

THE PLEDGE:

This is to certify that we  
Belle McCullough and Will. J. Hays, both  
of the City of Louisville, County of Jef-  
ferson, State of Kentucky, do agree and  
do hereby solemnly swear to be true  
friends and love each other long  
as we may live, &c. help us God."

Signed Will J Hays,

Sunday Evening Belle McCullough.

May 28<sup>th</sup> 1865.



Hermitage Dec 27<sup>th</sup> 1864.

My dear Friend.

I often have a few leisure moments, and I do not know of a more pleasant manner of whiling them away than by writing to you. I have found this book, and, whenever I have nothing else to do, I will write in it, such thoughts as may occur to my mind, whether they be of interest or not. They may be many or few. Nevertheless they shall be true. I will not be particular, however, as to how I write, or take great pains to study over what I may say. But, just as I feel I intend to write, I will entitle the book "Leisure Moments," and what I write, is intended for your perusal and not for the eyes of a scrutinizing public to peep or pry into, to search out its faults & Censure me because I am its author.

Dec 27<sup>th</sup> Noon: Very Cold - am well as usual. Saw  
Nina ~~Trivett~~ last night at Opera - exchanged glances  
with her. She thinks she is pretty - I don't - would like to  
play the flirt - won't let her. - Dreamed of Eva last night -  
- funny dream, wish it were true - kisses were in profusion  
on the occasion - Going to see Belle tonight - if I can  
get away from the office. - like her best of all - why  
shouldn't I? best girl in the world - Oh! How pleasant it is  
to have one fond, true, faithful heart to love you and  
welcome you with smiles of love. when you go to see her  
and give you a sweet kiss at parting. I pity a man  
who has "no one to love," and would envy him if he had  
one to love him more than Belle loves me. Kesperium  
Club meets here Friday night. - a gay time anticipated. - I  
am coming with Belle - hope shall enjoy the evening. - ~~Mr~~  
~~Cottrell~~ here today - Am sleepy - gone to sleep.

Night 12 o'clock. - Am too cold to write much. Spent  
a very pleasant evening with Belle - the best, dearest  
friend I have on earth - Am happy - must lie down  
to rest - and hope I may dream of the girl I love.  
May my dreams be sweet - No more - Snowing and  
Cold. - Good night - to all the world - but sweetest of all to Belle



28<sup>th</sup>  
These days mornings 6<sup>0</sup> clock; Just arose - pleasant morning - Ed in a merry  
mood - I am well-dreamed last night - of Susan, - she is a sweet little  
girl, - refused to be introduced to some ladies at the opera, - am  
going to work, happy as I can be, - Oh! who knows the worth of  
happiness more than I who have so long been a stranger to it?  
noon - This is a cool but beautiful day. Have come home to take  
a "nap" - Was censured by the military authorities for writing an ar-  
ticle against the Administration - didn't hurt me much - Saw my  
name in the list of those liable to be drafted - am not alarmed  
about it - received a letter from a young lady who could have  
made better use of her time, than writing such nonsense to me.  
What fools some girls can make of themselves - while they think  
they are fooling others they are making fools of themselves - met  
Sallie Ferguson (that used to be) says she likes married life - more  
than her husband does, "Sister" Kate and Kelly Todd, intend  
spending the day with us tomorrow - will be at the "folie"  
tomorrow night - Saw a young lady at Galt House - looked like  
Belle - wasn't as good as she looked - Found an orphan boy  
on the street - handsome and intelligent - give him employ-  
ment in the office - Will write more tonight - Must go to  
sleep - Saw Belle last night - pleased with the Christmas gift  
I sent her - Am glad she appreciated it - What a noble hearted girl

Before I lie down I will say, that there are a great many people (young ladies & gentlemen) in this world, who are as ignorant of the "sweet" of love as a dog is. Poor wretches! I have always appreciated true friendship and thought that I was happy in the belief that there was nothing like it; but since the bud of friendship has bloomed and grown into the beautiful flower of love, I find that friendship was but a distant relative to the tender passion. I did love once upon a time, when that love was being wasted - it was a love of something which I feared would be a nothingness, but, hope bid me love on until I had almost despaired of being loved, but, the happy moment arrived, and I was made happier every moment and hour even to the present moment. - I never dreamed of being loved by one so gentle, kind and true, as she whom I would have sacrificed life for, ~~for~~ even were the sacrifice but to add one comfort or moment's happiness to her. - I do not love her for her beauty or her worldly goods. - No! I love her because in an hour of trial & trouble she was a faithful friend, and I love her most of all because she loves me. Be false to her? Ask the God who made you if Heaven be false.



Night. I have just come from the office and am tired - tonight, I had a long and interesting conversation with a very intelligent gentleman in regard to married life - he advised me to get married and I think his views and mine are alike on the subject. In the first place, the lady should be a help mate, and not a drag to a young man, who would work his very soul out to promote her happiness. - She would be a poor excuse for a true woman who would make a cart horse of him because he happened to love her, and the man would be a fool who would marry such a woman. - Well - I will speak of this again. - the night is cool, with prospects of snow. Have thought of Belle more today than usual - don't know why - she does - wouldn't give her for all the girls I ever saw. - Saw Bob today - no news from Rock - I have worked hard today but have been happy and contented. - Am tired and sleepy - must lie down to sleep and hope I may dream happily of her I love.

Before I bid the world good night.

Sweet love, I turn to thee.

And hope your dreams may be as sweet

As mine will be to mine.

Good Night! I am off on a journey to 'Dreamland' and I hope to have the pleasure of meeting with you there -

than by linking my existence with hers, - that she was poor.  
Ah! Blinded fools! You know not of whom you speak, or  
what you say. I have often thought that when one gets jealous  
of another, she slurs & interferes, and prompts <sup>them</sup> to lie on one  
another until they get ashamed of themselves. Even if Belle  
were all that this young lady has represented, is it any of  
her business. I suppose I am intelligent enough, at least,  
to discover any faults of my own friends, without the aid  
of any girl blessed (or cursed) with the "gift of gab." If any  
one, I can not who it is, ever tell me of the faults of others  
I generally tell them to remain at home, search out their  
own faults first, before they go out doors to study & circulate  
the faults of others. "People who live in glass houses must  
not throw stones." But, I pass the remarks of this flaunting,  
dashing, faultfinder aside with impunity, and pardon  
her on account of her ignorance and assurance. <sup>x</sup> Alice  
Layton, has just dropped in - Says she came to give me a kiss  
- I accept. - (She kisses me) - Alice is a sweet little girl - with  
a face as full of beauty as her eyes are of wisdom - Says  
she is my little sweetheart - wants to know who my big ones  
are. She is off - So am I - to dinner, then to the office -



Saturday morning - Well the party is over - a large crowd was assembled  
and all enjoyed themselves - I said all - there was one who was made  
a stranger to pleasure - never mind, I will speak of it again - I  
did not sleep much and must lie down now. Belle was here - I brought  
her and returned with her, after which I came back home - I  
hope she enjoyed herself - Ella + Tom were here - If I am  
not too sleepy I will write a good deal of the party tonight -  
also an incident which occurred, from which many who  
might read it may learn a profitable lesson on "asso-  
ciation." I must lie down now - the earth is covered with  
snow and the weather is cool - I have had a severe at-  
tack of the "Blues" ever since yesterday - hope I may soon  
recover. - Good Day! Oh! Belle, if you but only knew the sweet  
sorrows of my poor self, you would offer me the hand of  
friendship, holding in it the Sweet Cup of Sympathy, and  
invite me to drink of it - till love and pleasure would  
would make me drunk with that happiness, which I  
have so often experienced - only to be swallowed up too  
soon by sorrow, and makes me more miserable than be-  
fore. But - Pshaw! Why do I count - Such sad reflections?  
Am I the most miserable dog in existence? No! In sadness  
or gladness I am loved, and, for his loves and his good must be happy.

New 31<sup>st</sup> night: This is the last day of the year, and I feel happy  
to think that amid all the sorrows, trials, vexations, escapes, and in  
fact everything that has been or could be thrown in a young  
man's way to obstruct his road to happiness - I say, I am  
glad and should be grateful to God for his kindness  
in preserving my life another year. It has gone, and  
with it some of my best friends. It is true, that I have  
wandered about through strange countries, on distant  
rivers, and amid strangers generally, little caring where  
I might be laid out a corpse by strangers hands, or  
whether my form be laid away to rest under the lonely  
Magnolia blossoms of the South, or, that my body might  
be given to the fishes for food. yet, there were bright  
moments of hope & pleasure flitting across the pathway  
of memory, amid the darkest and most desolate periods  
of my unhappy ~~existence~~ existence. Thus I sit me in  
my room tonight, and contemplate the sad and lonely  
hours I have spent, with no one to confide in, no one in  
whom I could place that trust and to whom I could  
unveil myself - no one to wipe a tear or give one sigh  
in my behalf. I almost weep with joy, to think that  
after passing through that terrible time, I have been spared.



But enough of my own private trials & miseries, for who is there in this cold and unfeeling world, who could be such a friend as to really sympathize with me in an hour of affliction? I would have been a happy young man all my life, had I not courted the acquaintance of sorrow and so often, drank of the Cup of woe and misery.

I have worked hard today, but I have not been well-occasionally no doubt, by the loss of Sleep-Hat. I am eating & Capt. Gilmore remained here all night last night, and seemed to enjoy themselves at the party. I would have written much this forenoon concerning the party, but I was so sleepy and felt so bad, that I could not do so. Every person present seemed to enjoy themselves last night to their hearts' content. But amidst that gay and thoughtless crowd there was one who was not with them in that respect. He laughed when others laughed and smiled when others smiled. There was one in their midst who envied the joy of others, yet, should not have done so, for it was so decreed, no doubt, by a Higher Authority, that the Cup of happiness and pleasure should be snatched from his grasp ere he had an opportunity to place it to his lips. Yet, who was there in that giddy assemblage

that for a moment paused to consider the feelings, or, consult the happiness of others? Each were "happy within themselves, and all seemed happier still. My idea of happiness varies differently from the ideas of most others with whom I have consulted on the subject. To be happy yourself you must endeavor to make others happy, and that person who is selfish with his pleasures or envious of the happiness of others seldom enjoys the sweets of life purely within themselves. I have often been the means of making others contented and happy-when, at the same time I have been miserable myself. I spoke of one who was in shade parlors, mingling with the gay and thoughtless, trying to make others happy by trying to be happy himself, but it was a failure-he could not appear like himself. That one was myself-I who should have been the happiest there, but alas! I was not to blame. I tried hard to be so, and regret almost that I did-for I have one consolation left me, Belle enjoyed herself, and it was for that object that I came. I brought her here, and considered that I did but right in doing so.-When she entered the room all eyes were turned upon her graceful figure, and ere long she became the "observed of all observers."-I was proud of her, but oh! how soon pride melted in my bosom like a snowflake.



in the river" and I felt I know not how Pleasures took wings  
and flew out of the windows and left me to nurse my bitter  
feelings as best I could, until time might teach me to forget.  
The party was gotten up by a party of young gentlemen, and  
no one was considered a guest who did not belong to their  
club, unless he be invited by the occupants of the residence  
in which the party is given. If a young man would in-  
trude with his presence without an invitation from either  
party - he would and should meet with a "Cold Shoulder"  
from all the party, and he would have but very little  
independence, and a great deal of impudence who would  
push himself into any society, where his presence was  
not made welcome. Such an one was a fellow named  
Sydney Appling. All the members of the Club noticed the  
fact, and many of the ladies, also, who were present.  
but he, of course, was perfectly indifferent, and summed by his  
impudence to bid defiance to all concerned. I have known  
Belle, for two long years - during that time I have taught  
my friendship to always reverence and respect her, and I  
have been to her as few young men would have been - I  
have been true to her and taught myself to regard her  
as one of the best dearest friends I have on earth. The true

mine eyes turned upward, greeting her own as she smiled and told me that she loved me. It was a trying moment. My eyes could not deceive me. Again, I turned away and left them enjoying themselves, and, as I sat me down, alone, in an adjoining room, my memory went roving back, as if eager to recall "old recollections" - to the bright moonlight on the mighty Mississippi, - when I - a miserable unhappy boy - who loved her even then as life - stood looking down upon the troubled waters from the roof of the boat and almost sighed to make my grave there. And Alas! Had I done so then - I could have been spared the feelings which were tearing my very soul in parts, and wrecking a heart that was blinding with pain and anguish. The scene would not have been mine to behold - And, did I believe then, that I should <sup>ever</sup> see Belle - a true, intelligent, virtuous, and loving girl - publicly engaged in dancing a fancy dance with such <sup>another</sup> a character as did ~~studious~~ - I would never have wished to see her again, and my love for her and myself would have died together & no doubt have in this filled one common and unknown grave together. Even at the table he was all attention to her which being fully reciprocated on her part, gave him room and allowance to make other and bolder advances in my



presence. No doubt she may think I am easily made jealous, or that I can be easily plagued, - that she may call it sport, - but, when the truth - and all facts and circumstances are known in the case she will alter her opinion. In the first we are engaged: I look upon her as my wife, and love her as dearly as if she were. She has told me that she loved me, not him or any one else, and, it does seem to me, that she would show very little respect for me, and treat me as if I were a slave to come and go at her bidding. But, if she will sit down and spend a few minutes in silent consideration on the subject, that - I will not say any thing more about it. I still love her - I forgive her. I would gladly, Oh! how gladly, give her all the kind advice I could if it had any effect, but, I would fear 'twere useless almost. - I have written too much today & tonight, - being up all night before, not having slept much. I feel unwell, but hope the birth of the New Year, may be a happy one to all. May the world ere another be borned, - be at peace with each other, and May God bless the widow & the orphan - the poor and the needy, and May all the world be as dear and dear to each other as Belle is to me.

Sweet Girl! Them whom I love so true.

It is to thee I write.

I've loved thee true another year.

And still I own that thou art dear

To me, Sweet One Good Night!

If God intended I should love.

A woman, - It is thee.

And oh! That love would make me grieve

If I, Sweet girl, did not believe

That you loved none but me.

God I must wish you "pleasant dreams!"

Oh! Listen, - I may die.

If thou from earth may be removed.

And Angels ask you who you loved.

Oh! Tell them it was I.

The night is cold: and I'll to my couch retire in hopes  
that the proceedings of last night will die with the old  
year, and be erased from my memory forever, and  
that the New Year will bring me new pleasures, new hopes of life,  
and new love undimmed from the only girl I love in the world: Good Night!



Sunday Night: I left home early this morning and have not been home since until now. I have not been well today. Spent most of the day at the office getting up my paper for tomorrow - no paper to be issued on Tuesday. - Went to Cathedral in the afternoon - heard some good music - saw a pretty girl eyeing me very closely - She had the blackest eyes, and curliest hair I ever saw. - Looked at Mrs McCullough's - of course Belle was present - we had a talk over the affairs of Friday Night - all is right now. - I am satisfied she loves me as only a true hearted, <sup>devoted</sup> devoted girl can. I am very proud of her, and think that she is a model of female character - and a true woman in every respect. - I am made welcome to her parents residence by every member of the family, and in her presence in the parlour I always feel perfectly at home. She talks of paying a visit to her relatives in Henry County - hope if she goes, she will enjoy herself and remember me. No news from Floc. - I have holiday tomorrow - will spend the day at home, and expect to go to Arlington's Ministers at night. I must go to sleep - am happy & contented as ever I was in my life - any one to be loved as I am should not be otherwise - am troubled with heart disease - Good night & pleasant dreams to all.

Monday Morning Jan 2 1865. This is a holiday with me have just had a  
good nap and feel refreshed. - was down town this morning - lovely day -  
dreamed of Susan Mitchell last night - God bless her forever! Am sorry to  
part with a pet-canary which was never known to sing except in  
my presence. It died this morning, I watched it until it raised  
its little head mournfully and breathed its last notes I could  
not help but weep - Was it not strange, that it was never known to sing  
a note when it could not cast its little eyes upon me? I will see  
if I cannot write something appropriate to its memory:

Poor little bird! with its sweet songs of gladness -

Death! Oh! how cruel to close its bright eyes!

Oft has it cheered me in hours of sadness.

Only whenever it knew I was nigh.

Shut up in a cage, from the green fields & flowers.

There most of its kindred were roaming at will.

To sport with each other and sing the dull hours

Uway <sup>till the night</sup> ~~with small voice~~ bid them sleep and be still.

Oh! Had I uncaged it, before it was dying

I know 'twould have flown in its liberty - free.

But, alas! 'twas too late - It is dead - I am sighing

That sweet little bird, sings no more note for me!



May the sun melt the earth with its pure smiles of gladness  
While I find a place for my poor bird to sleep.  
And whenever my heart is embalm'd in its sadness  
I'll go to its resting place - there will I weep.

Close up the cages for its occupants sleeping,  
Lay it away, - take it out of my sight.  
For oft have mine eyes look'd upon <sup>its</sup> when weeping  
But <sup>the</sup> songs of its occupant soon made them bright.

Sleep sweet Canary! Thy short life is over.  
The songs of thy kindred are plaintive and sad.  
They sing and they sigh as a maid for her lover.  
Till weary of watching - they all are made glad.

Is there no Paradise? Ah! Yes! in Heaven  
Where all the songsters shall sing away care.  
But my poor birds, which to death I have given  
I know will not sing lest it know I am there.

I could have written something better, but, was interrupted several  
times by parties who came to pay me a New Year's call -  
Alas!

looked me sadly in the face and said "I'm so sorry," and insisted that I should dedicate a verse or two to her. - She kissed me, and waited patiently until I produced the following lines to her, which she took & ran home to show to her mother.

"Alice: Kiss me! Darling, won't you? I will promise not to tell.  
Do you know how much I love you?" "Yes! but not as much as Belle."  
Belle is larger, and I love her in proportion to her size  
So with you" - "It must be little that you love me" she replies.

"Come now, Alice, this is New Year's come, and give me one sweet kiss.  
<sup>to</sup> Give aside your flaxen ringlets - and I'll never speak of this -"  
"How then, talk it," but you promise, Will, that you will never tell.  
For you know your little sweetheart "loves you just as true as Belle."

"Ah! Give kissed me, pretty Alice, oh! how jealous Belle would be  
If she knew you kissed so sweetly" - "I don't care - send her to me"  
"Why, sweet Alice, would you scold her?" No Sir, "Then what would you do?"  
I would kiss you, Will, before her - tell her - Belle, I kissed for you."  
Alice has kissed me and gone - merry little Cricket - full of  
love youth, beauty and innocence - I go, she tells in -  
vites me 'tis a knell, that summons me to write away or  
do without my dinner - No more - will be down town all afternoon



Evening - Have just come up - Saw Ellen, Miss Belle, and Belle, at Louis gate, waiting for the cars to take a ride - promised to call and see Belle this evening - I think I will wear out my welcome if I go much more, but, some how or other I can't keep away from Belle. no how I can fix it - well, no matter I guess - It is all in a life time. This has been a long, dull, dreary & weary day to me - I have been at a loss for something to do - write more tonight. Ned. has just handed me an invitation to a wedding - never go to weddings or funerals -

Night - 11 o'clock: went to the office this evening and worked awhile - come home - went with lady to see wounded son - came by Belle's went in and was made more than welcome by her kind mother - Belle's face upon entering the room wore that self same independent look, characterizing her as a woman of a bit - care - a - cent disposition - but put her in a much different humor by making myself more agreeable than usual - left her in a good humor and came away fully satisfied that I had spent a pleasant and agreeable evening with the choice of my heart. Went to Ministers house filled - will go with Belle to - tomorrow night if I get time. Good night! to all the world and that is to Belle - for she is all the world to me.

True day morning 8 o'clock - Arou early - feel very well. 'tis snowing "outrageously"  
must go to work. - Don't know anything worth relating - Got to thinking of Belle.  
Last night, and came very near sitting up with myself all night -  
in fact - "I could na get nae slup at a'  
For thinking o' my dearie 'O. -"

I lay an' tased myself about -  
Just like a ship that's sinking 'O.  
Till by an' by - I lost myself -  
An' had to gû up thinking 'O.

I closed my ees - an' wisher Slup  
Cam' int' her bright ees gleaming 'O.  
An' folded me in her embrace  
An' nursed me in my dreaming 'O.

But Oh! I'd roll an' toss again.  
As memory made me dreary 'O.  
I could nae get nae slup at a'  
For thinking o' my dearie 'O.

and other things too numerous to mention. - Oh! And  
many have looked out of this window this morning and said <sup>help the poor?</sup> better.



Wesley morning 2 o'clock - Arose early - felt very well. 'Tis snowing 'outrageously'  
must go to work. - Don't know anything worth relating - Got to thinking of Belle  
last night and came very near sitting up with myself all night -  
in fact - "I could na get na sleep at a"

For thinking o' my dearie 'O. -

I lay an' teased myself about -  
Just like a ship that's sinking 'O.  
Till by an' by - I lost myself -  
An' had to gû up thinking 'O.

I closed my eyes - an' wisher sleep  
Cam' with her bright eyes gleaming 'O.  
An' folded me in her embrace  
An' nursed me in my dreaming 'O.

But Oh! I'd roll an' toss again  
As memory made me dreary 'O.  
I could ne'er get na sleep at a'  
For thinking o' my dearie 'O.

and other things too numerous to mention. - Oh! how  
many have looked out of this window this morning and said <sup>help the poor?</sup> but

Now- Still snowing - have been to the office - received several  
letters - A young lady writes "I was agreeably surprised Will to learn  
you were to be married soon, and if the girl you intend marrying  
is as well acquainted with you as I am she will get a clever fellow  
for a partner in life and make me envious of her happiness -  
I had hoped that you would be mine but - now, all is lost - Be  
a good boy, Will, and let that abominable liquor alone, and  
I can assure you that you will both be happy all your lives -  
Who is she? - tell me all about her?" "Sinner, I will introduce you  
some day. She is a right clever girl, but don't look so at times -  
It would take you a long time to rightly know her. I have  
just been thinking of life, and have come to this conclusion

Life is full of woe and sorrow.  
Full of never ending cares.  
And today we smile - Tomorrow  
We are tangled up in snare.

Joy looks at us when we're sleeping  
Happy dreams are ours then.  
But we wake, to find us wailing -  
Brooding over cares again



Joy, to some, would seem a treasure  
But that treasure soon is lost,  
Hocked upon the sea of pleasure,  
And by sorrows tempests tossed.

Even in the darkest hours,  
Through the paths of life we tread,  
Some are strewn with brightest flowers  
To the household of the dead.

Oh! How often sorrows grieve us,  
When our hearts should all be glad  
But when joy takes wings to leave us,  
What is there to make us glad?

When the sunlight of the morning  
Dances on the brow of day,  
Just as if it were adorning  
All the world to make it gay.

I, so long, unknown to pleasure  
Now am happy - and depend  
On the friendship of a treasure  
I have found in our true friend.

I have wandered in dark places  
Through this world as if by night -  
Only where I know her face is  
There's sure to be a light -

When I see her bright eyes beaming  
Or I hear her gentle voice.  
Whether wake or I am dreaming  
Love still bids my heart rejoice.

Never was a gift from Heaven  
Given man, wish him to dwell.  
As the one that God has given  
In a friend as true as Bell.

I think the above is enough for one morning - I will  
close the book until tonight and take a short nap



1  
Night 12 O'clock: Have just got in from the office - worked hard  
all day. - Went to the minstrels tonight - to see if it was a fit-  
place to take Belle to - will take her tomorrow night - if I can  
get off - have the pictures of two handsome ladies - don't know them  
- stepped into the fair awhile - saw a young lady from Cincinnati  
who "seemed complimented or flattered upon forming the ac-  
quaintance of Kentucky's poet & musician" - got disgusted with  
her "soft sadder" and left - Coming up home was stopped by  
some one - drew a pistol - he "sloped" - asked him "how's yer  
mother?" before he started - didn't pause to reply. - I will  
write a verse or two and go to bed:

As I looked at the twinkling stars so bright  
And cheerfully whistled a tune.

As I wended my way to my home tonight -  
With no other guide but the moon.

I thought of the girl that I loved the best  
And how happy a boy I should be.

Did she know the devotion that dwelt in my breast  
And the love of a heart - yet, in free.

Oh! Had you winter moon a tongue  
To tell what it can see

What tales of love 'twould have to speak -  
Of what it knew of me.

Now often have I eyed its course.  
And watched with lovers' glances.  
As if I knew my loved one's face  
Was smiling in it there.

Slide on Sweet-Moon! I'll to my Couch.  
Good night! let flow thy beams.  
To light the pathway of my Belle.  
Who comes tonight in dreams.

And when she's weary of her stay.  
Oh! gentle Moon remain.  
Close not thine eyes, until she starts  
Then light her back again.

Sweet Girl! I'll first be thy friend.  
I know not - I may die.  
But ere I lay me down to sleep  
"Good Night! but not Good Bye!"



Wednesday noon - didn't have time to write much this morn-  
ing - have been busy - Saw Nat in town - Saw Katie Hyatt, who scolded  
me for not coming to see her - Said she was "as good a friend to  
me as any one else" - don't know about that - think I have one  
friend better than any body's friend - met some ladies in Triff's & Co's  
music store - one of them a beautiful girl - but like most girls  
that are pretty she knew it - invited to wedding tonight - Can't go -  
would rather go to the ministers with Belle - will go if I  
can possibly get off from the office - Am in fine health today -  
- a pleasant day for winter - will take a nap until dinner time.

I've just got up - my memory's fresh

I've nothing else to do:

I take the book and sit me down

To write awhile to you.

And what to say, I do not know.

List what I've said before -

I've told you that I loved you Belle,

An hundred times, - or more.

But tales of love are always new.

They never will grow old.

For there is something to be learned  
Of joy when they're told.  
It never was intended, love,  
For lovers who are true  
To throw away their oldest love,  
And then put on the new.

How often by your side I've sat  
My heart was full of bliss.

When smiles would greet each other's eyes  
Or lips were pressed to thine.

Or when I told my love to you.

And yours was told to me

We listened to each other love

If cruel Fate should bid us part, Oh! happy then were we.

I know not what I'll do.

For I would find no other girl

So honest and so true.

I know I'd weep my life away

And die a death of pain

I'm feeling that we parted love

So never meet again.



So, while we are together, love.  
Let life be full of joy.  
And love will bless a happy girl.  
The truly loved a boy  
Who long has been a stranger, love.  
To happiness or bliss.  
Who has no hope of better days  
But makes the best of this.  
Give me your hand, my Bonnie Belle.  
And in it put your heart.  
And on the journey of our lives  
Together we will start.  
If you get tired - and stop to rest,  
I'll tell you what I'll do.  
I'll promise you, my Bonnie lass,  
To wait awhile for you.  
But if I trip and fall myself,  
I wonder if you'd stay.  
Or would you want life alone -  
Go off - and another way.

Or take some other by the hand

Desert me - let me live.

And leave me there to help myself -  
To do without or die.

No! No! I think, my girl, that you.

Are most too good a friend.

To leave me, for another one

Or to desert me thus.

For will I know, and so do you.

Will love until we die.

And other hearts, - not half so true

I'll write another verse, my love.

Will envy you and I.

And in it, I will say,

I love you, - as I love my life,

That love will not decay.

So press your rosy lips to mine.

And tell me - with a Kiss.

You love me, and I'll never ask  
A greater joy than this.

As perhaps the reader has already come to the conclusion  
that I am troubled with "Bells in the brain", I will state that  
another "bell" - puts a stop to my writing - Winter time - I attack it - gone!



Night-12 @ clock: A lovely beautiful night-as I came from the  
office, all was so silent-upon the street that it seemed as no  
one occupied the city but myself- Look Belle to the ruin  
streets, seemed to enjoy herself-but if she did her looks de-  
ceived her.- Sometimes, yes! Often have I noticed her face  
wear a bland, discontented look, indicating that there was  
some deep hidden mystery concealed from me, and, could I  
light that face up with smiles, I would gladly do so.  
She sent Grandma a fine orange, which gift she will  
highly appreciate knowing that it comes from Belle. I am  
too tired and sleepy to write any more-for the present,  
I bid the world Good night and will say to Belle-  
"Happy be thy dreams. Sweet Girl, joyful be thy heart-  
If I feel one moment's bliss, thou shalt have a part-  
If my pleasures and my joys-Could thine now recall,  
I would gladly give them up-you should have them all.  
Thursday morning 6 @ clock - warm sultry morning-am well-  
hamit time to write-

Now-Come home, and took a fine ride-am now back-  
and writing in this book- Grandma thanks Belle for  
her orange, and, after me telling her what a good, kind,  
girl she is she replies "Well, Willie, may God bless Belle. -

Have just written the lines I composed in this book on the  
death of a favorite Canary for the next Sunday Memento.  
And, now, I will spend a few "Leisure Moments" with Belle.

I'll tell her why it is I love.

Because I think she ought to know.

A girl would hardly give a fig  
To have a dull and stupid beau.  
They like to have a lover tell.

As how to her he will be true.

But most of them - all love because  
Like me - they're nothing else to do.

I love her for her generous heart.

And just because she tells me so  
That she loves me - as I love her

What more than do you want to know?

I think of her - she thinks of me.

Our loves in fact have just begun

We love each other just alike

So near alike - we're almost one.

That has made me sleepy - I'll lie down awhile and  
think over the last verse, and find out if there is not more <sup>poetry in it</sup> truth than



Night 10 O'clocks. Have just come home - worked hard this afternoon.  
Went into the fair at Masons Temple - got two letters there out of Post-Office.  
Both filled with foolishness - was introduced to a Miss Amos, who is a  
very pretty young lady and a pretty "talker" - said Lido Hyatt this  
afternoon. - scolded me for not coming to see her - said she learned I  
was to be married soon - told her "it wasn't my fault." Have not  
seen Belle today - heard of her being on 4<sup>th</sup> Street - saw the lady I  
saw looking at me so hard at the ministers last night - looked at  
me and laughed - don't know her name. - It is raining tonight - a-  
fraid it will be a bad night for the concert of the Female  
High School tomorrow night - won't go unless Belle wants to - I don't  
care about going at all. I have often secretly asked myself  
the question "do I love Belle, and does she love me?" Now I have so  
often asked myself this question, that I almost feel ashamed  
to attempt an answer. It would seem natural in the first  
place that I should love her. I have loved her for days,  
months and years, and as time rolls on in its reckless  
flight, I find that love growing stronger and stronger until  
it has almost grown to be a giant - powerful within itself.  
I have often seen persons whom I thought I could love, if  
I could ever impress upon them the truth of my devotion  
for them if they would prove themselves worthy that love.

And I have never allowed my heart and love to be trifled with by any gay and thoughtless young <sup>wo</sup>man, or coquettish maiden, who would trifle with the affections of a young man, as a cat or kitten would sportively play with an old woman's ball of yarn from which she would be knitting. And I have always thought if I could ever find an honest hearted girl, who would love me as I would love her, I would prove to her that my heart was not made of stone and devoid of that passionate feeling called love. No! I would love her as I was loved, and as she blessed me with that love which makes my life happy, and my path way one of joy and sunshine, I will make it my duty and endeavor to make her happy as I can. I did not seek honor, beauty or wealth, for neither of those ever constituted happiness. I wanted a true, good woman - a girl in whom I could place that confidence which I would never trust to human being save her and "He who knoweth all things". Oh! How sweet is love when linked to bonds of love like this. I have looked at those around me, whose faces were beautiful and fair to look upon, whose delicate persons were enveloped in the finest silks & satins that Barker could produce, and no doubt like most others have become intimate with them, and, perchance



be very popular with some one - And, there are others I know, who would have loved me in hours of prosperity, when I was doing well - when they were not ashamed of me - those who knew me best; when I would have them know me best - and, even shunned me in the darkest hours of my life - but, such as these I swear despise, instead of them looking upon me as an unfit associate for them I can with pride look upon and think of them as having made fools of themselves, and, do not look upon them as fit associates for me. Is it any one of them that I love? No! Then who is it? It is the girl, who never despised me in an hour of misfortune - who looked upon me with an eye of pity, and, whispered <sup>such</sup> words of hope and consolation, as can only emanate from the <sup>honest</sup> heart of a noble girl, - whose very look seemed to make me cower down in her presence and feel as humble as a dog at his Master's feet, till love aroused my independence and pride was wedded to it - bound together with the links of friendship and made me what I longed to be - a proud, loving, good, kind hearted man. Such is the woman I love and thank God I have the sweet satisfaction of believing and knowing that such an one is my dear friend - the first, best, only true friend I have - and I can look all Heaven proudly in the face and say "I do love Belle."

"Does she love me?" Oh! what a world of meaning would be in her reply, if she should answer "No!" - What a dark curtain would be drawn across the bright face of the world, and I should go blindfolded, as it were, stumbling down the dark and thorny path of life - to seek my own resting place, dig mine own grave - pray mine own prayer, - and die mine own death. There would be consolation even in my last words, as perchance, I would look heavenward and say, "Oh! God! I love her still - but soon will love her no more." I would not heap curses upon her - I would not seek revenge, - I would not call <sup>down</sup> the wrath of God to fall upon her - nor would I breathe one word of hate. - No! I would say:

Oh! God! forgive her all her faults.

And cleanse her of all sin.

Take out the false love of her heart

And make it pure within.

And bless her, - let the life she led.

Be soon forgot, - I'd crave

That God would never let your thoughts  
Go wandering to my grave.



His eye may be as bright as mine  
His look may be as kind.  
But Oh! his love - his happiness  
Alas! will all be blind.

Ah! He with pride may hold your hand -  
That hand I've held in mine.  
And he may kiss your rosy lips  
As oft as I have thine.  
But should he ever breathe my name.  
Ah! Then how you would start -  
To feel and know - he is deceived -  
For I have got your heart.

O! Secret, silent, faint, false Love!  
Sweet-Mother of my bliss.  
I ask no other life to live  
Than such a life as this.  
Oh! Let her hate me, if she will.  
But this - My God will do:  
He'll smite me at the Judgment-Bar  
And say "thou hast been true."

But, if she say "Yes!" and I have no just reason to doubt, would  
not, and should not my life be one of eternal happiness? There  
are others whom she thinks perhaps she could love, but, I  
am almost satisfied, that she never will love a man as  
she has loved me and does still. - In fact I know she loves  
me, and I'll now lie down after writing a verse or two, as  
happy as a king. - Yes! happier for-

No King ever lived in the land  
As happy as I am tonight.  
And he never could sell me his crown  
For my bliss, or my love or delight.

No Queen, with her riches or grace,  
Could come with a story to tell,  
By which she could make me give up  
All the love that I bear for my Belle.

Away with your folly and pride,  
For there's nothing on earth you could give  
That would make me desert my dear Belle.  
No! I'll love her as long as I live.



Then, who should be happy as I?  
Or happier, loving so true?  
I'm loved by my Belle - and a King  
Might really envy me too.

So long as she loves me, I'll be  
As true as the Heavens above  
And all the dark dangers of hell  
Can never in life change my love.

May Angels protect her for me,  
Through the journey of life to its end.  
And when done with the pleasures of earth  
May Heaven receive my best friend.

May our lives be as sweet as our loves.  
A day dream of heavenly bliss.  
I love her and know she loves me.  
What more can we wish for than this?

I suppose you she wishes I would stop - well, I'll  
grant it - "Go to sleep" - Oh! she is asleep - and I'll soon be - home!

Friday Night Morning: Raining Still - but first rate - am going to work - made an iron  
early this morning - there is a fine time anticipated tonight - at the Concert -  
Night - 10<sup>3</sup> O Clock - Snowing hard and cold winds blowing from the  
North - After work went to Belle's - did not go to the concert - night  
too bad - spent the evening there - was treated to lemonade, cakes &c.  
Belle wanted to know "do you like acids?" - Spent a most agreeable  
evening indeed in the society of the best friends I have on earth.  
Will now conclude with a verse or two and bid the world goodnight.

As through the storm I bent my way.

As happy as could be.

The driving snow and bitter winds

None all the same to me.

What cared I for the cold without.

When thinking where I'd been.

And of the girl, whose love had made

My own heart warm within.

"God bless that girl!" will be my prayer.

As long as I shall live.

And if she wrongs - 'tis innocence

I know He will forgive.



And may He fill her heart with love.  
And let her happy be.  
And bless her - for her faithfulness  
In loving none but me.

The snow flakes fall - the wintry winds  
Now blow their chilly blast.  
A gloom pervades the poor man's cot -  
A shadow o'er him cast.  
For Want and Poverty both come  
And knock upon his door.  
He weeps, but goes and lets them in,  
To let them out no more.

Oh! Belle, how happy should we be.  
This cold and bitter night.  
How kind and good is God to us  
In giving us delight.  
A happy home - and loving friends  
With pleasures from Him sent.  
Oh! let us think not life is hard  
But with it be content. - That's all - Good Night!

Saturday Night Jan 7<sup>th</sup> 1865. 9 O'clock: Well, here I am snugly escorted  
in my room in the old Hermitage. Have worked hard all day, and,  
Such a day, - of Snow and Sleet, I never wish to see again, - haven't  
had time to write any in the book until now - had no "leisure  
moments." Dined at Linsville Hotel - Saw a handsome girl and  
an awful fool - two persons often met with nowadays - the girl  
made herself ridiculous at the table because she was good  
looking and in knowing it wanted to make herself conspic-  
uous with her "gift of gab" - the other was a fool for want of  
sense. - I could easily discover how he lived at home - by  
his actions and conversation - I have always thought it very  
distasteful to see persons sitting in a dining room, gos-  
siping over National Affairs, Craps &c - and Ladies, especially  
talking constantly of "love affairs" - this woman's husband &  
that lady's beau &c. The table is no place for gossip or  
gab - it is a place where people congregate to eat - the  
parlour or drawing room is a fit place for conversa-  
tion - and not the dining room. I have noticed many  
a young lady who made herself appear delicate at  
the table in my presence - never eat as much as they should  
at the proper time and place - and as soon as I was gone  
into the parlour or out of her presence, she would rush back



into the dining room and say 'Oh! I'm so hungry' and  
perhaps sit down and eat for half an hour. Now  
the reason I give for this too common practice is that  
they talk too much, when they should be eating. But,  
where are my thoughts driving? I said Miss Amos and  
Miss Mollie - can't think of her name - in Masonic Temple today.  
- they sent for me - thought I was mad at them - offered an  
apology - none needed - about some letters I got out of  
the post office in the Fair - Girls are curious Creatures: If  
a young man does not seem to be disposed to become  
intimate terms with them, it does not take long for them  
to devise means by which he is forced by the common  
rules of politeness to pay them some attention. - I didn't pay  
them much - went into Tripp & Cragg's and sung a song or  
two for some ladies - don't know who they were - didn't  
seem anxious to know. - Don't know of anything remark-  
able that occurred today - save that I refused to drink  
today on several occasions. Is it not strange that when a  
young man 'won't drink,' he can always find plenty of friends  
who insist upon his joining them in a drink, and when he  
is 'drinking' - no one asks him, but he asks every body. It is a  
very easy matter indeed, for a young man, I can see, to be in

to say "No!" when he is asked to drink, and, if a great many would say "No!" Several times they would think as I do, I think more of that individual who boldly stands up at the "Bar of Death" and looks the dealer of Rasmation in the face, - the man who stands with a hellish smile upon his Countenance waiting to hand you a tumbler in which to pour the very essence of Hell into, and, then grin as with one hand you pour the poisonous mixture down your throat, while with the other you draw your hard earned money from your pocket and hand him, - for that which he gives you to rob you of your brains - I say, I think more of him who says I never drink, - than all that high toned, honorable Class of individuals that can be produced in the world who cannot say the same thing. A man who sells whiskey, is a thief: A robber of joys and pleasures of many a once happy home - An importer of Misery, want, and degradation, - and a tool of death - a "runner" for graveyards, and, a living special agent of the Devil, who goes about electioneering for <sup>sinners</sup> souls to be sent to hell. - A demon who would shame the God that give him life and existence, and who would sell his soul to wreak vengeance upon an honest, happy heart envious, because he knows and feels his own soul is far beyond redemption.



If ever Hell was hot enough.  
For all such men as these.  
Who sow the seeds of bitterness.  
Where'er in life, they please.  
I were better that the gates should open.  
And let them be put in.  
For they are agents here on earth.  
That cause most of sin.

Oh! Image, of the Sins of Hell,  
Go hide your brazen face.  
Go dig your grave, in some lone spot  
A secret hiding place.  
The sun would hardly dare to smile.  
Or flowers o'er you wave.  
The moon would rather weep than smile  
Upon your cursed grave.

The drunkard's wife would smile again.  
Her tears of endless joy.  
She'd greet her husband with a kiss  
And smile upon her boy.

The maid would grieve her lover back.  
And welcome him again.  
For she would know - he'd be a man  
If thou wert only slain.

Thou hast no friends - thy friends are foes.  
And until thou hast died.  
Thou and thy victims all will sleep  
Together, side by side.  
In toxication, thou wouldst wail  
About thy silent bed.  
And whisper even in your ears  
As if thou wert not dead.

Im passing by the Throne of Grace.  
Thou canst not raise thine eyes:  
For there the drunkards' wife will stand  
Thine image to despise.  
And if perchance thou wilt be judged  
By Him who knows thee well:  
Prepare, for He will surely say,  
blown. Remon. down to Hell.



-One would come to the conclusion, that, I had forgotten Belle,  
because I had not mentioned her. I will now - and say,  
that I never forget her - I am going to sleep now, and  
until I am drowned in the sweet sea of sleep - em-  
braced in the silent arms of Morpheus - I will think  
of her, love her, - and hope my dreams may be sweet  
of her, - and, if she love to dream of those who love her,  
may they be sweet, for I am happy in the belief, that  
if she love any one on earth that one is he who wishes  
her a happy good night and pleasant dreams. I'm off:  
Sunday Night: Arose early this morning - went to office - worked  
awhile - went to church with Jim Snagg - dined at Louisville  
Hotel with Patty Kean - went back to office worked awhile - went  
to Cathedral & heard some fine music - took a walk - took  
supper at Belle's spent the evening there - had a delightful  
time - think Belle's mother and father the best people I  
have ever known - sociable and clever, kind & accommo-  
dating. - It's too cold to write - no fire in my room - must  
go to bed to keep from freezing to death - Good night:  
Monday morning - nothing of interest to write - Run to  
office and at work - am in fine health - think I will  
take Belle to Minersville tomorrow night - if the weather is good.

As I have nothing else to do, I will try the "Muses" this morning.

I sat beside my love, last night -

As happy as could be.

And as I told her of my love

She only looked at me,

But in her eyes, so full of smiles,

That were upon me bent.

Her lips were still, but when I took

Her silence for consent

I do not care for other girls

With black eyes or with blue.

I never yet have seen a maid

That loves me half so true.

And now I'm fully satisfied

That all the world combined

Can not produce so sweet a girl

For there is none like mine.

=

Oh! Friends of friends, It is to thee.

My memory loves on wings to fly

And build its nest.



Therim in peace and love to dwell.  
Because, my heart which loves so well,  
Will be at rest.

If memory like a child at-play  
Could wander off and lose its way  
I might forget.  
But since, its robes are perfect will  
It proves to me thou lovest still,  
I love thee yet.

Oh! Pshaw! I can't write,  
But I wait till tonight -  
And the hum of the house is dead.  
And they stop all the noise,  
And the women & boys  
Are all sound asleep - each in bed.

But I'll try it once more,  
"Say! Shut up the door."  
And keep out of here if you can.

If you don't, pretty quick  
I will give you a lick  
For you know I'm a passionate man.

"Why Alice," "Good Mornin' - and how do you do?"  
"Tolerable well" - "I have something for you."  
"Ah! what can it be. Say, my sweet little Miss" -  
"Guess!" "I don't know - what is it?" "A Kiss."

"Are you going to lie down?" "Yes! Alice, and why?"  
"Oh! Nothing, I'll stay here," - "You will!" "Yes! may I?"  
"Of course, with a kiss - you the liberty take" -  
"Well, I'll kiss you again, just whenever you wake."

"Take Care, now. my eyes might perchance take a peep  
And catch you" - "Well what?" "Steal a Kiss in my sleep."  
"Ah! Well, I don't Care," - "You don't." - "No! for I prize  
A Kiss, though I give it - in sight of your eyes."

"Well, Alice!" "Well, Will." - "This I surely will do.  
If you'll be a good girl, when I wake, I'll kiss you." - "and I will  
if she is here - if she is not - I'll pay her at another time."



Night: Still raining. - This has been an awful day - nothing  
of unusual interest has transpired in my life's history - I turn  
another day leaf in the yearly book of life. - but I inscribe  
first the words "I am happy and contented, and hope  
I may never have cause to repeat any other words Sa-  
der than these." - Have not seen or heard of Belle today -  
Went to the ministers awhile tonight - not very large audience  
- they play and sing well. - walked home in the rain. - here  
I am in my room all alone. - Before I ~~set~~<sup>lie</sup> down I will  
try and compose something, if not myself:-

To you, sweet bird, I turn my thoughts -

This bleak and wintry night -

To think of you affords me joy -

To love you - is delight.

Even since we met in early years  
You still have been my care.  
This heart of mine has ever held  
And earnest friendship there.

I little thought, when first your eyes  
Met mine upon the street,  
That friendship even would be ours  
Or love would make us meet.

I only thought that you and I  
Were friends and nothing more.  
But still ~~in~~ your eyes - would make me love  
You better than before.

Now, when I hold your hand in mine.  
And sit me by your side.  
I look back to those darkened days  
With pleasure and with pride.

To think, that God has spared my life.  
And taught me to be true.  
That I might be a man again  
And live and love but you.



I do not like what I have written, so I will try again.  
Oh! Happy Boy! Rejoice my Soul!  
That boy is happy now:  
Where are the down cast eyes that were -  
The wrinkles on my brow?

Gone! Yes! Gone forever till  
Old Age, with mournful glare,  
Shall put his hand upon my face  
And leave its wrinkles there!

Gone! with the sorrows of my soul  
Which oft were mine to feel.  
Gone! with the tears that dimmed mine eyes  
And down my cheeks did steal.

Gone! with the mournful days, now passed,  
With all my care and pain,  
Oh! God! I hope I'll never see  
Such misery again.

I've often watched the pale faced moon,  
When all the world had slept;  
And stars shed tears of pity down  
Upon me as I wept;

When no kind friend, would turn to care,  
By all the world forgot;  
Ah! Billie, I felt, you did not care  
If I were dead or not.

Down in the distant Sunny South,  
'Mid strangers and unknown,  
I felt, I sought some secret spot  
To make my grave alone,

Beneath some tall Magnolia tree  
Or where the rivers flow,  
Or where the silent sleeper was  
The world should never know.



Upon the bosom of the deep  
I've often dropped mine eyes,  
Thru' through the tears that made them dim  
I've looked up to the Skies.

'Twas then the gentle hand of Hope,  
Would fall upon my heart,  
And bid the solemn thought of death  
Forever to depart.

But darker hours of silent grief,  
Would shroud my bleeding soul,  
'Till weary thinking of my fate  
I'd lose mine own Control.

And, then, Oh! sad unhappy boy,  
That thought would ever dwell,  
"Oh! will I ever live to see -  
Or find a friend in Belle?"





Prostrate I lay, my fevered lips  
Were hot as any fire.  
To cool them with the kiss of death  
Was all I could desire.

No gentle voice was near me then,  
No whisper hope or fear,  
I did not see a true friend's face  
Of all that stood so near.

I even did not think of death  
I knew that it was sure,  
The sufferings were mine - not thine -  
Mine only to endure.

I did not think of this cold world,  
Unfeeling and untrue,  
Oh! No! I was alive, I only thought -  
That I must part with you.





My wasted form, was faint & weak,  
My eyes were sunken low,  
My cheeks were growing cold and pale  
I felt - I soon must go.

I wept, - but not to part with earth  
I was all that I could do.  
Ere parting with the world - Because,  
I had to part with you.

But lo! A light from Heaven came,  
I felt - I was not weak,  
For hope had been to see me, Belle,  
And faintly did I speak.

To those around a stranger's bed,  
Each looked with tearful eye,  
Upon me, when I asked them, "If  
They thought that I would die?"

But let thy sister speak a word.  
And some had turned away.  
The Rector whispered in my ear,  
They heard what he did say.

"Prepare, young man, your life is short,  
I've done all that I can."  
But Hope; sweet Hope! still chured me on  
And bade me be a man.

And ere the sun went down that day,  
I felt that when it passed,  
When it had glanced farewell to earth,  
Then that would be my last.

But when it passed away from sight  
My heart began to fill  
With hopes to think that it had gone  
And I was living still.



A few long weary days and nights  
I spent-upon that-bed,  
And all the doctors' and their skill,  
Had counted me for dead.

But- soon the fever left my form  
And I began to talk.  
It was not long, before I found  
That I could take a walk.

My memory, built-itself again  
And centred on my home,  
So I bid farewell to Southern Climes -  
Made up my mind to come.

Not come, to greet old friends again  
For they were very few.  
And when I came, I only found  
The old friends were all new.





I came to lie me down to sleep  
To close my weary eyes.  
I come to find a grave, where I  
Could sleep and never rise.

I come to bid farewell to earth  
My journey - it was through.  
I saw no pleasure in the world  
When hated so by you.

But when I came. Oh! foolish boy!  
To waste so many tears.  
To live a life so full of woe  
And misery and fears.

I found, that friendship clung to me,  
And faithful did it prove.  
For Hope had urged it to prepare  
And greet me home with love.

Since then, the past - I have forgot -  
The future now will tell.  
Of happiness in store for me  
Which I shall share with Belle.

She loved me, when I was away,  
But never told me so,  
Her pride of woman's heart - Alas!  
~~Was what~~ had would never let me know.

But now, we love each other true.  
We know each other well,  
And God! has spared my life - to live  
And love none else than Belle.

And I'm content, with all the world  
And happy as can be,  
Because I love her as my life  
And she loves none but me.

There now, I think that will do for one night - So I think  
I may be excused for the evening - Pleasant Dreams!



Tuesday morning 5 o'clock: Awful dark - wet cold morning - Haven't -  
been out of my room yet - don't feel well at all - don't know  
what is the matter - am no doctor - don't want to be - Well,  
come <sup>home</sup> early this morning and take a sleep - didn't dream of  
any one last night - too bad a night - to dream of any one  
- don't think I will go to the minstrels with Belle - will  
wait for more pleasant weather - if she is willing - I am.  
Well - Have just got in - I am anything but well, and it is a  
wonder to me that any one enjoys good health such weather  
as this - Received a letter from the pen of a female acquain-  
tance, whom I thought was a friend of mine - but I am  
happy to know she has made herself better acquainted  
by writing me such a foolish epistle. It is proof to  
me that her mind is very much inclined to run away  
with her, and, that her skull is thin. - She is in other  
words weak in the upper story, - if she had as much  
brains as feet & eyes she would be a sensible in-  
stead of a foolish girl. She says in her letter to me  
"I love you now better than ever." - Well, in the first place  
she may give that love to some one who will appre-  
ciate it more than myself - If she loves me, it is  
more than I do her, and, while she played the part of

friends, I did think something of her but now she  
has "let the cat out of the waltt." If ever a young  
man wants a girl to love and respect him, never  
let her know what you think of her - let her find  
it out herself and if your young lady loves a young  
man, and she doubts whether she is loved by him,  
no sooner does his independence become known to  
her, than she begins to make a fool of herself by letting  
him, when it is too late, what she thinks of him.  
She further says, "Of course you could not expect me to love  
you, Will, when you ~~were~~ drinking, but now. Since you  
have quit and I hear such good reports of you,  
how can I help it?" Aha! There it is, "When I  
needed a friend most, I could not find one, and  
when I show my independence, by being my own  
friend and have no use for outsiders I can find  
plenty. Oh! Foolish Girl! You could not persuade me  
to believe that you love me now, for if you did  
not then, you do not now. Blame no one but your  
self - for when you had an opportunity to be a  
friend, indeed, you let it idly pass by, and thought,  
I would never be worthy the name of being your friend.



Again. "I heard you had fully redeemed your lost character"  
Polluted lips, that breathed those words,  
To blot my humble name.  
Because Misfortune, clung to me,  
And wrapped me up in shame

Those words, which you have sent to me,  
And coming from your pen,  
As if you thought that I had lost  
That I could never gain.

The humble name I've ever borne  
Has never lost to me.  
And if I sought a Character  
I'd never come to thee,

For thou hast none too much to spare.  
Save what to thee is given.  
For any girl as false as thou  
Will need it all in Heaven.

Now, if any intelligent lady would write me such words  
as this water-brained specimen of human nature has done, I

would write her a note that would make her  
eyes sore before she had finished reading it: but,  
"Silent-Contempt" cuts deeper than a two edged sword.  
She further says, "Don't think ill of me?" Now she supposes  
for a moment that I could think well of her? No!  
I wouldn't if she were an angel, I do not hate her,  
but, I do think very little of her, if at all, and, she  
asks "Will you promise to love me?"

See how her treacherous heart doth plead,  
To make me tell a lie,  
Love her! No! I swear by all  
That's pure and good on high.

Love Her! Oh! No! It cannot be,  
To love her, would be hate.  
For she in hours Alas! gone by  
Would link my soul to fate.

Love Her! Go ask the fiends of Hell,  
If I love them, You'll see,  
That I have yet a place still left  
Within my heart - for them



Go! False friend, I will forgive.  
A girl who is not true.  
I only weep to think, I's found  
A woman false as you.

Where are the eyes so full of love  
That smiled so sweet on me,  
'Don whom you loved to gaze upon -  
Was ever glad to see.

There is that one - to whom you vowed  
Your constancy and love?  
Ah! He no doubt, has found you out -  
How false that you did prove.

Where are the ones you've often told,  
How true to them you'd be,  
Ah! False, <sup>one</sup> you're deserted now  
You are no friend to me.

It is even so, that many a young woman in trying  
to fool others - too often fool themselves, and it is a fact

fact, that the generality of Crusty old Croaking Maids have been "flaming flirts" in their younger days, where if they had been true to some honest, working young man, - sober and industrious, and not let their pride and vanity run away with them, instead of nursing a long haired Tom Cat in a close room, and sending out for "one of the same sort" to drop in, and spend a whole afternoon in the abuse of others who are happier and more sensible than themselves - they might have been <sup>the</sup> happy wives of good ~~husbands~~ husbands, & the proud and contented mothers of bright & joyous little children. - I can put up with a flaming widow, a crusty Bachelor, - a balky horse - a stubborn mule, but the devil run away with old Maids. - I'm no use for them, and only wish old Lincoln would draft every devil of them into the army. - for they are of no value any where else I'm chances to own, that the above young lady don't become the miserable wife of some poppungay, - each marrying for money, and both fooling each other - or else live the miserable life of an oily tongued old maid, and die as Cats do - Squalling like thunder!



Lastly she says: "I hear you are engaged to be married, and to a girl unworthy of your love." With young lady, in reply to this, you heard right: - I am engaged - and as for her being unworthy my love, I will say, that I only wish you were but one third as worthy and had one sixteenth part of her sense. I would think your chances for getting married would be a little more favorable than at present. If you ever marry any one, it will be on a short acquaintance, for I'll swear, if ever the fellow gets a chance to become as well acquainted with you as I am, he'd never link his life to you, or make himself such a d-d ridiculous fool as to tie himself to your apron string for life. Ah! You are mistaken, when you say she is unworthy. She did not refuse to be a friend of mine, in an hour of my misfortune, - she did not turn her back upon me because I had unfortunately taken a fatal slip or two - spurn me because she thought she was better than I was - and, then, when I became a gentleman, - or made myself my best friend, - tell me with an impudent air that she loved me, nor did she beg me to love her.

which was graphic, superlatives true. - Received two letters tonight - one from a rebel young lady who compliments me very highly and wants me to compose some music to some words she sent me, entitled "John Morgan's grave." I can't do it, for fear of being arrested - the other is from an old Schodumati Ned Williams - now Colonel in the Army. - says he likes soldiering - don't you wish him, yet he is like a great many more who wouldn't know what to do with himself if the war was over, and he was out of the army. - went to the ministers a while tonight - sang my song "Oh! I wish this war was over," - and sang it well. - very few there. As I do not know of anything worth relating I will try my hand at "putting up" a bit of "doggeral" by way of killing time and perhaps it may add a little towards filling up this book. The following incident is true and occurred on the night of July 19th 1860. Ben Lucas and myself were together on the occasion, and not a soul ever knew anything of our adventure save he and I. As the page is so near filled I will commence it on the next, and end it - when I get sleepy. Will that be satisfactory? Say Yes! and here goes. "Yes!"



The Summer Sun had gone to rest:-  
And hid its smiling face.  
As if 'twere weary of its watch  
And of its daily race.

And Time had drawn the folds of day,  
Once more into a close.  
And half the world were just about  
To seek their night's repose.

The gathering clouds, had formed in ones,  
And sallied through the sky.  
Until 'twas hardly visible  
Unto the naked eye.

The Moon arose, and lit the world  
With smiles from her sweet face.  
As if she looked to find the Sun  
And eager to give chase.

The slowly 'rose - and tinged the cloud  
With silvery lining bright.  
And like a foolish thing at play  
It chased it out of sight.

The Stars came forth - as if they knew.  
The race would come off soon  
And each one seemed to look and laugh  
When first they spied the moon

The upper world was lighted up  
And it was fair to see.  
No cloud now hid the pale faced moon  
Nor screened the stars from me.

And Silence sat upon her throne.  
The soft winds did not sigh.  
It seemed the world was all asleep  
Save two - 'twas Ben and I.



We sat-us side by side that night-  
And talked of days of yore.  
Of joys & pleasures we had seen  
And hoped for many more.

We told our School boys tricks at school,  
The Master kind had been.  
Though we deserved a whipping when  
He only "kept us in."

Deep in the night, we sat and talked  
When I proposed to go.-  
To take a walk-I did not care  
Until he said "I know."

We started-only he and I.  
And as we onward walked,  
We hardly thought-for he and I  
Both wandered as we talked.

Still by and by - upon a bridge  
He passed I asked him "where  
He thought of going? But he turned  
And pointing said "up there!"

A shuddering thought first seized my brain,  
"I do not care," I said.  
He started - and it was not long  
Ere we were with the dead."

In Cave Hill - where the slumbering dead  
Here lying still at rest -  
The flowers growing o'er each mound  
That lay upon some breast.

Where slept the old, the young, and gay,  
The rich man and the poor,  
Where lay the youth and maid alike  
All with those "gone before"



That-murmured by the silent-spot-  
Its sad and plaintive lay,  
A song it-only sings at night-  
And never sings by day.

Upon its gentle bosom, rode  
The echo of its song.  
The gentle breezes of the night-  
Seemed driving it along.

And on its grassy banks, there slept  
A mother's tender gem,  
Whom death, had robbed its parent flower  
And plucked it from life's stem.

Slup in the bowels of the earth,  
That little one so dear,  
Unconscious of the Streamlet's Song  
That-murmured soft & near,

No! No! for Music was not made  
By nature, for the dead.  
For Angels only can inspire  
The Soul that once has fled.

I watched that little happy stream,  
And listened to its song.  
Until it lost its little path  
Deep in the woods among

The towering oaks-whose brawny arms  
Here robed in Nature's green.  
Where Summer did unfold her robes  
And Nature made the scene.

We turned us back among the graves.  
And as mine eyes were cast  
Upon each stone, I read the names  
Of those that we had passed.



Sometimes, I read the name of one  
I'd known in days of yore.  
And paused to weep - upon the grave  
Of him I'd met no more.

But - lo! I paused beside a mound.  
The hand of nature came.  
And planted flowers o'er the spot  
I could not read the name.

No monument adorned the spot -  
Or slab was lying o'er  
The form of him who slept beneath.  
Because the man was poor,

What if a monument be built -  
To rise high in the air:  
Ah! If the sleeper hated God  
There's no foundation there.

I walked on, - (Ben had gone away,)  
And I was left alone.  
I did not pause until I stood  
Beside a rough hewn stone.

The moss had clothed it in its robes  
Of thick and downy green.  
And here and there a blushing rose  
Could modestly be seen.

And with my hand I tore the moss  
Away from on that stone.  
And found the name of an old friend  
And School mate - George Malone.

Ah! Well, I mind the winter day  
They laid him down to rest -  
The sexton, piled the heavy clay  
Upon his peaceful breast.



And how his mother sadly wept -  
Before she turned away,  
And I with other friends of his,  
Kept 'round his grave that day.

But let him sleep - May his repose  
Be sweet till God has given,  
His great Command "The good shall rise -  
Prepare and come to Heaven".

If ever soul was saved from Hell,  
And gathered to the throne,  
Or enters Heaven with the good  
That one is George Malou.

I turned away, and sadly strolled  
From one grave to another.  
Till lo! I paused - and wept above  
The low grave of my mother.

No eye, save God's, was looking down  
Upon me sadly weeping.  
While I bent o'er the sacred spot -  
Where lay my mother sleeping.

The stars themselves began to weep  
The birds, their songs were hushing  
And the Moon looked sad - it seemed to me  
The flowers all were blushing.

The breeze turned a mournful air,  
That through the trees were stealing,  
I knew no spot on earth, save that  
O'er which I wept when kneeling.

There in that grave - lay all I loved.  
My long lost earthly treasure.  
And buried with her were my hopes  
My joys in life, and pleasure.



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Upon me sadly weeping.  
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Then, when I knelt that solemn night -  
Beside my little brother;  
Was she - who loved me as her life -  
My own, my Angel Mother.

Oh! You who have a Mother kind,  
Go to her, softly kiss her,  
Be good to her in life, for Oh!  
There comes a day - you'll miss her

When you will miss her gentle words  
Of kindness oft to cheer you,  
When you will wish that you had loved  
That Mother - then not near you.

The happiness and joys of home,  
Alas! Are made to smother,  
And die, be buried in the grave  
Where sleeps your darling Mother.



Oh! Mother, Could I call you back -  
But no! God is in Heaven.  
Was He who called you, - I am left  
To ask to be forgiven.

Thou art no more of earth - thy grave  
Has gilded up its treasure,  
And gone to live another life  
Of never dying pleasure.

I wept as if my heart would break.  
The tears were slowly stealing  
Unconscious from my weary eyes  
Oh! Who could know my feeling?

I thought how sweet it were to die.  
If I could see my Mother,  
For she would take me from this world  
With her into another.

But - when I plucked a gentle flower  
Which looked as if 'twere weeping.  
I found and knew it would not live  
Or bloom while in my keeping.

For it was made by nature's hand  
To bloom upon no other  
Grave but that where once it bloomed  
Above my gentle mother.

Upon my shoulder dropped a hand  
I looked around again.  
And saw beside me - standing there -  
The form and face of Ben.

His heart was gay - his eyes were smiles  
While mine were full of tears.  
I'll not forget that night. If I  
Should live an hundred years  
That's all, I am compelled to go on a journey  
To Dreamland - to back in the morning.



✓

Wednesday Morning: Cool & clear - Galt House burned down -  
am going to office - am tolerably well -  
noon - Run to office - nothing new - expect to spend the even-  
ing with Belle - may go to minstrels if she wants to go -  
go anywhere to please her - will work hard this afternoon -  
night - worked this afternoon at a lively rate in order that I might -  
spend the evening with Belle - went out after tea and spent  
a delightful time - She wrote me a letter and handed it  
to me - will speak of it when I have more time - am too  
sleepy and 'tis too late in the night - Come past the ruins  
of the Galt House - Sorry sight - Came near "pitching in" to a  
drunken watchman who ordered me off the Street - would  
have "licked" him, but considered he was too drunk to  
show any resistance - Am in fine health - Belle's letter  
has made me happier than ever:

With such a girl to love me.  
I swear by all above me.  
That I love her - as few can love  
And she loves me as well.  
Oh! give what mighty powers  
Thou hast with hearts' desires  
Oh! life seems sunny hours to live and love my Belle.

Jan  
Thursday, 12<sup>th</sup> 18<sup>th</sup> inst -  
Morn - Have just come home - doist-ful well - in fact it  
seems to me I am getting to be worse than an old  
maid - always complaining - nothing of unusual interest  
transpired this morning - save that I fell down, and didn't  
have <sup>any</sup> one but myself - Got a letter from Belle last  
night - It is wonderful what cowards Love makes of  
some girls and how rashly brave it makes others.  
- while it screws pride and makes sensible women of  
some - it heaps boldness & impudence upon others  
who are made fools of - a girl (at least some) would  
be too cowardly to sit beside a young man & tell  
him the true story of her love, for fear that he  
might become too well acquainted with her, &  
when she sits down at a table in her  
room alone, she can grab a pen and be as  
bold with it as Julius Caesar - nevertheless, I admire  
a girl who is not too bold, and, never did hate  
a girl because she was too modest, - and, it  
were a great pity, that a great many girls  
in this City were not such strangers to mod-  
esty, and not so well acquainted with self-  
assurance and borrowed impudence, Belle says -



"Do you not know Will. I love you first, - dearest and best of all others  
Aye! nearest friends! The sweet relief  
Is mine now to enjoy:  
The one, so long who courted grief  
Is now a happy boy.

And he will ever happy be  
With such a friend as you,  
As on the bosom of life's sea.  
His frail bark will pursue.

I know I should be happy now  
Where'er in life I rove,  
Since you have smiled upon my brow  
And whispered words of love.

With such a friend, I do not care  
My life will happy be.  
Though other hearts may love, I swear,  
You're all the world to me.

May Heaven bless you, honest friend,  
And fill your heart with bliss:  
When you have reached life's journey's end  
Before you're leaving this.

Oh! May you turn and look at me,  
As now, in life you do:  
And let your loving words but be,  
"For me to follow you."

In leaving me, - my final breath,  
Should be to let me, too  
Lie down, within the arms of death,  
I would not part with you.

How hard would be my hardened heart,  
If it were false to you;  
But no! 'Tis warm its every part  
Is loving, fond and true.



I could say a great deal more in response to what  
she has written me, but why need I repeat the oft-  
told tale of love - praise her in words of truth -  
telling her that which she already knows. In the  
conclusion of her beautiful letter she says "Good  
Night, Will;"

Oh! Lucky boy,

So full of joy

Your life will soon be over.

But such as this

Is full of bliss

With such an honest lover,

A lord or king

Might sit and sing,

Thine hours of delight, Will,

If they but knew

A girl so true

As she who said "Good Night, Will."

Oh! Busy life  
So full of strife  
To-day, and on tomorrow  
A thought of joy  
May seize a boy  
And banish all his sorrow.

But who would care  
For grim despair,  
If knowing he was right, still,  
In loving one  
Beneath the sun  
Like her who said "Good night! Will."

She knows the heart-  
And not a part-  
Of it is disbeliever,  
For on the whole  
Upon my soul  
It never will deceive her.



"I'll never shun -

Or love but-one,

And that will be but-right: Will,

For she is true

And loves but-you

The girl, who said "Good Night: Will,

May Heaven bless

With happiness,

The girl I'll love forever,

And may she know

No grief or woe.

And fate never bid us sever.

The tender ties

And smiles of eyes,

So full of love's delight: Will,

Can never make

Me hate - for sake

The girl, that said "Good Night: Will."

I think that is enough for our forenoon - I am writing  
too much of late - I begin to discover that it is injuring  
my health somewhat, not the constant writing so much  
as it is the loss of sleep. - I will finish this book  
and then.

Oh! Fridy! won't I take a Sleep -  
If 'tis but for a minute.  
I know that I will ever find  
A little pleasure in 'it.

Unless I'm troubled with the blues,  
And wake myself by screaming,  
I'll send for "Acids" so that I  
Can put myself to dreaming.

I'll lay me down at night to rest,  
My mind shall then be eazing.  
But then I'll have to keep awake  
For fear I'll die from freezing.

By the way, I recollect remarking the other night  
"that I couldn't sleep any for thinking of Belle." Ma. Sug -



gested, 'that- he hoped I would think <sup>more</sup> of her  
through the day and less at night."

I threw myself into the bed.  
And covered up so cosy 'O.  
But Love was running in my head.  
And made me think of Rosa 'O.  
First- I'd yawn and then I'd bawl.  
And next I'd get to snarling 'O.  
I couldn't go to sleep at all  
For thinking of my darling 'O.

I lay awhile upon my side.  
And then I'd turn me over 'O.  
And more than forty times I tried.  
To twist up in the cover 'O.  
And I was ~~just~~ just- about to call.  
For then I thought- the worst 'O  
I couldn't go to sleep at all  
For thinking of my dearest 'O.

I nearly went to sleep at two.  
But thought I heard a screaming 'O.  
I saw a fellow choking you,  
But I was only dreaming 'O.  
I saw him strike you - Saw you fall,  
And heard him whisper "do love 'O."  
But Oh! I couldn't sleep at all  
For thinking of my true love 'O.

Beside me lay my Brother Ned,  
Who now was mad and licked me 'O  
And then he kicked me out of bed.  
I asked him why he kicked me 'O.  
My Daddy said he heard the fall,  
And asked, "what's all this clatter 'O?"  
I couldn't go to sleep at all -  
For - that is what's the matter 'O."

Yes! Sir! And I didn't go to sleep until next, beat me  
into a state of forgetfulness with a pair of pillows.  
After I did get to sleep at one time he awoke me, and,  
Coolly asked "Have you got any better of Belle on the brain? - huh? huh?"



Thursday Night - 8 O'clock: Worked about as hard as usual  
this afternoon - felt better than I did this morning - did  
not notice anything of much importance - Claude Sum-  
mers' my assistant - broke his pledge - got drunk -  
and paid his "bounty" \$20. to Sam Barfield - Some-  
times I think I am the only sober boy in town.  
and often think of how persons used to remark  
that it would not be long before I would fill  
a drunkards grave, and I am happy to  
state that I have disappointed all them, and  
while I have seen many of them go to  
their graves, I may yet live long enough  
to see many more before I die. Speak-  
ing of a drunkards grave:

There it is - one grassy mound  
Where flowers will not wave  
Because 'tis not a Sacred Spot  
Some lonely drunkards' grave.

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As huddlesly we pass it by  
Because we killed on earth.  
The Sluper - who a drunkard died.  
Unconscious of his birth.

No Monument to mark the Spot,  
Forgotten and unknown.  
His name from every Memory  
For many years has flown.

He brought Starvation to his home  
He bartered off his Soul.  
He gave his life away to Sin  
And found it in the bowl.

He died a lonely, dreadful death.  
No friend to close his eyes  
Forgotten soon by all the world.  
A stranger - there he lies.

Not having any inclination, whatever, or hopes

of ever filling such a grave - I will cease  
writing out so grave a subject. - Today  
I was in at Headquarters and com-  
ing out I met an old woman at  
the door, she told me a pitiful story, and  
was enquiring the way to the Refugee's  
Home. I put her in a Carriage<sup>t</sup>, paid  
the driver to take her there, But -

I looked into her wrinkled face  
That once was bright and fair,  
Though age and sorrow, dimmed her eyes  
There still was beauty there.

She was a stranger, so she said,  
A poor old refugee,  
That once lived happy in her home  
Somewhere in Tennessee.

Her sons were in the Army, and,  
Her daughters, - they had gone  
She knew not where - she could not tell  
But - knew she was alone.



A stranger in a Strangers land.  
Uncared for by the world  
Her frail bark on the sea of life  
Amid its storms was hurled

Tear after tear stole down her cheeks.  
And dimmed her aged eyes.  
As when she turned to go away  
And said "her kind good byes?"

And as she thanked me - shook my hand.  
"God Bless you! Sir!" she said.  
She gave me one sad parting look.  
And then bowed low her head.

Oh! ~~Little Youth~~ <sup>how thoughtless in your prime:</sup> ~~does care for age.~~  
But 'tis a solemn truth  
The less we think of good old age  
The more age cares for youth.

Have you, reader, ever observed, that a gay party

of young ladies and gentlemen, never had any anxiety to be where aged people were? How often have I heard the gay thoughtless grand child say, "what-a bother she or he is." Meaning an aged and infirm grandmother or parent, who may have asked them to do a small act of kindness, or, some little deed that would afford them a little comfort. Shame upon so thoughtless a child, and so unkind a grand child who would refuse to grant a little deed of kindness like that! Do you ever think of the many good deeds and acts of kindness they have done for you? Oh! No! They are like a worn out Cart-horse, You have no more use for them now. And, have you never noticed how old men and ladies enjoyed themselves in the society of young folks at a dance



or an evening party- How they laugh at  
your jokes, how they keep step with the pat-  
of their foot- as you whirl past them in  
the jolly dance? Why is this? I'll tell you!  
They are not selfish like yourselves! It  
reminds them of the days of their youth-  
when they were young, gay, thoughtless, persons  
like yourselves- they are happy to know  
you are in the enjoyment of life- little  
thinking that you may some day be  
like themselves. They are young again,  
and you are not aged. They would be  
as happy in their old age as you are  
in your youth, if you would make  
them so. They are not envious of your  
pleasures for they would do all in their  
power to make you happy, and, in-  
stead of slighting old age, you should  
remember, that it is a duty you  
should perform- you should respect it-  
the law of Nature requires it- and that  
man or woman who does not respect Senec-

-ation is no better than a beast un-  
-school'd in the education of humanity  
& respectability. Whenever I see a young  
man or woman refuse to do a simple  
act of kindness & justice to an aged, ven-  
erable man or woman, it does not take  
me long to come to the conclusion that  
that person is lost to all sense of honor  
and gentility.

Remember the aged, for God is good  
To those who lend a helping hand.  
A gentle word, is as a staff  
Supporting thousands through the land.

Be kind and gentle to the Aged.  
For they were young, and thoughtless too.  
And think, when you are old & infirm -  
You'll wish that youth was kind to you.

I don't know, but I am half right in  
what I have said, but enough of that.



Your cheeks were pale - your lips were thin.  
Your voice was soft and low.  
You seemed to be the ghost of what  
You were two years ago.  
I almost wept - that we had met  
As ever met - before.  
But no! Poor Lill! I am still yet  
A friend - but nothing more.

Go! Love him! and be true to him.  
You would not trust me, when  
Misfortune nursed me as her child  
A stranger to all men.  
But now I am a man myself  
I wish you well; for I  
Have sworn to love a better friend.  
Until I come to die.

She did not spurn me, No! Not even  
When hope had almost fled,  
When sorrow filled my troubled heart -  
How kind the words she said.

She loved me ~~true~~ <sup>all</sup> through good and ill.-  
She ever loved me true.  
She did not hate and love alike  
She did not act like you.

Oh! No! Nor can her love be bought  
By those who boasting rove.  
With gold to purchase slaves, Ah! No!  
Her love was bought with love.  
And I possess that honest heart  
And she possesses mine.  
Two happier and more loving hearts  
My friend, you'll never find.

When on her beautiful face you look,  
Oh! Think, not she is fair.  
For when I looked to find a friend  
That first I found it there.  
No! No! I found it in his heart-  
For there alone can dwell,  
The honest, faithful, tender, love,  
That linked my heart to Belle - lived right!



Friday morning - arose early - started out - slipped down - got  
up - went to office - went to work - dreamed last night of  
Eva - wish it was true -

I wandered down a flowery path  
And panned beside a stream,  
And sat me down upon its bank  
(But it was all a dream)  
I heard a merry laughing voice  
And looked around the place  
To see if I could spy a form  
Or recognise a face.

I lay me down and went to sleep  
And dreamed another dream.  
I saw a bark come gliding down  
The bosom of the stream.  
I saw a lovely girl, and heard  
Her calling out my name  
I thought 'twas Eva Vallandigham.  
And well it proved the same.

She raised my head from off the earth  
Where I had laid at rest,  
And gently made a pillow of  
Her soft & youthful breast,  
Her arms were 'twined about my neck  
I felt her gentle breath,  
I thought that she would either kiss  
Or hug myself to death.

She ran her fingers through my hair  
And brushed it from my brow,  
And smiled, as when she told her love  
I think I see her now,  
As when I looked her in the face  
And said that I would tell.  
She kissed me, and she laughing said,  
"Oh! I don't care for Belle."

She said "You may be hers for life.  
But I have got you now"  
And vainly did I try to make  
Her cease to smooth my brow.



And cease to kiss me in her arms  
She said "she'd let-me know"  
That she would do just-as she pleased  
Until she let-me go."

But- lo! A sound of voices came  
And Eva, raised and run.  
For there stood twenty girls or more,  
Who did enjoy the fun.  
And then I lay-tid hand and foot,  
As tight-as knots could be,  
And every girl was laughing loud  
And "looked their fun at-me."

"Oh! Will, said they, aint-you ashamed."  
"No! I dont-care a — cent,  
I know I couldnt-tie myself  
'Twas Eve's Vallaundingham."  
But every one, stood laughing loud  
And said "that they would tell."  
How I was caught in Eva's arms  
And thus deceiving Belle.

But scarcely had they gone away  
Before another came.  
And she unbound my hands & feet  
But would not tell her name.  
I begged of her to see her face  
But she refused. "Oh! No!"  
She said, and I arose & begged  
The maiden not to go.

She asked me who it was I loved,  
I did not like to tell.  
But then, I feared, she knew me, and,  
I stammered out - "tis Belle."  
She threw the veil from off her face.  
And lo! there stood - the same -  
Bright lovely girl, whom Eva went  
And told. And, hurried came.

'Twas Belle; and in my dream I thought  
Her spirit-form had fled.  
- And as I chased her down the stream  
I fell - rolled out of bed, I'll go to work now.



Now - nothing new - home for dinner - will finish this book  
tonight - expect to go to ministers with Belle, if she  
wants to go - invited to wedding - never go to weddings -  
wouldn't go to my own - if could be exempt - think I'll  
jump the bounty - Can't - wouldn't if I could - Belle  
would get a substitute - no she wouldn't - joking - Can't  
help it - love her - she knows it - So do I - both satisfied  
- all right - in a life time - will work hard this afternoon -  
- will take a short nap now before dinner - hope I won't  
be enlisted - wish I was married - will be - wish I wasn't  
before long - no I don't - only joking - how are you Asa?  
Night 11 O'clock. raining - have just got in - worked well  
this afternoon - but have not been well - feel that some old fever  
coming back - pains in my head - heard a gentleman com-  
plimenting my friend Belle very highly today - one who  
knows her very well, but, not so well as he imagines -  
Intended to go to the ministers with Belle tonight - but the  
inclemency of the weather would not permit - in fact  
I thought she were better at home in a warm  
comfortable room instead of out in the damp  
air and sloppy streets, subjecting herself to

sickness merely for the sake of a little pleasure  
which could not last long. - If I had thought that  
she really wanted to go, I should with pleasure  
have gotten a hack and gone with her. - went  
to the Minstrels - saw Mr & Mrs McCullough there -  
they seemed to enjoy the entertainment very  
much - there is no use concealing the fact - I am  
too unwell to sit up and write - but, I know Belle  
is impatient to see this "wonderful book" - and I  
will finish it as soon as I can. will work hard  
tomorrow in getting up my Sunday paper. - I forgot to  
state that I saw Nina ~~Smith~~ at the theatre, and  
she looked as if she felt I had treated her badly  
but, I was full sorry that I had ever looked at  
or thought of her. It appears to me, as far as I am  
capable of understanding the expressions of the  
human face, that she is a good girl - a girl  
who would make a warm and lasting friend  
to one like myself, if they were in need of  
Such an one, and a girl, whose generous  
heart and sweet disposition could be easily led



astray: did I not know and feel that in Belle, I  
had a true and tried friend, and if I did not  
love her and was not loved in return - in short,  
if I desired to have a true friend, one whom  
I could teach to love me as a friend, I would  
go to none other than Mina Smith, for her eyes  
to me seemed as upraised windows to her heart  
through which I can look, and read every im-  
pulse of her generous heart, as if it were a  
book. I do not mean, nor would I have any one  
to understand, that by writing what I do of a  
girl, to whom I have seldom spoken, - that  
I am in love with her, or that I boast, when  
I say, I could make her love me - one would  
naturally suppose so, - but I do know, that  
no one, I care not who it is, does not know  
me, nor ever will, unless I choose to open  
the book of my life's history that they might  
read and understand me as well as I  
know myself. I have kept myself a secret  
all my life because I could not - dared not -  
trust myself to the knowledge of every one, and

it was simply because I always believed that  
no one could ever know me, as I would have  
them know me.

My life is wrapped up in a cloud,  
Unknown and still unseen.  
Save when the Sun of Friendship shines  
And penetrates within.

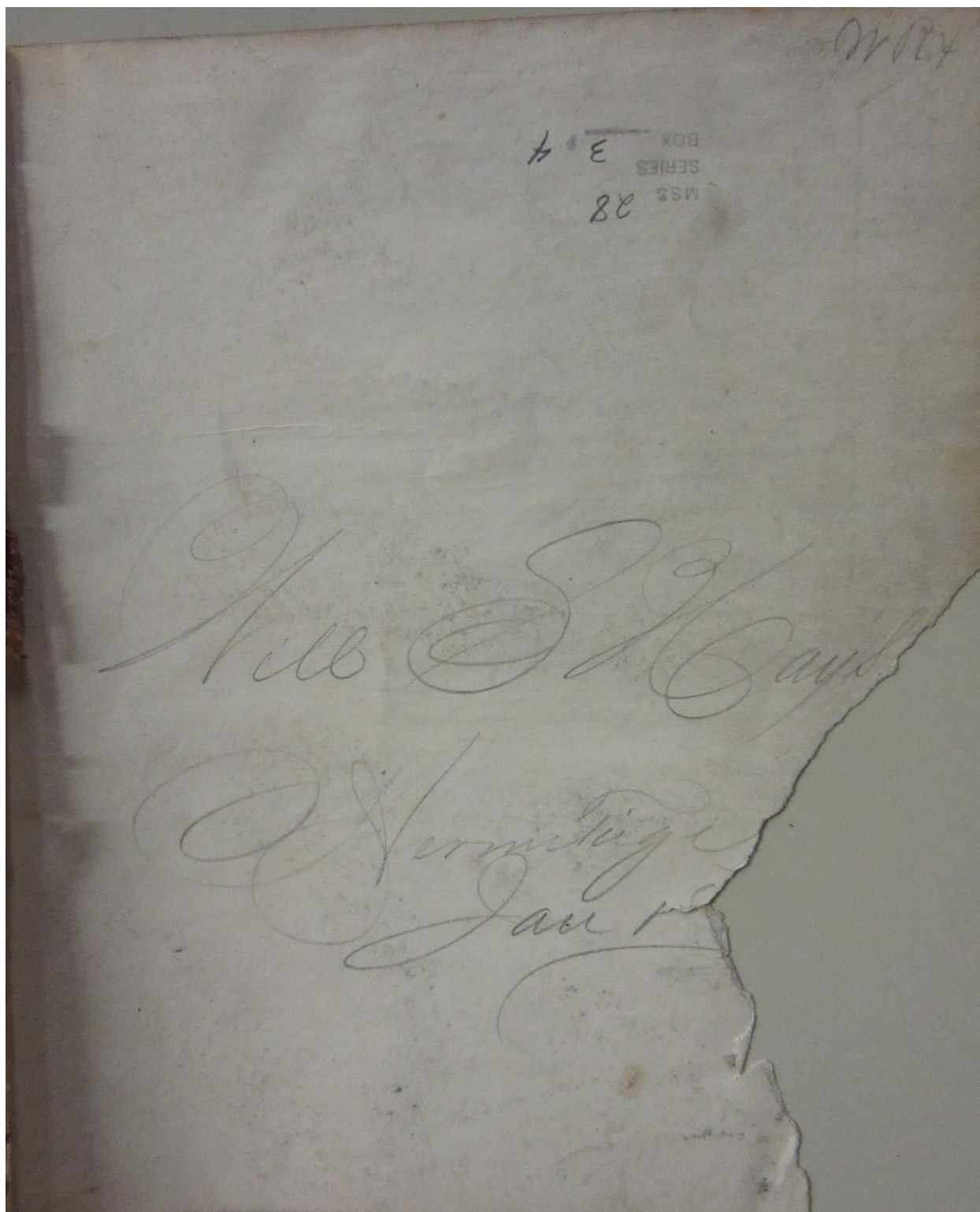
The lamp of love may light it up,  
That all the world may see,  
And understand my every fault  
Or all that's good of me.

There's no one knows me, no! Not one!  
Save she who in her breast  
Has locked up every good or ill  
Of me. She knows me best,

She knows each impulse of my heart  
And none but she alone  
Can know me, for to know my heart  
Is but to know her own.



Dear Belle, 'Ere I close this little book of "leisure  
moments," and, 'ere I close mine eyes tonight,  
I take this opportunity of stating to you, that,  
what I have written upon its pages, ~~was~~  
is 'ex tempore' - I have written it in a loose  
and unmasterly style, but the truth is there.  
And I would not have you for a moment to im-  
agine, that I have written anything personal,  
or, to wound your feelings, for on the contrary  
I wrote it for your perusal and pleasure  
and, if it pleases or interests you I will  
consider myself fully compensated for  
my labor. And, remember, I do not write  
it for the "world to see," though you may  
be the world" to me, - it is for your eyes and  
not others to peruse, criticize, pick, pry, scru-  
tinize, scandal, praise or censure. In closing  
it, and leaving it in your keeping, allow me  
to wish you, my little book, farewell! I trust  
you in the hands and care of one I love &  
one I hope who will ever love her faithful friend  
and honored friend servant Will S. Hays. Good night!







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