

orders, for which he had a strong inclination. He was persuaded to dedicate the work to the Countess of Derby, the once fascinating actress, Miss Farren, to whom he applied; but she returned a refusal, on the ground that she never accepted such compliments. Her refusal, was, however, couched in kind and complimentary language, and enclosed two pounds as her subscription. The Duchess of Devonshire was next applied to, who, after a deal of trouble, consented, but took no further notice of the author.

He enclosed a copy of his little work to each of the then existing Reviews, stating, in a feeling manner, the disadvantage under which he was struggling, and requesting a favorable and indulgent criticism. The Monthly Review, then a leading journal, affected to sympathize with the penury and misfortune of the author, but spoke in such illiberal and acrimonious terms of the production, as to inflict a wound on his mind which was never wholly cured. Ample justice was subsequently done to his memory, through this very review, by the laureate Southey, whose 'Life and remains of White' is justly considered an ornament to British biography.

He now determined to devote himself to the church. His employers agreed to cancel the articles of his apprenticeship, and freely gave up the portion of the time that remained unexpired, and further exerted themselves in his behalf. The difficulties that presented themselves were numerous. At length, with the aid of a few friends, he was enabled to enter the University of Cambridge, where his intense application to study speedily brought on an alarming disease, which at length terminated in his death, on Sunday, October 19, 1806.

A generous tribute to his worth and talents has been paid to his memory by Francis Booth, Esq., of Boston, who, on a visit to Cambridge,

caused a splendid monument, executed by Chantry, to be erected in All-Saint's Church, Cambridge; and which remains as a striking contrast to the apathy and neglect with which the unfortunate poet was treated during his life.

'Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
Oh! none.'
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

No, Henry, no, thy name shall live,
While nature to her sons doth give
A spark of that pure burning flame
That gained to thee a poet's name,
Or sympathy hath one warm tear,
To shed on dying Genius' bier.

Shall worth like thine neglected lie,
And fame her greenest bay deny?
Shall Science never stoop to see
Her brightest hopes o'erthrown in thee?
And Virtue's incense cease to burn,
Extinguished on her Henry's urn?

No! bard immortal! Henry's name
Hath gained an everlasting fame;
And learning's loveliest laurels now,
Are wreathing on thy faded brow;
And long, above thy early tomb,
Shall flowers of sweetest fragrance bloom.

With tears of truest sorrow yet,
Thy hallowed memory is wet;
And time's full years may roll away,
And life renew an endless day,
Ere virtue cease to love thy name,
Or Learning to repeat thy fame.

Yes, on eternity's bright shore,
Where earth shall hinder thee no more,
Thou, sainted bard, shall strike thy lyre,
Enkindling with angelic fire,
While kindred seraphs list the song
Poured on celestial plains along.

Why should the envious angel death,
Blast with his chill and withering breath
Such hopes as were by thee inspired,
When with immortal genius fired,
Thy mighty mind grasped science deep,
And touched the harp with plaintive sweep!

Was there no spot for thee to toil,
And pour compassion's healing oil,
And cheer with bland religion's smile,
The broken spirit's woes awhile?
No dwelling for thee here, that Heaven
Should claim the boon so lately given?