

## STANZAS.

In Memory of AMELIA HEATH, (better known as Milly,) a pious school woman, who was burned to death by her clothes catching fire, at the age of eighty-five.

By J. Redfern.

Come, O heavenly inspiration!  
Lend thy power to impotence—  
False, and fulsome adulation,  
Flattery's incense get thee hence—  
Wit avaunt—no lines satirick,  
Ask thy aid, to waken mirth—  
Hence, all pompous panegyrick,  
While I sing of humble worth.

Milly, (born to degradation,  
Born again, of heavenly grace)  
Thou hast gain'd emancipation,  
From the bondage of our race—  
Those by law emancipated,  
Rest, from earthly thralldom freed;  
All by Jesus liberated,  
Sav'd from sins, are free indeed.

Heiress of a skin's demerit,  
Little deem'd a thoughtless crowd,  
That a white-robed, upright spirit,  
Own'd a body, black and bowed—  
When she met the common railing,  
Of a graceless, scoffing throng;  
Milly's meekness, never failing,  
Bore it with a silent tongue.

Poor, obscure, and unattended—  
Milly's worth was slightly known:  
Yet the king of kings descended;  
Made her humble heart his throne—  
Fourscore years did he befriended her—  
Christ the Lord, her chief desire,  
Came at length, in awful splendour—  
Caught her up on wings of fire.

Whilst some think her end ill-fated,  
Deem a burning death most dire;  
Yet, while Israel's chariot waited,  
Milly hail'd the friendly fire—  
Christ, the captain of salvation,  
"Perfected through sufferings,"  
Gave her spirit consolation—  
Wrap'd her in his hoving wings.

"Think ye masters, iron-hearted,"  
Ye who bind and beat her kind,  
That the Lord has not imparted  
To your slaves, a deathless mind—  
Glory then, in your derision—  
Scoff a Wilberforce or Stowe:  
But, the day of grand decision,  
Which is right will shortly show.

No vile act of grim oppression,  
Flogging—parting man and wife—  
Equals that most black transgression,  
Barring souls, the light of life—  
Christian hope, would soothe his sorrow  
If a man must be a slave;  
Point his soul, a heaven to-morrow—  
Rest for body in the grave.

England, and her legislation,  
Milly lov'd, with all her race—  
Prayed for all mankind's salvation—  
Bowed before the throne of grace—  
Now, her prayers are chang'd to praises—  
Clad in robes of glorious light,  
To the Lamb hosannas raises:  
Whose pure blood has wash'd her white!

## THE LATE DR. LEE, CANON OF BRISTOL.

A vacancy has been caused in the prebendal stalls of Bristol, by the death of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Lee, which took place at his Rectory, Barley, Herts, on Friday last.

Dr. Lee, as a wonderful instance of what a self-taught man can attain to, was perhaps one of the most remarkable men and scholars that England has produced for the last century. The son of a very humble man, and serving his time to a carpenter and joiner, in which capacity he continued to work, and contrived to support a family for several years after he had attained to manhood; he rose, by the sheer force of his self-acquired erudition, to the chairs of the Arabic and Hebrew Professions of Cambridge, to be a Doctor of Divinity, Prebendary of the Cathedral Church of Bristol, and Rector of Barley, Herts. For his knowledge in Oriental languages, and a profound and critical acquaintance with their spirit and construction, so to speak, Dr. Lee had no rivals amongst his contemporaries; whilst as a controversialist on literary, philo-

logical, and theological subjects, he was distinguished by great energy, acumen, and, at times, by much impetuosity. He had the fault of many self-educated men—he was self-opinionated to a great degree; a fault which led him to underrate his opponents often with a contemptuous and vituperative hostility. This was the case in his controversy with some German scholiasts, on a subject, we believe, partly philological and partly theological; and several of his pamphlets—especially one on the vexed question of the Cathedral intoning—show not only an adroitness of reasoning, but a caustic and even slashing declamation at times. There were few men, however, who possessed a more kindly heart, or a more unaffected forgiving nature, than the Doctor. He was generous and charitable, and if he struck hard at his opponent in the heat of controversy (of which he was exceedingly fond), with the magnanimity of a generous foe, he was prepared to receive as much as he gave, and perfectly understood that when he hit hard, he must be prepared for hard hits in return. It would be wrong to estimate Dr. Lee's intellectual attainments merely as a dry linguist. Mr. Jonathan Scott, an early friend and patron of Dr. Lee's, and who was himself one of the first Arabic, Persian, and Hindoostanee scholars of his day, speaking of Dr. Lee, then Mr. Lee, when the latter was master of a small Charity Foundation in Shrewsbury, said that he (Mr. Lee) had sent him translations into Arabic and Persian of several of Dr. Johnson's Oriental apologetes in the *Rambler*, and of Addison's Vision of Mirza in the *Spectator*. He says that they were wonderfully done. "Mr. Lee," continues Mr. Scott, "in addition to his knowledge of the Dead and Eastern Languages, has made also considerable proficiency in French, German, and Italian. With his amazing facility in acquiring languages, he possesses taste for elegant composition, and has no slight poetical talents, of which I have seen some specimens in English and Latin; also a parody of Gray's Ode to Adversity in Greek Sapphic verse, which I am informed by judges (for I am myself no Grecian) is a surprising effort of self-instructed genius."

This testimonial of Mr. Scott was written in 1818, when Mr. Lee, as already stated, was the master of the Blue School, at Shrewsbury—a situation of very small emolument, which compelled him at the same time to attend two other schools of the town as teacher of arithmetic and a few private families, where he gave instruction in Persian and Hindoostanee to the sons of gentlemen who expected appointments in the East India Company's service. For these latter particulars we are indebted to a remarkable document, a few of which were printed forty years ago, by this same gentleman, Jonathan Scott, Esq. It is in the form of a letter to himself, from Mr. afterwards Dr. Samuel Lee, while the latter held the mastership of the Blue School at Shrewsbury. One of these rare papers we were shown some years since by the late Mr. Alderman Harley, of Bristol, who was an intimate friend of Dr. Lee's: this we are now kindly permitted to copy, and present our readers with a document as interesting and encouraging to the struggling scholar as anything can well be. It is indeed another of the most notable instances on record of the triumphant "pursuit of knowledge," and of distinction too, under difficulties. It is as follows:

Mr. Samuel Lee to Jonathan Scott, Esq.

SIR,—In conformity with your request, I now proceed to give you a detail of my pursuits in languages, with some circumstances of my life connected therewith.

The first rudiments of learning I received at a charity school, at Longnor, in the county of Salop, where I was born, which is a village situated on the Hereford road, about eight miles from Shrewsbury. Here I remained till I attained the age of twelve years, and went through the usual gradations of such institutions without distinguishing myself in any respect; for as punishment is the only alternative generally held out, I like others thought it sufficient to avoid it. At the age above mentioned I was put out apprentice to a carpenter and joiner, by Robert Corbett, Esq., in which, I must confess, I underwent hardships seldom acquiesced in by boys of my age; but as my father died when I was very young, and I knew it was not in the power of my mother to provide better for me, as she had two more to support by her own labour, I judged it best to submit. About

the age of seventeen I formed a determination to learn the Latin language, to which I was instigated by the following circumstances. I had been in the habit of reading such books as happened to be in the house where I lodged, but meeting with Latin quotations, found myself unable to comprehend them. Being employed about this time in the building of a Roman Catholic chapel, for Sir Ed. Smith, of Actonburnel, where I saw many Latin books, and frequently heard that language read, my resolution was confirmed. I immediately bought "Ruddiman's Latin Grammar," at a book-stall, and learnt it by heart throughout. I next purchased "Corderius' Colloquies, by Loggon," which I found a very great assistance to me, and afterwards obtained "Entick's Latin Dictionary," also soon after "Beza's Testament" and "Clarke's Exercises." There was one circumstance, however, which as it had some effect on my progress, I shall mention in this place. One day asked one of the priests, who came frequently to us, to give me some information of which I was then in want, who replied, that "charity began at home." This was very mortifying, but it only served as a stimulus to my endeavours; for, from this time, I resolved if possible to excel even him. There was one circumstance, however, more powerful in opposing me, and that was poverty. I had, at that time, but six shillings per week to subsist on, and to pay the expenses of washing and lodgings; out of this, however, I spared something to gratify my desire for learning, which I did, though not without curtailing myself of proper support. My wages were, however, soon after raised one shilling a week, and the next year a shilling more, during which time I read the Latin Bible, Florus, some of Cicero's Orations, Caesar's Commentaries, Justin, Sallust, Virgil, Horace's Odes and Ovid's Epistles. It may be asked, how I obtained these books? I never had all at once, but generally read one and sold it, the price of which, with a little added to it, enabled me to buy another, and this being read, was sold to procure the next. I was now out of my apprenticeship, and determined to learn the Greek. I bought therefore a Westminster Greek Grammar, and soon afterwards procured a Testament, which I found not very difficult with the assistance of Schrevelius' Lexicon. I bought next "Huntingford's Greek Exercises," which I wrote throughout, and then, in pursuance to the advice laid down in the Exercises, read Xenophon's Cyropædia, and soon after Plato's Dialogues, some part of the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, Pythagoras' Golden Verse, with the Commentary of Hierocles, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, and some of the Poetæ Minores, with the Antigone of Sophocles. I now thought I might attempt the Hebrew, and accordingly procured Bywater's Grammar, with his Lyra Prophetica, and soon after obtained a Psalter, which I read by the help of the Lyra. I next purchased Buxtorf's Grammar and Lexicon, with a Hebrew Bible; and now I seemed drawing fast towards the summit of my wishes, but was far from being uninterrupted in these pursuits. A frequent inflammation in my eyes, with every possible discouragement from those about me, were certainly powerful opponents; but habit, and a fixed determination to proceed, had now made study my greatest happiness, and I every day returned to it, rather as a source of rest from manual labour; and though I felt many privations in consequence, it amply repaid me in that solitary satisfaction, which none but a mind actuated as mine was, could feel. But to return, chance had thrown in my way the Targum of Onkelos, and I had a Chaldaic Grammar in "Bythner's Lyra," with the assistance of which and of "Schindler's Lexicon," I soon read it. I next proceeded to the Syriac, and read some of Gubir's Testament, by the help of Otho's Synopsis, and Schindler's Lexicon. I had also occasionally looked over the Samaritan, but as the Samaritan Pentateuch differs little from the Hebrew, except in a change of letters, I found no difficulty in reading it, in quotations, wherever I found it; and with quotations I was obliged to content myself, as books in that language were entirely out of my reach.

By this time I had attained my twenty-fifth year, and had got a good chest of tools, worth I suppose about £25. I was now sent into Worcestershire to superintend on the part of my master, Mr. John Lee, the repairing of a large house belonging to the Rev. Mr. Cooke. I began now to think it necessary to relinquish the study of languages, as I perceived

that, however excellent the acquisition may have appeared to me, it was in my position entirely useless. I sold my books and made new resolutions; in fact, I married, considered my calling as my only support, and some promises and insinuations had been made to me which seemed of a favourable nature, in my occupation. I was awakened, however, from these views and suggestions, by a circumstance which gave a new and distressing appearance to my affairs; a fire broke out in the house we were repairing, in which my tools, and with them all my views and hopes, were consumed. I was now cast on the world without a friend, a shilling, or even the means of subsistence. This, however, would have been but lightly felt by me, as I had always been the child of misfortune, had not the partner of my life been immersed in the same afflicting circumstances. There was, however, no alternative, and I now began to think of some new course of life, in which my former studies might prove advantageous. I thought that of a country schoolmaster would be the most likely to answer my purpose; I therefore applied myself to the study of "Murray's English Exercises," and improved myself in Arithmetic. There was, however, one grand objection to this; I had no means to begin, and I did not know any friend who would be inclined to lend. In the meantime the Rev. Archdeacon Corbett had heard of my attachment to study, and having been informed of my being in Longnor, sent for me in order to inform himself of particulars. To him I communicated my circumstances, and it is to his goodness that I am indebted for the situation I at present fill, and for several other very valuable benefits which he thought proper, generously, to confer. My circumstances since that time are too well known to you to need any further elucidation. It is through your kind assistance I made myself thus far acquainted with the Arabic, Persian, and Hindoostanee languages; of my progress in which you, Sir, are undoubtedly the best judge.

I am, Sir, with every possible respect, your much obliged and very humble servant.

SAMUEL LEE.

Blue School, Shrewsbury, April 26, 1813.

## Beautiful Sentiment.

Gregory, of Nyssa, one of the Greek Christian Fathers, and brother of Basil the Great, gives expression as follows to the softer and more profound emotions of one who knew and felt the mysteries of Christianity:—"When I see every rocky fledge, every valley and plain covered with new fresh verdure, the variegated foliage of the trees, and the lilies on the ground, gifted by beneficent nature with the combined attractions of odor and of color; when I see the blue ocean at a distance toward which the clouds seem to be floating on their way through Heaven, my soul is possessed by a melancholy which is not entirely without a sense of enjoyment. When the fruits have withered away in Autumn, and the leaves fallen to the earth, and the boughs of trees, deprived of their green garniture, wave dry and shrivelled, we are led instinctively, in the midst of the everlasting and regular changes of Nature, to feel the harmony of those wondrous powers which inform all things. He who contemplates them with the eye of the spirit, recognizes the littleness of men surrounded by the wondrous magnificence of the Universe."

To SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.—There never was a season more favorable for the generality of our Subscribers to liquidate their arrears, to the Newspaper, and we therefore respectfully and earnestly urge upon all who feel an interest in the maintenance and progress of the principles we advocate, to favor us with payment of their accounts. There are some who make it a matter of conscientious care to pay up in full at least once in the year, and in advance; there are others who, altho' abundantly able, forget or neglect their obligations, not for one year only, but for many years, not considering the difficulty or embarrassment to which such neglect always tends and frequently leads. READERS! how much

quest thou? There is a large and fertile space in every life, in which might be planted the oak and fruit trees of enlightened principles and virtuous habits, which, growing up, would yield to old age an enjoyment, a glory, and a shade.