Camp Huger, Norfolk, Virginia
Nov. 9, 1861.

Pain would I pen a a woeful line,
To be pressed in coming days.
For which each word is thought of writing.
Would echo forth my noble praise.
But oh! my words, can never speak
The honors which should fall to thee.
Or tell thy many virtues much
As lasting as eternity.

My, mortal tongue is bound round the power,
To breathe thy everlasting name.
But those shall not be at the flower.

That is beloved, but for its name,
My purity shall shed its light,
Wherein those mayst reign to reign.
And happiness, with halos bright,
Shall welcome thee, where thou shalt march.

While smirgng o'er the dreamy past
Elongating lamps doth shun.
And the thing seems too bright to last,
My mind doth often now return;
And then methinks I hear thy voice,
Which marvels forth its panting strain.
And seems to make my heart rejoice
To hear its accents sweet again.
Oh that those happy, days of joy
Could but renew their aching hours,
I then should see thy form once more.
And deck thy brow, with eternal flowers.
My constant love should ever be,
To dwell beneath thy loving smile.
And while I live, live but for thee,
To reign in ecstasies, this while.

Rasiers I speak this parting word,
Of thee I make on last request,
That when the blood of life is sealed.
And to obey, love and behest.

That when beneath is my hand,
My sorrow ere shall cease the heart.
And never again, on earth expand.
Or any warm, cares receive.
That those I will have one thought of me,
From thine image in my heart.
To mind thee of the days when we
With life and health were ever blessed.
6. To turn once more fond memory’s leaf
And read the names, thence again.
And oh! to give my heart relief,
Allow me not to ask in vain
Will thou remember me?
P. H. Calhoun.

Part

There’s not a heart without shade,
But faith some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude.
And send the evening shower.
There’s not a heart flower cast,
By grief and sorrow stung.
But faith some memory of the past,
To love and call its own.