

Preface

"How shall we honour them—our deathless dead?
How keep their mighty memories alive?
In him who feels their passion, they survive!

In the heroic soul their souls create
Is raised remembrance past the reach of fate."

THIS small volume, in memory of one of "our deathless dead," has been written at intervals, long separated, snatched from a busy life. The work has been interrupted by more than one attack of illness.

This accounts for the lapse of time—over three years—between the departure from this life of the subject of the memoir and its publication.

No one knows better than the writer the crude and faulty character of the work; yet he has this consolation: he has done his best with the materials at hand and the time at his disposal.

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