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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.

As regards the general style of testimonials, meaning particularly that extreme warmth of eulogium for which these documents are for the most part remarkable, it is perhaps in the case of aspirants for literary situations that we find it in its greatest intensity. It is in these cases we make the astounding discovery that the amount of literary talent known is really nothing to that which is unknown; that in fact the brightest of those geniuses who are basking in the sunshine of popular favour, and reaping fame and fortune from a world's applause, is a mere rushlight compared to hundreds whom an adverse fate has doomed to obscurity, of whose merits the same untoward destiny has kept the world in utter ignorance. As proof of this, we submit to the reader the testimonials of a couple of candidates for the editorship of a certain provincial paper, with which, along with two or three others, we had a proprietary connexion. There were in all one hundred and twenty applicants, and each had somewhere about a score of different testimonials, bearing witness to the brilliancy of his talents and the immaculateness of his character. We, the proprietors, had thus, as the reader will readily believe, a pretty job of it. One hundred and twenty candidates, with each, taking an average, 20 letters of recommendation; 20 times 120—2,400 letters to read!

In the present case we confine ourselves merely to one or two of the most remarkable, although we cannot say that the difference between any of them was very material. They were all in nearly one strain of unqualified, and, as regarded their subjects, no doubt deserved laudation. The testimonials were for the most part addressed to the applicants themselves, as in the following case:

"Dear Sir—In reply to your letter stating that you meant to apply for the editorship of a provincial paper, and requesting my testimony to your competency for such an appointment, I have sincere pleasure in saying that you possess, in an eminent degree, every qualification for it. Your style of writing is singularly elegant, combining energy with ease, and copiousness with concentration; nor is the delicacy and correctness of your taste less remarkable than the force and beauty of your language. But your literary achievements, my dear sir—achievements which, although they have not yet, will certainly one day raise you to eminence—bear much stronger testimony to your merits than any thing I can possibly say in your behalf; and to these I would refer all who are interested in ascertaining what your attainments are. As an editor of a paper, you would be invaluable; and I assure you, they will not be little to be envied who shall be so fortunate as to secure the aid of your able services," &c. &c. &c.

Well, this was one of the very first testimonials we happened to open, and we thought we had found our man at the very outset, that it would be unnecessary to go farther, and we congratulated ourselves accordingly. We were delighted with our luck in having thus stumbled on such a genius at the first move. It is true, we did not know exactly what to make of the reference to the candidate's literary achievements, what they were, or where to look for them; for neither of these achievements, nor of the candidate himself, had we ever heard before; but as the writer of the letter was not unknown to us, we took it for granted that all was right.

What, however, was our surprise, what our perplexity, when, on proceeding to the testimonials of the next candidate, we found that he was a gentleman of still more splendid talents than the first; that, in short, the light of the latter's genius, compared to that of the former's, was but as the light of a lucifer match to the blaze of Mount Etna.

"Gentlemen," said the first testimonial of this person's we took up (we, the proprietors, being addressed in this case), "Gentlemen, having learnt that you are on the look-out for an editor for your paper, and learning from Mr Josephus Julius Augustus Bridgeworth that he intends becoming a candidate for that appointment, I at his request most cheerfully bear testimony to his competency, I might say pre-eminently fitness, for the situation in question. Mr Bridgeworth is a young man of the highest literary attainments; indeed, I should not be going too far were I to say that I know of no writer, ancient or modern, who at all approaches him in force and beauty of style, or who surpasses him in originality of thought and brilliancy of imagination: qualities which he has beautifully and strikingly exhibited in his inimitable Essay on Bugs, which obtained for him the gold prize-medal of the Royal Society of Entomologists, and admission to that Society as an honorary member, with the right of assuming the title of F. R. S. In fine, gentlemen, I would entreat of

you, as much for your own sakes as for that of my illustrious young friend Mr Bridgeworth, not to let slip this opportunity—one that may never occur again—of securing the services of one of the most talented gentlemen of the day; one who, I feel well assured, will one day prove not only an honour to his country, but an ornament to the age in which he lives. With regard to Mr B.'s moral character, I have only to say that it is every thing that is upright and honourable; that he is, in truth, not more distinguished for the qualities of his head than of his heart."

We have already said that the circumstance of finding in the bug essayist a greater genius than in the candidate who preceded him, most grievously perplexed us. It did. But what was this perplexity compared with that by which we were confounded, when, on proceeding to look over the testimonials of the other candidates, we found that the merits of every new one we came to surpassed those of him who had gone before, and this so invariably, that it became evident that we had drawn around us all the talent and character of the country; that in fact all the talent and character of the country was striving for the editorship of our paper.

Thus placed as it were in the midst of a perfect galaxy of genius, thus surrounded by the best and brightest men of the age, we had, as will readily be believed, great difficulty in making a choice. A choice, however, we did at length make; fixing on the brightest of the brilliant host by which we were mobbed. Need I tell the result? Need I say that this luminary turned out, after all, but a farthing candle!—a very ordinary sort of person. He did, indeed, well enough, but not better than a thousand others could have done.

While on this subject of testimonials, let us add that we had once, with one or two others, the bestowal of an appointment to a situation of trust, and for which integrity was the chief requisite. We had in this, as in the former case, an immense number of applicants, and, as in the former case, each of these produced the most satisfactory testimonials. We chose the most immaculate of these honest men—we appointed him. In three weeks after, he decamped with £500 of his employer's cash!

**FRIENDSHIP.**—Friendship derives all its beauty and strength from the qualities of the heart, or from a virtuous or lovely disposition; or should these be wanting, some shadow of them must be present; it can never dwell long in a bad heart or mean disposition. It is a passion limited to the nobler part of the species, for it can never co-exist with vice or dissimulation. Without virtue, or the supposition of it, friendship is only a mercenary league, or a tie of interest, which must of course dissolve when that interest decays, or subsists no longer. It is a composition of the noblest passions of the mind. A just taste and love of virtue, good sense, a thorough candour and benignity of heart, and a generous sympathy of sentiment and affections, are the essential ingredients of this nobler passion. When it originates from love, and esteem is strengthened by habit, and mellowed by time, it yields infinite pleasure, ever new and ever growing. It is the best support amongst the numerous trials and vicissitudes of life, and gives a relish to most of our engagements. What can be imagined more comfortable than to have a friend to console us in afflictions, to advise with in doubtful cases, and share our felicity? What firmer anchor is there for the mind, tossed like a vessel on the tumultuous waves of contingencies, than this? It exalts our nobler passions, and weakens our evil inclinations; it assists us to run the race of virtue with a steady and undeviating course. From loving, esteeming, and endeavouring to felicitate particular people, a more general passion will arise for the whole of mankind. Confined to the society of a few, we look upon them as the representatives of the many, and from friendship learn to cultivate philanthropy.—*Sir H. Davy.*

**HUMILITY.**—An humble man is like a good tree; the more full of fruit the branches are, the lower they bend themselves.

No dust affects the eyes so much as gold dust.

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