University, Virginia.
30th May, 1865.

Capt. J. B. Barron, 110th N.C.

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your graceful and touching Memorial Prose. It is stirring and appropriate. You have struck the chords so true a gallant hand, and waked the sleeping music of unforgotten dreams. This is living with in the happy manner in which you have linked the tears of disappointed hopes and lashed lives with the tender wisdom of the present, and the changed, but larger promise of the coming year.

There is but the jarring strain in your epidemian hymn. This is formed by the paragraphs. I cannot call them lambs in which you enumerate the names of the slain, familiar to the ears, and seek in the grieving memory of your auditors. The task was the laudable. Nevertheless, it made the
istlemen, I am of the opinion, that the enumeration of names would not be an unmerited effort in any hands, but mine of Scott and Campbell. It may be conjectured that even they would have failed with the enumeration of recent and unforgotten dead.

Sir Walter Scott and Campbell certainly did fail in such an endeavor.

Poetry is ideal, and beyond the sphere of time and actual place. Its very flight is disturbed by too close connection with the fact and place of familiar existence, however elevated that may be.

It always gives me the sincerest gratification to hear of, or from you, directly or indirectly, and to be assured of your kind remembrance and regard.

We are glad to learn the recovery of your daughter. Mrs. Scudder, my daughter, Isabel, and myself desire our best regards.

Yours truly,

Geo. Ticknor.