

from a man named MacCollettok he expected no mercy. And certainly our names are the antitheses of the voluminous dignified Spanish names. It is said that a certain Spanish ambassador, who prematurely pressed himself on his grandiloquent titles, was on one occasion dumbly astonished to find that his entertainer, one honest John Cutts, displayed a hospitality that had nothing monosyllabic about it. What pangs of parturition prolific novel writers must endure, even though it be a labor of love; what obstetric skill must be required to midwife an innumerable litter of appropriately literary names gracefully into the light of day! Men have always been sensible to the charms of name. We know that Plato's ear appreciated the delicacy of a happy harmonious and attractive name. Take the "poor red man" in his natural state. Translate his titles, and we find such picturesque ones as "Path Opener," "Morning Dawn," "Great Swift Arrow." Read Hiawatha and you will find numbers of such names, and if any one reads Hiawatha in a ruffled state of mind, he is sure to lay aside the book, soothed by the mellifluous flow. What the depravity of civilization has done to the aborigines is strikingly exemplified in the modern Indian names—"Buffalo Bill," "Captain Jack," and "Sitting Bull," the latter of whom suggests the generic name of the less sedentary "John Bull," with his leonine nature; and the other names *ejusdem generis*, viz. the canny "Sandies," the rollicking "Paddies," the ubiquitous "Freshies," and the "Knockies," follow in their wake. Their origin is apparent on their face.

Voltaire once said that the English gain two hours a day by clipping words, and this is especially noticeable in what may be termed the nomenclature of conviviality. *Bonhomie* usually ends in the abbreviation of the names of the *bons homines*; or, if this is a linguistic impossibility, in the substitution of some easily pronounced or eminently characteristic title for the objectionably plain or polysyllabic one. Some natures indeed are so unapproachable, so uncompromising, that their names partake of their rigorous iciness or doughy callousness, and remain through life unchanged—unchangeable. Who has not met a John whom it would be a species of verbal sacrilege to call Jack!

A nick-name (French *nom de surnom*) is either an appropriate, an opprobrious, or a sportive appellation. But the first of these meanings only shows clearly its etymology, it being derived from the verb *nick*, to suit; a name given "in the nick of time." The writer knows nothing about women, and has often wondered whether they are addicted to nick-naming, or whether they consider it, as he has read, they consider angling, "a custom more honored in the breach than in the observance." The writer has only looked on woman as he looks on the milky way in the sky, "a mixture of gentle lights without a name." He once indeed read a novel, and there were many names and many heroines, and he could not believe if such names as Gertrude, Ida, Violet, Dora, Helen, Claire and Edith, which there adorned the pages, also adorned real, living women, that anyone could be so void of tact and taste as to abbreviate these or substitute nick-names for them. Yet the writer has been told—to

his grief—by one Joseph, familiarly known as "Jow Jow," by no means a misogynist, who in twenty-four hours saw the whole "Bois de Boulogne a Paris"—told by the said "Jow Jow"—that though Lord Dufferin long ago powerfully protested against it, yet that apheris and apocope still ruthlessly destroy the most beautiful feminine names—that affection and its result, betrothal, are continually creating new, fanciful, idiotically infantile titles, and he cited three which had come beneath his own personal supervision, viz.: Tooturgs, Dumps, and Popsy. O woman! woman! woman! Alas! alas!

From lively to severe there is but a step; but certainly it seems a long step from ladies our social lawgivers to the severity of law, and the names of some of its celebrities and myrmidons. Yet there is a sunshine in the shady place even at law, as perhaps a few illustrations may show. Grim facetiousness it must have been which suggested the nick-name of "Necessity" for a doughty member of the Toronto bar, because "Necessity knows no law."

When an excellent report of a certain case particularly pleased the winner thereof, he declared that that reporter's reputation ought to be as wide-spread through the globe as Henry Clay's is through America; while the loser on reading it abandoned his intention of appealing, and exclaimed, "Tout est perdu!" Such is fame and such the reporter's name. The same reporter is known among the "boys" as *Per*, so called, it is believed, because his motto is *Excelsior! up higher!* and his New-Jerusalem cranium—a bright and shiny place—is gradually emerging higher and higher through his hair. So it is, however, also with another celebrity, whose strength seems to be renewed like the eagle's, yet men call him not *Per*, simply *A. B.* He, however, has less need to cry "Cover my defenceless head;" for does not the halo of the U. E. Loyalists encircle it!

It may not be known to our classical tutor that an *Imperious Caesar* still lives amongst us. Yet such is the bail-ful fact. Is the sheriff aught else? Who has not heard of "The Tyke," and of J. K., and of the "K family" generally; and who does not know

"His brothers' pride—young ladies joy,

Is he an angel or a boy?

Our Alma!"

Legal nomenclature is indeed a pregnant subject, but we must leave it lingeringly, with a remark as to the appropriateness of a Chancery matter now before the lugubrious Court "Re Morse," and as to the curious coincidences seen in the style of cause of "Date v. Plamb," "Fretz v. Strutz," "Rosamond v. Rose," "Rowland v. Oliver," "Paul v. Virginia," the defendant in the latter not being a *feme sole*, but a U. S. lightning rod company.

The writer is of course most conversant with the names of those who passed through their University course contemporaneously with himself, and perhaps he may be pardoned recalling to readers who have left Toronto, (even though the records may little interest the present undergraduates) the convivial names of some whom we have yet with us in his hub of intellectual Ontario still flourishing and jolly and naughty and nice. No doubt but that Ebenezer, "The High Moral," in his rustic home at Pickering will uphold the writer when he says,

that however diminutive may be the names of "Sammie," (the Official Brewer), "Gibbie," "Teddie" et al, their hearts and brains are large and full and strong. No doubt that he will be glad to hear that the old veteran "Our Alfred" still frequents Coleman's whenever his *alter ego* Hugh John permits him. No doubt but that he will bewail with others who mourn the *singular* virtues of "Our John" (author of "The Baneful Barzook") and of "Our Willie," and of "A. B.," have lost their lustre, and that the germs of the epidemic of matrimony are groping for a *nidus* in several other adolescent bosoms. No doubt that he will wonder at "Our Eddie's" name being changed to "The Filthy," and it will be hard for him to believe that the pink of propriety thereby signified, on a recent occasion enacted, Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, and requested the change himself, and has since ratified and authorized it. Our brother in Pickering—"away back" has doubtless often wondered whether "Tabby," that genial Toronto medical, owing the formation of his name, to his initials being T. A. or whether it originated in the principle *noscutur ex sociis*. Does any one know? Perhaps no name is so protean in its transformations as Marianne with one exception, and that is "Hekidge." Now he is "The Count"; once "Higgins," anon "Hig-gian"; again he is "Sammie," then "Geordie," then "W. G." One is tempted to quote King John

"And if his name be George, I'll call him Sammie,

For new made honor doth forget men's names."

Perhaps it may interest our Pickering friend too, to learn that our "W. N.," still thinks life worth living, and has never disgraced himself—what, never!—well, only once.

Both by graduates and undergraduates the names of "Mr. and Mrs. McDunn," be familiar in our mouths as household words, be in our flowing teacups freshly remembered. Calmly their lives flow on in bliss conubial—a living disapproval of objections to the co-education of the sexes.

"For contemplation he, and valor formed,

For softness, also, and sweet attractive grace."

Of a wild celebrity in recent years were the names of "Rumble" suggested by prominent physiological phenomena; of "Cour-solles," of "James Plus," of "Royal Artillery," of "John Rex," of "Tekrel," (T. C. L.), of "Fwg," (F. W. A. G.), all names within names; and the present race of students will be able to "locate" with ease "Giglamps" or "Scalles," "Broadly," ("man with appropriate surnames"), "Jake, the Brakesman," "The Judge," (one of the heroes of Detroit), and "Brick L.—," a *deep read* man, as his name implies. There is an old legend, too, that there once was a man named "Fipp, of Flieg-matic fame," a celebrated wrestler, who was overthrown in an encounter with one Chafy, but our microcosm knows him not now;

"He is gone, the beautiful youth."

Respect is said to be a great intellectual trainer, and we believe it; but we do not find it on the University curriculum. Nevertheless, we do not bauldly authoritative names about like school-boys. As an old Upper Canada boy, the writer remembers discussing the merits of "Guppy," "Goats," "Cockeye," and "Gentle," without even once identifying them by their proper titles. Here, we are glad to say are rarely heard such sobriquets.

It has been a pleasurable task to revive the old memories which have sprung up during the composition of this brief sketch. May we hope that those memories may be as fresh and as pleasant

"When the names we loved to hear"

Have been carried for many a year

On the tomb."

Let the sons of Alma Mater be but loyal to their benign mother, and to themselves, and in after years perhaps they may be individually remembered by the singers, when the grand old song rolls out:

"Then stand to your glasses, steady,

And drink to your comrades' eyes,

A glass to the dead already,

And hurrah for the next that dies!"