

the Hon. William's ground rent agent interfered, holding over non-paying malcontents the fear of sundry writs of ejectment, the Saxon name would have been swept away, and blotted out for ever. Matters were going on smoothly until a number of Irish having also elected domicile in Bergerville, were much shocked at the liberty the French Canadian tenants had taken, in daring to re-christen the settlement ; they were of opinion that as a considerable portion of the residents would not be out of place in St. Giles, in London, it might be more suitable to call the place* Beggarville, and not Bergerville ; and just as party denominations have been in England in times of yore, subjected to various fluctuations between the houses of York and Lancaster, so it has been on the estate of the Hon. William on the St. Louis Road, near Quebec !

In October last, an octagenarian Greenwich Pilot died at Cap Rouge, near Quebec. Tom Everell was well known all round ; he had many years before married into a French Canadian family, and gradually lost his family name of Everell ; he was called by the *habitants* Tom, le père Tom ; he left a large number of children ; they are all called Toms, there is Norbert Tom, George Tom, Henriette Tom, Jean Bte. Tom, but as a compensation to this loss of nationality in his offspring, a glorious distinction was made for his eldest son, in which primogeniture shines forth ; of the whole family, he alone is allowed to bear the family name of his progenitor as a christian name ; he is not called Tom or Thomas Everell, but is recognised as EVERELL TOM.

In looking over English periodicals, I find that the transformation of names is not confined only to Scotchmen in France, or Englishmen in Canada, but also to Englishmen in their own country. Listen to this extract of Dicken's, with which I shall close :—

"Surnames are by no means fully established in some parts of England. In the colliery districts, particularly, hereditary designations seem to be the exception rather than the rule. A correspondent of *Knight's Quarterly Magazine* says, that clergymen in Staffordshire 'have been known to send home a wedding party in despair, after a vain essay to gain from the bride and bridegroom a sound by way of name.' Every man in these colliery fields, it seems, bears a personal sobriquet, descriptive of some peculiarity, but scarcely any person has a family name,

* Odd names seem fashionable in this village ; there is one family composed of boys ; several are very hard cases ; one of them, aged about 17, combines all the vices of the rest ; he is singularly vicious, just a shade better than a highwayman ; he goes by the name of *Grande Père* ; why ? I never have been able to find out. I have come to the conclusion that it might be because he was supposed to unite the vices of three generations !