

MY
LEISURE
MOMENTS.
TO
DELLIE.

TRULY YOURS
WILL. S. WAYS.
HERMITAGE.
JANY 1st '65

THE FLEDGE:

This is to certify that we Belle McCullough and Will S. Hays both of the city of Louisville, county of Jefferson, State of Kentucky do agree and do hereby solemnly swear to be true friends and love each other long as eve may live. "So help us God!"

Signed: Will S. Hays.
Belle McCullough

Sunday Evening
May 28th 1865

Hermitage Dec. 27th 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 intrud to write. I will entitle the book "Leisure Moments." And what I write is intended for you perusal and not for the eyes of a scrutinizing public to peep or pry into, to search out its faults and censure me because I am its author. Dec. 27th noon: Very cold - am well as usual. Saw Nina 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 profession on the occasion. Going to see Belle tonight if I can get away from the office. Like her best of all, why shoudn'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 ont eo love," and would carvy him if he had one to love him more than Belle loves me. Hesperian Club meets here Friday night. A gay time anticipated. I am coming with Belle hope whe'll enjoy the evening. Am sleepy - gone to sleep.

Night 12 0'clock-am too cold to write much. Spent a very pleasant evening with Belle the best, deanst 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 air. and cold. Good night to all the world but sweetest of all to Belle. Thursday morning 28th 6o'clock: Just arose - pleasant morning - Ed in a nurry mood. I am well dreamed last night of Swin - she is a loved 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 wortheof 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 article 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 - Nut - Sallie (that used to be) says she likes married life more than her husband does. "Sister" Hab and Kitty Lodd, intrud spending the day with us tomorrew, will be at the "frolic" 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 employment in the office. Will write more tonight. Must go to sleep. Saw Belle last night; pleased with the Christmas gift I sent her, an glad she appreciated it. What a noble heart-ed girl!

Before I lie down I will say that there are a great many people (young ladies and gentlemen) in this world who are as ignorant of the "sweets 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 relation 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 wanted be a nothingness, but hope bid me love on until I has 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, even were the sacrifice but to add one comfort or moments happiness to her. I do not love her because in an hour of trial and trouble she was a faithful friend and I love her most of all because she loves me. Be false to her? Ask it 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. Nufco, 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 Dock, 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 girl I turn to thee.
 And hope your dreams may be as sweet,
 As mine will be to me.
 Good night! I am off on a journey to "Dreamland."
 And I hope to have the pleasure of meeting with you there.

Friday morning 6 o'clock early - weather cool - looks like snow. Slept so sound couldn't dream must go to work. Noon, House turned bottom upon ends, excitement about prissing houses - nothing worth retating - must take a sort of nap will be awake all night at the party I suppose. Hope to have a good time sincerely and with Belle especially. Will write of the party tomorrow or Sunday. Hab & Bettie just arrived will stay all day. P. S. There is so much confusion about the house. Slamming doors, playing operatic music, Singing opera songs, etc, that I find it an impossibil ty to sleep - Grandmother wants to see Belle and she will be satisfied - She shall tonight. Theres a certain young lady Mag C-- who visits this house. had better find something else to talk about when she comes that would be more creditable to herself and more int resting to others. It is a bad sign to see and hear a young lady telling all she knows and a d-d sight she don't know, But thinks she does. She spoke in the presence of "home folks," of the extravagance of Belle that she was never out of bed in the morning until 9 and 10 o'clock that her breakfast had to be carried to her bedside

before she made any endeavor to rise and dress herself. That I could do much better in the choice of a sweetheart than by linking my existence with hers. That she was poor. Ah! Deluded fools! You know not of whom you speak, or what you say. I have often thought that when one gets jealous of another, the Devil interferes and prompts them to lie on our another until they get ashamed of themselves. Even if Belle were all that this young lady had 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 care 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 and circulate the faults of others. "People who live in glass houses must not throw stones." But, I pass the remarks of this flaunting, dashing, fault finder aside with impunity and pardon her on account of her ignorance and assurance. Alice 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 windsence - Says she is any little sweetheart. Wants to know who my big ass is. She is off, so am I, to dinner, then to the office.

Saturday morning Well, the party is over, an 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 "association." I must lie down now the earth is covered with snow and the weather is cool. I have had a severe attack of the "blues" ever since yesterday, hope I may soon recover. Good Day! Oh! Belle, if you but only knew the secret sorrows of my poor self. you could offer me the hand of friendship, holding in it the Sweet Cup of Sympathy and write me to drink of it. "till love and pleasure would make me drink with that happiness of which I have so often experienced, only to be swallowed up too soon by sorrow. And makes me more miserable than before. 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 he who loves and is loved must be happy.

Dec. 31st 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 was 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 wish it some of my best friends. It is true, that I have wondered 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 and Pleasure flitting across the pathway of memory. Amid the darkest and most desolate periods of my unhappy existence.

When 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. 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 and miseries, for who is there in this cold and unfeeling world. Who could be such friend as to really sympathize with me in an hour of affliction? I could have been a happy young man all my life, had I not counted 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 occasioned no doubt, by the loss of sleep-Hab. Irene and Cap't Gilmore remained here all night last night, and summed 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 summed to enjoy themselves last night to their hearts content. But amid 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. Yes, who was there in that giddy assembly that for a moment paused to consider the feelings, or consult the happiness of others? Each were happy within themselves. And all summed 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 that 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 "snow flake" in the river. I felt I know not how. Pleasure 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 intrude with his presence without an invitation from usher 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. 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 revive 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

Two pages taken out from here because of strong jealous expressions.

Mine eyes turned upward, gouting 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 racing back as if eager to recall "old recollections" to the bright moonlight on the mighty Mississippi, where I - a miserable unhappy boy, who loved her even then as life stood looking down upon the troubled water 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 bleeding with pain and anguish. The scene would not have been mine to behold. And did I believe then, that I should ever see Belle. A true intelligent, virtuous and loving girl publicly engaged in dancing a fancy dance with such another. I would never have wished to see her again and my love for her and myself would have died together & no doubt have here this filled our common and unknown grave together. Even at the table he was all attention to her which being fully reciprocated on her part, give 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, were 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 near and dear to each other as Belle is to me.

Sweet Girl! Thou whom I love so true.
 It is to thee I write;
 I've loved the true another year.
 And still I own that thou are 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.

Ere 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 undefiled 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. Heard some good music, saw a pretty girl eyeing me very closely. She had the blackest eyes, and curliest hair I ever saw. Took tea 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 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 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 Hurvy County, hope if she goes, she will enjoy herself, and remembers me. No news from Doc. I have holiday tomorrow will spend the day at home, and expect to go to Arlington's Minstrels at night. I must go to sleep, am happy and contented as win I was in my life, any one to be loved as I am should not be otherwise, Am trouble with heart disease. Good night & pleasant dreams to all.

Monday Morning Jan. 2nd 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 Swin 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 hand mournfully and breathed its last note; I would not help but weep - was it not strange, that it was never known to sing a note when it could not rest 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 eye.
 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 and flowers.
 Where most of its kindred were or awing at will
 To sport with each other and sing the dull hours
 Away 'till the night 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 were sighing
 That sweet little bird sings no more now 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 when 'ever my heart is uncalmed in its sadness
 I'll go to its resting place then will I weep.

Close up the cage for its occupants sleeping.
 Lay it away, take it, out of my sight.
 For oft have mine eyes looked upon it when weeping
 But the songs of its occupant soon made then bright.

Sleep sweet canary! Thy short life is over.
 The songs of thy kindred are plaintive and sack.
 They sing as 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 bird which to death I have given
 I know will not sing lest it knows I am There.

I could have written something better, but was interrupted several times by parties who came to pay me a new years call. Alice came to see me twice, I read the above verses to her and she 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 and ran home to show to her mother:

"Alice: Kiss me! Darling, won't you? I will promise not to tell,
 For 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 Years come, and give me one sweet kiss.
 Toss aside your flaxen ringlets and I'll never speak of this."
 "Here then take it" but you promise, Will, that you will never tell.
 For you know your "letter sweetheart" loves you just as true as Belle"

"Ah! You've 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"
 "Thy 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, the bell invites 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 Elln. Miss Bell 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 and weary day to me. I have been at a loss for something to do write more tonight. Bed 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. Came home, went with lady to see wounded son, came by Belles went in and was made more than welcome by her kind mother. Belle's face upon entering the room wore that self sour independent look. Characterising her as a woman of a don't-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 full satisfied that I had spent a pleasant and agreeable evening with the choice of my heart. Now went to minstrels - house filled - will go with Belle tomorrow night if I get time. Good night! to all the world and that is to Belle for she's all the world to me.

Tuesday Morning 3 at 6 o'clock, arose early, feel very well. 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 sleep at a" To thinking o' my dear u' O"

I lay an tossed mysel' about.
Just like a ship that's sinking O'.
Till by an' by I lost mysel'-
An' had to get up thinking 'O.

I closed my s'es an' wister Sleep
Cam' with her bright u'sgleaming 'O.
An' folded me in her embrace
An' merrved me in my dreaming 'O.

But Oh! I' roll an toss again.
As memory made me dreary 'O.
C could nor get na sleep at A'
For thinking O' my dear'e 'L.
And other things too numerous to mention. Oh! How many have looked out of their windows this morning and said Lord help the poor?

Noon still snowing, have been to the office, received several letters. A young lady writes "I was agreeably surprised will to leane 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?"

"Suine, I will introduce you some day. She is a night clever girl, but don't look so at times. I 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 wee and sorrow,
Full of never ending cares.
And today we smile Tommorrow
We are tangled up in Smares.

Joy looks at us where we're Sleeping
Happy dreams are ouns then.
But we wake to find us weeping.
Brooding over cares again

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

Even in the darkest hours,
Though the paths of life we tread.
Some are strewn with brightest flowers.
To the house hold 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 snow of day.
Just as if it were advancing,
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 one true friend.

I have wandered in dark places
Through this world as if by night.
Only where I know her face is,
There is Sure to be a light.

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

Never was a gift from Heaven,
Given man with him to dwell.
ad the one that God has given,
In a friend as true as Belle,

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

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 "served complicated or Flattered upon forming the acquaintance of Kentucky's poet and musicians". Got disgusted with her "soft sow der" 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 heart,
And the love of a heart, yet, unface.

Oh! Had you winter moon a ttrougue,
To tell what it can see,
What tales of love 'Twould have to speak.
Of what it knew of me.

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

Glide 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 eye, until she starts
There light her back again.

Sweet Girl! Thow first best, only 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 morning have been busy. Saw Hab in town, Saw Katie, 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 me friend better than any body's Friend. Met some ladies in Tripp & C'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 minstrels 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' told you that I loved you Belle,
 An hundred times, or more.

But tlaes of love are always new.
 They never will grow old.
 For there is something to be learned
 Of joy when'er 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 yo-r side I've Sat
 My heart was full of bless.
 When smiles would greet each others' eyes
 Or lips were pressed to kiss.
 Or when I told my love to you.
 And yours was told to me
 We listened to each other love
 Oh! happy then were we.

If cruel fate should bid us part.
 I know not what I' 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
 In feeling that we parted love
 To never meet again.

So, while we are togthter love.
 Let life be full of joy.
 And love will bless a happy girl.
 Who 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 jounney 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 loss.
 To wait awhile for you.
 But if I trip and fall myself.
 I wonder if you'd stay.
 Or would you travel life alone.
 Go off another way.

Or take someother by the hand
Desert me let me lie.
And leave me there to help myself.
To do without or die.

No! No! I think my girl that you.
Are most two good a friend.
To leave me, for another one
Or to desert me other.
For weill I know, and so do you.
We'll love until we die.
And other hearts. Not half so true
Will envy you and I.

I'll write another verse, My love,
And in it. I will lay.
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 all ready come to the conclusion that I
am troubled with "Belle on the brain," I will state that another "bell"
puts a stop to my writing. Dinner time, I attack it, gone?

Nighe 12 O'clock A loney lbeautiful night as I came from the office.
All was so silent upon the Struts that it seemed as no one occupied the
city but myself. Took Belle to the minstrel, seemed to enjoy herself,
but if she did her looks deceived her. Sometimes yes! Often have I
noticed her face wear a bland, discontented look, indicating that there
was some deep hidden mystery conerated from me. And could I light that
face up with smiles, I would gladly do so. She went Grandma a five orange,
which gift she will highly appreciate knowing that it comes from Belle.
I am too tired and speepy to write any more for the present. I bid the
world Goodnight! And will say to Belle, "Happy be thy dreams. Sweet
Girl, joyful be they heart. If I feel one moments bliss, thou Shalt
have a part. If my pleasures and my joys could thine own recall, I
would gladly give them up you should have them all.

Thursday morning 6 O'clock, warm, sultry morning, am well, haven't
time to write. Noon, come home and took a fun re'do, 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 Belld. Have just written the lines in this book
on the death of a favorite canary for the next Sunday Dunesocmt. 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 bean.
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've nothing else to do.

I love her for her gen'rous heart.
And just because she tells me so
That she loves me as I love her

What more then 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've 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 truth than poetry in it.

Nighy 10 O'clock: have just come home, worked hard this afternoon. Went into the fair at Masonic 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. Saw Lide, why all 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 4th Street. Saw the lady I saw looking at me so hard at the minstrels last night. Looked at me and laughed don't know her name. It is raining tonight, afraid it will be a bad 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 woman, 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 win find an honest hearted girl who would love me as I would have her love, 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 pathway one of joy and sunshine. I will make it any duty and endeavor to make her happy as I can. I did not seek, honor, beauty or wealth, for nither of there 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 knowth all things." Oh! How sweet is love when linked to bonds of love like this. I have looked at those around me, who faces were beautiful and fair to look upon, whose delicate persons were enveloped in the finest silks and satins that Barker could produce. And no doubt like most others 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 not when I would have them know me best and even shuned me in the darkest hours of my life. But, such as these I now 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 these that I love? No! Then who is it? It is the girl, who looked upon me with an eye of pity, and whispered such words of hope and consolation. As can only emanate from the honest 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 blind -folded as it were stumbling sown the dark and stormy 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 down 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.

I'd ask the angels not to weep
Because thou art not true:
Oh! NO! I'd ask them all to smile
As Angels can, and do.
For I'd be sleeping with a love
As dead as I would be,
Without your meeting with a loss
In giving yours to me.

But at the silent hour of night
There's still one thought remain
To haunt you. Yes! and make you sigh
Or wish me back again;
You'd never know again
For thy will come no more.

Though sitting by another's side
I can not who it be
There'll come a time where secret love
Will make you wish for me.
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 wish 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! There how you would start.
To feel and know he is deceived.
For I have got your heart.

O! secret, silent faith ful 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 meet me at the Judgement 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 she wishes I would stop. Well, I'll grant it "Go to sleep" Oh! She is asleep and I soon be , Gone!

Friday Morning: Raining still, fowl first rate, am going to work. Made me rise early this morning, there is a fine anticipated tonight at the concert. Night 10 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 etc. Belle, wanted to know "do you like adids?Q Spent a most agreeable evening indeed in the society of the best friend I have on earth. Will now conclude with a verse or two and bid the world Good night.

As through the storm I bent my way
 As happy as could be.
 The driving snwo and bitter winds
 Were all the same to me.
 What cared I for the cold w thout.
 Where 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 Borgive.
 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 mans' cot
 A Shadows' o'er hive 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. Thats all. Good Night{.

Saturday Night Jan 7th 1865, 9o'clock: Well, here I am singly esconsed in My room in theold Hermitage. Have worked hard all day, and such a day, of snow and sleet, I never wish to see again. Haven't had tiem to write any in the book until now had no "leisure moments." Dined at Louisville Hotel. Saw a handsome girl and an awful fool, two persons often met with now adays, the girl made herself ridiculous t tha table because she was good looking and in knowing it wanted to make herself conspicuous 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 gossiping over national affairs. Craps etc.

And ladies, especially talking constantly of "love affairs" this woman's husband & that lady's bean etc. The table is no place for gossip or gab, it is a place where people congregatē to eat. The parlour or drawing room is a fit place for conversation, 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' 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 saw 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 beon 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 & Craggs' 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 remarkable that occurred today. Save that I refused to drink on several occasions. So it not strange that when a young man "never drinks," he can always find plenty of Friends who visit upon his joining them in a drink, and when he is drinking, No one asks him, but he asks everybody. It is a very easy matter indeed, for a young man. I cannot who he is. 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 Damation 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 misture 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 samething. 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 more 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 vingeance upon an honest, happy heart envious, because he knows and feels his own Soul is far beyond redemption. If ever Hell was hot enough.

If ever Hell was hot enough.

For all such men as these.

Who son the deeds of bitterness.

Where'er in life, they please.

"Were better that the gates should ope.

And let them be put in.

For they are agents here on earth.

That causes most of sin.

Oh! Image of the Imp of Hell,

Go hide your braziw face.

Go hide 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 greet her lover back,
 And welcome him again.
 For she would know he'd be a man,
 If thou went only slain.

Thou hast no friends - thy friends are foes.
 And until thou hast died.
 Thee and thy victims all will sleep,
 Together, side by side.
 Intoxication then would wail,
 About thy silent bed.
 And whisper even in your ears,
 As if thou went not dead.

In passing by the throne of Grace.
 Thou canst not raise thine eyes.
 For there the drunkard's 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.
 Down Demon 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 embraced in the silent arms of Morphens, I will think of her love, 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' off.
 Sunday night, Arose early this morning, went to office, worked awhile, went to church with Jim Gragg. Dined at Louisville Hotel with Batty Keau. Went back to office worked awhile, went to cathedral and heard some fine music. Took a walk, took supper at Belles's spent the evening there. Had a delightful time, think Belles's mother and father the best people I have ever known - sociable and clever, kind and accommodating. Tis 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 - been to office and at work - am in fine health - think I will take Belle to minstrels tomorrow night if the weather is good. As I have nothing else to do. I will try the "Music" this morning.

I sat beside my love last night,
 As happy as could be.
 And as I told her of my love,
 The lady looked at me.
 But in her eyes so full of smiles.
 That were upon me bent.
 Her lips were still, but then 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! Friend of friends. It is to thee.
 My memory loves on wings to flee,
 And build its nest.
 Wherein 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 moves at perfect will,
 It proves to me thou lovest will.
 I love thee yet.

Oh! Pahaw! I can't write,
 List I wait 'till tonight.
 And the hem of the house is dead.
 And they stop all the noises,
 And the women of 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 eye might perchance take a peep,
 And catch you" "Well what?" "steal a kiss in my sleep."
 "Ah! Will, 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, Well." - "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 isn't 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 have 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 sadder than these." Have not seen or heard of Belle
today. Went to the minstrel's 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 lie down I will try and compose something if not
myself.

To you sweet Girl I turn my thoughts
This bleak and wintry night.
To think of you affords me joy
To love you is delight.

E'en since we met in early years
You still have been my care.
This heart of mine has ever held
An 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 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 seem to care.
By all the world forgot.
Ah! Belle, 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 views flow.
Or who the silent sleeper was
The world would never know.

Upon the bosom of the deep
I've often dropped mine eyes.
Then 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.
 To 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 severe.
 The sufferings were mine - not theirs -
 Mine only to endure.

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

My wasted form was faint and 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
 'Twas all that I could do.
 E're 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 lo! they neither spoke a word.
 And some had turned away.
 The doctor 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 chased 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 China -
 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 came to find my 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!
 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 - 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. Came home early this morning and take a sleep - didn't dream of anyone last night - too bad a night to dream of anyone. Don't think I will go to the minstrels with Belle. Will wait for a more pleasant weather, if she is willing I am.

Noon - Have just got in - I am anything but well, and it is a wonder to me that anyone enjoys good health. Such weather as this. Received a letter from the pen of a female acquaintance, 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 instead 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 someone who will appreciate it more than myself. If she loves me, it is more than I do her, and while she played the part of friend, I did think something of her. But now she has "let the cat out of the Walleth." 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 you young lady loves a young man and she doubts whither 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 quiet 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 need not persuade me to believe that you love me now for if you did not then you do not now. Blame no one but yourself 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
 What I could never gain.

The humble name I've ever borne
 Was 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 watery
 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?" Does she suppose 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 wear by all
 That's pure and good on High.

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

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

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

Where are the eyes so full of love
 That smiles so Sweet on me.
 But whom you loved to gaze upon.
 Was ever glad to see.

Where 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 one! You're deserted now
 You are no friend to me.

It is even so that many a young woman is trying to fool others too often fool themselves, and it is a fixed fact, that the gerunality of crusty old crooking maids have been "flaunting 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 C t, in a close room and sending out for "one of the smae 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 the happy wives of good husbands and little children. I can put up with a flaunting widow, a crusty Bachelor, a balky horse, or a stubborn mule. But the Devil man away with old maids, I've 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. Ten chances to one, that the above young lady don't become the miserable wife of some pappinjoy. Each worrying 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." Well, young lady, in repy 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 anyone, 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 misfortune. She did not turn her back upon me because I had unfortunately taken a fatal step 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 unpudent air that she loved me, nor did she beg me to love her, get out with such friendship! I know what a friend is better than you can tell me. And you could not preach to me forty years and make me believe that you love me. OH! I understand you, you want to get married, and you thought I was your last chance. Your're in a bad situation. All your lovers have deserted you and I am not for sale. I love a girl who loves me, has ever loved me, and an angel could not chide me to love another. Good Bye! Thou brazin faced, specimen of woman kind! While I cannot marry you, allow me to offer you the sympathy of an individual who is not only happy himself, but intends to make another more so, By the time you forget me.

Night 10 o'clock: "Just dropped in - hope I don't intrude" - no one at home - Grandma & Martha at Emily's - Father at the minstrels - Ned at a party. So I am all alone - worked hard today and am tired tonight. Yet I am happy and contented. Sent Belle some papers today with a note. The bearer of then returned to the office and give me his opinion of her which was graphic. Nevertheless 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 schoolmate Ned Williams - now colonel in the army. Says he likes soldiering - don't agree with 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 minstrels a while tonight - sang a sone "OH! wish this war was over."

And sung 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 toward 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 Thine had drawn the folds of day.
Once more unto a close.
And half the world were just about
To seek their nights repose.

The gathering clouds had formed in one.
And sallied throng to 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.

She slowly 'rose and tinged the cloud
With silv ry 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 scruned 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 dide 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 him and I
 Both wandered as we talked.

Till by and by upon a bridge
 We 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.
 We started and it was not long
 'Ere we were with the dead."

In cave Hill - where the slumbering dead
 Were 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"

The weeping willow bowed its head.
 The songsters hushed their tune.
 The dew drops glittered on the rose
 Beneath the gentle moon.

It seemed to me when I looked up
 And saw each star so bright.
 They but reflected back to earth
 Their pure and shining light.

Each one seemed fixed upon a spot
 Where gentlest flowers wave.
 And each one seemed to be the soul
 Of some sweet sleepers' grave.

We wandered down the gravelled walk.
 Like ghosts in some wild dream.
 Until we paused near by a tree
 Where we could see a stream.

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 stew.

Deep in the bowels of the earth.
 That little one so dear.
 Unconscious of the streamlets song
 That murmured soft and 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.
 Were 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 panned to weep upon the grave
 Of him I'd meet no more.

But lo! I panned 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 thriving rose
Could no destly be seen.

And with my hand I tore the moss.
away from one that stone.
And found the name of an old friend
And schoolmate - George Malone.

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

And how his mother sadly wept
Before she turned away,
And I with other friends of his:
Wept 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 Malow.

I turned away and sadly strolled:
From one grave to another.
Till lo! I panned and wept above
The lone grave of my mother.

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

The stars themselves be an to weep
The birds, their songs were hushing
The moon looked sas it seemed to me
The flowers all were blushing.

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

Ther in that grave lay all I loved.
My long lost earthly treas^{ure}.
And buried with her were my hopes
My joys in life and pleasure.

There when I knelt that solemn night.
Beside my little brother
Was she who loved me as life.
My own, my angel mother.

Oh! You who have a mother kind.
To to her softly kiss her.
Be good to her in life, for oh!
There comes a day you'll miss her.

When you will need 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
'Twas He who called you, I am left
To ask to be forgiven.

Thou art no more of earth thy grave
Has yielded 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 - be back
in the morning.

Wednesday morning: Cool & clear - Galt House burned down - am going
to office - am tolerably well -
Noon - Been to office - nothing new - expect to spend the evening with
Belle - may go to minstrels if she wants to go - Go any where 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 who loves me as well.
Oh! Love what mighty powers
Thou hast with hearts like ours

Oh! Life seems sunny hours to live and love my Belle. Thursday Jan. 12th
Noon - Have just come home - don't feel well, in fact, it seems to me
I am get ing to be worse than an old maid - always complaining - nothing
of unusual interest transpired this morning. Save that I fell down,
and didn't hurt any 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 screens pride and makes sensible women
of some - it heaps boldness and 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 modesty, and
not so well acquainted with selfassurance and borrowed impudence. Belle
says, "Do you not know Will. I love you first, dearest and best of all
others?"

Aye! Dearest friend: The sweet belief
To 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
 There'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 world but be.
 "For me to follow you."

In leaving me, my final breath.
 Would 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,
 Their 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
 Today, 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, Will.

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,

'Tw'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 griefs or woes.
And fate ne'er bid us sever.
The tender ties
and smiles of eyes.
So full of love's delight, Will.
Can never make
Me hate forsake
The girl, that Said "Good Night, Will."

I think that is enough for one 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! Lordy! 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 easing.
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." Ned suggested, "that he hoped I would think
more 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' turn me over 'O.
 And more than forty times I tried.
 To twist up in the cover 'O.
 And I was just about to call.
 For those I thought the nearest '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 Ned 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?" Nuf aid."

Thursday Night 8 o'clock- worked about as hard as usual this afternoon - feel better than I did this morning - did not notice anything of much importance - Claude Summers, My assistant, broke his pledge - got drunk, and paid his "bounty" \$20, to Dan Barfield. Sometimes 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. Speaking of a drunkards grave:

There it is one grassy mound
 Where flowers will not wave
 Because 'tis not a sacred spot
 Some lonely drunkard's grave.

As heedlessly we pass it by
 Because we knew on earth.
 The sleeper 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 had 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 lied.

Not having any inclination whatever or hopes of ever filling such a grave,
 I will cease writing on so grave a subject. Today I was in at Headquarters
 and coming out I met an old woman at the door. She told me a pitiful
 story, and was enquiring the way to the Refugus' Home. I put her
 in a carriage & 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 stranger's 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 bye's !

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.

And Ah! Youth how thoughtless in your prime:
 But 'tis a solemn truth
 The less we think of good old age
 The more age cares for youth.

Have you, reader, never 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 grandchild 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 grandchild 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 instead 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 veneration is no better than a beast inschooled 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, venerable 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. I saw what once was the youthful looking & beautiful Mary -----to-day: I was astonished: She stopped, shook hands with me and said in a low meaning voice "I am glad to see you looking so well, Will." But alas! I could not repeat those words to her. I asked her "how she was enjoying life?" She let go my hand, made no reply and left me. I believe that she loved me. Be that as it may, I always considered Mary***** a friend, and never allowed myself to be anything else than friend, for I knew that a boy as wild and reckless as I was could never make her happy and I never give her an opportunity to suppose that I cared for her. She was sold as a slave and I could not purchase her;

Poor Girl! Thy face is not the same.
 As when we sat and talked.

Together, when the sun went down
 Or in the garden walked,
 Your eyes so full of brightness then
 Alas! Looked sad and dim.
 Your face has changed 'tis not the same
 Since you've been sold to him.

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
 Or ever met before.
 But No! Poor Girl! I am still yet
 A friend but nothing more.

No! 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 e'en
 When hope had almost fled,
 When sorrow filled my troubled heart
 How kind the words she said.
 She loved me all 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 her heart
 For there alone can dwell,
 The honest, faithful, tender, love.
 That linked my heart to Belle.

Good Night.

Friday Morning - Arose early - started out - Slipped down - got up - went
 to office - went to work - dreamed last night of Eva V-----wish it was true-

I wandered down a flowery path
 And paused 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
Thought t'was Ev' Vallandingham
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 run 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 her's 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 there I lay tied hand and foot.
As tight as knots could be,
And every girl was laughing loved
And "poked their fun at me."

"Oh! Will, said they, ain't you ashamed."
"Ho! I don't care a --- cent,
As know I couldn't tie myself,
'Twas Ev' Vallandingham."
But every one, stood laughing lov'd
And said "that they would tell."
How I was caught in Eva's arms
And this 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.

Noon - nothing new - home for dinner - will finish this book-tonight.
 Expect to go to minstrels 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, could get a substitute - no she wouldn't joking - can't help it - love her - she knows it - so do I - both satisfied - alright - in a life time - will work hard this afternoon. Will take a short nap now before dinner. Hope I won't be molested - wish I was married - will be - wish I wasn't before long - no I don't - only joking - how are you acids?
 Night 11 o'clock. Raining - have just got in - worked well this afternoon, but have not been well - felt that some old fever coming back - pains in my head - heard a gentleman complimenting my friend Belle very highly today - one who knows her very well, but not so well as he imagines. Intended to go to the minstrels with Belle tonight, but the inclineny 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 at the theatre, and she looked as if she felt I had treated her badly, but I now feel 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 Nina, for her eyes to me seemed as upraised windows to her heart through which I can look, and read every impulse 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 unsure.
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 is 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, 'Eve 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, is "extempore" - 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 imagine, that I have written anything personal, or to wound your feelings, for on the contrary I wrote it for your personal 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 scrutinize, 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 and one I hope who will ever love her faithful friend and honored servant, WILL S HAYS. Good Night.

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