

extracted by friendly Time. In a few out-of-the-way villages, in England, where people are born, live and die under the same roof, clannishness and intermarrying are common. As a consequence, you frequently meet with half a dozen households, boasting the same family and baptismal names. But rustic ingenuity has met the difficulty by inventing nick-names. Ask for one of these villagers, by his legal name, and the external reply would be a look of bewilderment and a scratch of the head. After some minutes of labored cogitation, you would be informed that the man you seek lives next door. It is needless to remark that nick-names are the common distinctives in these places. Jack at Neddy's, Jack at Teddy's, Happy Jack, Soaker and Nosey and Peg Leg, all live in the same yard. Nor are kings and statesmen invulnerable. Not a few of these have reached an immortality of fame, or notoriety, by a pointed word or phrase, which has transfixed some foible or expressed some merit. *Punch* has nick-named, *Judy* has caricatured, and *Grip* has cartooned, our great men and our small ones. Who has not heard of Sir Robert Walpole, as "*Sir Robert Brass*," and "*Robin Bluestring*"? Or of the blustering Lord North, as "*Borcas*," the "*Political Washwoman*," and "*Soap Suds*": this last because he attempted to levy a tax upon soap. The soldiers of Napoleon I, however, loved to call him "The Little Corporal." Napoleon III, was stigmatized "The Man of Sedan," and the North-West Indians call the Prime Minister of Canada, "*Old To-morrow*." Our name-system, however useful, breaks down at these points.

All of us have noticed a ridiculous and ludicrous incongruity between a name and the individual who carries it about. There is Miss *White* with the skin of a negress, and Miss *Fair*, who would pass for a Mongolian. Mr. *Short* stands six feet six without his boots, and Mr. *Stout* is as fleshless as the first-born son of famine, just come of age. There are *Savages* as harmless as a pet lamb, and *Lambs* as ferocious as Kaffirs. And suppose the man and his name happen to fit, there are still little surroundings which provoke mirth. Many a one's gravity has been upset by reading the name of *Tugwell*, over a fashionable hair-dresser's shop, in the town of Scarborough, England. We are told of a Colonel *Sprout*, who visited the Delaware tribe of Indians, and the Chief asked the meaning of his name. He was answered, "*Sprig*" or "*bud*." "No," said the Chief, looking at the towering proportions of *Sprout*, "he cannot be a *sprig*: he is the *tree itself*." The name was as bad a fit as Joseph's "Coat of many Colors"