

# THIRTEENTH LETTER.

---

A LETTER TO GEORGE ORR—THE LIMESTONE HILLS—DUDLEY A. RICHARDSON—RICHARD C. WEIRICH—GEORGE GRAHAM.

*Messrs Editors:* I hand you for publication a letter from my friend "O. B." to general George Orr. General is the title to which "O. B." says he is fairly entitled. This letter is as bright and interesting as any of the series and must be included in the book. Since this was written I have received a "personal" letter from him giving suggestions as to title page, vignette, illustrations, etc., for the new volume. It must be followed in the get up and is at your service when needed. P.

---

INTERVALE, N. H., July 25, 1883.

*My Dear Friend Orr:* I have not forgotten you and I hope you have a refreshing recollection of me. I intended to write you frequently but I supposed my young friend Phister would occasionally see you and tell you how I was getting along and why I could not visit Maysville as early as I hoped. I was delayed in my contemplated visit to Maysville by a threatened attack of pneumonia in the spring. When I reached Louisville on my return from the south I was somewhat enfeebled by travel and the warm weather. I was directed to seek the mountain air as soon as I had recruited strength. I wanted to see the old hills around about Maysville. They used to seem as mountains to me. In fact I used to think that Bryant had those hills in mind when he wrote "Thanatopsis." I am now inclined to think he had the New England hills in mind when that poem was written. They are more decidedly rock-ribbed than the Limestone hills. I have been here but a few days and I can already feel that I am reinvigorated and braced up. There is a clearness and a sweetness in the atmosphere which invites cheerfulness and drives away despondency and disease. There is a kind of newness of feeling, or rather a rehabilitation of old age which I cannot accurately describe. I came here on the recommendation of some friends who I had met in the south and who I am glad to say are now here. Though I am in a strange place I am among friends who will contribute much to my pleasure and comfort. One of the infernal outrages perpetrated on a quiet man like myself at all places of popular resort I have visited, is the swarms of generals, colonels, majors, etc. It seems to me as if every man, woman and child was a general or some other titled monstrosity. I am sure no one has held the office of postmaster or applied for it since the war who is not loaded up with a military or judicial title. That fraud is too transparent and ought not to obtain in an intelligent community, but I can't help it and it will do no good to worry and fret. In our young days there were very few titled men about Maysville, and they earned their titles honorably and not by hunt-



ing civil offices. You having performed valuable services as a drummer at the corn-stalk musters in old times are richly entitled to be called general now, and I having stood close up to you on such occasions might properly be called a colonel; but the people who gave me a title did not know the relations I bore to you and the drum. They call me doctor because I once acceptably filled a pulpit. Service in the ranks in time of war brings no titled renown, although political parties may resolve "that the gratitude of the people is due and is hereby given to the soldier, etc." Some people like that kind of resolution because it is a recognition that at some time or other there has been a war and that somebody has been in it. Such resolutions won't pay house rent, market bills or supply powder for fourth of July fusillades.

I often think of Dudley A. Richardson. If he is still alive give him my regards, and if he be dead strew flowers on his grave, because he was one of us who helped to build the old town.

There was a young man who was an apprentice to the carpentering trade in early days. His name was Weirick, Richard C. I think. Whatever his name may be you will remember him. He was a very likely young man and doubtless turned out well in after life.

George Graham was an industrious, persevering man. I think he married a Miss McNeely.

There is no use for me to write about the old time people to you, still I cannot resist the feeling of wanting to know something of my old friends and acquaintances. I fear I wrote too much to my young friend, Phister. I couldn't help it after I got started. You know by experience that old people must have something to occupy their minds. I don't know anything about politics and other people don't seem to take much interest in religion, and therefore I have to deal seriously with the past whilst my friend Phister looks joyfully to the future. George, you will pardon me, I must be familiar as in the days of yore. I repeat, George, I charge you to fling away ambition; discard all thought of postoffices, collectorships, storekeepers, gaugers, foreign missions, etc. Those things when obtained have proven to be worm-wood and gall to many a man and some women of late. I once thought that a membership in congress was a prize worth contending for. You go in for such a prize and win it and you will find that it will turn to ashes on your lips. I spent last winter with the congressmen and heard their expression of the value of the prize they had won. I beg you for my sake as well as for your own well being that you keep on good terms with the mayor and council, lay aside every incumbrance, to the end that your relations may be friendly with them.

When I get my new cane I will plant it firmly on the granite hills of New Hampshire and I will steady myself with confidence upon it amid the jostling crowd at the Louisville Exposition in the latter days of September next, and then I will join you, my young friend Phister, the mayor and common council in Maysville, when I hope to catch glimpses and hear some of the sounds which belong to the good old days when you and I were young. And may many of the old boys be there too.

"O. B."