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*armorum*, so that *Dia-armaid* literally signifies the same as *Deus armorum*, the god of arms. Such is the exalted origin of this Irish name, which does not screen it from being at times a subject of ridicule to some of our pretty gentlemen of the modern English taste."

It must, however, in candour be acknowledged that this is not the meaning of the name Dermot, and that Dr O'Brien invented this explanation to gain what he considered respectability for a name common in his own illustrious family, and which was considered vulgar by the fashionable people of the period at which he wrote. We have the authority of the Irish glossaries to show that *Diarmaid*, which was adopted at a remote period of Irish history, as the proper name of a man, signifies a freeman; and though this meaning does not sound as lofty as the *Deus armorum* of Dr O'Brien, still it is sufficiently respectable to show that Dermot is not a barbarous name, and that the Irish people need not be ashamed of it; but they will be ashamed of every Irish name in despite of all that can be said, as the writer has very strong grounds for asserting. The reason is obvious—because they have lost their nationality.

In the fifth instance, Concovar, or, as Sir Richard Cox writes it, Cnogher, is not identical, synonymous, or even cognate with Cornelius; for though it has been customary with some families to latinize it to Cornelius, still we know from the radices of both names that they bear not the slightest analogy to each other, for the Irish name is compounded of *Conn*, strength, and *Cobhair*, aid, assistance; while the Latin Cornelius is differently compounded. It is, then, evident that there is no reason for changing the Irish Concovar or Conor to Cornelius, except a fancied resemblance between the sounds of both; but this resemblance is very remote indeed.

In the sixth instance, the name Cormac has nothing whatsoever to do with Charles (which means *noble-spirited*), for it is explained by all the glossographers as signifying "Son of the Chariot," and it is added, "that it was first given as a sobriquet, in the first century, to a Lagenian prince who happened to be born in a chariot while his mother was going on a journey, but that it afterwards became honourable as the name of many great personages in Ireland." After the accession of Charles the First, however, to the throne, many Irish families of distinction changed Cormac to Charles, in order to add dignity to the name by making it the same with that of the sovereign—a practice which has been very generally followed ever since.

In the seventh instance, Sir Richard is probably correct. I do not deny that Art may be synonymous with Arthur; indeed I am of opinion that they are both words of the same original family of language, for the Irish word *Art* signifies *noble*, and if we can rely on the British etymologists, Arthur bears much of a similar meaning in the *Gomraeg* or Old British.

With respect to the eighth instance given by Sir Richard Cox, I have no hesitation in asserting that the Irish proper name *Domhnall*, which was originally anglicised *Donnell* and *Donald*, is not the same with the Scriptural name *Daniel*, which means *God is judge*. I am at least certain that the ancient Irish glossographers never viewed it as such, for they always wrote it *Domhnall*, and understood it to mean a great or proud chieftain. This explanation may, however, be possibly incorrect; but the *m* in the first syllable shows that the name is formed from a root very different from that from which the Scriptural name *Daniel* is derived.

With respect to the names *Goron* (which is but a mistake for *Searoon*), *Jeofry*, and *Magheesh*, *Moses*, the two last instances furnished by Sir Richard Cox, they were never borne by the ancient Irish, but were borrowed from the Anglo-Normans, and therefore I have nothing to do with them in this place. What I have said is sufficient to show that the Christian names borne by the ancient Irish are not identical, synonymous, or even cognate with those substituted for them in the time of Sir Richard Cox.

The most valuable part of every man's education is that which he receives from himself, especially when the active energy of his character makes ample amends for the want of a more finished course of study.

"Would you know this boy to be my son from his resemblance to me?" asked a gentleman. Mr Curran replied, "Yes, sir; the maker's name is stamped upon the blade."

## ELEGIAC STANZAS

ON A SON AND DAUGHTER.

In Merrion, by Eblana's bay,  
They sleep beneath a spreading tree;  
No voices from the public way  
Shall break their deep tranquillity.

Clontarf may bloom, and gloomy Howth  
Behold the white sail passing by,  
But never shall the spring-time growth  
Or stately bark delight their eye.

Clontarf may live, a magic name,  
To call up recollections dear—  
But never shall great Brian's fame  
Delight the sleeper's heedless ear.

They fell, ere reason's dawn arose—  
They, sinless, felt affliction's rod;  
Oh, who can tell their wordless woes  
Before they reached the throne of God?

What being o'er the cradle leans,  
Where innocence in anguish lies;  
Withing in its untold pains—  
That feels not awful thoughts arise!

'Tis dreadful eloquence to all  
Whose hearts are not of marble stone—  
Such eloquence as could not fall  
E'en from the tongue of Massillon.

Their ills are o'er—a father's cares—  
A mother's throes—a mother's fears—  
A wily world with all its snares,  
Shall ne'er begloom their joyless years.

They sleep in Merrion by the bay,  
From passions, care, and sorrow free;  
No voices from the public way  
Shall break their deep tranquillity.

T.

## TESTIMONIALS.

EVERY one who has had any thing to do with the filling up of appointments for which there has been any competition, must have been struck—taking the testimonials of candidates as criteria to judge by—with the immense amount of talent and integrity that is in the market, and available often for the merest trifle in the shape of annual salary. In truth, judging by such documents as those just alluded to, one would think that it is the able and deserving alone that are exposed to the necessity of seeking for employment. At any rate, it is certain that all who do apply for vacant situations are without exception persons of surpassing ability and incorruptible integrity—flowers of the flock, pinks of talent, and paragons of virtue. How such exemplary persons come to be out of employment, we cannot tell; but there they are.

The number of testimonials which one of these worthies will produce when he has once made a dead set at an appointment, is no less remarkable than the warmth of the strain in which they are written. Heaven knows where they get them all! but the number is sometimes really amazing, a hatful, for instance, being a very ordinary quantity. We once saw a candidate for an appointment followed by a porter who carried his testimonials, and a pretty smart load for the man they seemed to be. The weight, we may add, of this gentleman's recommendations, as well it might carried the day.

In the case of regular situation-hunters of a certain class, gentlemen who are constantly on the look-out for openings, who make a point of trying for every thing of the kind that offers, and who yet, somehow or other, never succeed, it may be observed that their testimonials have for the most part an air of considerable antiquity about them, that they are in general a good deal soiled, and have the appearance of having been much handled, and long in the possession of the very deserving persons to whose character and abilities they bear reference. This seems rather a marked feature in the case of such documents as those alluded to. How it should happen, we do not know; but you seldom see a fresh, clean, newly written testimonial in the possession of a professed situation-hunter. They are all venerable-looking documents, with something of a musty smell about them, as if they had long been associated in the pocket with cheese crumbs and half-burnt cigars.

A gentleman of the class to which we just now particularly refer, generally carries his budget of testimonials about with him, and is ready to produce them at a moment's notice. Not knowing how soon or suddenly he may hear of something eligible, he is thus always in a state of preparation for such chances as fortune may throw in his way. It is commendable foresight.