

SEVENTH LETTER.

"WHO THE D—L IS 'O. B.?'"—A PROPOSED VISIT—RICHARD H. STANTON
—ROWE—PUBLIC MEN OF WASHINGTON.

Editor New Republican: Not many days ago I received in my mail a communication from Dakota, and as I was reading it I saw a merchant from Boston with whom I was acquainted, coming down the street. My Dakota correspondent wrote: "How can I get a token by which to remember 'O. B.?' " My Massachusetts friend said, "Howdy—who is 'O. B.' and what has become of him?" To-day I got a letter from a valuable subscriber who has recently joined the Methodist church on six months probation, with the Buford privilege, and he asks "What in the d—l has become of 'O. B.?' " And so it is every day—from home and abroad—from old and young—enquiries are made of me and I understand also from you. Therefore I am gratified to be able to hand you the following from my friend for publication, explaining his silence and giving promise for the early resuming of his bright and cheery reminiscences of "ye olden days" and the probability of a visit from him to refresh his memory. He will be welcome and shall have the freedom of the city and a staff made from the old timbers to sustain his steps in his ramblings around the old town.

Yours,

P.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA., April 10, 1883.

Dr. John P. Phister—My Young Friend: On my way home from Washington City I contracted a cold which increased to such an extent as to justify the apprehension of my daughter, Annie Gordon, who advised me to come here. I wanted to write you something more about the people and things of old Maysville. I wanted to give you pen pictures of persons I knew away back in the twenties. I did not want to go at it in the manner of a hop, skip and a jump, as the boys used to say. My former letters were irregular, nervous and jerky, because of my surroundings in Washington and because of the sadness growing out of the destruction of one of my youthful idols. When I get over the cold and feel thoroughly invigorated I am going north and may stop a little while at your new city to refresh my memory as to names and scenes which are almost blotted out. Though I might not be companionable to you because of the difference in our ages I will call on and get you to go about with me if you would be so kind. I will not be a tax on your patience or otherwise I hope. I want to come in quietly so that the council will not be disturbed. I would like

to see the mayor kinder unbeknown to him; I could then form an idea of what my chances would be for the freedom of the city in the future.

Don't let the newspaper editors know I am coming because my heart and purse is ever open to the poor, and I could not look an editor in the face without giving him a shilling with my blessing. I was told in Louisville that a young man Stanton was an editor in Maysville now. He must be a grandson of Richard H. Stanton, who was editor of the *Monitor* about 1837 or 8. The elder Stanton was a good man and a worthy citizen. He was a full-fledged loco-foco, but I liked him because I heard he had been a mechanic and honorably fought his way up until he reached the line of journalism. I want to tell you about my old friend Roe or Rowe, who in 1828 or 9 kept a store on Front street, a few doors west of Grant's alley. He had some interesting peculiarities. I have not got the time now, I'll tell you when I see you. I want to tell you also about my impressions of public men in Washington. I will say this much about them now, that in all my acquaintance with them and in all my reading about them I never could find out that any one of them ever attended Sunday school or played in a market house. Don't forget the freedom of the city and the staff. If I should not come I will send my photograph for the city hall if it would answer for my absence.

O. B.