

has an indefeasible right to his name, to his individuality, to be himself and no other; and before this fact, parent and guardian should stand reverently.

Charles Lamb justly protested against imposing inappropriate names upon children, when some one was about to call his hopeful son Nicodemus. No less ludicrous was the custom of our Puritan forefathers, who delighted to adorn their progeny with such patronymics as "Praise-God-Barebones," "Fight-the-Good-Fight-of-Faith," "Kill-Sin," "Make-Peace," "Search-the-Scriptures," "Faint-not," etc. Equally absurd is the folly of designating some scion of obscure origin by the high-sounding and pretentious names of Hannibal, Cæsar, Washington, Napoleon or Wellington.

It is told of a certain bishop, who, having a dislike to the use of Greek and Latin proper names for children, on one occasion thus manifested it: When a child was presented for baptism, on enquiring the name, he was told "Marcus Tullius Cicero!" The incensed bishop replied, "Tut, tut, with your heathenish nonsense. Peter, I baptize thee," and Peter he was called through life.

In an English country-town some years since, a person rejoicing in the appellation of Frogg brought his child to be christened, it was given John, to which was added the maiden name of the mother, *Bull*, so that the name of the little Frogg from that time onward stood John Bull Frogg.

The Celtic prefix to family names in Scotland, Ireland and Wales,—Mac, O', and Ap—each means *son*. The English still retain the old Saxon suffix. For example, Williamson, the son of William; Smithson, the son of Smith. The Norman Fitz means also son, thus Gibbon's son is Fitzgibbon.

Lower, referring to the old custom of the Welsh linking to their own names those of their ancestors six or eight generations back, tells us of a church at Langollen, Wales, dedicated to St. Colin-ap-Gwyn—"nawg-ap-Clyndawg-ap-Cowrda-ap-Cavadoc-Freich-fras-ap-Llyn-Merion-ap-Einion-Yrth-ap-Cunedda-ledig," a name that casts the Dutchman's into the shade. Look at it,—

"Inkervankodsdorspankinkadrachdern.

QUEVEDO REDIVIVUS.

### A BULL-FIGHT AT NIMES.

"Hello! What's this?" said I to McLean, one bright May morning, as we were going up the High street of Montpellier. A huge placard, with a picture of a bull in the classical attitude of rage, head down, tail lifted, nostrils breathing forth fire and smoke, was what had attracted our notice. On closer inspection we found that there was to be a grand bull-fight at

Nimes, in honor of the departure of the soldiers for Madagascar. Everything was to be done in strictly classical style, as at Barcelona or Seville. Six thoroughbred Spanish bulls were to be run.

"McLean," said I, "bull-fights are brutal I know, but, at the same time, I am not going to have one occur within forty miles of me and not go to see it." "Thim's my sintiments," said McLean; and so, one beautifully bright May morning, you might have seen us on our way to Nimes by the early morning express. Arriving at Nimes at eight a.m., we had plenty of time to see the town.

I do not intend to write you a "Baedeker," so will refrain from giving you a description of the "Maison-Carée," or "La Fontaine," or the famous tower, or any of the other beautiful sights of this old Roman town. At two o'clock we betook ourselves to the "Arena" where the fight was to take place. This arena is, I believe, in the best preservation of all the Roman remains in Gaul. It is something like the Colosseum at Rome, but is, of course, much better preserved. It is capable of holding about 30,000 people, and although on this occasion there were only about 20,000 present, it was a most inspiring sight. The bright dresses of the ladies, the fans and the waving handkerchiefs, and the "beau soleil du Midi" looking down upon it all, made such a picture as one will not soon forget.

At a quarter past two, a large orchestra struck up the Russian national hymn, without which nothing can be done in that ultra-democratic land of France. Immediately after, the cavalcade, consisting of toreadors, picadors and their assistants, marched in, while the orchestra played the opening march in Carmen.

The different actors took their places, and all was ready for the fight to begin. At a given signal, a door was opened, and the bull rushed out,—a magnificent animal, huge shoulders, delicate feet, and a most murderous-looking pair of horns. The assistants, who are provided with colored cloths to draw the bull away, when his attentions become too pressing in any particular quarter, jumped lightly over the barrier. The picadors were now left to face the bull. These picadors are mounted on horseback, and are armed with a long spear which has a short but sharp point. The horse is blindfolded, and has a rubber armor underneath to protect him against the bull's horns. This armor is, however, of no real protection, as the bull's horns pierce it with the utmost ease. It only serves to hide the disgusting nature of the wounds from the spectator. The bull, having routed all the assistants, now made a rush for the picador, but was met fairly on the shoulder by the spear. After trying in vain to get his horns under the horse, he had to sheer off.

Only the more enraged by the nasty wound which