

HARPER & BROTHERS,

PUBLISHERS

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Jan. 21, 1890.

Hon. Albion Tourgée
of Messrs. Fords, Howard & Halbert,
30 Lafayette Place, N.Y. City.

Dear Sir: -

In making a collection of exercises for the use of schools on Memorial Day and other anniversary occasions, we find in an early number of Our Continent the poem of which we enclose a proof. We should be glad to include this poem in the little volume which we purpose publishing, and we ask your permission - as publisher of the magazine in which it appeared - to make such use of it.

We should also be pleased to have the consent of the author, did we but know his (or her) name and address.

Trusting that you will kindly oblige us in this matter, we are

Very truly yours &c -

Harper & Brothers

J. Baldwin

— which you have entitled "Memorial Day at the South"

Gentlemen:

The poem of which ~~which you have taken the liberty to re-~~
you send me a copy was not
~~Christian Union~~
only published but written by me.
I have never consented to the
use of any poem of mine in
a collection, ~~as I do not~~
~~care~~ and see no good reason
for departing from ^{the} rule
on this occasion.

I trust you will kindly ~~excuse~~
~~me~~ consider my wish
and omit the ~~same~~ this
poem.

MEMORIAL DAY IN THE SOUTH

Bring flowers—bright flowers!
To garnish the tomb
Where heroes sleep lightly
Unmindful of gloom!

Bring flowers—bright flowers!
That beauty may weave
Four garlands of glory,
As sadly we grieve!

Bring flowers—spring flowers!
All fragrant, to wave
O'er the dew-spangled couch
Of the undying brave!

Unloose the shoe's latchet!
The blood-sprinkled sod
Is holy as that
By the Holiest trod!

Were they right, were they wrong,
Whom we mourn, or their foes?
Away, truckling driver!
What matters? Who knows?

Shall the blood of the hero
Not hallow the sod,
Though the victor above
His cold ashes hath trod?

Shall the stigma of treason
Dishonor the tear
We shed for the braves
To our memory dear—

Lee, "Stonewall," and Johnston,
And myriads more—
Who went up from our ranks
To the evergreen shore?

Tho' they "laid down their arms"
And "surrendered their posts,"
Their names are "gazetted"
In Fame's deathless hosts!

"Transferred" from earth-service,
Brave hearts whom we love,
They "reported" at once
To "headquarters" above.

It reck's not how vainly,
How blindly, they fought!
How bitter the scath
Which grim destiny wrought!

'Tis the motive enfames,
Not the beggarly prize!
The spirit that lives!
The base guerdon that dies!

'Tis the infinite Thought,
Not the perishing Fact!
The heart that conceives,
Not the outgrowing Act!

'Tis Why, and not What,
Lightens history's gloom!
Devotion, not Victory,
Hallows the tomb!

Not in vain did they fall!
The blood of the brave
The land of their love
Never vainly can lave!

Tho' erstwhile, it may lie,
Precious seed in the ground;
Yet in fulness of time
Its fair fruits shall abound!

And the future, God's fallow,
Though barren it seem,
With the harvest they planted,
Yet bravely shall teem!

It may be the fathers
Had builded in vain,
Had the blood of the sons
Not cemented again.

Then heap up the garlands
O'er patriot graves!
Success could not add
To the fame of our braves!

Remember their valor!
Keep holy the sod!
For honor to heroes
Is glory to God!

Bring flowers—spring flowers!
All fragrant, to wave
O'er the dew-spangled couch
Of the undying brave!

Unloose the shoe's latchet!
The blood-sprinkled sod
Is pure as the temple—
The altar of God!