

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

An Anthology

EDITED BY

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*Ah! dans le Kentucky les arbres sont bien beaux;
C'est la terre de sang, aux indiens tombeaux,
Terre aux belles forêts, aux séculaires chênes,
Aux bois suivis de bois, aux magnifiques scènes.*

—Rouquette.

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TO
CREDO HARRIS
AND
ANDERSON CHENAULT QUISENBERRY

The hurricane fair earth to darkness changing,
Kentucky's chambers of eternal gloom,
The swift-pac'd columns of the desert ranging,
Th' uneven waste, the violent simoon—.

—“*On Sublimity*,” *Alfred Tennyson*.

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FOREWORD

THE compiler of this little volume acknowledges that he is content to push the scenery for those who have played, and are playing the role of performers. He merely appears upon the stage to announce that there has been said a great deal concerning his subject, and that, because of this, he feels justified in attempting this anthology. Further, the renown of the old Commonwealth that has elicited so much comment—favorable and unfavorable—seems to warrant what appears between the covers of this book. In view of this, and bearing in mind the nature of an anthology, the compiler trusts that he is not dealing with material not germane to his purpose.

Some of the verse herein may call forth unfavorable criticism. The "dear public," that *enfant terrible* of all literati, may propound its eternal question, *L'ouvrage, est-il bon, ou est-il mauvais?* There may be those who will say, "Does the theme justify the pains?" As to the unfavorable criticism that some of the verse may elicit, let the gentle reader be reminded that the compiler of an anthology must, with certain restrictions, take things as he finds them; that *all* of his selections can not be of the highest

FOREWORD

type, and that in most instances it is much easier to *criticise* a work than it is to *write* or to *compile* one. As to the theme and the pains, the anthology must necessarily speak for itself.

So far as the compiler knows, there has appeared, heretofore, no volume of verse of this sort. Just why, he knows not. Certainly the field has been most fertile, for a long, long time, in both prose and verse. It has been seen fit to insert here and there in this volume a few prose sentiments, which, it is hoped, may add to the sentiment of the book as a whole. It will also be noticed that Madison Cawein has been quoted rather copiously. If any apology should seem necessary, it would be that the deceased Louisville man stands out pre-eminently as one of the greatest poets of the Western world. Keen regret is felt that certain literary men of Louisville have failed to consider the undertaking worth while.

In conclusion, no claim is made for the completeness of this collection. Some of the material herein is "fugitive" verse, whose authorship is difficult to identify. Nor must it be assumed that all the verse in this book was written by Kentuckians—or even by Americans. The authorship extends from Massachusetts to California. Singers of England, Scotland, France, and even far-away Australia have paid their respects to Kentucky. But, doubtless, many gems

F O R E W O R D

have failed to come under the notice of the compiler's eye. However, he feels that he shall have done some little service, if this anthology finds favor with his fellow-Kentuckians.

Lexington, Kentucky

JOSIAH H. COMBS.

I must admit— although it hurts—
That I was born unlucky;
I've never, literally, had
A home in Old Kentucky.
And yet I feel, should wayward Chance
Direct my steps to roam there,
I'd meet you all and greet you all—
And find myself *at home* there!

—*Dr. James Ball Naylor.*

Yet we have hopes that are immortal—interests that are imperishable—principles that are indestructible. Encouraged by these hopes, stimulated by these interests, and sustained by and sustaining those principles, let us, come what may, be true to God, true to ourselves, and faithful to our children, our country, and mankind. And then, whenever or wherever it may be our doom to look, for the last time, on earth, we may die justly proud of the title of “Kentuckian,” and, with our expiring breath, may cordially exclaim: Kentucky as she was—Kentucky as she is—Kentucky as she will be—Kentucky forever!

—*George Robertson.*

Of all men, saving Sylla, the man-slayer,
Who passes for in life or death most lucky,
Of the greatest names which in our faces stare,
Was General Boone, backwoodsman of Kentucky.

—“*Don Juan*,” Lord Byron.

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Without the assistance of Mr. A. C. Quisenberry, Credo Harris, Frank Waller Allen, and Professor Lucius M. Hammonds, this work would have been in vain. Mr. John Wilson Townsend and his *Kentucky in American Letters* have rendered invaluable assistance. Many others have given valuable assistance, among them the following: Karl D. Kelly, Dr. H. G. Shearin, Will J. Lampton, Otto A. Rothert, and Madison Cawein. The compiler of this volume also wishes to thank the many writers who gave him permission to use their poems.

J. H. C.

October, 1915.

And thought how sad would be such sound
On Susquehanna's swampy ground,
Kentucky's wood-encumbered brake,
Or wild Ontario's boundless lake.

—“*Marmion*,” *Sir Walter Scott*

OUR SUBJECT

“A mighty tableland lies southward in a hardy region of our country. It has the form of a colossal Shield, lacking and broken in some of its outlines and rough and rude of make. Nature forged it for some crisis in her long warfare of time and change, made use of it, and so left it lying as one of her ancient battle pieces—Kentucky.”

It is not amiss to say that this Shield has long been a name to conjure with. Like the shield of Achilles, wrought at the forge of Vulcan, it is a representation of heroic deeds. Unlike the shield of the Grecian hero, its background recognizes the victories of peace and enlightenment—no less renowned than the triumphs of Mars. Like the shield of the son of Thetis, it has been the inspiration for mighty deeds. Unlike the shield of the valiant son of Thetis, its deeds are not legendary and far-fetched, but real.

Had Kentucky, “by chance, or by council of the immortal gods,” been one of the ancient city states of Hellas, doubtless some minstrel would have arisen to chant her lofty deeds. Had Xenophon lived in the Nineteenth Century he would have chronicled that military feat accomplished by Colonel Alexander W. Doniphan, a Kentuckian, who, “in the Mexican War was made colonel of a regiment. He marched over the Old Santa Fe Trail and captured New Mexico.

Then he went down the Rio Grande and to Chihuahua. At Sacramento Rancho he fought the most remarkable battle ever fought by American arms. With about eight hundred men he destroyed a Mexican army of five thousand, and all Northern Mexico lay open to the Americans. He went to Monterey, and came home with his regiment by New Orleans—the longest military expedition in the annals of the whole world.” [William Elsey Connelley.] Had Herodotus, Thucydides, or Livy been fortunate enough to witness the part played by Kentucky in preserving the Northwest Territory for the United States, the Greek and Latin languages would have teemed with mighty “interesting reading.” But it were long to connect all the links in Kentucky’s historical chain. How pioneers from Virginia and the Carolinas pushed their way over the mountains, keeping step with the Star of Empire on its westward course; how Transylvania County of Virginia pushed back the redmen and fashioned the second State after the original thirteen; how, in the succeeding years, Old Kentucky shone with such steady lustre in the galaxy of American Commonwealths.

But let us now confine ourselves to more specific limits. ‘Like all Gaul in C. J. Cæsar’s time, the great Shield is *divided*, geographically. Gaul was divided into three parts, whereas the Shield is divided into

four parts, one of which the mountaineers inhabit; another, the inhabitants of the smiling Bluegrass; the third, who in their own language are called Pennyriles and in our language the Old Gibraltar (Bowling Green was their capital in the early days of the war); the fourth, the Purchase—that is, the Jackson Purchase. All these differ among themselves as to language and institutions, but not in laws. The River Ohio divides the Kentuckians from the provinces that lie toward the Seven Stars; the River Big Sandy and the Cumberlands divide them from the barbarians toward the rising sun; the province of Tennessee lies to the south; the River Mississippi and the River Ohio bound them toward the setting of the sun. The Kentucky, Licking, and Cumberland Rivers have their headwaters among the mountaineers. The bravest of all these four parts are the mountaineers, because they are farthest away from the culture and civilization of the province, the Bluegrass, and traders least often come among them, for they carry in those things which tend to weaken the mind; and they (the mountaineers) are nearest to the people of the Bluegrass, who live in the lowlands, with whom they are continually at strife. From which cause the inhabitants of the Pennyrile surpass the remaining Kentuckians in valor. One part of them (the Pennyriles) takes its beginning

OUR SUBJECT

somewhere west of the Green River; it is bounded by the River Ohio, by the Bluegrass, and by the borders of the Tennesseans; likewise it touches the Cumberland River on the west. The Purchase rises from the farthest confines of the Pennyryle; it looks toward the province of Tennessee on the south, and between the going down of the sun and the Seven Stars.

These four divisions of the Shield have long been famous in their own various ways. Nature forged them long ago for the purpose of playing a role highly important in the American Union. The Kentuckian has been the object of much censure and ridicule; likewise, by those that know him, of genuine hospitality and worth. Scott, Byron, Dickens, and Tennyson have all made reference to the magic word—Kentucky. Now, hark! and listen to H. G. Wells, in his "The Passionate Friends," as he describes the war in South Africa:

"You can not imagine how amazed I felt at it. I had been prepared for a sort of Kentucky quality in the enemy, illiteracy, pluck, guile, and good shooting, but to find them with more modern arms than our own, more modern methods! Weren't we there, after all, to teach them! Weren't we the Twentieth and they the Eighteenth Century?"¹

¹Quoted by Desha Breckinridge, editorially, in *The Lexington Herald*.

Yet will Kentucky go on. Was it for such profanation of an unwitting outside world that Henry Clay thundered in the American Forum? Was it for this that the grand old Commonwealth gave Lincoln to the North and Davis to the South? Was it for this that George Robertson gave his suggestions to the judiciary at Westminster, and Barry shed lustre on Kentucky's legal profession? Was it for this that the silver-tongued house of Breckinridge vied with the forensic glory of Rome? That Brashear and McDowell astonished the whole medical world by their surgical operations? That the old Commonwealth has given to the world such literary renown; that O'Hara sang his immortal "Bivouac of the Dead," and Crittenden "knelt to none but God?" Was it for this that the heroines of "Bryan's Station" risked their lives for water; that the Anglo-Saxons of the Kentucky Mountains, shut in by natural barriers, have struggled against the stream for more than a century? Was it for this profanation that Kentucky has astonished the world in a thousand other ways; *that one hundred and seven of her counties have voted out whisky?*

Then let the future minstrel rise to sing the glories of Old Kentucky. Let him tell of the days when the Kentucky Colonels—those "intellectual cavaliers of the South"—read Greek and Latin for recreation;

let him sing to the coming generations the lofty sentiment of Kentucky's sons, and the unbounded resourcefulness of their hospitality; let him proclaim to the world that the Kentuckian is a pure, patriotic, liberty-loving, law-abiding Anglo-Saxon, and an American.

“She (Nature) has made it sometimes a Shield of war, sometimes a Shield of peace. Nor has she yet finished with its destinies as she has not yet finished with anything in the universe. While therefore she continues her will and pleasure elsewhere throughout creation, she does not forget the Shield.”

All That's Kentucky

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

[Written during a visit to "Federal Hill," near Bardstown, Ky., 1850.]

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay,
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright,
By'n by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

REFRAIN:

Weep no more, my lady,
O, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon,
On the meadow, the hill, and the shore,
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon,
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight;
The time has come when the darkies have to part,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go;
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the field where the sugar canes grow!
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter, 'twill never be light,
A few more days 'till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

—*Stephen Collins Foster.*

“MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME”

[From a speech delivered on Foster Day, at Louisville,
June 14, 1906.]

At the first note of the “Marseillaise,” the Frenchman straightens for the charge; amid the solemn cadences of “God Save the King,” the Englishman bows to the accumulated reverence of centuries; at the swelling rhythm of the “Star Spangled Banner,” the eyes grow misty in the recollections of a patriot’s longing for the dawn, and we salute the flag that carries a nation’s history and is resplendent with the glory of its hopes; “Yankee Doodle” stimulates and “Dixie” stirs to madness, but one song, “My Old Kentucky Home,” alone has power to soothe the restless pulse of care, and it comes like the benediction that follows after prayer. It voices a sentiment, it speaks a message, it stirs the deep wells of the heart as nothing else has power to do.

—*Richard W. Miller.*

THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY

[Written by the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," in Commemoration of the Services of the Hunters of Kentucky at the Battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815.]

You gentlemen and ladies fair
Who grace this famous city,
Just listen, if you've time to spare,
While I rehearse a ditty;
And for the opportunity
Conceive yourselves quite lucky,
For 'tis not often here you see
A hunter from Kentucky.
O Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky!

We are a hardy, freeborn race,
Each man to fear a stranger,
Whate'er the game we join in chase,
Despising toil and danger;
And if a daring foe annoys,
Whate'er his strength and forces,
We'll show him that Kentucky boys
Are "alligator horses."
O Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky!

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

I s'pose you've read it in the prints
How Pakenham attempted
To make Old Hickory Jackson wince,
But soon his schemes repented;
For we, with rifles ready cocked,
Thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the General flocked
The hunters of Kentucky.
O Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky!

You've heard, I s'pose, how New Orleans
Is famed for wealth and beauty;
There's girls of every hue, it seems,
From snowy white to sooty;
So Pakenham he made his brags,
If he in fight was lucky,
He'd have the girls and cotton bags
In spite of old Kentucky.
O Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky!

But Jackson he was wide awake,
And wasn't scared at trifles;
He knew what deadly aim we take
With our Kentucky rifles.
He led us down to Cypress Swamp—
The ground was low and mucky—

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

There stood John Bull in martial pomp,
But here stood old Kentucky!
O Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky!

A bank was raised to hide our breast—
Not that we thought of dying,
But that we always like a "rest,"
Unless the game is flying;
Behind it stood our little force—
None wished it to be greater,
For every man was half a horse,
And half an alligator.
O Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky!

They did not let our patience tire
Before they showed their faces;
We did not choose to waste our fire,
So snugly kept our places;
But when so near to see them wink,
We thought it time to stop 'em,
And 'twould have done you good, I think,
To see Kentuckians drop 'em.
O Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky!

They found at last 'twas vain to fight
Where lead was all their booty,
And so they wisely took to flight
And left us all our beauty.
And now if danger e'er annoys,
Remember what our trade is;
Just send for us Kentucky boys,
And we'll protect your ladies.
O Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky!

—*Samuel Woodworth.*

“OLD KAINTUCK” †

[It is remarkable what fraternal relation exists among Kentuckians, especially where they meet in foreign States and away from home; and their loyalty to each other has been occasion for many kindly comments on the part of the outside world, who marvel at the brotherhood that exists among Kentuckians, wherever found.—*Thomas H. Arnold, of Chicago.*]

You're just from old Kaintucky?
Well, I'll be gol durned—say,
I'd rather live in that State
The balance of my days
Than be the Czar of Russia
With his riches and his truck—
Say, I wouldn't take his kingdom
For one corner of old Kaintuck.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

I'd rather be a hopper,
Jus' lazin' in the corn
On an old Kaintucky hillside
Than any king that's born.
I'd rather watch the bluegrass
Nod its dainty head and bow,
Than see the slickest pictur'
In old Italy, I swow.

It seems to me old Natur'
When she cut Kaintucky out,
Came pretty near a-knowin'
The thing she was about.
So she made another Eden
With the sweetest flowers that grew,
And christened it Kaintucky
With a jug of mountain dew.

There ain't no other corner
Of this hemisphere of ours,
Where old Mother Earth is kivered
With such dainty, perfumed flowers;
Whar the teeter-birds and thrushes
Can ejaculate such notes
As they can in old Kaintucky,
From their little feathered throats.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

And the women, jumpin' jay birds, in the good old
Bluegrass State:
The Lord just made 'em perfect, and lost the fashion
plate;
I wouldn't be without 'em—and I'll stay here by-the-
bye—
You can plant me in Kaintucky, when it comes my
time to die.

TO OLD KENTUCKY

[Read on Kentucky Night at the Hungry Club, in New
York City, February, 1908.]

Here's a health to old Kentucky,
Where the simple life still gives
Its lazy, listless rapture
To the soul that truly lives,
And dispenses creature comforts
To the mortal here below
In a satisfying manner
That the strenuous never know.

Here's a health to old Kentucky,
Where the hospitable mind
Is bent on doing something
Of the good, old-fashioned kind,

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

For every man and woman
Who is stranger or is friend,
With a warm and willing welcome,
Which continues to the end.

Here's a health to old Kentucky,
Where the women are as fair
As the pink-and-white sun-kisses
That the rose and lily wear;
And we dream of love and music,
Of the moonlight and the flowers
That have touched the earth with beauty
In that lotus land of ours.

Here's a health to old Kentucky,
Where the amber Bourbon glows
In the clinking, crystal glasses
As the horn of plenty flows
In a golden stream of glory,
Bearing ever on its breast
The weary soul and body
To a topaz-tinted rest.

Here's a health to old Kentucky,
Where the horse is king, and stands
The model and the master
Of his kind in other lands;

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

And his hoof-beats strike the measure
Of the music that is known
To the simplest son of freedom
And the ruler on his throne.

Here's a health to old Kentucky,
Where the bluegrass grows knee-deep,
And the cattle in her pastures
Show the virtue of their keep;
Where the broad tobacco acres
Raise the sweet, narcotic weed
That solaces the millions,
In a world of strife and greed.

Here's a health to old Kentucky,
Where the fathers, through the years,
Hand down the courtly graces
To the sons of cavaliers;
Where the golden age is regnant,
And each succeeding morn
Finds "the corn is full of kernels,
And the Colonels full of corn."

Here's a health to old Kentucky,
To her sons and daughters here,
Who will think of old Kentucky
With a smile and with a tear;

They may talk of modern progress,
And the proper creed to hold,
But their hearts will beat the fondest
For Kentucky that is old.

—*William J. Lampton, in The New York Sun.*

THE SHIELD

A mighty tableland lies southward in a hardy region of our country. It has the form of a colossal Shield, lacking and broken in some of its outlines and rough and rude of make. Nature forged it for some crisis in her long warfare of time and change, made use of it, and so left it lying as one of her ancient battle pieces—Kentucky.

The great Shield is raised high out of the earth at one end and sunk deep into it at the other. It is tilted away from the dawn toward the sunset. Where the western dip of it reposes on the planet, Nature, cunning artificer, set the stream of ocean flowing past with relentless foam—the Father of Waters. Along the edge for a space she bound a bright river to the rim of silver. And where the eastern part rises loftiest on the horizon, turned away from the reddening daybreak, she piled shaggy mountains wooded with trees that lose their leaves ere snowflakes fly and with steadfast evergreens which hold to theirs through

the gladdening and the saddening year. Then crosswise over the middle of the Shield, northward and southward upon the breadth of it, covering the life-born rock of many thicknesses, she drew a tough skin of verdure—a broad strip of hide of the ever-growing grass. She embossed noble forests on this greensward and under the forests drew clear waters.

This did she do in a time of which we know nothing—uncharted ages before man had emerged from the deeps of ocean with eyes to wonder, thoughts to wander, heart to love, and spirit to pray. Many a scene the same power has wrought out upon the surface of the Shield since she brought him forth and set him there—many an old one, many a new. She has made it sometimes a Shield of war, sometimes a Shield of peace. Nor has she yet finished with its destinies as she has not yet finished with anything in the universe. While therefore she continues her will and pleasure elsewhere throughout creation, she does not forget the Shield.

—“*The Bride of the Mistletoe,*” James Lane Allen.

IN KENTUCKY

The moonlight falls the softest
In Kentucky;
The summer days come oftest
In Kentucky;
Friendship is the strongest,
Love's light glows the longest,
Yet, wrong is always wrongest
In Kentucky.

Life's burdens bear the lightest
In Kentucky;
The home fires burn the brightest
In Kentucky;
While players are the keenest,
Cards come out the meanest,
The pocket empties cleanest
In Kentucky.

The sun shines ever brightest
In Kentucky;
The breezes whisper lightest
In Kentucky;
Plain girls are the fewest,
Their little hearts are truest,
Maidens' eyes the bluest
In Kentucky.

Orators are the grandest
 In Kentucky;
Officials are the blandest
 In Kentucky;
Boys are the fliest,
Danger ever nighest,
Taxes are the highest
 In Kentucky.

The bluegrass waves the bluest
 In Kentucky;
Yet, blue bloods are the fewest (?)
 In Kentucky;
Moonshine is the clearest,
By no means the dearest,
And yet it acts the queerest
 In Kentucky.

The dove notes are the saddest
 In Kentucky;
The streams dance on the gladdest
 In Kentucky;
Hip pockets are the thickest,
Pistol hands the slickest,
The cylinder turns quickest
 In Kentucky.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

The song birds are the sweetest
In Kentucky;
The thoroughbreds are fleetest
In Kentucky;
Mountains tower proudest,
Thunder peals the loudest,
The landscape is the grandest,
And politics the damnedest
In Kentucky.

—James H. Mulligan, in *The Lexington Herald*, 1902.

NOTE.—“ . . . and at least one Kentuckian has heard it (“In Kentucky”) chanted by an Englishman in the shadow of the Pyramids in Egypt.”—*John Wilson Townsend*, in “*Kentucky in American Letters*.”

KENTUCKY

[Written for the banquet of the New York Society of Kentuckians, held in the City of New York, February 12, 1913.]

You, who are met to remember
Kentucky and give her praise;
Who have warmed your hearts at the ember
Of her love for many days!
Be faithful to your mother,
However your ways may run,
And, holding one to the other,
Prove worthy to be her sons.

Worthy of her who brought you;
Worthy in dream and deed;
Worthy her love that taught you,
And holds your work in heed;
Your work she weighs and watches,
Giving it praise and blame,
As to her heart she catches,
Or sets aside in shame.

One with her heart's devotion,
One with her soul's firm will,
She holds to the oldtime notion
Of what is good, what ill;
And still in unspoiled beauty,
With all her pioneer pride,
She keeps to the path of duty,
And never turns aside.

She dons no new attire
Of modern modes and tricks,
And stands for something higher
Than merely politics;
For much the world must think on—
For dreams as well as deeds;
For men, like Clay and Lincoln,
And words the whole world reads.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

Not for her manners gracious,
Nor works, nor courage of
Convictions, proud, audacious,
Does she compel our love—
But for her heart's one passion,
Old as democracy,
That holds to the ancient fashion
Of hospitality.

—*Madison Cawein.*

KENTUCKY

[An invitation extended to the Associated Harvard Clubs to hold their next meeting, in 1905, at Louisville. Read at their meeting in Indianapolis, December 2, 1904.]

Know'st thou the land where the corn tassels bloom,
Where the mystical cocktail exhales its perfume,
Where the highballs sparkle with flavor divine,
And the schooners sail fast 'neath the shade of the
vine?

Know'st thou that land, that beautiful land?

Know'st thou the land where the julep was born,
Where the mint yields its breast to the Spirit of
Corn,
Where the ice strikes the glass with a musical sound,
And the straw shrieks dismayed when the bottom is
found?

Know'st thou that land, that beautiful land?

Hear'st thou the call of the Bluegrass to thee?
"Come over the river, come southward to me,
Where a welcome awaits from Harvard's old boys,
Oh, come to that Southland and taste of her joys."
Oh, come to that land, that beautiful land.

Know'st not that land? Then thou art unlucky.
'Tis gallant, 'tis brave, 'tis hearty Kentucky
That calls from the river that flows to the sea,
"Come Southward to meet us, cross over and see,
Oh, come to that land, that beautiful land."

—B. B. Huntoon.

SOUVENIR DE KENTUCKY

Published in Paris, France, in 1841, from *Les Savanes, Poésies Américaines*.

KENTUCKY, THE BLOODY LAND!

[Le Seigneur dit, à Osée: "Après cela, néanmoins, je l'attirerai doucement à moi, je amenerai dans la solitude, et je lui parlerai au coeur."—*La Bible, Osée.*]

Enfant, je dis un soir: Adieu, ma bonne mère!
Et je quittai gaiment sa maison et sa terre,
Enfant, dans mon exil, une lettre, un matin,
(O Louise!) m'apprit que j'étais orphelin!
Enfant, je vis les bois du Kentucky sauvage,
Et l'homme se souvient des bois de son jeune âge!

Ah! dans le Kentucky les arbres sont bien beaux:
C'est la *terre de sang*, aux indiens tombeaux,
Terre aux belles forêts, aux séculaires chênes,
Aux bois suivis de bois, aux magnifiques scènes;
Imposant cimetière, où dorment en repos
Tant de *rouges-tribus* et tant de *blanches-peaux*;
Où l'ombre du vieux Boone, immobile génie,
Semble écouter, la nuit, l'éternelle harmonie,
Le murmure éternel des immenses déserts,
Ces mille bruits confus, ces mille bruits divers,
Cet orgue des forêts, cet orchestre sublime,
O Dieu! que seul tu fis, que seul ton souffle anime!
Quand au vaste clavier pose un seul tes doigts,
Soudain, roulent dans l'air mille flots à la fois:
Soudain, au fond des bois, sonores basiliques,
Bourdonne un océan de sauvages musiques;
Et l'homme, à tous ces sons de l'orgue universel,
L'homme tombe à genoux, en regardant le ciel!
Il tombe, il croit, il prie; et, chrétien sans étude,
Il retrouve, étonne, Dieu dans la solitude!

—Adrien E. Rouquette.

A writer in *The Southern Quarterly Review*, (July, 1854), translates a portion of this fine poem, as follows:

Here, with its Indian tombs, the Bloody Land
Spreads out—majestic forests, secular oaks,
Woods stretching into woods; a witching realm,
Yet haunted with dread shadows—a vast grave,

Where, laid together in the sleep of death,
Rest myriads of the red men and the pale.
Here, the stern forest genius, veteran Boone,
Still harbors: still he hearkens, as of yore,
To never-ceasing harmonies, that blend,
At night, the murmurs of a thousand sounds,
That rise and swell capricious, change yet rise,
Borne from far wastes immense, whose mingling
 strains—

The forest organ's tones, the sylvan choir—
Thy breath alone, O God! canst animate,
Making it fruitful in the matchless space!
Thy mighty fingers pressing on its keys,
How suddenly the billowy tones roll up
From the great temples of the solemn depths,
Resounding through the immensity of wood
To the grand, gushing harmonies, that speak
For Thee, alone, O Father. As we hear
The unanimous concert of this mighty chaunt,
We bow before Thee; eyes uplift to Heaven,
We pray Thee, and believe. A Christian sense
Informs us, though untaught in Christian books,
Awed into worship, as we learn to know
That Thou, O God, art in the solitude!

KENTUCKY

Kentucky! Old Kentucky!
With mountain glen and field and fen,
And oaks that blend with rhododend';
With waterfalls and bobwhite calls,
And column'd hall with whited walls—
I love you best!

Kentucky! Fair Kentucky!
With pastures green as eye hath seen,
And limpid stream that runs between
The arching hill and water mill,
There standing still, its years to fill—
My love's fair dream!

Kentucky! My Kentucky!
With sons as great as any State,
It is thy fate of yore and late
To give thy best unto the West,
While in the rest thyself art blessed—
Thou mother great!

Kentucky! Dear Kentucky!
I sing thy worth, State of my birth,
And boyhood mirth! O sacred earth!
The hills I've trod—so help me, God!—
Beneath thy sod and goldenrod
I'll sleep at last.

—Ulysses Grant Foote.

FEUD TIME IN KENTUCKY

When the dew is on the mountain
And the corn is in the still—
When the feudist stalks the feudist
Through the valley, o'er the hill—
When the red is on the forest
And the amber's in the wine—
When the autumn vespers whisper
Through the forest leaf and pine—
Through the mountains of Kentucky
There's a man behind each rock,
With his finger on the trigger
And his cheek against the stock.

When the bead is on the moonshine,
And the summer wanes to fall—
Then the feudist takes his rifle
From the nail upon the wall;
Seeks him out a trusty shelter
In the thicket by the road,
Puts a funnel in the muzzle,
And pours home a heavy load—
Oh, the undertaker's busy,
When the man behind the rock
Gets his finger on the trigger
And his face against the stock.

When the crack is in the rifle
And the smoke is in the blue,
There is always something hasty
For the coroner to do;
All the bards obituary
Find a keen demand for verse,
And there's grease upon the axle
Of the melancholy hearse—
For Death invades the temple,
Never stopping once to knock,
When the finger's on the trigger
And the cheek's against the stock.

So, prithee, traveler, listen:
When the brown is on the hill,
When the dew is on the mountain
And the corn is in the still,
The game law's up on tourists,
And the undertaker's van
Is always on the hurry,
Bringing the punctured man—
For it's feud time in Kentucky—
Every rifle is at cock,
And the finger's on the trigger
And the cheek's against the stock.

—James Foley, Jr.

KENTUCKY

The sun never shone on a country more fair
Than beautiful, peerless Kentucky;
There's life in a kiss of her rarified air,
Kentucky, prolific Kentucky.
Her sons are valiant and noble and bright,
Her beautiful daughters are just about right,
And the babies—God bless them!—are clear out of
sight;
That crop never fails in Kentucky.

Our homes are alight with a halo of love,
Kentucky, contented Kentucky;
We bask in the smiles of the heavens above—
No clouds ever darken Kentucky.
Our grain waves in billows of gold in the sun,
The fruits of our orchards are equaled by none,
And our pumpkins—some of them—weigh almost
a ton;
We challenge the world in Kentucky.

Our girls are sweet models of maidenly grace
In this modern Eden, Kentucky;
They are perfect in figure and lovely in face—
That's just what they are, in Kentucky.
Their smiles are bewitching and winning and sweet,
Their dresses are stylish, yet modest and neat,
A Trilby would envy their cute little feet,
In beautiful, peerless Kentucky.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

When the burden of life I am called to lay down,
I hope I may die in Kentucky;
I never could ask a more glorious crown
Than one of the sod of Kentucky.
And when the last trump wakes the land and the sea,
And the tombs of the earth set the prisoners free,
You may all go aloft, if you choose, but for me—
I think I'll just stay in Kentucky.

—Ben L. Cox.

NOON IN A BLUEGRASS PASTURE

The god of day his azure shield outspreads
And lets his dazzling arrows earthward fly;
The giant trees undaunted lift their heads,
Crouched at their feet the trembling shadows lie.

The wind is mute that softly stirs the air;
The birds are still upon the leafy limbs,
Save one that in the ether, cool and rare,
On billows blue, with sweeping pinions swims.

Gladly I lay my tired limbs on the grass,
For I of toil and stress have borne my part;
Have seen my joys like morning mist-clouds pass;
The green earth warms me like a mother's heart.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

Here let me rest, sweet mother, evermore;
Change me to grass like this, or fragile fern,
Or precious meed of toil from thy rich store;
Dust of thy dust, to thee I would return.

The dew of youth is gone. I would not stay
For the lone coolness of the twilight hour.
Like morning glory let me fold away
In noontide weariness, life's faded flower.

—*Julia Stockton Dinsmore.*

KENTUCKY

O my Kentucky, forest old!
Where Beauty dwells, the stalwart child
Of Love and Life, where I behold
The dreams still glow that long beguiled

The marble and the bronze of men,
Whose art made fair the world of old,
Yet never held, of classic ken,
A form like thine which I would mould.

Around me now I turn and gaze:
The earth is green; the heaven is clear;
Where smile the stars, or bloom the days
More absolutely fair than here!

Young still is she, and fresh as morn,
Standing her sister States among;
Ah! would I were a poet born,
To sing her as she should be sung!

Bidding her keep beneath her heel
The lust for wealth, wrong's iron crown;
Her pioneer pride, a shield of steel—
A buckler that no foe may down.

Sister to Hospitality!
Mother of Lincoln and of Clay!
Make thyself worthy still to be
Mother of men as great as they.

Mother of loves and hopes that dare,
Of dreams and deeds that sing and toil,
Whose hands are open as the air,
Whose honor none on earth may soil!

Let mightier deeds be thine! Arise!
Let all the world behold thee set
A constellation in the skies
Where all thy sister stars are met!

—*Madison Cawein,*
in "Nature-Notes and Impressions."

KENTUCKY

[Read at the celebration of the Centenary of Kentucky,
Louisville, Wednesday, June 1, 1892.]

In yester afternoon—to count as one
A century of circuits 'round the sun
And call it but a day—just when the maze
Of dusk was falling over forest ways
To shroud them from the sight; ere twilight came
To fleck expanse with glints of worlds aflame,
And drop the spangles from her corselet band
Down through the drab that overspread the land;
Ere Night, that of the nadir newly born
Rode o'er the zenith in the van of Morn,
And drove the old, and cleared the upper way
To smooth a passage for the newer Day;
In that lost eve on which the shadow lies,
And mists that intervene are slow to rise,
What scenes were here? What lines were on the face
Of this, the new Day's blooming garden place?

The world looks back to find what it has lost,
Through sweeping flood, and fire, and blighting frost,
To see again the flitted things it knew,
In far, familiar ways it wandered through;
To live again the mining days of old,
And from its piled debris wash other gold.

Ah, well may pause the world to wonder why
Its days are not forgotten when they die;
Why from their graves within the long ago
Some things sometimes must come without to show
To steadfast eyes that penetrate the dark,
From o'er the sea may gleam the lighthouse spark,
And through the mists that widely spread away
May glance the silver spears of breaking day;
But unto eyes that backward, fitful turn,
No morn shall break, no lamp at midnight burn.

In that lost eve, within this bound there stood
One in the pride of pure, young maidenhood;
One poised, erect, and perfect in the grace
That fits the girl-child for the grander place.
One conscious of her strain, and proud to know
How pure the tide that kept her veins aflow;
Who looked abroad and in her regal mien
Betrayed the frontage of the mother queen—
From out that closing day she sprang to life,
A princess-leader in the fields of strife;
A leader by her right of royal strain—
A leader by her higher right of brain.
Firstborn of proud Virginia, and the first
To leave the bosom she had fondly nursed,
She saw her way to gain the world's renown,
To win a kingdom and to wear a crown.

And breaking through her mother's rugged bound,
She came to build her throne on conquered ground;
And proud, and pure, and beautiful she stood—
The young Kentucky in her maidenhood.

Of what her girl-days knew before the hour
In which the swollen bud became the flower;
Of how o'er weed and thorn she proudly rose
To where the sun unlocked her petal close,
And through the cunning of his perfect art
Looked on the dew that sparkled at her heart;
Before the contrast came with growth around
That proved her princess of the primal ground,
Before the native rudeness of the place
Betrayed the fullness of her maiden grace,
If it be told in story fairly well,
Some other tongue, some other time must tell.

Shut out from civil bound by rivers deep,
By forests dark, and mountains high and steep,
By rocks, ravines, and rude, forbidding lines
Of gnarled laurels and of tangled vines,
The Unknown Land, that on the sunset rim
Stretched over distance limitless and dim,
Lay with its spread of plain, and vale, and hill
Beyond the eye, mysterious and still.
To daring hunter and explorer bold
Unbroken stood the fastness of its hold,

While, south and westward, dimly stretched away,
With range on range the bristled mountains lay—
The Blue Ridge, Smoky, Clinch, and Cumberland—
Toward the sky, precipitous and grand,
As if to bar from man's ambitious quests
The dark beyond, upheld their cloud-hid crests.
With no brave hand to grasp and put aside
The thorny hedging of its thickets wide,
And no sure foot to make its toilsome trail
From peak to farther peak, from vale to vale;
For centuries, this now historic bound
Remained to civil man untrodden ground.

At last, where waters beautiful define
The fair meanders of her northern line,
The straying Frank came down and dimly viewed
The marge of its unbroken solitude;
Then Howard, Walker, Gist, and James McBride,
With other bold, ambitious souls allied,
Came in this bound and blazed some minor ways
That gave their names to life for after days;
They touched, in honor of their spreading race,
Some narrow confines of this silent place;
But none there were, in that lost afternoon,
To break and hold the close, till dauntless Boone—
Till—from his hiding far beyond the line,
By highest peak and lowest vale's incline,

Through courses that the bison and the deer
Had dimly graven in the darkness here,
He came from out the midst of civil bands
To build his home in rich, remoter lands.

From where the peaceful Yadkin, flowing free,
Bends through the Carolinas to the sea,
By such a path as never human feet
The dangers of the dark had dared to meet,
To where the Licking and Kentucky slide
Their southward channels to the hot gulf-tide,
He came and traced their leaf-embowered lines
To where the blue Ohio marks our north confines.
Of how he struggled with his meager band
From waste to win this fair and fruitful land;
Of how, unfriended, and almost alone,
His might against a multitude was thrown;
Of how he met the warring savage face to face,
And warring with him, won and held the place;
Of how, from ambush and from open fight,
From scalping knife by day and torch by night,
From all the cunning of remorseless hands
He won and held these green Kentucky lands,
Let clear historic lines and scriptions fair
On living trees and rocks the truth declare.
Let those who from the dust of slow decay
Would keep in light the doings of his day,
With careful eyes look through that afternoon
For fadeless relics of the fearless Boone

Through him, the maid, Kentucky, o'er that wild,
As proud Virginia's proud and peerless child—
In nature free, and pure, and diamond-bright,
As new-born waters breaking on the light—
By rivers, hills, and vale-ways, everywhere,
In lowlands' shade and uplands' sunlight glare,
With feet unshrinking and with will unbent
Her stately way to final statehood went;
Nor aught of danger, or of savage force
Could stay her passage, or could bend her course;
Through him she saw her clear and open way,
Beyond the darkness to the shining day;
Through him she knew that on foundations great
Would rise the granite columns of her State;
And, still through him, o'er mountain, vale, and plain,
The long-enduring glory of her reign.

Of this, to clear and tuneful silver string,
The coming bard his hundred songs may sing,
The coming poet in his verse disclose
This budding and this blooming of the rose;
But at this time, and in this natal hour,
Our song is of the blown and perfect flower.

A hundred years ago, this rich June day,
Kentucky left her glowing, girlhood way,
And under boughs of fresh-appearing green,
Put off the princess and took on the queen;

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

And on this ground, unto the world unknown,
She reared the splendor of her golden throne;
From blood-stained leaves that strewed her forests
 great

She wove and wore her purple robes of state,
And from her vale-ways, under mountain brown,
She bought the laurels that became her crown.

A hundred years ago, in that past noon,
When this queen rosebud burst upon the June,
When from the wild, in native splendor dressed,
Uprose the first proud mistress of the West,
The mother queen, beyond her mountain chain,
Sang greeting to her peerless daughter's reign,
Sang greeting to the glory of her child
That broke the civil bound and braved the wild;
That so through test of sweeping fire and flood
Had shown the coursing of her royal blood.
No longer now the savage made his rounds
Among Kentucky's prehistoric mounds;
No longer on the bison's lickward track
Was heard his whoop and deadly rifle's crack;
And o'er Ohio's waters, still and blue,
No longer sped his silent war canoe—
The Unknown Land had wakened from her dream,
The night had passed, and morning reigned supreme.

A sovereign, in this sovereignty of States,
She marched within the new Republic's gates,
And proud, and strong, and undismayed,
Unto the Union pledged her shining blade;
Her faith she gave, as one of that free few,
Against a common foe, her part to do;
To hold the compact and its terms fulfill,
As ally bound, but else, the sovereign still;
And through this reach of intervening years
What faith has been more nobly kept than hers?
When on the lake-line, north, and further west,
The savage war cry rose, she sent her best,
And every field and bloody battle plain
Was sanctified and hallowed by her slain;
When Pakenham, with England's proudest means,
Swept boldly down on salient New Orleans,
Who held the sacred bonds of union then
Like young Kentucky's stalwart riflemen?
And when in later days we came to know
The sanguine fields of ancient Mexico,
What braver troops than hers, were ever led—
What nobler blood than hers more nobly shed?
At once, as if some potent, unseen hand
Had brought its magic to the new-known land,
The shadows of her forests lost their gloom
And gave the world a wilderness of bloom.
Where trails through gap and bowldered canyon lay
The burdened wheels of commerce wore their way,

And from the old unto the new abodes
Were builded safe and wide and open roads,
While to the silence of her bounding stream
There came the creaking oar and hissing steam.

No longer now to spoiling bands
Were left her verdant courses;
No longer now to waste her lands
Gave up their vital forces;
The white man's genius swept the plain
With axe, and scythe, and fire,
To fell the brakes of useless cane
And stop the spreading brier.

Where shoots the forest growth stood o'er
And held their revel under,
His shining steel went down and tore
Their massing roots asunder;
He broke the glebe and turned the sod
To fit the soil for sowing,
To give this garden spot of God
Its proper seed for growing.

He felled the trees to rive the bonds
That locked his fertile closes,
And where the fern-beds grew their fronds
He cleared a place for roses;
Where once the old log-cabin stood,
A fortress and a prison,
His better home, of smoother wood,
Of brick, or stone, had risen.

While on his wheat-land seas the rays
From sunlit shocks were glowing,
His armed plains of stately maize
Their dark green ranks were showing;
And cattle on his thousand hills
In knee-deep grass went straying,
While in his valleys busy mills
Their labor tunes were playing.

And day by day, with muscle strong,
From out her struggle gory,
The young Kentucky moved along
Her upland way to glory;
And all the sloth within her lines,
From slumber long awakened,
And all the germs of earth's confines
In upper light were quickened.

Where mossing rock and stubborn oak,
And pine and fir environ,
She gave her miner's sturdy stroke
To veins of coal and iron;
She delved the land and brought to light
From under shafts and ditches,
Her sinews of commercial might,
Her store of hidden riches.

And first, this side the eastern range,
To sunlight's western dying,
By urban site and upland grange,
Her wheels of steam went flying.

And first in all the western spread
She built her signal stations,
And laid the great electric thread
Through which she spoke to nations.

And first was she, by true foresight,
Her statesmen sons in session,
For universal suffrage right
To boldly give expression—
She knew this great Republic's aim,
Its object-points and motors,
And to the world she dared proclaim
The sovereign right of voters.

By genius grand, by moral force,
By muscle strain and bleeding,
This splendid empire's westward course,
She won the right of leading;
And newer States, and newer time,
And newer courses taken,
Have left Kentucky's right sublime
To lead and rule, unshaken.

Throughout the North, and South, and West,
To shores the sea-foam laces,
Kentucky's sons, as first and best,
Are called to highest places—
This great Republic's ways among,
When wisdom's ways are darkened,
The clear and free Kentucky tongue
By all the world is hearkened.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

On this, her sacred natal day,
A hundred years gone over,
With stately step she goes her way
Through blooming fields of clover;
And never June came with its green
For richer, deeper staining,
Than comes this June to that proud queen
Who ripens in her reigning.

To-day, throughout her mountain vales,
Her furnaces are glowing,
And everywhere her singing rails
Their commerce ways are going;
While old resorts give up their casts
To sandy groove and furrow,
Grand Rivers come with newer blasts,
And Ashland, Middlesboro!

And all the midnight skies reveal
Their leaping tongues of fire,
As, mass on mass, their ingot steel
These "plants" are piling higher,
And busy forges beat their ware
With swinging sledge and hammer,
And busy nail mills fill the air
With labor's mighty clamor.

Through careful science, finer ores
And richer coals are showing,
And onward still, to golden shores,
Our ships of search are going;

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

With steady march Kentucky's way
Is through her science forces,
And no frail mortal's arm can stay
The progress of her courses.

Hail to the Queen! the fairest and the best
That has ever yet reigned in this wide West,
That from her royal mother's mountain bound
Came through, to grace and glorify the ground.
Hail to the Queen! who on this frowning wild,
Looked with her sunlit eyes until it smiled;
Who in the darkness of a land unknown
Built up the golden splendor of her throne.

God save the Queen! who shows her right to reign
By royal flow of blood and strength of brain,
Who rules and leads and keeps her forward way
Toward the endless light of endless day!

—Henry T. Stanton.

THE BEAUTIFUL BLUEGRASS LAND

I'm wandering back, in my thinking to-night,
To the beautiful Bluegrass Land.
And draughts of rich perfume steal through the air
From roses and "other things" distilling there—
In the beautiful Bluegrass Land.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

There's sunshine and music, and "moonshine" and
stars,

In this beautiful Bluegrass Land.

There are statesmen and scholars, and poets and bars,
Horses and race tracks, fair women—my stars!—

In this beautiful Bluegrass Land.

It's the land of the limestone, the sandstone, and Clay,
This beautiful Bluegrass Land.

A land of high mountains, fair valleys, and rivers,
Of cornfields, and stuff that is good for the shivers—

This beautiful Bluegrass Land.

Tobacco grows large in this land of Kentucky,
This beautiful Bluegrass Land.

And cylinders click in the hands of the plucky,
And officers fall to the men who are lucky,

In this beautiful Bluegrass Land.

Romance is erratic (and marriage dramatic),
In this beautiful Bluegrass Land.

It thrives in the mansion, or sprouts in the attic,
And in all of its ways is most democratic—

In this beautiful Bluegrass Land.

But men are just men in this land of Kentucky,
And women just women, but ever so lucky,
Because they are born in this land of the plucky;
(And everyone knows that's the land of Kentucky)—

The beautiful Bluegrass Land.

—*Herbert Leland Hughes.*

ARISTOCRATIC KENTUCKY

Has it ever been your good fortune to know any of those Families (always with a capital "F") of the Old South who lived in an atmosphere of patient and ancient respectability, hedged about by lifeless aromatic traditions, with every stick of furniture, every bit of battered plate, every painting on the wall, a silent but emphatic witness to wealth and splendor long departed, yet doggedly denied by everybody concerned? You doubtless remember the justly celebrated cloak of Porthos, do you not—the magnificent cloak of the most prodigious member of *Les Trois Mousquetaires* which so bravely hid a threadbare doublet? In this case of the Old Families a certain hauteur serves as a cloak, while the doublet is the bread-bin. And, more marvelous still, none of the Families worked, or at least so it seemed, so unobtrusive was labor, maintaining honor and position from some mysterious unaccountable source as though bread and wine and broadcloth appeared, like the manna of the Hebrews, upon the table, in the cup, on the back.

—*Frank Waller Allen, in "The Lovers of Skye."*
(A Kentucky story.)

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THE BLUEGRASS CLUB

[Written for the first meeting of The Bluegrass Club, Louisville, March 20, 1890.]

Music: Auld Lang Syne.

Come, gather 'round the festive board,
And lift the flowing bowl,
Let's have "a feast of reason," and
A jolly "glow of soul;"
Let's wink at Pleasure, Mirth, and Joy,
To Sorrow give a snub,
And let our hearts be light and gay,
For we're The Bluegrass Club.

Chorus:

Then let us sing, Hip! Hip! Hurrah!
Assembled in the "hub,"
And give a shout for "Old Kaintuck,"
For we're The Bluegrass Club.

Let's man to man, with joyous hearts
Now beating in our breasts,
Do all we can this very night
To entertain our guests.
Let every member play his part
And prove he is no "cub"
Just learning how to greet his friends,
For we're The Bluegrass Club.

Let's make this, then, a time of joy—
The happiest of our lives,
And drink the toast: "Here's to our friends,
Our sweethearts and our wives."
Let each one prove by words and deeds
That he's no common "scrub;"
That we're a crowd, and we are proud
That we're The Bluegrass Club.

So fill each glass with sparkling wine,
And let it be our boast,
That we can drink the health of those
We dearly love the most.
Let every man drink for himself
And no one choose a "sub,"
And let's be gay now while we may,
For we're The Bluegrass Club.

—*Will S. Hays.*

[NOTE.—Hays was one of the greatest song writers this country has yet produced. Like Stephen Collins Foster, his songs have been sung in almost every country in the world. His plantation songs are perhaps not so popular as those of Foster, but his love songs bid fair to remain. In point of volume Hays' energy was untiring, and he often improvised. He was probably the first man to write the words for "Dixie," (in 1857) notwithstanding the long-accepted theory that Emmet composed both words and music, in 1859. A Louisville publisher, Faulds, published Hays' version, in 1857. Since that time the controversy has waged. When Hays was sixteen years old, he heard an old darkey pick "Dixie" on the banjo, "away down South." This was before Emmet's version appeared. This leaves the impression that "Dixie" is an old plantation folk-song, sung by the negroes in honor of a benevolent old slave-holder named Dixie. Hays died in Louisville in 1907.]

AFTER A VISIT

I be'n in ole Kentucky
Fur a week er two, an' say,
'Twuz ez hard ez breakin' oxen
Fur to tear myse'f away.
Allus argerin' 'bout fr'en'ship
An' yer hospitality—
Y' ain't no right to talk about it
Tell you be'n down there to see.

See jest how they give you welcome
To the best that's in the land,
Feel the sort o' grip they give you
When they take you by the hand.
Hear 'em say, "We're glad to have you,
Better stay a week er two;".
An' the way they treat you makes you
Feel that ev'ry word is true.

Feed you tell you hear the buttons
Crackin' on yore Sunday vest;
Haul you roun' to see the wonders
Tell you have to cry for rest.
Drink yer health an' pet an' praise you
Tell you git to feel ez great
Ez the Sheriff o' the county
Er the Gov'ner o' the State.

Wife, she sez I must be crazy
'Cause I go on so, an' Nelse
He 'lows, "Goodness gracious! daddy,
Cain't you talk about nuthin' else?"
Well, pleg-gone it, I'm jes' tickled—
Bein' tickled ain't no sin;
I be'n down in ole Kentucky,
An' I wan' t' go ag'in.

—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

COTTER'S RESPONSE TO DUNBAR

So, you be'n to ole Kentucky,
An' you want to go ag'in?
Well, Kentucky'll doff her kerchief
An' politely ask you in.
An' she'll loosen from her girdle
What perhaps you didn't see—
Keys that fit the other cupboards
Of her hospitality.

Not that she's inclined to hold back
With the good and give the worst;
But, you know, in all fair dealin',
What is first must be the first.
So, when she takes key the second
An' gives it a twist er two
(Maybe I ought not to say it),
It'll most nigh startle you.

An' then keys the third and fourth, sir,
 (Not to speak of all the rest)
Wouldn't stop at crackin' buttons,
 They'd jest smash the Sunday vest.
And your happiness would find, sir,
 A momentum then and there
That would carry it a sweepin'
 Through the stronghold of despair.

Now, the grippin' o' the hand, sir,
 An' the welcome that you say
Was so firm an' true an' all that
 Has a kind o' curious way.
At the first it's sorter slow-like,
 Till it forms a league with you,
Then it makes a kind o' circuit
 That jest thrills you thro' an' thro'.

But it may be I had better
 Not discuss this aftermath,
Fur it might stir up your feelings
 To the righteous point of wrath,
As you brood o'er what you lost, sir,
 By not stayin' with us longer.
Ah, well, come to see us often,
 Ole Kentucky'll make you stronger.

So, you be'n to ole Kentucky,
An' you want to go ag'in?
Well, Kentucky's standin' waitin'
Jest to take you wholly in,
An' she'll loosen her vast girdle,
So that you can fully see
All the roots, fruits, leaves, an' branches
Of her hospitality.

—*Joseph Seamon Cotter.*

"ASHLAND," THE HOME OF HENRY CLAY

The waning sun in one last flare of splendor
Gleams on the ivy-girdled manor house;
The breeze, like Blondel, sings his lyric tender,
Under the locust boughs;
Nun-lilies to each other bow sedately,
And of their virgin visions softly talk;
Ah, do I glimpse a presence, calm and stately,
Move down his favorite walk?

The trees he planted stand in lordly leisure
And guard the acres of his fair demesne,
Where the lush bluegrass spreads its treasure
Of undulating green;
Knee-deep in clover stand the stolid cattle,
And yonder, with his high, patrician head
Upflung as 'mid the red tumult of battle,
Curvets a thoroughbred.

Above the swaying wheat the bobwhite's clamor
Is softened to a mellow harmony;
The elder-blooms gaze through the sunset glamour
In white expectancy;
And circling 'round the elm tree's leafy towers
The redbird dartles like a tongue of flame;
The old walls dream of dead, historic hours,
And one immortal name.

Here, where in twilight mood of solemn musing,
He built his stately edifice of dreams,
His giant brain deliberating, choosing,
And moulding mighty schemes;
Here, where in lighter hours, with friends around him,
He led them captive at his gracious will;
Here, where his fate's tremendous crisis found him,
A presence lingers still.

In the blue distance lies the city storied
That in his tender heart he loved the best,
In whose illustrious renown he gloried—
The "Athens of the West."
How few retain the vision that he cherished,
The light of chivalry that lured him on;
Has his Kentucky's bright ambition perished—
Her ancient glory gone?

His thoughts still move among these whispering
grasses,

His spirit still this spacious park pervades,
Through each moon-silver night his glory passes—
A star that never fades;

His altruism and his high endeavor,

His loyalty that dwarfs our poor pretense,
And shrined within this tranquil scene forever,
An endless immanence.

—*Lulu Clark Markham.*

A KENTUCKY WELCOME

From Kentucky's hills and valleys, from the grassy
dells and plain,

Hear the notes of joyous welcome she extends,
From her wealth of bud and blossom growing in the
sun and rain;

You'll find all that hospitality commends,
You will catch the scent of lilacs and of violets and
mint;

When the reddening sky foretells the coming night,
And your heart beats fast and faster in the gloaming
and the glint

As we holler to you, "Stranger, stop and light."

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

Old Kentucky may be slower than her neighbors in
some ways,
But yields no point to any other clime,
When it comes to cordial greetings—and you'll find it
as we say,
That her heart is in the right place all the time.
True, there is the juicy julep, and the touching of the
glass,
And the flashing of the bird wings in their flight;
But Kentucky loves to welcome all her good friends as
they pass,
With a hearty, "Howdy, stranger, stop and light."

—G. Allison Holland.

BRYAN'S STATION

[During the siege of Bryan's Station, Kentucky, August 16, 1782, Nicholas Tomlinson and Thomas Bell, two inhabitants of the Fort, undertook to ride through the besieging Indian and Tory lines to Lexington, Ky., for aid. It happened also during this siege that the pioneer women of the Fort, when the water supply was exhausted, heroically carried the water from a spring, at a considerable distance outside the palisades of the Station, to its inmates and defenders, under the very guns of the enemy.]

We tightened stirrup; buckled rein;
Looked to our saddle-girths again;
Shook hands all round; then mounted.
The gate swung wide; we said, "Good-bye."
No time for talk had Bell and I.
One cried, "God speed!" another, "Fly!"
As out we rode to do or die,
And every minute counted.

The trail the buffaloes had worn,
Stretched broad before us through the corn
And cane with which it blended.
We knew for miles around the gate
Hid Indian guile and Tory hate.
There was no time to hesitate.
We galloped on. We spurred like Fate,
As morn broke red and splendid.

No rifle cracked. No arrow whirred.
Above us piped a forest bird,
Then two and three together.
We'd reached the woods, and still no shout
Of all the wild Wyandotte rout
And Shawanese had yet rung out;
But now and then an Indian scout
Flashed here and there a feather.

We rode expecting death each stride
From fallen tree or thicket side,
Where, snake-like, they could huddle;
And well we knew that renegade,—
The blood-stained Girty,—only stayed
His hate awhile before he played
His hand—that fiend, who had betrayed
The pioneers of Ruddle.

And when an arrow grazed my hair
I was not startled; did not care;
But rode with rifle ready.

A whoop rang out beyond a ford—
Then spawned the wood a yelling horde
Of devils, armed with tomahawk
And gun. I raised my flintlock's stock
And let 'em have it steady.

Tom followed me, and for a mile
We matched our strength with redskin guile;
And often I have wondered
How we escaped. I lost my gun;
And Tom, whose girth had come undone,
Rode saddleless. . . . The summer sun
Was high when into Lexington,
With flying manes we thundered.

Too late. For Todd at break of day
Had left for Hoy's; decoyed, they say,
By some reported story
Of new disaster. Bryan's needs
Cried, "On!" Although we had done deeds,
We must do more, whatever speeds.
We had no time to rest our steeds,
Whose panting flanks were gory.

Again the trail—rough; often barred
By rocks and trees. Oh, it was hard
To keep our souls from sinking;
But thoughts of those we'd left behind
Gave strength to muscle and to mind
To help us on—on, through the blind
Deep woods, where often we would find
Our hearts of loved ones thinking.

The hot stockade. No water left.
The night attack. All hope bereft
The powder-grimed defender.
The warwhoop and the groan of pain;
All night the slanting arrow-rain
Of fire-brands from the corn and cane;
The fierce defense, but all in vain;
And then, at last, surrender.

But not for Bryan's! No! Too well
Must they remember what befell
At Ruddle's and take warning. . . .
And like two madmen, dust and sweat,
We rode with faces forward set,
And came to Boone's. The sun was yet
An hour from noon. . . . We had not let
Our horses rest since morning.

Here Ellis heard our news—his men
Around him; back we turned again,
And like a band of lions
That leap some lioness to aid,
Of death and torture unafraid,
We charged the Indian ambuscade
And through a storm of bullets made
Our entrance into Bryan's.

And that is all I have to tell.
No more the Huron's hideous yell
Whoops to assault and slaughter.

Perhaps to us some praise is due:
But we are men, accustomed to
Face danger, which is nothing new.
The women did far more for you,
Risking their lives for water.

—*Madison Cawein.*

KENTUCKY STATE ANTHEM

Beautiful State where the bluegrass grows,
Over pastures broad and free;
O beautiful State, how glows my heart
With pride and love for thee!

Millions lie in thy forest mold;
Treasures are in the depths untold;
The forge shall glow when the anvil's ring
Praises of thy glory sing.

Thy mountains, rich in iron ore,
Await the touch of a master hand;
For countless fortunes and wealth galore
Are hidden in this Promised Land.

The marts of the world shall answer thy call,
When industry's note on the ear shall fall;
The whirl of the wheel for the droning bee;
Thy ships shall sail over every sea.

Matters it not where'er I roam,
E'en to far distant lands o'er the sea;
Be it palace or cot, Kentucky my home,
Light is my heart as it turns to thee.

Thy beautiful daughters, and sons so brave,
May Heaven protect, bless, and save,
And guide thee, State, on thy glorious way
Into the light of the perfect day.

“United we stand, divided we fall,”
This is our motto, watchword, and call;
Hand clasping hand in friendship and love,
We ask for thy guidance, O Father above.
—*Mary Florence Taney.*

THE TOWN OF LEXINGTON

When you're traveling far and near,
Seeking knowledge or good cheer,
Make a visit e'er you're done
To the town of Lexington.

Some folks hardly realize,
Till awakened by surprise,
Of the wonders 'neath the sun
In the town of Lexington.

Men are there from every nation
To complete their education;
A better college there is none,
Than in the town of Lexington.

If you're looking for a wife
To help you climb the hill of life,
Girls are perfect, every one,
In the town of Lexington.

If you like the racing horse,
Pay a visit to the course;
But the money's never won
In the town of Lexington.

There they make the fighting booze,
And your head you'll surely lose,
If when "full" you draw a gun
In the town of Lexington.

When life's battles I have won,
And my work on earth is done,
Gently lower me with the sun,
In the town of Lexington.

—*Herbert Cox.*

OUR HIGHLANDERS.

The mountain people are of fine mental capacity. A man of affairs and a deep student of character once said of them: "They need only an introduction to civilization to prove themselves equal to any men in the world. I regard them as the finest rough material in the world, and one of them modeled into available shape is worth to the world a dozen ordinary people." And yet to-day hundreds of thousands of these patriotic Americans are more ignorant and more destitute of the opportunities which go with education than any other body of Anglo-Saxon people on the face of the earth.

—*Bishop Wilbur R. Thirkield.*

Those Highlanders are not degenerates. On the contrary they are the best human specimens to be found in the country, and probably in the world. They are the last remnants of the undefiled.

—*Dr. Harvey W. Wiley.*

In these mountains is the original stuff of which America was made.

—*Woodrow Wilson.*

BACK TO OLD KENTUCKY

I want to git back,
And I'm yearnin' to-day
For the sweet scenes of old
An' the folks far away.
I want to git back
Whar the bluegrass grows,
Whar the breeze whispers music
An' love as it blows;
Whar skies are the softest
An' sunlight steals
O'er the golden terbacker
An' broad hemp fields,
Back in old Kentucky.

I want to git back
Whar the women all are
The sweetest an' fairest
Uv earth, by far.

I want to git back
Jes' to hear the ring
Uv their lafter ag'in;
I would give anything
Fer the moonlight nights
When we used to go
To parties an' dances,
An' such an' so,
Back in old Kentucky.

I want to git back
Whar the swift trained feet
Uv the race-horse thunder—
It's music sweet.

I want to git back
To the oldtime hills,
Whar the corn-juice runs
Frum the old distills.

I want to git back—
Yes, the good Lord knows,
I want to git back
Whar the bluegrass grows,
Back in old Kentucky.

—*James Tandy Ellis.*

CENTENNIAL POEM

[Read at the celebration of the Centennial of Frankfort
October 6, 1886.]

About this vale with gold-wrought crowns
In fervid sunlight showing,
With leaf-made folds of royal gowns
O'er royal sandals flowing,
To shut it out from ruder fells
And hold apart its graces,
These monarch hills, like sentinels,
Stand steadfast in their places.

It must have been in lavish mood,
That free designing Nature
Gave this environed solitude
Its bold, outlying feature.
It must have been in moments free,
When time was out accounted,
She tarried here in pride to see
Her fairest jewel mounted.

At every hand these monarchs rise
And stand above the steeples,
Where, nestled in her verdure, lies
This City of the Maples.
At every hand, in sunlight's sheen,
Their mighty heads are lifted,
Where Autumn's yellow clouds are seen
In harvest fullness drifted.

So stood they in that long ago,
When all their sides were brackened,
Ere yet this highland water's flow
Had harnessed been and slackened;
Ere yet, when with its warning scream
And smoke-discharging funnel,
The car, impelled by giant steam,
Had hurtled through the tunnel.

That long ago is yet unsung,
When, with no hound to follow,
The free deer took his course among
The ferns in Devil's Hollow;
When o'er the tide there lay no bridge
Of girder, brace, and tenon,
But proudly then, by ford and ridge,
He swept the trace to Drennon.

Then in the pools the fierce pike lay,
Unsnared for later dishes,
And free, by right of strength, to prey
On small and weaker fishes;
Then on the cliff the eagle stood
To scan the under cover,
And mark the drumming pheasant's brood
Or note the haunts of plover.

From Yeatman's Branch to Leestown Ford
The elm trees hid the river,
Where springtime waters brought unoaded
The lightning's mountain sliver—
Uprooted oak and brittle ash,
By time and tempest rifted,
From off the flood with whirl and crash
To shallow sand-bars drifted.

That time the present dimly sees,
And through some vistas partial,
When came the daring McAfees,
And Taylor, Adams, Marshall—
That long ago, it should be sung,
And by no common singer;
For fame deserves the best among
The best that God can bring her.

If He who from His high throne still
Does note the falling sparrow,
Will call to life from yonder hill
The dust of dead O'Hara,
The voice will come to sing this song
And fitly tell this story,
In tones that shall be borne along
The echo halls of glory.

It is not mine to reach the dust
And dark debris of ages,
To fill to-day with records just
These blank historic pages;
It better fits the sons of those
Who did great deeds as trifles—
Who won this primal valley's close
With axes and with rifles.

A Crittenden, a Daviess, Brown,
A Chinn, a Todd, an Innes,
Should write the story of this town
From first event to finis.
The Wilkinsons have passed away,
The Yeatmans, Lees, and many
Who, in their robes of yesterday,
Were held the peers of any.

I dare not 'croach the later field
That brought the later staples,
From which this 'closure stands revealed—
A city of the maples;
Their deeds, their lives, are written clear
In threaded street and alley,
And everywhere their marks appear
To decorate the valley.

And strong events in mind are held,
And in tradition cherished;
That should not go unchronicled
For sake of those who perished;
For some there are who plainly yet
Can see that scene repeated,
When brave, beloved Lafayette
On this fair spot was greeted.

The Love house stands no longer here
Where, from the crowd secluded,
The cold, ambitious Aaron Burr
The scheme of empire brooded;
For some are mindful of the dance,
In stately grace perfected,
Where once the proffered hand of France
A Frankfort queen rejected.

In camp, in court, at chancel rail,
For all great trusts selected,
These lives that early left the vale
Were rounded and perfected.
They had their time throughout the past,
In shade and sunlight dapples;
They ripened here and fell at last
Like golden-coated apples.

They lived and fled this hamlet's homes,
By Time's rude passage smitten;
Their history in granite tomes
On yonder mount is written.
There sleeps this City of the Past,
In pallid marbles showing
Where, through the silent ways, at last
This of to-day is going.

And people yet shall rise and fall,
While still, in sunlight glowing,
These monarch heads above them all
Will stand, their gold crowns showing;
And still to hide from ruder fells,
And keep apart its graces,
This valley's steadfast sentinels
Will hold their honored places.

—Henry T. Stanton.

OLD KENTUCKY

I sing of old Kentucky,
Thou land of chivalry;
Thy fields are fair,
None to compare,
Thy hillsides bright and sunny.

Thou land of heroes sleeping,
Who fell for freedom bleeding;
Strong were their arms
To shield from harms,
Their hearts were great and loving.

Thou land of milk and honey,
Thou land of peace and plenty,
Thy maidens sweet,
Thy coursers fleet,
Have made thy fame an envy.

Broad lie thy fields in beauty,
Strong are thy hearts for duty;
With faith in God
Thy sons e'er trod
This land of Eden's beauty.

Thy sons can ne'er forget thee,
If danger shall beset thee,
Where'er they roam
Away from home,
They'll swiftly fly to save thee.

My heart to thee turns gladly,
But sometimes it beats sadly,
Lest thou forget
Thy mission set
By Him who ruleth wisely.

O sons of Old Kentucky,
O daughters fair and lucky—
Stand firm for God,
Defend your sod,
And thus adorn humanity.

—A. Fairhurst.

THE OLD KENTUCKY HOME IN SUMMER

“Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm I can rest,
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best!”

I write of a home in the country—of course in the summer there are no ideal old Kentucky homes in any of the cities. “In the low green valley on the old Kentucky shore” of what the Frenchman called La Belle Rivière, I have hung my harp on the willow, and now dreamily view the

“Sweet rural scene
Of flocks and green.”

To use the language of Mark Twain, I am having “an awful good time”—a time propitious for “idle thoughts of an idle fellow.”

The summer sun that's shining bright,
Gives to the earth new life and light;
In dale and mead and woodland wild
There's scent of rose and zephyr mild.

The hills that border the shore of the beautiful river, the meadow in full bloom, the golden tinted harvest field, the orchard, the deep-tangled wildwood, and the bloomary parterre, make a landscape to charm the poet's fancy and inspire the painter's brush. "The merry larks, the plowman's clocks," and the woodland minstrels, "the singing angels of man's nearest heaven,"

Sing their songs in matin hour,
Vesper praise in leafy bower.

Not so charming, however, is that monotonous song of the whippoorwill:

The noisy jay
Has hushed his lay—
Birds of woodland all are still;
Except the owl
On nightly prowl,
And that wakeful whippoorwill.

When evening shade
Steals o'er the glade,
There's war's alarm on the hill;
And all night long
Is heard that song—
"Whip-poor-Will! Whip-poor-Will!"

He'll fight it out,
There is no doubt,
Along that line on the hill;
And ev'ry night,
With all his might,
He'll whip-poor-Will, whip-poor-Will.

That discordant note reminds me that even the old Kentucky home in summer has its lights and shadows, thorns and roses, the bitter and the sweet, harmonious music and lutes unstrung. I prefer, however, to look upon the golden tints of the picture, rather than upon sombre shadow. "The lowing herd winding slowly o'er the lea" suggests fresh milk and butter, and berries swimming in cream. And there is the spring under the old elm tree,

"Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,
Where never sunbeam kissed the wave."

And, too,

There's ice saved o'er from winter,
And there's mint beside the stream;
There's Bourbon on the sideboard,
To inspire a summer dream.

The town girl in shirt waist, fresh and alluring, albeit amusingly ignorant of rustic ways, is here to

conquer if it takes her all summer. I saw her yesterday:

I saw her but a moment—
Just saw her long enough
To know she was a town girl—
A diamond in the rough.

I saw her but a moment,
And yet I see her still—
That "outing" summer girl,
A-cycling down the hill.

That summer girl of fashion—
That pretty city belle,
Was in the rustic country
To freely cut a swell.

Her clothes were light and airy,
And seemed to be in style—
I saw her but a moment,
A very little while.

I should like to see her more—
That girl so debonaire;
Fond memory lingers still—
The vision was so fair.

A-cycling in the country,
She braved the summer sun,
To show her rural cousins
Just how the thing is done.

That girl on the wheel opportunely diverted my mind from a tendency to mournfully moralize on the passing of the stately poplar, the stalwart oak, and the wide-spreading elm—victims of the relentless woodman's axe. In vain has been the plea, "Woodman, spare that tree."

There is frequent shifting of scene, even in the country. No sooner had the charming city girl gone beyond the horizon than a small boy to the manor born appeared upon the stage of vigorous action:

He won't forget his mother—
The fun the boys did make,
Calling to one another,
"That hair-cut takes the cake!"

That cut he'll ne'er forget—
It made the people stare;
But he loves his mother yet,
Although she cut his hair.

The boy whistled a tune, and the curtain went down. Then another girl, differing in hue and pattern from the one before described, presented herself to view:

She had a rural village air,
And she was costly clad;
Her freckled face was very fair,
Her big feet made me sad.

Two good people, old Aunt Dinah with her flaming turban, and old Sambo with his banjo, have gone from the Kentucky home forever. No more do I hail Sam and hear his merry response:

“Is that you, Sambo?”

“Yes, I come;

Don't you hear the banjo?”

Strum, strum, strum.

The thought of Sambo recalls reminiscences of how he taught me to catch fish, and how we used to repeat a story current of another Sambo:

“Where are you going, Sambo?”

“Gwine a-fishin', sah.”

“What's that in your mouth?”

“Wums fo' bait, sah.”

A barefoot boy, carrying a rustic pole and “wums fo' bait” has just announced that fishin' is good in the pools of “Little Kentuck',” not far away. I shall arise and trustfully follow that optimistic boy, who wears a crownless straw hat in lieu of a crown of thorns.

With pole and line and hook,

I'll hie me to the stream,

And there, in shaded nook,

I'll dream the fisher's dream.

—George Dallas Mosgrove.

PROEM

[From "Bluegrass Ballads."]

In the evening of a lifetime,
When the shadows, growing long,
Fall eastward, and the gloaming
Brings the spell of vesper song,
Fond memory turns backward
To the bright light of the day,
Where joys, like troops of fairies,
Gaily dance along the way,
Full armed with mirth and music,
Driving skirmishers of care
Howling, back into the forest,
And their dark, uncanny lair.

So the pastures of Kentucky,
And the fields of Tennessee;
The bloom of all the Southland,
And the oldtime melody;
The vales, and streams, and mountains;
The bay of trailing hounds;
The neigh of blooded horses,
And the farmyard's cheery sounds;
The smiles of wholesome women,
And the hail of hearty men
Come sweeping back in fancy,
And behold! I'm young again.

—*William Lightfoot Visscher.*

ON LEAVING KENTUCKY

[From *The Transylvanian*, January, 1829.]

Farewell to the land in which broad rivers flow,
And vast prairies bloom as in Eden's young day!
Farewell to the land in which lofty trees grow,
And the vine and the mistletoe's empire display!

Farewell to the land at whose call I deserted
A dearly loved home and the place of my birth!
In sorrow I met thee, with eyes half averted,
In sorrow I quit thee, thou bright spot of earth.

Thou land of my sojourn a brief term of years,
As a step-child I love thee for kindness oft shown;
And as in the dim distance thy blue mist appears,
My heart's warm emotions thy power shall own.

With the wide world to rove as in life's early day,
But with spirits less buoyant as chastened by time,
Reflecting in sadness, I tread the lone way,
With no home in the vista on which to recline.

Farewell, halls of science, where learning long strove
To maintain her dominion o'er minds wild and free!
May your seats still the triumphs of intellect prove,
And your sons, of the State the bright ornaments be!

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

Shrubs and trees, which I've planted and nurtured
with care,

Geraniums, roses, and myrtles, adieu!

Who your first fruits and blossoms hereafter will share,
And who will e'er show such devotion to you?

Should the rude or the thoughtless invade your
domain,

And ravage the scenes where my fancy will dwell,
Who then with new beauty will clothe you again,
And who will protect your young buds as they swell?

To the church, too, farewell, where in weekly devotion
My heart and my voice in full unison were
With the organ's deep tones, as with lively emotion
I joined in the concert of praise and of prayer.

But how to the friends, who have cherished me ever,
Shall I utter the word, or but think we must part!
Let destiny rule as she chooses, O never
Shall their sacred remembrance be torn from my
heart.

May they, too, forget not that they once loved a
stranger,

Whatever her mood was, grave, gay, or serene,
Though a pilgrim to be, in far countries a ranger,
She will still love to dwell on the days that have
been.

On memory's page let her faults leave no trace,
Or be with the mantle of kindness ruled o'er;
If aught good and laudable find there a place,
Let partial affection still add to the store.

May peace round your dwellings her influence shed,
And happiness open new treasures for you,
Till at length from these mansions the spirits have
fled,
And we all to the world bid a final adieu.

—Mrs. Horace Holley.

THE FEUD

I

ITS BEGINNING

It happened this way: He was just a lad,
Though big for sixteen years; and there they stood,
He and some others, laughing as youth should,
About some nonsense or some fun they'd had.
Then some one said what made another mad,
And words were passed and oaths (young blood!
young blood!)
You know how 'tis! And suddenly, *thud! thud!*
Two boys were at it. Worse grew out of bad.
One boy went up to him we all admired,
The merry-hearted fellow, handsome one,

And with a curse about—why, God knows what!
Just put a pistol to his heart and fired.—
That was the feud's beginning. Some one's son
Shot some one's son, and he in turn was shot.

II

THE END

And so one night they came, in wild carouse,
The father and the kinsmen of the boy
That young fiend shot. With never an "Ahoy,"
They shot into the windows of that house,
And burnt the barn and in it all the cows.
Not one was saved. They came there to destroy,
And did it thoroughly. Like some new joy
They toyed with death and made it boisterous vows.
They killed the boy first; while he blinked and gaped
They shot him by a tree outside the door;
The women fled; the men they killed like dogs,
The father and the uncle. *One* escaped,
The old grandfather in a gown he wore,
Who hid all night among a pen of hogs.

—*Madison Cawein.*

KENTUCKY

[A double acrostic.]

KENTUCKY, famed the world around,
Equal to any land e'er found—
No land of nobler daughters, sons,
Tried, trusted, true, and val'rous ones;
Union, in all that's grand and true,
Charming, her sons and daughters, too;
Kentucky's hills and mountains grand,
Yea, none more glorious, any land.

UNITED are her people great,
None more so found in any State;
In chivalry and State pride grand,
There's none more noted in the land—
Ever her sons and daughters found
Devoted, loyal, world around.

WE here, her sons and daughters, too,
E'er to her name are ever true.

STAND by the State that gave us Clay,
That gave us Lincoln, since his day;
And others on the scroll of fame,
None brighter, greater, too, we claim—
Devoted men of highest aim.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

DIVIDED we shall never be,
In all that makes a people free.
Vast her domain, of hill and plain,
In soil and products, yielding gain;
Diverse and grand, in ev'ry line,
Excels in all that's great and fine;
Delicious products, corn and wine.

WE have no better, dearer State,
Each all should know, she's grand and great.

FALL, never, while her sons survive,
As in their hearts they keep alive
Love for that once dark, bloody ground;
Lasting her fame, the whole world round.

—*Col. Nathan Ward Fitz-Gerald.*

KENTUCKY

From where Big Sandy tumbles down
Its sources in the mountains
Of West Virginia, and is fed
By crystal brooks and fountains,
Until it joins the graceful sweep
Of broad Ohio's waters,
That wash the strong and shapely feet
Of three beloved daughters

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

Of fair Columbia, and join
The great and murky river
That sweeps old Tennessee's rich banks
Where water lilies quiver,
I love you, dear Kentucky.

I love your woods and verdant hills,
And every stream and farmland,
For to your sons, dear mother State,
Your every rood's a charm-land.
No fairer women in the world,
No braver men, are living,
To bless the places whence they go,
Than those that you are giving,
And for your strong and loving ways,
Your happy homes and graces,
Your sons are zealous that your name
Shall hold the highest places,
And love you, dear Kentucky.

Oh, may you live ten thousand years
In all your strength and beauty;
And may your sons cling close to you
In loyal love and duty;
And may your fields be ever fair,
And all your sorrows lightest,
While all your joys shall grow apace,
The sweetest and the brightest;

May Peace and Plenty live with you
Through all the coming ages,
And ever pure your history be
In all its shining pages,
As our love, Kentucky.

—*William Lightfoot Visscher.*

IN OLD KENTUCKY

A PARODY

The juleps nowhere sprout so green
As in Kentucky;
And wood hogs nowhere are so lean
As in Kentucky;
The mud-creeks nowhere have the smell,
And nowhere else—the truth to tell—
Is it so hot, this side of hell,
As in Kentucky.

The bum hotel is all the style
In old Kentucky;
Where waiters wait once in a while,
In old Kentucky;
The trolley sometimes comes along—
That's when the current's running strong,
Or something else has not gone wrong—
In old Kentucky.

Nowhere such storms obscure the sun
As in Kentucky;
Nowhere do trains so slowly run
As in Kentucky;
And when my time has come to go,
Just take me there—because you know
I'll longer live—I'll die so slow
In old Kentucky.

Nowhere does soil so well suffice
As in Kentucky;
Nowhere ancestors cut such ice
As in Kentucky;
And I believe that lazy land
Of fleas and niggers, heat and sand,
Was simply fashioned to be damned—
Was old Kentucky.

—*Anonymous.*

THE MOUNTAIN STILL

I

THE MOONSHINER

He leans far out and watches: Down below
The road seems but a ribbon through the trees:
The bluff, from which he gazes, whence he sees
Some ox-team or some horseman come and go,
Is briered with brush. A man comes riding slow

Around a bend of road. Against his knees
The branches whip. He sits at careless ease.
It is the sheriff, armed for any foe.
A detonation tears the echoes from
Each pine-hung crag; upon the rider's brow
A smear of red springs out; he shades it now,
His grey eyes on the bluff. The crags are dumb.
Smoke wreathes one spot. The sheriff, with a cough,
Marks well that place, and then rides slowly off.

II

THE SHERIFF

Night and the mountain road: a crag where burns
What seems a star, low down: three men that glide
From tree and rock towards it: one a guide
For him who never from his purpose turns,
Who stands for law among these mountain kerns.
At last the torchlit cave, along whose side
The still is seen, and men who have defied
The law so long—law, who the threshold spurns
With leveled weapons now. . . . Wolves in a den
Fight not more fiercely than these fought; wild fear
In every face, and rage and pale surprise.
The smoke thins off, and in the cave four men
Lie dead or dying; one that mountaineer,
And one the sheriff with the fearless eyes.

—*Madison Cawein.*

THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER

Man born in the wilds of Kentucky is of feud days,
and full of virus.

He fisheth, fiddleth, fusseth, and fighteth all the
days of his busy life.

He shunneth water as a mad-dog, and drinketh
much bad whisky.

When he riseth from his cradle, he goeth forth to
seek the scalp of his grandsire's enemy, and bringeth
home in his carcass the ammunition of his neighbor's
wife's cousin's father-in-law, who avengeth the deed.

Yea, verily, his life is uncertain, and he knoweth
not the hour when he may be jerked hence.

He goeth forth on a journey half-shot, and cometh
back on a shutter, full of shot.

He riseth in the night to let the cat out, and lo!
it taketh nine doctors three days to pick the buckshot
out of his person.

He goeth forth in joy and gladness, and cometh
back in scraps and fragments.

He calleth his fellow man a liar, and he getteth
himself filled with scrap iron, even unto the fourth
generation.

A cyclone bloweth him into the bosom of a
neighbor's wife, and his neighbor's wife's husband
bloweth him into the bosom of Father Abraham before
he hath time to explain.

He emptieth a demijohn into himself, and a shotgun into his enemy. And his enemy's son lieth in wait for him on election day, and lo! the coroner ploweth up a forty-acre field to bury the remains of his enemies!

—*Anonymous.*

THE "PENNYRILE"

There's a spot in old Kentucky
Where the "pennyrile" is green;
'Tis the "Purchase" that we sing of—
'Tis the "horse and bluegrass" scene.
The place to live and die in,
Kentucky "Pennyrile"—
Where you'll find a hearty handshake,
And folks don't live alone for style.

There is something in their voices
Makes you feel a welcome home;
There's a kinship of the brethren
'Neath the sunny skies at home.
Just as natural as the sunlight
In their unaffected ways—
'Tis because there's nothing shallow
In Kentucky's style of brains.

There's a fearless, eagle brightness
In eyes that look in yours,
And a step that's full of lightness,
To grace Kentucky's shores.
Where womanhood is noblest,
And beauty reigns supreme,
And knighthood is the oldest—
Where the "pennyrile" is green.

Where the corn waves in the sunshine,
And the song of birds all day
Charm the weary traveler's hours
Into dreams of other days:
Of a cottage by the hillside,
Where the old persimmons grow—
Of a lane that's fringed with goldenrod,
Where gentle zephyrs blow.

When Gabriel sounds the roll-call
For the noble and the true,
There will be a mighty chorus
In Kentucky, through and through;
But the "Pennyrile" will lead them,
On that last and mighty march—
For the "Pennyrile's" the keystone
Of Kentucky's noble arch!

—*Mrs. Kate Surges Gear.*

THE VOICE FROM OLD KENTUCKY

"So you came back, after all, Colonel? When I saw you in Paris two years ago, you told me that Paris was your home. You said that it fit you like an old glove; that the boulevards were made for you, and that you never expected to come over to this side of the pond again. How came you to change your mind?"

"I got homesick."

"Homesick? Homesick? Well, that's good. Like a school girl, eh? What do you think of that, gentlemen? The Colonel got homesick! He, who hasn't had a home for thirty years—who has been roaming the earth ever since Lee surrendered. Touch the button, Colonel, the drinks are on you."

"With pleasure, Judge, but pardon me if I fail to understand the cause of your merriment. As the doctor says, it has been many years since I have known a home; but—don't keep the boy waiting. A little Bourbon for me. Yes, many years, gentlemen, many, many years. But I was homesick, just the same. And I confess that the incident that sent me back will probably appear trivial and absurd to you. I had made up my mind to make Paris my home. For a wanderer like me it seemed about the proper haven. I like its ways. I like its playhouses. In fact, I like everything about Paris—except its taste

in the matter of drinks. But you don't have to drink absinthe unless you care to, and I thought I was at last satisfied to settle down. I felt so thoroughly established that I began to think of doing some work, and actually did a little writing. This went on for a year or more, and I was fully determined to stay right there like an old hull on the beach, until the timbers fell apart.

“At last, some way or other, however, I began to feel a strong feeling of unrest. I got nervous. I began to worry about my liver. I consulted a doctor. He, the idiot, advised me to quit smoking, and I advised him to go to that place where people are supposed to smoke forever. I decided that I would run down to Rome and see the gay old town of dirty beggars and bid farewell to meat. It was just the time for the carnival, so to Rome I went. I didn't enjoy myself. I met many people I knew, but none for whom I cared. It's hard on a man to make merry all alone. I wondered who I had ever seen in the carnival before. I had a personal grievance against everybody who was enjoying himself. When some one threw a handful of confetti over me, I swore. I made up my mind to stay it out, however. I had a good window on the Corso, near the Piazza del Popolo, and there was no use running away. The blue devils would have followed me. You can

imagine me sitting there all alone, biting a cigar, and frowning down upon the gay crowds in the Corso. Little girls pointed me out and threw confetti at me, and then, when I did not smile, said something about the evil eye and got away. The noise made my head ache. Some friends called out to me from passing carriages, and I almost forgot to return their salutations. But all of a sudden my ears caught a whiff of an old melody. At first, gentlemen, I was not sure. I thought the tune was just running through my mind. But some one was surely singing. Above all the noise I could catch the song and the tinkling of banjos away down the street. Very faint, but coming nearer:

“Weep no mo’, my lady,
O weep no mo’ to-day,
For I’ll sing one song ob de old Kaintucky home,
Ob de old Kaintucky home far away.”

“Doctor, I don’t know just what you would have made out of a study of my brain when I caught those words; but I knew that it darted electricity all through every nerve in my body. The singers were coming my way—four good, strong American boys (Woodford County boys, I’ll bet). They were in an open carriage, and were blackened up to look like darkies. When they got up under my window, I jumped up and gave a rebel yell that shook the Vatican. They looked up, laughed, and kept on singing.

I strained my ears as they went down the Corso, and when I caught that last echo, hang it, gentlemen, there was a lump in my throat as big as your fist. I sailed for New York the very next week, and three weeks later I took a drink in Louisville.

“Well, here’s the boy. Everybody standing, please. Here’s to ‘The Old Kentucky Home!’”

—*Anonymous.*

—*Yenowine's "Illustrated Kentuckian," October, 1899.*

SONG OF THE NIGHT-RIDERS

It's up and out with the bat and owl!
We ride by night in fair and foul;
In foul and fair we take the pike,
And no man knows where our hand shall strike;
For, gun and pistol, and torch and mask,
These are our laws—let any ask:
And should one ask, why, tell him then
That we are the New-Jeans Gentlemen.

It's up and out with owl and bat!
Where the road winds back by wood and flat.
Black clouds are hunting the flying moon—
Let them hunt her down! and midnight soon
Shall blossom a brighter light, when down
We gallop, and shoot, and burn the town.
Who cares a curse who asks us then!
For we are the New-Jeans Gentlemen.

It's up and on! give the horse his head!
The rain is out and the world in bed.
Ride on to the village, and then ride back,
Where stands a house by the railroad track:
Riddle its windows and batter its door,
And call him out and shoot some more.
And if he question, why, damn him! then
Just shoot him down like gentlemen.

Why, he was a wretch beneath all scorn
Who planted the weed instead of corn.
And here is another who sold, by God!
Just bare his back and ply the rod!
Now burn his barn! and, sink or swim,
It's sport for us but hell for him.
And well he'll know when we leave him then
That we are the New-Jeans Gentlemen.

Yes; we are kin to the bat and owl:
We wait till night, then prey and prowl.
The man who plants or sells this year
Our hounds shall smell him out, no fear.
The hunt is up! Who'll bid us halt?
We'll sow his beds with grass and salt,
Or shoot him down like a dog, and then
Ride off like New-Jeans Gentlemen.

—*Madison Cawein.*

THE KENTUCKY COLONEL

[According to the papers.]

A night-riding colonel
From babyhood volonel,
With hoodlums fratolonel.

By spanking matolonel,
Example patolonel,
Temptations diolonel.

Some moonshine intolonel,
Some feelings supolonel,
Some shooting noctolonel.

A feud sempitolonel,
A journey etolonel
Through regions infolonel.

[As he is]

A popular colonel,
From babyhood volonel,
Through friendships fratolonel.

By fond pride patolonel,
Affections matolonel,
And teaching diolonel.

A sunny extolnel
And motives supolnel,
Good conscience noctolnel.

Then pleasures intolnel,
And fame sempitolnel,
And heaven etolnel.

—H. J. Lunger, in "*The Transylvanian*."

KENTUCKY SOUVENIR

A glory shines with wizard spell
Around the scenes where childhood played,
And a charm no tongue may truly tell
E'er woos where youth has sweetly strayed.
Heart shadows, ever, are strangely dear
When memory finds them 'neath those bowers,
And the silent drop is scarce a tear
That falls when dreaming o'er those hours.

Kentucky! cherished spot of earth!
Thou art thus enshrined within my heart;
Thy sun smiled on my spirit's birth,
And saw my first hope trembling start.
There budding love bloomed in my breast,
And joy first lighted up my brow;
The mold my childish foot first pressed
Is held within thy bosom now.

Oft have thy zephyrs sung for me
Their soft, melodious hymn,
While night was gemming heaven's sea,
And day's last beam was growing dim;
I have watched the shimmering tears of night
That on thy broad, green bosom lay,
Till, like a gentle seraph bright,
The sun had kissed them all away.

Within thy dear Pierian domes
I have conned the childish, lettered page,
And o'er abstruse and deeper tomes
Have toiled full well at later age;
And those, who on fair learning's hill
Have spread for me rich treasures bright,
Beneath thy shades are guarding still
My Alma Mater's radiant light.

And classmates dear who with me quaffed,
'Mid ever-varying joy and care,
Castalia's pure, ennobling draught,
Are gently kissed by thy mild air.
Thy rose and lily love to twine
Sweet fragrance 'mong their tresses soft,
And breezes come at eve's decline
To waft their whispered prayers aloft.

Here, onward to the setting sun,
Grand prairies their dim vastness spread
And woo me with their flowers gay,
Exhaling sweetness 'neath my tread.
The lettered dead here speak to me,
And loving souls here, too, I find;
But still my heart is bound to thee,
And sadly sweet such chainlets bind.

Thy darkly green, majestic hills,
Thy scattered rocks and water pure,
The music of thy birds and rills,
The grand old cliffs and vales secure—
I find not 'neath this Western sky.
Oft have they held my soul entranced
In sweet delirium, while high
On dreamland scenes my vision glanced.

My loved ones, deep within thy breast,
Through passing years of time shall sleep,
While on their graves thy turf shall rest,
And loving tears thy nights shall weep.
Kentucky! Oh, 'tis joy and pain
To think on all thou hast been to me,
And memory will, while life shall wane,
With mingled pleasure turn to thee.

—*Mollie H. Turner.*

IN FAR-FAMED OLD KENTUCKY

It's up in old Kentucky,
Where they never have the blues;
Where the Captain kills the Colonel,
And the Colonel kills the booze;
Where the horses they are pretty,
And the women, they are, too!
Where they shoot men just for pastime,
When there's nothing else to do.

Where the blood it flows like water,
And the bullets fly like hail;
Where every pistol has a pocket,
And every coat a tail;
Where they always hang the jury,
But they never hang the man;
Where you call a man a liar—
And then go home if you can.

Where you go out in the morning,
Just to give your health a chance—
And they bring you home at nightfall
With buckshot in your pants;
Where the owl's afraid to holler,
And the birds don't dare to sing—
For it's h—l in old Kentucky,
Where they shoot 'em on the wing.

THE RIVER IN MAMMOTH CAVE

Oh, dark, mysterious stream, I sit by thee
In awe profound, as myriad wanderers
Have sat before. I see thy waters move
From out the ghostly glimmerings of my lamp
Into the dark beyond, as noiselessly
As if thou wert a sombre river drawn
Upon a spectral canvas, or the stream
Of dim oblivion flowing through the lone
And shadowy vale of death. There is no wave
To whisper on thy shore, or breathe a wail,
Wounding its tender bosom on thy sharp
And jagged rocks. In numerous mingled tones,
The voices of the day and of the night,
Are ever heard through all our outer world,
For Nature there is never dumb; but here
I turn and turn my listening ear, and catch
No mortal sound, save that of my own heart,
That 'mid the awful stillness throbs aloud,
Like the far sea-surf's low and measured beat
Upon its rocky shore. But when a cry,
Or shout, or song is raised, how wildly back
Come the weird echoes from a thousand rocks,
As if unnumbered, airy sentinels,
The genii of the spot, caught up the voice,
Repeating it in wonder—a wild maze
Of spirit-tones, a wilderness of sounds,
Earth-born, but all unearthly.

Thou dost seem,
O wizard stream, a river of the dead—
A river of some blasted, perished world,
Wandering forever in the mystic void.
No breeze e'er strays across thy solemn tide;
No bird e'er breaks thy surface with his wing;
No star, or sky, or bow, is ever glassed
Within thy depths; no flower or blade e'er breathes
Its fragrance from thy bleak banks on the air.
True, here are flowers, or semblance of flowers,
Carved by the magic fingers of the drops
That fall upon thy rocky battlements—
Fair roses, tulips, pinks, and violets—
All white as cerements of the confined dead;
But they are flowers of stone, and never drank
The sunshine of the dew. O sombre stream,
Whence comest thou, and whither goest? Far
Above, upon the surface of old Earth,
A hundred rivers o'er thee pass and sweep,
In music and in sunshine, to the sea;
Thou art not born of them. Whence comest thou,
And whither goest? None of earth can know.
No mortal e'er has gazed upon thy source—
No mortal seen where thy dark waters blend
With the abyss of ocean. None may guess
The mysteries of thy course. Perchance thou hast
A hundred mighty cataracts, thundering down
Toward Earth's eternal center; but their sound

Is not for ear of man. All we can know
Is that thy tide rolls out, a specter stream,
From yon stupendous, frowning wall of rock,
And, moving on a little way, sinks down
Beneath another mass of rock as dark
And frowning, even as life—our little life—
Born of one fathomless eternity,
Steals on a moment, and then disappears
In an eternity as fathomless.

—George D. Prentice.

THE VANISHED DAYS

Lay the jest about the julep in the
 camphor balls at last,
For the miracle has happened, and
 the olden days are past;
That which makes Milwaukee thirsty
 does not foam in Tennessee,
And the lid in old Missouri is as tight
 locked as can be.
Oh, the comic paper colonel and his
 cronies well may sigh,
For the mint is waving gaily, but the
 South is going dry.

By the stillside, on the hillside, in
 Kentucky all is still;
For the only damp refreshment must
 be dipped up from the rill.

No'th C'lina's stately ruler gives his
soda glass a shove,
And discusses local option with the
South C'lina Gov.

It is useless at the fountain to be
winkful of the eye—
For the cocktail glass is dusty, and
the South is going dry.

It is, "Water, water everywhere, and
not a drop to drink;"
We no longer hear the music of the
mellow crystal clink,
When the Colonel and the Major, and
the General and the Jedge
Meet to have a little nip to give their
appetites an edge;
For the eggnog now is noggless, and
the rye has gone awry,
And the punch bowl holds carnations,
and the South is going dry.

All the nightcaps now have tassels, and
are worn upon the head—
Not the nightcaps that were taken
when nobody went to bed;
And the breeze above the bluegrass is
as solemn as is death,
For it bears no pungent clove-tank on
its odorific breath;

And ev'ry man can walk a chalk-line
when the stars are in the sky—
For the fizz-glass now is fizzless, and
the South is going dry.

Lay the jest about the julep 'neath the
chestnut tree at last,
For there's but one kind of moonshine,
and the olden days are past;
For the water-wagon rumbles through
the Southland on its trip,
And it helps no one to drop off to pick
up the driver's whip;
For the mint bed makes a pasture, and
the corkscrew hangeth high;
All is still along the hillside, and
the South is going dry.

Though she still has pretty women,
and her horses still are fast,
Old Kentucky's crowning glory
is a memory of the past.
Now the partisans of "straight goods"
and the "rectified" speak well—
For what's the use of scrapping,
with the business gone to hell?
In those lovely tasseled cornfields
all the crows are living high,
Each distillery's a graveyard, for the South,
By Gawd, sir, 's going dry.

—Anonymous.

KENTUCKY

Loved Kentucky, land of the blest,
Never by the heel of the tyrant oppressed;
Plenty pours from the horn of Cornucopia,
Happy are the children of the land of Utopia.

From the fierce Norman her sons are descended,
Statecraft, eloquence, chivalry happily blended;
Of a fair land they are the proud lords;
What they won with their rifles they will keep with
their swords.

Her daughters are the fairest the sun shines on,
Famed for duty and beauty in history and song;
Womanly women! to our hearts the more dear,
They will perpetuate the race of the bold Cavalier.

Here the sun woos the heart to softest delight,
The moon and the stars emparadise the night;
Her rivers and mountains enrapture the soul,
Her woods and meadows are the Eden of old.

When through wandering over the earth,
Carry me back to Kentucky, the land of my birth;
On her fair bosom pillow my head,
Peacefully I will slumber with loved ones long dead.

There the laverock will welcome the day at the
dawning,
The mavis will welcome the night at the gloaming,
The sun will warm the green sod on my breast,
The stars will watch over me while sweetly I rest.

—*Capt. Jack Harding.*

THE WOMEN OF BRYAN'S STATION

[Read at the Memorial Celebration at Bryan's Station,
August 18, 1896.]

For meet companionship to man,
With life and love in common,
And for perfection of his plan,
God's afterthought was—Woman!
Whilst Adam slept, from out his side
Was wrought this final feature,
To give His imaged self a bride—
A reproducing creature.

Then flowers bloomed in Eden's wild,
And birds and waters greeted,
And every scene the eye beguiled,
And earth was all completed.
The crowning act of God was done,
The King of Kings had rested,
And man and woman, two as one,
With royal right invested.

What had been life to him alone,
On mountain, vale, and river,
How Adam held his mighty throne,
To live and rule forever?
What had been power, love, or life
To him in isolation,
But for God's afterthought—a wife,
His last and best creation?

From her the royal scions came
That hold the world in leashes,
The lines that set all life aflame,
The godlike, human species—
These be the hands that sway the earth,
That constant point its steerage,
That bring their royalty to birth,
And proudly hold its peerage.

God drew no parting line between—
To favor one or other—
The king is master, and the queen
Is mistress and is mother.
The right to reign and rule this sphere
Is granted to the human;
There is no sex in soul, and here
It may be man or woman.

Throughout the ages that are dead,
With all their glaring errors,
Most legends show how men have led
The bloody way to terrors.
Great battles fought with brand and blade
That live for us in story,
To man's eternal shame are made
His monuments of glory.

The robbers of an older day,
Reliant on their power,
Who through the weaker cut their way,
Were heroes of the hour.
They held their tenures wide and grand
Through right of brigand forces,
And kept dominion of the land
By base and brutal courses.

Their names are carved on granite stones
Set up in honored places,
Above the ashes and the bones
Of slaughtered feebler races ;
But nowhere on this field of fame
The arch of ether under,
Is carven any woman's name
Who dyed her blade for plunder.

And few on earth have lived to see
 In deathless lines of story
The woman's real history,
 And charter right to glory.
But here and there across the lands
 Her fame has wide extended,
When boldly and with willing hands
 Her home has been defended.

There is no brutal force in her,
 No muscle built upon her,
But courage in her blood runs clear
 When virtue calls, or honor.
And sturdy men who meet in war
 As valiant foemen—brothers—
Are debtors deep for all they are
 To proud and fearless mothers.

No need to cite a woman's acts
 In common scription worded,
Her courage shows in living facts,
 Unnoted, unrecorded.
In what she does, how brave soe'er,
 She flaunts no glaring feature,
But careless shows, with danger near,
 The highest moral nature.

Sometimes, when ocean's beaten shores
Are lined with waiting wreckers,
Grace Darling plies her ashen oars
Across the angry breakers;
Sometimes, in battle's blast and blare,
When wounded men are dying,
A Florence Nightingale is there,
Her hands of mercy plying.

But yesterday, when death was rife
In madly raging water,
A mother freely gave her life
To save her helpless daughter.
Such acts as these are not for fame,
Nor done for self-revealing—
They come uncalled, in mercy's name,
From noblest human feeling.

A hundred years and more have sped,
Since here at Bryan's Station
The woman nature grandly shed
Its lustre on creation.
A simple act it seemed to those—
The sister, mother, daughter—
Who in the front of savage foes
Went down this path for water.

These lands about were virgin then,
No plow had scarred their faces,
And canebrake rank and forest fen
Usurped these grassy places.
On every side the dark trees stood
To cast their leaf-made shadows;
No shining axe had shorn the wood,
No bloom stood over meadows.

Some pioneers had made their way
Across the rugged border,
To give this spot the light of day
And bring its soil to order;
Some iron men who braved the wild,
Through rude, untrodden courses,
To find where kindly Nature smiled
Amid her rich resources.

Here, with their little household bands,
Were flecked their cabin quarters,
New castles built by knightly hands
For noble wives and daughters.
No feudal lord restrained their toil,
Their strong limbs held no bondage;
They came as masters of the soil,
Its waters, fruits, and frondage.

But though they claimed and held it all
With holder's right invested,
The red-skinned aboriginal
Their brave advance contested.
From out beyond Ohio's bend,
Kentucky's leaf-shade under,
He made his predatory trend
For murder and for plunder.

To shield themselves from raiding bands
That left this savage nation,
These pioneers with stalwart hands
Erected Bryan's Station.
You know the story—how they came
For mad rapine and slaughter,
And how our women went to fame
Along this path, for water.

In history, though briefly told,
Is found the graphic story
That proves the woman nature gold
And radiant of glory.
Here, fronting death, in battle's fen,
For love's divine relation,
They brought the draught to thirsting men
That saved old Bryan's Station.

And meet it is, when years have passed,
That by these living waters
A noting stone should come at last
As tribute from their daughters.
How good it is that where this spring
Flows down to join the river,
There now should stand a speaking thing
To tell their fame forever.

Thank God that in creation's mold,
When He conceived the human,
There lay enough of purest gold
To form the perfect woman.
Thank God that in His afterthought,
Through kindness to His creature,
His mighty hand with cunning wrought
This last, this crowning feature.

Through every way of human life
That mortal man is going,
From mother, daughter, sister, wife,
This courage high is showing,
And to all thirsting souls on earth,
From every clime and quarter,
The woman—best and fairest birth—
Is nobly bringing water.

—Henry T. Stanton.

"DRY" WIT

They talk of Kentucky going dry,
Which sets the colonels pouting,
To think Kentucky should go dry
Just when the mint is sprouting.

—*Anonymous.*
—*Florida Times-Union, Spring of 1914.*

THE BALLAD OF WHISKY STRAIGHT

I

Let dreamers whine
Of the pleasures of wine
For lovers of soft delight;
But this is the song
Of a tippie that's strong—
For men who must toil and fight.
Now the drink of luck
For the man full of pluck
Is easy to nominate:
It's the good old whisky of old Kentuck,
And you always drink it straight.

II

A julep's tang
Will diminish the pang
Of an old man's dream of yore,
When meadows were green
And the brook flowed between

The hills he will climb no more;
But the drink of luck
For the youth of good pluck,
Who can look in the eye of fate,
Is the good old whisky of old Kentuck,
And invariably straight.

III

So here's to the corn
That is growing this morn
All tasselled and gold and gay!
To the old copper still
In the sour mash mill
By the spring on the turnpike gray!
May the fount of luck
For the man full of pluck
Flow ever without abate
With the good old whisky of old Kentuck,
And strong and pure and straight.

Envoy

Old straight whisky! That is the drink of life—
Consolation, family, friends and wife!
So make your glasses ready,
Pour fingers three, then—steady!
“Here's good luck to Kentucky and whisky
straight!”

—*Young E. Allison.*

TAKE ME HOME

Take me back to old Kentucky,
Where the crystal waters glint,
As they dance along the borders,
Through the fragrant beds of mint;
Where the lasses and the horses
Are but terms for grace and speed,
And the whisky and the statesman
Are both noted for their "bead."

Take me back to old Kentucky
Where strong waters flow so free;
Where they cool you off in summer,
'Neath the spreading julep tree;
Where the "highballs" and the "low balls"
Always hit the center square,
And you never have, next morning,
Rheumatism in your hair.

Take me back to old Kentucky
Where the bluegrass decks the hills,
Where they have no use for water,
Save for operating mills;
For they scorn it as a beverage
On that dark and bloody ground,
As they claim—e'er since the Deluge—
That it tastes of sinners drowned.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

Take me back to old Kentucky,
To the State where I was born,
Where the corn is full of kernels,
And the colonels full of "corn;"
Where to disapprove that beverage
Is to toy with sudden death;
And they have a bonded warehouse,
Where they barrel up their breath.

Take me back to old Kentucky—
Let me hear the pistols pop,
See the pigs and politicians
With their snouts eye-deep in slop;
Take me back to those blue mountains
Where they argue but with lead;
But you needn't rush the matter—
Take me back when I am dead.

—*Anonymous.*

—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

KENTUCKY TO THE FRONT

[Frankfort, Ky., April 7, 1898.—Governor Bradley this morning made public a long list of prominent citizens who have offered their services for enlistment.]

Up from the bosky bluegrass dells,
Up from the Bourbon-flowing wells,
Up from the Peavine's tree-girt soil,
Up from the Red-brush where they toil,

Up from the Pennyrile's cave-pierced ground
Comes a wild and wooly, welcome sound
Of rattling spurs and clanking swords,
Of mounted men in hustling hordes;
A thousand horsemen, ten times o'er,
And ten times ten that many more,
Each eager, with a wild delight,
To meet the Spaniards in a fight.
Each sword is flashing from its sheath,
And eyes are blazing underneath;
Strong arms are raised and hearts as true
As beat beneath the gray and blue,
And fierce the clarion voices shout:
"We're here to fight this business out!!
Bring on the men the armies need,
We'll be the Colonels!!! Let War proceed!!!!!"

—*Will J. Lampton, in the New York Sun.*

WHEN BEN BRUSH WON THE DERBY

No fairer, brighter, softer day
Had old Kentucky seen in May;
The track was fast, the betting bold,
And eager every three-year-old.
The quarter-stretch was packed, alive
By men, like bees within a hive;

The grandstand seemed a vast bouquet
Of handsome women, bright and gay,
Of brilliant dress, and with the fair
Were gallant men, beside them there,
When Ben Brush won the Derby.

From far and near, on Churchill Downs,
Had gathered folk from farms and towns;
From river craft, and camp and fort,
To revel in the royal sport,
Where under saddle, spur, and lash,
And flying like a lightning flash,
The colts and fillies fought to win
New glory for their breed and kin.
Thus proudly came the game array
Upon that lovely day in May,
When Ben Brush won the Derby.

A quarter back behind the string
The entries made their starting spring,
High-bred Ulysses at the pole—
With hope to hold it to the goal—
And then Ben Eder, Brush, and all;
But gallant Brush came near a fall,
When at the clang of starter's bell,
The field went dashing down, pell mell.
So First Mate set the rattling pace
In that hot-foot and famous race,
When Ben Brush won the Derby.

Ben Eder pushed young First Mate out,
And from the stand a roaring shout
Came from his partisans, and then
The field was bunched behind brave Ben.
Along the back-stretch thus they flew—
Ben Eder's distance barely grew—
And so they reached the upper turn,
With every rider bent to earn,
With whip and spur, a better place,
And yet it looked like Eder's race,
 When Ben Brush won the Derby.

Around the turn and down the home
The flyers came, all white with foam.
By full three lengths or more, ahead
The two Bens bravely, madly sped,
Ben Eder leading Brush a length,
When, with a burst of speed and strength
Ben Brush pressed forward at the close,
And 'neath the wire pushed his nose;
Then from the crowd wild huzzas rose,
Loud and alike, from friends and foes,
 When Ben Brush won the Derby.

—*William Lightfoot Visscher.*

THE BATTLESHIP KENTUCKY

Here's to her who bears the name

Of our State;

May the glory of her fame

Be as great!

In the battle's dread eclipse,

When she opens iron lips,

When our ships confront the ships

Of our foe,

May each word of steel she utters carry woe!

Here's to her!

Here's to her who, like a knight

Mailed of old,

From far sea to sea the Right

Shall uphold.

May she always deal defeat,

When contending navies meet,

And the battle's screaming sleet

Blinds and stuns,

With the red, terrific thunder of her guns,

Here's to her!

Here's to her who bears the name

Of our State;

May the glory of her fame

Be as great!

Like a beacon, like a star,
May she lead our squadrons far—
When the hurricane of war
 Shakes the world
With the pennant in the vanguard broad unfurled—
 Here's to her!

—*Madison Cawein.*

KENTUCKY

To her clothed in deep woods and pastures fair
Man came and broke the glebe; and speedily
Arose earth's loveliest homes; she banished care
'Mid opulence; gave hospitality
Her regal seat. She poured into the ear
From glade and gloom sweet song, and flowers bore
To please until her craft should grow and rear
Wealth's more voluptuous fabric, pleasing more.
Rich her champagnes; but not alone her pride.
For, since her blood is pure, her female grace
Unrivaled, her sons' hate of smirch and grime
Swift as her peerless steeds; since side by side
Her sons take counsel with the great, her place
And fame still crescent, still she waits her prime.

—*Percival D. McCallum.*

WE ARE COMING, OLD KENTUCKY

[Upon receiving an invitation to attend the Kentucky Home Coming, in 1906.]

We are coming, old Kentucky,
Six hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream
And far New England's shore;
We leave our farms and offices,
The outside things we like,
With hearts too full for utterance,
And homeward "we all" hike.
We don't leave much behind us
Compared with what's before—
We are coming, old Kentucky,
Six hundred thousand more.

If you look across the hilltops
That meet the distant sky,
Long moving lines of rising dust
You'll pretty soon descry;
And now the wind, an instant,
Tears the cloudy vale aside,
And you see your children coming,
Them a-walking as can't ride.
We yearn to roll in bluegrass,
The golden corn-juice pour—
We are coming, old Kentucky,
Six hundred thousand more.

You have asked us, and we're coming,
All the young ones and the old,
All the men and all the women
Who are now outside the fold;
We are hungry for the welcome
That we know is waiting there,
We are thirsting for the "howdys"
That we know will fill the air.
We have waited long, and waiting
Makes us hone to see you, "shore"—
We are coming, old Kentucky,
Six hundred thousand more.

—*Will J. Lampton, in The New York Sun.*

KENTUCKY

O land where the wild birds are singing
Through all of the long summer day,
Where the mocking bird ever is winging
To join in the meadow lark's lay,
Where Nature with joy is abounding,
Where the sun ever brightly doth shine
On the wildwood and all its surrounding—
O Kentucky, O mother of mine!

O land where the bluegrass is growing,
Where men are good-natured and free,
Where soft winds forever are blowing
The sweet song of the greenwood tree;
O land of the valleys and mountains,
Dear land of the pasture and vine,
Fair land of bright, sparkling fountains—
O Kentucky, O mother of mine!

Thou hast drunk of the waters of Marah,
Thy soul has been steeped in all sin;
Thou hast travailed in deepest of sorrow
For the sceptre that few ever win.
Thou art leal, art brave and art gracious,
Thy spirit's more subtle than wine;
Thou art true and noble and precious—
O Kentucky, O mother of mine!

Thou art she who is sung by the sages,
Thou art she who is blazoned by fame;
Thy sagas through all coming ages
Shall herald the meed of thy name.
Many deeds of thy sons live in story—
Great deeds, that were oftentimes sublime,
Bestowing full measure of glory—
O Kentucky, O mother of mine!

And the fond hearts always are turning
Of thy sons who have wandered afar,
To the shrine where thy incense is burning
With the glow of a scintillant star.
O land of true men and sweet women,
O land hardly less than divine,
Thou art noble, and yet art inhuman—
O Kentucky, O mother of mine!

—Anderson Chenault Quisenberry.

A KENTUCKY SUNRISE

Faint streaks of light; soft murmurs; sweet
Meadow-breaths; low winds; the deep gray
Yielding to a crimson; a lamb's bleat;
Soft-tinted hills; a mockbird's lay:
And the red sun brings forth the day.

—Harrison Conrard.

SUNSET IN BREATHITT

Through purple haze of evening mountain mist,
A spiral thread of dark blue smoke arose
From hidden cove and rugged steep defile;
While like a ball of blood o'er some fair magic isle,
The sun a moment hung in deep repose,
Above a placid sea of amethyst,
In mystic prophecy of death and doom,—
Then dropped and splashed the sky with crimson
spray and spume!

—Cotton Noe.

A KENTUCKY SUNSET

The great sun dies in the west; gold
And scarlet fill the skies; the white
Daisies nod in repose; the fold
Welcomes the lamb; larks sink from sight:
The long shadows come, and then—Night.

—*Harrison Conrard.*

NOON IN KENTUCKY

All day from the tulip-poplar boughs
The chewink's voice like a gold bell rings,
The meadow-lark pipes to the drowsy cows,
And the oriole like a red rose swings,

 And clings and swings,
Shaking the noon from his burning wings.

A flush of purple within the brake
The redbud burns, where the spice-wood blows,
And the brook laughs low where the white dews shake,

 And flows and goes
Under the feet of the wet wood rose.

Odors of May-apples blossoming,
And violets stirring and bluebells shaken—
Shadows that start from the thrush's wing
And float on the pools, and swim and waken—

 Unshaken, untaken—
Bronze wood naiads that wait forsaken.

All day the lireodendron droops
Over the thickets her moons of gold;
All day the cumulous dogwood groups
Flake the mosses with star-snows cold,
 While gold untold
The oriole pours from his song-thatched hold.

Carol of love, all day in the thickets,
Redbird; warble, O thrush, of pain!
Pipe me of pity, O rainbow hidden
Deep in the wood! and, lo! the refrain
 Of pain, again
Shall out of the bosom of Heaven bring rain!

—Charles J. O'Malley.

THE NAMING OF LEXINGTON

“The eighteenth of April in 'seventy-five,
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year!”

So sang the poet, if my memory's clear,
In telling of the ride of Paul Revere.

But, have we now forgotten it, that time our
 patriots hurled
The shot of proud defiance that went
 thundering 'round the world?

Ah, no, far from it, brothers, here around
us you can see
In this city of the Bluegrass, of our dear
old Kentucky,
A memorial, time defying, to that glorious
war begun
By the fight in Massachusetts, near the
village, Lexington.

'Twas a summer night, and hunters, comrades
of th' immortal Boone,
Were encamped where now we banquet, and
the yellow harvest moon
Shed its rays through spreading branches
over men of stalwart breed—
Men who won the empire for us by sheer
grit and gallant deed;
Men who made the toilsome journey o'er
the Cumberland's steep trail,
And with firm faith fought on westward,
knowing no such word as "Fail."

To the pathfinders thus resting 'round their
fire beneath the trees
Came a messenger, all breathless, and his
tidings, they were these:
"There has been a fight, my brothers, and
our arms have won the day,
On the bloody field of Lexington, up
Massachusetts way:

We have sent the redcoats flying like a
 pack of driven sheep,
And the flames of revolution through the
 Colonies now sweep
From the hills o'erlooking Boston to
 Savannah by the sea,
While our proud flag bears the motto,
 '*America is Free!*'
Free for all time from bondage to a hated
 foreign band—
America, the beautiful, our own dear
 native land!"
He ceased, and for a moment silence held all
 rooted there
With amazement at the tidings, but next
 instant on the air
Rose the wild whoop of hunters as they leaped
 up from the ground,
Waking forest glade and hillside with the
 glad triumphant sound
Which met the proclamation of another
 nation's birth—
The advent of Columbia, the fairest land
 on earth.

When at length the mad elation of the hunters
 ran its course,
Stepped forth young Robert Patterson, and
 in voice emotion-hoarse:

“Let us give this spot, my comrades,” cried
he, “whereon we stand,
The glorious name of *Lexington*, which
shall be throughout the land
For all time to come a monument that the
sons of men can see,
And an altar dedicated to a people brave
and free!”

Thus our fair town had its origin in the days
of long ago,
And though you'll find upon the map at
least a score or so
Of other towns called Lexington—the one
without a peer
Is the one that harbors us to-night—this
good old town, right here!

—*Alan Pegram Gilmour.*

ONCE A KENTUCKIAN, ALWAYS A
KENTUCKIAN.

[From a speech delivered at the Kentucky Home-Coming,
Louisville, June 13, 1906.]

Once a Kentuckian, always a Kentuckian. From
the cradle to the grave, the arms of the motherland,
immortal as the ages, yet mortal in maternal affection,
warmed by the rich, red blood of Virginia—the voice

of the motherland, reaching the farthest corners of the earth in tones of heavenly music, summon the errant to the roof-tree's shade and bid the wanderer home. What wanderer yet was ever loth to come? Whether upon the heights of fortune and fame, or down amid the shadows of the valley of death and despair, the true Kentuckian, seeing the shining eyes and hearing the mother call, sends back the answering refrain:

“Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,
My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee.”
Behold, in this great, exultant multitude, the proof!

Kentucky! Old Kentucky! The very name has had a charm, has wrought a spell, has made a melody all its own; has woven on its sylvan loom a glory quite apart from the glory of Virginia, Kentucky's mother, and the glory of Tennessee, Kentucky's sister. It has bloomed in all hearts where manhood and womanhood hold the right of way. The drama of the ages, told in pulse-beats, finds here an interlude which fiction vainly emulates and history may not overleap. Not as the Greek, seeking Promethean fire and oracles of Delphos, nor as the Roman filled with the joy of living and the lust of conquest; not as the Viking, springing to the call of wind and wave, nor as the Latin, dazzled by the glitter of gold, mad with the thirst for glory; neither as the Briton and the Teuton, eager for mastership on land and sea, the Kentuckian,

whom we, in filial homage, salute progenitor. He was as none of these. Big in bone and strong of voice—the full-grown man prefigured by the psalmist—never the ocean mirrored his fancies, nor snow-clad peaks that reach the skies inspired; but the mystery of strange lands, the savagery of Nature and the song of the greenwood tree.

* * * * *

Kentucky, which gave Abraham Lincoln to the North and Jefferson Davis to the South, contributing a very nearly equal quota of soldiers to each of the contending armies of that great conflict—in point of fact, as many fighting men as had ever voted in any election—a larger per centum of the population than has ever been furnished in time of war by any modern State—Kentucky, thus rent by civil feud, was first to know the battle was ended and to draw together in reunited brotherhood. Kentucky struck the earliest blow for freedom, furnished the first martyrs to liberty, in Cuba. It was a Crittenden, smiling before a file of Spanish musketry, refusing to be blindfolded or to bend the knee, for the fatal volley, who uttered the key-note of his race, "A Kentuckian always faces his enemy and kneels only to his God." It was another Kentuckian, the gallant Holman, who, undaunted by the dread decimation, the cruel death-by-lot, having drawn a white bean for himself, brushed his friend aside and drew another in his stead. Ah, yes; we have

our humors along with our heroics, and laugh anon at ourselves, and our mishaps and our jokes; but we are nowise a bloody-minded people; the rather a sentimental, hospitable, kindly people, caring perhaps too much for the picturesque and too little for consequences. Though our jests be sometimes rough, they are robust and clean. We are a provincial people and we rejoice in our provincialism. . . .

—Henry Watterson.

A KENTUCKY GIANT

[Identified as Jim Porter, the Louisville hackman.]

We found the steamboat in the canal, waiting for the slow process of getting through the lock, and went on board, where we shortly afterwards had a new kind of visitor in the person of a certain Kentucky giant whose name is Porter, and who is of the moderate height of seven feet eight inches, in his stockings.

.
The Kentucky Giant was but another illustration of the truth of this position (of meekness, etc., *ante*). He had a weakness in the region of the knees, and a trustfulness in his long face, which appealed even to five-foot-nine for encouragement and support. He was only twenty-five years old, he said, and had grown recently, for it had been found necessary to make an addition to the legs of his inexpressibles.

At fifteen he was a short boy, and in those days his English father and his Irish mother had rather snubbed him, as being too small of stature to sustain the credit of the family. He added that his health had not been good, though it was better now; but short people are not wanting who whisper that he drinks too hard.

I understand he drives a hackney-coach, though how he does it, unless he stands on the footboard behind, and lies along the roof upon his chest, with his chin in the box, it would be difficult to comprehend. He brought his gun with him, as a curiosity. Christened "The Little Rifle," and displayed outside a shop-window, it would make the fortune of any retail business in Holborn. When he had shown himself and talked a little while, he withdrew with his pocket-instrument, and went bobbing down the cabin, among men of six feet high and upwards, like a lighthouse walking among lamp-posts.

—Charles Dickens, in "American Notes."

NOTE.—Dickens visited America in 1842. Not long after this visit his "Notes for General Circulation" had become pretty generally known over the States. As Andrew Lang remarks, "He (Dickens) did not make himself a *persona grata* by his freedom of speech, and, especially, he irritated many of the newspapers. * * * As the French say, he missed an invaluable opportunity to hold his tongue." One American critic opened up with a reply to Dickens in capitals: "DICKENS IS A FOOL AND A LIAR." But certainly the great English novelist had nothing but kindness in his heart for the Americans.

KENTUCKY

[By Kentucky's first poet, who was born in Virginia, about 1760; settled in Danville, Kentucky, about 1785, and died there about 1820. This poem was first published in 1796.]

I hate Kentucky, curse the place,
And all her vile and miscreant race!
Who make religion's sacred tie
A mask through which they cheat and lie.
Proteus could not change his shape,
Nor Jupiter commit a rape
With half the ease those villains can
Send prayers to God and cheat their man!
I hate all judges here of late,
And every lawyer in the State.
Each quack that is called physician,
And all blockheads in Commission—
Worse than the Baptist roaring rant
I hate the Presbyterian cant—
Their parsons, elders, nay, the whole,
And wish them gone with all my soul.

—*Thomas Johnson, in The Kentucky Miscellany.*

THE HEROINES OF BRYAN'S STATION

Up hands, with handkerchiefs awave,
Hearts, thrill with admiration
To-day for women bright and brave
Who lived at Bryan's Station.
Great mothers of the wilderness,
Fair damsels of the forest,
Whose courage grand in men's distress
Relieved when need was sorest.

No monument of gleaming stone,
Unwreathed with sunlit glory,
No cenotaph with speechless tone
Proclaims their wondrous story.
The trees no longer sacred stand
In memory of these daughters
And sons whose valor won this land,
Our silent patriot martyrs.

Our land of matchless loveliness,
Of tree and hill and pasture,
Of meadows blooming in bluegrass,
Of fields in grain-gold vesture.
Where mountains like gray ladders thrown
Down from the starry regions,
With rivers leaping o'er each stone
Like sprites, a crystal legion.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

They came when these in virgin growth
Were seen in wild disorder,
Domain of elk and howling wolf
And Indian marauder;
A land of beauty, Nature's green,
By red foes held surrounded;
They braved its dangers, cleared its green
And forts and homes were founded.

Their story comes to us adown
The course of many dangers;
Our land has now so far outgrown
It seems the tale of strangers.
The old log forts, the spring and gun
Demand commemoration;
The brave and fair who fought and won
Our cause at Bryan's Station.

When pioneers were close besieged
By savages and Girty,
And Bryan's guard within was hedged,
And scarcely numbered thirty,
The story goes; food almost gone,
No meal was in their pockets,
And worse, they saw at morning's dawn
No water in their buckets.

Men dared not venture out the fort
To reach the spring of water,
So, through the wood, an open court,
Went forth each wife and daughter.
What though the ambushed Indian there
Stood hiding back to spear them?
With heads erect and dauntless air,
As though they did not fear them.

They rushed along up to the spring,
And, stooping, filled their buckets,
Then with them in each hand a-swing
Like sparkling diamond lockets,
They glided back across the brink
Safe with their precious treasure,
And left their foes to sulk and sink,
Disheartened by their measure.

The women's courage distanced praise,
For ne'er had Rome or Sparta
Recorded deeds in all their days
Like this of drawing water;
Like this, of peril fierce and dire,
When women fair and peerless
Stepped in between the foeman's fire
And men erst strong and fearless.

No glittering spoil was their reward,
They spurned the foe's condition;
But never knight or plumed lord
More grandly wrought their mission.
The men were few; the fort was lost
If foes saw their prostration;
'Twas life or death at fearful cost—
Thus women saved the Station.

They asked not for remembrance when
The scribes at Bryan's Station
Were writing history of the men
Who quashed the Indian nation;
They did not ask a word of praise
For their heroic action,
But nobly passed those war-gloomed days
As God gave them direction.

But pioneers so true at heart,
Thrilled by their dread endeavor,
Told of these angel women's part
With gratitude forever.
They left on record their report—
But for those pails of water
All might have perished in the fort
Of famine, thirst, or slaughter.

—*Mrs. Jennie Chinn Morton.*

JOY IN OLD KENTUCKY

[*The Houston (Texas) Post* on the Kentucky Home-Coming,
1906.]

There is joy in old Kentucky
Where the upland grass is blue,
Where the maids are sweet and winning,
Where the hearts of men are true;
There is joy in old Kentucky
When the daylight turns to gloam,
For her call has filled the country
And her sons are coming home.

There'll be joy in old Kentucky,
There'll be many a kiss and hug;
There'll be many corncob stoppers
Lifted from the old home jug;
There'll be clean-limbed horses racing,
There'll be songs and shouts of glee;
There'll be every sort of gladness,
And the liquids will be free.

—*Anonymous.*

ELKHORN

O Nature, thou art ever fair,
And ever fair thou art to me.
Thy radiant spirit's everywhere—
On mountain height and grassy lea.
In sweet Kentucky love I thee,
Where laurel blooms and bluegrass grows,
But thou art dearest all to me
Where dreamily the Elkhorn flows.

Sweet silver Elkhorn,
I hear thy music in my dreams;
Clear, rippling Elkhorn—
Queen of all the Bluegrass streams.

All through the sunny hours in June
I listen to thy limpid strain
That lulls to softer, sweeter tune
The music of my heart and brain.
But, O to dream these hours away,
And feel the magic of thy flow,
What more need I of charm to stay?
What more of simple joy to know?

O Elkhorn, thou must surely know
The time when I my loved one meet,
For in the evening's softening glow
I hear thee say: "To love is sweet."

"To love is sweet," thou'rt whispering now,
With voice untouched, untrained by art.
Sing on, fair Elkhorn, gently thou—
Sing to my love-awakened heart!

O Elkhorn, fairest of the fair!
That shimmers in the sunlight's beams;
O Elkhorn, rarest of the rare!
With dancing ripples, curls, and gleams
Of all the jewels I have seen
In Nature's realm, I prize thee best—
Thee, Elkhorn—diamond-pure, serene,
That glitters on Kentucky's breast.

—*Alexander Hynd-Lindsay.*

TO DIXIE

Sweet Kentucky rose, unfolding
Near the foot of Life's fair hill,
Brightly in the sunshine glowing,
Sparkling like a sun-kissed rill,
To the gazing eye thou sayest,
"Beauty is unfettered still."

If thou think'st for aye a-blooming
Here to dwell in freedom's pride,
May my hand the shade encroaching
Have the right to brush aside.
But thou art a flower too lovely
Never to be made a bride;

And if ever thou dost yielding
Grace the garden of some heart,
Happy were that garden's owner
There to shield thee with best art,
While thy face and spoken music
Sweetest thrillings through him start.

—*Percival D. McCallum.*

THE HAUGHS O' AULD KENTUCK

[From *A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns, and Poems*, published at Paisley, Scotland, in 1792.]

Welcome, Edie owre the sea,
Welcome to this lan' an' me,
Welcome from the warl' whaur we
Hae whistled owre the lave¹ o't.

Come, gie your banes anither hitch,
Up Hudson's stream, through Clinton's ditch,
An' see our watlin² meadows rich
Wi' corn and a' the lave o't.

We've hizzie³ here baith swank⁴ and sweet,
An' birkies⁵ here that can stan' a heat
O' barley bree, or aqua vit
Syne whistle owre the lave o't.

¹Rest; ²cane-brake; ³maidens; ⁴agile; ⁵young men.

Gude kens,⁶ I want nae better luck
Than just to see ye, like a buck,
Spanking the haughs' o' auld Kentuck,
An' whistling owre the lave o't.

—*Hew Ainslie.*

⁶Goodness knows; ⁷speeding over the meadows.

“SPIRIT”

“I drink no wine.” The butler bland
Paused, blankly staring, flask in hand.
The bright-eyed belles and dull-eyed beaux
All, roused from the dinner table pose,
Gave heed such heresies demand.

Then slanted glance, light laughter fanned,
And whispered jest behind the hand,
At who dares say to friends and foes
Aboveboard, and not beneath the rose—
“I drink no wine.”

Once more the gulf of silence spanned,
By that clear voice, with courage grand,
“Wine is a mocker, but there flows
A fount clear, pure, to heal earth's woes;
I come, sah, from Kentucky, and
I drink no wine!”

—*Grace McGowan Cooke, in “The Smart Set.”*

BACK TO SWEET CLARK COUNTY

[Recited by its author at the Commercial Club banquet,
in Winchester, Kentucky, November 15, 1905.]

I am weary of the wandering,
The waiting and the pondering,
The shadows kindly lengthen out their warning;
And I've come to the conclusion,
Inspiration or illusion,
And I'm back to sweet Clark County in the morning.

The years loiter still and dreary,
Musing voices hale and cheery,
Old memories around my heart are storming;
And the saddened days forlorn
But lengthen out the cheerless morn,
And I'm off to sweet Clark County in the morning.

And though the years a-many be,
A scene comes often back to me,
A homestead quaint and landscape fair adorning,
Yet an incense floats too often,
And this makes the heart to soften,
And I'm off to sweet Clark County in the morning.

Wandering wide in stranger lands,
I've felt the clasp of kindly hands,
And while no thrill of friendship pulses scorning;
Of a truth, in nothing vaunting,
Other than a something wanting—
And I'm off to sweet Clark County in the morning.

—James H. Mulligan.

LINES IN THE STATE CEMETERY
AT FRANKFORT

A softly hollowed hand of purpling hills
Holds fields and river, bridge and dreaming town
While from these heights, the quiet gaze down
Unseeing; the sun its amber wine outspills
Behind the swift cloud racks till the woodland thrills
With golden light, that drips from leaf to leaf,
To spend itself on mellowing fruit and sheaf,
And blossoms mirrored in slow, sleeping rills.

The touch of mist soothes all the land to peace,
Bright maple trees burn low, and roof and spire,
Where trees usurp, and flower-starred meadows cease,
Catch from a passing beam elusive fire,
Then smolder dully red; while sweet and near
A bird's delicious rapture charms the ear.

So fair the scene, so peaceful the estate
Of calm majestic death, one scarce would deem
Aught else than figments of a fevered dream,
The noise of contest or of stern debate;
Yet do the fathers of a sovereign State
Pass yonder pillared threshold o'er, while still
The marble victory builded on this hill
Calls over out upon them to the great.

Shall she lack heroes who hath need of such
For crown and guerdon? In her outstretched hand
The laurel wreath still asks the vital touch
Of living brows; who joins her stainless band
Is one for aye with those of deathless name
Who made their sacred quest Kentucky's fame.

—*Bessie Hutchins Smith.*

IN THE KENTUCKY HALL OF FAME

If aught that I have ever done
Was worth my service here,
Good Lord, I beg that Thou would'st own
The work, and hold it dear.

For Thee, and for Kentucky's sake,
I've gathered book and scroll,
And paintings, statues, all that make
For fame on History's roll.

That these may speak in language sweet,
If sad and low, the name
Of those who no more walk the street
That now their work proclaim.

They who fought for God and home,
And left us this fair land,
In love to Thee and them we come
To guard what they once planned.

They speak to us to-day from books,
From pictures on the wall,
And silently beseech with looks,
Lest we may not recall

The debt we owe our heroes dead,
Our statesmen, soldiers, bards,
So we on wall and history spread
These priceless works and words.

—Mrs. Jennie Chinn Morton.

LINCOLN AND DAVIS

[From the *Louisville Evening Post*, June 15, 1906, upon the occasion of the opening of "Home-Coming Week."]

From out the fading mists of war two
shades appear to-day,
With clasped hands bridging o'er the
gulf where rolled the civic fray—
The Commoner, whose wisdom made a
nation truly great,
And he who taught his hosts to love the
sovereignty of State;
And both were of Kentucky's soil, divided
though they stood,
And each believed his cause was worth its
baptism of blood ;

But now the stress of war is gone, and
from its clouds appear
Our reunited sons again—in spirit both
are here.

—*Charles Hamilton Musgrove.*

NOTE.—This little poem was illustrated by portraits of Lincoln and Davis standing with clasped hands, and representing Kentucky's seal—"United we stand, divided we fall."

—A. C. Q.

A CHICAGO DIAGNOSIS OF KENTUCKY

Kentucky's hills are full of rills,
And all the rills are lined with stills,
And all the stills are full of gills,
And all the gills are full of thrills,
And all the thrills are full of kills.

You see the feudist dot the hills,
And camp among the little rills,
Convenient to the little stills,
And thirsting for the brimming gills;
And when the juice his system fills,
Each feudist whoops around and kills.

Now, if they'd only stop the stills
They'd cure Kentucky's many ills,
Men would be spared to climb the hills
And operate the little stills
That linger on the little rills,
And manufacture gills and thrills.

But making many other thrills
Would multiply the erstwhile kills,
And all the hills and rills and stills,
And all the gills and thrills and kills
Are spende'd for the coffin mills,
And make more undertaker's bills.

—*W. D. Nesbit, in The Chicago Tribune.*

KENTUCKY CORN

Tasseled and plumed, Kentucky's king of grain
Waves his sceptered blades in the warm June air;
While on them dewdrops sparkle everywhere.
The golden sunbeams and the singing rain
Steal down to root and stalk—the beaded grains
Swell in their silken sheaths like pearls rare,
While stirs the milk-white sap which the gods declare
Makes best ambrosia for the brawn and brain.

When the days grow short and the nights blow cold,
And all the woods are out on dress parade,
While fruit hangs mellow in the autumn shade,
Thou standest there like burnished spears of gold,
Ready to listen to the call of death—
Whose voice I hear in thy dry rustling breath.

—*Alexander Hynd-Lindsay.*

"MARSE" HENRY WATTERSON

Who makes a law may force a means to curse,
Who puts it forth may blight the universe;
For what is man that he should say to man:
"Do thus and so, or feel the scourge and ban?"

Who builds a tower of crumbling theories
Must list his Babel in its mongrel keys;
For truth is onward, while a guess but hears
Its name re-echoed in a thousand years.

Who dares to whisper that his God and he
Are all-in-all of aristocracy,
Proves him a tyrant with a tyrant's power
And slays that tyrant in his boasting hour.

Nay, not of these is he of pregnant phrase,
Nay, not of these is he of toil-won bays.
Socratic spirit and Platonic pen
Win him first heirship in the ranks of men.

He sees as clearly as the Magi saw
That love is living, and that life is law.
He knows as fully as the prophets knew
Faith in man's struggles makes the strength of
two.

My South that suffers and my South that bears
A triple measure of the Nation's cares,
Use but one weapon, and thy battle's won—
The love and faith and poise of Watterson.

—*Joseph S. Cotter.*

NOTE.—Cotter is one of the most remarkable men the Negro race has yet produced in this country. He could read before he was four years old. At eight he was compelled to quit school and go to hard manual labor for a livelihood. At twenty-two he re-entered school (in Louisville) and in ten months completed the 3d, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th grades. And this was in a night school! As a poet Cotter is not so versatile as Paul Lawrence Dunbar, but he shows even more depth of thought, and has a greater poetic vision than does Dunbar.

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST

The mothers of our Forest Land!
Stout-hearted dames were they;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border fray.
Our rough land had no braver
In its days of blood and strife—
Aye ready for severest toil,
Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our Forest Land!
On old Kentucky's soil,
How shared they, with each dauntless band,
War's tempest and life's toil!

They shrank not from the foeman,
They quailed not in the fight,
But cheered their husbands through the day,
And soothed them through the night.

The mothers of our Forest Land!
Their bosoms pillowed *men*;
And proud were they by such to stand
In hammock, fort, or glen;
To load the sure old rifle—
To run the leaden ball—
To watch a battling husband's place,
And fill it, should he fall.

The mothers of our Forest Land!
Such were their daily deeds;
Their monument—where does it stand?
Their epitaph—who reads?
No braver dames had Sparta—
No nobler matrons Rome—
Yet who or lauds or honors them,
E'en in their own green home?

The mothers of our Forest Land!
They sleep in unknown graves;
And had they borne and nursed a band
Of ingrates or of slaves,
They had not been more neglected—
But their graves shall yet be found,
And their monuments dot here and there
"The Dark and Bloody Ground!"

—*William D. Gallagher.*

RICHMOND ON THE PIKE

A SONG

'Mid the bluegrass of Kentucky
Lies a tranquil little town
That has great claim on history
For distinction and renown;
And to me its streets are fairer
Than the boulevards of Páree,
Rotten Row of London,
Or Monaco by the sea.

Ten thousand leagues I've traveled
Over land and briny foam,
But no sight I saw detracted
From my old Kentucky home;
For with tones that time has mellowed
Now the chords of memory strike,
As I think with youthful ardor
Of dear Richmond on the Pike.

—*John Coghlan.*

MAMMOTH CAVE

Silent, reverberant, like some vast shell
Its unknown occupant at last outgrows,
Lies the dark labyrinth. No longer flows
The rushing river whose obstructed swell
Clove these wild ways, and dashed along pell-mell
These rugged rocks, and in its mighty throes
Burst these wide caverns, and in domes arose—
Then, desperate, down these black abysses fell.
All vanished—save the still, small secret stream
Amid whose gloom the prisoned echoes fly—
And in its empty course we glide to-day,
Glancing like fireflies with the lanterns' gleam,
Strange visitants, to vanish by and by,
As the lost, nameless river passed away.

—*Julia Stockton Dinsmore.*

THE "RAIN OF LAW"

[On the appearance of Allen's "The Reign of Law."]

"The Reign of Law"—
Well, Allen, you're lucky;
It's the first time it ever
Rained law in Kentucky.

—*Will J. Lampton.*

KENTUCKY'S "ORPHAN BRIGADE"
AT CHICKAMAUGA

Madly is flowing the red tide of battle,
Dark Chickamauga, thy shadows among,
And, true to thy legends, with fierce roar and rattle,
The shadows of Death o'er thy bosom are flung.

See, up yon hillside a gray line is sweeping,
Breasting the thick storm of grapeshot and shell;
Shouting like demons, o'er abattis leaping,
Sons of Kentucky, ye charge them right well!

Up to the cannon's mouth, on to the rampart,
Shoulder to shoulder in comrade-like dress;
Steel into steel flashing fierce in the sunlight,
Pulsing out life-drops like wine from the press!

Think they of far homes, once sunny and bright,
Now blackened and dreary, swept by the flame—
Fair sisters and sweethearts—God pity the sight—
Wandering outcasts with heads bowed in shame!

Hark to the answer! That shout of defiance
Rings out like a knell above the fierce strife;
'Tis death without shrift to the dastardly foe,
And Heaven have pity on sweetheart and wife!

On, on like a wave that engulfs do they press,
O'er rider and horse, o'er dying and dead;
Nor stop they till night—blessed night for the foe—
Her mantle of peace o'er the fallen hath spread.

The battle is over, but where is thy chief,
The Bayard of battle, dauntless and brave?
There, cold and uncoffined, lies chivalrous Helm,
Where Glory's mailed hand hath found him a grave.

Where Hewitt and Daniel? Where trumpet-voiced
Graves?
And where the brave men they gallantly led?
There, voiceless forever, and dreamless they lie
On the field they have won—immortal, though dead.

Flow on, Chickamauga, in silence flow on
Among the dun shadows that fall on thy breast;
These comrades of battle, a-weary of strife,
Have halted them here by thy waters to rest!

—*Joseph M. Tydings (1864).*

ANN MCGINTY'S GRAVE AT
HARRODSBURG

She who had braved the redman's hate—
With Harrod, Clark, and Boone,
First of her sex within the State,
Before a way was hewn,

Who heard the savage whoop and yell
With dead around her strewn—
And helped the savage hordes repel,
To save the place from ruin.

I scraped away the moss and mold
For on it at a glance
Saw characters, perhaps which told
Of someone whose advance
Into the western forest gave
The savage less expanse—
And lo! saw Ann McGinty's grave,
Which I had found by chance.

—*Anonymous.*

SONG OF THE RAID

On the Cumberland's bosom
The moonbeams are bright,
And the path of the raiders
Is plain by her light;
Across the broad riffle
And up the steep bank,
The long winding column
Moves rank after rank.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

Then ho! for the bluegrass—
And welcome the chance—
No matter the danger
That bids us advance;
The odds must be heavy
To turn or deter
The lads who make war
With the pistol and spur!

All hail to the bluegrass!
So sweet in my sight—
To its pastures so green
And its waters so bright;
If it pass to the stranger,
Be lost to the brave,
I'll ask of my birthland
Enough for a grave.

—*Basil W. Duke.*

KENTUCKY

Kentucky's rolling fields of green,
With bluegrass clothed, I love;
Her sluggish streams and verdant woods,
Her azure sky above.

I love the spirit of her folk—
A spirit known by few,
Her gracious hospitality—
As lavish as the dew.

Despite hot feeling running high,
Despite the mountain feud—
Despite Kentucky's lofty pride,
Her people are not rude.

Within her bounds no poor unfed
From homes of plenty turn,
But tramping hosts are daily fed—
Her face with shame would burn,

Did hunger go unsatisfied,
When in her plenteous store
Was food enough for every need—
For every need and more.

For things like these thy glory stands,
Kentucky, famed in song;
And if these virtues thou dost prove,
Thy sons shall love thee long.

—*D. Roy Mathews.*

THE KENTUCKY "HOME-COMING"

The homes of old Kentucky—
Their doors are standing wide
To call the wanderers back to-day;
They sing: "Please come inside."

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

The bluegrass never sweeter
Waved in the summer breeze,
And never sang such meter
From bird throats in the trees.

The lid is off the buckets,
The jugs have lost their corks;
Pitch in at the old home table,
Don't wait for knives and forks!
Hurrah for the Judge and Major,
And the Colonels—hip hur-roo!
Here's a toast in a corn-juice bumper,
And an all-day julep for you!

The homes of old Kentucky—
There's a rose at every door,
The bloom of the jasmine bloometh
As it never bloomed before;
The old State rings its welcome,
It is glad to have them back;
The Colonel, the Judge, and the Major,
From around the world's race-track.

Step up to the sideboard, children;
Sit down by the toddy bowl!
The heart of Kentucky opens
When her children homeward roll
From the cities far and scattered,
From the four ways of the sea;
Once more, then, all together—
We'll shout hip-hip hur-ree!

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

There's a sound in her heart like a gurgle,
In her eyes there's a careless glint,
There's a straw in her apron pocket,
And a smell on her lips like mint;
They throng to her hearth forever,
They swing through her open door—
The Colonel, the Judge, and the Major—
As the tides of the corn-juice pour!

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

When I came within her borders,
A deeper feeling grew
For the words set to the music
That had thrilled me through and through.

Now when I have left her borders,
I've a stronger feeling still,
And the music of that chorus
Ne'er fails my heart to thrill.

Old Kentucky, Old Kentucky!
Once again to see thy face,
To hear the rippling of thy waters—
To be clasped in thy embrace!

Though beyond thy sight and hearing
I'm an exile forced to roam,
Still my heart shall always hearken
To my Old Kentucky Home.

—Karl D. Kelly.

OLD FRANKFORT TOWN

When days are drear and friends are few,
And nothing seems this heart to rest,
I close my eyes while fancy takes me back
To the "Old Kentucky Home" I loved the best—
Old Frankfort Town.

I'm far from those I love and thee to-night,
Yet still I seem to see, nestling amid the hills,
That circle around thee on every side
Protectingly—as if to keep from ills
Old Frankfort Town.

Again I cross the bridge and stand entranced!
The moon, the stars reflected in the stream
That hurries by, nor heeds the firefly dance,
Nor stars, nor moon, nor lights that gleam
O'er Frankfort Town.

No Swedish mountaineer could ever feel
More pangs than I, estranged from hill and home;
In dreams I smell the limestone of the "pikes"—
One day I'll travel back, no more to roam—
Old Frankfort Town.

I know a light burns 'cross the river there,
And 'gainst the glass is pressed a sweet, expectant
face;
I know a pair of lips oft move in prayer
That "He will keep me till I come, through His grace,"
To Old Frankfort Town.

—*Ella Hutchison Ellwanger.*

EQUUS KENTUCKIENSIS

What means that anxious, pressing throng
That cheers so lusty, loud, and long?
Beholds with 'bated breath the slap,
The dusty track, the whizzing cap?
It's just a race in old Kentucky.

For in that State where feuds grow ripe,
Where riders sally forth at night,
The dearest fad in any home
Falls to the man that boasts to own
The fastest horse in old Kentucky.

For in his dreams he loves his steed,
As 'shiners praise the moonshine's bead;
His dearest hope, his fondest craze—
The beau ideal of all his days—
The fleetest steed in old Kentucky.

Bring forth the steed from Afric's land,
Or one from India's coral strand;
Or, still, from Greenland's icy peaks—
The Bluegrass horse holds all the heats,
The swiftest yet, in old Kentucky.

Her speakers bland have had their day,
Her feuds and night-rides pass away;
Her women fair, and whisky vile
May yet remain, but all the while
The Horse will reign in old Kentucky.

And when his race on earth is run,
His brilliant triumphs fought and won,
Equestrian streets his shade will seek—
Upon his tombstone read the heat:

Hic Jacet Peerless. Time, 1:35 1-4.

—*Josiah H. Combs, in The Lexington Leader.*

KENTUCKY'S SOLDIER BARD, O'HARA

We'll bring him back, Kentucky's dead,
Her valiant Son of Song,
Though now in higher, brighter worlds
His spirit doth belong.
Yet here with honored kindred dust
His ashes must repose
Among the dead o'er whom his muse
Its martial glory throws.

No sudden blast of silver trumps
Blares now O'Hara's name;
He won the starry signet here
Of an immortal fame.
The voiceful marble by the sea
His minstrelsy engraves,
And alien skies and foreign lands
His lyric of these braves.

Repeat as martial-touching hymns,
Where'er our language's read,
His tuneful monody is known—
"The Bivouac of the Dead."
His was the Celtic's ardent breast
That answered war's alarm
With glowing eyes, chivalric heart,
And soldier's gallant arm.

When Peace had sheathed the sword he drew,
And war was known no more,
Like suns that march the summer's day
When thunder storms are o'er,
He trod the paths of tranquil times
As statesman, scholar, wit—
His fair renown e'er unsurpassed,
Like Sheridan and Pitt.

No copyist of the plodding mind
That reproduces thought,
And but retints a master's work
In greater ages wrought:
His gifted soul like morning glowed
With colors all his own—
He dipped, like Chaucer, in the fount
Of Nature's heart alone.

His was the lofty harp of song
That knew its master's hand,
And gave unto his thrilling touch
A lyric at command.
Its stirring sounds awoke the air
Like warrior bards of yore,
And hearts responsive sing its strains
Alike on sea and shore.

Rare beauty sat upon his brow
And crowned him with her grace—
Not wanting he in any gift
Of Nature's masterpiece.
Glad-hearted as a boy, and bright
And tender e'er as brave,
A nobler mold of manliness
Ne'er went down to the grave.

Where glory gilds the patriot's grave,
And love soft-footed strays,
And memory brings the cherished charms
Of deathless deeds and days,
Where tree and flower and flowing stream
Inspire his gifted hand,
We'll lay the minstrel soldier down
'Mong the illustrious band.

—*Mrs. Jennie Chinn Morton.*

NOTE.—Extracts from "The Bivouac of the Dead" have been carved on military monuments at Sebastopol, London, Dublin, Constantinople, and perhaps in many other foreign places. It is inscribed over the archway of the National Cemetery at Arlington, and on many military monuments throughout the country.

ANGELICO GROTTO IN MAMMOTH CAVE

Some fairy of the olden time
Her dwelling sure had here,
And here she rested, with no grief
To shade her spirits clear.
How fit the place for one like her—
So fanciful and light—
A creature jocund as the dawn,
And as the morning bright.
A spot like this, did he, the Bard
Of Avon's flow'ry stream,
Imagine, where, in "frenzy fine,"
He had his wanton "Dream."
Titania here might move along,
And Puck his frolics play,
And Hermia, in her race of love,
Outpace the hours of day.
The fancy sees them passing now—
How beautiful they seem!
And now they've gone—we have them not,
They vanished in the gloom.

—*Rev. Horace Martin.*

THE KENTUCKIANS

(To John Fox, Jr.)

Seer of our mountains rude and strong,
Prophet of the children of our hills,
Where justice knows no law, but strikes and kills,
And shows no mercy, palliates no wrong.
Clean and pure the highland air we breathe
Through the rhododendron purpled page,
Unfolding visions of a primal age
Ere the vengeful blade men learned to sheathe.
Be thou the prophet of our sensuous plain;
Strength of oak into our veins infuse;
Virile honesty of heart and brain—
Our languid blood with ruddier heat suffuse
Till welding fire of kindred love shall flame
To make "Kentuckians" a peerless name.

—*F. W. Eberhardt.*

THE LITTLE TOWN IN MERCER

'Way down in old Kentucky,
"Where the meadow grass is blue"—
Where they count the time by heart-throbs
Beating faithfully and true—
Where the summer breeze makes music
'Mid the corn that tassels high,
Where the colors of the streamlets
Blend the colors of the sky,

Stands that little town in Mercer
Closely nestled 'mid the green—
Stands that cradle of Kentucky,
On the fairest spot e'er seen;
There I hear the robins twitter
From their nest up in the tree,
And the whistle of the redbird
All in love, is calling me.

There the voice of men and women
Sounding ever in my ears,
With a sweeter, sweeter music
Than the music of the spheres.
May I ne'er, no ne'er forget thee,
When my head is turning gray;
May the light which shines above thee,
Shine upon my latest day.

May the greenness of thy meadows
Be the greenness of that sod,
Which shall cover up my body
When its soul has gone to God.

As the Swiss heart to the mountain,
As the sailor's to the sea,
So my heart it is to Mercer,
Wheresoever I may be;

Tho' the ocean roll between us—
 Tho' far, far away I roam—
Oh, my heart it is in Mercer,
 For 'tis home, my sweet, sweet home.

—*Frances Simrall Riker.*

MOON OF YOUNG BLUEGRASS

Athwart the glistening greensward
The sun shines,
And eve's rainbow gleams
Above bluegrass and lilacs,
Studded with drops from April's purple clouds,
Reflecting rays from rifts revealing, reveling
On high in tints and tones and lights and shades;
Then twilight fades into night's curtain
Over the scene of plenteous peace.
Let not one act of discord mar the drama-dream,
While wrathless wraiths weave misty mystic wreaths,
Adorning Earth's soft mantle of tender bluegrass
 blades.
Lilac and Judas-tree,
Jonquil and apple-bloom,
Peach-blossoms and the notes of feathered mimes
Mingling with soothing sound of breeze
Breathing upon young leaves and buds of trees.

Nor hate's dread dream of strife
Shall dim the bow of promise,
Nor mar anew
The vales bedewed with blood of ancient wars,
And hills with freedom crowned;
Their crowns bejeweled thick with martyr-patriots'
 graves;
Nor yet reduce our corn-filled cornucopias
To fang-mouthed famine.
Sight, smell, sound, touch, all merge,
To taste the intoxicant urge
That Nature's riot brews in Spring, in old Kentucky.

—Anonymous.

—*Lexington Herald*.

THE GRAVE OF JOHN FITCH

(Contributed by Credo Harris).

[Late one September afternoon, quite a number of years ago, a dusty gentleman astride a dusty horse rode into Bardstown, Kentucky. This is all that people remember of him. As he was passing Old Town Cemetery—a burying ground which at that time had been in disuse for more than half a century—he noticed an aged negro leaning over the mildewed fence. Being somewhat familiar with local history thereabouts, and humoring the impulse to break an irksome silence enforced by his long journey, he asked the old fellow if by any chance he could point out the grave of John Fitch—inventor of the steamboat, who had lain somewhere in that overgrown field since July 2, 1798. There must have been an affecting quality in the black man's answer, for the traveler, arriving at the tavern, wrote the following lines; leaving them anonymously, but with a brief description of how they came to be

inscribed. Since then, though not until about 1910, a marker has been placed at Fitch's grave. It is not the intention of this preamble to imply that the unknown gentleman's verses were in any way responsible; indeed, this is the first time they have been published.]

Yas, sah, dat sunken place in dar is de grave
of Massa Fitch;
You ain't lookin' right! It's whar de
goldenrod an' weeds an' sich
Crowds 'bout de holler in de grass. Dat's
it—'longside a li'l ditch!
No, sah, he ain't got no tombstone—leastwise,
none as Ah kin see;
An' dat's what fetch me heah, Ah 'spec',
when shadders from de gum tree
Dar is reachin' whar you stands at. Den
Ah feel he's needin' me.

Lawd knows he's needin' some-un to break de
lonely yeahs he's bin
A-layin' heah, all done fergot. It ain' nuthin'
short of sin
To let 'im eat his heart out, when we mought
ease it back ag'in!
Why, boss, he made de fu'st steamboat ever
seed below de sun;
An' up Norf dey say dat it wuz lak a
thorerbred to run!
But the home-folks raise dey eyebrows,
'caze dey think his mind's outdone.

He bow his haid; but dat night writ: "Time'll
come when steamboats ply
Rivers of de East an' West; but men won't
give no heed, bime-by,
To poh John Fitch!" Den he turn his face
right to de wall an'—die.
Mebbe dat's why Ah laks to come, 'bout de
closin' time of day,
When de tree-toads is a croonin', an' de
night bugs has dey way.
An' Ah set right still a-wonderin' what he'd
want to heah me say.

Ah'd lak to tell 'im dey's sorry for de way
dey done behave,
An' if he wuz back dey'd shoh make up for
all de pain dey gave;
But dat ain' true: 'caze, ef it wuz, dey wouldn't
fergit his grave!
So Ah slips down in de evenin', when de
cows begins to moo,
An' creeps up clost to whar he sleeps; an'
dis is what Ah do:
*“Wh-rr; choo-choo; choo-choo—”, Ah say,
to let 'im know his dream's come true.

—*Anonymous.*

*Softly imitate steamboat whistle, and say “choo-choo”
under the breath.

SOME ACHIEVEMENTS OF KENTUCKY MEN

It has been the habit of some writers to boast of Kentucky's fine whisky, fast horses, and pretty women. Savoyard takes the Kentucky men of "ye olden time" as his theme, and of their achievements says:

Kentuckians, under George Rogers Clark, moved the boundary of the United States from the Ohio River to the Great Lakes.

It was a Kentucky statesman—John Breckinridge—who was the real author of the Louisiana Purchase.

Kentucky made the War of 1812, and did more than her share of the fighting for it.

Kentucky was the first State to establish common schools, and support them by a tax on all the property of the State.

Kentucky secured the free navigation of the Mississippi River.

Kentucky gave more soldiers to the Texas revolution than any other State.

Kentucky furnished more soldiers for the Mexican War than any other State.

The first steamboat ever launched in the world was the work of a Kentuckian—John Fitch.

Audubon lived in Kentucky; so did Alexander Campbell.

Joel T. Hart was a Kentuckian, as well as America's greatest sculptor.

Jouett was a Kentuckian, as well as America's greatest portrait painter.

Thomas F. Marshall and Richard H. Menefee were Kentuckians, as well as the finest orators of a generation of orators.

Henry Clay, the Great Pacificator, lived in Kentucky.

Theodore O'Hara, the immortal author of "The Bivouac of the Dead," lived in Kentucky.

George Robertson, a Kentucky jurist, gave more suggestions to the judiciary at Westminster than any other American judge.

Ephraim McDowell, a Kentucky surgeon, performed the first successful operation for ovariectomy.

Dr. Brashear, of Kentucky, performed the first successful hip-joint operation. These two feats astonished the medical colleges of Edinburg, Paris, and Berlin.

Bishop Bascom, a Kentuckian, was the first great pulpit orator our country had produced.

Robert J. Breckinridge was the leading Presbyterian clergyman of two generations.

John A. Broaddus was the most erudite Hebrew scholar of all America. Spalding's History of the Catholic Church stamps him as the equal of any American who has written history.

There are more churches and more church members in Kentucky according to population, than in any other State, and fewer suits for seduction, slander, and libel.

Kentucky contributed Lincoln to the North, and gave Davis to the South. She was on both sides of

that war and is proud of it, though a little prouder
of the Rebel side than the other. —“*Savoyard.*”

NOTE.—In a recent brochure, “Kentucky, Mother of
Governors,” published by the Kentucky Historical Society,
John Wilson Townsend, the Kentucky historian, has dis-
covered that Kentucky has produced one hundred and five
governors to other States and territories.

REMINISCENCES

[The old Gang from Georgetown.]

Back in the early sixties,
When the war had just begun,
And the soldier boys were marching
To the army one by one,
The States along the border
Undecided in their choice,
Heeded now the Union calling—
Now the Southland's clarion voice.

It was then from old Kentucky
Many gallant lads were called,
Neither by the din of battle
Nor its bloody scenes appalled.

Were they Union men or Rebels
In the thickest of the fray,
They are friends and brothers ever
Since they furled their flags that day.

There were those amongst these laddies
Who would serve the Southern cause,
Thinking little of the hardships
That might make some other pause—
Left their native State divided,
And forgetting fears and woes,
Sided with the Sunny Southland,
Swearing death to all her foes.

In the midst of these brave soldiers
From beginning to the end,
Always willing—ever ready—
More than anxious to defend
That old flag above the Southland,
As it waved them on to war—
Was that old gang from Georgetown,
Brave and gallant to the core.

With the fearless Breckinridge leader,
And brave Morgan in command,
John Lewis was made Adjutant—
No better in the land—
While Ed. was First Lieutenant,
A soldier brave and true;
His brother Hen was Orderly,
Resolved to die or do.

Billy Gaines was Sergeant Major,
A pet with all the boys,
While his brother John, in prison,
Shared but little in their joys.
Than Ab, and Tom, and Alex.,
None could chase the Yankees faster,
But the most needful of them all
Was "Plain John Bell the forage master."

'Tis said there was some stealing done
In one way or another,
But if "Elley" stole that pair of shoes,
He loved his nigger like a brother;
And when it comes to frying things,
If he must do his cooking,
Will Offutt had to swipe that pan
When no one else was looking.

About those "blankets"—we are told
Of days in bleak December,
When Doctor John froze to a pair,
How it was none could remember.
But if you ask who stole that pig,
We need a fortune-teller,
As "Will" and "Hen" each would contend
It was the other fellow.

And so these jolly laddies,
Always ready for the fray,
Thinking naught of hardships
That surrounded them each day,
Rushed to the field of battle,
Joining in the "rebel yell,"
Never thinking aught of danger,
As their comrades 'round them fell.

First of all at Cynthiana
Did they hear the "minnies" fly,
As they chased the fleeing Yankees
From the field both far and nigh.
Later on in many places,
'Way down south in Tennessee,
Did they fight again or challenge
Every Yankee they could see.

On the hills 'round Chattanooga,
Where the storm of battle raged,
And the roar of countless cannon
Told of armies there engaged—
There this gallant band was present,
Each one ready on the spot,
Resolved to do his duty
To his country and his God.

Thence they moved along southeastward,
Fighting fiercely day by day,
At Resaca, Altoona,
'Round Atlanta by the way.
And while history recorded
Every gallant deed so bold,
The suffering that was borne by them
Has never yet been told.

From Atlanta to Savannah,
Each day brought its tale of woe,
As the boys in gray contended
With an overwhelming foe;
While old Sherman with his army
Burned and looted all the way,
As he made his famous marches
From Atlanta to the sea.

But way up in Carolina,
When the end was drawing nigh,
They had cause for great rejoicing
For a blessing from on high;
For while fleeing through a covered bridge
Aglow from fire within,
They might have perished—but they didn't—
It only scorched their skin.

But now the war is over,
And fond memory holds sway,
Why not tell these old tales over
As you meet from day to day?
It cannot make life shorter,
It may soothe dull care anon,
It may make the greeting sweeter
When you meet in the Beyond.

So, boys, here's to your good health!
May your days on earth be long!
The record of your valor
Needs no page in book or song;
You need no brazen tablets
To record the deeds you've done—
In the heart of the old Southland
Your abiding place is won.

—*Charles Marvin.*

NOTE.—That little group that joined Morgan's men at Georgetown on that summer day in 1862 became the leaders of the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A. They were the nucleus, the backbone of Company A, that became the model company of Morgan's command, and of Wheeler's cavalry. There was no regiment in either army, the history of which is more remarkable than the Ninth Kentucky Cavalry, C. S. A. It was the vanguard in every advance; it was the rear guard in every retreat; every commander under whom it served gave to it the post of honor and of danger; it was never captured, never surprised, never demoralized. It was the last to leave Kentucky when the Federal troops, like a swarm of devouring locusts swept over the State * * * It was selected by Wheeler to delay Sherman's march through Georgia. When the Confederacy fell Jefferson Davis selected officers and men

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

from the Ninth Kentucky as his bodyguard, as did also every member of his cabinet. And that bodyguard was the last organized body of Confederate soldiers to surrender, surrendering only after the President of the Confederacy and the Secretary of War had left them, one to be captured, and the other to escape to Cuba, and for long years to live an exile * * *

*Desha Breckinridge, editorially, in
The Lexington Herald, October 27, 1912.*

KENTUCKY

"UNITED WE STAND"

Symbolic union, emblemed troth
Of kindred hearts and clasping hands,
Link 'twixt fair South and frigid North—
Kentucky's smiling meadowlands!

—Leigh Gordon Giltner.

OUR OWN KENTUCKY GIRL

Other girls may have their graces,
Charms, attractions, and all that;
Some may shine in silks and laces,
Or the latest Paris hat;
But the one who queens all others,
Makes them all their banners furl—
You'll agree with me, my brothers—
Is *our own Kentucky girl.*

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

She's as fair as springtime morning,
She's as joyous as the lark;
She can conquer without warning,
When she deigns to hit the mark
In the field of high endeavor,
Or the placing of a curl—
Ah, she's "chic" and sweet and clever,
Is *our own Kentucky girl*.

She can ride and swim and tango,
Play bridge, whist, or shoot, or walk;
Makes preserves of peach and mango,
Charm all hearers with her talk;
Has a heart that thinks no evil,
Is herself like choicest pearl—
Confound mankind or the devil,
Can *our own Kentucky girl*.

She can comfort sad and weary,
Give surcease to any pain;
She's as sunshine to the dreary,
Brighter than chateaux in Spain;
All things else that life might proffer
Rolled in one, I'd promptly hurl
To oblivion, should you offer
Them for *our Kentucky girl*.

—Alan Pegram Gilmour.

KENTUCKY

Kentucky, O Kentucky!
I love your bluegrass ways,
Your girls of matchless beauty,
And your glorious sunny days.
Where flowers are ever blooming,
And Bourbon juices flow,
Reminding me of childhood
And the sweets of long ago.

Kentucky, O Kentucky!
Wherever I may stray,
I hold in grand devotion
Your sons of Blue and Gray,
And though the world rebukes me,
O'er land and stormy sea,
I find sweet consolation
In contemplating thee.

Kentucky, O Kentucky!
No other lime or clime
Can banish thy remembrance,
And the lovelit, golden times
That I passed amid thy bowers,
With glorious girls and boys,
In concentrated pleasure
And illimitable joys.

Kentucky, O Kentucky!
The land of Boone and Clay,
And glorious lofty Lincoln,
As pure as ocean spray;
With fields of rolling riches,
And men of nerve and brain,
Who knows their force and duty,
And dare their rights maintain.

Kentucky, O Kentucky!
In the parlor, street or fair,
You shine among the millions,
And are always "getting there";
Heroic in their manner,
To truth and love and art,
A Commonwealth of glory,
With a royal hand and heart.

Kentucky, O Kentucky!
When I draw my latest breath,
I only crave the pleasure
To go to thee in death;
And if no other haven
Shall ever shine for me,
I'll be content forever
If my dust is mixed with thee.

—*John A. Joyce.*

IN KENTUCKY

[A Response to Judge Mulligan's Famous Toast.]

The moonlight may be softest
In Kentucky,
And summer days come ofttest
In Kentucky,
But friendship is the strongest
When the money lasts the longest,
Or you sometimes get in wrongest
In Kentucky.

Sunshine is the brightest
In Kentucky,
And right is often rightest
In Kentucky,
While plain girls are the fewest,
They work their eyes the true
They leave a fellow bluest
In Kentucky.

All debts are treated lightest
In Kentucky,
So make your home the brightest
In Kentucky;
If you have the social entrée
You need never think of pay,
Or at least that's what they say
In Kentucky.

Orators are the proudest
In Kentucky,
And they always talk the loudest
In Kentucky;
While boys may be the fiercest,
Their money is the shyest,
They carry bluff the highest
In Kentucky.

Pedigrees are longest
In Kentucky,
Family trees are strongest
In Kentucky;
For blue blood is a pride,
But, if you've never tried,
You'll find "sporting blood" inside
In Kentucky.

Society is exclusive
In Kentucky,
So be not intrusive
In Kentucky;
If you want the right of way,
And have the coin to pay,
You'll be in the swim to stay
In Kentucky.

The race track's all the money
In Kentucky,
But don't you go there, sonny,
In Kentucky;
For while thoroughbreds are fleetest,
They get your coin the neatest,
And leave you looking seediest
In Kentucky.

Short-skates are the thickest
In Kentucky,
They spot a sucker quickest
In Kentucky;
They'll set up to a drink,
Get your money 'fore you think,
And you get the "dinky dink"
In Kentucky.

If you want to be fraternal
In Kentucky,
Just call a fellow "Colonel"
In Kentucky,
Or give a man a nudge
And say, "How are you, Judge?"
For they never call that "fudge"
In Kentucky.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

But when you have tough luck
In Kentucky,
In other words "get stuck"
In Kentucky,
Just raise your voice and holler,
And you'll always raise a dollar,
While a drink is sure to follow
In Kentucky.

'Tis true that birds sing sweetest
In Kentucky,
That the women folks are neatest
In Kentucky;
But there are things you shouldn't tell
About our grand old State—and, well—
Politics is h—
In Kentucky.

—*Edwin C. Ranck.*

AT THE ENTRANCE OF MAMMOTH CAVE

[Written on coming out of the Cave on a moonlight summer night.]

The portals have I gained again,
The gateway of this dark domain
Where dwell in each vast hall and room
Eternal quietude and gloom;

Whose narrow pathways dimly lined
To black oblivion seem to wind
By walls colossal, sculptured grave,
That lift the mighty architrave.
This Erebus I leave behind
And feel upon my face the wind.

This can not be the earth again;
Lo, these are fields Elysian.
How bright the moon and stars that flood
With silver largesse this dim wood,
Where wind-blown shadows stir, and these
Frail leaves that tremble on the trees!
Clear, golden notes the crickets sing
To birds awake and bats a-wing;
I greet once more the tender skies,
And, Dante-like, with tear-dimmed eyes.

—*Marion Morgan Mulligan.*

KENTUCKY

I long for old Kentucky, my home in
Ballard County,
I'd like to see the highways, the clover
fields and towns;
I'd like to see the Gilberts and Terrells
out at Blandville,
And visit all the Johnsons, the Marshalls,
and the Browns;

I'd like to see the Watsons, and go to
church at Wickliffe,
And see the men and women that I knew
so long ago;
In the after-service greeting, I could
meet my old companions,
And tell them how I miss them as I
wander to and fro.

I'd like to see my sister, and see her
wee, wee baby,
And see the honest face of the man she
learned to love;
And take her other children and stroll
through briar patches
And find the secret places where I used
to like to rove;
I'd like to see my sweetheart, and shake
the hand that trembled
When years and years ago, I was pleading
for a kiss;
And meet the man she married, and tell
him I forgive him
For robbing me of her love and years
of wedded bliss.

I'd like to see the orchard that hung
with mellow apples
When the leaves of autumn were vying
with the sun;

And hear again the falling of the chestnuts
and the beech nuts,
And see the haunted cabin that the
darkies used to shun.
O, for a merry ramble through the sugar
maple hollows,
Where the robins play all winter and
build their nests in spring;
Where the forest tells in echo every
story of the barnyard
When the glad reverberations of the early
morning ring.

I have famished long on fashions, and
traded my love of knowledge,
And circumscribed my being to my
fellow creature's rule;
But I'm growing thinner, thinner, and I'll
rush to Nature's college
And imbibe the broader pleasures of her
universal school.
I have strayed away with strangers from
where I love to linger;
I have rambled on the mountain, and on
the distant sea;
But where'er my feet are leading my heart
is ever pleading
For my friends of old Kentucky who were
ever true to me.

—*John Crittenden Bolin.*

THE NIGHT-RIDERS MIGHT GET YOU

O, our dear old Kentucky is a land of delight,
Where the skies and the meadows are blue;
Where the mocking bird warbles from morning
till night,
And the sunshine so perfect, too.

CHORUS:

Sing ho-o! sing too-la-loo-loo!
For the land where the skies and the meadows are blue.
You may think you're in luck if you live in Kentuck,
But the night-riders might get you!

O, our girls are as sweet as the breath of the morn,
When the grass is bespangled with dew;
And their eyes are as bright as the stars of the dawn,
While their cheeks are the loveliest hue.

CHORUS:

Sing ho-o! sing too-la-loo-loo!
For the girl with the eyes of the soft azure blue;
You may think you're in luck if you wed in Kentuck,
But the night-riders might get you!

'Tis a land of the mint and a land of the corn,
And a land where they make "honey dew;"
Where the still worm is working from night until morn,
And they don't pay a cent revenue.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

When the rattlesnake's bite has no deadly effect,
For each man has his bottle and screw;
You may think you're in luck if you drink in old
Kentuck,
But the night-riders might get you!

CHORUS:

Sing ho-o! sing too-la-loo-loo!
For the land of the pistol, the bottle, and screw;
You may think you're in luck if you drink in old
Kentuck,
But the night-riders might get you!

We have politics baked and we've politics fried,
And we've politics scrambled and stewed;
Oh! we scramble for office and each other's hide,
And I wonder we ever get through.
It's a whole lot the best if you're in with the game,
But this favor's reserved to but few;
You may think you're in luck if you're boss in
Kentuck,
But the night-riders might get you!

CHORUS:

Sing ho-o! sing too-la-loo-loo!
For the land where politics sizzle and stew;
You may think you're in luck if you're boss in
Kentuck,
But the night-riders might get you!

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

But for all that is thought and for all that is done,
And for all that is said that's untrue,
She's the grandest old State 'neath the wide shining
sun,
And we'd swap her for no other two.
When the storm is blown past and the troops are
marched home,
And the Tobacco Trust broken in two,
You'll be strictly in luck if you're still in Kentuck,
For the night-riders won't get you.

CHORUS:

Sing ho-o! sing too-la-loo-loo!
For the hearts that are loyal, sturdy, and true;
You'll be proud of your pluck if you'll stick to Kentuck
'Till the night-riders can't get you!

—*J. Frank Boyd, in The Mayfield Daily Messenger.*

UP IN OLD KENTUCKY

It's up in old Kentucky
Where once the bullets flew,
And the green and waving verdure
Felt the fall of crimson dew.
The bullets have ceased their whizzing,
And the pistol's hanging high,
For up in old Kentucky
It is very, very "dry."

It's up in old Kentucky
Where the clouds refuse to rain,
And the sun it shines the hottest,
And the crops are on the wane;
Where the Captains and the Colonels
And everybody swore—
It's "drier" in Kentucky
Than it's ever been before.

It's up in old Kentucky
Where once the grass was green,
And the Prohibition demagogue
Is feeling mighty mean;
Where every blessed toper's
Got cobwebs in his throat,
And damns the Prohibitionists
Because they've got his goat.

It's up in old Kentucky
Where once they "rolled 'em high,"
Now they meet and pray for "dampness"
Beneath a cloudless sky;
Where the bluegrass it is withered,
Likewise the corn and rye,
For it's h— in old Kentucky,
Where everything's gone dry.

—Judge J. B. Wyatt, in *The Mayfield Daily Messenger*.

KENTUCKY

The cold skies of the North are behind me,
The Ohio's broad flood I have crossed;
I am back once again in the Bluegrass,
And I feel like a child that's been lost
But now found, and returned to his mother,
And clasped to her warm, loving breast—
Say, ye gods, if you'll give me Kentucky,
My own State, you can keep all the rest!

There's a softness about her fair landscape,
There's a brooding hush over her fields,
There's a beauty mere money can't purchase;
It's a charm that the dear old State yields
To the children within her wide borders,
To those who love her and know best
That Kentucky is queen of her sisters,
And outranks every one of the rest!

—*Alan Pegram Gilmour.*

THE PENNYRILE

Men may chant of the Grass, famed in horses—
Where people love the *beau monde* and style,
But allow me in simplest expression
To praise the plain old Pennyrile.

A neighbor is friendly to his neighbor—
'Tis not a strife of man for man;
Each lives contented in his home and holds
For his passing friend a cordial hand.

In the Bluegrass it's noble, pleb, and lord;
The aspect of fashion leads on as vile
As kings rule over American men—
But thanks to the ruralistic Pennyrile!

Simplicity is their faithful guard;
Consideration for all—they call this style!
“A man's a man for a' that,”
Down in the plain old Pennyrile!

—*The Idea, State University.*

THE KENTUCKY PIONEERS

Sound the horn upon the mountains,
Call the settlers from afar,
Blaze a trail through trackless woodlands,
Wide the western gates unbar.
Let the hills of old Kentucky
Hear once more the shrill war-song,
As the canvas covered ox carts
Through the valleys wind along.
Never from a heathen altar,
Never from a conquered king,
Was a grander trophy rescued
Than the heritage they bring,
While the Cumberland rolls onward—
While the rushing torrents bound—
Shall the growing pageant journey
To the Dark and Bloody Ground.
Lo, the brave, adventurous Teutons,
Crowned with honors dearly won,
Weary of their ancient homeland,
Travel towards the setting sun.
Let the cowards and the traitors
Now forsake this fearless band,
For the lurking savage waits them,
In this wild and hostile land.

Here from many a deadly ambush
Shall the winged arrows fly,
And the flames of burning dwellings
Soon shall light the midnight sky.
Onward like a mighty army
Led by hopes of courage bred,
Move the deer-skin coated settlers
O'er the trail with life blood red.
See the forests fall before them—
Cabins rise beside the streams—
Fields of maize and waving barley
In the autumn sunlight gleam,
Fast before their deadly rifles
Flees the painted savage on,
And the ox-drawn car of Progress
Seeks the way which they have gone.
Days of toil and nights of danger,
Lives of hardships and of pain,
Death and gnawing famine follow
Close beside their thinning train.
Oft the sounding forests echo
With the redman's piercing yells,
Loud the tumult and the shouting,
In the rude log fortress swells.
Hear their war-cry as they gather,
While the widow's cry ascends,
"Savage blood shall be the ransom,
On to Raisin and revenge!

Load the rifles! Fill the knapsacks!
Whet the keen-edged hunting knife!
Orphan children mourn for fathers,
Eye for eye and life for life!"

Look! again another picture,
Nobler, grander than the last
Fills the soul with sweeter pleasure
Than the one which we have passed.
From the scene hath gone the settler—
Gone the forest from the hills—
Gone the forts beside the river—
Gone the ancient water mills.
Cattle graze where once the wigwam
Curled aloft its wreaths of smoke,
Steamboat whistles now awaken
Echoes which the oars awoke.
He is gone—the howling savage,
And the nights no more resound
As he followed in the chases
Close beside the baying hound.
He is gone—the hardy settler,
Gone the humming spinning wheel,
With its mellow, plaintive music,
As the flax sang on the reel.
They have gone—the old traditions,
Vanquished like the stars of night,
As above the East horizon
Breaks a purer, fuller light.

But the land their blood hath purchased,
Rich with all its wondrous store,
By their valiant sons and daughters
Shall be guarded evermore.
Year by year in song and story
Shall their mighty deeds be told,
And the earth shall hold them dearer
Than famed Ophir's gems and gold.
Through the storm and strife of ages,
Through the tumult of the years,
Wisdom's voice shall guide their children,
Hope shall still their doubts and fears.
Where the sons of Freedom gather,
And the drums of war resound,
In the forefront of the battle
Shall Kentucky's sons be found.

—C. E. Blevins, in *The Idea*.

A RETURNED EXILE'S TOAST

I've seen heaps of foreign countries,
And I've traveled miles on miles,
I've put up with foreign customs,
And been bored with foreign styles;
But for real old solid comfort
And true hospitality,
You can pack my trunk and take me
Back to good old Kentucky.

We may lack the super-polish
Of the swagger London swells,
And the newest "chic" creations
That adorn Parisian belles;
But in all that makes true manhood
And fair womanhood supreme—
Why, you'll have to pick Kentucky,
If you wish to get the cream

So, "Here's how!" and "Looking at you!"
Dear old Commonwealth of mine!
You're the fairest of your sisters
North or South of Mason's line;
May the gods be gracious to you,
May your sons be ever true
To your grand old brave traditions—
HERE'S TO THEM, and HERE'S TO YOU!

—Alan Pegram Gilmour.

ANSWERS TO CRITICISMS ON KENTUCKY

[From a speech delivered in the United States House of Representatives, April 23, 1902, in answer to the assaults made on the politics and feuds of Kentucky.]

I want to remind the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Gillett] that while Governor Shelby, of Kentucky, with sword in one hand and hat in the other, was charging and routing the British at King's

Mountain, Massachusetts farmers were driving cattle across the border to feed the British soldiers in Canada, and Massachusetts statesmen were holding the Hartford Convention and were planning and scheming to dissolve the Union.

The gentleman from the Pigtown district of Ohio [Mr. Bromwell] indorsed the sentiment that "politics is the damnedest in Kentucky," and said that we still had some specimens of savages there.

There are no savages in Ohio. But they used to swarm over that State and over all the Northwest Territory, and but for the heroism of Kentucky pioneers the gentleman's State of Ohio would still perhaps be a part of Canada and therefore a part of the British possessions in North America.

Has he forgotten those brave Kentuckians who, with old rifles and powder-horns, with buckskin breeches and coonskin caps, followed the leadership of George Rogers Clark, who waded the swamps of that Northwest Territory up to their armpits for ten days in a bleak winter and drove the Indians from Kaskaskia and Vincennes and moved the northern line of our possessions from the Ohio River up to the Lakes?

Did you know that Kentucky was the first State in the Union to establish a general system of common schools under which all of the property of all the people was taxed for the education of all the children? Ken-

tucky was the first State in the Union to clamor for the free navigation of the Mississippi River and for the purchase of the Louisiana territory.

Kentucky was the first State in the Union to demand reparation and apology for impressing American sailors, and when these were denied she was the first State to agitate the necessity for the second war with England, and when the war came her soldiers were the first to take their flatboats and float down the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to New Orleans, and but for the soldiers of Kentucky and Tennessee General Jackson's great victory at New Orleans would never have been achieved. Kentucky was the first State in the Union to agitate the gradual emancipation of the slaves and to urge compensation to the owners instead of war. For more than a generation the great Commoner, Henry Clay, stood upon the floor of this Capitol, and, with one hand upon the shoulder of the Northern abolitionist and with the other hand upon the shoulder of the Southern slaveholder, he, with unequaled eloquence, begged for peace.

Kentucky furnished more soldiers in the Texas revolution than any other State in the Union, and was the only State that had as many as a regiment of soldiers at the great battle of San Jacinto.

Kentucky furnished more soldiers in the war with Mexico than any other State in the Union, and it was

a gallant young Kentuckian who scaled the walls of Chapultepec and planted the Stars and Stripes above the palace of the Montezumas. The first steamboat ever seen in the world was invented and constructed by John Fitch, who was a Kentuckian, and who now lies buried at Bardstown.

The greatest American ornithologist was James Audubon, a Kentuckian, whose studies and illustrations of birds are the admiration of every civilized country.

The finest piece of statuary ever seen in America is the "Triumph of Chastity," carved by Joel T. Hart, a Kentucky sculptor.

The finest portrait in the Corcoran Art Gallery is a painting of Henry Clay, by Jouett, a Kentucky painter. It was of this picture that Charles Sumner, himself an art critic, said: "This must be the work of Rembrandt, for no American artist has attained such excellence."

The greatest lawyer who has sat upon the bench of the Supreme Court since the death of John Marshall was Samuel F. Miller, who was first a Kentucky doctor and then a Kentucky lawyer before he moved to Iowa.

The learned and classical opinions of Chief Justice Robertson, of Kentucky, have been read with admiration and followed as precedents in all the great courts, from Washington to Westminster Hall.

The first successful operation for ovariectomy was performed by Dr. Ephraim McDowell, a Kentucky doctor, and the first successful hip-joint amputation in surgery was performed by Dr. Brashear, of Kentucky. An account of these achievements in surgery was read with admiration and followed as precedents in the great medical schools of Paris, Edinburgh, and Berlin.

. . . The most learned and eloquent preacher the Presbyterian Church has produced in a hundred years was Robert J. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. The most gifted pulpit orator the Methodist Church has seen since the days of John Wesley, and the man who Henry said was the greatest orator he had ever heard, was Bishop Bascom, of Kentucky. The most learned Hebrew scholar and greatest theologian the Baptist Church can boast of in America was the Rev. John A. Broadus, of Kentucky. The great historian of the Roman Catholic Church, the man who wrote the splendid reply to Daubigny's history of the Protestant Reformation, was Archbishop Martin J. Spaulding, of Kentucky.

We have fewer millionaires and fewer tramps and paupers than any other State in the Union; property is more equally distributed; every one who tries lives in peace and comfort, and there is no newly-rich class with ignorant impudence undertaking to lord it over the rest. We are all poor and proud, and the poorer

the prouder. All of us white folks are in this sense aristocratic alike.

Kentucky was settled by men and women of dauntless spirit and heroic mold.

When Abram was called from Ur of the Chaldees to found a new nation in the Land of Promise, he took with him his servants and his cattle and he found the land flowing with milk and honey.

When Romulus and Remus laid the foundation of the Imperial City, the flight of birds marked out the division lines, trust in the golden fleece assured them of wealth, and the wild wolf had been domesticated to furnish them with milk. But our ancestors left home and civilization far behind them and over the mountains. They lighted their fires in a trackless wilderness, while there lurked concealed upon every side the deadliest and most relentless of savage foes. Only at long intervals had they any bread at all, and this was of corn cakes baked in ashes. Their meat consisted of wild game brought down by the unerring aim of the rifle. Their houses consisted of the rudest log huts, without glass in the windows, without carpets upon the floor and without parlor or piano. Like the rebuilders of the temple, they toiled through the day with the implements of their labor in one hand and their weapons of defense in the other. At nightfall these pioneers locked themselves within their cabins against prowling wolves and roving savages that then

really existed in Kentucky. They had no books or newspapers to while away the long hours of the evening, and when sleep came at last to their tired and careworn bodies, they flung themselves down on the skin of wild animals, while their children were hushed to sleep by the weird lullabies furnished by the hooting of the owl and the scream of the panther.

And yet they were brave, chivalrous, splendid people. They were the knight-errants of the wilderness. The lady love of the Kentucky pioneer was the wife of his bosom. His children were the hostages that pledged him to the love of home and country.

If he was a terror to the wild animals and the wild Indians, he was a still greater terror to the despoiler of home or honor

—George G. Gilbert.

KENTUCKY'S EVENING SONG

Now in the West the golden sun is sinking,
Bidding the weary all their toil to cease;
And on the twilight's noiseless wings descending,
Comes soft to earth the message sweet of peace.

Sweet be the rest of all Kentucky's children,
Where'er this night their day of labor ends;
Duty well done, they seek now dreamless slumber,
Strength to renew for tasks the morrow sends.

So with the morn, thou shalt awake, Kentucky,
Strong in the power that's giv'n unto the right;
Strive with thy might, till, from the western heavens
Once more the sun bids thee a final "Good-night!"

—A. S. Behrman, in *The Idea*.

KENTUCKY

In the heart of old Kentucky,
Where the grass is always green,
Where the bees are ever working,
Making honey for their queen,
There the sheep and lowing cattle
Gladly graze in pastures wide
To say, "I'm from that good old State,"
Sure fills me up with pride.

For pretty women, loyal hearts,
And horses fleet of foot,
Kentucky produces more of these
Than all other States to boot.
For hospitality reigns supreme,
Her people's hearts are wide.
To say, "I'm from that good old State,"
Sure fills me up with pride.

—H. E. Folsom, in the *Louisville Evening Post*.

A KENTUCKY TOAST

O come where the little darkey swings on the gate,
"A-waitin', Suh, to open it foh you;"
Where the Seal of the State
Is the grip that bids you wait
For the toast that warms your heart to drink it thro,
And everybody tells you, "How-de-doo-de-doo,"
And everybody tells you, "How-de-doo?"

—*Anonymous.*

LEXINGTON

I've tried to live away from you,
You dear old Southern town!
I've wandered o'er the earth's broad face,
I've hunted up and down
From underneath the frozen Pole
To Afric's sun-baked shore—
I'm coming back to you, old town,
And I'll never leave you more.

You may not have the wealth of some—
What matters hoarded pelf!
I love you as you are, dear town,
Your own fair Southern self,
Where friendship and the graces thrive
As nowhere else, I know—
Until I don my angel wings
You're Paradise enow.

So once more let me travel back,
My wanderlust is o'er:
I'd rather live within thy gates
And be obscure and poor,
Than rule a kingdom anywhere
That lies beneath the sun—
You're a whole world within yourself,
You blessed LEXINGTON!

—Alan Pegram Gilmour.

MAH OLD KENTUCKY HOME

When the autumn leaves are droppin',
An' the fros' fall every mawn;
When the punkins am a-ripenin'
'Mid the scattered shocks of cawn,
Then mah tho's they go a-stealin',
No mattah twha ah roam,
To the hills of old Kentucky,
An' mah old Kentucky home.

When the days grow melancholy,
An' the spirit's ebb is low;
When the burdens of this living
Seem heavier to grow,
Then mah mind turns back in fancy
To the fields ah used to roam—
Turns back to Old Kentucky,
An' mah old Kentucky home,

When this weary strife is ended,
An' life's struggles almost past;
When this weary body's ready
To lay down its load at last,
May ah once more turn mah footsteps
To the paths ah used to roam,
And lay me down to slumber
In mah old Kentucky home.

—*Anonymous.*

—*The Idea.*

A KENTUCKIAN KNEELS TO
NONE BUT GOD

Ah, tyrant, forge thy chains at will—
Nay, gall this flesh of mine;
Yet, though it is unfettered still,
And will not yield to thine,
Take, take the life that heaven gave,
And let my heart's blood stain thy sod,
But know ye not, Kentucky's brave
Will kneel to none but God?

You've quenched fair Freedom's sunny life,
Her music tones have stilled,
And with a deep and darkening blight
The trusting heart has filled;
Then do you think that I will kneel
Where such as ye have trod?
Nay; point your cold and threat'ning steel—
I'll kneel to none but God.

As summer breezes lightly rest
Upon the quiet river,
And gently on its sleeping breast
The moonbeams softly quiver,
Sweet thoughts of home light up my brow,
When goaded with the rod;
Yet these can not unman me now—
I'll kneel to none but God.

And though a sad and mournful tone
Is coldly sweeping by,
And dreams of bliss forever flown
Have dimmed with tears mine eye,
Yet mine's a heart unyielding still;
Heap on my breast the clod;
My soaring spirit scorns thy will—
I'll kneel to none but God.

—*Mrs. Mary E. Wilson Betts, in The Maysville Flag.*

NOTE.—Col. William Logan Crittenden of Kentucky, was shot, with his men, by the Spaniards in Cuba in 1851. In the account published at the time, it was stated that Col. Crittenden was reserved as the last man to be shot. When all of his followers had been shot, he was told by the Spaniards that his life would be spared if the gallant Kentuckian would get down on his knees to them. But he folded his arms across his breast, and in a firm tone declared, "A Kentuckian kneels only to his God, and always dies facing the enemy."

THE KENTUCKY HOME-COMING OF 1906

I

Return, children of Kentucky who have wandered
far and wide,
Return to your mother and the family fireside;
Long years your chairs are vacant and time has gone
so slow,
Return, children of Kentucky, let's renew our youth
once more.

II

It will be a joyful meeting,
Once again we will be greeting;
We will feast and we will frolic,
We will drink a Kentucky julep,
We will talk and we will sing,
We will cut the pigeon-wing,
We will laugh and we will cry,
We will be happy ere we die.

III

Though father, mother, and children are gone,
We will visit the house where we were born,
And each loved spot to memory dear
Of which we've dreamed full many a year:
The orchard, the meadow, the sparkling spring,
The wildwood where we used to swing,

The old church where we heard the preacher,
The schoolhouse where we feared the teacher.
E'en the stone in the path to school,
Where oft we stumped our toes in dool,
At which then we roundly swore,
But which now we almost adore.

We'll go to the grave where Mother sleeps,
Where still the waving willow weeps,
And devoutly kneeling there
Once more repeat that holy prayer:
"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,"
Which at her knee us boys she taught,
But which, alas! we've almost forgot.

IV

If you dwell in the city's ceaseless din,
Or in the quiet of the lovely glen,
Or where the prairie flower blooms
And fills the air with sweet perfumes,
Or where the Rockies lift on high
Their hoary heads into the sky,
Or if you've strayed along the Rio Grande,
Or on the Pacific's golden strand,
Or to Alaska's frozen shore,
Or where Florida's flowers ever blow—

Where'er you roam, where 'er you be,
On the land or on the sea,
In this year of jubilee
Return! return! to the old roof-tree—
A Kentucky welcome is waiting for thee.

—*Capt. Jack Harding.*

KENTUCKY CLIFFS

[The Kentucky, Green, and Dix Rivers! One must not be **accused** of being in league with St. Vitalis if he places the **scenery** of these streams alongside that of the Hudson and the **Rhine**. The latter two would suffer by comparison.]

Oh! cliffs, look you so grandly down,
As when, an idle comer,
I first saw you so high and brown,
A year ago last summer!

We were a party from the town,
Paul Gwinn and Nellie Latter,
And Arthur Grey and Alice Down,
Myself and—well, no matter.

Paul Gwinn and Nellie spent the time,
In boating garbs most fetching,
While Arthur dashed off prose and rhyme
Of Alice, who was sketching.

We played the game of heart's content,
And chased the hours at leisure,
While every cup was too soon spent,
Though brimming o'er with pleasure.

I never cared before to know
Of stamen or of petal,
Until that happy year ago,
When life was rose and nettle.

For they were lessons sweet to learn;
How fondly memory lingers,
And causes me to often yearn
To see the dainty fingers—

Once more so swiftly, deftly fly,
Through all the floral flosses,
While I learn love and botany
From ferns and pink-edged mosses.

We six will wed when cliff leaves brown,
Paul Gwinn and Nellie Latter,
And Arthur Grey and Alice Down,
Myself and—well, no matter.

—*Henry Cleveland Wood.*

KENTUCKY

Bright land, of wooded hill and stream;
From mountain base and fertile plain,
The calm Kentucky, towards the main
Winds, grey and misty as a dream.
Rich fields, with flocks and herds flow by.
O Mother State, supreme and strong,
Upheld by might of sword and song,
Your fame lives on, nor e'er shall die.

—*Marion Morgan Mulligan.*

“THAT’S FOR REMEMBRANCE”

Sweet scent of wild Kentucky mint!
The poignant perfume brings to me
Scenes that the rolling years imprint
On memory’s scroll indelibly;
The shout of youth, the laugh of mirth,
All the glad music loved of old,
The breath of lips long sealed in earth,
The clasp of hands long still and cold.

How oft our childish feet have trod
Along the winding, rippling creek,
The mint among the bluegrass sod,
Jumping from rock to rock to seek

The watersnake eluding still
The swift pursuit, the eager throw,
And with hereditary skill
Escaping to the pool below.

And then the foolish crawfish peered
From shelter of his slimy stone,
And flounced along till, harried, jeered,
We pounced upon him for our own;
And then our little henchman bore,
With wily, woolly head elate,
The prize off in the gourd whose store
Of worms and crickets was our bait.

That ancient mint, I smell it yet,
Quintessence of our sport and fun,
Trampled and tangled, bruised and wet,
Most fragrant when most trod upon;
We fished with many a fancy fling,
With many a jest and gibe and boast;
The little henchman with his string
And pinhook always caught the most.

Oh, sweeter scent in after time!
When our two horses close abreast,
Rattling the rocks in clashing chime
Among the mint their sure hoofs pressed.

Mid-summer then, and to the leaves
The added sweetness of the flowers,
But tenderest memory mutely grieves,
No more, no more—the rest is ours.

All the rich life forever past
Breathes in this perfume's affluence,
Hope's vanished vision vague and vast,
The spirit's long-lost innocence,
All that death's subtle mystery
Can dumbly show or darkly hint:
No garden rosemary for me,
But sprigs of wild Kentucky mint.

—*Julia Stockton Dinsmore.*

THE DEAD POET

[In Memory of Madison Cawein.]

Dryads, why weep you in the beeches there?
Why pluck the leafy garlands from your hair?
What news is this that seems so dark and dread?
Alas! Alas! Our own true love is dead!

And you, O naiads, why do you forsake
The frolic of the fountain and the lake?
Why sit you on the marge so sad and lorn?
He played with us who far away is borne!

O Thalia, so beautiful and free,
O all you Nine of fairest Castaly,
What sorrow's this that stays your dancing throng?
Lo, we have lost the comrade of our song!

Then seek I joy the very gods among!
Hermes! Apollo! Dionysius young!
Sweet Aphrodite! Nay, the gods are weeping—
O poet, wake! All Hellas mourns your sleeping!

—*Margaret Steele Anderson.*

IN OUR OLD KENTUCKY WAY

When the sunshine bathes with splendor
Old Kentucky's bluegrass plain,
And the birds begin to render
Songs that ease our hearts of pain;
And we hear the south wind sighing
With its prophecy of spring,
Then the flower, slowly dying,
Rises quick a living thing.

You may hear the wild birds revel
In the labyrinth of Tune,
You may catch the scent of violets
'Neath the silvery Southern moon;
You may see a glimpse of heaven,
As you wander all the day,
In the bluegrass pasture's splendor,
In our Old Kentucky way.

But when wintry blasts are blowing,
And the fields are bare and white;
When the Christmas tide is flowing
And our hearts beat soft and light
I'm remembering no sadness,—
Only thoughts so kind and true,
Of our youthful days of gladness—
And I think, always, of you.

—*G. Allison Holland.*

OLD KENTUCKY HOME

[From an oration delivered at the dedication of the Kentucky Building, at Chicago, June 1, 1893.]

This day, with her sister States, Kentucky joins in freedom's swelling chorus as it sweeps from sea to sea. With them she extends, in hospitality, a hand that never struck defenseless foe and never knew dishonor. God bless Kentucky! We would not part with one atom of her soil or one line of her history. Would that I might weave a fitting garland for her brow; would that I possessed the brush and genius of Raphael, that I might paint her as she is; would that with the chisel of Phidias I might create anew the forms and features of her glorious sons; would that with the descriptive power and vivid imagery of Byron I might portray the lives and actions of her heroes and

statesmen; would that I were gifted with the sublime and soaring melody of Milton, that I might charm the world with the song of her glory. But even then I would be unable to reproduce the verdure of her fields, the grandeur of her mountains, the brightness of her skies, the heroism of her people, the wisdom of her statesmen, and the beauty of her women—God bless them—“the fairest that e’er the sun shone on.”

—*William O’Connell Bradley.*

TRAVEL IN KENTUCKY

Past

A stage coach and a bugle horn,
Four horses and a dewy morn—
Past fertile field, o’er hill and stream,
And shadowy woodlands half a dream;
By orchards veiled in misty white
Like bride and maids on wedding night;
Ah! full of joy was such a trip,
With Jehu, coach and cracking whip;
’Twas fine, and yet I do admire
A good horse, girl and rubber-tire.

Present

This age of speed and gas and steel,
Of auto-cycle, automobile;
A winged Pegasus speeding by
In clouds of dust, before the eye
Can catch the scenes that line the way,
May please those that like strenuous play,
Who crowd a week into a day;
But I would have the old coach stay,
Or better yet—my heart's desire—
A best girl, horse and rubber-tire.

Future

And soon they say, folks will disdain
To tread the earth—in aeroplane
They'll skim and circle as birds do,
Within the light ethereal blue,
And soar, and dip, and poise and float—
The sky a sea, the craft a boat—
But ne'er will lover have, I ween,
No matter what his air machine,
The joy supreme that had his sire,
With sweetheart, horse and rubber-tire.

—*Henry Cleveland Wood.*

“MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME”

I've wandered in ice-covered regions,
Where the mountains mock the stars,
I've mushed through the snows of Alaska
By the light of the Northern Bars;
I've traveled the sands of the desert,
Where the sun turns earth to hell,
I've poled to the source of the Congo,
And gone up the Ganges as well;
I've wandered for years in China,
And followed the life of the sea,
Wherever was war or excitement,
I was almost sure to be.
But no matter the land or country,
By forest or plain or foam,
I never have seen the equal of
“My Old Kentucky Home.”

I've listened to music and poetry,
By the savage and Europe's best,
I've read from the masters of England,
And the Indian chants in the West;
I've sung the Italian love songs,
And the music of sunny Spain,
I've crouched at the savage tom-tom,
And danced to the bagpipe strain;

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

I've learned the songs of the desert,
And the chants of the heathen priest,
Both the music of cultured Europe
And the songs of the barbarous East;
I've heard the world's best music,
In forest, or templed dome,
But I never have heard the equal of
"My Old Kentucky Home."

I've met the Men of the Races,
The White, the Yellow, the Red,
I've bunked with the western cowboy,
Or sat by his campfire instead;
I've bargained with Chinese merchants,
And fought with the treacherous blacks,
I've met men on highway and byway,
In cities, or wilderness tracks;
I've known them as few others know them,
At work, at war, or at play,
And learned their strength and their weakness,
Until I know when I say:
"In all the world, in all the lands,
Through which I've chanced to roam,
I never have found the equal of
'My Old Kentucky Home.' "

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—Hamilton H. Roberts.

THE KENTUCKY THOROUGHBRED

I love the hoss from hoof to head,
From head to hoof and tail to mane;
I love the hoss, as I have said,
From head to hoof and back again.

I love my God the first of all,
Then Him that perished on the Cross;
And next my wife, and then I fall
Down on my knees and love the hoss.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

KENTUCKY BELLE

Summer of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone
away—
Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of
hay—
We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've
seen;
Roeschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.
Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle;
How much we thought of Kentuck, I couldn't begin
to tell—
Came from the bluegrass country; my father gave
her to me
When I rode North with Conrad, away from the
Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
The house stood in broad cornfields, stretching on,
 row after row;
The old folks made me welcome; they were kind as
 kind could be;
But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the
 Tennessee.

O, for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill!
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is
 still!
But the level land went stretching away to meet
 the sky—
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye!
From east to west, no river to shine out under the
 moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon;
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all
 forlorn;
Only the “rustle, rustle,” as I walked among the corn.
When I fell sick with pining, we didn't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands out to this
 river shore—
The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill,
 you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Ten-
 nessee.

I was at work that morning! Some one came riding
like mad!

Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's
little lad;

Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped
to say:

“Morgan's men are coming, Frau; they're galloping
on this way.

“I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He isn't a mile
behind;

He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he
can find;

Morgan, Morgan, the raider, and Morgan's terrible
men,

With bowie knives and pistols, are galloping up the
glen.”

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the
door;

The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools
on the floor;

Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man,
was gone;

Near, nearer Morgan's men were galloping, galloping
on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar:
“Kentuck!” I called; “Kentucky!” She knew me
ever so far!

I led her down the gully that turns off there to the
right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out
of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a
sound—
The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over
the ground—
Coming into the turnpike out from the White-
Woman Glen—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible
men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast
in alarm;
But still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my arm.
They came; they passed; with spur and whip in haste
they sped along—
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band six hundred
strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night
and through day;
Pushing on east to the river, many long miles away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into
the west,
And ford the Upper Ohio before they could stop
to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in
advance:

Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me
a sideways glance;

And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his
rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir; I scarce dared look
in his face,

As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around
the place:

I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'t was only a boy,
you see;

Faint and worn, with dim blue eyes; and he'd sailed
on the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—

Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun!

The damp drops stood on his temples; drawn was the
boyish mouth;

And I thought me of the mother waiting down in
the South!

O, pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit
through and through;

Boasted and bragged like a trooper; but the big words
wouldn't do:

The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain
could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the
Tennessee.

But when I told the laddie that I too was from the
South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his
mouth:
“Do you know the Bluegrass country?” he wistful
began to say;
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted
dead away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought
him to;
I fed him, and coaxed him, as I thought his mother'd
do;
And when the lad got better, and the noise in his
head was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, gallop-
ing on.

“O, I must go,” he muttered; “I must be up and away!
Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me! O, what will
Morgan say?”
But I heard a sound of tramping, and kept him back
from the door—
The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard
before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, gallop-
ingly rapidly:

They had followed hard on Morgan's track; they
had followed day and night;

But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never
caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer
days;

For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad
highways;

Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now
north, now east, now west,

Through river valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping
away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride! But they were taken
at last:

They almost reached the river by galloping hard
and fast;

But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they
gained the ford,

And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his
terrible sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against
his will—

But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale
and still:

Then it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear
me tell—

But I stole down to that gully, and brought up
Kentucky Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead, my pretty, gentle
lass—

But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old
Bluegrass;

A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-
out lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how;
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a
backward bow;

And then the glow it faded, and my heart began
to swell,

As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky
Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was
shining high;

Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him
why—

But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on
the wall,

And a thin old horse with drooping head stood in
Kentucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word
to me;
He knew I couldn't help it—'twas all for the
Tennessee;
But after the war was over, just think what came to
pass—
A letter, sir; and the two were safe back in the old
Bluegrass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky
Belle;
And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty,
and well;
He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her
with whip or spur;
Ah! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her!

—*Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

DOWN ABOUT OLD SHAKERTOWN

[Shakertown is located near Harrodsburg, in Mercer County. Its grounds and buildings are unique—as unique as the old Shaker faith itself. The village was founded more than a century ago.]

You may boast about the landscapes fair so far
across the sea—
Of castled Rhine, and southern France, and favored
Italy—
But have you seen, when Springtime flings the scented
blossoms down,
The forests and the meadows green around old
Shakertown?

You may boast of some that bask beneath perpetual
Summer's smiles—
Those "Edens of the eastern wave"—the sunny
Grecian isles—
And others that perhaps you've seen, of beauty and
renown,
But come and view the country spread around old
Shakertown!

O come and boast that you have been where Nature's
lavish hand
Bestowed the gifts of wood and field that vie with
any land—
Where valleys wear a velvet robe—the hills and
emerald crown
Of bluegrass shimmering in the sun, around old
Shakertown!

O come to old Kentucky then, and to her garden spot,
Then wander wheresoe'er you will, it ne'er will be
forgot
For Nature's face is wreathed in smiles, nor wears
a single frown
To mar the beauty she has spread around old
Shakertown!

—George W. Doneghey.

AUNT DALMANUTHA'S HOMESICKNESS

But it were not till I sot in the railroad cyars ag'in and the level country had crinkled up into hills, and the hills had riz up into mountains, all a-blazin' out majestical' in the joy of the yaller and scarlet and green and crimson, that I raly got my sight and knowed I had it. Yes, the Bluegrass is fine and pretty and smooth and heavenly fair; but the mountains is my nateral and everlastin' element. They gethered round me at my birth; they bowed down their proud heads to listen at my first weak cry; they cradled me on their broad knees; they suckled me at their hard but ginerous breasts. Whether snow-kivered, or brown, or green, or many-colored, they never failed to speak great, silent words to me whensoever I lifted up my eyes to 'em; they still holds in their friendly embrace all that is dear to me, living or dead; and, women, if I don't see 'em in heaven, I'll be lonesome and homesick thar.

—*Lucy Furman, in "Sight to the Blind."*

THE KENTUCKY MAGNOLIA

Fair, exiled princess, wrapped in mournful dream
Of thy far homeland, thou dost pine and pine
'Mid unfamiliar scenes, where wild winds whine
Around thy shivering limbs, and fitful gleams

The cold, pale daylight. Oh, the tender themes
That Memory whispers of the crystal wine
Of dewdrops, and the clinging silvery twine
Of mosses where the Southern sunset beams!

Thou'rt like that Indian Flower of the woods
Transplanted to the alien English soil—
Sad Pocahontas, 'mid the streets' turmoil
Remembering the forest solitudes,
And ever yearning, with a savage pain,
To roam among her own green glades again.

—Lula Clark Markham.

KENTUCKY

[Read by Mr. Thatcher at the close of his speech at the banquet given by Kentucky friends, at the Galt House, Louisville, May 2, 1910.]

Kentucky, O Kentucky,
Thy fame hath traveled far;
In all the mighty civic sky
There is no brighter star.

We love thee for thy Lincoln,
George Rogers Clark and Clay;
For Boone and all the master men
Who made thine early day.

We love thee for thy holy past,
For all thou art to be;
Our prayers and tears, our true hearts' blood
Are consecrate to thee.

Thou hast no pallid virtues
To sap thy mighty soul;—
Thy faults are those of vigor,
That needeth but control.

Thy strength, thou yet shalt curb it,
And guide with easy rein;
Thenceforth thy history may be
Without a scar or stain.

O, thou hast known the shame and cross,
And dark Gethsemane;
Thou, too, hast known transfigured heights
Where God communed with thee.

The wars have wrought their ravage,
Red hast thou run with gore;—
Yet virtue springs from struggle,
And blesseth evermore.

The golden urn of history
Is filled with sacred dust
Of men and women dying here
For causes great and just.

Kentucky, O Kentucky,
Thy children hold thee dear;
Pour out the ointments of thy love
On all who bideth here!

Almighty Spirit, Father, God,
We kneel and pray to Thee—
Bless this Thy State, and these Thy sons,
And keep us just and free!

—M. H. Thatcher.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

[It was written in 1847 to commemorate the death of his comrades who fell in Mexico, and was read by him upon the occasion of their burial in the plot of ground set apart by the State for their reception in the cemetery at Frankfort. O'Hara now sleeps within the same ground, and may be said to have sung his own memorial, standing upon his unmade grave.—Robert Burns Wilson in *The Century Magazine*, May, 1890.]

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 answer 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 fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust;
Their plumed heads are bowed;
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their natural shroud;
And plenteous funeral-tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And their proud forms, in battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing steed, the flashing blade,
The trumpet's stirring blast;
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout, are past;
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that nevermore shall feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the dread northern hurricane
That sweeps his broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe.
Our heroes felt the shock, and leapt
To meet them on the plain;
And long the pitying sky hath wept
Above our gallant slain.

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.

So 'neath 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 hearts and eyes watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood you gave,
No impious footsteps 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 minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanquished age hath flown,
The story how ye fell.
Nor wreck, nor change, or winter's blight,
Nor Time's remorseless doom,
Shall dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

—*Theodore O'Hara, in The Kentucky Yeoman.*

YE PIONEER'S WILD STRAWBERRIES

(*From The Strawberry Bowl.*)

[God might have made a better berry than the strawberry,
but certainly he never did.—*Izaak Walton.*]

Father, thy locks are thin and gray,
Hast thou no legend for us, pray?
Sing of the wild strawberry's flame
When first Kentucky hunters came.

“ 'Tis nigh on ninety years, I guess,
By the road called the 'Wilderness'—
Its story's told by Captain Speed,
A little book you all should read—
We pioneered to old Kaintuck,
Woods swarmed with turkey, bear and buck,
And by the 'Rock Spring' pitched our tents,
Them times wild strawberries was immense;
We didn't pick, we scooped 'em up
By bushels, with a bowl or cup;
And when our teams came home at night,
The critters' legs—they *wuz* a sight;
Seemed like they'd swum in bloody seas,
The red juice splashed above their knees.
We rode one May-day 'cross the prairie,
Me and my wife and little Mary;
Come to a holler in the ground,
Where lots of strawberries grew around,
And herds of trampling buffalo
Made the red juice in rivers flow
And fill a pool some five foot deep—
Excuse me, pardners; I must weep—
Thanks! My throat *is* a leetle dry—
God knows I can not tell a lie! (Applause)
Our hosses slipped and tumbled in,
We swum in juice up to the chin;
A half an hour we rose and sank,
At last we scrambled to the bank;

Me and my wife soon came around—"
(*Omnes*) "But little Mary?"
 "*She was drowned!*" (Groans)
"Yes, drowned! My stricken heart, be calm!
Hers is the crown, the harp, the palm—
Thanks, yes, if you insist, a dram.
Blood flowed them days like strawberry juice,
When Girty let his hell-hounds loose.
One day some Injin squaws allfired—"

There, old man, rest. You must be tired.
Share in our feast, Homeric sire;
Thanks to the Muse for such a lyre!

—S. C. Mercer.

EPICEDIUM

In Gloriosam Mortem
Magnanimi Equitum Ducis
Joseph Hamilton Daviess, Patrii Amoris Victimæ
In Tippecanoe Pugna ad Annem
Wabaschum, 7. Die Nov. 1811.
Epicedium;
Honorabili Viro Joanni Rowan
Meo Ipsiusque Amico Dicitum.

(*From The Kentucky Gazette, February 18, 1812.*)

Autumnus felix aderat granaria complens
Frugibus; umbrosas patulis iam frondibus ulmos
Exuerat brumoe proprior, cum Fama per orbem
Non rumore vago fatalia nuncia defert:

“Sub specie pacis Sylvaecola perfidus atra
“Nocte viros inopino plumbo occidit et hasta;
“Dux equitum triplici confossus vulnere, fortis
“Occubuit; turmoe hostiles periere fugatoe,
“Hostilesque casas merito ultrix flamma voravit.”
Mensibus Aestivis portenderat ista Cometes
Funera; Terra quatit repetitis motibus; aegre
Volvit sanguineas Wabaschus tardior undas
Ingeminant Dryades suspiria longa; Hymenoeus
Deficit audita clade, et solatia spernit
Omnia; triste silet Musarum turba; fidelis
Luget Amicities, lugubri tegmine vestit
Et caput et laevam, desiderioque dalentis
Non pudor aut modus est. Lacrymas at fundere inanes
Quid iuvat? Heu lacrymis nil Fata moventur acerba!
Ergo piae Themidis meliora oracula poscunt
Unanimes; diram causam Themis aure benigna
Excipit, et mox decretum pronunciat oequum:
“Davidis effigies nostra appendatur in aula;
“Tempora sacra viri quercus civilis adornet,
“Ac non immeritam iungat Victoria laurum.
“Signa sui Legislator det publica luctus;
Historioe chartis referat memorabile Clio.
“Proelium, et alta locum cyparissus contegat umbra.
“Tristis Hymen pretiosa urna cor nobile servet;
“Marmoreo reliquos cineres sincera sepulcro
“Condat Amicities; praesens venturaque laudet
“Aetas magnanimum David, virtute potentem

"Eloquii, belli et pacis decus immortale."
Vita habet angustos fines, et gloria nullos:
Qui patrioe reddunt vitam, illi morte nec ipsa
Vincuntur; virtutum exempla nepotibus extant.
Pro Patria vitam profundere maxima laus est.

—*Stephanus Theodorus Badin,*
Cathol. Mission.

Moerens canebat 15, Dec. 1811.

A TRANSLATION BY "WOODFORDENSIS"

(From the same.)

[On the glorious death of Joseph Hamilton Daviess, Commander of the Horse, who fell a victim to his love of country, in the late battle on the Wabash, the 7th November, 1811. Dedicated to John Rowan, Esq.]

'Twas late in autumn, and the thrifty swain
In spacious barns secur'd the golden grain;
November's chilly mornings breath'd full keen;
No leafy honors crown'd the sylvan scene.
When Fame with those sad tidings quickly flew
Throughout our land (her tale, alas! too true):
"The savage Indian, our perfidious foe,
Pretending peace with hypocritic show,
Surpris'd our legions in the dead of night
And urg'd with lead and steel the mortal fight;
Our valiant warriors strew th' ensanguin'd plain,
Ev'n our great Captain of the Horse is slain
With triple wound!!! At length the foe retires,
With loss; and leaves his town to our avenging fires."

When summer gilded our nocturnal sky
With astral gems; a comet blazed on high,
Portentous of these fates!—the earth, in throes
Repeated labors; rueful Wabash flows
With slower current, stain'd with mingling blood!
The *Dryads* fill with plaints the echoing wood!
Hymen, the slaughter heard, dissolves in grief!
Naught can console him, naught can yield relief.
In woeful silence sits the Muses' train
And Friendship mourns her fav'rite hero slain.
The funeral crape, vain badge of grief! she wears
Upon her head, her arms the emblem bears,
Her sorrowing mind no moderation knows,
Admits no measure to her boundless woes.

Ah, what avails the vain expense of tears?
Fate still unmoved this fruitless anguish bears!
Therefore to Themis' shrine, with one accord,
They come to crave a more benign award.
The direful cause the attentive Goddess hears,
And soon this just decree her record bears:
"Let Daviess still in semblance grace my halls,
Let his bright portraiture adorn my walls:
The civic oak his sacred brows entwine,
And vict'ry to the wreath his laurel join.
Let legislative acts of mourning show
The voted ensigns of the public woe;
In the historic page be ever read
The fierce encounter, when great Daviess bled,
And be the fatal spot with cypress shade o'erspread;

His noble heart let Hymen's care enclose
In the rich urn, and friendship's hand compose
His other relics in the marble tomb.
Then let the ages present and to come
Just praises render to his glorious name;
Let honor'd Daviess gild the page of fame,
A hero, fit a nation's pow'r to wield,
In council wise, and mighty in the field."

His mortal life a narrow space confines,
But glory with unbounded lustre shines.
Those virtuous souls, who shed their noble blood
A willing off'ring to the public good,
Who to their country's welfare give
The sacrifice of life, forever live
As bright examples to the unborn brave,
To show how virtue rescues from the grave.
The noblest act the patriot's fame can tell,
Is, that he bravely for his country fell.

Thus sung the missionary bard, and paid
This mournful tribute to the mighty dead.

[NOTE.—Joseph Hamilton Daviess was also a famous lawyer of the Kentucky bar. He was the leading counsel in the prosecution of Aaron Burr, in the latter's treasonable designs against the American Government. Burr was arraigned at Frankfort, in 1806. . . . The "missionary bard" is, of course, Badin. He was a Frenchman, and was sent to Kentucky by the old Baltimore Diocese, of the Roman Catholic Church.]

“GOOD KENTUCKIAN”

“Good Christian” I would be, and bloom
In heaven if I can;
But if I miss it, on my tomb
Write “Good Kentuckian.”

—*Olive Tilford Dargan.*

KENTUCKY, SHE IS SOLD

[Written, apparently, in 1861, just after Kentucky was prevented from remaining neutral in the Civil War.]

A tear for “the dark and bloody ground,”
For the land of hills and caves;
Her Kentons, Boones, and her Shelbys sleep
Where the vandals tread their graves;
A sigh for the loss of her honored fame,
Dear won in the days of old;
Her ship is manned by a foreign crew,
For Kentucky, she is sold.

The bones of her sons lie bleaching on
The plains of Tippecanoe,
On the field of Raisin her blood was shed,
As free as the summer's dew;
In Mexico her McRee and Clay
Were first of the brave and bold—
A change has been in her bosom wrought,
For Kentucky, she is sold.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

Pride of the free was that noble State,
And her banner still were so,
Had the iron heel of the despot not
Her prowess sunk so low;
Her valleys were once the freeman's home,
Her valor unbought with gold,
But now the pride of her life is fled,
For Kentucky, she is sold.

Her brave would once have scorned to wear
The yoke that crushes her now,
And the tyrant grasp, and the vandal tread,
Would sullen have made her brow;
Her spirit yet will be wakened up,
And her saddened fate be told,
Her gallant sons to the world yet prove
That Kentucky is not sold.

—*J. R. Barrick.*

THIS IS KENTUCKY

This is Kentucky. Turn and gaze;
How fair the earth! the heaven how near!
Where smile the stars, where glow the days
More gloriously than they do here?

—*Madison Cawein.*

KENTUCKY REQUIRED TO YIELD HER ARMS

[Written at the beginning of the Civil War.]

Ho! will the despot trifle,
In dwellings of the free;
Kentuckians yield the rifle,
Kentuckians bend the knee!
With dastard fear of danger,
And trembling at the strife;
Kentucky, to the stranger,
Yield liberty for life!
Up! up! each gallant ranger,
With rifle and with knife!

The bastard and the traitor,
The wolfcub and the snake,
The robber, swindler, hater,
Are in your homes—awake!
Nor let the cunning foeman
Despoil your liberty;
Yield weapon up to no man,
While ye can strike and see,
Awake, each gallant yeoman,
If still ye would be free!

Aye, see to sight the rifle,
And smite with spear and knife,
Let no base cunning stifle
Each lesson of your life:

How won your gallant sires
The country which ye keep?
By soul, which still inspires
The soil on which ye weep!
Lead up! their spirit fires,
And rouse ye from your sleep!

“What!” cry the sires so famous,
In Orleans, ancient field,
“Will ye, our children, shame us,
And to the despot yield?
What! each brave lesson stifle
We left to give you life?
Let apish despots trifle
With home and child and wife?
And yield, O shame! the rifle,
And sheathe, O shame! the knife?”

—*Anonymous.*

KENTUCKY

Daughter of the East,
Mother of the West;
Link that binds North and South.

—*Anonymous.*

JOE JOHNSTON

[Written at the beginning of the Civil War.]

But ye "Hunters," so famed, "of Kentucky" of yore,
Where now are the rifles that kept from your door
 The wolf and the robber as well?
Of a truth, you have never been laggard before
 To deal with a savage so fell.

Has the love you once bore to your country grown
 cold?

Has the fire on the altar died out? Do you hold
 Your lives than your freedom more dear?
Can you shamefully barter your birthright for gold,
 Or basely take counsel of fear?

We will not believe it; Kentucky, the land
Of a Clay, will not tamely submit to the brand
 That disgraces the dastard, the slave;
The hour of redemption draws nigh, is at hand,
 Her own sons her own honor shall save!

—*John R. Thompson.*

HENRY CLAY

A lofty granite column lifts
Its towering white toward the skies,
From where Kentucky's sunshine sifts
Through foliage of trees that rise
To shade the City of the Dead,
And stands he there who grandly said:
"Rather would I be right than President;"
His form majestic on the monument—
Clay, great Harry of the West,
To fame and memory blest.

In eloquent appeal he stands,
Pride of the land he loved, and brave,
With soul, and voice, and honest hands
To help; to lead, conserve and save.
Amid the nation's anxious days,
Along the paths of peaceful ways.
From Honor's mount these noble words he sent
"Rather would I be right than President."
Thus came to Henry Clay
The patriot's wreath of bay.

—*Col. William Lightfoot Visscher.*

“THE ALMIGHTY SMILED”

The Almighty rested when He had made the world, but there was a smile upon the face of God when He created Kentucky.

—*Anonymous.*

THE RIFLE IN THE HALL

From the days of Boone and Kenton,
In the “Dark and Bloody Ground,”
To the days when homes and gardens
In the bluegrass land abound;
Since it sent its leaden messengers
To bring the savage down,
We have blest the good old rifle
Of Kentucky and renown.

It is long, and grim, and rusty,
And out of date its lock,
And tarnished are the mountings
In brass upon its stock,
But we love the ancient weapon,
Resting high against the wall;
That old Kentucky rifle,
On the buckhorns in the hall.

By the date and letters graven
On its butt, we understand
That our grandsire was its master,
And in his sturdy hand
It cleared the way for progress,
Thro' many a savage fray,
To where 'tis dumbly hanging
On the buckhorns there to-day.

Thro' trial and the wilderness,
His faithful guard and guide,
'Twas cherished by that hardy soul,
And 'twas his boast and pride.
Now, 'mong the rich bequests he left
The dearest of them all
Is the long Kentucky rifle
On the buckhorns in the hall.

—*Col. William Lightfoot Visscher.*

THE KENTUCKIAN'S LAMENT

I useter live in old Kaintuck some forty year ago,
An' come back here again, to stop, a week er two,
er mo'.
But now I'm goin' back out West, an' stay thar, too,
my son,
'Kase I don't like the changes that the times has
gone an' done.

Thar useter be a little crick a-runnin' 'neath this hill,
An' furder down thar useter stan' a monst'ous fine
old mill;
I've waded in that little crick, an' fished fur minners
thar,
An' watched the mus'rats divin' in the water fresh
an' clar.

I useter ride a grist to mill—a sack er Injun cawn—
Jis' many a time, in them old days, so long 'fo' you
was bawn;
An' me an' all the yuther boys—in winter time,
you know—
Was parchin' cawn, an' swappin' lies ontell we had
to go.

That little crick has gone plum' dry, the mill is all
to' down,
An' blamed ef they ain't tuck the spot to build er
onry town,
An' where the big-road useter run thar's growin'
weeds an' grass,
An' thar's a cut, clean thro' the hill, fur railroad
kyars to pass.

Them shell-bark hick'ry trees is gone, whar me an'
yo Aunt Sue,
Has gather'd nuts, so many falls, when we was size
er you;

An' over yan, whar houses stan' along the south
hill side,
Thar stood the woods, an' pawpaws growed an'
possums useter hide.

The boys as useter play with me, when I was but a
kid,
Has all turned gray—'cep' them that's bald—an'
some the ground has hid;
An' stid er jeans, an' home'ade socks, an' all the like
er that,
Sto' ciose is all the go, mer son, them an' the—bee-
gum hat.

The sasser ain't no longer used to po' yo' coffee in,
An' eatin' with yo' knife has grow'd to be a mortal sin;
An' what is wuss than all the rest, an' seems to me
mos' quar'
Cocktails, an' sich like truck as that, has knocked
out whisky clar.

These things is much too much for me. It's broke
my heart in two,
It's ru'nous to the country, an' it ain'ter goin' ter do;
I'm goin' back—you hear me shout—clean back to
Washin'ton;
I wanter find Old Skookumchuck, an' stay thar, too,
mer son.

—*Col. William Lightfoot Visscher.*

KENTUCKY—A TOAST

Kentucky—not the oldest nor yet the youngest; not the richest nor yet the poorest; not the largest nor yet the least; but take it all in all, for men and women, for flocks and herds, for fields and skies, for happy homes and loving hearts, the best place outside of heaven the good Lord ever made.

—*Rev. Hugh McLellan, in The Louisville Times.*

'MEADOWLAND'

Sing no more of "Dark and Bloody Ground,"
Where once the canebrake reeked with human gore—
Where wigwams marked Kentucky's rolling plains
And hurled defiance at each pale-face door.
Pale-face and red man! Hush that ancient tale
Of early slaughter, blood incarnadine,
And sing of smiling fields and waving grass—
Of stately, Southern homes that interline;
For neither "dark," nor "bloody" is thy ground,
Kentucky, where once the red man lurked around;
Thou dost not claim that dismal epithet,
For on thy bright escutcheon high is set,
In glowing letters from Jehovah's hand
Thy matchless, deathless name—sweet
"Meadowland."

—*Josiah H. Combs.*

NOTE.—The word "Kentucky" has long been thought to mean "dark and bloody ground." Not until recently has its true meaning been discovered, which, in the Cherokee language, is "meadowland."

THE MOUNTAINEERS

“You see, mountains isolate people and the effect of isolation on human life is to crystallize it. Those people over the line have had no navigable rivers, no lakes, no wagon roads, except often the beds of streams. They have been cut off from all communication with the outside world. They are a perfect example of an arrested civilization, and they are the closest link we have with the Old World. They were Unionists because of the Revolution, as they were Americans in the beginning because of the spirit of the Covenanter. They live like the pioneers; the axe and the rifle are still their weapons, and they still have the same fight with nature. This feud business is a matter of clan-loyalty that goes back to Scotland. They argue this way: You are my friend or my kinsman, your quarrel is my quarrel, and whoever hits you hits me. If you are in trouble, I must not testify against you. If you are an officer, you must not arrest me; you must send me a kindly request to come into court. If I'm innocent and it's perfectly convenient—why, maybe I'll come. Yes, we're the vanguard of civilization, all right, all right—but I opine we're goin' to have a hell of a merry time.”

—*Samuel Budd's speech, in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," by John Fox, Jr.*

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THE CYPRESS TREES

[In Black Lake Swamp, Muhlenberg County.]

We sentinel the lone waste places
Of swamps that are low and dim;
Line on line for the conflict,
Tall and silent and grim.
In the dawn of that far-off morning
We stood in serried lines—
The trees all clustered together,
And next to us stood the pines.
But great was the Master's cunning—
A wisdom no man may know;
So He sends the pines to the uplands,
While we to the swamps must go.

Mystic and brooding and silent,
Huddled together we stand;
Pickets in reedy marshes,
Guards of this lone, low land.
Dark are the aisles of our forests,
Tangled with briars and vines;
Few there be who can know us,
Few who can read our signs.
The lone owl broods in our branches,
The brown snakes come and go,
And still we whisper a secret
No man shall ever know.

Tall and mystic and brooding,
Waiting the long years through;
Men drive us away from the swampland,
But we come to the swampland anew.
For here we're master builders,
Lifting the soil from the slime;
Holding the drifts in decaying,
Bringing the earth to its prime.
Turning the low waste spaces
To soil that's black and deep,
Until we are cleared from our places
That men may sow and reap.

—Harry M. Dean, in *Rothert's History of
Muhlenberg County.*

DARLING NELLIE GRAY

There's a low, green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
There I've whiled many happy hours away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling, Nellie Gray.

Chorus

Oh! my poor Nellie Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

When the moon had climbed the mountain and the
stars were shining, too,
Then I'd take my darling, Nellie Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,
While my banjo sweetly I would play.

One night I went to see her, but "She's gone," the
neighbors say,
The white man bound her with his chain;
They have taken her to Georgia for to wear her life
away,
As she toils in the cotton and the cane.

My eyes are getting blinded, and I can not see my
way;
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door—
Oh, I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nellie Gray!
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore!

Chorus for last stanza

Oh, my darling, Nellie Gray, up in heaven there they
say
That they'll never take you from me any more;
I'm a-coming—coming—coming, as the angels clear
the way,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore!

—Benjamin Russell Hanby.

THE OLD PIONEER

[In honor of Daniel Boone. Boone's remains now rest in the cemetery at Frankfort. At the time this poem was published (December 19, 1850), there was no monument over his grave.]

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Knight-errant of the wood!
Calmly beneath the green sod here
He rests from field and flood;
The war-whoop and the panther's screams
No more his soul shall rouse,
For well the aged hunter dreams
Beside his good old spouse.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Hushed now his rifle's peal;
The dews of many a vanish'd year
Are on his rusted steel;
His horn and pouch lie mouldering
Upon the cabin-door;
The elk rests by the salted spring,
Nor flees the fierce wild boar.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Old Druid of the West!
His offering was the fleet wild deer,
His shrine the mountain's crest.

Within his wildwood temple's space
An empire's towers nod,
Where erst, alone of all his race
He knelt to Nature's God.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
Columbus of the land!
Who guided freedom's proud career
Beyond the conquer'd strand;
And gave her pilgrim sons a home
No monarch's step profanes,
Free as the chainless winds that roam
Upon its boundless plains.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The muffled drum resound!
A warrior is slumb'ring here
Beneath his battle-ground.
For not alone with beast of prey
The bloody strife he waged,
Foremost where'er the deadly fray
Of savage combat raged.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
A dirge for his old spouse!
For her who blest his forest cheer,
And kept his birchen house.

Now soundly by her chieftain may
The brave old dame sleep on,
The red man's step is far away,
The wolf's dread howl is gone.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
His pilgrimage is done;
He hunts no more the grizzly bear
About the setting sun.
Weary at last of chase and life,
He laid him here to rest,
Nor recks he now what sport or strife
Would tempt him further west.

A dirge for the brave old pioneer!
The patriarch of his tribe!
He sleeps—no pompous pile marks where,
No lines his deeds describe.
They raised no stone above him here,
Nor carved his deathless name—
An empire is his sepulchre,
His epitaph is Fame.

—*Theodore O'Hara, in The Kentucky Yeoman.*

THE BLUEGRASS.

God's Country!

No humor in that phrase to the Bluegrass Kentuckian! There never was—there is none now. To him, the land seems in all the New World, to have been the pet shrine of the Great Mother herself. She fashioned it with loving hands. She shut it in with a mighty barrier of mighty mountains to keep the mob out. She gave it the loving clasp of a mighty river, and spread broad, level prairies beyond that the mob might glide by, or be tempted to the other side, where the earth was level and there was no need to climb: that she might send priests from her shrine to reclaim western wastes or let the weak or the unloving—if such should be—have easy access to another land.

And Nature holds the Kentuckians close even to-day—suckling at her breasts and living after her simple laws. What further use she may have for them is hid by the darkness of to-morrow, but before the Great War came she could look upon her work and say with a smile that it was good. The land was a great series of wooded parks such as one might have found in Merry England, except that worm fence and stone wall took the place of hedge along the highways. It was a land of peace and of a plenty that was close to easy luxury—for all. Poor whites were few, the

beggar was unknown, and throughout the region there was no man, woman or child, perhaps, who did not have enough to eat and to wear and a roof to cover his head, whether it was his own roof or not. If slavery had to be—then the fetters were forged light and hung loosely. And, broadcast, through the people, was the upright sturdiness of the Scotch-Irishman, without his narrowness and bigotry; the grace and chivalry of the Cavalier without his Quixotic sentiment and his weakness; the jovial good nature of the English squire and the leavening spirit of a simple yeomanry that bore itself with unconscious tenacity to traditions that seeped from the very earth. And the wings of the eagle hovered over all.

—*John Fox, Jr., in The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.*
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“HIGHLAND,” PEWEE VALLEY

The rosy-cheeked apple hung down by the stem,
The song-birds were waking the beautiful morn,
And dew-drops were trembling, each like a gem,
That shone on the blades of the green, waving corn.
The sun, in its chariot, mounted the sky,
The cow-bells made music upon the still air;
In the green shades of “Highland” sweet hours flew by,
And I thought, if there's pleasure on earth, it is there.

I sat in the shade of an old beech tree,
My heart was contented, my life was a bliss;
I thought, as the birds sang so sweetly for me,
What happier life could I ask for than this?
The air so refreshing, and nature so still,
The fragrance of roses, bespattered with dew,
The clover-decked carpet of that Kentucky hill—
I could live there forever in joy, couldn't you?

But each day takes me back to the hot, dusty street
Of the bustling city, to wear away my life
Amid business and turmoil, where each one I meet
Seems deeply engaged in a struggle of strife.
Good-bye, then, sweet "Highland!" I'll leave all I love
To enjoy all the pleasures, the joys and the bliss
Of a home that's akin to the one up above,
Made pure, when I return, by a wife's welcome kiss.

August 21, 1878.

—*Will S. Hays.*

KENTUCKY! OH, KENTUCKY!

Kentucky! Oh, Kentucky!

I love thy classic shade,
Where dwell the fairest figures
Of the dark-eyed Southern maid.

Where the mocking bird is singing
'Mid the blossoms newly born
Where the corn is full of kernels
And the Colonels full of "corn."

—*Anonymous.*

THE HUDSON OF THE WEST

[The Ohio River between Cincinnati and Louisville.]

When the lips of summer kisses
Nature in her sweet repose,
And the dewdrops kiss the faces
Of the flower and the rose,
And the nightingale is singing
To his mate upon her nest,
Silence sits upon the bosom
Of the Hudson of the West.

See the pale moon in her beauty
Float into the world of space,
And the grand old hills throw shadows
As they hide before her face—
Shadows laid like curtains
Softly on the river's breast,
Adding beauty to the grandeur
Of the Hudson of the West.

There the lovely hills and valleys,
Clothed in robes of verdant green,
And the forests, fields, and hillsides,
Lend their beauty to the scene.
Here a mansion, there a cottage,
Then some lovely vale of rest
On the banks of the Ohio—
On the Hudson of the West.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

Here a pretty little city,
Or a place of some renown;
On the hillside sits a village,
In the valley rests a town,
One unrolling panorama,
Nature furnishes the guest
Of the steamers of the Mail Line
On the Hudson of the West.

See the grand, majestic steamers
On sweet nature's looking-glass,
Mirrored in their speed and beauty,
In the moonlight, meet and pass;
There's a thrill of joy and pleasure
Leaps into each human breast
As we view the scenes enchanting,
On the Hudson of the West.

July 10, 1892.

—*Will S. Hays.*

A KENTUCKY TOAST

Here's to Old Kentucky,
The State where I was born,
Where the corn is full of kernels,
And the Colonels full of "corn."

—*Anonymous.*

IN MEMORY OF NANCY HANKS

Dead is the famous Nancy,
One time Queen of the Trot
That went against all comers
And got away with the lot.

Lot of the swiftest speeders
That ever hit the track,
But Nancy showed them her paces,
And set the whole bunch back.

Back to the common figures
Which mark the fastest stunt
Of their very best performance,
While Nancy went to the front.

Front of the trotting record
That turned all others down,
And placed on the time of Nancy
The Queen of the Trotters' crown.

Crown that she wore with honor
Through many a brilliant race,
And passed it on to the next one
Fitted to fill her place.

Place in the glory record,
Up there at the head,
Lit by the blazing turf-light,
Undimmed now she is dead.

Dead out there in Kentucky,
At rest in a bluegrass spot,
Where the lovers of all good horses
May lay a forget-me-not.

—*Will J. Lampton, in the Courier-Journal.*

“BACK HOME”

[Written for the Kentucky Colonels Club, Dallas, Texas,
October, 1915.]

Will I meet you at the banquet board,
when those who are so lucky
Will greet old friends and meet new friends,
and talk about Kentucky?
Of course I will, for to each heart,
no matter where we roam,
Among this crowd, hand clasped in hand,
we feel once more “Back Home.”

No other State so clannish as
this dear one of ours,
With its bluegrass and fine horses,
and its women sweet as flowers;

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

And when we get together and
 Kentucky whisky flows,
There is a kindred spirit
 no other State e'er knows.

Now, when the roll you're calling,
 and we answer to your names,
I think we all should answer
 with the county whence we came.
I came from old Scott County,
 the rarest gem that shines
In the golden ring, Kentucky,
 that Miss Columbia finds.

Scott is the pearl, so lustrous,
 in the cluster richly set,
With the ruby red of Bourbon
 and the diamond of Fayette;
The sapphire of sweet Owen,
 near Franklin's emerald green,
While the amethyst of Harrison
 is near Woodford's topaz seen.

Now I call these bluegrass counties
 the "setting of the ring,"
Though the "pennyrile" and the mountains
 their golden treasures bring,
In brain and brawn and muscle,
 that the limestone waters give,
In that grand old State, Kentucky,
 where we all began to live.

Now "united" here in Texas,
 "we stand" together all;
No chance around the festal board
 of "divided, we fall."
But before I close these verses,
 I would vote our thanks to Fate,
For the noble men and women
 who made our grand State great.

Dan Boone, who first discovered
 the rolling bluegrass land;
Shelby, Clark and Harrison,
 who followed in his band;
Menefee, Clay and Crittenden
 are names we love to praise—
To George Prentice and "Marse Henry"
 loudest pæans raise.

And later on, when bloody strife
 divided all, so hearty
Kentucky gave to North and South
 a leader to each party.
Lincoln, the martyr of the North,
 with love for South so tender,
Our great and glorious Davis
 was the Southern Rights defender.

Irvin Cobb, John Fox, Lane Allen,
 we rank among the great;
Charles Buck and Ingram Crockett
 are crowding at the gate,

John Townsend in his various books
has sung their praises all,
For there's "Aunt Jane of Kentucky"
and "Eliza Calvert Hall."

And there's Annie Fellows Johnson
and her "Little Colonel," too;
But if I name the roll of fame
I never would get through;
So I'll gladly gather with you round
the festal board so lucky—
In thought and heart we'll be once more
"Back Home" in Old Kentucky.

—George M. Spears, in the *Dallas News*.

THE BLUEGRASS COUNTRY

Oh, the splendor and the luxury
There's no one knows,
That lurks in Old Kentucky,
Where the bluegrass grows.

Oh, the beauty of the horses,
And the odd sweet charm
Of a pretty bluegrass widow
With a bluegrass farm!

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

If I thought I could not win her—
If I had no hope,
I would hang myself tomorrow
With a bluegrass rope!

Oh, the joy of drinking toddy
From a bluegrass mug,
As I lounge and rest my feet
Upon a bluegrass rug!

When for me has been prescribed
The last old blue mass pill,
I would take it while reclining
On a bluegrass hill.

And when my days are gone,
And Time shall be no more—
And my feet have struck the great
Eternal Bluegrass Shore—

When my soul has burst its fetters
And gone home to God,
Let my body rest in peace
Beneath the bluegrass sod.

—*Anonymous.*

TEN BROECK

Ole man Harper's gone to rest,
Sleepin' whar the bluegrass blows
On the upland's verdant crest
Whar the merry daisy grows;
Ten Broeck's slab of marble white
Glistens 'neath the golden sun,
By the paddock whar the might
And glory of his fame begun.

Love that race hoss? Time o' day!
Harper loved him like a child,
And the first quick tremblin' neigh
Ringin' from the woodland wild
Fell upon ole Harper's yeer
Like a strain of music sweet,
Weren't no music he could hear
Like the tread of race-hoss feet.

Yes, I saw that four-mile run
Down at Louisville in July,
Hot?—it seemed the brilin' sun
Flamed the clouds along the sky.
Ten Broeck, white with lathered foam
Like an eagle cut the air,
Brought his colors safely home,
Writ his name in history there.

ALL THAT'S KENTUCKY

Ole Kentucky saw that day
All her native pride retained,
Couldn't hold her joy in sway
When they knowed the race was gained—
Ole man Harper's gone to rest,
Sleepin' whar the bluegrass blows,
Ten Broeck's slab is on the crest
Whar the merry daisy grows.

—*James Tandy Ellis.*

“God might have made a better State than Old
Kentucky, but certainly He never did.”

—*Karl D. Kelly, paraphrasing from Izaak Walton.*

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