

was not always cautious in business; it is also to be remembered, that his whole soul was not bent upon accumulating wealth, that he thoroughly despised that shrewdness which is only another name for meanness and trickery. Those who knew him best, knew that he had rather die than be guilty of a dishonorable act. Of his last hours we know but little. We will not judge him upon our conjectures; of the wonders of this physical frame we are too ignorant. The over-strained cord must eventually snap.

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long."

We trustingly leave him to the mercy of his God.

Five years ago Mr. White was described in *Crayon Sketches* by Geo. W. Bungay. The following are extracts:

"The senior editor of the *New Englander*, (W. A. White) is a fluent and forcible speaker. He speaks better than he writes. He is an enthusiast in reform, and manifests little patience with wooden-head conservatives, who will not comprehend what they cannot count with their fingers, nor measure anything that is longer than a yard-stick. With such men and with the oppressors of our race, whether they use rum or the raw-hide, liquor or the lash, the cat or the can, he has no fellowship. When he writes about them, his pen foams at the nib. When he speaks about them, his speeches remind us of some rivers that are sweet in their source, but bitter at the mouth.

"Although connected, like Wendell Phillips and Edmund Quincy, with some of the first families in New England, he cheerfully and modestly identifies himself with the progress parties, whom the Pharisees and Sadducees of this generation do not delight to honor. Doubtless he is fond of fame, but he will not sacrifice his sentiments to obtain it; like Cato, he would rather have posterity inquire why no statues were erected to him, than why they were."—Rev. H. F. Bond, in *Madison Journal*, May 6, 1857.