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Research on the names in twenty-four complete counties has been published, and there are volumes for parts of Dorset, Staffordshire, Norfolk, Lincolnshire, and Shropshire. The final part of the *Place-Names of Cheshire* is being edited. The costs of research and publication are met in roughly equal proportions by a grant from the British Academy and by the subscriptions of members. An increase in membership would help to speed up the publication of further volumes.

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The Secretary,
English Place-Name Society,
The University of Nottingham,
NOTTINGHAM NG7 2RD.

Impact—Some Reactions to Foreign Surnames: Or, The Art of Getting It Wrong

Jean Tsushima

'And Frenssh she spak ful faire and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frenssh of Parys was to hire unknowe.'

WHEN I began working professionally on Huguenot genealogy, I innocently expected to be doing traditional genealogical work based on parochial, legal, and historical records; but it has not turned out like that at all. Because practically all the grand old Huguenot families have traced their pedigrees back to their noble, landed, or professional lines in France, I am left to deal with the dross: those hundreds of families of poor refugee weavers and their like. They left few letters or diaries; mostly journeymen or artisans who played no rôle in the civil or historical life of the country, they were too poor to leave wills, too Calvinist and well-behaved to appear in criminal proceedings, and thus often figured in records—entries in church registers apart—only on a charity list, for receipt of a few shillings for a pair of shoes or some desperately needed tools, or for a shroud.

From this unpromising material the members of my Association expect me to find their ancestors, and are confident that I shall. The problems are enormous: after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), thousands of refugees poured into London and Kent from many different areas of France, the groups from each Protestant area being close-knit and often inbred as much for linguistic and cultural reasons as from religious cohesiveness. For the first generation or so, the refugees kept apart, though there were always some marriages into the English community. Separation was reinforced by the French Calvinist community's being permitted (to the fury of English Dissenters) to retain their Presbyterian church management and the election of their Ministers, a permission applying only to churches in East London. In West London, where the French churches were required to use a French version of the English liturgy and to accept the control of the Bishop of London, the French communities fell away within two generations, and these churches were the first to close.

The records of the French Protestant churches, both Conformist and Non-Conformist, have for the most part survived, and all

surviving registers have been transcribed and published by the Huguenot Society. These registers are a nightmare for the unwary: there is no spelling consistency, either in French or in English (Franglais in most cases). Although the Ministers and Lecturers were usually men of learning, the same cannot be said of the secretaries, deacons, and other laymen who helped run the churches' secular functions. These came from every region of France and therefore spoke various dialects and patois, as did the members of their congregations. So a name from one area of France might be written down according to the speech pattern of the secretary, who might well have come from another area with another patois and another orthographic system—in so far as one can speak of orthographic system in eighteenth-century France, when barely half the population of twelve million spoke French, and perhaps only three million could speak it without mistakes or using dialectal words (see map 1). For secretaries from northern France, surnames from the south, especially if of Languedocien or Provençal origin, would have been as foreign as English ones. Because France has so many dialects and patois, there will always be an enormous number of regional variations of any surname (see map 2). Apart from these spelling confusions in the French registers, there is a further layer of confusion when the Huguenot names start to appear in English ones, as they had to after 1753 when all marriages (except those of Jews and Quakers) had to take place in an Anglican church, after banns or by Licence.

In addition, there were among the hundreds of surnames that the refugees brought over to England (only a fraction, however, of the vast French stock of names) many forms of which doublets had already been imported here during the Middle Ages. Confusion is thus increased, though it remains difficult to convince someone who is determined to be of Huguenot origin (for some reason or other this has a certain *cachet*) that the name *de la Fontaine* has been around in England since 1202, if not earlier.¹ *Foss* and *Fossey*, two of the commonest surnames in the main French Protestant church registers, have been around since the thirteenth century.² In short, throughout the country you can expect to find French, Norman, and Breton names dating from pre-Reformation times.

There are demographic traps too, for many of the refugees arrived already married and accompanied by children baptized in France. Nor did they necessarily remain in one French church but would appear in others, sometimes only as godparents, but also to have some children baptized in one church, some in another. Their children were, besides, baptized in Anglican churches as well as, or

sometimes instead of, in the French church: why?—we shall never know. There are no burial records in French registers, because all were buried in their local Anglican churchyard;³ this makes it difficult to keep track of individuals. Burial records are difficult enough even without the spelling difficulties: 'a child of Mr Cy's' would mean one of Monsieur Six's, but which member of his large family? The intermarriage of the refugees, their very limited range of Christian names, the rôle of close relatives acting as godparents and giving their name to the child, and the absence of parents' names for couples marrying in England all add to the confusion—to say nothing either of the army of named people who cannot be placed in relationship to anyone, or of the way that the refugees moved about, both in England and to and from the Continent, where they had many links in Holland and the German states, and to their former homes in which (mainly in France and the Low Countries) they could, of course, return when conditions improved.

In spite of all these problems, the popular idea prevails that the difficulties all arise because 'they couldn't spell in those days, could they?!' After years of advising people on Huguenot research I only say, grimly, 'They can't spell to-day either.' When you realize that the present-day descendants of these poor French Protestant refugees can for the most part neither read nor write French and, if they can, it is the Stratford-atte-Bowe version, you will not be surprised to learn that they do not make much progress with their research, though they produce praiseworthy transcriptions and accurate listings. The stumbling block is that, like most English people, they have not heard a word of the science of linguistics and phonetics which would guide them past many of the pitfalls and traps they encounter. The International Phonetic Alphabet remains, should they ever have opened a language dictionary, 'those funny squiggles that come after words in dictionaries'. Lastly, and this hardly needs writing either, the bulk of my members never learnt anything at all at school about French history, culture or literature. This is not their fault but a terrible indictment of our educational system.

The real problem is that of aural perception across linguistic frontiers: the basic difficulty for the non-linguist of interpreting what has actually been said when an unfamiliar name of person or of place has been heard, and the related one of attempting to write down a sound that is unknown and therefore difficult to identify.

A Present-Day Analogy

I start with some remarks about my own surname, which is a foreign one and causes a good deal of headache to English people,

as I have found out in my thirty-three years of married life. It has come to light that not only are people rotten spellers but they are rotten copiers too. In the eighteenth century the average man had little education, and women almost none; but to-day, in a nation which provides eleven years of education, there is no excuse. I am trying to work out some reasons for this confusion, in the hope that these might shed some light on the orthographic problems encountered in Huguenot, Walloon and Flemish research.

I take every precaution I can to avoid being misnamed; I have visiting cards with my name in caps., on my professional writing-paper my name is at the bottom, names are clearly printed on one's cheques these days—so what goes wrong? My surname is Japanese, which I thought was obvious from historical and geographical evidence (the Straits of Tsushima where the battle took place in 1905); but not so, for I am frequently asked, after talking about Huguenots, 'where does your beautiful Huguenot name come from?' It would be dangerous to explain that, in fact, there are two names *Tsushima*, with a different phonetic pattern:

TSUSHI - MA

対
馬

TSU - SHIMA

津
島

The first is the name of the Straits, the island, and the battle, and means 'the island of the twin-eared horses (or mules)' from the two tall and very thin hills visible from far away. The second (mine, that is), which comes from Shikoku island in south Japan, means 'the island of Mr. Tsu'. MA means 'horse' (or 'mule'), while O-SHIMA means 'island' and occurs in many well-known place-names. Because these names are transcribed into European languages by sound and not by ideograms, the differences are ironed out; but the name is made up of three short syllables and should present no difficulty, so why, bearing in mind the precautions I take to see that my name is clearly written or printed, have I collected the following variations of my surname?

<i>Toshiba</i>	<i>Tshusuma</i>	<i>Toshima</i>
<i>Toushiba</i>	<i>Tsumima</i>	<i>Tsushi</i>
<i>Hitsuma</i>	<i>Tschuma</i>	<i>Toushima</i>
<i>J T Itsuma</i>	<i>Tutushima</i>	<i>Thoshiba</i>

<i>Bushima</i>	<i>Tsiuma</i>	<i>Tsvshima</i>
<i>Mushima</i>	<i>T Shimba</i>	<i>Tishima</i>
<i>Paushima</i>	<i>Tshushima</i>	<i>Tsushema</i>
<i>J T Sushima</i>	<i>Tsuchima</i>	<i>Tashima</i>
<i>Sushi</i>	<i>Tushima</i>	<i>Tseushima</i>
<i>Tsushi</i>	<i>Tsvima</i>	<i>Mrs Tish</i>

This is only a first batch; nor can all of these be put down to typing errors, for many are handwritten, and none can compete with the spoken or whined versions of this euphonious name. Why can't people copy a simple name—not even when it is written in front of them?

Some cannot believe the evidence of their own eyes; it can't be initial *Ts-*. People have protested to me that they 'couldn't possibly pronounce *Ts-*'—'but you are saying it all the time in English: *hits*, *bits*, *its*, then run on *-u-* and you've said it, *itsu--*.' No, this is too much. Refusal to believe that you can have *Ts-* written together probably explains my initials being given as *J.T.*, followed by my 'real' surname, *Itsuma* or *Sushima*. I suspect, though, that the examples containing *-mb-* are African versions, judging from an incident at Gatwick where the airline girl kept calling for "Mrs Tushomba" to come to Bay 4 at once please'; I thought they were looking for an African, so took no notice, until in the end I was physically taken to Bay 4 and myself proved to be 'Mrs Tushomba', at which I protested, but to no avail. One could point to the pronunciation of <z> in German, but too few English people learn German to risk this. It does not seem to worry the writers who separate the initial *T.*, or *T.S.*, from the body of the name that they are implying that I do not know how to spell my own surname.

Inability to copy is nowadays widespread. This strikes me as strange, for with eleven years of schooling it should surely be possible for youngsters to copy what is actually in front of them, e.g., my cheque for which I wish to have a receipt. Yet, staring at it and writing carefully, the assistant produces 'Mrs *Tish*'. No explanation is given. Nor is this the only example, for most of the variants on my list are taken from letters and envelopes and these have all been copied from my printed surname, yet I get letters addressed to *Bushima*, *Paushima*, *Tsvima* and so on (this is only my first list, I have many more). Our ancestors can be forgiven, French and English alike, since they had no set standards nor printed cheques nor name cards as a guide. 'Too much passive education and not enough writing' is the only explanation offered to me; but, whatever the cause, in a world of computerized information

it is important that copying should be accurate, not 'near enough'.

A lot must be put down to mental laziness: without trying to recall what was said or, worse, without bothering to look at what was written, they plump for the nearest name they can recall, and for Japanese the winners are *Hitachi* and *Toshiba*, though I have been called 'Madame Fuji' and 'Madame Butterfly'. Why I have to accept this insulting facetiousness I do not know; it is, of course, a regrettable hangover from the colonial mentality, and I do not find this attitude among youngsters. But *Hitachi* and *Toshiba*, along with *Mitsubishi*, *Datsun* and other famous brand-names, are just that, and usually concocted names too: *Hitachi* (the name given to me in a novel written by a friend) means 'Sun-Rising', while *Toshiba* is from TOKYO-SHIBA-URU, a place-name in Tokyo, the element TO being taken from TOKYO and SHIBA from the place-name, and it should be said like that, TO-SHI-BA, but the English are more likely to divide the name as *Tosh-Shiba* or *Tosh-Iba*, which is unacceptable in Japanese, where all syllables are open, excepting those ending in *-n* (I am not going into the matter of vowel quality). Apart from the irritation at being called by a name which is not one's real name, there is the fact that one does not respond to it, as I did not at Gatwick Airport. Nor did I open a letter addressed to 'Mrs J. Toshiba' left in the public pigeonhole of an Institute I frequent. I had thought, 'How odd that anyone should actually be called that', but put it back—after all, it was nothing to do with me. Three months later I was angrily accosted by the writer—'How rude of me not to bother to read her letter'. I protested I would not open a letter addressed to someone else, the inhibitions being overwhelming; *Toshiba* was not my name, so why had she written to me thus? The answer? 'Oh well, it's near enough!' 'Would you open a letter addressed to "Garctty"?', I asked (for she had a Scottish name beginning with *G-*); 'after all, it begins with *G-* and is near enough'. She admitted she would not, and went off in a huff. This raises the problem of identity, for, now that we are all itemized on a national computer for National Insurance and Pensions, we must be sure the computer has the correct details, or I shall be paying dues both for 'Mrs J. Tsushima' and for 'Mrs J. Toshiba'. I have had minor skimishes of this sort already, so any official letter not strictly correct is returned with a note, 'nobody of this name lives here'.⁴

The Huguenot Refugees in England

Obviously, our ancestors, and the early refugees whose names caused confusion in the same way as those of the later Huguenots, were not so fussy. 'Near enough' was good enough for them, and for Lord

Burghley's clerks making out the subsidy lists for aliens. In *The Returns of Aliens Dwelling in the City and Suburbs of London* strangers are all listed street by street;⁵ therefore it is easy to index the variations of their names over the years. Very few aliens escaped the tax-gatherers of those days, which is why these records are so valuable for genealogy. The Ogiers (the present-day spelling) were listed under *Oger*, *Ogier*, *Osgyer*, *Osyer*, *Owzier*; the Le Ducs appear under *Ledewke*, *Leduck*, *Ledwke*, *Ledwycke*; while the Garrets appear under *Garret*, *Garrettes*, *Garrad*, *Garrard*, *Garrat*, *Garratt*, *Garat*, *Garyt*, *Garaert*, *Geeraerts*, *Garrott*, *Garritt*, *Garytes*, *Gerrett*, *Gerat*, *Geerettes*, and *Garrett*—all 'near enough' for daily living. If you were a gentleman or a craftsman, everyone knew who you were. If you were lower down the social scale, who cared how your name was written?—a few entries in the parish registers in a lifetime, and that was all. If you were a gentleman, it was more important that your arms should be faultless, especially the differencing for cadency which established your identity as an individual, and also your seal, which was used on documents. This may seem a long digression from the main topic, but we should realize how much more important a surname is for us today than it was for our ancestors. Surnames were secular and still comparatively recent, while the God-given baptismal name was all-important for the community.

When a name has been heard but not seen written, then its spelling is influenced by the writer's own speech habits; this explains examples such as *Tseushima* and, not on the list above, *Tesuma* and *Tooshima*. This simple explanation will likewise account for hundreds of erratic spellings in the French Protestant registers, such as *Seco Len* (Seacoal Lane), *Tuitnem* (Twickenham), *Leycestre checre* (Leicestershire); we do not, of course, know how the French said these place-names among themselves, but a French-speaker would have found them difficult to interpret at first hearing. The spelling of French place-names too was shaky: *Menihue* was presumably what was said for *Le Mesnil-Hue*, and *St Messans* for *Saint-Maixent*. Most place-names in the registers have been painstakingly identified by the transcribers, but there are some that defeated even William Minet, the greatest of them.

Nor were the Huguenots fussy about the spelling of their own names: *Ester Galopan*, *fille de Jaque Galopain* (1689/90) may be a slight slip of the pen, recognizable as the same name, but in an entry such as the one recording that *G. Bazire de Caen* married *Marie Lespiplé de Rouen*, where her father, described as *Lepiglé*, signs as *Lespillier*,⁶ there is only the evidence of the entry itself to

confirm that the variants represent the same person. Jeanne *Testasbibal* remains a mystery witness at another marriage, and the clergyman of St Anne's, Soho, signs himself as *Joettnessinghed* on a Banns certificate, while *Adolpe Sebire, fils de Pierre Sebire et de Louise Uet* [?Huet] marries *Jeanne Marcau*, who signs herself as *Marsault* and comes from *Uancay en au Poitou*, while Adolpe's place of origin is equally obscure, appearing as *Uitview aute Bertagné*.⁷ The English write what they hear, so that James *Taudin*, the great pewterer of the 1660s, appears in the State Papers Domestic as *Mister Todin*, which no doubt was how he was addressed, whereas his will appears in the PCC lists under *Tandin*, so being lost to researchers until I pointed out the transcription error.⁸

Misapprehensions and *Mauvaises Plaisanteries*

The variant spellings cited are not isolated examples; on the contrary, there are thousands of such in all records, English, French, and Flemish. For the French, the main stumbling-blocks are the English [wa], [ŋ], [dʒ], and [ʃ]; the pronunciation of [θ] and [ð] was probably never mastered, but the spelling <th> was conventional and used by educated French writers (though *Temz-strit* often occurs in registers, as it was a [t] that was said). *Chellencks* (shillings) is a typical example of some of these problems. Very little is ever said about vowel-length, which is just as much a problem as vowel-quality: *Briklen* represents what a French refugee would make of 'Brick Lane', the name of the street where so many of them lived. The English, who had no use for the niceties of French spelling, give *Buckeye* as 'near enough' for *Boquet*; and, as for all those terrible endings, *-eau*, *-eaux*, *-eaut*, *-ou*, *-out*, *-oux*, etc.—why, *-o* is 'near enough' and, anyway, 'that is what he said', producing *Rambo*, *Mingo*, *Pingo*, *Flippo*, *Chapelo*; sometimes a *-w* is added, producing *Pillow* and *Rainbow*. Similarly, a mass of French endings can dissolve into written *-e* and *-ew*. It is not only the endings that bother the English but the beginnings: a name like *Aubert* is just as likely to appear in English records as *Obert* or *Obee*, or *Haubert*, for the French drop their aitches, do they not?, so why not *Hobert* or *Hobart* to be on the safe side? A sound that the English find difficult is the nasalized *-in*, very often in *-din* [dɛ̃] or *-tin* [tɛ̃], so this appears as *-dan*, *-den* and even *-ding*, *-deng*. Sometimes it is written *-dine*, the *-e* being presumably added to indicate [dain], which is nearer to French [dɛ̃] than [dɪn] is. However, this new spelling *-dine* can lead to yet more new spellings: *-dean*, *-deen*, *-dene*. Nasality is a constant problem for the English, as the Ur-Frenglish 'tray bong' typifies. (This can work both ways,

for after sixteen years in France I did not understand a small English child who told me she loved the adventures of the little French boy Tin-Tin [tɪntɪn] and, disgusted that I didn't know him, she produced her book; 'Oh, Tin-Tin [tɛ̃tɛ̃], I yelled, 'yes, I know him well'. 'Why do you say his name in such a funny way?' she asked—I could have said the same to her, but she was only five; nor did I mention that he was a Belgian hero.) With regard to the initial aspirate [h]—well, honours are even, for both the French and the English come to grief over this most of the time. The French also have difficulties over the semi-vowel [w], which is often dropped or represented by [v] or even (especially in north French dialects) by [g]. Both the English and the French are confused by the spelling of [g]/[dʒ] and the pronouncing of it when written: in an eighteenth-century context I found *jingerbread man*, and just recently a pub was opened in Central London called *The Gingleboy* where one would expect *Jingleboy*—whatever the meaning of the name. The strong palatalization in vulgar London accents and the powerful aspiration in English and Hiberno-English must also have confused French-speakers.

Being unfamiliar with any language means confusion over syllabic division, as in TOSH-IBA given above; thus, *Gregl Strit* (Grey Eagle Street). As the French avoid the stately tread of the Anglo-Saxon spondee, disyllabic words and names become unrecognizable, as with *Briklen* ['briklen], *Hoegsdawn* [hœgz'don] for *Hoxton*. Trisyllabic names must have been very difficult to identify, as with *Languekerk* for 'Long Acre' or *Spitefields* for 'Spitalfields'. When the French secretaries start to separate an imaginary definite article where there was none, e.g., *La Tillery* for *de l'Artillerie*, and to write *d'Ongray* for *Dongray*, already an anglicized form of *Dangre*, you know that linguistic assimilation has taken place with a vengeance.

Panic can cause a certain amount of mis-spelling and mispronunciation. I have had several 'phone calls from nervous men (always men) who ask, 'Is that—er—er Mrs er-Tushshashishishima?' I reply that it is Mrs Tsushima, and is that the person they want? It always is. I suspect that the witness mentioned above, Jeanne *Testasbibal*, may be an example of this; certainly 'tafftaffittee' (taffeta) is, for, although not a name, it is a foreign word in English and is treated with some distrust. In the abstracts from the Weavers' Court Minutes, where some of the most startling examples of Franglais names appear, we find *Grinoneaw* for *Grimonneau* and *Duckenique* for *Dominique*, and what *Cochusac* represents has yet to be resolved.⁹

Not recognizing the nature of the language is distinct from the problems previously mentioned, for here I have in mind the total misconstruing of a new and unfamiliar name, as in making the brand-name *Hitachi* into the surname of an English character in a novel, or not realizing that in some languages the convention is to put the surname or family-name first or that some 'names' are acronyms, like *FIAT*. A special case of this involves all those embarrassing names which are bowdlerized by an alternative pronunciation, like [kəubə:n] for *Cockburn*, or by an altered spelling, *Allcock* becoming *Alcott*. The most ladylike Englishwoman knows one has to avoid these contretemps; Scottish women too, for Ishobel Ross, of the Scottish Women's Hospitals Unit, wrote in her diary on the way to Serbia, 'We are going to be called by our surnames. Except Ethel Hore, who is to be called "Ethel"'.¹⁰ Foreigners usually fall into every trap of this sort.

Low English humour deliberately exploits unfortunate ambiguities; for, regrettably, the English enjoy distorting the names of foreigners (and of their fellow countrymen). I find it vulgar and degrading to the person concerned, and am always embarrassed by it in conversation. I was therefore not amused to receive a letter addressed to 'Mrs *Sushi*', but, being charitably inclined, thought that the writer did not know the meaning of the Japanese term. Not so, for when I asked him why he had called me that, I got the answer, 'Oh well, it's near enough—anyway, it's what you Japs [*sic*] eat, isn't it?' In a fury I replied, 'How would you like to be addressed as "Mr Rice Pudding"—it's what you eat, isn't it?' He looked surprised. Friends of mine confessed to me that, before they knew me personally, they referred to me as 'Madame *Satsuma*'—a Japanese tangerine, now popular in Europe. I wonder what else I am called behind my back? A distinguished doctor for whom I worked openly referred to an Indian artist friend as *Jam Roll*, roughly based on his names. Musical friends in the 1940s had no qualms about calling the pianist Puishnoff *Push 'is nose off*, while Mr Churchill publicly, to the dismay of Sir John Colville, his Private Secretary, would refer to General Plastiras as 'General *Plaster-arse*'—this in Athens in 1944 at the height of a political crisis;¹¹ allies fared no better, and he referred to General Spaatz as 'General *Spots*', and there must be many more examples in the endless web of Churchilliana. The Russian generals too were fair game, General Timoshenko being cheerfully referred to as 'Timmy Shenko', and I was told authoritatively during those stirring times, 'You know, he's really Welsh, his father went to Russia years before, and his name is actually Timothy Jenkins—*Timoshenko* is just its Russian form':

awkward that *-enko* reveals the name as a Ukrainian one. It is not only the British Tommy who came to terms with his grim surroundings in World War I by changing impossible Flemish names into something homely, *Wipers* (Ypres) and *Plug Street* (Ploegsteerte) being the most famous; his ancestors in Marlborough's army did the same, *Bois-le-Duc* being written down in Private Deane's diary as '*Boiled Duck*',¹² and perhaps the Tommy in 1914-18 said the same if he passed that way.

Twisting foreign surnames is not new either, for Prince Pückler-Muskau, who lived and travelled in England between 1826 and 1829, was referred to by the English when his *Tour of a German Prince* was brought out in translation in 1832 as '*Pickling Mustard*'; this is described in the introduction to the modern edition as a 'subtle soubriquet'.¹³ Dr Pettegree in his *Foreign Protestant Communities in Sixteenth-Century London* mentions John Frogge, but cannot resist adding 'the most interesting reference' to this curiously named Protestant who attended secret meetings in 1559, describing him as Dutch, for whom 'Frog' was a well-known and often-used soubriquet until the end of the eighteenth century;¹⁴ but, as this Frogge lived in St Katharine's Ward, he was more likely to be Walloon, and the name could easily be a variant of *Froger*, *Frogier* or *Froge*, while leaving off the *-e* was only a modernization, as that was by this time already considered old-fashioned in English. In fact, the first mention of this *Frog* family occurs in 1537 when he is set down as John '*Froggis*'. Other curiosities in the *Returns of Aliens* include the *Mushroome* family; luckily, not all Lord Burghley's clerks had this quirky sense of humour and in other entries the name is given as *Musherone*, perhaps for '*Mousseron*', a French surname meaning 'small mushroom', but we cannot be sure. Mr '*Mouse*' from Normandy was denized in 1544; what was his name? *Maus* is from Alsace-Lorraine and, like many Franco-German animal names, indicates a Jewish origin, and so is hardly likely to be the surname of a Norman Protestant in the 1530s. There are many 'funny' names in the *Returns of Aliens*, Naturalization Lists and other English records, and I suggest that in all cases these will be vulgarized versions. What of Peter *Fuckall*, a silkweaver and denizen (though not in the printed list of Tudor Denizations) born in the Bishopric of 'Sharttras' (?Chartres) and in 1571 domiciled in St Martins le Grand for 28 years. Is this his real name, or a variant of the *Fuchall* also given? In 1585 he is down as *Fuckolt*, but the name is back as *Fuckall* in 1622—from the dating, probably for a son. No sign of the family after this: have they died out, or had their real name been obscured by this spelling so that in other

listings they appear under another name? This name is most likely to be a variant of *Foucauld*, which is widespread in France with many variations. If anyone doubts that the Elizabethans would have stooped to ribaldry in name-copying, I suggest *Henry V*, III, v, is consulted. Alice, a lady of the French Court, is trying to teach Princess Katharine a little English before her marriage to King Henry. '*Comment appelez vous le pied et la robe?*' asks the young Princess. Alice replies, 'De foot, madame, et de coun'. Katharine replies in horror, 'De foot, et de coun? O *Seigneur Dieu!* ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user. Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde'. Even though she is a Princess, Katharine knows the 'four-letter' words in French. It is worth noting that Shakespeare took it for granted that his London audience did too. The scene when acted must have been a riot (perhaps some of Lord Burghley's clerks were in the audience), but gross *double entendre* was common then as later. A subscriber wrote to me asking if an entry in the Burial Register of St. Dunstan's, Stepney, could be genuine: '1717 7 Sept, Peter, son of Peter *Merde* of Bethnal Green, weaver.' I doubted it, especially as there were two Peter *Merles* in the local register. No doubt a clerk getting his revenge for being called a *John Bull* or *Monsieur Rosbif*? But it seems bad taste to do so in a burial register.

Do-gooders with a little knowledge are a dangerous thing: do-gooders love 'tidying-up' variant spellings and lumping together things that were never from the same lump, so destroying all chance of tracing what the original form was. This leads to the wildest genealogical deductions and false pedigrees, which, if printed or otherwise made available, pass as 'fact'. The name *de Lespaul* has been through many variations, been broken up to appear as if from *Paul* and again to appear as if from *de L'Epaule*, translated as 'Shoulder' when one of that name married in an English church;¹⁵ but I have seen an example where a do-gooder could not believe this was true, and wrote *Soldier* instead. People who think they know best produced the curiosity '*Shoppeé*'—yes, incredible, but the name of a well-known Huguenot family, once written perfectly decently as *Chapuis*. And the accent? Well, the French put an accent on the last -e, don't they? No doubt, but not when it is an English <ee> representing final [i] (a single <-e> would indicate a modification of the preceding vowel, of course).

There are always the English people who prefix *de* to their French-looking names, some silently, some offering ingenious, but spurious, reasons for doing so, there being usually gaps in this type

of genealogy. A subscriber sent in an astonishing example of such gentrification: *Hugh de Bulk* re-formed from *Hughdebulk*, which is one of the dozens of mis-spellings of *Heudebourg*. Another curiosity is *La 'Porte*, found printed several times, but the bearer of the name did not reply to my letters asking for the origin of an apostrophe before a <p>.

Coda

It is not only the English that manage to get it wrong, for when I first went to Japan it was by boat and, as we sailed towards the Straits of Tsushi-ma, I and my daughter were rushed up to the sacred bridge (passengers are never allowed on the bridge) to look through the telescope at the island of Tsushi-ma with its twin mountains. 'Your daughter must see her ancestral home', I was told. I related this episode to my husband, who was amazed: 'But the names are not the same, the characters are completely different—why they aren't even said the same. Who on earth told you to look at the island?' 'The Chief Engineer'. That provoked an outburst: 'The Engineer!—illiterate scientist!—no wonder he didn't know the difference.' I was then given a short lecture on declining standards of Japanese, the short-comings of modern youth—'and they have only half the number of characters to learn that I had when I was young' (forgetting that now they all have to learn English and every scientific subject).

When I was preparing the overheads for the talk on which this paper is based, I showed him the list of mis-spellings for *Tsushima*, and he was taken aback: 'Is it really as bad as that here?'—for in France we never had any trouble with our name except that the French write <ch> for <sh>, but this is understandable, because the latter combination does not occur in French, which explains why *Shoppeé* is so horrible. I asked him if Japanese people ever made mistakes over names; he thought a bit, and admitted that sometimes, perhaps because of tiredness or haste, the characters of a name are reversed, and he has been written to and addressed as

SHIMA ZU san

TSU SHIMA san

島

津

津

島

It's a relief to find that the Japanese can make mistakes like the rest of us; they are human after all!

JEAN TSUSHIMA

Archivist to the Honourable Artillery Company
Editor: *Huguenot and Walloon Gazette*

NOTES

This is a revised version of the paper delivered on 31 March 1990 at the XXIst Annual study Conference organized by the Council for Name Studies in Great Britain and Ireland, held at the College of Ripon and York St John, Ripon.

For examples of Huguenot names all volumes of the Huguenot Society Quarto Series [hereafter HSQS] I–LIII are used.

¹ See *DBS*, s.n. *Fountain*; normally, of course, a modern reflex of the medieval name would not preserve the documentary *de la*.

² See *DBS*, s.n.n. *Foss*, *Fossey*.

³ One or two French Protestant churches kept a few burial records, mainly that in Canterbury and the churches in Ireland. There was also a French Protestant burial ground at Wandsworth which has been described and the burials noted in *Proceedings of the Huguenot Society of London*, I, 229–242 and 261–312. In general, the burial registers of the local Anglican church must be consulted.

⁴ The question of what constitutes a 'real' name for legal purposes is an interesting one. One bank sent me a new cheque book with my name printed incorrectly on it. As my signature is sufficiently clear to be read (apart from the initial *Ts-*), it would be obvious I was not writing the name printed on the cheque, and so I wrote to the bank manager asking if this would be legal? He did not reply nor send a new chequebook, so I changed my bank. In Japan tiny seals of the characters for each surname are on sale at the stationers, even for *Tsushima*, which is a rather rare name. But only one seal is legal for family and business papers of any particular family. Apparently there are minute differences in the seal, and the legal seal is registered at the Town Hall where the family is registered, and only that one may be used in important and legal transactions.

⁵ R.E.G. Kirk and E.F. Kirk, eds, *Returns of Aliens Dwelling in the City and Suburbs of London from the Reign of Henry VIII to that of James I*, 3 vols and index, Publications of the Huguenot Society X (Aberdeen, 1900): one of the key works for research on foreign names in Tudor England.

⁶ W.M. and W.C. Waller, eds, *Register of the Church known as La Patente in Spittlefields from 1689 to 1785*, HSQS IX (Lymington, 1898), 168, marriage entry

1690.

⁷ *Register of La Patente*, 180, marriage entry 1707.

⁸ *Cal S.P. Dom., 1677-78* (London, 1911), 556 (5 Jan. 1678); C.H. Ridge, ed., *Index to Wills Proved in the PCC ..., 1686-93*, British Record Society Index Library LXXVII (London, 1958), 271 (1693).

⁹ W.C. Waller, *Extracts from the Court Books of The Weavers' Company of London 1610-1730*, HSQS XXXIII (Frome, 1931).

¹⁰ I. Ross, *The Little Grey Partridge: First World War Diary of Ishobel Ross, who served with the Scottish Women's Hospital Unit in Serbia*, with Introduction by J. Dixon (Aberdeen, 1988), 8.

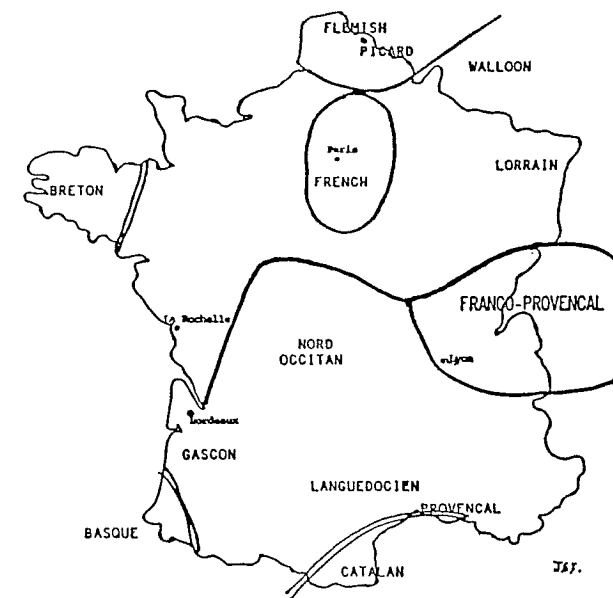
¹¹ J. Colville, *The Fringes of Power: Downing Street Diaries 1939-1955* (London, 1985), 543–63.

¹² D.G. Chandler, ed., *Journal of John Marshall Deane 1704-1711*, Society for Army Historical Research: Special Publication XII (London, 1984).

¹³ F. Brennan, trans., *Pückler's Progress: The Adventures of Prince Pückler-Muskau 1826-9* (London, 1987), 9.

¹⁴ A. Pettegree, *Foreign Protestant Communities in Sixteenth-Century London* (Oxford, 1986), 129.

¹⁵ R. Hovendon, ed., *The Registers of the Wallon or Strangers' Church, Canterbury*, HSQS V (Lymington, 1898), 500.



AT THE END OF THE 18TH CENTURY 12 MILLION FRENCH -- ABOUT HALF THE POPULATION DID NOT SPEAK FRENCH, AND ABOUT 3 MILLION ONLY SPOKE FRENCH WITHOUT MISTAKES AND WITHOUT USING DIALECTAL WORDS.

