

Cover them Over.

BY W. J. CARLETON.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers,
 Deck them with garlands, those brothers
 of ours,
 Lying so silent, by night and by day,
 Sleeping the years of their manhood away.
 Years they had marked for the joys of the
 brave!
 Years they must waste in the moldering
 grave,
 All the bright laurels they waited to
 bloom,
 Fell from their hopes when they fell to
 the tomb.
 Give them the meed they have won in the
 past,
 Give them the honors their future fore-
 cast;
 Give them the chaplets they won in the
 strife,
 Give them the laurels they lost with their
 life.
 Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
 Parent, husband, brother, and lover!
 Crown in your hearts those dead heroes of
 ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flow-
 ers.

Cover the faces that motionless lie,
 Shut from the blue of the glorious sky,
 Faces once decked with the smiles of the
 gay,
 Faces now marked with the frown of de-
 cay;
 Eyes that looked friendship and love to
 your own,
 Lips that the thoughts of affection made
 known,
 Brows you have soothed in the hour of
 distress,
 Cheeks you have brightened by tender
 caress.
 Oh! how they gleamed at the nation's first
 cry!
 Oh! how they streamed when they bid
 you good by!
 Oh! how they gleamed in the battles fierce
 flame!
 Oh! how they paled when the death angel
 came!

Cover them over, oh! cover them over,
 Parent, husband, brother, and lover,
 Kiss in your hearts those dead heroes of
 ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flow-
 ers.

Cover their hands that are lying untried,
 Crossed on the bosom and low by the side,
 Hands to you, mother, in infancy shown,
 Hands by you, father, clasped close to
 your own,
 Hands where you, sister, when tried and
 dismayed,
 Hung for protection, and counsel, and aid;
 Hands that you, brother, in loyalty knew,
 Hands that you, wife, wrung in bitter
 adieu;
 Bravely the musket and saber they bore,
 Words of affection they wrote in their
 gore,
 Grandly they grasped for a garland of
 light,
 Catching the mantle of death-darkened
 night,
 Cover them over, oh! cover them over,
 Parent, husband, and brother and lover;
 Crown in your hearts those heroes of ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flow-
 ers.

Cover the feet, that all weary and torn,
 Hither by comrades were tenderly borne;
 Feet that have trodden the flowery ways
 Close by your own in the old happy days;
 Feet that have pressed in life's opening
 morn
 Roses of pleasure and death's poisoned
 thorn;
 Swiftly they rushed to the help of the
 right,
 Finally they stood in the shock of the
 fight,
 Ne'er shall the enemy's hurrying tramp
 Summon them forth from their death-
 guarded camp.
 Ne'er till the bugle of Gabriel sound
 Will they come out of their couch in the
 ground.

Cover them over, yes, cover them over,
 Parent, husband, brother and lover!
 Rough were the paths of those heroes of
 ours—
 Now cover them over with beautiful flow-
 ers.

Cover the hearts that have beaten so high,
 Beaten with hopes that were doomed but
 to die;
 Hearts that have burned in the heat of
 the fray,
 Hearts that have yearned for the homes
 far away,
 Hearts that beat high in the charge's
 loud tramp,
 Hearts that fell low in the prison's foul
 damp.
 Once they were swelling with courage and
 will;
 Now they are lying all pulseless and still.
 Once they were glowing with friendship
 and love;
 Now their great souls have gone soaring
 above.
 Bravely their blood to the Nation they
 gave!
 Then in her bosom they found them a
 grave.

Cover them over, yes, cover them over,
 Parent and husband, brother and lover;
 Kiss in your hearts those dead heroes of
 ours,
 And cover them over with beautiful flow-
 ers.

Cover the thousands who sleep far away,
 Sleep where their friends can not find
 them to-day,
 They who in mountain and hillside and
 dell
 Rest where they wearied and lie where
 they fell.
 Softly the grass-blades creep round their
 repose,
 Sweetly above them the wild flowret
 blows,
 Zephyrs of freedom fly gently o'erhead,
 Whispering prayers for the patriot dead.
 So in our mind we'll name them once
 more,
 So in our hearts we'll cover them o'er.
 Roses and lilies and violets blue,
 Bloom in our souls for the brave and the
 true.

Cover them over, yes, cover them over,
 Parent, husband, brother and lover;
 Think of those far-away heroes of ours.
 And cover them over with beautiful flow-
 ers.

When the long years have rolled slowly
 away,
 E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day,
 When at the archangel's trumpet and
 tread
 Rise up the faces and forms of the dead,
 When the great world its last judgment
 awaits;

When the blue sky shall swing open its
 gates,
 And our long columns march silently
 through,
 Past the Great Captain for final review,
 Then from the blood that has flowed for
 the right
 Crowns shall spring upward, untarnished
 and bright;
 Then the glad ears of each war-martyred
 son
 Proudly shall hear the good tidings "well
 done,"
 Blessings for garlands shall cover them
 over,
 Parent and husband, and brother and lov-
 er.
 God will reward those dead heroes of ours
 And cover them over with beautiful flow-
 ers.

The Prisoner at the Bar.

The following poem was written by an Irish weaver named John Frazer, a man of but little education, but one who had the true feeling at his heart:

'Tis a jest to ask me why
 For my crimes I should not die;
 I appeal for my reply
 To your throngs—
 To my cern beneath the hoof,
 To the flame-flag from the roof;
 Do you want more maddening proof
 Of my wrong?

Honest men before my eyes
 Have been tortured into lies;
 And ye bought from perjured spies
 Priceless blood!
 Ye corrupted and debased,
 Ye inveigled, trapped and chased,
 Ye o'erwhelmed, defamed, dejected—
 Like a flood.

The loftiest—or the least—
 In the fight—or when it ceased—
 The fair virgin—or the priest—
 Did ye spare?

'Till now, by force or fraud,
 Human feeling is outlawed,
 And oppression stalks abroad,
 Bold and bare.

Ye plunderers of our plains,
 Ye exhausters of our veins,
 Ye fiends of our fames,
 Hark ye!

For resistance, when ye trod
 Flesh and soul as the clod,
 A dark felon before God,
 What are ye?

If some tyrant's blood I split,
 On that tyrant is the guilt;
 I met him hilt to hilt
 For my own,
 And free me from this chain,
 I'll defy you thus again—
 Tho' ye gird with cannon-train,
 Me alone.

It may by Heaven be meant
 That oppressors should relent,
 But not the oppressed repent
 Of the few
 Brave deeds of heart and hand
 They can do to lift their land
 From the groveling to the grand,
 Up anew.

And this persisting zeal,
 Which all trampled men must feel,
 Will defy your fire and steel
 Till you yield.

The plunder you have gained,
 And the captives you have chained,
 To a host, perchance untrained
 To the field.

Tho' my fate be in your hands,
 With my life's last falling sands,
 I will lay my stern commands
 On my soul—
 By the honor of his wife,
 By his fame in death or life,
 To be faithful to the strife
 Till 'tis won.

The Virginians of the Valley.

[Ticknor of Georgia, the true poet, says General Hill has eloquently eulogized in the lines below the noble qualities of the sons of Virginia:]

The knightliest of the knightly race,
 Who since the days of old,
 Have kept the lamp of chivalry
 Alight in hearts of gold;
 The kindest of the kindly band,
 Who, rarely hating ease,
 Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
 And Raleigh round the seas.

Who climbed the blue Virginian hills,
 Against embattled foes,
 And planted there, in valleys fair,
 The hly and the rose;
 Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
 Whose beauty stars the earth,
 And lights the hearts of many homes;
 With loveliness and worth.

We thought they slept! the sons who kept
 The names of noble sires,
 And slumbered while the darkness crept
 Around the vigil fires.
 But still the Golden Horse shoe knights
 Their old Dominion keep;
 Whose faces have found enchanted ground,
 But not a knight asleep.