

If they find their heretical allies honourable and faithful, they will not be zealous to burn them in this world, and damn them in the next."

The little merit of the original is foully defaced by the faults of the translation, which seems to be the work of a man, who so far from being qualified to translate from a foreign language, is ignorant of his own. And to complete the miserable picture, the printing is executed in a manner so slovenly, as would be disgraceful to a penny ballad. False pointing, and false spelling, are equally conspicuous. In many places we see the same name spelt differently in the same page; for instance, the favourite of the wife of Philip the fifth, is called the *Princesse d'Ursins*, and a few lines lower, the *Princesse d'Urshins*. In another place we are learnedly informed that an antient writer, styled the Spaniards *Mega-thymone-thenos-jheron*; we should have been completely at a loss to discover in what language this antient had chosen to convey his compliment, and should have suspected some hidden mystery to be enclosed, did not the writer, by annexing a translation, kindly relieve us from the necessity of making such a disgraceful confession of our ignorance, and we find that it is intended for *μεγαθυμοναν εθνος Ιερεων*, the *magnanimous race of Iberians*.

Were we to dwell on all the faults, the comment would stretch far beyond the text. We sincerely wish, for the honour of the Irish Press, that the younger sister with whom we are threatened, may either be stilled in the birth, or appear dressed in habits more becoming a member of polished society.

*Fragments in Prose and Verse, by a young Lady lately deceased, with some Account of her Life and Character; by the Author of Sermons on the Doctrines and Duties of Christianity. Dublin; printed by Graisberry and Campbell, for W. Watson, Capel-street, 1808. 12mo. p.p. 232. Price, 4s. 4d.*

"Blame where we must, be friendly where we can."

WE regret that the author did not give his name, for we do not

recognize him by the description which he has given of himself. We see no cause for concealing it, nor can we admit the plea of modesty. We also wish the name of the young lady had been added. Though these circumstances may appear trivial, yet they confer respectability on a work. When we read the pleasing memoirs of a virtuous character, we wish to know her name, from better motives than those of idle curiosity.

The young lady whose short, but amiable course we are called upon to contemplate, appears from these memoirs to have been the daughter of a Captain S\*\*\*\*\*, who, by engaging in an unsuccessful banking concern in the West of England, experienced some distressing reverses of fortune. He afterwards entered into the army; his wife and daughter followed him to Ireland and were for some time residents at Ballitore, in the county of Kildare, and afterwards retired to a cottage in the neighbourhood of the lakes of Cumberland.

Our female heroine appears to have possessed that true fortitude of mind, which enabled her to bear the reverse of her father's fortune with composure and firmness, and to leave the beautiful seat of Pearce-field, without unavailing regret. If some natural tears she dropt, she wiped them soon. And a letter to a friend on her departure, manifests a mind which soared above the frowns of fortune. She betook herself to study, and to strong devotional feelings, and these proved a sedate to her mind in the various vicissitudes of her future life. Many of her letters are given in this collection; she was also in the habit of committing her thoughts to paper on serious subjects; of these remarks, and of her letters, with a few poetical pieces, and some translations, this little volume is principally composed.

We feel no hesitation in recommending this memorial, or rather transcript of her amiable and virtuous mind to the perusal of our young Female readers, and we doubt not but if they seriously examine this portrait, they will find many things to improve and ameliorate the heart, having a tendency to lead from frivolity that present endemic of the times. Some sentiments of a religious tendency are introduced,

on which diversity of opinion will exist among good people: these, however, are not brought forward obtrusively, or in a manner to hurt the feelings of those, who may hold different sentiments.

After her decease, an interesting account is given of her from the pen of her tenderly affectionate mother. We thought of transcribing an extract from it, but we have not convenient room, and besides we wish our readers to become acquainted with the work itself. We shall, however, give the following delineation of her character, drawn by one of her friends, which, though so highly panegyric, we trust is faithfully drawn.

“Her person and manners were extremely pleasing, with a pensive softness of countenance, that indicated deep reflection; but her extreme timidity concealed the most extraordinary talents that ever fell under my observation. With scarcely any assistance, she taught herself the French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages. She had no inconsiderable knowledge of Arabic and Persian; she was well acquainted with Geometry, Algebra, and other branches of the Mathematics. She was a very fine Musician. She drew landscapes from nature extremely well, and was a mistress of perspective. She showed an early taste for poetry, of which some specimens remain. With all these acquirements, she was perfectly feminine in her disposition; elegant, modest, gentle and affectionate; nothing was neglected, which a woman ought to know; no duty was omitted, which her situation in life required her to perform. But the part of her character on which I dwell with the greatest satisfaction, is that exalted piety which seemed always to raise her above this world and taught her at sixteen years of age, to resign its riches and its pleasures, almost without regret, and to support with dignity a very unexpected change of situation.”

Many of our readers, may probably start at the idea of such learned accomplishments, and shrink from the study necessary to acquire them. In the following extracts, she has well defended the cause of study against such as pronounce it unsuitable to the female character; and as to the labour, it may be easily proved to

be better directed, but not greater than many ladies willingly undergo to qualify themselves in frivolous and worse than useless accomplishments.

“Study is to the mind, what exercise is to the body; neither can be active and vigorous without proper exertion. Therefore, if the acquisition of knowledge were not an end worthy to be gained, still study would be valuable on its own account, as tending to strengthen the mind; just as a walk is beneficial to our health, though we have no particular object in view. A woman must have uncommon sweetness of disposition and manners to be forgiven for possessing superior talents and acquirements. It is not learning that is disliked in women, but the ignorance and vanity which generally accompany it. A woman's learning is like the fine clothes of an upstart, who is anxious to exhibit to all the world the riches so unexpectedly acquired. The learning of a man, on the contrary, is like hereditary rank, which having grown up with him, and being in a manner interwoven with his nature, he is almost unconscious of possessing. The reason of this difference is the scarcity of the commodity amongst females, which makes every one who possesses a little, fancy herself a prodigy. As the sum total increases, we may reasonably hope that each will become able to bear her share with a better grace.”

We shall likewise transcribe an account of the beginning of her illness, which settled into a pulmonary consumption, as a caution to our female readers against an improper exposure of their delicate persons to the damps of the evening dew. We use her own words to a faithful and affectionate servant, who attended her in her illness.

“One very hot evening in July, I took a book, and walked about two miles from home, where I seated myself on a stone beside the lake. Being much engaged by a poem I was reading, I did not perceive that the sun was gone down, and was succeeded by a very heavy dew; till in a moment, I felt struck on the chest as if with a sharp knife. I returned home, but said nothing of the pain. The next day being also very hot, and every one busy in the hay-field, I thought I would take a rake, and work very hard, to produce perspiration, in the hope that it might remove the pain, but it did not.”

She was born in 1776, and died in 1806.

“ Enough that virtue fill'd the space  
between,  
Prov'd by the ends of being, to have  
been.”

Having on a former occasion mentioned the low state of the Dublin press, we have now with much satisfaction to remark that this book is very neatly and accurately printed from the respectable office of Graisberry and Campbell. K

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*Sermons for every Sunday throughout the Year, principally from the Epistles and Gospels, proper to each Sunday; by the Rev. Barnaby Murphy. 2 vols. 8vo. p.p. 1178. Price, in boards, 1l. 2s. 9d.; Dublin, printed for the author, by H. Fitzpatrick, Capel-street, 1808.*

**O**F the three sources of Eloquence, the senate, the bar and the pulpit, the last alone remains to Ireland. The cause which deprived us of the first, has enervated the second. The lawyer, who formerly considered his own profession as a step by which to rise in the scale of politics, deprived of this hope, has no longer an elevated mark at which to aim. The talents that once aspired to the noble height of directing the energies of a great and free people, must now limit its ambition to be leading counsel in cases of fashionable adultery, or imputed high-treason.

We ought, therefore, to expect that the current thus confined to a single channel, should flow with greater fulness and rapidity; that the abilities of the country directed to a single object, should elevate that to which they are limited, to a degree of excellence hitherto unattained, and more especially that where the opportunities and encouragement are greater, the candidates for the crown of eloquence should surpass those not favoured with equal advantage. Yet, strange to tell, the claims of this country to excellence in the eloquence of the pulpit have been maintained not by those in possession of the authority and revenues appropriated to support the dignity of the clerical character, but by

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those from whom power and property have been, and still continue to be most jealously withheld. Were it not for the unpatronized, unpensioned zeal of the Catholic Clergy, this species of oratory would be now nearly, if not altogether unknown. It is singular that the only attempt to raise the Protestant pulpit to any degree of respectability, originated from a Catholic. Kirwan was the first, who, by infusing into the souls of his hearers a portion of that fire he had imbibed in the schools of France and Italy, taught a Church of England congregation what they ought to require of their teachers. His example roused and kept alive a spirit of emulation, which his death will, in all probability damp, or even extinguish. To investigate the causes of the deficiency of eloquence in Protestant preachers both of the establishment and dissenters, would be less difficult than invidious. We might quote the high authority of Longinus, to prove that liberty is essential to eloquence, and show that the spirit of Demosthenes himself could not bear up against the paralyzing effects of a *silver quinsy*. But it will be more useful to confine our thoughts to the present candidate for public approbation, and see how far he has maintained his right to the rank he claims.

From the character acquired by this writer as a popular preacher, and from his successful appeals to the purses of his hearers, we were led to conceive too high an opinion of the work before us, and to look for a degree of excellence inconsistent with the general nature of such compositions. We have already had an instance of a fact equally remarkable; that many discourses, which, when spoken, produced an almost electrical effect on the audience, lost all their force when committed to writing. The spirit evaporated when transferred to paper. The great preacher just named was so sensible of this, that he perseveringly refused to have his sermons printed. He was conscious that they owed much, if not the greatest part of their celebrity to adventitious circumstances, deprived of which they could not stand the test of strict unheated criticism. The book now be-

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