally met with as surnames. Wims is a Dutch name, and is the same as the English Williams.

Wilmer is from the German Willimar, resolute fame, while Williheri, resolute warrior, has given us the German surname Willer and the English patronymic Weller. The mythical cow Audumbla not only licked out Bur from the solid rock, who became the progenitor of the three brothers Wili, Odin, and Vê; but indirectly, at least, furnished the world with much of the nutritious milk of surnominal literature. It is, however, a little remarkable that we hear no more of Wili after he, together with Oden and Vê, created the first human pair. He infused feeling and will into the first man, and then retired; but verily his namesakes are multitudes.

Waling and Walling are Northern or Norse names and are synonymous with the English surname Wilson. Weland, Weiland, and Wayland, different spellings of the same name (the first two are German and the latter is English) are from the same root, Wili, and mean an *ingenuous* smith. It will be remembered by the student of history that Weland made "the impenetrable corselet of Beowulf, 'the twisted breastnet, which protected his life against point and edge.'" The Smiths and Williams', therefore, are not so unfortunate as at least one part of the Darwinian theory, for they may find their connecting link in the surnominal cognomen Wayland or Weiland.

The Scripture name John means "the Lord's grace." It is widely spread as a surname. We have John, Johns, Johnson, and Jackson—all species of the same genus. In the North of England and in Wales the name John was corrupted into Jenk. Hence there were Jenkings or descendants of John. The *g* being dropped for convenience of pronunciation, we have the common surname Jenkins. We sometimes meet individuals bearing the surnominal diminutive Littlejohn, whose gigantic bodies eloquently deny the truthfulness of their patronymic title. But when we consider that Jones is a corruption of Johns, and ponder the universal prevalence of this Scripture cognomen, together with its specific appellatives, we must conclude that the fall of man by no means contravened the injunction of God to Adam, "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it;" for, as we have seen, while there is a visible connecting link between the Smiths and the Williamses, there is an invisible spiritual affinity suggested by divine revelation linking indissolubly together the three most widespread and numerous families on the earth. Towering over all the numerous progeny of the sons of Adam, at least in civilized lands, the name John, "the Lord's grace," and the appellatives of that name, stand conspicuously preëminent; next in order come the sons of Wili, the will; while last, but not least, the Smiths, the sturdy actors in the drama of life, go forth in obedience to the *will*, under divine grace, to multiply, replenish, and subdue the earth. Though we hear no more of Wili after the creation of the first human pair, except in names bestowed by the sons of men, *vald*, identical almost with the Laten *valeo*, to will or choose, expressed in the Teutonic tongue that will power which the god was believed to have planted in the human soul. "Names in Wal," says Charlotte Yonge, "are chiefly Northern, those in Wil mostly Saxon." The German Walther and the English Walter are therefore closely allied to William and its appellatives. The names have a common origin in the mythological deity Wili. Walther and its English form Walter were and are popular Chistian names, the meaning of which is powerful warrior. They have also become common as surnames. Wat is a very early contraction of Walter; and since there were *Watts*, it is by no means a matter of surprise that there were and are *Watsons*. Water, another form of the same name, was in use in Shakespeare's day, for Water was the assassin of Suffolk. Hence we have the surnames Waters and Waterson. The English possessive *s* is frequently affixed, instead of *son*, to the name of the father. Thus John Andrew's son, instead of becoming John Anderson, became John Andrews. The Greek name Stephen, a crown, having been the name of a father, perpetuated itself also as the surname of his progeny, as Stephens and Stephenson. The latter name is frequently corrupted into Stinson, the writer having met with such a contraction relative to this name by a somewhat backwoods populace, in spite of the repeated protests on the part of the unfortunate descendant of Stephen. Robert, in the Teutonic language signifying "bright fame," has given us the surnames Roberts, Robertson, Robinson, and Robeson; while Henry, from the same tongue and meaning "home ruler," has given us the surnames Hawkins and Harrison, and through the German Hendricks and Henning.

But the reader may ask how these names are reconciled to the caption of this chapter. I answer that the family was a *civil* institution and is approved by God, and is therefore a divine institution also, and that we are simply *rambling* according to the promise made in the first part of the book, and that we are coming presently to those names derived directly from civil and religious offices. And if the critic's name should happen to be Davis we seek to appease him by saying that he, with the Davids, Davidsons, and Davieses, descended from some Welsh progenitor whose Christian name David means "beloved," and that the primal progenitor of the wide-spread family was "the man after God's own heart," and that among the Welsh the name was contracted into Taffy, but it must be distinctly understood that the writer is not manufacturing *taffy* to avoid criticism from the sources mentioned.

The Norman prefix *Fitz* (from filius, a son) is frequently met with. The Russians affix *witz* and the Polanders *sky* to signify the same thing. The Welch prefix *ap*, which signifies son. It is said of a Welshman, who was very zealous that no one should surpass him in the length of his pedigree, when making out his genealogical tree, wrote near the middle of his long array of *aps:* "About this time Adam was born." Frequently the *a* in *ap* was dropped, and thus John *ap* Richard became John Prichard; *ap* Howel, Powel; *ap* Rice, Price; and so on. *Rhys* is in Welch, however, a rushing man or warrior. It is sometimes spelled in English according to its pronunciation—*reece*. It has given us the surnames Rice and Rees. We are all familiar with the *Macs* and *O's*. The Irish and Highland Scotch prefix *Mac* to indicate sonship, while the Irish use O to signify a grandson.

Some ludicrous things occur sometimes in bestowing Christian names, when some little Jenkins or Jones is handicapped for life with some such historic cognomen as Julius Cæsar or George Washington. I knew one little Smith, not above five years old, bearing the ponderous appellation *Napoleon Bonaparte*. But things still more amusing occur in surnames, when, for instance, some sweet little maid bears the name Minnie Clarkson, or Nellie O'Brian, or Julia MacElhany, which in plain English means "Minnie the son of Clark," or Nellie the grandson of Brian," or "Julia the son of Elhany." The *Macs* and *O's*, when bestowed as component elements in Christian names, give rise to very amusing contradictions. John Belton O'Neall Smith" means that John Belton is the grandson of Neal Smith, which may be anything else but true, for the grandfather in all probability was really the *ubiquitous* John Smith.

But an unrelenting fate has fixed these names upon us and we claim them with all of their contradictions. But it does seem a little strange that the daughters of the *Rices*, *Richards*, *Thomases*, *Brians*, and *Neals* did not receive any such lasting cognomenic distinction. But perhaps names were not plentiful, and evidently they were not, for our progenitors utilized every *Heath*, *Wood*, *Glen*, *Meadow*, pasture, marsh, hedge, and Christian name in making surnames. Therefore they must have thought that it would be but a waste of time and name material to confer such appellations on the sex ever ready to change them when a proper opportunity presented itself.

I have no apology to offer for leading those of my readers who have followed me thus far into the swamps, along the *Hedges*, by means of the *Hedgepath*, through the *Towns* and cities, over the *Fields* and through the *Woods* and pastures, and along the *Rivers*, across the *Becks*, and along the pathway *by the Burns;* for if these rambles have made you tired, have we not refreshed ourselves under the thatched roofs of the Williams, Richards, and a number of others I need not mention? and have we not looked upon the flaxen-haired progeny of these old Anglo-Saxons through whom we have received our names? Who remonstrates with me? Have we not sat by the *Stillwell* at noon and listened to its progeny chatter like gurgling waters? Have we not scaled the Aldridge (high ridge), whose progeny have suffered an inappreciative populace to corrupt the name of that eminence, where beautiful landscape scenes burst upon our view, into Aldrich? Have we not listened to the songs and chirps of the birds of the *Forest?* Why complain, then?

But here is a priest's cell, and verily, as we refresh ourselves at his humble board, we are impressed with the fact that he gave the world a surname through his progeny, in spite of the prohibitory law of the mother Church. But how the mighty are fallen! Here even the progeny of the Popes greet us! The infection is wide-spread since the Popes have set the example, for here comes the descendants of the Abbot, the Prior or Pryor (you may spell their names either way, for precedent and rule are unknown factors in spelling surnames). But these holy Churchmen were not ashamed of their crime, for they suffered their progeny to take their names, even if their offices were not communicable. Really there seems to be but little difference in this respect between saint and sinner! But here comes a descendant of the Dean. Alas! he appears to have tarried too long at the wine, but the Protestants are not one whit behind the Catholics when it comes to breaking law, for there goes Bishop and Parsons arm in arm, and jolly fellows they are! Perhaps they have never thought of the holy ashes of their progenitors. But we sometimes see the Sexton a little too lively for one holding his office, while the songs of the Clark were not always learned at Sunday school or holy service. But holy privileges and immunities do not always make a man after

God's heart, for here is a little *tún* reared under the very shadow of the holy temple, and men call the offspring of him who dwelt so near the house of God Templetons, but alas! like many of Adam's degenerate sons, the Templetons are not all Christians.

The Jordans are descended from a religious people. Their progenitors were probably Crusaders, for it was the universal custom of the pilgrims to Palestine to bring back with them a bottle of water from the Jordan for baptismal purposes. "Hence," says Skeat, "the term Jordan came at last to signify a bottle or vessel in which fluids were kept, and in this way the term came in use as a common English Christian name, and eventually became a common surname, just as Henry, Thomas, and William became patronymics. The bottle, however, as well as the child or children, took the name, doubtless, from the River Jordan, the water of which was used at the christening. But alas! many of the degenerate sons of men have left off carrying bottles of holy water from the Jordan, and instead of that baptismal water to which superstition ascribed great merit, carry concealed on their persons and otherwise bottles containing fluids intended for other purposes than sacramental uses. May none of the descendants of the Jordans ever thus compromise the holy heritage which their fathers have left them!

Our progenitors were very religious. As to their piety so much cannot be affirmed; yet they had holy aspirations. The parent who wished his child to be become preeminently pious incorporated that desire into the name bestowed. Take Goddard as an example. The name is from the Old German, and signifies just what we would mean to-day by the term *Godward*. Godfrey is from the Old High German, and signifies "at peace with God," a name doubtless embodying a wish on the part of the first parent, who bestowed it upon his child as a Christian name. Gulley is rather a peculiar-looking surname, a first-rate name for speculation on the part of the ignorant relative to its origin. A child was once found in a gulley, and the little stranger was given the surname Gulley, just as it has been said that Hedgepath as a surname sprang from the fact of a child having been found by such a path, when really it is a territorial name, and simply marks the place where the first man who took that name lived. A friend wrote me, "When I was in college in Virginia, it was understood there that the common name Baskerville was a corruption of 'Basket-in-field,' because the family sprang from a child found exposed in a basket in a field," a far-fetched invention indeed to account for this old territorial French name. I once heard a lady gravely state that a child was once found snugly stored away under an old bow-frame of a wagon, and that the foster mother bestowed upon it the surnominal appellation Bobo. Hence the family by that name. It is a great pity that such inventive talent was not turned into the realms of fiction. It certainly would have been quite an addition to the school of idealists. Bobo is an old Teutonic word, and is "one of the many forms of the primitive and universal *abba*, father." In the Old German it occurs in three forms: Bobo, Bobbo, and Poppo. It is synonymous with the English Pope. But to return to the surname Gulley, Gudleifr is a Norse name, and signifies "divine relic." History informs us that a man by that name came to England with the Danes, where the name was "turned into a surname as Gulleiv, then shortened into Gulley, and lengthened into Gulliver, a veritable though quaint surname for the Lemuel Gulliver whom Swift conducts through Laputa and Brobdignag with coolness worthy of northern forefathers."

"Mauritius was naturally a term with the Romans for a man of Moorish lineage. The first saint of this name was the Tribune of the Theban legion, all Christians, who perished to a man under the blows of their fellow-soldiers, near the foot of the great St. Bernard. To this brave man is due the great frequency of Maurits in Switzerland, passing into Maurizio on the Italian border and Moritz on the German. The old French was Meurisse; the old English, Morris." The Breton form is Norris; the name, however, when assimilated to the Latin spelling, becomes Maurice.* The Irish and Scottish Morris must not be confounded with the English and French Morris and

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*See "Christian Names," by Charlotte M. Yonge, p. 201.

Maurice. The name as it occurs in Ireland and Scotland is in "imitation of the Gaelic Moriertagh," a sea warrior.

Samson was "a mighty man of valor," a prodigy in strength. Hence the British Church did not pass him by when it sought for names at the baptismal font. Samson was a prominent Welsh bishop and saint in the olden time, from whom the name became a monastic appellation, as is evidenced by Mr. Carlye's favorite Abbot Samson. Our English progenitors, however, together with all the English-speaking world since, have insisted, in writing the surname Samson, in putting a *p* where it has no business, just as is the case with the English name Ham*p*ton. The French have, in this name, changed the *a* into *i*, and write it Simson, "which is perhaps more like the original; and our Simpson and Simkins may thus be derived from it, when they do not come from Simon, which was much more frequent." Simeon is Hebrew from *schama*, to hear, it is frequently confounded with the Greek Simon, which, I believe, has come to have the same import, obedient. The two last surnames, together with Simmonds, Simmons, Simcoe, and Sykes, are all corruptions of that Hebrew appellation first bestowed by the old patriarch Jacob on one of his sons.

We may thus derive many English surnames from Christian names, which were really gathered from the four corners of the earth, and which were brought into what, in those days, was a very *dark corner* of the world, which explains many of the inconsistencies which adhere to surnames.

Names which were derived from civil offices are very common. We have *Kings* and *Queens* among us, but those who bear these titles of royalty must not become elated and claim truly royal descent. The fact that a man is named King or Queen may really evidence nothing more than that his progenitors were merely the attendants, or household servants, of royalty, for there is but a step between the King's John, and John King. One thing is patent, however: the progenitors of the Kings and Queens were men who at least "stood in the presence of Kings." Men were knighted for brave deeds, and since there were Knights many, it is no matter of surprise that they have multiplied "from the rivers to the ends of the earth." The squire has always been an important civil functionary. His progeny have taken the name Squires and Squiers. The Page, Earl, Baron, Duke, Lord, Constable, and Stuart have each given the world a surname.

As a surname combining the dual idea contained in the caption of this chapter the writer begs to close this ramble among the civil and religious offices of our ancestors by presenting his own surnominal cognomen. Daniel is an old name, and is of Hebrew origin. It means "a divine judge." The old prophet of the captivity, vindicated, in his administration, the validity of the idea embodied in his name; he, like the American branch of the family, which tradition says is of Jewish origin, having sprung from a Jewess, who was converted to Christianity in France, and whose descendants, bearing her Jewish name, were banished from France by the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and found homes in the colony of Virginia, was very jealous of his name. The Chaldean monarch imposed upon him the name Belteshazzar, which was merely the translation of his name into the Chaldean tongue; but it is remarkable that Daniel never appropriated the heathen title by which his name was translated, while he calls his three companions by their heathen appellatives. Knowing the Daniels as the writer does, this is by no means strange, for all the family most emphatically refuse to admit the pluralizing letter *s*, which the populace is so determined to attach to the name. I mean, of course, the genuine Huguenot family, for some have admitted the letter *s*, and write their name *Daniels*. But the genuine Daniel family, from the lion's den down to 1893, is always *singular*, perhaps in more ways than one. If the reader is offended at this breach of good taste, however, he may *ramble* into the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

A FEW GAELIC SURNAMES.

IT was Sydney Smith who said that it required a hammer and a chisel to get a joke into a Scotchman's head. Perhaps the reverend wit never knew why his Gaelic neighbors were so steeled against the funny things that Englishmen wrote and spoke. There is a possibility of satiety even in the risible regions of jocundity. That which is ludicrous at first may become so common as to disgust rather than delight men. He who would arouse the risible faculty of a soul must find out something new under the sun. Jokes are really so common with the Scotch that their prevalence have rendered that which is only ordinarily funny, dull and insipid. Their surnames are frequently veritable jokes. "Dr. Guthrie reports having read of one Rev. Mr. Scamp, who was in a sense, always a scamp, yet was much esteemed while he lived, and died greatly lamented." His very name was a capital jest, and Dr. Guthrie saw the point without the aid of either a hammer or a chisel. Some Gaelic surnames in common use to-day surpass farcically even that unfortunate preacher's humiliating cognomen. There is John Dougal, the "black stranger," who is neither a stranger nor very dark. He married a Scotch lassie, of course, for the Scotch are generally clannish; Bessie McDougal may have been her name—that is, Bessie, the *son* of the black stranger. But what is truly remarkable, they raised as interesting a family of as *white* children as could be found on the American continent. It was a feat which no Englishman could have possibly accomplished. Dugald is precisely the same name as Dougal, or Dougall, as it is sometimes spelled. The two names "have been from time immemorial Highland names, and together with Donald serve as the national nickname of the Gael among the Lowlanders," says Charlotte M. Yonge. Dowal is an Irish form of the name Dougal.

Donald is said to have been the first Christian king of Scotland. The author we have just quoted, Charlotte M. Yonge, maintains that the name is the Anglicism of Donghal, brown stranger, but the Irish glossographers have translated it "proud chieftain." The colony of Scotch Highlanders planted about the middle of the last century at Fayetteville, N. C., was "made famous by its having been the place where the heroine Flora MacDonald, with her husband, found a home after she had effected the escape of Prince Charles Stuart, having disguised him in a woman's clothes and passed him off as her servant; and his head was worth thirty thousand pounds, and not a Highlander, poor as they all then were, could be tempted to betray him." The heroic Flora, of whose adventures in her early years Sir Walter Scott has written much, while on a voyage from America to Scotland took passage in a ship which was attacked by the enemy; and Flora, although nearly sixty years of age, bravely engaged in the fight, and thus had her arm broken in the war of American independence. The heroic Amazon was, therefore, true for once to her surname, Flora, the *son* of the proud chief.

Douglas means dark gray. By an ancient, though improbable, tradition the Douglasses are said to have derived their name from a champion who had greatly distinguished himself in an action. When the king demanded by whom the battle had been won, the attendants are said to have answered, "Sholto Douglas, sir," which is said to mean, "Yonder dark gray man." But many writers contend, notwithstanding the tradition which we have quoted, that the surname is territorial and that it is taken from Douglas river and vale. We cannot dogmatically dispute this old tradition, for the victor to whom the name was applied may have been dark so far as complexion is concerned, and gray beard and hair may have filled the description otherwise. If the tradition is true, the descendants of the Douglases have outgrown the complexion of their fathers. Saunders is a Scotch corruption of the Greek Alexander, helper of men. Perhaps the improvement of the Douglases relative to their complexion is owing to intermarriage with the Saunderses. Brian or Bryan became popular as a Christian name, and hence passed into a surname from the great renown of Brian Boromhe, King of Leinster. He was victor in twenty-five battles fought between the Irish and the Danes. He was killed finally at "the great battle of Clontarf on the Good Friday of 1014." It is not therefore a Gaelic, but a Celtic name, and signifies strong. The surnames Gregg, Grigg, and Griggs are all from the Gaelic *grig* or *gairig*, fierce. But the Brians and Greggs have rarely intermarried, and strange to say their descendants have been as gentle as the children of other men.

There is an interesting and famous legend relative to the Neil family. Phenius, the progenitor of the Neils, taught the Phœnicians letters, who, out of gratitude for his great work, adopted his name as their national appellation. The son of Phenius, Niul, as the name is written in the old legends, was sent by his father to Egypt on an embassy to one of the Egyptian kings. This Niul, from *niahd*, a champion, married Scota, whence Scotland gets her name, the daughter of that Pharaoh who perished in the Red Sea while in pursuit of the Israelites. This famous son of Phenius named the river Nile, in honor of himself to emulate his father, who had given his name to a nation. The course of friendship, however, did not continue unbroken between Niul and his adopted countrymen. A dispute arose between him and the Egyptians, which resulted in Niul's migration to Spain. This renowned son of Phenius became the progenitor of the whole legion of Niales, Nails, Neils, McNiels, and O'Neils, who have been scattered to the four corners of the earth.

It will be remembered that James I. gave the shield of the O'Neils of Ulster, upon which was engraved a red hand, "to the knights baronets, whom he created as undertakers of the new colony of English, which he wished to found in Ulster." This red hand has a history.

Neill of the Nine Hostages was one of the greatest of the pagan kings of Ireland. He was next to the last of that name, who ruled ancient Hibernia, and was assassinated about the year 405. His children, however, known as the Hy-Niel, became the most noted of all the clans of Northern Ireland. Of them the story is told that on going to settle on the Ulster coast one of them resolved to take seisin of the new country by touching the shore before any one else, and finding his boat outstripped, he tore out his dagger, cut off his right hand at the wrist, and threw it on the beach, so that his fingers were the first laid on the domain." The war cry of the O'Neill's was, therefore, "*Lamhdeary Aboo*," red hand set on.

It was this renowned Neill of the Nine Hostages who unconsciously planted the Church in Ireland. His clan made a piratical descent on the Romans at Valentia, and among the captives carried away was the boy who afterward became the Apostle of Ireland.

Fingal is a Scotch surname, and means the white stranger, and Finlay, from *Fionnlaoch*, signifies the white soldier. Fion or Finn was "the grand center of ancient Gælic giant lore." Fion is the same as the Cymbric names Gwynn or Wynn, and means white or fair. He was called by the name of Finn in the Saxon Chronicle, and is there said to have been Odin's fourth forefather.

Beath, signifying life, was a saint sometimes called Hien or Hayne. She was born in Ireland, and in 620, or about that time, she was consecrated at Whitby, in the North of England, as the first nun of Northumbria. As the names of saints were particularly sought and applied as Christian names, the name Beath passed into the surname Bethea. But we are told that this saint left Northumbria in charge of St. Hilda, and "founded the abbey known by her English name of St. Bees." Hence we have the surname McBee, in which the final *s* has been dropped, and which in the Teutonic tongue means the son of prayer, or in its Gaelic signification the son of life. Whatever the old saint did beside, it must be admitted that she gave the world two surnames. Macbeth, son of life, is from this saint.

Mears is properly an Irish name, from *mear*, merry. The Scotch surname Gillies is from *Giolla Iosa*, the servant of Christ, a homely contraction. The Scotch Catholics bestowed much worship on the archangel St. Michael. Hence we have the surname Carmichael, the friend of Michael, and Gilmichael, the servant of Michael.

Gilmory and Gilmour are the same name, and mean the servant of Mary, the Virgin. *Giolla-na-naomh*, servant of all the saints, was a very frequent Irish name during the Middle Ages in the Highlands. It passed into *Gille-ne-ohn*, and was finally contracted into the modern surname Niven, and of course since there were Nivens there must needs be MacNivens.

When Neill of the Nine Hostages made his piratical descent on the Roman colony at Valentia, and carried off to Ireland the young Roman, British Calpurnius, he and his clan jestingly named the boy captive *Patricius*, the noble. That name was destined to cling forever to Ireland and Scotland. St. Bridget (strength), the pupil of St. Patrick, has had many votaries. *Gilbrid*, servant of Bridget, has been corrupted into the Scotch Gilbert, while *Maelbridh*, the pupil of Bridget, has became MacBride. "The great object of Keltic veneration was, however, St. Patrick," says Charlotte M. Yonge. "Nobody ventured to be Patrick alone, but many were Giolla Phadraig (servant of Patrick) or Mael Phadraig (pupil of Patrick), and the descendants were Mag Giolla Phadraig (son of the servant of Patrick), whence arises the surname Fitzpatrick, translating the Mac and omitting the Gillie. Others again were Kilpatrick, but it is not easy to tell whether this *Kil* is the contraction of Gille or territorial, from the cell or church of St. Patrick." Afterward, however, the prefixes were left off, and many persons in Scotland inherited the surname Patrick and Pate or Patie, which are contractions of the former.

The great missionary to Ireland, St. Columba, had many namesakes. It is interesting to observe the changes in that name brought about by the dialects of the Gael and Kelt. In the Latin tongue it signifies a dove. *Gillie* and *mael* are met with as prefixes, as *Gillecolumb* and *Maelcolum*. The latter has become the very common Scotch name Malcolm, pupil of the dove. Malcolm Kenmore (great head) was the grandson of Duncan (brown chief), and was the first to lift Scotland out of a state of barbarism. Perhaps he did more for his country than any other king that ever ruled over it. Malcolm in the Highlands became Callum. Hence the surnames Collum and McCollum. The *a* has been corrupted into *o*. Columba was corrupted into Colin in the Lowlands, but passing into the Highlands it was subjected to another dialectic change, and was called *Cailein*, whence we derive the surname Kilian.

"There are some curious memorials," says Isaac Taylor, "of that influx of Anglo-Norman nobles into Scotland, which took place during the reign of David I. and Malcolm Canmore. In ancient records the name Maxwell is written in the Norman form of Maccusville. The name of Robert de Montealt [literally steep mountain] has been corrupted into Mowatt and Moffat, and the families of Sinclair, Frazer, Baliol, Bruce, Campbell, Colville, Somerville, Grant (le grand), and Fleming are all, as their names bear witness, of continental ancestry. Richard Waleys, that is, Richard the foreigner, was the ancestor of the great Wallace." Hence that surname is a corruption of Waleys.

Clyde is from the Gaelic *clith*, strong. Kinard is from *Kinnaird*, high head, or more properly, high peak. Charlotte M. Yonge accounts for the surname Kelley in this way: "Giolla Cheallaigh was common in honor of Ceallach, a very local saint of royal birth, who was educated by St. Kieran. On his father's death he was about to ascend the throne, when his tutor interfered, probably considering this an infraction of his vows, and on his persisting, laid him under a curse after the usual fashion of Irish saints. He lost his kingdom and became a bishop, but resigned his see for fear of his enemies, and retired to a hermitage on Lough Con, where, however, he was murdered by four ecclesiastical students, whose names all began with Maol. His corpse was hidden in a tree, where for once it did not show the incorruptibility supposed to be the property of sanctity. The murderers were all put to death on an eminence, called from them Ardnamaol, or hill of the shavelings, and his admirers have resulted in the surname O'Killy-kelly, or for short, Kelly"—that is, Kelly is a corruption of Ceallach, which simply meant a devotee, and was applied to one living in a cell. A liberal translation of the whole name would, therefore, be "grandsons of the servant of the cell."

Toole and O'Toole are derived from *Tuathal*, lordly. Kean is from *cian*, vast or large. The surname Tiernay is derived from Tighearnach, kingly, an Irish saint who died about the end of the fifth century. Lachlan or Loughlan is said by etymologists to be derived from *laochail*, warlike.

Ferguson is a very interesting Scotch surname. It is claimed by etymologists that *Fear* is analogous to the Latin *vir*. The Gaelic for man is *fear*, and the plural is *fir*. Thus *Fear-co-breith*, the man who judges, was Latinized by the old Romans and became Vergobretus, the magistrate, it will be remembered, of the Ædui. From the Gaelic *gus*, or deed, and *fear*, a man, we have Fearghus, which, as a surname, was as prevalent among the Gael as Smith is among the English. The Fergusons, the descendants of the Fearghus, a race of kings like the O'Neils, are the sons of the man of deeds.

Buchanan simply means a washer of linen. It is the Scotch form of the English name Buckner.

Gillespie is from the Scotch Gillaspick, the bishop's servant, which, it is probable, is a contraction of the Celtic *Giolla Easbuig*, the last word being the Celtic form of the Latin *episcopus*. Gill and McGill mean the servant and the son of the servant.

We have rambled far enough over Scotch territory to be impressed with the beauty and transcendent interest of Gaelic surnames. An open field full of surnominal curiosities, but very difficult to traverse, lies before any one who may undertake to trace the meaning and history of Scotch names. We conclude this stroll over Gaelic territory in the hope that some Scotchman will give to the world a work embodying the meaning, history, and the traditions of Gaelic names, for no people have a richer store of legendary lore than the Scotch.

CHAPTER XII.

Do not fear;
We shall reach our home to-night.

WE have sought recreation in the rural districts; no high mountain has been eluded; no beautiful river, placid lake, or prattling stream has been avoided. We have plunged into the forest, and traversed the beautiful plains and valleys; and now, as we turn our feet toward home, it may be necessary that we take in the place where John Clothier stands with smiling countenance, ready to replace our tattered garments for a moderate remuneration. Henry Gaylord and William Lovelace, who are now somewhat crestfallen because of the havoc the brushwood has made of their elegant suits, will no doubt hail this proposition with delight. Richard Barefoot may heave a sigh, however, when he learns that our pathway leads directly across that territory that gave the progenitors of the Rockwoods and Rockhills their surnominal appellations. The way we have chosen is unavoidable, however; and if any are tired and foot-sore, our genial companion, George Lively, will inspire courage with many songs, and his cheerful deportment, together with the jests of Richard Gleeman, will keep us in a hopeful mood till we reach our journey's end. We will take the *red* way which leads by the ancestral home of the Radways, and thence across the Westwood, where the ancestors of those in our company who bear that appellation, once lived. If our way leads us by some steep declivity overgrown with ferns, it will impress us with the earliest associations of the Furnside family. But here is a crude hut in need of repairs. Perhaps the owner would recover his cot if he could think of the necessary work when it was not raining. Verily, he has very much the same spirit that the pioneer interviewed by the Arkansaw Traveler had. John Overstreet, who boasts of having a long line of city-bred ancestors, may twit George Needham as we pass by the decaying cottage, but even that will add to the fun by the way. Now our pathway divides: one prong leads over the hill where that John whose progeny took the name Overhill once lived, and Richard, whose descendants are called Dickover, may have been John's neighbor, or brother so far as we know. The other prong leads up the murmuring brook which flows out from an ancient hog pasture. Hence its name Hardenbrook.* Here the progenitor of the family which has taken the name of the brook as a surname once lived. The Beckwiths may have been his nearest neighbors, for that name was applied to one who lived by a rivulet. If we continue our journey along this murmuring brook, we shall pass, cropping out from the hillside, a deposit of chalk, popularly known as *white acre*, contracted into the surname Whitaker. Longacre and Foraker may have been originally town lots, and one may have been in front of the other; at least the For(e)aker was in front of some man's landed possessions, whether or not it was the oblong shaped lot which has given us a surname.

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* See page 107.

But we have not noticed the numerous playgrounds by the way. May day was a great day in mediæval England. Mayfields are numerous because there were many places where games were celebrated on the first day of this month. Those of our progenitors who may have loved sylvan retreats built their cottages by the side of large bodies of woodland. Hence the name Woodside. Those who thus reared their crude buildings in the dark shadow of the wood may have been freemen or they may have been Saxon *thralls* who ran away from their Norman masters. Hence we have the names Bond and Freeman.

But as we have talked and rambled we have drawn near to the site of an old mill. The progenitors of the Millhouse family once lived here. They arrested the water that rushed over these rocks, turned it into flues, and poured its concentrated force on the great driving wheel, and thus made for themselves an honest living, and the place without even a very great "local habitation" has given many a man a name. But do you hear Robert Gritman singing? His ancestors furnished sand to put where we place carpets.

Why does he sing? Because the site of this old mill is picturesque, and he is like a pilgrim seeking rest and shelter. What does he say?

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
  A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear.;
A willowy brook that turns a mill
  With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft beneath my thatch
  Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
  And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
  Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
  In russet gown and apron blue.

But hold your tongue, Robert Gritman! Her name may not be Lucy, after all. Who knows but that you may persuade some ill-omened Jane to share your humble cottage? Ill-omened, did I say? Why, yes. Was not Lady Jane Grey beheaded for treason? Was not Jane Beaufort, the wife of James I. of Scotland, cruelly murdered? Jane Seymour was one of the victims of old King Hal. And was not Jeanne de Valois, wife of Louis XII., repudiated for her lack of personal beauty? Was not Jeanne d' Albret, the mother of Henry IV., poisoned by Catharine de' Medici? Did not Jane of Castile lose her reason through the neglect of her husband, Philip the Handsome, Archduke of Austria? Did not Jane I. of Naples cause her husband to be murdered? and did she not afterward marry his assassin? And was not

Jane II. of Naples one of the most wanton of women? But here is William Jaynes, of our company of ramblers, and a noble fellow he is! Such progeny of some Scottish dame who bore that unfortunate name redeems the ill-omened name from all of its curses.

Did Jeremiah Alderman say he had lost his hat? Such is the luck of ramblers; tired, hungry, footsore, ragged, and hatless, we return. But the lights of the city stream out through the twilight; the Hatmaker is there, and over the place where his products are sold may hang a sign such as could have been seen in the staid old city of Charleston some years ago: "*I. Ketcham & U. Cheatham.*"

We love home, the home of this nineteenth century, with whatever defect, however, it may have, better than any home we have seen in our rambles. We will rest now. *Adieu!*

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