
For the Daily Press.

No Letters.

BY GARRETT B. CULIN, 111TH REG'T PA. VOLS.

I have looked for a letter so long.
That my soul is beginning to doubt
If I'm missed from the family throng,
Which my thoughts ever circle about.
How intent'y I wait for the call
Of my name, o'er the Postmaster's pack,
But a dull disappointment is all
That the echo of hope gives me back.

Can it be that my loved ones are changed
With the newer born pleasures they find?
His affection grown cool or estranged
Since I left them in sorrow behind?
It is weakness, perhaps, to despond,
But my heart *will* be sad when I think
That the friends of whom I'm so fond
Are so chary of paper and ink.

With the fever that scorches my brain,
'Neath this temple's magnificent dome,
Is implanted a far deeper pain
By the silence, unlooked for, at home.
Oh! I long for a line to dismiss
All my gloomy forebodings, with joy,
As I long for an innocent kiss
From the lips of my idolized boy.

I will soon be engaged in the strife
Which the fate of our Nation decides,
And a letter from mother or wife
Would be dearer than aught else besides.
If my throbbing life-current is shed
'Mid the heaps of our perishing men,
And my name be inscribed with the dead,
O, perhaps they will think of me *then*.

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