

"HE WHO SOWS THORNS, WILL NEVER REAP GRAPES"

modestly stated that the poems were the production of a youth of seventeen, published for the purpose of facilitating his future studies, and enabling him "to pursue those inclinations which might one day place him in an honourable position in society." A dislike to the drudgery of an attorney's office, and a deafness which threatened to render him useless as a lawyer, had induced him to make the above declaration, and which should have dissuaded the severity of criticism; but the volume was most unfavourably noticed in the *Monthly Review*, and young White felt the most exquisite mental pain from the unjust and ungenerous critique. Fortunately, however, the volume had been read by Southey, who immediately wrote him a letter of encouragement; and other friends springing up, he was enabled to achieve the darling object of his ambition—admission to the University of Cambridge. Poetry was now abandoned for severer studies; and so well did he apply himself to learning that at the end of the first term he was at once pronounced the first man. Next year he again distinguished himself, and was looked upon as a future senior wrangler; and his college offered him, at their expense, a private tutor in mathematics during the long vacation. But the intensity of his studies had ruined his con-



BIRTH-PLACE OF HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

stitution, and it was soon that Death had set his mark upon him. He went to London in the hope that a change of scene might recruit his shattered nerves and spirits, but on his return to college, he was so completely prostrated that it was out of the power of medical skill to save him, and his exhausted nature sank beneath incessant toil and anxiety, on the 19th of October, 1806.

Southey continued his regard for the memory of White after his untimely death. He wrote a sketch of his life, and edited his *Romances*, which passed through several editions. He considered that his early death was to be lamented as a loss to English literature.—Byron, in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, has also consecrated some beautiful lines to the memory of White.

A tablet to White's memory, with a medalion by Chantrey, was placed in All Saints' Church, Cambridge, by a young American gentleman, Mr. Boot, and bearing the following expressive and tender inscription by Professor Smyth:—

"Warm with fond hope and learning's sacred flames,
To Granta's bowers the youthful poet came;
Unconquered powers the immortal mind displayed,
But worn with anxious thought, the frame decayed.
Pale o'er his lamp, and in his cell retired,
The martyr student faded and expired.
Oh! genius, taste, and pious sincerity!
Too early lost amidst studies too severe!
I foremost to mourn was generous Southey seen,
He told the tale, and showed what White had been;
Nor told in vain. Far o'er the Atlantic wave
A wanderer came, and sought the poet's grave;
On yon low stone he saw his lonely name,
And raised this fond memorial to his fame.

White was the author of the well-known *Hymn for Family Worship*, beginning:—

"O Lord! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne.
To bless thy fostering hand.

And also of the *Star of Bethlehem*, commencing—

"When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye."

A SEVERE REPROOF.

(21).—THE following anecdote is related of the Rev. ROBERT HALL (the celebrated Baptist preacher and theological writer):—

On one occasion Mr. HALL visited London for the purpose of hearing Dr. Mason, of New York, deliver a discourse before the London Missionary Society. The extraordinary effort which the mastery address of Mason had produced was the theme, for the time, of general observation; and Mr. Hall was among the most enthusiastic of its admirers. Soon after his return to Leicester, a certain reverend gentleman paid him an accidental visit, when Mr. Hall requested him to preach for him that evening, assigning, as a reason, that he had just returned from London, oppressed with a sense of the wonderful eloquence of Dr. Mason, of New York. The visitor affected great desire to be excused preaching before so distinguished a scholar as Mr. Hall. The latter, however, would take no denial, insisting that if he would not preach, his people would have no sermon that evening. The clerical friend—a little pompous, yet withal very stout person—a man of great verbosity and paucity of thought—at length overcame his scruples, and ascended the pulpit. At the close of the services, Mr. Hall thanked him very heartily for his discourse, which, he said, had given him more comfort than any sermon he had ever heard in his life. This assertion, which it inflated the vanity of the one, prompted the sarcasm of the other. The former, unable to conceal the satisfaction he felt, urged Mr. Hall to state what there was in the sermon that afforded him so much pleasure. Mr. Hall replied, "Sir, I have just returned from hearing the great man, Dr. Mason, of New York. Why, sir, he is my very beau-ideal of a minister; he reminds me more than any other of our day of what one might suppose strongly the apostle John to have been. Such profound thought, such majesty of diction, and such brilliancy of illustration, I have never heard equalled and it left me with such an overpowering conviction of my own insignificance, that I had resolved never to enter the pulpit again," and rising up, he energetically exclaimed, "But, thank God, I have heard you, sir, and I feel myself a man again!"

It must not, however, from the foregoing, be inferred that Mr. Hall was accustomed to indulge in such severe sarcasms, excepting when he saw the weakness of the man usurping the place of his sacred vocation.

The history of this celebrated preacher's marriage was a very singular one, and is thus related:—

"One day, whilst dining with a friend, he was joined on his life of single-blessedness. He said nothing, but after dinner, as he was sitting alone in the study, a young woman, who had waited at dinner again entered with the confection, when Mr. Hall, who in her eyes was scarcely less than a king, said to her, 'Betty, do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' The girl replied that she loved she did, taking the question merely as an accustomed one from a minister. To her utter surprise, however, Mr. Hall immediately followed it up by falling on his knees, and exclaiming—'Tisn, Betty, you must love me,' and asked her to marry him. In her astonishment she ran away and told the family she believed Mr. Hall had gone mad again (he had been once deranged). Her master, like herself, was surprised, and on his speaking with Mr. Hall on the subject, the latter declared his intention of marrying the girl—and married they were, and lived happily together, she making him a very good wife."

A WONDERFUL MEMORY.

(25).—PROFESSOR PORSON (who became so famous as a classical scholar) when a boy at Eton, displayed the most astonishing powers of memory, of which the following instance is given:—

"In going up to a lesson one day, he was accosted by a boy in the same form, with—'Porson, will you get the book?' 'Horace.' 'Let me look at it.' Porson handed the book to his comrade; who, pretending to return it, dexterously substituted another in its place, with which Porson proceeded. Being called on by the master, he read and construed the tenth Ode of the first Book very regularly. Observing that the class laughed, the master said, 'Porson, you seem to me to be reading on one side of the page, while I am looking at the other; pray whose edition have you?' Porson hesitated. 'Let me see it, rejoined the master, when, to his great surprise, clerk of an English Ode. Porson was ordered to go to the desk, where he did, easily, correctly, and promptly, to the end of the Ode.'

Porson enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best Greek scholars and critics of the age in England, notwithstanding that he experienced little patronage—a circumstance partly attributable to his intemperate habits.—He was the son of the parish clerk of East Ruston, Norfolk—the vicar of which, noticing his great aptitude for learning, sent him to school—and hence his advancement.