

Headquarters at the N. E. corner of 3^d Walnut st -

Head-Quarters Pay District of the Cumberland,

Louisville, Ky. Feb. 6 1864.

Miss Belle:

I was agreeably surprised to see you this afternoon. I will call & accompany you to Church tomorrow evening if you have made no previous engagement, and my company will be agreeable & acceptable.

With my kindest regards, & compliments, I take pleasure in subscribing myself
Your friend
Will S. Hays.

To Miss McCullough.
Louisville Ky.

Soon left city for South - where he remained several months.

Hermitage Sunday night Jan 22nd 1865. 26

My Absent Friend.

I have just come home from the office, and find a half sheet of paper which I will fill up for you for you know I can do nothing else that would afford me more pleasure than talking to you or writing. If what I write does not interest you, don't blame me for I can assure you, if I knew what would be of most interest to you, I would most certainly gratify you if it was in my power to do so. I hope you arrived safe, and that you are enjoying your self to your heart's content. Though, I do not see why you should be anything else than happy with such a companion as Lizzie - (Is that her name?) from what I have learned, and what my imagination has pictured her. I'll bet you a "dose of acids" that you forgot to kiss her for me. Yes! I knew it. However, I may some day have the pleasure of doing that pleasant act myself:

"Go to Lizzie, Belle, and whisper in her ear - still happy be.

Softly put your arms around her - kiss her - tell her - 'twas for me.

If she will not have it - tell her, I kiss it - till perchance we meet.

And I'll promise her another, more than fifty times as sweet." Don't show this to her Belle, for I am writing to you, remember, I miss you tonight but, I know you are enjoying yourself, and I feel contented, for you know as well as I do that I never missed you a moment's happiness & enjoyment in my life, and, I know I never shall. Stay as long as you are happy, and enjoy yourself, and whenever you get home sick - and want to see your "Ma" (or me) let me know, and I will come for you. Like a "good boy," I have not been "out home" since Friday night - but will go on Tuesday and see how they get along without you. I suppose they are all well. Col' Coyle has been confined to his room today. I suppose you know I drew the silver pitcher ^{on} Friday night, no being the author of

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Nashville June 8th 1865

Dear Ben,

I am so lonely & tired I feel like I wish I was home. I've just come from ~~Nashville~~ Huntsville. I have had a pleasant trip. I had the pleasure of meeting an old friend of mine to day. I remarked to him that "I was to be married" He made you the present of a handsome ring, which I will keep until I return & then you won't get it unless you kiss me for it. Belle, I think more of you, than I ever thought I did. I love you better than ever. Remember me & love me truly for I will soon be home, and then - well you know the rest. Good Bye! I'm off for Knoxville tomorrow

Your own true
Will.

46

My bird died 13th June, 1865, 46
 Sometime between Tuesday night
 & Wednesday morning
 [June 18, 1865]

To Belle.

On the death of her Canary Bird.

Sweet Songster Sleep thy gentle Sleep.
 Beneath the Cedar tree.

And leave me lonely now to weep
 My fondest tears for thee.

No more I'll hear thy cheerful voice.
 Or sit and watch thy cage.

My poor heart, which you made rejoice
 Will weep now for ever age.

I'd give the world, if thou couldst rise
 From in thy silent-bed.

And look into my weeping eyes.

But no! Sweet bird, thou'rt dead.

Another sings its songs to me.

But oh! how changed they are.

And when I look with joy to see.

I weep, Thou art not there.

For him, I love so kind and true
 I watched the night and day,
 And would he weep, if he but knew
 My bird had passed away,
 Ah! Yes! for from his hands Thou came
 To sing so clear & shrill,
 To have you learn to sing his name,
 And make me think of Will.

Farewell! I'll bear my grief, sweet bird,
 Till tear drops fill mine eyes,
 Till I look up as if I heard
 Your voice far in the skies,
 And then I'll smile - of grief bereft -
 I'll cast aside my pain,
 To think my poor bird only left
 To live and sing again!

"Dear Belle, It died, as I would die,
 Unseen, unknown unheard,
 'Twas not your care that closed its eye
 'Twas kindness killed your bird."

Will S. Hays.

O' Belle,

I saw a lovely girl today,
 Those eyes were full of youth,
 Those face was beautiful to see,
 Those lips spoke words of truth,
 She said she could not love me now,
 That once she loved me true,
 But then she would respect me, Belle,
 For loving none but you.

Some years ago, I mind the night,
 She said, "Will, tell me pray?"
 Is there no one, whom you could love?"
 I did not tell her pray,
 I told her with a loving smile,
 Which she confessed was true,
 That I could never love a girl
 As well as I love you.

She told me, Belle, that she confessed
 She loved me fondly still,
 But, I must not for all the world
 Love one against my will.

She said, that I could still be loved
 By others just-as true,
 But-I could never love a girl
 So much as I love you,
 How noble in this pretty girl
 To talk thus sweet-to me,
 To tell me that she loved me yet
 And still would happy be,
 If I would only be a friend,
 I'd care not what I'd do,
 For she would love me all her life
 Though I love none but-you.

Wm. S. Hayes

Sunday June 18th 1866 (46)

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Courier Journal, October 15, 1935

OCTOBER 15, 1935.

Funeral Today for Mrs. Belle M. Hays, 86

Funeral services for Mrs. Belle McCullough Hays, 86, of 838 S. 6th, widow of Will S. Hays, poet and one-time river editor of The Courier-Journal, who died at 5:30 p.m. Sunday at her home, will be held at 10 a.m. Tuesday at the Herbert C. Cralle Funeral Home, 2428 Frankfort. Burial will be in Cave Hill Cemetery.

Mrs. Hays, until recent years, took an active interest in cultural and club life of Louisville. For a time, she was chairman of a waterways committee of the National Rivers and Harbors Com-

mittee. In her early life, she taught private kindergarten.

She was a member of the Filson Club, Woman's Outdoor Art League, Humane Society, Y. W. C. A., Parent-Teacher Association and Business Women's Club. She is survived by a daughter, Mrs. Mattie Belle Samuels, and a grandson, Samuel M. Hays.