

THE SOUTHERN PRESS.

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From the Yeoman.

From a mass of elegant poetry, the production of our gallant and gifted friend, Major Theodore O'Hara—the graceful pastime of his leisure hours—with a perusal of which we have been favored, we have been permitted, at our particular request, to select for our columns, the following beautiful elegy upon the brave Kentuckians who fell at the battle of Buena Vista, and whose graves, arranged in appropriate order, crown the summit of the knoll in our cemetery, from which towers in majestic beauty and grandeur, our Military Monument.

The Burial of the Buena Vista Heroes in the Frankfort Cemetery.

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat

The soldier's last tattoo.

No more on life's parade shall meet

That brave and fallen few.

On Fame's eternal camping-ground

Their silent tents are spread,

And Glory guards with solemn round

The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance

Now swells upon the wind.

No troubled thought at midnight haunts

Of loved ones left behind.

No vision of the morrow's strife

The warrior's dream alarms,

No braying horn, nor screaming file

At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shiver'd swords are red with rust,

Their plumed heads are bowed,

Their haughty banner trailed in dust

Is now their martial shroud.

And plenteous funeral tears have washed

The red stains from each brow,

And the proud arms by battle gashed

Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,

The bugle's stirring blast,

The charge, the dreadful cannonade,

The din and shout are past—

Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal

Shall thrill with fierce delight

Those breasts that never more may feel

The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane

That sweeps the wild plateau

Flush'd with the triumph he should gain

Came on the serried foe—

Who heard the thunder of the fray

Break o'er the field beneath

Knew well the watch-word of that day

Was victory or death.

Long had the doubtful combat raged

Across that stricken plain—

For ne'er such fight before had waged

The bloody sons of Spain—

And still the storm of battle blew,

Still swelled the gory tide—

Not long, our stout old chieftain knew,

Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command

Called to a martyr's grave

The flower of his own loved land

The nation's flag to save.

By rivers of their fathers' gore

His first-born laurel's grew,

And well he deem'd the sons would pour

Their lives for glory too.

Full many a norther's breath has swept

O'er Angostura's plain,

And long the pitying sky has wept

Above her moulder'd slain.

The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,

Or shepherd's pensive lay

Alone awakes each sullen height

That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the Dark and Bloody Ground!

Ye must not slumber there,

Where stranger steps and tongues resound

Along the heedless air.

Your own proud land's heroic soil

Shall be your fitter grave.

She claims from War, his richest spoil,

The ashes of her brave.

Beneath their parent turf they rest,

Far from the gory field,

Borne to a Spartan mother's breast

On many a bloody shield.

The sunshine of their native sky

Smiles sadly on them here,

And kindred eyes and hearts watch by

The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on! embalmed and sainted dead!

Dear as the blood ye gave!

No impious footstep here shall tread

The herbage of your grave.

Nor shall your glory be forgot

While Fame her record keeps,

Or Honor points the hallowed spot

Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble herald's blazoned stone

With mournful pride shall tell,

When many a vanished age hath flown,

The story how ye fell.

Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,

Nor Time's remorseless doom

Shall dim one ray of holy light

That gilds your glorious tomb.