

The Last Request.

The following lines were found upon the body of a South Carolina Volunteer, after he was killed at the Battle of Dranesville, Dec. 20, 1861.

Oh! carry me back to my own loved Carolina shore,
If on the battle-field I fall, Oh! take me home once more,
For I would silently rest beneath the bright blue sky,
With her green sod on my youthful breast, there let me lie;
Oh! boys, carry me back, when the bloody strife is o'er,
And a *mother dear*, with a grateful tear, will bless you evermore.

I know that you will not forget a brother's last request,
And if there be one comrade spared, he'll take me home to rest,
And tell the loved ones there—the mourning household band,
To meet me on the blissful shore of the bright spirit land;
Oh! boys, carry me back, carry me if I die,
Carry me home, no more to roam, there only would I lie.

I had a dream last night, so full of bliss,
A mother's hand was on my brow, I felt a sister's kiss,
I gazed on Peedee's stream, and the old moss covered mill,
The wooden seat beneath the tree, the cottage on the hill;
Oh! boys, carry me there, in the sight of our mountain blue,
In my native town, there lay me down, 'tis all I ask of you.

I saw, too, in my dream, a maiden young and fair,
A gentle, loving girl was she, with sunny golden hair,
She was seated by my side, and we whispered vows of love,
Though she may never be my bride, still, we may meet above;
Oh! boys, carry me back, there only *would I sleep*,
And the maiden fair, with the golden hair, o'er the soldier's grave will weep.

This is a noble State, and generous hearts are here,
To whisper kind and cheering words to the stranger volunteer,
But, if on Virginia's soil, I fall to rise no more,
Carry me back, carry me back to my own loved Carolina shore;
Oh! boys, carry me back, I'll ask no marble tomb.
But, lay me down in the sacred ground of my *own dear mountain home*.

There is a lovely spot, in the quiet church-yard shade,
Beneath a tall and spreading oak, where I've oft in boyhood strayed,
There the deep tones of the organ, fall gently on the ear,
In the stillness of the Sabbath morn, from the old church standing near;
Oh! boys, lay me *there*, when my youthful course is run,
That a *mother dear*, may shed a tear, o'er the grave of her *only son*.