

Frankfort.

The Good Little Girl.

A very little girl who often read the Bible, gave proof that she understood her obligation to obey its precepts. One day she came to her mother, much pleased to show some fruit which had been given to her. The mother said the friend was very kind, and had given her a great many. Yes said the child, very indeed; and she gave me more than that, but I have given some away. The mother inquired to whom she had given them, when she answered, I gave them to a girl who pushes me off the path, and makes faces at me. On being asked why she gave them to her, she replied, because I thought it would make her know that I wish to be kind to her, and she will not perhaps be rude and unkind to me again. How admirable did she then obey the command to overcome evil with good.

A tear stood in the eye of little Charles, and he promised his mother to try and do so too. Will my little readers, under similar circumstances 'go and do likewise.'

Loose Item(s)

Frankfort.

Illustrated by Alice B. Orbison.

Shut in by hills like forest hung, on edges round the skies,
With rock-built stairs all spiral cut about them as they rise,
Here on their low, broad mossy base, close to the river's side,
This vine-like city wanders round, in wild, romantic pride.
Here, climbing up the hills apace, there out in valleys green,
And lighting with its altar fires crag, dell and deep ravine.
Delightful place! no one unmoved thy hills and plains can view,
With the Kentucky whispering and flowing softly through.
In and out and all around its waters brightly gleam,
With shadows of the cliffs and trees and houses in the stream.
So picturesque, so wildly free, so unlike any place,
We cannot pluck from classic lore a symbol of its grace.



"This vine-like City—"

Its wayward streets made as by chance, men cut into a hill,
Or cleared by axe a bosky nook, or broken gorge did fill.
Its uncouth buildings, dark with age, of wood or massive stone,
Bespeak the wild and simple life, distinctively its own.
Here forest trees grow undisturbed, and Vallambrosas shade,
Was not more dense than foliage here of oak and maple made.
Like spears of light the spires gleam of churches great and small
Where sweetly ringing bells proclaim the christian creeds of all
Here birds from bowers of the south, in loving preference throng,
And build their nests and fill the town with glory of their song
The graceful squirrel, nimble hare, are not afraid to come,
And play like children, hide and seek, as in their forest home.



"Its uncouth buildings" -

Here gabbling geese go eyeing round the strangers in a crowd,
And turkeys grace suburban homes like people shy and proud.
And roosters lift their gorgeous wings and crow with wild delight
No clocks more truly tell the morn, or hours of day and night.
These winged children Nature brings, unconscious how they grace,
The antique homes that men have built here in this sylvan place.
With clang of trade and engines' screams and busy, noisy mills,
These are the scenes, these are the sounds, that echo thro' the hills
These give the charm of ancient towns, to see that travellers roar
Where strangers, like their citizens, feel some sweet spell of home
The places long inhabited here by the sons of men,
Where atmosphere of hills and mist, where smoke of dale and glen.



"With clang of trade and engines screams"-

Is filled with subtle sense of love, half human, half divine,
They claim the hearts that love the most, when nearest nature's shrine,
Now as I gaze from topmost hill upon this city here,
Which should be, as it is to me, to all Kentuckians dear,
Imbrowned by shadows of the cliffs, o'ertopped by foliage grand,
With sudden distances of wood, of vale, and smiling land.
In glittering mist and sheeny smoke, that charms the painters eyes
With rainbow splendor in the clouds, each deck her evening skies,
Endowed with life's rich blessings all, I say I know not where
A city could be found more strange, more beautiful, more fair.
Here from Boone's grave surpassing all the view that southward lies
Where hills on hills, like giant stairs, recede into the skies.



" Now as I gaze from topmost hill -



"Here from Boone's grave"

And winding down as from on high, thro' mist and azure gloom,
The river like some spirit comes, in robes of silver bloom.
And flying on with wave-winged feet, thro' the cleft heart of town
It seems to rest beneath the cliff, where suns in going down
Hang like golden broken wheels, and slur their shattered light
Far o'er the sky far o'er the town and river in its flight.
Oh! hill-girt city water bound, with blue sky for thy crown,
Made lovely by a thousand charms of nature all thine own,
No wonder that thy people cling to thee with loving pride,
E'en as the vines and cedars cling to bank and green hill-side.
No wonder that the Indians fought with savage, fearful ire,
And lit these cliffs and valleys fair, with devastating fire.



"The river like some spirit"

And yelled with indignation grand that they must yield their claim

To white men and be driven from this paradise to them.

I wonder more no poet here has given the world thy praise,

And proudly set thy beauty in immortal glowing lays.

The English bards have one by one, linked with their own renown,

Some hamlet, river, valley, plain, or quaint, romantic town;

To childhood and to memory dear: but thou sweet city here

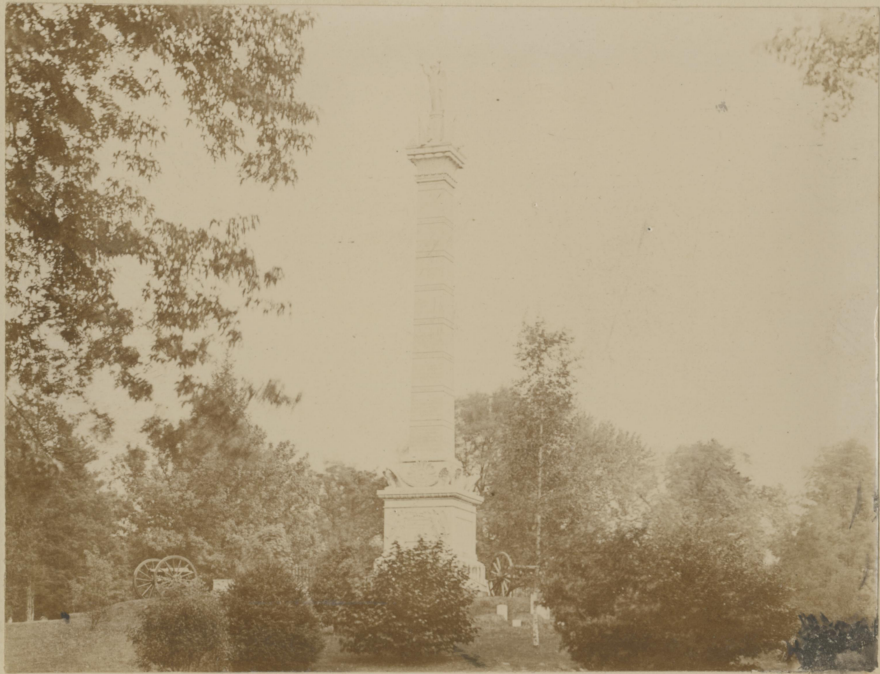
Historic and romantic too, to many hearts most dear,

Thou art not set in singing verse, and like some precious stone,

Prized the more that genius makes its worth and beauty known.

Here is its lofty resting-place, the "city of the dead",

A hill of wondrous beauty reared up from the river's bed.



"Here are the names the state has cut"

Where pine and cedar, oak and elm, in forest grandeur stand,
And flower-blooms, like eyes of love, light up this silent land.
Here gleaming marble tells the tale long erst to record,
How many from the town below here sleep beneath the sword.
Here are the names the State has cut on monumental stone,
Of those whose deeds and words and works are jewels all her own.
Here sleeps O'Hara, poet, wit, whose "Bivouac of the Dead"
In many a land and many a tongue with rapture has been read.
And tho' the country claims his works, his famous bit of song
And richest gem of minstrelsy to Frankfort doth belong.
Perhaps the poet's love of fame unrecognized at home
In gloomy hours tempted him in sunnier climes to roam.



"Here sleeps O'Hara."



"I ask but here to rest" -

But where his verses were invoked and their sweet glory shed
He sleeps most honored of them all in "Bivouac of the Dead".
Fair city of the cliffs and vales, once more I turn and gaze
Entranced upon thy beauty robed in sundown's golden haze.
Here poesy could never ask a sweeter home on earth-
Her silver harp a richer song than measures of thy worth.
And when my feet shall roam no more, my life to death hath run,
I ask but here to rest among my loved ones at set of sun.
Where singing birds and lovely flowers and pine and cedar keep
Perpetual spring above the mound, that hides our dreamless sleep.

Jennie C. Morton.

