

THE present edition of Winthrop Sargent's "Memoirs of Major André" is published, as the most fitting memorial which those who loved him best can make of a life now ended. For, although this work, which is but one of many historical essays that were the fruit of his studious youth, would alone suffice to guard their author's name "against the tooth of time and razure of oblivion," none the less do it and all his other writings seem, to those who knew him well, but the vernal promise of an autumn which never came. Yet, in what he accomplished, is so much knowledge, so correct a judgment of men and things, such graceful power of thought and style, that this promise may stand beside the riper work of others; but

"Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime."