

Two or three days elapsed before the engagement of his office allowed him leisure to leave the temple long enough to visit her. At length, an unoccupied afternoon occurred, and mounting his horse, and obtaining a very precise direction from his servant, he set out towards her residence. In front of the house, above the door, was a little terrace of flowers, upon which a large window opened from the second story. As Godari drew near he recognized the form of Chatrya stooping down to examine one of the flowers. She raised her head and saw him, and instantly retreated within the window. The heart of Godari beat with strange and painful quickness. He almost repented of his enterprize, and actually slackened his pace considerably, to protract the period of meeting. He pictured to himself so vividly the first encounter with the lady, that the scene with all its pleasing terrors, seemed present before him. "Faction was swallowed in surmise, and nothing was, but what was not." He found himself bowing several times in his saddle, in nervous and involuntary rehearsal of the opening act.

He at length gained the porch, and asked if Chatrya was at home. The enquiry was a mere matter of form; without thinking about an answer he was about to enter, when the servant replied that she was not. Godari was thunderstruck. He had seen her himself at the window: and he stood for a moment balancing in his mind between the fact and reply, in confused surprise, and then turned from the door.

Concluded next week.

#### ORIGIN OF FEMALE NAMES.

We shall have the pleasure, in this paper, of informing those of our fair friends who bear names derived from the German tongue, and others in modern use, what is the signification of their various appellations; a piece of information, which, unless specially given to philological studies, they are not likely to acquire. Those over whom the words *Adelaide* or *Adeline* have been pronounced at the font, are, etymologically speaking, *princesses*, such being the interpretation of these German terms. They are beautiful names. If the preceding names be of regal strain, *Alice* or *Alicia* is of the peerage, signifying *noble*; and a sweet name it is, for the bride of baron or burgess. *Amelia* changed into *Emily* or *Amy*, is of French origin, and has the meaning of *beloved*. *Amy* Robsart rises at once to the mind in its search for individuals who have graced these appellations. It would be almost a relief to the feelings to think the sad story of *Amy* Robsart a fiction, but almost all our historians admit that her death was occasioned by a fall from a staircase, the result of a cruel plot on the part of her ambitious husband. Julius Mickle's ballad, beginning thus beautifully—

"The dews of summer night did fall,  
The moon, sweet regent of the sky,  
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor hall,  
And many an oak that grew thereby,"

amply shows the general belief of the people dwelling in the neighbourhood of the scene of the tragedy. So that *Amy* is justly to be held as a name hallowed by beauty and misfortune.

*Blanche* is one of the loveliest of female names. It is from the French, and signifies *white* or *fair*, which is also the meaning of *Bianca*, the Italian form of *Blanche*. It would be decidedly a pleasure to the ear to have such a name as *Blanche* in more common use, and we would beg to hint to fair womankind that it is a matter of no light importance to them to bear agreeable names of this sort. Men may not absolutely marry on the bare score of name, yet it must be no trifling pleasure to have it in one's power to sound such a name as *Blanche* in the chamber or lobby of one's wedded home, when any matter required the joint conjugal consideration. *Bridget* is one of the few Irish names in use among us. It signifies *bright* or *shining bright*, and is a very decent name of the Deborah order, applicable with much propriety to good old housekeepers or buxom dairy-maids. *Charlotte* is the feminine of *Charles*, and has the same meaning as that formerly mentioned, *valiant-spirited*, or *prevailing*, which last character is applicable, we have no doubt, to many fair Charlottes, wedded. *Charlotte Corday*, a young Judith, who freed her country from a worse than *Holofernes*, did no dishonour to this name. *Caroline*, also, is a feminine form of the word *Charles*, or rather of its Latinised shape, *Carolus*, and has the same signification, of course, as *Charlotte*. Both of these are common female names, and are not undeserving of being so. *Edith* and *Elenor* are from the Saxon, and signifying respectively *happy* and *all-fruitful*. The original form of *Edith* was *Eadith* or *Eade*, and a version of the name, nearly the same as the latter of these, was the baptismal appellation of Byron's child,

"Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart"

*Emma* is generally understood to be from the German word signifying a *nurse*, or a *good nurse*. *Imma* was the form in which the name was borne by Charlemagne's daughter, a lady who distinguished herself by a remarkable proof of affection for her lover Eginhard, the emperor's secretary. This attached pair not daring to meet openly, on account of the comparative meanness of the lover's rank, held their interviews in the princess's apartments. While they were there together one night, a fall of snow came on, and left the ground covered. This was only found out

by the lovers when they were about to part, and caused them great alarm. Eginhard had to cross a courtyard, and his footsteps in the snow would have betrayed his visit. In this dilemma, the princess *Imma* took her lover on her back, and carried him across the court, knowing that her own footstep would excite neither remark nor suspicion. But it chanced that Charlemagne had risen from his couch that night, and opened his window, which overlooked the same court, and which permitted him to see, by the moonlight, the stratagem to which love had driven his daughter. The emperor at once admired her conduct and was enraged at the whole circumstance, but he suppressed his ire until some time afterwards, when he laid the matter before his council, and asked their advice. Opinions were divided on the point, and Charlemagne adopted the lenient course. He gave the hand of *Imma* to her lover. Such is the story of the first person in history whom we find to bear the name of *Imma* or *Emma*.

*Frances* is a very agreeable name, the feminine of *Francis*, and has the like meaning of *frank* or *free*. *Gertrude*, also from the German, signifies *all truth*. *Gertrude* must ever be associated in our minds with the image of young, gentle, beautiful, trusting woman, because such was the character of her of Wyoming, who was

"The love of Pennsylvania's shore."

*Harriet* and *Henrietta*, since *Henry*, the corresponding male name, signifies *rich lord*, may be held to signify *rich lady*, a meaning not unworthy of the names. *Magdalene* is from the Syriack, (some say Hebrew,) and has the sense of *magnificent*. Around this name, circumstances, that oblivion cannot touch, have thrown sad, yet sweet recollections: Its more common form is *Madelina* or *Madeline*, than which nothing can be more pleasant to the ear or eye. *Melicent* or *Millicent* is a name sweet as honey, and *honey-sweet* is indeed its interpretation in the French tongue. Even in the contracted state of *Milly*, there is a degree of mellifluousness about this term. *Rosabelle* might be adopted into familiar family use with much propriety. It is immediately from the Italian *Rosabella*, which signifies a *fair rose*. *Tabitha* is a name which was not once uncommon in Britain, but somehow or other it has been assigned over from the human to the feline race. *Tabby* is a cat, and nothing but a cat. The term is from the Syriac, and signifies a *roe*, a very different animal, indeed, from puss. The famous sister of *Matthew Bramble*, in *Smollet's* *Humphrey Clinker*, did much to make old maids sharers with puss in the use of *Tabitha* in all time coming. In the same novel occurs the name of *Winifred*, which signifies *winning peace*. The famous countess of *Nihsdalé*, who contrived the escape of her doomed husband from the Tower of London, was a *Winifred*, and a bright honour to the name. A sainted lady of Wales, however, was a much more wonderful *Winifred*. Hear the illustrious Pennant on this subject.

"In the seventh century there lived a virgin of the name of *Wenefrede*, of noble parents, and niece to *St. Beuno*. *Beuno*, after building a church and founding a convent in *Carnarvon*, visited his relations in *Flintshire*, and obtaining from his brother-in-law a little spot at the foot of a hill where he resided, erected on it a church, and took under his care his niece *Wenefrede*. After a time, a neighbouring prince of the name of *Cradocuss* was struck with her beauty, and at all events determined to possess her. He made known his passion to the lady, who, affected with horror, attempted to escape. The wretch, enraged at the disappointment, instantly pursued her, drew out his sabre, and cut off her head. *Cradocuss* received on the spot the reward of his crime; he fell down dead and the earth swallowed up his impious corpse."

"The severed head of *Wenefrede*," continues the legend, "took its way down the hill, and stopped near the church. The valley, which, from its uncommon dryness, heretofore received the name of *Sychnant*, indicative in *Welch*, of that circumstance, now lost its name. A spring of uncommon size burst from the place where the head rested. The moss on its sides diffused a fragrant smell. Her blood spotted the stones, which, like the flowers of *Adonis*, annually commemorate the fact, by assuming colours unknown to them at other times. *St. Beuno* took up the head of his niece, carried it to her corpse, and, offering up his devotions, joined it nicely to the body, which instantly re-united. The place was visible only by a slender white line encircling her neck, in memory of a miracle far surpassing that worked by *St. Dionysius*, who marched many miles after decapitation with his head in his hands. *St. Wenefrede* survived her decollation fifteen years."

The honour in which the heroine of this legend was held, is testified by the remains of a beautiful polygonal well, covered with a rich arch, and supported by pillars, which still exist on the spot where the miraculous stream gushed forth. The ruins of a beautiful chapel of Gothic architecture are also visible there. The whole legend is carved on the well. Such is the true history of the most famous of the *Winifreds*.

We have reached the close of our list, or rather lists, and yet we find that some names, not unworthy of being noticed, have been omitted, chiefly because they do not belong to any of the beforementioned divisions, being in part, at least, the creation of fancy. *Shakspeare* and other great poets seem to have been as successful in the invention of names, as on other points to which

they applied their imagination. We do not know that *Rosalind* was of *Shakspeare's* invention, but, whether it was so or not, it sounds in our ears as one of the very sweetest of names, and we would humbly recommend its general adoption.

"From the east to western Ind,  
No Jewel is like *Rosalind*."

The first part of the name is evidently from the Latin *rosa*, a rose, like *Rosamunda*, but the *lind* is most probably a termination appended for more euphony. *Shakspeare's* *Viola*, too (a violet), is worthy of all acceptance. The name, under the form of *Violet*, is not uncommon among us. And then *Miranda*, which signifies to be admired, as is expressed in the exclamation of *Prince Ferdinand*, when he first hears it,

"Admired *Miranda*! indeed the top of admiration!"

*Perdita*, which signifies the lost or a foundling, is no whit inferior to the preceding; and the same may be said of *Cordelia*, which has the meaning of *cordial*, or *heartly*. But of all *Shakspeare's* names, one, which he in all probability invented, and which has no meaning that we are aware of, is perhaps the most beautiful. This is *Imogen*. Why should applications like these lie unused, while the changes are wrung upon a limited number of names of far inferior beauty, till absolute confusion is created in families and nations? Why should the *Earine* of *Ben Jonson* with the meaning of *spring* or *vernal*, or why should the

"Heavenly *Una* with her milk-white lamb"

of *Sponsor*, which signifies the only one, be laid aside, and forgotten? Let the ancient stories be drawn upon and let us have the pleasure of at least uttering a musical sound every time we speak of each other. We say this half-jestingly, half-seriously; jestingly, because we fear that others may be disposed to look upon the matter in a jesting light; and, seriously, because we really think that too little care is usually exercised in the selection of names, and because to pass by beautiful names for others every way inferior, seems to us something like wearing coarse garments when fine ones are at our command. The long lists which we have now gone over put it at least in the power of those who feel desirous of so doing, to exert a choice in this matter for the benefit of their yet nameless posterity.—*Edinburgh Journal*.

ANECDOTE OF TWO ARAB CHIEFS.—There dwelt upon the great river *Euphrates*, near the great city of *Basotra*, two Arab tribes deadly hostile to each other. Their enmity was so proverbial and well known, that when one man spoke of the enmity of another, towards a foe, he would say, he hates him as an *Anizee* hates a *Montifec*. It fell out, that the *Pacha* of *Bagdad*, being apprehensive of the invasion of the *Kurds* from *Kurdistan*, sent out an order to the chief of this *Anizee* to send him forth with 20,000 men; and the order was obeyed. The *Pacha*, not placing the same reliance upon the promptness of the *Montifec* chief, resolved to lay a plan to take him by stratagem, and then demand from him the aid of his tribe. He succeeded in obtaining the attendance of the chief; and he was brought into the presence of the Turk. "I have taken you prisoner," said the *Pacha*, "fearing that I might not otherwise have obtained the assistance of your tribe against the *Kurds*. If now you command that 10,000 of your men shall come to my assistance, your chains shall be struck off, you may return safe and uninjured to your tribe; but if you do not comply, your head shall roll at my feet." The chief looked the *Pacha* sternly in the face, and replied; "Your slight knowledge of the Arab character has led you into this error. Had you sent to me for 10,000 of my tribe, when I was free, I know not what answer I should have returned, but as it is, my reply cannot but be negative. If you order my head to roll at your feet, be it so: there are many more in my tribe equal to mine. Shed one drop of my blood, and every one will become its avenger. The Arab may be treated with when free, but when a prisoner, never."

The haughty *Pacha* looked upon him for a moment with surprise; then turning to his soldiers, he ordered them to sever his head from his body. The chief stood calm and collected, while the drawn sabre gleamed aloft in the air. At this moment the noise of a horse galloping in the paved court-yard of the palace attracted the attention of the *Pacha*. At every bound he struck the fire from the stones, and seemed to be striving to outstrip the wind. In a moment the rider vaulted from his horse, and almost in the same breath stood in the presence of the *Pacha*. It was the chief of the *Anizees*. "I am come," said he, "to strike off the chains from my enemy. Had he been taken in open conflict, I should not have interposed, but as he has been taken by treachery, though mine enemy, yet will I be first to strike off his chains. There are 20,000 lances under my command gleaning yonder in your defence; but if you release not immediately mine enemy, every one of them shall be directed against you as a foe." The Turk was forced to yield, and the two chiefs retired together. The chief of the *Anizees* conducted his brother chief, though his deadliest enemy, to his own tribe, and then said, "we are now again enemies; we have only acted as Arab should always act to each other; but you are now safe and with your own tribe, and our ancient hostility is renewed." With this they parted, and the chief of the *Anizees* returned to the defence of the *Pacha*.—*Buckin*