

... The martyr roll of officers in our great War begins with the name of Theodore Winthrop, who fell at Great Bethel, and ends with that of Frederick Winthrop, own cousin to the other, killed at Seven Pines before Richmond, a brave and valuable officer who had risen to the rank of Brigadier-General. Theodore Winthrop, as his friend, Geo. W. Curtis, said at the time, and has often repeated since, was a young Sidney, born to shine in literature, but with the heart of a hero beating in his breast. Like many who have shone in literature, his early life was unsettled and innocently erratic. The wide and restless circles he was making in the air were scarcely ended when he fell at the head of his command. "Cecil Dreeme," "John Brent," "The Canoe and the Saddle," and "Love and Skates," a bright tale published in *The Atlantic*, gave him more than a promising place among American authors. He was born in what Dr. Holman calls the "Brahman caste of New England," out of which he drew to himself by his own charm, a group of choice spirits, and held them to him in life and death. The volume now published by his surviving sister, Elizabeth, *The Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop*, is long-delayed, and much needed. It opens with a brief and modest sketch of the family, a delightful picture of the Wooster Street home at New Haven, with the Long Wharf and the water near, the salt air and the sea smell, and the cool margin; of the father and the mother and the life they all led together. No one that ever saw Winthrop in those days will forget him. A gallant with a bright, sadly earnest, scholarly face, one of "honor's pawns," to whom no soil could attach, made for something high and good, but who had evidently much to suffer before he had learned definitely what it was. The portrait frontispiece of the book makes the same impression still, and the deeply interesting Life by his sister, confirms and develops it. We are glad to find in these pages a fuller collection than has yet been published of his poems. The most considerable of them is "Two Worlds," a poem of perhaps 2,000 lines, which his sister truly describes as "a sort of novel in blank verse, full of youth, force and the fresh spirit of life and travel." She also notices in it the strange pre-sentiments of a soldier's death. Winthrop was not yet ripe for so large a work, and knew that he was not. Better are his smaller poems, among which we recall two, one published in the *St. Nicholas* of January, 1880, and another entitled "The East and The West," in *The Atlantic*, April, 1863. Mt. Desert drew from him some good verses, which we find in these pages for the first time. The poems in this volume are amply sufficient to show that, had he lived and developed his gift, Professor Nichol, of Glasgow, in his work on American Literature, would have added the name of poet to the three terms, "novelist, traveler and soldier," in which he commemorates him.