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Poetry.

The Breeze in the Church.

'Twas a sunny day, and the morning psalm
We sang in the church together;
We felt in our hearts the joy and calm
Of the calm and joyous weather.

The slow, and sweet, and sacred strain,
Through every bosom stealing,
Checked every thought that was light and vain,
And waked each holy feeling.

We knew by its sunny gleam, how clear
Was the blue sky smiling o'er us,
And in every pause of the hymn, could hear
The wild birds' happy chorus.

And lo! from its haunts by cave or rill,
With a sudden start awaking,
A breeze came fluttering down the hill,
Its fragrant pinions shaking.

Through the open windows it bent its way,
And down the chancel's centre,
Like a privileged thing that at will might stray,
And in holy places enter.

From niche to niche, from nook to nook,
With a lightsome rustle flying,
It lifted the leaves of the Holy Book,
On the altar cushion lying.

It fanned the old clerk's hoary hair,
And the children's bright young faces;
Then vanished, none knew how or where,
Leaving its pleasant traces.

It left sweet thoughts of summer hours
Spent on the quiet mountains;
And the church seemed full of the scent of flowers,
And the trickling full of fountains.

The image of scenes so still and fair,
With our music sweetly blended,
While it seemed their whispered hymn took share
In the praise that to heaven ascended.

We thought of him who had poured the rills,
And through the green mountains led them.
Whose hand, when He piled the enduring hills,
With a mantle of beauty spread them.

And a purer passion was borne above,
In a louder anthem swelling,
As we bowed to the visible spirit of love
On those calm summits dwelling.

Dreams.

There is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again—
A vision of life, and light and truth,
That flits across the brain;
And love is the theme of that early dream,
So wild, so warm, so new,
That in all our after-years, I deem,
That early dream we rue.

There is a dream of maturer years,
More turbulent by far—
A vision of blood and of woman's tears,
And the theme of that dream is war;
And we toil in the field of danger and death,
And shout in the battle array,
Till we find that Fame is a bodiless breath,
That vanisheth away.

There is a dream of hoary age,
A vision of gold in store,
Of sums noted down on the figured page,
To be counted o'er and o'er;
And fondly we trust in that glittering dust,
As our refuge from grief and pain,
Till our limbs are laid on that last dark bed,
Where the wealth of the world is vain.

And is it thus, from man's birth to his grave,
In the path which all are treading?
Is there nought in that long career to save
From remorse and self-upbraiding?
Oh, yes! there's a Dream so pure, so bright,
That the being to whom it is given,
Hath bathed in a sea of living light,
And the theme of *that* Dream is—Heaven.

—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Selections.

A Chapter on Names.

"What's in a name?"

Love is a sophist, and the implied but false answer to Juliet's impassioned query is "Nothing!" Everything, rather, in thy case, O "White Dove of Verona!"—enough at least to raise a barrier between thee and the Romeo of thy heart worship which even love cannot surmount! Such, it seems to me, is the teaching of Shakespeare, in the play, and the world's experience confirms it.

The ancient Greeks attached great importance to names. Plato recommends parents to be careful to give happy ones to their children; and the Pythagoreans taught tha the minds, actions, and success of men were according to the appellations which they bore. The Romans seem to have been equally impressed with the same idea. *Bonum nomen, bonum omen* became a popular maxim among them. To select *bona nomina* was always an object of solicitude, and it was considered quite enough to damn a man that he bore a name of evil import. Livy, speaking of such an appellation, calls it *abomtandi ominis nomen.* A similar belief prevailed among all the nations of antiquity. It embodied a truth which has not yet lost its significance or its importance. To a man with the name of Higgins or Snooks, no amount of talent or genius is of any avail. He cannot possibly raise himself above a very humble sphere of usefulness, Or let an unfortunate biped have attached to him the appellation of Gotobed, a name which has been borne by many a worthy individual, and he may quite innocently sleep all day! His walking efforts can effect nothing to elevate him to any position of honor or distinction. He bears about him "the doom of everlasting mediocrity." John is a most excellent name, and Smith is a surname which is worthy of respect and honor, but wo to the man on whom they are conjoined! For John Smith to aspire to senatorial dignities or to the laurel of the poet is simply ridiculous. Who is John Smith? He is lost in the multitude of John Smiths, and individual fame is impossible.

All names were originally significant, and were always bestowed by the ancients with reference to their well understood meaning. Sometimes they were commemorative of some incident or circumstance connected with the birth of the individual bearing them as, Thomas, a twin, Maius, May, (applied to one born in that month;) Septimus, the seventh. In other cases, they were expressive of the aspirations, desires, or hopes of the parents; as, Victor, one who conquers; Probus, truthful; Felix, happy; Benedict, blessed. Not unfrequently they were descriptive of personal qualities; as, Macros, tall; Pyrrhus, ruddy; Rufus, red-haired.

Names are as significant now as they were in the days of Plato, and as important, but we ignorantly or carelessly misapply them, making of them the most absurd misnomers. "A man with the name of George or Thomas," as Leigh Hunt very justly observes, "might as well, to all understood purposes, be called Spoon or Hat-band!"—Blanche is now anything but the flaxen-haired blonde which her name indicates.—Isabel is no longer brown. Cecilia (gray-eyed) belies her name, and "lets fly the arrows of love" from orbs of heavenly blue.—Rebecca, who ought to be somewhat *embonpoint*, "rounded with beauty," as the poet hath it, is perhaps a slender, lily-like maiden, better suiting the name of Susan. As thus misapplied, our personal nomenclature is worse than meaningless. We should deem the person either hopelessly insane or unpardonably ignorant, who should, in science or in business, thus misuse well-understood terms.

I am not disposed to enter the domain of the abstract, and show, as I might, that there is an inherent fitness in names for persons and things; a correspondence between the word symbol and the object which it was originally intended to represent, intuitively recognized by the soul, though perhaps not fully comprehended. My design is a more practical one. I propose to present here some of the personal names now in use in this country, etymological, historical, and poetical, as may occur to my mind while I write. If what I may offer shall prove in the humblest way instrumental in restoring our individual nomenclature to its original significance and importance, I shall not have written in vain.

Ada is well known as the name of Byron's only daughter. It is from the Saxon, (Edith, Eadith, or Eade, Ada,) and signifies happy.

"Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child,
Ada?"—*Byron.*

Adelaide is of German derivation, and has the meaning of a princess.

"A little maid,
Golden-tresses Adelaide."—*Proctor.*

Adeline is only a different form of the same name.

"What aileth thee? whom waitest thou,
With thy softened, shadowed brow,
And those dewlit eyes of thine,
Thou faint smiler, Adeline?"—*Tennyson.*

Agatha, good, is from the Greek. To be worthy of this name, indicative as it is of all the virtues, is an object which may well enlist the highest ambition of the fair ones who bear it, whether maidens or wives.

Agnes, chaste, is also from the Greek, and is one of the best names in use among us.—None but pure, gentle, and loving beings, it would seem, should bear it; but in one case, at least, it has belonged to one in whom the heroic predominated over every gentle sentiment. Black Agnes of Dunbar, who, as the reader of history will recollect, kept her husband's castle, like a lioness, against his enemies:

"Twine ye roses, for the brow
Of the lady of my vow,
My Agnes fair!"

Alfred is Saxon, and signifies all-peace. It is a good name, and should be a favorite among us, boasting as we do of our Saxon or Anglo-Saxon descent, and tracing some of our free institutions to the great and good king who bore it "in the olden time."

Alicia, or Alice, is from the Latin, and has the meaning of noble. It is one of the sweetest of our female names:

"Oh that I were beside her now!
Oh! will she answer if I call?
Oh! would she give me vow for vow,
Sweet Alice, if I told her all?"—*Tennyson.*

Alphonso is said to be the Spanish form of the ancient Gothic Elfuns, our help. It is a euphonius name, but is now seldom used. Byron damned it to everlasting ridiculousness in one of his inimitable rhymes:

"Ungrateful, perjured, barbarous Don Alphonso,
I really wonder how you can go on so?"

Amelia, or Amelie, (French, Aimee,) signifies beloved. Amy, or Amie, and Emily, have the same derivation and meaning.—Our vocabulary contains no sweeter or more loveable name. Happy is she who bears a name pregnant with such sacred significance and happy the man who is privileged to whisper it in her ear as the highest word of endearment; Aimee, beloved! The reader will recollect, in connection with this name that dark page in the romance of history which records the sad fate of Amy Robsart.

Anna, or Annie, (Hebrew, Hannah,) signifies kind or gracious.

Arabella, (French, Arabelle,) is a Latin derivation, and has the meaning of beautiful altar. Before no place of sacrifice bend devouter worshippers:

"Belle, Arabella, belle,
Fairer than my verse can tell;
Well
I love thee, Arabella—
Belle!"

Augustus, increasing, is from the Latin, and signifies that those who originally bore it continually grew in power and honor. It has been a favorite name in kingly and princely palaces, but princes have no monopoly of it. Its feminine form is Augusta.

Baldwin, a bold winner, is a fine name of the old Saxon song.

Barbara is of Latin derivation, and signifies strange or foreign. Its mention recalls to our minds the melancholy fate of Jemmy Grove, of ballad memory, who died at Scarlet Town of a broken heart, (poor fellow!)

"For love of Barbara Allen."

Basil, kingly, is of Greek origin. It can hardly be a popular name in these republican times.

Beatrice is one who blesses or makes happy. Blessed (Benedict) is he on whom she smiles. No name can be more appropriate for a lovely and affectionate woman. Dante immortalized it, and Shakspeare and Shelley have thrown around it the charm of their numbers. It is derived from the Latin. Why is it not more frequently used?

Benjamin, son of the right hand, is a fine old Hebrew name, and has been borne by men of renown, among whom were Jonson and Franklin.

Bertha, bright or famous, is a fine name of Greek origin, and should be more common.

Bianca is the Italian form of Blanche, which, as I have hinted, has the meaning of white or fair. It is a sweet name in both forms, but should be fittingly bestowed.

Calista (Greek) is beautiful.

Catharine, or Katherine, is derived from the Greek, pure or chaste, and is one of the best of our female names. In the Irish it becomes Kathleen, and in the Flemish, Kataline. A pretty diminutive of Catharine is Katharina; but I like it best in its familiarized form of Kate. Who ever know a Kate who was not frolicsome, mischievous and saucy? What says the poet?

"Kate's a sweet but saucy creature,
With a lip of scarlet bloom;
Woodbines sipping golden sun-light,
Roses drinking rich perfume!
Voice as dainty as the whisper
Founts give in their crystal shrine.
Saucy Kate, so full of mischief,
Would that I could call thee mine?"

The shrew-taming Petruchio, in the play, thus harps upon the name:

"You are called plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the cross;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For all cates are dainties."

The name of Catherine, disgraced by her of Medici, was honored by the noble but unfortunate queen of Henry VIII, whom the pen of a Shakspeare and the voice of a Siddons have immortalized.

Charles. Some etymologists derive this illustrious name from the German karl; Anglo-Saxon ceorl or churl, a term denoting rusticity, and quite opposed to every idea of nobility. Its real origin may probably be found in the Sclavonic krol, a king. Thus: Krol, Korol, Karolus, Carolus, Charles.—Krol may have come from the Latin corona or corolla, a crown. Charles, then, is a king, or one who is crowned. This seems an appropriate signification for a name which has been borne by so many kings and emperors. Charles sometimes occurs in this country in the Spanish form, Carlos. Charlotte is one of the feminine forms of Charles, and if we accept the foregoing etymology, signifies a queen. Those who derive the name from the German, give it the signification of prevailing. I have no quarrel here with the etymologist. All Charlottes may be queens of love, and being queens must prevail over the hearts of men. Charlotte Corday will be remembered as one not unworthy of so brave a name. But

"My Charlotte conquers with a smile,
And reigneth queen of love."

In the home circle, and among her companion, Charlotte lays aside her queenship, and becomes gentle Lottie. Caroline is the feminine of Charles in another form, and of course has the same meaning as Charlotte. It is another noble and queenly name, and has been borne by many a noble woman.—Caroline assumes the familiarized or pet forms of Carrie, Callie, Caro and Cal.

"Oh! a thing of earth, but half divine,
Is she, my fair young Caroline."

Clara, clear or bright, is from the Latin. It is a very pretty name, and is immortalized in one of the best of Scott's novels, St. Ronan's Well. Clarissa is from the same root as is Claribel, bright and beautiful,

Diamonds bright shall Clara wear
Woven 'mid her shining hair.

Daniel, a judge, is from the Hebrew.

David, also from the Hebrew signifies, as I have already said, well-beloved.

Deborah, signifying a bee, is another good but rather homely name from the Hebrew stock.

Earine, vernal, a name immortalized by Ben. Jonson, should certainly be revived.

Edward is a truth-keeper. The name is of Saxon derivation, and is surrounded by rich historical associations. Its French form is Edouard.

Edwin, happy winner, (bonum nomen, bonum omen,) is also from the Saxon.

Eleanor, (French Eleanore) is of Saxon derivation, and signifies all fruitful.

"Eleanore.
A name for angels to murmur o'er."

Emma, tender, affectionate, (literally one who nurses, cares for, watches over another,) is of German origin. Who could desire his mother, sister, or his beloved, to bear a sweeter or a better name? Under the form of Imma, it was honored by Charlemagne's fair daughter, whose love history in connection with Eginhard, her father's secretary, forms one of the prettiest episodes in the chronicles of the time. Emeline is simply a diminutive of Emma.

Ernest, earnest, is derived from the German. Its feminine form is Ernestine.

Eugene, nobly descended, is of Greek derivation. In the feminine, in which it ought to be oftener used, we give it the form of Eugenia.

Everard is a good name from the German stock, and has the meaning of well reported.

Francis is of German origin, and signifies frank and free. It is one of our finest names. Frances, of which Fanny is the familiarized or pet name, is the feminine.

Frederick, rich peace, is another German name of historical importance. Frederick, the grenadier king of France, was not particularly well named.

George, a farmer, is from the Greek. It should be a very common name in agricultural communities. It has been borne by kings, and by one at least, who was greater than any king—Washington. Georgia, Georgetta, and Georgiana, are its feminine forms.

Gertrude is from the German, and according to the etymology usually given, signifies all truth; but Jung Stilling, in his Phenmatology, gives it a very different meaning. Speaking of the Druids he says—"into this mysterious spiritual order, old women were also received, who by this means attained to considerable rank and became priestesses.—Such individuals then received the title of *Hoxa*—Druidess. Both these names were at that time honorable appellations; they are now the most disgraceful terms of reproach. The name of Gertrude or Gertrudis, is probably derived from this source, and ought reasonably to be disused, for it has the same meaning as the word *haxa* or hexe, a witch." Well this may be true, for Gertrudes are generally very bewitching.

Grace, favor, is from the Latin. Well may it be a favorite name. Commend to me the Graces:

You may toast your charming Sue,
Praise your Mary's eyes of blue,
Choose whatever name you will
Your fancy or your verse to fill;
In my line no name has place
But the sweetest one of Grace.

Helen (Latin, Helena; French, Helene) is of Greek origin. The true signification of it seems to be one of those *vexatæ questiones* which abound in etymological discussions. According to one it has the meaning of alluring: another makes it signify, a taker, or one who seizes; while a third defines it as one who pities. I am inclined to endorse the last. Many a poor unfortunate lover has found Helen alluring, and has finally been taken, seized, conquered by the prestige of her bright eyes and sweet voice. Happy is he who finds her one who pities, for pity is akin to love. Ellen is only a different form of the same name. It is often contracted to Nellie and Nell, and is a fine name in all its forms.

Henry, rich-lord, is of German derivation. It has been borne by many kings, noblemen, and patriots. In its familiarized form it becomes Harry. Its feminizations are Henrietta, Henrica, and Harriet, who, since they cannot be rich lords, should be rich ladies.

Isabel (French, Isabelle; Spanish, Isabella) signifies olive complexioned or brown. This is just the name for a bonny brunette; for such a one as the poet praises when he sings:

"Give me the brown girl with a bright, sunny glow."

There is a silvery, bird-like music in the name which is exceedingly attractive, and which has made it a favorite with the poets. One says:

"Full many maidens' names there be,
Sweet to thee,
Fair to me,
And beautiful exceedingly;
But none on my ear so sweet doth swell
As the name of mine own Isabel!"

Mary Howitt, in her Flower Comparisons, has the following melodious lines:

"Now for mad cap Isabel;
What shall suit her, pr'ythee tell!
Isabel is brown and wild;
Will be evermore a child!
Is all laughter, all vagary,
Has the laughter of a fairy.
* * * *
Isabel is short and brown,
Soft to touch as cider-down,
Tempered like the balmy South,
With a rosy, laughing mouth:
Cheeks just tinged with peachy red,
And a graceful Hebe-head;
Hair put up in some wild way,
Decked with hedge-rose's spray.
Now where is the bud or bell
That may match with Isabel?"

James (in the French, Jacques; Spanish, Jayme; Italian, Giacomo; Scotch, Jamie;) comes from the old Hebrew stock, and is generally supposed to be the same as Jacob, and to signify a supplanter.

John is generally supposed to be from the Hebrew, and to signify gracious; but Talbot traces it, as he thinks, to the Latin *Juvenis*, a young man. In the Italian it is Giovanni; in the Spanish, Juan; and in the French, Jean. It has been borne by some of the greatest men that the world has ever produced. It was the name of Milton, Hampden, Locke, Dryden, Howard, Moliere, Boccaccio, Hancock, Adams, Calhoun. Shakspeare bestowed it upon one of his best characters, the fat knight who was wont to subscribe himself, "Jack Fallstaff with my familiars; John with my brothers and sisters, and Sir John with the rest of Europe." The name is a great favorite with the very respectable and somewhat numerous family of Smiths; and probably the most noted of all the Johns, ancient or modern, is John Smith. The commonness of the name is the only valid objection to it. It has ceased to be sufficiently distinctive, and one sympathizes with the lament of an unfortunate bearer of the ancient and honored but much-abused name:

"Why did they call me John. I say
Why did they call me John?
It's surely just the meanest name
They could have hit upon!
Because my father had it too,
And suffered for the same,
Is that a proper reason he
Should propagate the name?"

The English are prone to convert John into Jack, and the Scotch into Jock, neither of which is either elegant or genteel.

Judith, from the Hebrew, signifies praising.

Julius, soft-haired, is of Latin origin.—Julia, Julietta, Juliet, and Julianna, are feminizations of Julius, and should wear on their queenly heads "soft and silken tresses." Julia needs no eulogist, since she is one whom the poets have immortalized. Julietta, or Juliet, is a diminutive of Julia, "but has," as Talbot remarks, "apparently united itself with another name; Joliette, the diminutive of *jolie*, pretty."

Letitia, joy, is one of the happiest as well as the sweetest of names. The woman we love should be "a joy forever" to our hearts. It is a good old Roman name.

Leonard is from the German, and signifies lion-like.

Mabel is probably from *ma bella*, my fair though some think it a contraction of *amabilis*, lovely or amiable. The fair ones who bear it have no reason to complain of either derivation.

Madeline, (Syriac, Maydalene,) magnificent, is a noble name and a favorite with the poets. It often occurs in the French form of Madeleine:

"Thou art not steeped in golden languors,
No tranced summer calm is thine,
Ever-varying Madeline!"—*Tennyson.*

Margaret, a pearl, is from the Latin margarita. Another, and if possible, a more beautiful signification has curiously enough attached itself to this name. The German word, madg, a maid, was anciently written magete and maghet, which words were easily confused with Madge and Maggie, and thus with Margaret. Daisies were also called magnets, maid, or margarets, whence we have the French marguerites, daisies. Margaret, then, may be a pearl or a daisy, as she choses; or she may, if she will, combine the beauty and purity of both, in her life and character, and thus prove herself worthy of her doubly significant name. But maidens are something more than pearls or daisies, and well may the poet ask:

"Where can the bright flower be met
That can match with Margaret?"

Martha is a pleasant name from the Hebrew, but is unfortunate in its signification, meaning bitterness!

Mary. This sweetest of all female names is from the Hebrew, and has the meaning of exalted; a truly appropriate signification. It is a famous name both in sacred and profane history. In all stages it has literally been exalted. From Mary the mother of Jesus to Mary the mother of Washington, the glory has not departed from the name. It has been linked with titles and with power, with crowns and coronets, and adorned by goodness and beauty. It has ever been a favorite with the poets. Byron, as he assures us, felt an absolute passion for it. It is enwoven with some of his sweetest verses. It is still the theme of bards and hardlings innumerable.

"The very music of the name has gone
Into our being."

In the French, Mary becomes Marie. Maria is another form of it.

"Is thy name Mary, maiden fair?
Such should, methinks, its music be.
The sweetest name that mortal's bear
Fit but befitting thee!"

Matilda is from the Greek, and signifies noble or stately.

Miranda, admired, is from the Latin.—Prince Ferdinand, in "The Tempest," exclaims:

"Admired Miranda! indeed the top of admiration."

Nancy, it is believed, may be traced to the same source as Anna and Hannah, which have the same signification, kind or gracious.

Oliver is from the Latin word oliva, an olive tree, and is thus significant of peace. Olivia and Olive are its feminine forms.

Phœbe is a bright and beautiful name; one full of the happiest significance. Phœbe, light of life! What more or better can a lover or husband desire? Those who have read Hawthorne's "House of the Seven Gables," (and who has not?) will here recall to their minds the sweet-tempered, cheerful and warm-hearted country maiden who brought the sunshine and the fragrance of the fields with her, to enliven and purify the dark, damp and mouldy old mansion of the Pyncheons. She was rightly named, Phœbe.

Philemon is one who kisses. It is I think, of Greek derivation.

Philip, a lover of horses, is from the Greek.

Rose, (Latin, Rosa,) a rose, is sweet enough for the name of a fairy or an angel. There is a veritable fragrance in it. It calls up visions of garden arbors and embowering shrubs and vines. It is poetical as well as euphonic:

"Where the Juniata flows,
And the forest shades repose,
Dwelleth she, my lovely Rose
In rural grace."

Rosabel (Italian, rosa-bella,) is from the Latin root, but comes to us through the Italian. It signifies fair or beautiful rose.—Rosalie, (French, rose et lis?) rose and lily combines the fragrance and beauty of two lovely flowers:

"I love to forget ambition!
And hope in the mingled thought
Of valley, and wood, and meadow,
Where, whilome, my spirit caught
Affection's holiest breathing;
Where under the skies with me,
Young Rosalie roved, aye drinking
From joy's bright Castaly."

Rosalind. It is enough to say of this name that its one of Shakspeare's immortalized appellations. The termination, lind, may have been coined by him simply for the sake of euphony, or it may have been derived from the Spanish linds, neat or elegant, (rosa linda, elegant rose.)

"From the east to western Ind
No jewel is like Rosalind."

Rosamond is one of the prettiest names of the rose family. The derivation of the last part of the word is somewhat doubtful.—Perhaps it is from Mundi, (French, monde,) and perhaps from the German mund, the mouth, so that Rosamond, may have originally been Rosen-mund, or rosy-mouth; but Talbot thinks that it is from the Spanish rosa montes, rose of the mountain, that is, the peony.

Richard is from the Saxon, and signifies rich hearted, or, according to another etymology, richly honored.

Robert, otherwise Rupert or Ruprecht, appears to come from the old Anglo Saxon words ro or ru, red, and bart, beard, red beard; so says Talbot.

Romeo, a pilgrim, from the Italian.

Ruth is from the Hebrew, and signifies a trembler. It is a pretty name, but is seldom used.

Sarah, a princess, is from the Hebrew.—In poetry and in familiar address it takes the form of Sally or Sallie, and is found in many a love-song and ballad.

Sophia, wisdom, is from the Greek.

"Wilt thou be a nun, Sophie?
Nothing but a nun?"—*Proctor.*

Susan is of Hebrew origin, and has the meaning of a lily. In its familiarized or pet form it becomes Sue. It is a very pretty name, and is immortalized in Gay's well-known ballad, in which its signification is very happily introduced into the closing line:

"Adieu," she cried, and waved her lily hand."

Theodore is a fine euphonic name from the Greek, and signifies gift of God. Its feminine form is Theodora:

"Since we know her for an angel
Bearing meek the common load,
Let us call her Theodora,
Gift of God!"

Viola, a violet, is derived from the Latin. For a pure, modst, bashfule maiden what name could be fitter?

Walter is of German origin, and signifies a woodman.

William is of German derivation, and signifies defender of many. "This name," says Vorstegar, the distinguished French antiquary, "was not given anciently to children but was a title of dignity imposed upon men from a regard to merit. When a German had killed a Roman, the golden helmet of the Roman was placed upon his head, and the soldier was honored with the title of Gildhelm, or golden helmet, and was hailed as a defender." With the French the title was Guildhaume, since Guillaume. The German form of William is now Wilhelm.—Wilhelmine and Willamette are feminine forms of the name. Those who bear them, since they cannot be expected to occupy the post of defenders, may well take, as the signification of their names, worthy to be defended.

"What's in a name?"

"Imago animi, vultus, vitæ, nomen est!"

Suttee in China.

The Chinese Suttee, when it occurs, is the self sacrifice of widows, who are also orphans and childless; who consider themselves useless, and, as it were, lost in the world; and who seek death, not only as a means to show their affection for the deceased husband, but of escape from the evils of a very wretched and isolated position. It is commonly a suicide of the desperate, put forth as a public and glorious act of devotion. Highly praised by Chinese moralists, both ancient and modern, many instances of this kind of solemn self-destruction are recorded in history and romance, though of late years there has been scant resort to it in practice.

I will proceed to show how a sacrifice is managed in our own times, by relating the facts of the tragedy enacted before my eyes in the neighborhood of Foo-Chow-Foo.

The first notification I had of what was about to take place, was the parading of a handsome wedding chair about that suburb of the provincial capital in which our foreign settlement is situated. The chair was accompanied by all the pomps and gaities of a wedding—music, gay streamers and so forth. There was, however, one thing most unusual in this procession. The occupant of the chair was exposed to public gaze, instead of being, as in weddings is invariably the case, closely screened. On making inquiry among our Chinese servants as to what this extraordinary departure from established customs might portend, I was informed that the lady was no bride, but a disconsolate widow, recently bereaved, who, finding herself unprovided for and unprotected, and having, moreover, neither father nor mother, son nor daughter, father-in-law, nor mother-in-law, was determined upon following her husband to the unknown world, where she might serve and wait upon him as became his dutiful and loving wife. Having accordingly made known her intention to her friends, and having fixed the day for departure, she was now taking leave of all she knew, and parading the streets as a pattern to her sex. The object of her death being to rejoin her husband, the ceremony was a sort of wedding; she was arrayed and adorned as a bride, and seated in a wedding chair.

I ascertained the time and place appointed for the closing ceremony, and on the morning of Wednesday, the 18th of January, proceeded, accompanied by two friends, to a spot some four miles distant from Nantae, the seat of the foreign settlement and southern suburb of Foo-Chow-Foo.

Everybody we passed appeared as well acquainted with the object of our journey as we ourselves were. As we approached the scene of action we found ourselves in a stream of people, chiefly women and girls, the greater part of whom were small footed, and were hobbling along leaning one against another for support, or assisting their tottering footsteps by means of the shoulders of dutiful sons or brothers.

We arrived only just in time to see the chair of the victim carried on the ground, and herself ascend the scaffold which had been prepared for her. The chair was the bridal chair in which she had been carried about the streets; and the scaffold consisted of two stages, one raised a few feet from the ground, and the other about a foot higher. The whole was covered with a dark cloth canopy, supported by a frame work of bamboos, within which was set a gallows of one very thick cross-piece of bamboo, fastened at either end to a strong upright pole. From this bamboo, under the canopy, and exactly in the middle of the scaffold, hung the fatal rope, covered with a red silk napkin; beneath it was set a chair to enable the devotee to reach the noose. On the lower platform was a table of choice meats and vegetables, at which she was to take her last meal in the land of the living. The table was surrounded by the woman's friends, dressed in holiday costumes, and wearing the red cap of Chinese officials. In former times it was the custom for two district magistrates to be in attendance on all these occasions; but since the higher authorities were hoaxed, some years ago, by a lady whose courage failed her at the last moment, they have refused to be present at such exhibitions, and now despatch an inferior officer to superintend the arrangement.

The scaffold was raised in the midst of a large expanse of fields, at the time lying fallow, and was surrounded by a crowd numbering some thousands. Benches from which a better view could be had, were so much in demand, that we were obliged to pay a dollar (four and nine-pence) before we could obtain one for myself and another for my companion; I use the singular number, because we had lost the third member of our party in the crowd.

The chief actress in this extraordinary scene appeared at first to be far less excited than any one in the vast concourse assembled. She was dressed in red bridal robes, richly embroidered with colored silk, and her head was adorned with a handsome gilt coronet. Her decidedly plain face betrayed not the slightest emotion, and she sat down at the table with as much apparent good will as if it had been her bridal, rather than her funeral feast. While she was eating, we made some inquiries among the crowd, and ascertained, in addition to the fact of her being childless, that she was twenty-five years of age, and that her only surviving relations were a brother in poor circumstances, and his infant child, her nephew. We were further informed that she had resided in a village which was pointed out to us at a little distance from the spot.

After the lapse of about half an hour, the poor woman having apparently satisfied her appetite, rose from her seat, and, still standing on the lower platform, addrâsed the surrounding crowd in a set speech, thanking them for their attendance, and explaining why she acted as she did. When she had finished speaking, she took from a bowl on the table several handsful of uncooked rice, which she scattered among the crowd, and eager was the scramble to get a few grains as her virtuous blessing. This done she fondled her baby nephew, and bade an affectionate farewell to her brother, who stood by her on the scaffold; then stepping upon the upper stage of the platform, she bowed gracefully to the surrounding multitude, and addressed to them a few last words. It struck me at this moment that she might be under the influence of opium, for her laughing countenance and rapid gestures were too highly excited, to be natural, except under the influence of some such stimulants. It is right to add, that the gaiety was clearly not assumed.

She was helped to mount the high chair placed under the rope, but the rope proving to be still beyond her reach, her brother stepped forward and held her up in his arms, while she with her own hands passed the noose over her head and adjusted the cruel slip-knot to the back of her neck. The red silk napkin was then placed over her face and a handkerchief fastened to her right hand. At a signal given by herself, her brother stepped back and left her suspended in mid air. She then, shaking her joined hands before her breast, "chin-chinned" the crowd; her own weight causing her to turn round and round, so that persons on