

SINGING OF "DIXIE" WAS NOT TABOOED

EMPHATIC DENIAL OF THE PUBLISHED REPORT

THAT IT WAS FORBIDDEN IN CHICAGO SCHOOLS

WIRED TO NEW ORLEANS MAN.

Chicago, Feb. 6.—Did any authorized or even consequential person in Chicago forbid as an act of treason the singing of "Dixie" in the public schools during the Lincoln celebration? They did not.

The foregoing question confronted Richard C. Hall, president of the Chicago Association of Commerce, in a telegram received to-day from Philip Werlein, president of the New Orleans Progressive Union. The answer in an emphatic negative was telegraphed to Mr. Werlein after a few hours of strenuous investigation. Here is the message from New Orleans:

"Press dispatches stated that sing-

ing of 'Dixie' in public schools on Lincoln day has been forbidden as an act of treason. If Chicago wishes to make any progress in the South, take it as a timely, friendly bit of advice, have that order rescinded and let the people of the South know that it has been rescinded and get rid of the head of the school system that issued any such orders."

Mr. Hall, in a somewhat lengthy answer stated that "Dixie" remained on the musical programme, that there had been no order removing it, and said:

"President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton, a Southerner, is to be the principal speaker of the celebration, and other prominent Southerners will participate in several of the meetings. The idea has been foremost from the beginning to show national appreciation of Lincoln and to promote friendly national feeling."

AS LINCOLN SAW IT.

In Speech He Said the Song Was "Captured Property."

Washington, Feb. 6.—Joseph Nimmo, Jr., one of the few surviving close personal friends of Abraham Lincoln, to-day took issue with a statement appearing in a local paper that President Schneider, of the Chicago Board of Education, has forbidden the singing of "Dixie" at the Lincoln centennial as treasonable.

"This, I am prepared to deny from my personal experiences," said Mr. Nimmo. "Early one morning in the month of April, 1865, the news reached Washington that Richmond had been evacuated. There was a rush to the White House, led by a band. I accompanied the crowd. Soon Mr. Lincoln appeared at the window over the front entrance. He replied to the demand for a speech. I well remember his closing words, which were as follows:

"There is a song or a tune which I used to hear with great pleasure before the war, but our friends across the river have appropriated it to their own use during the last four years. It is the tune called 'Dixie.' But I think we have captured it. At any rate, I conferred with the Attorney General this morning, and he expressed the opinion that 'Dixie' may fairly be regarded as captured property. So I shall be glad to hear 'Dixie' by the band."

"Ever since then 'Dixie' has been regarded as a national air, beloved by the people of the North and of the South. The tune of 'Dixie' was composed by Dan Emmett, a Northern man, who wrote the words and the music. For years before the war it was sung at the North and at the South, and it will remain for all time a truly national song, made so by the good-natured humor of Abraham Lincoln."

The Louisville Herald
Tuesday, June 4, 1907

AY TH

Conclusive Evidence Given Of Authorship of "Dixie"

Though the program for the last meeting of the Filson Club before the summer vacation included only a discussion of the history of the settlement of the boundary lines between Virginia and North Carolina and Kentucky and Tennessee, the meeting was made notable by the announcement that practically conclusive evidence had been found to show that Will S. Hays, of Louisville, wrote the inspiring words of the Southern classic, "Dixie," the maddening strains of which, played and sung, have inspired soldiers to fight and cheers to ring for nearly fifty years.

After the regular program had been concluded, Capt. Barfield, who is at the head of a special committee of the club which has been investigating this interesting subject, reported that a correspondent had written him from Texas, saying that he had in his possession one of the original editions of the song published by the old house of D. P. Faulds, of Louisville, shortly after the Civil war began. This edition consisted of 5,000 copies, and as it bears the announcement of the authorship of the song by Col. Hays, there is no reason to doubt longer that Louisville is the real home of "Dixie."

Capt. Barfield promised to secure the copy, and said he will present it at the fall meeting of the club next October. The discussion of this subject produced enthusiastic responses from many members, and will attract attention everywhere, as the controversy over the authorship has been fought out for years. That it has been brought to a triumphant conclusion, as far as Col. Hays and Louisville are concerned, there is no longer any room to doubt.

The paper on the boundary question was read by Co. Stoddard Johnston, and proved to be scholarly and convincing. It took up the history of the work, and showed that a century of the most painstaking and exact surveys was necessary before the question of boundaries was settled. After Col. Johnston's paper was concluded short talks on the subject were made by Isaac T. Woodson, Dr. D. T. Smith and Edward C. P. Humphrey.

A large number of the members was present at the final spring meeting.

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Filson Club Members Decide Credit of Authorship of "Dixie" Belongs to Col. Will S. Hays

Interesting Discussion of the First Wording and Spirit Which
Moved Writing of Words—Committee Will Fully Estab-
lish Claim.

"Dixie," the grand old battle hymn of the Confederacy, the soul-stirring song that is popular everywhere, was composed by Col. Will S. Hays, of Louisville, is the opinion of practically all of the members of the Filson Club, one of the foremost historical organizations in the South. At a meeting of the club held last evening Col. Hays defended his authorship, and was supported by several persons, who are familiar with the history of the wonderful song.

It was the regular monthly meeting of the Filson Club, and the authorship of "Dixie" was the subject under discussion. There has always been a cloud on the title of authorship, and it is the purpose of the club, if possible, to establish beyond all doubt Col. Hays' claim. Those who heard Col. Hays last evening were satisfied that he composed the words, now so dear to every Southerner.

In presenting his claim Col. Hays repeated the story told many years ago, when the question of authorship was first raised. He said that in 1857 or 1858, while employed by D. P. Faulds, a music dealer, whose place of business was on Main street, he wrote the words that have since been sung all over the world. Col. Hays said that Mr. Faulds received a piece of music anonymously. Charles Ward, who was employed at the store, played the score on the piano. Then it was that Col. Hays wrote the words to the music.

Original Words.

"The original words were changed," said Col. Hays. "During the war Gen. Anderson had charge of the military operations by the Federal troops in Kentucky, and he required me to change the words. The original composition was as follows:

When you hear those Rebels yell,
You will see those Yankees run like hell,
Way down South in Dixie.

"The song was first sung by a glee club in Louisville. This club went South with Buckner's brigade and soon

the song was heard everywhere in Dixieland. When Gen. Anderson heard the song evidently he was not taken with it. He sent Henry Dent, his provost marshal, for me, and I was taken into his presence. Anderson asked me if I was the author of the song and I told him I was. He then sent me to prison, Fifth and Green streets, telling me that I was guilty of treason against the Government. Finally he released me on condition that I would change the words of the song, which I did, to-wit:

The damn fool Yankees need not run,
But watch us and you'll see the fun,
Away down South in Dixie.

"We're Going Down to Dixie" was the original title of the song, Col. Hays said.

Capt. C. Barfield, who came to Louisville shortly after the close of the war, said that Mr. Faulds told him that Col. Hays wrote the words to "Dixie." Col. Durrett quoted some authority to the effect that Dan Emmett, the minstrel, who claimed authorship, got hold of the air in Ohio while playing there. He sang it then for the first time and had it published by Bond, a New York publisher. Col. Hays' composition, Col. Durrett said, was published by Mr. Faulds some time before Emmett's appeared. Bond claimed that Faulds stole the copyright, but Faulds proved that his was the original. Col. Durrett referred to a newspaper article which Mr. Faulds wrote supporting Col. Hays' claim to authorship.

While it was the sense of the members that Col. Hays was the author of "Dixie," a committee from the Filson Club was appointed, composed of Miss Florence Barlow, Dr. D. T. Smith and Col. Hays, to establish beyond question the authorship. The committee will report at the next meeting, and the authorship of the famous old song will be established, if possible.

The club will request that "Dixie" be played at the opening of the Greater Louisville Exposition.

MEMORIAL TO AUTHOR OF "DIXIE" PLANNED

(By Associated Press)

MT. VERNON, Ohio, Aug. 4.—Plans took shape here today for a national memorial to Daniel Decatur Emmett, native of this city and author of the song "Dixie."

A mass meeting will be held tomorrow as the final step toward incorporation of a group to raise funds for the memorial and select its site, either here, in Columbus at the State capitol, or in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Mary Darby Fitzhugh of Louisville, Ky., daughter of a Confederate soldier, announced she had secured letters from many prominent political figures and educators, indorsing the memorial. Mrs. Fitzhugh will preside at the meeting.

Emmett was born here in 1815. He died in 1904 and is buried in Mound View Cemetery here.

He Wrote 'Dixie' Here

C.-J.'s Columnist and Marine Editor Composed 100 Songs That Sold 75,000; "Molly Darling," In 6 Languages, Hit a Million

By GEORGE WAITE

A HUNDRED years ago, come Monday, the neighborhood of Hancock and Main paused in its routine business to await the arrival of a baby boy to Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hays who lived on the southwest corner.

And when the baby boy came, though all Louisville was to be proud of him later, the celebration was like any other; Mr. Hays bought the cigars.

But the child was scarcely breathing when his father took the first of many steps that indicated which way the twig was to be bent.

"What will you christen him, Hugh?" the neighbors asked.

And with a voice full of purpose Mr. Hays replied, "William Shakespeare Hays."

Thirty years ago, come Thursday, at the age of 70, William Shakespeare Hays was laid in Cave Hill Cemetery. Events in the intervening years, however, are what makes the life of Col. Will S. Hays, as he was known in life, important. In that time Mr. Hays earned recognition as the most popular and prolific song writer and composer of the South. (He is not, by the way, an ancestor of the present cinema czar.)

'Molly Darling' Sold a Million

At 19, while a student at Hanover College, he completed the first of 354 songs he wrote during his life. One hundred of his compositions reached or exceeded 75,000 copies. And, although the authorship was later to be disputed, Mr. Hays is credited by many with the famed song of the War Between the States, "Dixie."

By far his most famous composition was "Molly Darling," which was reprinted in six languages and sold more than 1,000,000 copies.

Other hit compositions of Colonel Hays were "Nora O'Neil," "Driven From Home," "We Parted By the River Side," "Little Old Log Cabin In the Lane," "My Sunny Southern Home," "Nobody's Darling," "Write Me a Letter From Home" and "Keep In De Middle Ob De Road."

Because of the proximity of his home to the Ohio River, Colonel Hays early in his boyhood attached himself to the flowing waters.

His was the day when the river was Louisville; when stevedores sang at their work, when the "rivah packet" was comparable to the China Clipper of today.

A River Captain

Young Hays' infatuation for the river proved a source of employment. Following his schooling at Hanover College, and also at Georgetown College and at Clarksville, Tenn., he accepted a berth as clerk—and later captain—on river boats.

In 1857 he became river reporter for the old Louisville Democrat; later he was marine editor for The Courier-Journal. At an early age he served George D. Prentice as secretary, an occupation which not only assisted his style but also encouraged him in the field of letters.

Colonel Hays, already in newspaper work, became Louisville's first war correspondent during the War Between the States. His reaction to the tragedy of his beloved South is reflected time and again in his music.

Arrested By Yankees for Song

It was his composition, "My Sunny Southern Home," which caused Colonel Hays' arrest at New Orleans by Gen. Ben Butler and his Federal troops. All copies of the song were ordered destroyed and Colonel Hays was released—only to publish it later.

Known from Pittsburgh to New Orleans, Colonel Hays was held in the highest esteem by all rivermen. Capt. James Rees of Pittsburgh built and named a boat after Colonel Hays.

Mrs. Mattie Belle Hays Samuels, 966 Cherokee Rd., his daughter, relates hearing her father describe the first trip made

by the new boat. It put in at every harbor, Mrs. Samuels recalls, so that the townsfolk might inspect the boat and at the same time enjoy a night of dancing as guests of the owner.

Despite the prodigious amount of work otherwise credited to Colonel Hays, he found time to write short bits of poetry and numerous hymns.

The S. J. Clarke Publishing Company's "History of Kentucky" says of him, "As a poet, no other Kentuckian ever ranked so high; as a ballad writer, probably no other man up to that time had attained such distinction, and certainly in America his songs were more deeply admired and cherished than those of any other composer."

'Dixie' Based On Scotch Air

Mrs. Samuels reports the composition of "Dixie" and the subsequent argument. At the time the song was written, she says, Colonel Hays was in the music store of D. P. Faulds, then located on Main between Second and Third Sts. A group of the Buckner Guards, on their way South to the war, asked Colonel Hays to write them a song.

With such short notice, he and Charlie Ward thumbed through some old Scotch music and came upon a song entitled, "If I Had a Beau, for a Soldier Would Go."

The melody pleased the pair, so Mr. Ward revised it to the tune "Dixie," and Colonel Hays wrote the first version of the song. The Guards proved such able song-pluggers that it was an overnight success despite the displeasure of the Yankees.

Dan Emmett, according to "The History of Music in Louisville," was in the South at the time and, writing a different set of words, claimed authorship. Mr. Faulds, who in the meantime also had published the song, had consistent difficulty with the



Will S. Hays, born in Louisville 100 years ago, lived to write 354 songs.

Emmett publishers and eventually sold out his rights to Ditson & Company.

Much Poetry In Column

Colonel Hays' river column in The Courier-Journal was one of the most widely-read features of the paper. Most it consisted of poetry based on emotion from elemental things—the love of chil-

dren for their parents, the life of a happy worker, the romance of the river and love of one's neighbor, the downtrodden and the poor.

Jonah Down In the Mouth

In a romancing mood the Colonel wrote this poem "To Fannie":

"Take away those roguish eyes,
Bright with smiles of love and pleasure
Lest they fill my happy heart,
With joy beyond all measure,
Ah! You pretty, fair coquette,
Heaven may have angels many,
But I swear, by your bright eyes,
None are fair as you are, Fannie."

In the days when paragraphers were not so well known as they are today, the Colonel, when the mood struck him, would devote his column to such observations as these:

"It is a poor rule that doesn't work any way you want it to."

"Who was the mother of the printer devil?"

"When a belle is married she generally gets a ring."

"The difference between perseverance and obstinacy: One is a strong will, the other a strong won't."

"Is a baker's apprentice a loaf-er?"

"A man may make a little go a great way—if sent by rail."

"Taking a paper is one thing, paying for it is another."

"Jonah must have been the first man who was down in the mouth."

100 Years Ago

And almost as if he hoped it might be used in connection with his centennial he wrote once this poem:

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.
Both time and age, like cronies old,
Have come one hundred years,
And with them, Life and Death have brought

Their pleasures and their tears;
And of the generation now
How few there are who know
That things aren't like they used to be
One hundred years ago.

"Then girls were girls, and boys were boys
A babe was not a 'kid';
They didn't act as if they knew
More than their parents did.
They had no railroads, telegraphs,
And things went rather slow,
But people got on, all the same,
One hundred years ago.

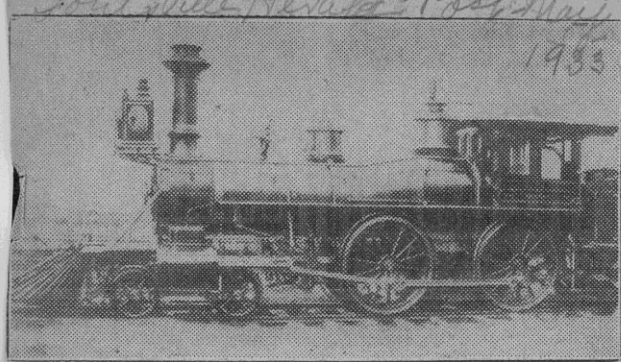
"Then people lived to good old age,
And honest all their lives,
No 'dudes' to suck at cigarettes,
And no 'dudeens' for wives.
The young folk loved each other true,
Each sweetheart had her beau;
They married then for love, not gold,
One hundred years ago.

"They had no seminaries then,
Nor big, fine, fancy schools,
Nor lunatic asylums filled
With many folks had common sense,
And men were statesmen, though
The country lacks now what it had
One hundred years ago.

"They had no electricity,
And few inventions, then;
The wives were help-mates—not help
eats,
Their husbands, honest men.
They'd ask a blessing when they'd eat,
And read a verse or so,
To please the Lord and give Him thanks
One hundred years ago.

"When people went to church those days
They walked—they didn't ride;
They didn't go there all puffed up
With vanity and pride,
And everybody sung in church
And prayed with heads bent low;
They didn't go as we do now,
One hundred years ago."

Story On Famous Rail Race Revives Song of That Day



Admirer of Colonel Hayes Tells of Early Period in Railroading.

A story published in the Herald-Post last Friday about the famous race between the Number 29, crack flyer of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad of more than a half century ago, and "The Standford" has resulted in the contribution of the then famous song by an admirer of its author, the late Col. Will H. Hays.

Number 29 lowered the colors of "The Standford," a specially-built locomotive ordered personally by the late E. D. Standford, then president of the road, in a match race that still stirs the blood of romance in the ranks of those who follow the singing rails of the Old Reliable.

Presented to Railroad.

Mt. Standford was a good sport, and, although defeat of his own engine was a bitter pill, he was good sportsman enough to present his locomotive to the road and have it installed in service on the passenger lines.

"The subject of an address by C. F. Giles, superintendent of machinery for the L. & N.," Colonel Hays' admirer writes, "was the growth and development of mechanical equipment of the road at a dinner marking the fifth annual meeting of the L. & N. Traffic Club, held in The Seelbach on December 13, 1915. Organization of the mechanical department over the period of 1855 to 1915 was detailed at length.

"It will be interesting to note no other railroad is richer in historical lore or stands higher in the estimation of the general public, or which deals more fairly with its employees and patrons. Throughout the years of building and improving its engines we come to the two locomotives that figured in the famous race in this community—"The Standford" and the Number 9, the latter the victor and crack flyer of the road.

perintendent of machinery at the Tenth Street shops. Its total weight was 82,000 pounds, or forty-one tons, as compared to the heaviest type of Pacific passenger engines of today, which weigh 117 tons.

"J. Snowden Bell, a noted mechanical engineer of the '70s, and an active patent attorney in New York, later presented Mr. Giles with a photograph of the Number 29, showing clearly how it was decorated with paint and highly polished brass. There was a landscape done in oil on each side of the tank and a fancy scene on the headlight.

"This locomotive was known as "The Southern Belle," and was the subject of a popular song by the celebrated Louisville song writer, Col. Will S. Hays, and dedicated to Mr. Perkins by the employees of the road, who presented Colonel Hays with a handsome silver watch service engraved "Number 29."

Exceeded Weight Limit Then.

"It will also be interesting to note that the Number 29 and Number 5, another big engine of that early day, were laid up for quite a while after being built on account of exceeding the weight limit of that period."

Any old-timer in the Old Reliable service can furnish the tune for "Number 29," Colonel Hays' rollicking song of the singing rails, words of which are as follows:

Roaring through the forests,
Gliding through the vale,
Slipping through the tunnels,
Flying o'er the rail,
Train behind her dancing
All along the line,
While you hear the whistle
Of the Twenty-nine.

She's a thing of beauty,
Flying o'er the road,
Belching forth her power
With her precious load,
Easy in her motion,
Perfect in design,
She is proud of Perkins,

Hark! I hear her coming
Through the silent night;
Don't you hear the whistle?
Oh! there is the light.
Here she comes—she's flying,
With the train behind.
Look out, ev'rybody!
Here comes Twenty-nine!

Chorus.

Clear the track, the bell is ringing,
Here she comes on time;
Thatcher Perkins is the builder
Of the Twenty-nine.



1897.

November Election.

1897.



WILL S. HAYS,

CANDIDATE FOR RE-ELECTION,

SCHOOL TRUSTEE,

(6th and 7th Wards)—4th District.

W. N. Haldeman.
Esq., to whom is
dedicated "Poems and
Songs" by Charles T.

dearly love,
true;
one on earth—
you.

God's great gate,
O,
sweetest songs
to you.

Send to me—
now,
there is a place
for you.

Door of Death
is,
to think
you.

Watchless crowns
two;
then reserve
to you.

THE BAR.

Col. Will S. Hays
Louisville one of
and lovable char-
of such men mark
he belonged to an
I had grown with
ever losing in its
primitive condi-
to metropolitan
splendid simplicity
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volume of his
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ISM, HARMONY.

WILL S. HAYS. ❀ ❀

... THE SONG WRITER.

THE personality of Col. Will S. Hays, the famous Kentucky song writer, presents three distinct and interesting studies. We see him, first, as a poet and composer; second, as a newspaper writer; and third, as a man.

Following this diagram, we will first look at Col. Hays as a poet and song writer. As a poet he belongs to that intensely human school, whose curriculum is "love"—yesterday, to-day and to-morrow. His verses are simple, sweet and appealing. He is never morbid, and pessimism is a quality unknown to his poetry. His pathos is always genuine, his humor always pure. "Honest, hopeful and helpful" are the three Hs which might constitute the trade-mark of Col. Hays' "Elixir of Song." To quote from the late Octavia Hensel's tribute to Col. Hays in her "History of Kentucky Music," published some years ago: "Sentiment and sympathy, piety and pathos, hilarity and humor, joyousness and jollity, geniality and goodness, are all found in the simple yet heartfelt poems he gives us—something for human nature in all its phases."

But if we are bound to admire Col. Hays as a poet, how much more ought we to love him as a song writer? He is of a school of which he stands as almost the sole survivor—the higher, better and more artistic class of popular song writers. The majority of songs of to-day are either dialect or topical, and if a genuinely good song happens to be put on the market, it falls flat. Col. Hays wrote not for an age, but for all time. His earnest, uplifting songs of humanity will have an audience after the ephemeral tide of latter-day "popular" drivel has ebbed back into oblivion. The whole world knows Col. Hays as the author of "Mollie Darling," "Nora O'Neill," "Driven from Home," "Evangeline" and others. A large portion of the world knows him better as the author of "The Little Old Log Cabin In the Lane" and "Good-bye, Liza Jane." It is a fact not generally known that, through Col. Hays and Mr. D. P. Faulds, Louisville has the honor of publishing the first version of "Dixie" as a song. Col. Hays wrote the words as a glee song for the Buckner Guards when they were called South during the civil war, and applied them to the old Scotch melody of "If I Had a Beau for a Soldier Would Go." Instead of "I wish I was in Dixie," as the famous song now runs, Col. Hays wrote it, "We're gwine down to Dixie." The Buckner Guards took it through the lines with them and advertised it to such an extent that it soon had a national reputation. Of Col. Hays' songs, 2,000,000 copies have been

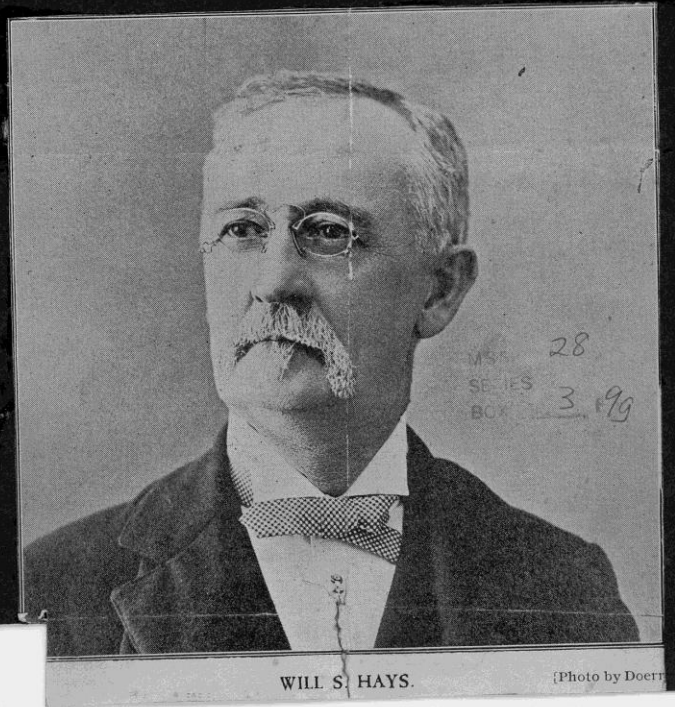
We now come to look at Col. Hays as a newspaper man. In this branch of business he is almost as unique as in the role of song writer. He began journalism as river reporter on the Louisville Democrat at the age of nineteen. Later he went on the river as a steamboatman, where he served four years in the respective capacities of clerk and captain. When he quit the river he resumed newspaper work, and for forty years has been marine editor of the Democrat, Journal, Courier-Journal and Times. Col. Hays is the oldest editor in Louisville, excepting Mr. W. N. Haldeman. During the course of his journalistic labors Col. Hays has found time to create several characters in connection with marine affairs who have enjoyed an extensive popularity. Chief among these is his famous levee negro, "Old Ike." And sharing laurels with "Old Ike" comes the "Mule," who has made thousands laugh. Of late years Col. Hays has touched upon the Irish characteristics with happy effect, and his "O'Grady" and goat stories have been widely copied. There is not a man in the country who can give more reliable information concerning river topics in general on the Ohio and Mississippi than Will S. Hays. One of the largest and finest boats that ever ran on the Ohio or Mississippi, and the first one to be lighted by electricity, was named in his honor. His beautiful poem on the death of Capt. J. M. White, entitled "His Last Trip," is known by heart by almost every river man in the marine service. It is an exquisite piece he has preferred to spend his life in comparative seclusion, rather than to "chase the bubble of reputation" and

of verse and deserves a permanent place in literature.

Of Will S. Hays as a man volume might be told. And, contrary to the rule, the stories would all go on the credit side. His magnetic personality, his genial disposition, his lively sympathy for the poor and the unfortunate are qualities which have enshrined him in the hearts of thousands. Col. Hays has always been a careful student of human nature, and has at last reached the point where he might be graduated with honors. His purse has always been open to the needy, but never in an ostentatious way. Fame has made no change in his heart. That he was never ambitious is shown by the fact that

live in the glare of the great white light of renown. His life has been passed among those whom he loves and who love him in return. In other conditions and by shrewd commercial tactics, Col. Hays might have risen still higher. But the author of "Mollie Darling" need feel no apprehension as to his title to posterity. And as for riches—well, Col. Hays is happy, and happiness is something riches can not buy. He is now sixty-two years of age, and is as fresh and vigorous as a writer as he was in his younger days. He has more friends than any man in the city, and, to quote a recent remark of his: "If he has an enemy on earth he doesn't know it."

CHARLES HAMILTON MUSGROVE



WILL S. HAYS.

(Photo by Doerr)