

sneering, as a rule, for men to make a profession of religion which is not supported by reality.

If a breach of discipline occurs, it would of course be dealt with in the same way as if it occurred in any other place. I have, however, asked many experienced officers, who have taken a deep personal interest in the spiritual and moral welfare of the men, and they all bear testimony, as is only natural, to the good behaviour of the God-fearing soldiers. My own experience of them is that there is an earnest desire among them to do their duty honestly and conscientiously. Those who serve their God well are not the men to neglect the service of their Queen and country. They render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's. I have known many who have acted on the principle of the young shoeblick, who when converted said: "If I have to clean boots, I will try and make them brighter than anyone else," to the glory of God.

Enough has been advanced, I trust, to interest my readers in the welfare of the soldiers, and I hope that those who have the opportunity will show their practical sympathy with Christian work in the army. The better the man, the better the soldier. Other things being equal, that army will be the best that contains the most heroes, to whom the description would be applicable:

"Truest friend and noblest foe."

I feel I cannot better bring this article to a conclusion than by quoting the words of our late beloved Archbishop. In a speech at Exeter Hall, he said:

We sometimes hear people scoff at the idea of a psalm-singing general or psalm-singing soldiers; but there was a day in England when psalm-singing generals and soldiers showed that they were not to be despised. I will not say that there were not great faults in those men. I pronounce no opinion as to what they did politically; but this I will say, that their singing of psalms did not make them less terrible in the day of battle, and I believe everyone present feels that those who love Christ most may be expected to fear death least.

SETON CHURCHILL.

ART. V.—CURIOSITIES OF PARISH REGISTERS.

READERS of all classes will be obliged to Mr. Stanley Leighton for his admirable but too brief paper on our parochial registers, in the February number of *THE CHURCHMAN*. It was not less able than opportune, for indeed the subject is immediate and pressing. Mr. Borlase's Bill "To make

Provision for the better Preservation of the Ancient Parochial Registers of England and Wales," introduces to us a new and advanced stage in the history of these priceless manuscripts. Hereafter, according to the tenor of its resolutions, and if the House of Commons approves, all parish registers, and all diocesan transcripts, will be handed over to the custody of the Master of the Rolls. It is often said that "London is the only place worth living in." Soon it must be said, "London is the only place it is possible to live in." Even the antiquary will have to betake himself, like a pilgrim, with staff (a stout quill) and bottle (best black ink) to seek a sanctuary in the "Goswell Streets" of the metropolis.

A few words about these said registers may be considered not out of place at this time. Few are aware how interesting are their contents, over and above genealogical grounds. No doubt the genealogist does good work, and good because it is honest. That we all came over with the Conqueror was becoming all but a postulate; and that the battle of Hastings was a myth, since there was no one to fight with William when he came, was in due course becoming a recognised fact. The further deduction that no one had "come over" since 1066 was receiving the attention it deserved, when a race of genealogists began to spring up of a strictly positivist school, and many of these theories became exploded. It was time they did, for everybody of the slightest pretension was perpetually trying to come William the Conqueror over us. Certain books of peerage, baronetage, and landed gentry (I am speaking rather, though not altogether, of the past), helped to feed this proposterous idea. With the assistance, among other aids, of the parish register, the honest genealogist is daily putting his foot down on these vague guesses and flattering but hasty conclusions. To parody Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's song, he is, and I trust will go on, "jumping," not on the father, but the great-great-grandfather of a good many people who seem to derive a subtle and exquisite satisfaction from the assertion that they are the extract of a progenitor who came over *via* Calais and Dover, in the year 1066, without a return ticket. Why the aroma that hangs over this year should be so quintessential, I have never fully understood.

But it is not the genealogist alone who may extract pleasure from the study of our parochial treasures. The antiquary may find much to charm him. To compare a register in the north with one in the south, is to find that there were distinctly county favourites among our Christian names, and that a name that is still popular in one district has been long extinct in another. He can trace the force of social and religious revolutions, and see by the fact of the existence of "Pentecost,"

"Tiffany," and "Pascow,"¹ in Cornwall registers of the present century, that the old Romish names lingered on in the far south-west of England, generations after they had been utterly uprooted in other parts of the country. The etymologist will find old titles of occupation that will gladden his heart. In my own register to this day, a basket-maker is a "swiller," a mason a "waller," and, till fifty years ago, a weaver is a "webster." The historian will discover local visitations of the black plague, as in my own register, or that of Cartmel, or those in the publications of the Harleian Society already in print. He will observe how for centuries the list of surnames in each separate village register ranges little beyond twenty or thirty; and that some half-dozen rule almost supreme. He will not be long in noting that these names are local, and hail from hamlets similarly styled, within a radius of ten or fifteen miles: a significant proof that our forefathers, leading their round of monotonous days, in field and stable, had no migratory tendencies. He will notice, too, perchance with a sigh, that the old order is changing, that, with the introduction of railways, a sudden confusion has taken place, and that old local names are now rapidly becoming lost in an admixture of new. Carlyle was born within a few miles of Carlisle. Such things will cease to occur, except by accident, in the near future. A book might be written out of the thoughts suggested by this fact alone. Then, every register has its one, or two, or maybe three remarkable entries, to be shown to visitors, the birth-register of some humble lad who died Lord Chancellor, or Bishop of a distant diocese; or he became a national poet, or a world-famed painter. Again, we can trace how deplorably drunk was the clerk at some of the funerals, that great time of revelry in olden days; we are lost in amazement at his caligraphy, till amazement is quenched in horror of his orthography. Yesterday a single neatly recorded line sufficed; to-day his pen has sprawled over half a page, every letter looking as intoxicated as himself: a record of both dead and living, the sepulture of one, the degradation of the other. Sometimes a wedding has had the same effect on him, but mostly the funerals.

¹ Pascal, Pascoe, Pask, and Pasche, for children born at Easter were in common use for centuries. Tiffany was the popular rendering of Theophania, or Epiphany: and Pentecost represented Whitsunday. The registers of St. Columb Major, Cornwall, contain the following entries:

1582, June 14. Baptized Pascow, son-in-law of Pascowe John.

1600, June 21. Baptized Tiffany, daughter of Henry Hake.

1610, May 27. Baptized Pentecost, daughter of William Tremain.

Vide my "Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature," pp. 96-99. Chatto and Windus.

To the man of merely literary tastes, some little eccentricity of the parson will crop up to interest him—his courtly penmanship; his little flourishes in Latin; his love of a particular phrase; his delicacy, or the reverse, in registering illegitimacy; his determination to father the babe on somebody in the parish, in a way that would now suggest a case for libel; his loyal thankfulness at the restoration of Charles II., and his ingenuity in weaving the expression of it into the burial-register of a bitter Presbyterian; his deference to the Squire's position, by recording his sepulture in characters of pica, while Hob and Dick must depart this life in longprimer at the best—a thought suggested possibly by the difference betwixt the Squire's raised pew and the rest of the benches. There are a hundred other things curious enough, and fascinating enough, to him who loves to linger over these yellow parchments, and watch from page to page the slow growth of what is from what has been.

Take the matter of orthography alone, for it is impossible to treat of more than one. As I write, two books stare me in the face. One is inscribed "Concordance to Shakspeare," by M. Cowden Clarke; the other is "Shakespeare," edited by A. Dyce! How an educated Hindoo would stare to be told both books treated of the same man. But *how* are we to spell him? Every day some fresh form of the name is turning up, thanks to the industry of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps and others. The poet's signature to his will is "Shakspeare." In the probate of the will it is "Schackspeare." His father's name is spelt "Shakyspere," in 1555, in the register of the bailiff's court, and in 1558, on his appointment as Constable of Stratford, he is enrolled as "Shakspeyr." Among some debts due to Sadler, occurs "Shacksper;" and in a bond arising out of the intended marriage of the poet, he is "Shagspere." In fact, the forms are endless. If we went by the origin of the name, we must now spell it "Shakespear;" but we might as well demand that our Smythes should be "Smith," and our Taylors "Tailor."¹ On the other hand, a family named Arch-

¹ There is not the slightest difficulty in coming at the origin of this patronymic. It is a nickname pure and simple: just as much a nickname, in fact, as Longfellow, which is found in the earliest Yorkshire records as Langfelay. The American poet, it is well known, traced back to that county. We find that all such officials as the bailiff, the serjeant, or the catchpoll (the modern policeman), were nicknamed after the weapon, badge, or wand they carried. It is to good-humoured raillery of this kind we owe such surnames (some obsolete, some still existing) as Draw-sword, Wagstaff, Waghorn, Bruiselance, Crackshield, Bendbow, Shootbolt, Hurlstone, Winspear, Fewterspear, Breakspear, Shakeshaft, Shakelock, and Wagspear. I have met with specimens of all the above in our older records. The attempts of some philologists to reject this most natural solution are quite distressing.

deacon went back the other day to the old form "Arcedekne;" but who would dare to propose "Chacsper" or "Shaxper" for our poet, both of which forms appear in old Warwickshire records? Very happy, in fact, is the expression used by Edward Coote, Master of the Free School, Bury St. Edmunds, in his "English Schoole Master" (1621): "Our English proper names are written as it pleaseth the painter, or as men have received them by tradition."¹ He adds: "Yea, I have knowne two naterall brethren, both learned, to write their owne names differently." Coote might safely have asserted that for one man to write his own name in half-a-dozen different forms was no uncommon occurrence. Fuller (1662) says in his "Worthies": "Hence it is that the same names have been so often disguised unto the staggering of many, who have mistook them for different:

The same they thought was not the same,
And in their name they sought their name.

Thus I am informed that the honourable name of Villers" (Villiers) "is written 14 several ways in their own evidences, and the like, though not so many variations may be observed in others." This latter statement is scarcely true. The family archives of the Mainwarings of Cheshire discover no less than 137 variations of the name! and Waynflete is found in 17 different dresses. But even these sink into insignificance by Mr. Chaloner Smith's statement that he has jotted down no fewer than 500 separate and distinct spellings of the word "cushion." I saw it the other day in a Yorkshire will as "qwhysshon," so I am not surprised. The elder Disraeli went so far as to suspect that estates have been lost and descents confounded by the uncertain and disagreeing signatures of one and the same person. Without denying or substantiating this remark, we may truly say that up to a hundred years ago there were hundreds of large landowners who knew the geography of their property far better than the orthography of the proprietor. Isaac Disraeli states that he has seen Ben Jonson's name written by himself with an "h," and Dryden with an "i." How curiously this tallies with Max Adeler's "Pirate":

The scoundrel fibbed most shamelessly: in truth, he only knew
A lot of Smiths without a "y"—a most plebeian crew;
His Johnsons used a vulgar "h;" his Thompsons spelled with "p;"
His Simses had one "m," and they were common as could be.

Dryden, I believe, is only found in this dress now; but "y" and "i" in Smith divide the honours; while in Taylor

¹ Dr. Lithgow, *Antiquary*, Nov., 1880.

"y" rules supreme. A Taylor may wear a coat, but only a Tailor makes it. It must be confessed that it almost takes off the fine edge of one's esteem for "rare Ben" to see, however correct, an interloping "h" in the very centre of his cognomen, for there are some abuses we learn to cling to. Yet Richard Broome, in his "Elegy on Fletcher," says:

I knew him in his strength ; even then, when he
That was the Master of his art, and me ;
Most knowing *Johnson* (proud to call him son),
In friendly envy swore he had outdone
His very self.

Nay, the poet's own lines to Fletcher on his "Faithful Shepherdess" are signed "Ben Johnson." Many dishes are liked for their garniture. Somehow or another one feels a greater relish for the writings of Jonson than Johnson. It is a vulgar emotion, no doubt.

Raleigh is familiar, because the name of one of England's worthies ; but Sir Walter and his contemporaries wrote it indifferently as Ralegh, Raleigh, Rawleigh, Rawely, Rawley, and Rawly. But whatever be the orthography, the orthoepy is unquestionable: it was Rawley. The endless epigrams on his name prove it. When first introduced to James I., that monarch, who disliked him, gave him but a curt reception: "Rawley, Rawley! truc enough; for I think of thee very rawley, mon!" An enigma of the time also preserves the pronunciation:

What's bad for the stomach, and the word for dishonour,
Is the name of a man whom the king will not honour !

Another skit by a contemporary critic sets the matter at rest. Attacking Sir Walter's supposed atheistic notions, he says:

Raw is the reason that doth *lie*
Within an atheist's head,
Which saith the soul of man doth die
When that the body's dead.
Now may ye see the sudden fall
Of him that thought to climb full high :
A man well known unto you all,
Whose state, you see, doth stand *Rawly*.

Both king and critic pronounce "rarely" *rawly*. Possibly that was the fashionable orthoepy of the day.

Well-known men of the same race, by the variety of spelling, are sometimes compelled to allow their relationship to go unrecognised. In my work on the "Curiosities of Puritan Nomenclature," I had occasion to mention Faithful Teate, sometime minister of the Word at Sudbury. Teate wrote the "Ter Tria," a work still consulted, explanatory of the doctrine of the

Trinity. Chishull, in allusion to this same treatise, played upon his name thus :

Let all wise-hearted, savouring things divine,
Come, suck this Teate, that yields both milk and wine.

But why do I mention *Teate*? Because he was the father of Nahum Tate, a co-translator of the last authorized metrical version of the Psalms.¹ Here not merely spelling but pronunciation has varied.

Take another instance. Isaac Barrow, who wrote the treatise on the "Pope's Supremacy," was great-grandson of Philip Barrogh, who wrote the "Method of Physic." Or turn to political characters. Mr. Foster has shown in his "Lives of British Statesmen," that Oliver Cromwell was related to Thomas Crumwell, Earl of Essex. In the case of Barrow, we may presume the orthoepy to have slightly changed. If the Cavalier's toast, "Wash this crumb well down," represent the pronunciation of the day, then the orthoepy of the two Cromwells was the same, though the orthography was not. That the names of the founder of Methodism, and the hero of Waterloo, were originally identical need not be doubted. The following variations are found in the records that relate to the family: Wellesleigh, Wellesley, Westleigh, Westley, Weisley, Weisly, Wesley. The Duke of Wellington was son of Richard Colley, who, under the name of Wesley, was adopted by Garret Weisley, of Dangan, Ireland, who had previously offered, on the score of relationship, to adopt one of the Wesleys of Epworth. Wellesley was not so spelled by the Duke till the year 1800.

This reminds us of the poet Cowper. To this day he is constantly called Cow-per by the larger proportion of his readers; but Cooper, Couper, and Cowper, are all forms of the same name found in our parochial records, springing originally, of course, from the occupation. An Act of Parliament (5 Elizabeth iv. 30) says, "It shall be lawful to any person, exercising the occupation of a Smith, Wheelwright, Millwright, Sawyer, Limeburner, Tyler, Slater, Helier (*i.e.* Thatcher), Turner, Cowper, Fuller, otherwise called Tucker, or Walker (hence all these surnames), or Shingler, to have, or receive the son of any person as apprentice," etc. In our parish registers of the seventeenth century, Cooper is more frequently found as Cowper. Richard Stock, whose commentary on "Malachi," recently published under the able editorship of Dr. Grosart, will be familiar to many of the clergy, curiously enough inscribed himself on the title-page of his "Churche's Lamenta-

¹ *Notes and Queries*, 1853, p. 624.

tion" as Richard *Stock*; and in his "Epistle Dedicatorie," a page further on, as Richard *Stoocke*. But who would conceive that "Truth's Champion," by an individual bearing the name of "Stooks," was written by the same man? What can prove the want of orthographic law better than this? Barebone's Parliament has created much food for pleasantry; but Barbon's Parliament would have stripped the phrase of all its comicality; yet Peck, in his "*Desiderata Curiosa*," calls him Mr. Barborne, while Echard writes the name Barbon. Dr. Barbon, who was one of the leading re-builders of London after the great fire, was a near relative.

Sometimes we have in the present spelling of our names a reminiscence of the earlier pronunciation of the name of the place whence the patronymic arose. Some of our Stopfords represent an old local rendering of Stockport; and our Bristows mostly hail from Bristol, once styled Bristow. Latimer, in a letter (Parker Society) to Lord Cromwell, speaks of "Gloucester and Bristow." Who does not understand that the Premier is a Scotch Gledstane of that ilk, and that his great-grandfather probably wore a kilt? but this may have come under the scope of his silent reforms! Who does not recognise in Dr. Ray Lankester another form of Lancaster? or in Lester a memory of Leicester? Mr. Windom, one of the secretaries of State at Washington, subscribes himself in that form; but it is manifest that he is an English Wyndham; while Mr. Barnum, whom Jumbo, by making himself immortal, immortalized, is as evidently a Barnham from the diocese of Ely, or Chichester, for there are at least two places of that name.

The orthoepy of Lester and Leicester is the same: also that of Carlyle and Carlisle. Sometimes it might be convenient to make a difference. Charles Lamb tells a good story in his own inimitable manner. He met an ardent but young *littérateur*, and, in the course of conversation, happened to praise the "Epithalamium" of Spenser. The young gentleman was somewhat mortified that he did not know the poem, asserting that Spenser was an author with whose writings he was particularly conversant. Lamb offered to show him the poem if he would come to his lodgings. On the way the *littérateur* muttered compassionately, "Poor Spenser!" Asked why "poor," he again heaved a sigh, and with a more solemn tone of pathos than before repeated, "Poor Spenser! he has lost his wife!" It was not Edmund Spenser with an "s," who lived in Elizabeth's reign, but the Honourable William Spenser with a "c," "one of the living ornaments, if I am not misinformed, of this poetical era, 1811."¹

¹ Lamb's Works, p. 408, edit. Chatto and Windus.

But if our most learned men were thus subjected to such indignities and themselves encouraged them, how utterly were the unlettered at the mercy of the parish clerk! They could not write themselves, and the only difference between them and the clerk was that while he could write, he could not spell. Even with Christian names he came some "frightful croppers" at times. A new name was a five-foot fence, with a ditch at the other side, to him; so he usually refused it, and went round leisurely—very much round indeed. If Pamela became a sudden candidate for favour, he transformed it into Pamelea or Paramelia: no one would have read Richardson's famous story so styled. Vincent is Fenson, and Ursula in half a hundred registers is Oursley; Agnes is Annis; Thomasine is Tamsin, or Tamzen; and Alice is Also, or Als. Anne looks odd as An, where economy was not imperative, but that was the usual form; and Peter was a perpetual stone of stumbling as Petter, Peater, and Petre. Anna-Maria, when double names were coming into fashion (*circa* 1700), is inscribed as Anammeriah. The clerk, however, could plead in defence of this monstrosity that he had never heard of two names in baptism before. It is just possible he deemed it illegal, and in the child's interests deliberately ran the two into one. Cheerfully accepting this extenuation, it still looks curious.

But with regard to surnames, it was not always the clerk's fault that they met with such inhuman treatment. Many of these barbarities must be laid at the door of the owners themselves. The orthoepy was constantly fluctuating. The son pronounced the family name differently from his father, and the grandson from the son. Chanonhouse in the sixteenth century is Shannonhouse in the seventeenth, and Chandlehouse in the eighteenth. The father will be entered Chamney, his son Chamley, his grandson Charnley. Nay, the boy at baptism will be registered Pattinson, at marriage Patterson, at death Pattison. You never know where you are. Generation after generation of the same stock is before us, and through the vestry window we can see the house in which each successively dwelt; but the house will not have bulged out of position nearly so much as the name.

These freaks become still more noteworthy when we see two or three families dwelling in the same village, each bearing a distinct name, yet each sprung from the same nominal ancestor, as the parish register would easily prove to them. Thus you will find Hodson, and Hodgson, and Dodgson within a stone's-throw; or Perkins and Purkiss separated only by the orchard-fence. They don't know that they are related, and would stoutly deny the impeachment. Mashiter and

Masheders are familiar names in my immediate neighbourhood, but the bearers recognize no kinship. The 'split' in the family took place too long ago for them to recall it. As I write this I am staying for a night in Ellesmere in Shropshire. I see two signs up within fifty yards of one another: one bears the name of Povah, the other Povey—no doubt they are related. These are the things that give an interest to our parish registers. They link the present with the past. It is not merely the lineament of some face of to-day that is recalled, as we scan these faded characters, but the dimmer outline of an age which is past beyond all recall.

I have merely to add, that the only satisfactory plan of preserving our registers I can suggest is to print them. I am now, with the assistance of a local committee, printing my own. We have 180 subscriptions of a guinea each, and we hope to clear £50 for some parochial object, after all expenses are paid. I would earnestly impress upon every clerical guardian of these priceless treasures to set about their publication at once. County families, local magnates, public libraries, genealogists, and antiquaries at a distance are always ready to subscribe, some for more copies, some for less; and with a strong circular sent through the length and breadth of the parish, the thing is easily done. Would that my brethren would make the experiment!

C. W. BARDSLEY.

ART VI.—THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL'S "CAN THEY BE BROUGHT IN?"

Can They be Brought In? Thoughts on the absence from Church of the working classes. By JOHN CHARLES RYLE, D.D., Lord Bishop of Liverpool. W. Hunt and Co. 1883.

THE absence of the "working classes" from public worship has lately been much discussed. A voluntary census in some of the largest towns, a year or two ago, attracted attention; and many thoughtful Nonconformists, as well as Churchmen, were startled at the statistics then published. Figures, no doubt, are oftentimes fallacious; and the figures of Nonconformist census-takers which bear upon the influence of the National Church, should, just now, be very carefully considered. Nevertheless, in the face of keen criticism, the voluntary census movement has proved, on the whole, a statistical success. In many towns the clergy and leading Church workers have carried out a census of their own; they have ascertained the religious profession of their parishioners (whether Nonconformists or Church-people), and also the average attendances in the sanctuary. As a rule, perhaps, the statistics of the voluntary