

Old letters
written by various people to
several members of the
Thomas Buchanan Family
including poems by
Samuel McCune Buchanan

Collection of Dr. John Jenkins Buchanan

Courtesy of Fort Vance Historical Society

Commettstown Feb. 22nd 1859

Jn Buchanan

Esteemed Friend

I sit down in haste to write an answer to your last letter, which you know, I never got. I am well at present and have been ever since I saw you last. I have been teaching ever since I was at Taylorstown. I have about two months to teach yet and then I will be ready to take another spree. The school I am in now is very large. There are 48 scholars in attendance. They are a mighty hard set to manage. I have to break loose among them occasionally like the flying artillery of hell and scoot them to and fro. I have spent a very pleasant winter so far and have not drunk a drop of the critter since you know when (the time lendenning was with us). You should have written to me according to promise. I would like to hear from you if you are living yet. Scroggins has gone the way of all flesh they tell me. Peace tp his ashes. I may be in your country about the first of May unless Heaven calls me home, which is not likely. If I come we must have another spree just to know how rich folks feel. Write to me as you get this scribble and let me know how you are getting along in the world. If Smiley is at home, tell him to write.

I have some notion of going west again Spring to preach if I can get a good berth. I will be in Taylorstown first on a visit.

I must wind this up as I am going to a spree tonight. Excuse this scratching, and if you cannot read it, let me know and I will send you an interpreter.

Nothing more

Yours in haste

Jas S McCarrell

NOTE: This letter was written on a lined sheet of paper that was evidently torn out of a tablet as the top edge was ragged. The date may actually be 1839 as the ink is so faded as to make it impossible to be sure. Smiley Buchanan and others from Washington County were in this area in 1858, so it may be that the letter was written in 1859 and Smiley had gone home on a visit. The envelope was a small yellowed one addressed to John Buchanan, Taylorstown, Wash. Co., Pa. It bore a three cent stamp cancelled with diagonal pen strokes, besides which was written Cometsburg Feb 25. This James McCarrell was the sone of a prominent minister in Washington County, Pa.

Mrs, Sara Buchanan

Nov. 15th/61

Dear Aunt,

I suppose you will not be expecting a letter from me. I am writing as I have been requested by Aunt Martha Paterson. She has been expecting you to see her for some time and has given up all hopes that you are aware of her low condition. She is very weak and never expects to be well again. Milly and I were there last night. She has very weak spells that she takes. She was worse yesterday than she had been for several days. John came home with us today. He is well. I think I never saw Aunt as weak as she is at present. She eats tolerably well. She is taking medicine for her appetite and to strengthen her stomach. She has no hopes that she will ever be well. The Doctors give her very little encouragement. Her disease is principally on her kidneys. They say they may give her something to relieve her for a time but hardly think they can perform a cure. I pity her. She is so much discouraged and I think she is so lonely. They have a very kind Girl there but she has considerable to do and cannot be in with her much of the time. John goes to school and Uncle J. has to be out so much. We are all tolerable at present. Pa and James was on the sick list last week, but are better. James and Martha are keeping house. It seems very strange, but I hope they may have good success. James told me to tell you that there would be some of us down before long if all is well. They have not got their corn all in yet. He said as soon as he finished that. We hear so little from you. We never know whether you are well or how. Is Alexanders folks well and when will any of you be up? You can tell John that a certain lady, I need not tell him who, sends her compliments. She resides near the water--he can soon know where to return his to. We will expect you to come and see us when you are up to see Aunt. We have some clean rooms to sit in. Dr. Donan is very low, do not expect him to recover. Some of our neighbors have fever. Aunt Lizzie Smilyey has diptheria. They all have had it. All better but her. You will come up as soon as you can. She wishes to see you so much. I must close. Come soon. No more but I remain yours in truth

Lizzie E. Buchanan

Mrs. Sara Buchanan

Come one and all as soon as possible. James was wishing to see his friends come. I wrote to Aunt Reed today. Maratha says she wants you to come soon.

NOTE: This letter was written by Elizabeth Buchanan, daughter of Thomas and Jane Smiley Buchanan of Mt. Pleasant Twp., Washington Co., Pa. to Sarah Smiley Buchanan, wife of Thomas Buchanan of Taylorstown, Pa. Jane and Sara were sisters, as was Aunt Martha Smiley Patterson (subject of this letter) and Aunt Ann Smiley Reed. Ann Smiley Reed lived in or near West Alexander, Pa. Milly is a sister of Lizzie, attending Washington Female Seminary. James is Lizzies brother James Buchanan, who married Martha Leman McCarrell. John is John Patterson, son of Joseph and Martha Smiley Patterson. Martha Smiley Patterson evidently recovered from her illness as she didn't die till 1895. She and her husband are buried at Mt. Hope Cemetery.

HOME

July 26/62

Cousin S. Mc B.....I am about to attempt to acknowledge your interesting as well as instructive epistle. I can assure you that it was perused with great pleasure. Me being absent when it came to hand will serve for an apology for not replying ere this, and you are well aware that I am rather (an) easily excited creature and after such a () the cars of course my brain () somewhat effected. I beg your (). I feel very delicate when I pause a () and consider to whom I am writing. You know that I have not much depth of thought or judgement, and you can overlook all imperfections, both in composition and penmanship. I was happy to learn that you have heard once more from your dear Brother S. I will write to him if possible. When you write, give him my compliments.

You requested me to give you a sketch of our visit in Ohio. We left the 30th of June, had a very pleasant ride to Wellsburg, had a very good dinner, remained until 4 PM when we were speedily carried to the well situated City of Zanesville. Remained over night. Was aroused in the morning by the rumbling sound of market wagons and high heeled boots. Partook of a well done up breakfast, was swiftly carried to Berne Station and :OH and :ALAS, there was no conveyance either public or private to be had. By chance we met a good () Methodist, with a little Beef (). We were all soon packed in () for a few minutes that way. Then () it on foot through the fields. I enjoyed it very much as I was wearied of the other way of traveling. Went to church that evening and arrived in West Rushville that evening, a very pleasantly situated village, pleasant people. We remained there until the Thursday following. We left for Concord and Bloomfield among the hills. The part we first visited was beautiful; no doubt Pa told you about the lovely valley we visited and the Table Rock or Mt. Pleasant. I cannot do it justice in saying that it is most lovely. I could not find language sufficient to describe its towering heights and conspicuous hiding place. I received the present of a book giving a short outline of this Mount and of those who were once concealed there from their enemies. You can () the privilege of reading it the next time () visit us. I saw some very nice () gone. Some no doubt that you would () become acquainted with. I did ask you to come with us but you declined. I must close this long yarn. I feel sure you will think I am not very connected. You gave me an advice which I did not feel disposed to take but I can lay it aside for some of those who are not contented with their present condition. I have not seen Jake since. I never read such a letter in all my life. I could not help letting a couple of young ladies read it. They said they would set their caps for you. They received your compliments and return theirs. You said that I need not electioneer for you....I have no need to. You are pretty well known up on this side. You need not ferar but you would be successful in you know. Come up whenever you can. I received a letter from cousin Fanny McGibben this week. They arrived safely to their happy home. She says it is a very pleasant place. Didn't she make a break when she did go? The next cousin we have to do such will be Cousin S. Mc. B. You must give us some warning previous. The friends all enjoy good health. We spent the 4rth in Rosses Grove, West Middletown. Why were () there? We expected to see you. We had a good () while there and on the way. We can tell () when you come up. I would be pleased () such another letter when convenient. () so good. I think I will have to take lessons () and penmanship. Come up and teach me. () I write some but this evening I could not () pen and would not make a hair stroke. Please present my compliments to those with whom I am acquainted. Write soon.

Yours truly

Lizzie Buchanan

Mr. S. Mc. B. All join in sending their love to one and all. Milly says to tell you that we had a picnic at Mc's school house. Two weeks since a good time.
We expect you all up.

NOTE: This letter was written by Lizzie Buchanan, daughter of Thomas and Jane Smiley Buchanan to Samuel Mc Cune Buchanan, son of Thomas and Jane Smiley Buchanan. It concerns a trip she took with her family to Ohio, probably for the installation of a relative as minister at West Rushville. They also had relatives at Bloomfield, Ohio. Part of this letter had been chewed by a mouse, accounting for the blank spaces.

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Mt. Pleas.

Oct. 10th/63

Well Aunt I expect you will not be expecting a letter from me. It is to comply with Aunt Martha P's request that I now write. I spent one day and night with her this week. She appears somewhat reduced, but the Dr. thinks the disease is checked and with proper care she would get along. She has a pretty good appetite. She says her victuals have a good taste. Sleeps well. I can see nothing but what she will get up before long. She could talk to me and appeared in better spirits than I had seen her. I Pity her so much, don't you Aunt?

Mother is going down this evening to stay with her until Monday. She always says she is so lonely.

We are all in usual health. Beulah is running and trying to say everything.

I think you are doing too much Aunt. I hear that you are boarding a school teacher. Be careful lest you get sick. Pa and Ma will go to Uncle J. Reeds as soon as Martha is better and likely they will call your way on their return.

I think you might have come our way when you were up. Millie is home with us again. She has had jaw ache.

Yours truly
Lib E. Buchanan

Mrs. Sara Buchanan

When will any of you be up? Tell Cousin A. to come and bring is family. I will look for a letter from you. I always like to receive nan answer to the letters I write.

NOTE: This letter was written by Elizabeth Buchanan, daughter of Thomas and Jane Smiley Buchanan to Sarah Smiley Buchanan, wife of Thomas Buchanan of Taylorstown.
Aunt Martha P. is Martha Smiley Patterson, wife of Joseph Patterson and sister of Sarah and Jane Buchanan, as well as Ann Smiley Reed.
Cousin A. is Alexander Buchanan of Taylorstown, son of Sarah Smiley and Thomas Buchanan. He was a millwright, married to Alice Maria Richardson.

HOME

April 30, 1864

Dear Aunt. I thought, as we had not heard from you since Pa and Ma left that I would write, hoping to hear soon. James and I would have been down some night this (week?) had I not taken the cold. (We were?) very anxious that we should (call, but?) I could not for this reason. My dear Aunt, I hardly wield the pen when I remember the last letter I sent to Taylorstown. It was to that loving cousin which I (will never?) see on earth again but (believe?) and trust we shall all (meet?) him in that sweet home to (which?) he told us, in his dying moments, he was going. I can never forget his precious words, addressed to us. How anxious he was to speak to all his friends. I thought he talked so sweetly (_____). I suppose you did not hear (him?) when he said he was going home (to?) Heaven where he would be clothed in white robes and dwell with his "Dear Saviour" forever. I could not lseep any that night after my return home. I thought I could hear him speaking and hear his moans. This I know was all my imagination, but Aunt, I (could not) avoid it. Oh I think it is (a very) severe trial. I hope I can (bear it?). I heartily sympathize with you (_____) a Mothers heart. Who could feel bereavement more keenly than the one that bore him and watched over him in his sweet and innocently beloved amusements and in his (____) manhood and intelligence. We have surely had great (correspondence?) in his life and his last words were full of compotrt to bereaved parents, brothers and friends. We are not left to mourn as those who have no hope. Oh no.

(I?) pity John so much. He is (the only?) child left. I think he (seemed?) almost ready to ask why it was thus. The only reason is because it was Gods time to remove him from earth. He was too pure for earth. His mind was angelic. It soared far beyond time and all things that were fleeting in (____) nature. Tell John that (I will?) preserve those verses he spoke (of that he?) styled "CEMETERY THOUGHTS" for him. I would send them by mail. They are in my letter and unless I cut them out I could not send them very well as it would be quite a large package. I hope (to have?) an opportunity soon of (giving?) them to him. I think they (are so?) nice I wish to preserve them as a precious relic. We would like very much to know how you are getting along. Have you help? Surely you cannot do without some person. Aunt I wish I could get (down to visit?) you soon. I would like to (help?) in any way that I can. When (we?) received that advertisement of your place we were rather surprised. Ma wants you too write soon and tell us what you have determinded oto do. Whether you are going to the mill or where. I suppose it will be pleasant to you to be near each other. Just to think (what?) a change a few weeks make. (We know?) not what is laid out for us in (this vale?) of tears, but we have to run (the course?) set before uus. Lert us run it with patience. Have you any idea how soon you would leave if you succeed in selling? I know it will be very trying on you to leave that sweet home where (many happy?) hours you have spent with those that (were dear?) to your heart. Please write soon. (We are?) anxious to hear from you. Some of (us will?) go down as soon as possible. I would (like?) to visit you there once more.

My regards to all. Hoping to hear soon.

Lizzie E. Buchanan

Mrs. Sara Buchanan

Taylorstown, Wash. Co., Penna.

Write soon.

NOTE: This letter was written by Elizabeth Buchanan, daughter of Thomas and Jane Smiley Buchanan to her Aunt Sarah Smiley Buchanan, wife of Thomas Buchanan of Taylorstown following the death of Samuel McCune Buchanan, Sarah's son, at age 24 years. She had evidently been to see him shortly before he died, and had been corresponding with him for a long time before his fatal illness. After his death, his parents put the farm up for sale and moved to Cross Creek where they bought and ran the former McElroy mill. Samuel died April 14, 1864 and is buried beside his parents at North Buffalo Cemetery.

William K. Buchanan, M.D.

HOME

FRIDAY

JAN. 22nd 1864

Amiable Cousin. Yours of the 29th was rec'd and hastily as well as pleasantly perused.

You no doubt will be surprised when you see that this letter is from me. I never like to owe any person. You know we are commanded by the "words of inspiration" "Owe no man". For this and another very good reason, I embrace this lovely evening & its golden moments in conversing with you.

Have had very pleasant winter weather. Some days and nights rather cold for pleasure. Some suppose it has not been so cold for years. I cannot say. I know it was cold enough for me. Have you been enjoying the sleighing or have you been doing as I have? Just at home attending to and waiting on company. This to me is pleasant (especially a particular kind of company).

I have only had three rides yet. Two days to church., one to Rob. T's party last week. All very short, but sweet.

Cousin can you really believe that we are on the 22nd day of another year? Have you any thoughts of what is in the "dark future"? No doubt you have some bright prospects and anticipations which brighten your hopes and cheer your drooping spirit. Not saying that you are opining or are of a desperate temperam,ent, by no means. You are aware that everyone have their dark days, and over hanging clouds of adversity. I, for one, have experienced some such. Me thinks I see you laugh at my softness.

I enjoyed myself very much during the holidays. You are aware that Sis Millie was to be home. She came bringing two Seminoles with her. Miss Annie Dagg and Miss Emma Stockton. I can say in truth hthat we had as jovial a time as ever I spent in my life. I think we could not have carried on any higher. We might but I think any more would have caused a serious overthrow of good principles and judgement. I wish you had been here. I rather expected to see you about that time, as you said when I last saw you, that you would be up soon.

Monday eve after Christmas we had some of our neighbors in. I cooked oysters for them. They appeared to enjoy themselves. They were all the right stripe, you undrestand me. Dem ____ ts-----but,, too, they were very prudent, di not show any of the Lincoln spirit. I'd rather than a good bunch of money, you had been here. It was not a party.

Allow me to congratulate you with regard to the grand infare of which you were one of the honred guests. I have no hesitation in saying that Love, Freindship, Youth and Beauty were all combined around or amidst that splendid circle. May they dwell together in love ever mindful of the awful responsibilities resting upon them. We are expecting all those happy couples up to see us. How soon shall we gaze upon you and yours in such like splendor? I saw the Miss D's last Sabbath eve but could not give your compliments. Shall soon, however. I wrote to one of the Seminoles this week. Sent your compliments. Millie likes it much better this term than last. You requested me to snd a bundle of photographs in this but I cannot as I have not one but what is disposed of. I know it would be nothing but fair that we should give you some of ours as you were kind as to give us yours. Is there not something else that I could send that would be a far superior present to my photograph? I will not come behind. I will endeavor to have some more taken as soon as I can and send you one and some others if possible. I have made some arrangements to attend Teachers Institute tomorrow. I expect it will be rather interesting. McCarrells and I are going in company some two miles only. Will has not been home. I sent him your best wishes. I rec'd a letter from him the same day I did yours. I suppose you still receive some of those rich, choice, productions

occasionally from you know. I will expect you up soon. Please write soon. My compliments to all inquirers. Yours as ever.

Lib E. Buchanan

Mr. S. Mc. Buchanan

We have weddings almost without number up here. I think they are silly for marrying such times as these. I think you might send me some nice photographs from your valley. We are to have a meeting of our congregation next week for the purpose of calling a pastor. I cannot vote for anyone. Please overlook all defects, both in penmanship and composition.

NOTE: This letter was written by Elizabeth Buchanan, daughter of Thomas and Jane Smiley Buchanan to Samuel McCune Buchanan, son of Thomas and Sarah Smiley Buchanan of Taylortown, Pa Millie Buchanan was a sister of Elizabeth and a student at Washington Female Seminary, where they were called "Seminoles".

The "Miss D's" mentioned may have been DeFrance girls who lived in Taylorstown across the street from Alexander Buchanan, one of whom was probably a girlfriend of Sam.

Will McCarrell was a private in the 1st Pa. Cavalry at that time in the Civil War. He was mustered in on October 4, 1861 and mustered out on September 9, 1864.. Was in Co. I.

Lawrence Oct. 2nd

Dear Grandma Buchanan,

I fear you will think I have forgottne you altogether, but I have not. I am still in Kansas, "A lone wanderer in this great and mighty city", without a relative to speak to me, but although no relatives, I hope I may have many friends. All my acquaintences treat me very kindly. I am staying at Hamilton McCarrells now. They are very good to me and I love them dearly. Still amid all the bustle of the city and the kindness of friends, I cannot forget my dear home. Oh! Grandma you don't know how much I long to see the familiar faces I have always been accustomed to see. It seems as if my lot has been cast in a strange land and I will therewith be content. T'is indeed a pretty country, but I think those who are well fixed in Pa. would not better their condition by coming here. Very many have done well by coming, but many others have not done well.

I expect to commence teaching soo. You know I never intended teaching after last winter, but it seems as though there is nothing else for me. I do not see much chance out here to better my condition. Do you think there would be any chance if I should come home?

I suppose Miss Grounds has commenced teaching before this time. How is she getting along? And where does she board? Is Jennie still with you? And Tommy, how is he? Does he ever call at "the storekeepers house" any more?

I was sorry to hear of you gettiong hurt, but hear that you are recovering. You will be afraid to drive Old Jimy anymore, won't you? There is not much deanger of driving over banks out here. The roads are so beautifully level.

This is a lovely day, but I hardly have put my head out of the door. I had a terrible spell of toothache Saturday night (such as Jennie used to have). Wasn't able to go to church yesterday, but feel quite well today.

This is the second letter I have written today and I have another yet to write, so I will close this one by asking you to answer soon. I had six to answer when I took sick. This is the first I have done.

My love to all
Lizzie

(On the back of this letter)

For John

Mr. John,

As I have never heard of your marriage yet, it will do no harm for me to write you a line or two. If you are married before this reaches you, you need not let Janie see it. I presume she will think I have little to do to write to her man. I hear she is not going to teach school this winter, and I want to know the truth of the matter. Are you going to be married? I think you had better postpone it till I come home. If I couldn't get to be first beat, you might let me be second. Are you still wearing your life away in that old dusty mill? But, dusty as it is, wouldn't I like to see it once more? Is there anyone comes there that I care for, or that cares for me, do you think? I do not expect to be home for six or eight monthes and I get very homesick sometimes. Then I slip off and take a little cry to myself, and it relieves me wonderfully. How is J. W. coming off? Are you taking good care of him, as I charged you? Who is he taking care of now? Hamilton says to

tell you he is fat, ragged and saucy, and that I am a very bad girl, but don't you believe it. You know how good I used to be, especially the morning after the exhibition in town. Do you remember? John, do write to me all about your wedding if it is going to be.

Ever your friend, Lizzie.

NOTE: This letter was written by Elizabeth Buchanan, daughter of Thomas and Jane Smiley Buchanan to Sarah Smiley Buchanan, wife of Thomas Buchanan of Cross Creek, who was really her aunt, sister to her Mother. It was written from Lawrence, Kansas where Lizzie was evidently teaching school. Her Father had bought a whole section of land outside of Lawrence, plus a couple of building lots in the city. One of Lizzies married sisters also moved there at one time with her husband, but they, too, returned home. On his death, Thomas Buchanan left this property in Kansas to his daughters, each a quarter section, which would be worth a mint today.

John is John Foster Buchanan, a son of Thomas and Sarah Smiley Buchanan, and thus a cousin to Lizzie. However, Lizzie appears to have a romantic interest in him and such romances were common among relatives in those days of widely dispersed neighbors and poor traveling conditions.

This must have been after Sarahs husband had died in 1869 as he is not mentioned. At that time Sarah and John would have been living near Cross Creek where John ran the former McElroy mill. Jennie mentioned is Jane Buchanan and Tommy is Thomas Buchanan, children of Alexander Buchanan and Alice Maria Richardson of Taylorstown. At one time Alexander and his family were living at Cross Creek with his parents while he constructed a covered bridge over Cross Creek near the mill. This mill had a sawmill connected with it which was used by Alexander to cut the lumber for the bridge. This bridge is still standing across Cross Creek below the Cross Creek Park lake where it was moved when the lake was built.

William K. Buchanan, M.D.

May the 20, 1869

Well dear sister I am going to write you a few lines to let you know we got your letter and was glad to see it but was verry sorry to hear of your afflictions but this is a world of truble and sorrow. I hope you are better by this time. Well, we are all well at present and I do hope you are the same. Our three oldest children are going to scool. Little Samma R. is going this spring for the first. He is a brite little boy and learns well.

Well we had word from ester two weeks ago. They were all well then. Well I must tel you about Nanni. She had a young dauter about the middle of Aprile. They are both getinbg along very well. The rest of the family is well but old Mr. McKibben has been verry porely since the first of Aprile and he is now confined to bed. We think he can't last long. He is sinking verry fast. Well dear friends I wanted to see you before this time but could not. Nanni did not want us to go away while Uncle was so bad. While he was able, he was often asking for Pap to come.

Well I will not write mutch more at this time for I hope to see you all as soon as we can if life and health permits. Give my love to all the friends and if I don't get up, write againe.

So fare well.

Anne Reed

Sarah Buchanan

NOTE: This letter was was written by Anne Smiley Reed of West Alexander to her sister Sarah Smiley Buchanan, who was living at the old McElroy Mill on Cross Creek, which her husband Thomas and son John ran.

The envelope had an embossed 3 cent stamp and was addressed to Mr. Thomas Buchanan, West Middletown P.O., Washington Co., Pa. The postmark was West Alexander and bore date of May 20.

West Alexander Feb. 21, 1873

Well dear sister I am going to try and write you a few lines this morning. We got your letter and was glad to see it. We have had no word from you all winter. I was sorry to hear that you are so trubled with pains and so feble. I know the times will seem verry long. Well we are all well at present. Pappy has had verry good health this winter. He has some cold this wek for the first this winter but some of the rest had it hard enough. James and myself was the worst. We ware for two weeks or more we ware not able for much. It made me feel verry weeke. I have not been so well since but able to bee about and sometimes help a little. We have had no girl since last fall.

Well the children all gos to scool that was able when the weather got cold. Little Fannie did not go. James goes and lerns pretty fast. There is one branch he is verry good at, That is mischief. Well the baby it is small of the age but verry stirring and pretty hard to nurse. The name will be Willie Marcus. Ester was with us two nights this week. She has had verry good health this winter. John Mc was here yesterday. He said they were all well now. The children had been sick but was better. I forgot to tell you that Lyle and the family was well. Well Sarah I cannot begin to tel you how bad Pappy was. He was verry low and far gon. No body that seen him thought he would live and he had a great many to see him. pPPreacher and elders and friends and neibors. All come that could come but he was mercyfull duilt with. He knowed everrything so well. He knowed everrybody that spoke to him. Ester came and stayed two weeks. It was a try time but you know what trouble is. I must close so farewell. Write again if your able.

A.R.

S.B.

NOTE: This letter was written by Anne Smiley Reed of West Alexander to her sister Sarah Smiley Buchanan of near Cross Creek Village. No envelope was found with it.

Taylorstown Pa. Aug. 30th 1873

Dear Mother I was pleased to hear from you but was sorry to hear that you are not well. We are all well at present except Ella and she is getting well fast as we could expect considering the condition she was in. Three of the children had scarlet fever since we was at your house. ennie took it the next week after we were over. Tomey next and then Ella. She was very bad, the other two was not very bad. About the time Ella began to get better of the fever, she took inflammitory rheumatism wich settled in her stomach and breast. We dispaired of her life for severell days

When the rheumatism left her the same nerves trouble commenced on her that she had once before but much worse. Our doctor could not do anything for her. I went to Dr. Whitelry about three weeks ago. She is now much better and we hope will get all right again.

We sent you word when she was so bad but I suppose you did not get it. We would be pleased if you could come soon.

Yours

Alex Buchanan

NOTE: This letter was written by Alexander Buchanan of Taylorstown to his Mother Sarah Smiley Buchanan of near Cross Creek. Jennie is his daughter Jane Buchanan who later in life married Greer McMannis. Tomey is his son Thomas Buchanan and Ella is his daughter Ella Buchanan.

I believe the nerves trouble he mentions was some sort of seizure or epilepsy as I recall my own Mother saying that her mother in law, Lena Miller Hodgens Buchanan had told of Ella having seizures that they controlled by packing her in hot corn kernels. Neither Thomas or Ella ever married. She kept house for him in the old Alex Buchanan home in Taylorstown. Both died of strokes and are buried at Claysville as are their parents.

Canansburgh
Febuary the 3 1879

Mr. Alexander Buchanan

I thought I would write to you to know if you have anney work this summer or if would have anney chance for anney in your neighborhood. If so pleas let me know by letter.

Yours
John McLaughlin

NOTE: This letter was written from Canonsburg, Pa., but I don't know anything about the author. Spelling is just as he wrote it.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Wash. Fem. Sem. Feb. 13th 1864

Cousin Mc:

Your letter of the 8th ult. came at a very seasonable moment. I was just about to yield myself to the saddening influence of a bitter disappointment when LETTERS were announced and in a few minutes the kind Momtress placed in my hands the snowy little package of a letter and which I made thrice welcome as soon as I found it was from my highly esteemed cousin "Hackmetack", from whom I had so long and anxiously expected that much of a favor but was, up to that happy moment, doomed to suffer all the inflictions of a bitter disappointment. Excellent as your letter was and is (were it not for its briefness) and delighted as I was to receive it, nevertheless it has brought me into a new series of troubles and difficulties, which I feel altogether unprepared to meet with. That is, how am I to reply to such letters? But knowing you to be a charitable person, I humbly trust you will overlook all defects, which of course you will notice in the productions of your poor little weak minded simple hearted cousin.

How sorry I am that I was absent when you paid that visit to my old home. I would gladly have been there to have entertained you (if I could do so much as that) and Mr. B.F.Powelson also, but Divinity had otherwise ordered and I must be submissive. I have had the pleasure of having several interviews with Mr. B. F. P. here and enjoy his company very much, particularly as his sister have been intimates from childhood. Thank you for the compliments passed on my poor insignificant specimens of artistic skill. I hope ere long to be able to present something of the same class that will be more pleasing to the eye and of a superior style. I love painting next to poetry and music and, as you are gifted with the superior talents of a poet, I humbly beg of you to send me a few of your specimens, which I know you will not deny me, considering my almost passional love for poetry.

The Misses Bella and Lizzie Mc enjoyed their visit very much and I think they must have peeped through the Barrs occasionally as they spoke of seeing you, and were very sorry they were not afforded the opportunity of talking with you. They requested me to return their highest regards and, of course, they take it for granted that you will not be selfish but will share them with your good friend R.G.B.. I don't want you to give up seeking me that new cousin but be ready to afford me the pleasure of visiting you in your quarters as soon as I return from school. Promise me this, won't you? As for greeting Mr. R.G.B. as your cousin at some future day, methinks that is on the next page. Miss Bella Mc's claims are stronger and of more recent date than mine and, of course, I yield all claims to my little transplanter, if I may use the term. Return him my best wishes and tell him Miss Jinn. McMannus still "lives in hopes".

I suppose you have heard ere this of the death of our old and venerable Superintendent Dr. Hanna. He died on Tuesday eve at half past 5 o'clock and was buried on Thursday at two o'clock. We all loved and honored him and we sadly miss his gentle words of cheer and his ever smiling dear old face.

But now I know you are wearied of this tedious letter long ago. I will, therefore, close by requesting you to answer very soon. My best regrads to cousin John, Aunt Sarah and all the rest.

I remain

Your warm hearted cousin

Millie M.

P.S. I earnestly request you not to allow Mr. G.B. to know anything about what I have

written concerninbg Mc's girls, as they might perchance hear that I had been writing about them. Please excuse all blunders. Let no one see this except yourself, as of course, you won't.

Millie B.

NOTE: This letter was written by Millie Buchanan, daughter of Thomas and Jane Smiley Buchanan, who was attending the Washington Female Seminary, to Samuel McCune Buchanan, son of Thomas and Sarah Smiley Buchanan of Taylorstown. The envelope bore a 3 cent stamp, postmarked Washington, Pa. Feb. 16, 1864.

The R.G.B. mentioned is Robert Gailey Barr, son of Robert and Eleanor Barr Barr of nearby Brush Run. B.F. Powelson was also a local lad of the same age who later became a minister. They all attended North Buffalo Church. Robert Gailey Barr later became a lawyer living in Wheeling and part owner of the 'WHEELING REGISTER, He was killed by a train in Martins Ferry, Ohio while crossing the tracks after being in court there. I'm not sure who the Mc girls are----McMannis? McCune?

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Wash. Fem. Sem. March 4th 1864

Cousin Mc:

How am I to answer to your last good letter? has been the subject which has wholly engrossed my mind since I joyfully received it more than a week ago, and owing to the pressing duties of school life, I have been unable to find time to reply, for which I was very sorry but beg of you to pardon my tardiness for this time---will strive to be more prompt in future. You miss your good friend very much, t'would be very strange if you did not after so long a period of intimacy. I feel as though I might, with you, drop a sympathetic tear, for I have already learned what it is to be separated from friends whose soul seemed linked to mine and whoes very presence was as sunshine, a story which is recorded away in the histories of my own heart. But why need we pine over such things here, they are but a small share of the trials of real life, so then let us look at the bright side of the picture and remember "every cloud has a silver lining".

A part of your letter seemed to puzzle me considerably to thoroughly understand, but, if I mistake not, you have been pining over what has been termed a "lovers quarrel". Pshaw! Never mind that they (I have been told) are of frequent occurrence in the course of true love; no doubt but she has been grieving in the same manner. Visit her soon and mark if she does not give you a warmer welcome than she has done for some time back. O! I am delighted with the thought of soon having a new coz. Well I have spent almost another term of school here and, although I have improved considerably, yet I must confess I have apostatized greatly from my former seriousness and stability of character which, of course, cannot be helped, but can only be considered as a natural consequence. I, this morning, received a most faithful lecture from one of our quick tempered instructors for some trivial offense to her dignity, but I bore it all patiently and it soon passed off unheeded. I had the extreme pleasure of learning a few days ago that your friend Galy & Bob called on the two Miss Mc's. Suppose they had a gay little time. Miss Mc's return you their best regards and sincere thanks for your verses. They were highly delighted with them. I also thank you very much for your kind favor, hope these will not be the last. I was pleased and rather surprised to hear of Cousin Alex's going to live so near us. I think it will be gay to visit them there. Now I believe I will have to bring this to a close, as my time is limited. Hope you will overlook all blunders. I think after I have received a few more letters from you I will not have any more blunders in mine, will have improved so much. Write me soon, very soon, just as long a letter as you can write and O! pity's sake, don't let anyone see this. I know you won't. My love to all.

Millie M. Buchanan

NOTE: This letter was written by Millie M. Buchanan, daughter of Thomas and Jane Smiley Buchanan to Samuel McCune Buchanan, son of Thomas and Sarah Smiley Buchanan. It was written about a month before Samuel died in April. Apparently he had just had a quarrel with his girl friend and was feeling bad when he wrote to Millie. The Galy mentioned is Robert Gailey Barr, a friend and neighbor of Samuels. Millies mention of Alexander moving to near her family may refer to his moving to near Cross Creek while he constructs a covered bridge over Cross Creek, which still stands today known as the Wilson Covered Bridge, just below Cross Creek Park lake. The envelope for this letter bore a three cent U.S. postage stamp and was postmarked Washington, Pa. Mar. 8. It was addressed to Mr. S. Mc. Buchanan, Taylorstown Wash. Co., Penna.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Feb. 25 1869

Thomas Buchanan-----Dear Sir-----

Are you all dead? Why is it that the friends in Washington County are as silent as the grave? Being confined to my house by the severity of the winter & old age & without business to engross my attention, times past, relatives & friends in Washington Co. have recurred to my mind & I have been led to wonder what may be the cause of your silence.

Do you think me unworthy any notice or intelligence of any kind from you? My regard for relatives in Washington Co. brought me a long journey from the South & since my return from Alabama I have been led from the same feelings for you to pay you many & frequent visits.

Why is it that I have not received the first visit in return except from the Moorhead brothers, John & William & Alexander Buchanan, the son of my kindest brother Alexander.

We have had a lamentable report (through Alexander Buchanan) in regard to William Donaldson, sister Janes son. I do wish you would give us a reliable account of this same & it will relieve us of unhappy suspense on the subject. Alexander B. was not certain of the truth of the report. Please do write us the condition of all our relatives in Washington Co., in Pittsburgh etc. & the politicks of the County etc.

If you are afraid to come by rail road, you will find a cheap journey in buggy conveyance as there is a string of relatives through the state of Ohio viz the Moorhead relatives, Rev. Mr. Birch & our daughter Jane Briant in Dresden which will be your most direct rout. Come anyhow. Tell your son John, if unmarried, there is a girl of his age & a fortune too awaiting.

I am unable to write any more, being minus a thumb by felon.

Geo. Buchanan

NOTE: This letter was written by George Buchanan, son of John and Jane Foster Buchanan, to his brother Thomas Buchanan living near West Middletown on Cross Creek. George was born in 1800 in Chartiers Twp., Washington County, Pa. He graduated from Jefferson College in Canonsburg in 1821 and soon left for near Huntsville, Alabama, where he was a school teacher. There he married Elizabeth Bragg in 1829 and a son Alexander Hamilton Buchanan was born January 1, 1830. Sometime shortly thereafter he moved back to Washington County for a short time and then bought a farm near Hayesville in Vermillion Twp., Ashland county, Ohio. His wife Elizabeth died and he remarried in a couple of years to Rosena Hyatt (or Miles?) It may be that his second wife was a widow as her name is given some places as Hyatt and other places as Miles.

George was an attorney, served as Justice of the Peace and on the board of the local agricultural fair.

The Moorhead brothers were relatives by virtue of the fact that Georges sister Sarah was married to John Moorhead. She died in 1828. I believe the Moorheads ran a mill at the town of Bloomfield, Ohio in cooperation with John Buchanan, son of Thomas and Jane Smiley Buchanan.

Jane Buchanan, sister of George and Thomas, married a Donaldson, but I have not been able to determine which one or anything further about them or their son William.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Alabama

Huntsville

October 12th 1826

Dear Brother,

Brother John has received all my letters and (attention?) hitherto & no doubt you think I should be under greater obligation to you. I acknowledge I received a particular favour of you near the time of our parting for which I still feel grateful. I have always had the pleasure of sending (home good news?) of myself till now. But at (this time I have?) nothing hardly but my afflictions (to relate?). I have been compelled to experience (repeated?) heats of the bilious fever during eight (weeks?). I have just recovered from the ague & fever now---have done nothing for three monthes, but have a bill against me for boarding---the doctors attention & medicine procured by myself. Such has been the dispensation of Providence towards me, but to murmur is a sin. All misfortunes & afflictions are sent for our good & instead of repining we should improve from them. Boarding here has been as high as five Dls. per week. Physicians have one Dl per mile for riding besides their attention & medicine. A stranger sick incurs an enormous epense here.

Dear brother to be ambitious after the honours of the world or to accumulate wealth is a vain pursuit. Providence overruleth all events. He can blast all our visionary projects at once. I have been erecting airy fabricks, but my spirits have been damped. Yet I feel resigned & have been brought to reflect. The result of my reflections is that better is a LITTLE with Gods blessing than much riches & HIS scorn accompanying.....I have boarded in the houses of the rich & noticed their cares and troubles.....no, I am brought to believe that he that is in favour (is he who?) has just enough to eat & drink (for himself?) & family & is the only happy man. (Hardly?) an individual has escaped sickness this summer & many deaths. I intend to leave at next June if I can collect my debts, which I fear will be very difficult---most probably I shall return home. Confinement in teaching constantly I fear is impairing my constitution and health. I, therefore, as soon as I am able, intend to settle---purchase me a small farm & commence the honest & wholesome employment of farming. Although I should delight to (work?) & labour, yet I fear my constitution (has become too?) much weakened to manage a farm myself & I have had in mind to purchase me a negro man to assist me---& to settle in some of the slave states. Conscience, however, opposes me & I believe slavery to be a sin & a curse to the community. I shall pay you as soon as I (reach?) home, which will be shortly. Write to me & let me know how you all do. Tell me your circumstances particularly. I can get nothing out of Johns letter & he has become so sparing of them that I think he fears the answers---I mean the postoffice fee. Give (my love?) to Mother & all my brothers & sisters. Tell (Alexander to forgive?) me for not writing to him. I will write (at a later date?). I still like to think of him & (Mary?). They live so agreeably it makes me (believe in married?) life,

When I purchase land, it will not be in barren Pennsylvania but in the fertile plains of some of the Western states & I would advise you to sell your poor land & move to the west in time. A crow would not be able to get its fill in a short time on your farm. You should summons enterprise & better your situation.

Forgive my scrawl---my hand is yet weak & feverish. My best to you & your family.

Your brother
Geo. Buchanan

ADDRESSED TO: Mr. Thomas Buchanan
Near Peters Creek--Canonsburgh

Washington Co. Pennsylvania.

NOTE: This letter was written by George Buchanan of near Huntsville, Alabama to his brother Thomas Buchanan. Debts owed him were discussed as was his recent bad health. Also mentions plans to return North and go into farming, but not in Pennsylvania where he considers the ground too infertile.

This letter was badly mouse chewed with holes resulting. I have marked these places in parenthesis and filled in what I think the missing words may have been.

George did not leave Alabama then as planned. He married Elizabeth Bragg of Tennessee in 1829, had a son Alexander Hamilton Buchanan born January 1, 1830 and returned north sometime after that.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Dear Sir

Your name and address was given me by my confidential agent who said he thought you were a man in a position to handle my goods in safety so I concluded to write to you. If I have made a mistake do me no harm and let matters drop. My motto is never harm a man who is willing to prove himself a friend. My business is not exactly legitimate but the "Green Articles" I deal in are safe and profitable to handle. The sizes are 1's, 2's, 5's and 10's. Do you understand? I cannot be plainer until I know you mean business, but, if you conclude to answer this letter, I will send you full particulars and terms and will endeavor to satisfy you in every respect that if you are my friend I will prove a true and lasting one to you. Remember I want simply to convince you that I am just as I say, a friend to a friend. When you write again be sure to send me your name and post office address as I may lose the one I now have before hearing from you again, and then not know where to write. Trusting that you will take no offense from the foregoing,

I remain yours in confidence

PS

Be sure to return this letter.

I will always return yours.

NOTE: This letter was written by an unknown author to John Foster Buchanan of Taylorstown. The envelope bore a two cent U.S. Postage stamp and was postmarked New York Nov. 19 and what appears to be 1887. It was addressed to J. F. Buchanan Taylorstown, Pa. It is evidently an attempt to get John to handle counterfeit money. The bottom of the page was torn off so there is no name and return address.

June the 15 1863

Dear Aunt, I seat myselfe to let know Mother is some better. She had a verry bad cough bot is abel to go about some. I had a bad cold bot I am better. It is verry dry weather. The corn and oats is short. We had a few shors but it did not amount to much. The frost is bad and I am afraid they will hurt thefruit trees. Thomas and Jane was here last week and they are all well. I have two little pet lambs and I have to feed them three times a day. Aunt Rachel and me talk of going to see you this summer.

John S. Patterson

Its at Aunt Marthas request I write you a few lines as she was afraid you could not read Johns letter. He was so anxious to write you a letter this morning. Aunt Martha has not been able to do anything for about four weeks. I have been here a little more than three weeks. She is better and is going about some but she has a bad cough yet.

E. S. Patterson

NOTE: This letter was written by youngster John S. Patterson, son of Joseph and Martha Smiley Patterson of near West Middletown to his Aunt Sarah Smiley Buchanan, sister of his Mother. Aunt Martha had a long, lingering illness which was variously diagnosed as kidney disease and other nebulous problems, but sounds in this letter maybe be tuberculosis, which was common in those days. I don't know who E. S. Patterson is. The envelope was addressed to Mr. Thomas Buchanan, Taylorstown, Pa., bore a three cent stamp and was postmarked West Middletown, June 17.

Candor February 15, 1861

Dearest Uncle,

I have seated myself for the purpose of writing you a few lines to tell you we have not forgotten you yet. We oftne think of you all, but do not write very often. I write now to tell you that Mother is dead---she has gone from this world of trouble & sorrow, to a far better one (I hope), to the bright world on high where there is no sickness nor sorrow nor trouble. "While we have been weeping here, she has been welcomed to that city where there is noneed of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God doeth brighten it & the Lamb is the Light thereof". Earth is at best a vale of tears; but blissful thought, a brighter scene beyond this vale appears. There the meek hands are unfolded to tune a harp of living melody--the eye unsealed to gaze on Him who slept one night within the grave & took away its dread---the lips are parted to drink of the "pure river of life as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God & of theLamb". Oh! why should we weep though on earth we must part. Though death has dissevered the chain that bound us together--united in heart. Perhaps you heard of her death before this. I thought someone would write. Perhaps they did. She died January 18th on Friday night. She was at church. She was well when she started in the morning---came home about two o'clock. She got sick right after she got off the horse. She got into the house. I ran for the Doctor. He was not at heome and did not come till 7 o'clock in the evening. When he came she was so much better he bled her & told her he thought she would be well again morning. She appeared cosy but did not sleep any--she got worse about ten o'clock in the night and died at two. She did not speak after ten o'clock that we could understand. She died very easy. I thought she was sleeping when I heard the Dr. say she is almost gone. O' I could not believe it. I thought she would get well. Oh! how lonely we are now. We are living in Candor yet, intend to stay another year. Mr. Akin is boarding with us. Oh! Uncle we would be so glad to have you come and see us and all---write if you can't come. Tell the boys to write---I think they might write often. I will bring my letter to a close and bid you adieu this time.

Faithful yours,

Lizzie Buchanan

Write soon.

NOTE:This letter was written by Elizabeth Buchanan, daughter of John and Eleanor Phillis Buchanan. They had lived on the farm nearby till John died, after which they moved into the village of Candor. "Mother" was Eleanor Phillis, who married John after his first wife, Sarah Martin, died. Both John and Eleanor Phillis Buchanan are buried at the old U.P. Cemetery on the hilltop near Burgettstown, Pa.

This Elizabeth Buchanan married Hugh Reed Wilson, and their romance is mentioned in some of the letters written by Elliott McBride to Samuel McCune Buchanan. Both Hugh Reed and Elizabeth Buchanan Wilson are buried at Mill Creek Hill Cemetery in southern Beaver County just north of Frankfort Springs.

The above description of Eleanors illness and death suggests that she suffered a stroke, probably a cerebral hemorrhage that continued to bleed, or a cerebral thrombosis

that progressively clotted.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

McDonald Pa. Nov. 18th/72

Cousin Buchanan,

Sinse I did not see (you?) at the Burgettstown Fair I have concluded to write you a few lines. I have a book of unkle George Buchanan sent to your mother in return for the one she gave him when he was with you. So I looked for you all day at the fair but could not get my eyes on you. I suppose you were among the ladies, and, if you were, all right. Pich (pitch?) in and marry before you get too old like me.

Well, John, come over and see me this winter. I have about 75 bushels of apples and four barrels of cider put away, so come over and we will drink cider and talk about the girls. Are you going to marry this winter or not? I had intended to vsit you as soon as I got all my fall work done up but my horses is all sick with this Eastern disease and it will be two or three weeks before they will be fit to work if they do get over it and some of them might dye, which would spite me some for I have refused 250 apiece for each of them. But I suppose I just have to hall (haul?) them out if any of them dyes. I have my threshing to do yet and some corn to husk and so on and cannot do much withtout horses.

However I may get over to see you this winter and see what kind of girls you keep in your country. I suppose a fellow might look at them at any rate if he could do no more and most likely that would be all I would want to do.. I had a letter from unkle George Buchanans folks a few weeks ago. They were all in usual health. I believe Aunt complaining a little.

Well John, I believe I will quit for the present. Write and let me know how things is doing with you and whether you are coming over to see me or not.

from your true friend
John Moorhead

NOTE: The original of this letter was found in the Greer McMannis home in Taylorstown, Pa when I was helping Mary Sawhill Stine get the place ready for sale in November 1983. It was written by John Moorhead of near McDonald, Pa. to John Foster Buchanan, son of Thomas and Sarah Smiley Buchanan. John Moorhead was a son of John and Sarah Buchanan Moorhead, both of whom are buried at Robinson Run Cemetery. Sarah Buchanan Moorhead was a daughter of John and Jane Foster Buchanan, born in 1786, who married John Moorhead in 1810. They had several children before she died in 1828. All the other sons except John moved to Ohio---to Bloomfield, I believe, where they are buried.

The "Unkle George" mentioned is George Buchanan of Hayesville, Ohio, son of John and Jane Foster Buchanan. I came across the book mentioned in this letter while at the McMannis house, and it was entitled "OUR FRIENDS IN HEAVEN" or "THE MUTUAL RECOGNITION OF THE REDEEMED IN GLORY DEMONSTRATED" written by the Rev. J. M. Killen, M.A.. On the first page George Buchanan has written his name. No doubt this book was given to console Sarah Smiley Buchanan after the death of her husband, Thomas. This book is in my possession.

William K. Buchanan, M.D.

Fayette, Allegheny Co., Pa.
February 10, 1862.

Friend "Hackmetack"

I could not make out all of the answer to your Miscellaneous Enigma in the last "REVIEW". As the answers are not pulished in the REVIEW and as I am very anxious to know what the "Epitaph" is, will you be so kind as to tell me? Please direct to Fayette, Allegheny Co., Pa.

Yours respectfully,
H. Elliott McBride

P.S. I send this in care of the Editor of the REVIEW.
H. E. McB.

(On the back of this letter)

I send, with this note to the Ed. of the REVIEW, a Puzzle inscribed to you, and an Enigma, the whole number of whixh ia a question that you can answer if you will. I suppose they will be published---I solved the Geographical Enigma you inscribed to me. The answer is "Sea of Kamchatka".

NOTE: This is the first letter I have found from H. Elliott McBride to Samuel McCune Buchanan. Both were amateur authors who submitted their work to the REVIEW, which was a literary magazine published in Washington, Pa. They continued to correspond regularly until Samuels death in il 1864.

Fayette, Allegheny Co., Pa.
February 21st, 1862.

Friend Sam,

(If I may be allowed to be so familiar in addressing you), I received your favor yesterday and was very glad to hear from you. The epitaph is a very good one and it puzzled me considerably. When I got thru with trying to solve it, my answer looked something like this:

"Beneath the stone lies Elliott-----
-----Death 'tis my opinion
-----on ne'er look sic-----itch
Into thy dark dominion".

I didn't like to give it up when I got that much of it, but I couldn't make sense of it, and so I thought I would have to. If it hadn't been in Scotch I could have solved it. You say that it was foreign to your intention to insult me or cast a stigma on my character. I do not doubt your word at all, and I take it all in good part. I can always take a joke, as well as give one without getting angry. I acknowledge, tho, that if I had solved the Enigma and got the correct answer, I might have felt a little "wrathy".

I also wish that the acquaintence which has thus unexpectedly been formed may mature into permanent friendship. You are wrong, tho, in supposing that we are political brethen. I am a Republican, not a hot headed one, however. You say that you cannot guess what my avocation is. Well, I'll tell you. I am a farmer and school teacher. I farm in the summer and teach in the winter. I am between twentyfour and twentyfive years of age. You think I'm a happy Benedict--no Siree! I'm free and independent. But if you have any fine girls up your way, I wish you would speak a good word for me. I am acquainted with a Miss Lizzie Buchanan of Candor, your county, and a Mr. and Miss Buchanan of Hickory. Are they relations of yours? What township do you live in? How far are you from Washington? I have been in Washington and in Hillsborough and Hickory and several other towns of Wash. Co.. I remember very well of having seen whilst traveling thru your county, fingerboards directing to Taylorstown but don't remember in what direction it was nor how far from the fingerboards. I have an uncle (James McBride) living near Washington. The next time I go up there I think I'll take a run across and see you. I'd like to see the Taylorstown girls, too. "Deed I would

There is a part of your letter that I cannot understand: "I cannot guess what is your avocation but I suspect that as far as your domestic relations is concerned, you are a happy Benedict, in which particular you differ from my humble self very materially, and the prospects are very faint that I shall soon emigrate from a "sovereign" state emblemized by the hackmetack into another the character of which is indicated by the linden tree". The last part quoted I do not understand. Is the state of "single cussedness" emblemized by the hackmetack and the state of "double blessedness" by the linden tree? If that is the case, I suppose you are going to be united in "the silken tie that binds two willing hearts"----in other words, "get spliced". If you are going to get married, I wish you all the happiness in the world. Won't you have me at the wedding? Who is to be the happy woman? Tell me all about it. Tell me all about yourself and family in your next letter and let us get acquainted as soon as possible. You wish to know who "Garibaldi" is but I really can't tell you as I don't know myself. I saw the name in the "REVIEW" as one of the Correspondents. The following is the answer to that Mythological Enigma:-

"I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,

But of a thundering "NO" point blank from the mouth of a woman.
That, I confess, I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it".

I received a "REVIEW" today. There are two Enigmas in it but there are no names given. Please write me a long letter soon.

Your sincere friend
H. Elliott McBride

P.S. Please write Elliott with a double t.

NOTE: The Lizzie Buchanan of Candor mentioned is a daughter of John and Eleanor Phillis Buchanan, both of whom are dead by this date. She was school teacher, which may be how Elliott met her, and she later married Hugh Reed Wilson. The Mr. and Miss Buchanan of Hickory would be children of Thomas and Jane Smiley Buchanan, so all these people would have been relatives of Samuel Buchanan to whom this letter was written.

According to my dictionary, hackmatack is the closest word to "hackmetack" and it means the tamarack tree. What that means in his useage of the word, I haven't the least idea. He later adopted it as a literary pseudonymn.

They also use the word "Benedict", which means a newly married man, especially one who has long been a bachelor.

From the quotation in the letter, I would assume that Samuel was single with no prospect of changing that status, but Elliott seems to have taken it to mean that Samuel was about to get married.

The Review was a literary magazine that they both contributed to and were published in.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Fayette, Allegheny Co., Pa.
March 24th 1862.

Friend Hackmetack

I should have written to you long ere this but somehow I could not find much time. I don't know whether I have much to say now but I will write anyhow for I know that if I don't write to you, I can't expect you to write to me. And I want to get your letters for they are excellent. That last one was grand classically speaking. It was "bully".

Can you tell me how the REVIEW is flourishing and if there has been any Enigmas published in it lately? I have not received mine for three or four weeks and I feel "kinder" lost. I can't imagine what is the matter that I do not get it. My time has not yet expired. If you have had any Enigmas of yours published lately, I wish you would send me the papers containing them. I'll tell you "Hackmetack" what I want you to do. I want you to compose an Enigma and inscribe it to Miss M.E. Sturgeon. She is a young lady who lives in your county, near Florence. I am very well acquainted with her and she is an excellent girl. In writing to one of my cousins, Mary A. Elliott and her particular friend, she told her that she had seen my epitaph in the "Review" but did not know that I had departed this life. I want you to make an Enigma right off, inscribing it to her and send it to the Review.

Have you and brothers or sisters and are your parents living. I hope you won't consider me impertinent. I would like to know all about my new friend. I give you liberty to ask me anything you wish to, and I will answer everything you may ask.

I am glad that you are going to have me for your "second" when you get knotted up in the "silken tie that binds two willing hearts", but I am afraid that I will be rather awkward as I have never officiated in that capacity. I hope you will hurry up the match and have a teasin' big wedding and then I'll get to see the Taylorstown girls. You say that if I were there you could introduce me to every variety from an heiress to a school marm. Just keep one of the heiresses for me, will you? I am particularly fond of school marms. I took an awful notion of one once but the school marm left the country and left me "kinder stacked up" too. My friend John R. McMichael, otherwise the "Gobbler", says that I have a bump of schoolmarmativeness on my head. I expect to visit Taylorstown sometime and I want you to have the heiress on hand. I showed your last letter to a particular friend of mine, Miss Sade E. Sealon. She thought it was real good and funny. She thought she would like that fellow if she was acquainted with him.

I think when I go out to Taylorstown I will take your cousin, Miss Lizzie Buchanan with me if she will let me and if it will be agreeable to you. Yes, my Uncle resides in Canton Township. He is a sound Democrat. I am not acquainted with Jas S. McCarrell but I have heard of him. I am acquainted with Dr. Jas McCarrell of Florence. There was a Mr. McCarrell taught school last winter and winter before in the district in which my uncle lives in Canton Township. I think his name is Simon McCarrell.

Can you tell me how far you reside from Hickory?

I will close my scribble. I hope you will excuse the bad writing mistakes etc. I have written in a great hurry. Write me a good long letter like your last one, soon.

Yours truly,
H. Elliott McBride

NOTE: This letter is from H. Elliott McBride to Samuel McCune Buchanan. The Review is a literary paper they both have articles published in from time to time. Miss Lizzie Buchanan is likely the Lizzie from Candor, Pa., a daughter of John and Eleanor Phillis Buchanan.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Fayette, Allegheny Co., Pa.
April 22, 1862

Friend Hackmetack,

I received your excellent letter in due time and will now attempt to answer it. I tell you "hack" it was a "bully" letter. I can't begin to write one half as good, but I'll put forth a desperate effort to say something.

I was very sorry to hear of the distressing accident which happened to you, rather to your foot, but perhaps on the whole it is "all for the best". You will now be compelled to leave the "fields of agriculture" and tread once more "the flowing meads of literature". You can do that with a lame foot, can't you? If the accident had not happened, we would have ben deprived of the pleasure of reading your productions in the "Review". I'll look for something in the next Review from the hand of Hackmetack if I may be allowed to quote from the Editor of the Review. And, after this, friend Hackmetack, let me advise you to let your light shine more ferquently in the columns of our favorite Washington paper. Don't get too much interested in agricultural pursuits. Don't forget that every person, particularly your humble servant and Sade Sealon like to read anything and everything that comes from the pen of "Hackmetack". Let me say, my dear "Hackmetack", halt no longrrer between two opinions with reference to that Enigma but straitway betake yourself to the task. I can assure you that it will give "no offense in the world, my lord" (as Shakespeare says) if you will inscribe it to Miss Sealon. Then, Hackmetack, in thunder tones, I say, GO AHEAD!

Yes, I know you couldn't help but like Miss Sealon for she is a tip top lady. I have been acquainted with her for two or three years and I like her most extemporaneously. She is one of my particular friends. I'll give you an introduction to her and then you can write to her and "paddle your own canoe" as you once said to me. Here goes: Miss Sealon, Mr. Buchanan, otherwise "Hackmetack", Miss Sealon. Now you may consider yopurself acquainted so pitch in and "talk like sixty". Hackmetack, I'm in earnest. Write to Miss Sealon and I know she will answer you and you will be captivated with her letters. I have some letters of hers and I consider them charming. I have let her read all of your letters and she likes them very much. She thinks you write real good and real funny letters. Miss Sealon is for the Union, so you will have to compromise. I don't kno what she is politics now but I think if she were to see you she would be for Lincoln (linkin) to Buchanan---not Jimmy, but Sam. Miss Sealon is an amiable, intelligent and accomplished lady. In short, she is "angelic". She has many admirers and suitors, too, I suppose in this part of the country---in fact, she is all the rage. Madam Rumor says that she and I are engaged but Madam Rumor is a liar. I'm not engaged---no sireee. I'm free and independent! But if I was going to enter into the field of "double cussedness" and become a modern Benedict, I think I would like to take the angelic Sade with me. However, as I expect to lead a single free and easy life for some time yet, I will tear her from my pal-pit-tating bosom and hand her over to my best friend, Hackmetack, Esquire. Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo! Boo-HoooooooooO! It is an awful tear and my heart strings are quivering and shivering in the deepest throes of agony.

As I had no advanced grammar class in my school, I did not bring your sentence up. I doubt very much if I could analyze it myself. I don't remember the sentence but I thought when I read it that it would be rather difficult.

I have two brothers and one sister living and one brother and three sisters dead. The oldest, Archibald, is at heome and works on the farm. He used to "teach the young idea how to shoot" but got tired of it and has quit it. My sister, Nancy

Jane, is two years older than I am. Of the next, your humble servant, I'll say nothing. Perhaps I've said too much on that old topic already. My other brother, George Alexander, is, I believe, about 17 years of age. He has a great desire to learn the carpentering business but so far has been unable to obtain a situation. My parents are both living. Like yours, the age of three score and ten lies but a little in advance of them. Hackmetack, you are a good guesser. You guessed my first name at the first guess. It is HENRY. Now let me exercise my guessing faculties. I will guess your middle name. It is McCune. How did I know? Well, I'll "fess up". I didn't guess it. Vincent McBride (my cousin) told me that there was a person living near Taylorstown by the name of Samuel McCune Buchanan. I live near the village of Fayette or Fayetteville, or "Pintle Hill". It is a little "one horse" village on the Pittsburgh and Steubenville Turnpike. I will try to give you a short description of it. The village of Fayette, like Messesian village of Whome, is a little place situated on a hill "and commands a splendid view of the sweet fields and flowing gardens" around. It contains one church and one school house, sometimes called the "High School" because it is situated on a high hill. (Where I taught last winter and this winter). Fayette, or "Pintle Hill" contains a number of enterprising and industrious inhabitants. There is one cooper, one inn keeper, one store keeper---not doing a smashing business, however, one basketmaker, one ambrotype artist, one "notion" manufacturer, two shoemakers, one tailor, one or two coal diggers and two or three farmers in it. There is a blacksmith and wagon maker shop in the village but they are destitute of the blacksmith and wagon maker, consequently the roaring of the belows, the sounding of the anvil and the tearing of the saw does not sound throughout the village. The P.O. is a short distance from the village and near our house. It is kept by Mr. A. Dickson. We live 8 miles from Candor, 12 or 13 from Burgettstown and 12 from the "Smoky City". I'll tell you, Hackmetack, what I want you to do. Come down and let us see you. We are going to have a grand concert on the last day of this month. Come to Candor and see your friends and then bring Lizzie on down with you. Were you at the last Burgettstown Fair? Were you at Hickory on the Fourth of July? I believe nearly all of Washington County was there. That was my first day in Regimentals. Our company, the "North Fayette Guards" was assigned the post of honor, the right of the battalion. If you have the Review containing the article the Editor wrote in lieu of yours on the Taylorstown school examination, will you please send it to me? I don't know what is wrong. I only get about half of the Reviews. I will repeat your injunction----"Write immediately if not sooner". And, if you will write to Miss Sealon, she will answer for she likes your letters.

Your sincere friend
H. Elliott McBride

NOTE: This letter was written to Samuel McCune Buchanan, also known by the literary nom de plume of "Hackmetack".

I don't know what the accident was that happened to Sams foot or whether it caused permanent damage.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Fayette, Allegheny Co., Pa.
July 21st 1862.

Friend Hackmetack-

I owe you a thousand apologies for not writing sooner, but I haven't time to write that many now, and so we will dispense with apologies and get to the talking about "this, that and the other" "right straight off immediately"

In the first place, firstly, how do you do? I "spose as how" you are deep into the "mysteries and miseries" of harvest just like your humble servant, the writer. Oh, I wish harvest was over! It is nothing but sweat and work and work and sweat, from "early morning till dewy eve".

Hackmetack, I've got something to tell you:---that angelic "female woman" that you and I used to talk so much about when we were boys (Sade Sealon, I mean) has got tangled up in the "silken tie that binds two willing hearts". Doesn't that beat thunder? I'm telling the truth, Hackmetack. The girl has actually got "spliced"--- joined herself in the holy bones of matrimony. I repeat in thunder tones---doesn't that beat thunder? Doesn't it, Hackmetack? Hackmetack answer me---doesn't it beat thunder? If I can only get calmed down, I will tell you all about it. As you said once, tho, I will have to "speak through tears". The lady was married on the first inst. to Mr. Wm S. Linton, one of the waelthiest men in Allegheny Co. and also one of the most generous and clever. I knew the affair was coming off some time before it transpired. I was the only one invited. I was "second best". Wren't I honored? No Hackmetack, you have promised that I shall be your "second best". Hurry up the affair, Hackmetack---hurry it up! I just feel like standing up again. I haven't your last letter by me but I think you said something about me sending you Miss Sealons picture. I suppose you have no curiosity to see it now, but, if you have, I will show it to you when you come down. I have one! Or, what is better, I will take you over to see Mrs. Linton in her princely home. You must be sure and come down. I know she would like to see you for I have told her ever so much about you, what a good fellow you are, etc., etc. And, byt the way, we have lots of nice "female women" down here who are not married and I will take pleasure in taking you around to see all of them. Come down, Hackmetack, come down and take to thyself a wife from the land of Allegheny.

My cousin, Archibald McBride, who formerly resided in Canton township, your county, but who has now an "Attorney At Law" shingle hung out in Pittsburgh lately, got into the same hobble that our friend Mrs. Linton is in. He has flung himself into the sea of matrimony. His brother, Vincent McBride, was down here some time ago. He says he has seen you three or four times. He goes to Buffalo Church. I think he said he saw you there, but he says that he thinks your regular place of going to church is at Mr. French's. I was a Buffalo Church four or five years ago. Wonder if you were there the same day?

Will you be at the Hickory or the Burgettstown Fair next fall? If you are, it is likely I will see you for I expect to go. I would like you would come down before that time, Hackmetack. Can't you come? I will go to see you the first time I go to Uncle Jas. McBride's.

If you will send me your picture, I will send you mine. Madam Rumor says that my cousin Mr. H. Reed Wilson is going to marry your cousin Miss Lizzie Buchanan. If he marries her he will get a nice wife---thats so! You ought to come and see her before she gets married, and then you can come on and see me. Do come down, Hack---I want to see you.

The "Review" man doesn't send me his paper any more. It is, well, hard to get along without it. I must have a Washington paper, tho, and I think I'll try the "Reporter". I wish you would send me an old Review occasionally if there is anything good in them.

I must close. Do write soon. Don't do as I have done. I'll try and do better in the future.

Your sincere friend
H. Elliott McBride

NOTE: This letter is from H. Elliott McBride to Samuel McCune Buchanan. The Lizzie Buchanan mentioned is a cousin of Samuels living in Candor, and is the daughter of John and Elenaor Phillis Buchanan, both of whom are deceased. She is also a school teacher and late did marry Hugh Reed Wilson. They are both buried at Mill Creek Hill Cemetery is southern Beaver County just above Frankfort Springs. Mr. French's church is North Buffalo, where he was pastor for many years.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Fayette, Allegheny Co., Pa.
Nov. 6th 1862

Dear Hackmetack,

Yours of the 27th ult. has been received. You have kept silent so long that I had begun to think that the war fever had carried you off and that perhaps you were sleeping in a soldiers grave on the banks of the "bloody Potomac". I'm glad that you are still "alive and kicking" and able to write. I liked your letter very, very, very, very, very much. It was written in such a grand, eloquent style that I was electrified, galvanized and most thunderingly taken back-i-fied. I tell you, Hack, you ought to turn lawyer or author, I don't know which. If you can speak as well as you can write, you would astonish the world as an orator. My advice to you is to write a speech on our national troubles or something of that kind and deliver it "one of these days". My word for it, you will astonish Washington County, and be sent next year to Harrisburg in place of Mr. Hopkins or Bill Glenn. In a year or two after, you will rise to that position which the great son of Washington County, Wm Montgomery held with so much honor. When you make your debut in that speech I spoke of, I will go to hear you. After you have been in---"the lofty Congress Hall---"To swell the high debate"---"And help to frame those righteous laws"---That make our land so great"---you will be called still higher. In a few years you will be "The President of These United States"...."You'll eat molasses candy and swing upon the gates". Don't forget your old friend "Phiddle Styx" when you get into the White House. Like the "genearlity of mankind in general", I have a "weakness" for fat offices. Are you doing anything in the "sparkin" line now? How are the Taylorstown girls flourishing now? Spreading themselves like a green bay tree, I suppose. Hack, you said something in your letter before the last about Mallie Strugeon. Who did you mean? I believe there is a Mr. McCarrell paying some attention to Miss Mary E., (alias "Sis" Strugeon). I presume he is the same Mr. McCarrell you spoke of in one of your letters. This man has been "to the wars" and was wounded or got sick, I don't remember which, and was discharged. I saw a young lady a short time ago who said that she thought you had been writing for the "Review" lately. Have you? I want you to send me everything you have had published in the "Review" that I haven't seen. I haven't seen a "Review" for a long, long time. I was looking at a map of Washington Co. a short time ago and I saw where Mr. J. or L. Buchanan (I forget which) lived. I supposed it was your Fathers as it was near Taylorstown. Have you subscribed for the "Wide World" yet? Do you take any papers except the "Review"? Now, Hackmetack, I'm going to tell you what I want you to do. I want you to send me your photograph. Won't you do it?

Uncle Jas. McBride was at our house last night. He is awfully tickled about the election, and, if I may judge you from your letter, you are in "the same fix". He was telling about a Democrat who said that he enjoyed better health since the election. What did you elect Wm Glenn in your county for? Do you know the man? I think that a better man than Hopkins could not have been found in Washington County but I don't like Glenn a bit! How would you like to have the "Old Public Functionary" James Buchanan for U.S.Senator? I heard that he was going to be a candidate. Wouldn't that be worse still than Simon Cameron? I want you to write me a long letter soon. Please don't be so long about writing this time. Let us have more of the style of your last letter, lots of quotations from Burns, etc., etc..

Your sincere friend
O. Phiddle Styx

P.S. Did I tell you in any of my letters that I had written under the name of O. Phiddle Styx? I forget whether I did or not. Would a letter addressed to "Hackmetack", Taylorstown etc. reach you?

H.E.McB.

P.P.S. I forgot to tell you "Hack" that I was out "sparkin" t'other night. Everything was lovely and the "goose hung high". Come down, Hack, and I'll show you one of the most splendiferous, angeliferous, unaccountable, bewitchin' fascinoration female critters you ever set your eyes on.

Yours, as in days gone by O.P.S.

NOTE: The above letter was in a yellow paper envelope bearing a three cent U.S.Postage stamp that was cancelled with a singler pen stroke. In the upper left hand corner was written "Fayette, Pa. Nov. 14". It was addressed to:

Samuel Mc. Buchanan
(Alias Hackmetack)
Taylorstown
Washington Co.
Penna.

This is the first time Elliott has mentioned his pen name of "O. Phiddle Styx".
William K. Buchanan M.D.

McConnell's School House Dec. 31st, 1862.

Friend Hackmetack,

What do you mean when speaking of that old Jimmy.....picture you say that "so far as I am concerned it is a specimen of Republican arguement to which Democrats have become so well accustomed"? It really doesn't "go down very slick" to hear you say that I am "rotten to the core". Place yourself in my position. How would you like to have me say that "socially you are as good as the next fellow, but politically you are rotten to the core"? I do think that you are a good fellow and I do not think that you are "rotten to the core" because you happen to disagree with me in politics. Hasn't every man a right to his own opinion? I certainly think he has and I think too that----I was going to say something more but I'll not at this time. I think, Hackmetack, we had better drop politics "totally, and absolutely and immediately". If we don't, we may get to "saying swearin things" at each other.

And so you have been to another party. I am glad that "formality was crucified and kicked out generally" since it enabled you to enjoy yourself. I don't like formalities a bit myself, and, like you, I rather like those parties where formality is unceremoniously pushed out of the way. The parties in these "diggins" have been very scarce. There were three or four in the region around about the McConnell's School House. I got invitations to all of them but only attended one of them. That one was at the "Squires----Squire J. Nelsons farm and before I go any further, let me tell you that the Squire's got a pretty "darter". We had a lively time. Threaded the needles of the graceful cotillion until the "wee sma hours of the Towal", as your favorite poet Robert Burns has it. And then we "tripped the light fantastic", too, in that crowded common fashion, till rain came down in terrible, terrible, terrific, tremendous torrents. The fiddlers fiddled their prettiest and the dancers danced their ugliest, but then there wasn't many looking on and those who did we didn't care a snap for, and the way we slung our cowhides around was perfectly awful. I say it with a realizing sense of the usual responsibility of the assertion. "Twas a funny old night---"twas a dark night, too! About as dark around about the "Squires as that dark and gloomy place Erebus, between Earth and Hades. When we got tired deancing, or in other words, when our wind gave out, we bussed the girls---kissed them most unmercifully, too---kissed them crow fashion and pigeon fashion and toad fashion and frog fashion and hog fashion and made them "pick cherries" and "wade swamps" and "dig wells" and "build bridges" and pout and shout and twist and kick and carol. In short, Hackmetack, I believe we made them do everything but stand on their heads. Didn't do that---thought that that kind of work wouldn't do in this enlightened age and in this Christian community. The Squires, being near my "Temple of Learning", I was cordially invited to stay all night. It is needless to say that I accepted the invitation. I slept in a glorious big bed (reckon it was the "strangers bed") and dreamed "quare" dreams. But it is altogether probable that it has occurred to you as it has already occurred to me, that I have said quite enough on this subject, so I'll let it drop.

I really don't know how that fish chase is progressing, but I predict that eventually the Mackerel will catch the Sturgeon. Then the chase will be ended and the fun will be over. Query----Is there more pleasure in the pursuit of a Strugeon than in the possession of a Strugeon. Proceed, Mr. Hackmetack, you have the floor. Mr. Linton and his angelic bedfellow are getting along surprisingly. They seem to be happier than the happiest. I am invited to a grand New Years dinner at their house. I see that I can say only a few more words. I enclose one of my photos. It is not a good one. I'll send

you a better one as soon as I can get it. This is the only one I have now. Don't let any person see it or there will be rain. Send me yours quick. Write soon. Yours crowdedly,
Harry Elliott McBride

NOTE: This letter written by H. Elliott McBride to Samuel McCune Buchanan. He signed it "Harry Elliott McBride", which surprised me as I thought that in an earlier letter he had said his first name was Henry. Since this was written from McConnells School House, he is evidently teaching again during the winter months. The initial part of the letter where he says Samuel has called him "rotten to the core", probably stems from his previous letter in which he said some uncomplimentary things about former President James Buchanan. This must have raised Samuels ire enough for him to send off a torrid reply.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Pintle Hill, Pa.
April 20th

Friend Hackmetack,

Your excellent letter was received in due time and read with the usual amount of pleasure, and I would here state that the usual amount of pleasure experienced in perusing your letter is a very large amount. I sometimes have to stop right off short and indulge in exclamations of surprise and astonishment at your well rounded sentences and at the easy way in which you bring in your beautiful quotations. Your wit and humor always brings down the house. I some times have to atop and haw haw for at least five minutes. I'll not soon forget a letter I received from you last harvest. It was brought to me when I was eating my supper or "evening juice" in the field. I stopped devouring the "cakes and juz" instanter and instanter went to determing the contents of your letter. It was funny, decidely funny and I laughed and haw hawed and haw hawed and laughed again and the woodsaround echoed and re-echoed with the laughs and haw haws. Now, Hackmetack, in all seriousness I say that with a little practice you would make a great author, indeed and doubtless. I'm not trying to "blarney". I'm telling you what I believe to be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I don't know anything about "blarneying" for I have never ever seen the "blarney stone", but I wanted to say somewhere near the beginning of my letter that I intended and would have liked to answer your letter sooner but some how I could not find time. I have had several ploughing spells on me lately and have also had several whooping and yelling jobs to do at the horses. So you can see that I haven't been idle. Have you got your oats sowed yet? Are you going to plant much corn?

Now my dear Hackmetack, I want your photograph soon--very soon. You must give your "superlatively -stay -at -home-a-tive propensities" just such another hist as Molly did the cat and rush madly on to Washington and stand for your photograph. They take good ones in W--, for I have seen some that were fashioned out in that same place. I want a full length picture made myself, and, if you have two to spare, your friend Fannies Sealon I think would be pleased to have one in her album, Your humble servant "Phiz" has the honor of lying between the "lids" of that same album. You can go to Washington now, you know, for the roads are not inclement as they were when you wrote.

I am ashamed of that picture I sent you. Doesn't it look the "man in the moon" or a monkey in the moon or somehow "sumthin" or "nuther"? I'll send you a full length picture after I get yours.

I was rejoiced to hear that you had been wooed and won by the "tuneful Muse". I tell you Hackmetack, you are a poet! I consider your "Cemetery Thoughts" excellent. I showed the article to two or three of my friends---they agree with me in saying that it is excellent. I am going to send it to the "New York Weekly" or the "Wide World" for publication. Do you get the "Wide World" now? If you would write Enigmas or Poetry or Sketches for it, they would send it to you. I get the "Wide World" and the "N.Y. Weekly" for writing for them and write precious little for them, too. Be sure and send me "The Farewll". Who is Leah DeFrance? Is she one of your "garls" I think that acrostics are very hard to write. Yours is good and I say again and say with emphasis that you will make your mark in the world.

Before I close my letter I have a notion to scold a little . I told you to send me every "Review" containing anything of yours and you didn't do it. You had better give heed to my questions inthe future. I happened to see a "Review" some time ago and I saw an Enigma written by Hackmetack. I couldn't solve it. Please tell me the

answer and be sure and send me everything of yours that is published. Don't forget. Do you read the letters of J.D.C. in the "Review", and, if so, what do you think of them? I wish I could get all of his letters.

Write me a long letter soon, and send your photograph. Be sure and send me "The Farewell" and several other pieces of your poetry and if you are so minded to get them published, I'll do it!

Write immediately

Yours in F.L.I.T.

H. Elliott McBride

alias

O. Phiddle Styx

Written along the edge of the page was: "Your lines on the back of the envelope were good and I'll try to get even with you some day".

NOTE: This letter was written by H. Elliott McBride to Samuel McCune Buchanan. Elliott was also an amateur author, submitting articles to various literary papers, including ones in New York. He was quite impressed with Samuels ability, praising it highly. Copies of some of Samuels poetry will be included at the end of these letters.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Fayette, Pa.
July 25th (1863?)

Friend Hack---

Your letter has been received. I was ever so glad to hear from you. I feared that you had come to a decided stop and determined that you'd never, never more write to yours most respectfully. I was awful glad to get your letter but gladder to get the photograph. I tell you, Hackmetack, without trying to flatter that you are a fine looking man. I can see intelligence in your pleasant face. If you had been one of the "marrying kind" of men, you certainly would have had your head in the noose matrimonial long, long ago. The reason I think so is because the ladies are certainly all smashed about you and have been ever since you reached "manhood's estate". You escaped the draft. I'm glad you did. I wasn't so fortunate. I drew a "fighting ticket" in the Grand War lottery. I don't know yet whether I'll go or pay the \$300. I suppose I'll have to decide against the 15th of August. I really feel sorry for your brother. I think it hard that a person drafted last fall should be drafted again now. If I had the fixing of that I'd not have the men drafted who were drafted last fall and went or sent substitute. I have heard of some men in Robinson Township, Washington County who were drafted last fall and neither went nor sent substitutes, but staid at home as tho nothing had happened. I would be very much indebted to you if you would send me a copy of a Washington paper containing the list of the persons drafted in Washington County. I am acquainted with a great many "able bodied men" in the county and I would like to know who of them were drafted. The answer to that Enigma is

"Tis not good for a man to be along, say the scriptures.

This I have said before and again and again I repeat it.

Every hour of the day I think it and feel it and say it".

Do you write Enigmas or anything else for the "Review" now?

I did not hear of the great mass meeting at Claysville on the 4th. I will be very glad to get the "Review" containing the description of it. Did you write the description?

Monday evening July 27th

Since I wrote the above, I have learned that the conscripts of North Fayette township will not have to report until the 14th of September. So you see I will have a long time to make up my mind whether I'll go to war or stay at home.

The most intense excitement prevailed in this neighborhood last night and this morning. News came that Morgan and his band had crossed the Ohio and was coming thru the country. During the entire night messengers were hurrying in every direction thru the country and gathering the people together. Sunday evening and Sunday night the women of Clinton village busied themselves in moulding the "leaden messengers of death". At about 2 o'clock this morning a large number of the sturdy farmers armed with muskets, rifles, pistols etc. started towards Frankfort Springs with the intention of giving him battle. Fortunately, however, before the little army of militia had gone far they received the cheering news that he had been captured. The scare is over. I wish you would have a notion and rush down to this country. All the girls in the neighborhood would like to see you. I think that Burns that you hurrah for in particular would be particularly pleased to see you. If you will not come down and will come to the Burgettstown Fair or Florence next fall, I will take pleasure in introducing you to all the "youth and beauty" that I am acquainted with. Miss M.E. Sturgeon would like to see

you. I know that "Sis" (M.E.S.) and you would agree on politics. I saw her a short time ago. She told me that McCarrell was married. The fish chase is ended ---and the mackerel didn't catch the Sturgeon. I am glad to learn that L.D. is well. Send me her photo. I'll return it. And I'll return the favor by sending you the photos of some of the "fair ladies" of these "diggings". J.D.C. was killed at the battle of Gettysburg. He was a school teacher and resided in Florence, Wash. Co., Pa. He was a sergeant in Capt. Acheson's Company. Col. Roberts (140th) Regt.. I was not personally acquainted with him. Do write soon.

Yours respectfully
O. Phiddle Styx

NOTE: A letter from H. Elliott McBride to Samuel McCune Buchanan. The mention of Samuels brother being drafted twice refers to Alexander Buchanan of Taylorstown, who was married with children at the time. The first time he was drafted, he hired a substitute by the name of Schofield. I have the official notice for that deferment. How he got out of going the second time, I don't know, but imagine he appealed it and won, having already been drafted once.

The rumor that Morgans Confederate Cavalry had crossed the river and was raiding into Western Pennsylvania scared the whole area, including the section around Claysville, where many of the citizens buried their valuables to keep them safe.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Fayette, Pa.
Sep. 26th (1863?)

Friend Hackmetack,

I owe you an apology for not writing sooner, but I thought I'd not write until I went to war or knew positively that I was going to stay at heome. The 14th has passed and I have concluded, as you say, "to stay vigorously at home for three years or during the war". Everybody else staid at home that could stay, and, as I didn't feel particularly anxious to be "alone in my glory", I concluded to shell out the three hundred. We'll talk about something else, tho. I was at a rampin', tearin' party last night at the house of Mr. Robt Burns. Not at the home of the Scotch poet. No! But at the house of the man Burns what has the pretty "darters". You know you told me that you had a decided curiosity to see some of the Allegheny belles or their photographs; more particularly, that of Miss Burns. Now I told that same Miss Burns---otherwise the angelic Eviline----all this, and I believe she'd be willing to exchange if she had a "fullygraf" on hand at the present time. But, she hasn't. Now I'll tell you what I want you to do. I want you to come to the Burgettstown Fair and I'll introduce you to Eviline Burns, "Sis" Sturgeon, Em Jeffery and a whole host of other pretty girls. If you want to see the Allegheny belles, come to the Burgettstown Fair. I saw "Sis" Sturgeon the other day. She asked about you. I told her I was going to command you to be at the Burgettstown Fair. Now you must be there for I want her to see you with own eyes and hear your voice with her own ears. I think the Fair is on the 6th & 7th of Oct. But you get the Washington paper and I suppose it is advertised. You can see for yourself. Come on the last day of the Fair. The last day is always the best. I will meet you at the end of the Hall which is near to the entrance to the grounds, at 11 o'clock, or perhaps we had better say 10 o'clock. You make it whichever hour you choose. You can mount a horse before day light and be at Burgettstown in good time. Or you could come to see your friends in Candor the day before and then you will have only four or five miles to go on the day of the Fair. I generally go thru Candor when going to Burgettstown. Now you mustn't fail to come. While you are here, you know you can visit your friends in Florence and come and see me, too. Don't fail to come. The girls will be disappointed if you are not there.

In my last letter I forgot to tell you J.D.C.'s name. It is, or was, James D. Campbell. I believe I told you everything else about him.

Write just as soon as you get this and tell me if you will be at the Fair. I would write more but I expect to see you soon. I will write a longer letter next time.

Yours truly,
H. Elliott McBride

P.S. The Fair is on the 6th & 7th of Oct. Be sure and be there. Write immediately.

NOTE: This is a letter from H.Elliott McBride to Samuel McCune Buchanan. Elliott has paid for a substitute in the Civil War draft and gets to stay home. The Burgettstown Fair was evidently the place where everyone met once a year as Samuels Uncle George Buchanan would come all the way from Ashland County, Ohio, and the Moorhead brothers would be there from Allegheny County.

The friends in Candor mentioned is Lizzie Buchanan, daughter of John and Eleanor Phillis Buchanan. Her parents are dead and Lizzie is a school teacher.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Fayette, Allegheny Co., Pa.
Nov. 7th 1863

My very dear friend Hackmetack---

Your favor of the 28th ult. was received in due time. Feeling like saying a few words in reply, I trim my lamp and set it to blazing in its brightest style. This being done, I spread the wing of a table and spread my legs underneath and then---and then I'm ready to commence.

Well, you will agree with me and Abe Lincoln will agree with me, and Bill Logan will agree with me that you are a "good guesser". To tell you the "hull" truth, tho, I believe that "good guesser" is not the word. You are gifted with what somebody or "nuther" would call "second sight". You read those ladies characters exactly with the exception of Clara Scott. Instead of being a modest and easily embarrassed, she is rather forward and can talk a perfect streak in company and out of company. She is a cousin of mine and resides "beyond the river" in Ross Township. The picture does not do her justice. She is pretty and the picture makes her "nothing to brag on". She has got an angelic sister. She's not only an angel in beauty but an angel in temper and everything else. If you should ever change your mind and conclude to become a Benedict, I would earnestly advise you to strain every nerve and use every possible effort to obtain the favor and the love and gain the heart and the hand of Miss Jane E. Scott. I have no doubt you could obtain a correspondence with that same Jane E. Scott if you desired it; but in your last you said that you would have to decline corresponding with any of the "early sweets" for reasons stated in your previous letter. I believe that your reasons were that you thought the girls would laugh at your letters.

Pooh, pooh, Hackmetack! I've a notion to sold you. You're far too modest. Don't you know that any girl and every girl in Washington and Allegheny counties would be glad---yea, more, they would be proud to have you for a correspondent. Let me tell you, my friend---and whilst I tell you, I want you to remember that I'm not trying to flatter---you write excellent letters. Let me tell you, too, that there lives not a girl on the face of the earth who would laugh at or try to make sport of your letters. If these are your reasons, throw them to the winds instantly. "I'll none of it", as Billy Shakespeare says.

Did you write to Sis Sturgeon, as I told you? If you haven't written yet, write immediately and ask her for her photograph. She is as curious to see your picture and know something about you as you are to see hers and know something about her.----You must have fallen in love with "Sis" Burns. I "arriv" at that conclusion from the manner in which you raved and "went on" about her. She is right pretty and very fast, but not as pretty as Eviline nor yet so amiable and angelic in her ways---

I would like to go up to old Buf and see you and hear Mr. B's soul stirring music and enjoy a fox hunt, and perhaps I will before Old Winter runs his course. If I could only get the work finished up I would take a "scoot" around somewhere. I intended to wait until you would visit me before I would visit you but there seems to be no prospect of your coming. ou don't seem to have the least notion. If I'm up at Uncle Jim's (perhaps I ought to be a little more respectful and say Umcle Jame's) I will take a little run across and see my friend Hackmetack.

How are the Review & Examiner flourishing? Do you write anything for the Review now? What does "EGO SUM IN AMO" mean? Remember, I'm no Latin scholar. And if you say "Latin things" at me, you must also tell me what the Latin things mean. Before I close my letter I must tell you that we've got a couple of beautiful "femininities" in these "diggins" at the present time. They have taken the Allegheny boys by storm. They belong, like nearly all the pretty girls, to Washington County. Let me whisper something in your ear. There is a schoolhouse near "Pintle Hill". In the schoolhouse a Reading Society meets weekly. That Reading Society meets on Monday night. On next Monday night I am going to have the honor of escorting one of the aforementioned angelic ladies to that "Reading Society". Wish 'twas Monday night! Grease your hels old TIME and hurry on!---

How do you feel in regard to the next draft? We who were drafted the first time may consider ourselves lucky. I opine that \$300 will not let the next conscript off. Congress you know will meet before the 5th of January and you know our laws are not like the laws of the Medes and Persians. I sincerely hope that you will not be drafted.

Are you a singer? I have been trying to learn the science of harmonical sounds for some time past but have now a notion to give it up. My singing might be likened to the bellowing of a thousand cattle on a thousand hills.

This is Saturday night. I'll close my letter and take a pull at "Natures sweet restorer". Write soon.

Yours until you get to be----- (word erased)

H. Elliott McBride

NOTE: This letter written by H. Elliott McBride to Samuel McCune Buchanan. It has the usual talk about Sams literary ability, the pretty girls to be met if he would come visit and questions about what Sam has written in the Review. It seems that Elliott must have sent Samuel pictures of some of the local girls for him to see as he promised in his last letter. Or possibly Sam got to actually meet some of them at the Burgettstown Fair.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Fayette, Pa.
Jan. 2nd 1864

Friend Hackmetack,

Your letter waseceived in due time, and now, this cold, frosty night, I'll attempt to say something in reply. Tell me, Hackmetack, did you ever in all your born days, see or feel such awful cold weather? On last Thursday evening I went to a meeting of the "Montour Valley Literary Society". 'Twas kind of mizzley and drizzley, but warm---oh yes, warm as I could have wished it. Well, after the Society had played itself out, and the members had said their say, I took a foolish notion into my upper story that I'd stop awhile at "Mikes", where the "youth and the beauty" and the "beauty and the chivalry" of the surrounding country were "tripping the light fantastic"---- "threading the mazes of the graceful cotillion" in that "crowded country fashion". I don't want you to think that I went to "Mikes" without an invitation---I didn't. I had an invitation, but preferred going to the Literary Society, knowing that at the Literary Society I would enjoy a "feast of seasons and flow of soul", whilst at "Mikes" I knew it would be but a "feast of reason and flow of fun". And then I had been at a rampin, tearing party just the night before, and had staid until the "wee sma hours ayont the twal", and when the next night came around, I felt as tho I would enjoy a Soc. meeting more than I would a "flingding". Accordingly, I directed my horses head toward the "Valley" School House. The performance being scarce at that same "Valley", the meeting soon broke, and so did I. Somebody moved that the meeting bust up and the meeting busted. Then, in company with another skeezicks, I started towards Mikes at a double quick gallop, whilst the mud and the water and the muddy water flickered and fluttered and flew in every direction. Didn't stay long at Mikes----talked to Sis Burns a little while---invited some folks to an oyster supper on New Years night at an Uncles and then I sloped toward home, and when I arrived at home, I immediately rolled into bed. When I awoke, of, what a cold morning it was! Mind and everything else was frozen stiff & the wind was howling its wildest howl. Old Boreas was abroad in his glory; and the New Year came in with a whistle. Well, the oyster supper did come off last night, but we had a crowding and a hugging and a shivering time of it. Several l'boys came in with frozen ears and after getting them thawed out they soon became enlarged to the capacity of mules lugs.

Your description of your fall in the mud tickled me consumedly. From what you say of Venus and Adonis, I suppose you have been diving into Shakespeare. You have at least read the poem of that name. 'Tis only eight o'clock, but as I was at an oyster supper last night, I stand in need of a pull at "Natures sweet restorer, balmy sleep", so I'll close for tonight, crow an evening crow, and fly to roost.

Tuesday Jan. 3rd.

I commenced to write to you on Saturday evening. I'll try and finish my "pistle" today.

"What has become of H. Reed Wilson & Lizzie B.?" I'll tell you. They are yet in the state of "single blessedness", but I suppose they will hitch, ere long, to trot in double harness. They were to have been married some time ago but the affair did not come off. I believe I told you the reason in a former letter, so I need not repeat. You wish to know how the "fair Alleghenians" are flourishing now. They are doing "foine". They are flourishing like a green bay hoss. The "fair Alleghenians", however, are thrown into the shade by the fair Washingtonians. The two ladies I spoke of in my last are cracking and snapping and splintering the hearts of all the chivalry of this part of Old Allegheny. Their names are Kate E. and Minnie Smith. They hail from Robinson

Township, Wash. Co. They live near the Town of Candor, and are well acquainted with your cousin Lizzie. Yes, old Time did bring "Monday Night". But the angel Kate and yours truly didn't go to the Reading Society. We turned our heads, and our horses head towards a cottage where the "flowers of neighborhood" had been invited to assemble and enjoy themselves "to the top of their bent". We concluded to let the Reading Society slide for that night. The exercises at our Reading Society consisted of Reading in Class, Spelling in Class, Singing in Class, Miscellaneous Reading, Essay Reading and Declamation or Dialogues. The Reading Society has fizzled out, but we have a Literary Society not far from here that is well attended. Miss Minnie Smith and yours truly were elected Editors a short time ago, and we are getting up a paper for the meeting next that will slightly "astonish the natives". I am going to try my hand at an Original Oration next night, and also take part in a roaring dialogue. But let's talk about something else. I saw sis Strugeon a short time ago. She asked how you were flourishing. Sis is a nice girl, classically speaking, she is "bully". I wish you could get acquainted with her. She has promised me her photograph but it may be some time before she has any taken. When she gets them, and when I get mine, I will let you see it. She wants to read your letters and I "kinder" consented that she might. I suppose you have no objection. Do you ever hear anything now from your friend McCarrell? I think Sis said that he was living and teaching and keeping house somewhere in Beaver County. I don't remember the name of the place.

As you were some time ago, so am I now. I'm treading the "flowery meads of literature", in other words, "writin for the papers". I had an article published a short time ago in the "New York Weekly" and another in the "Waverly Magazine". I expect soon to see a couple more in the "Wide World". I have more reading matter on hand now than I can get thru with. I take "Harpers Magazine". "Harpers Wekkly", "Waverly Magazine", "Wide World", "Pittsburgh Daily Gazette" & "New York Tribune".

Do you read both the "Washington Examiner" and "Review"? I must close and get ready to go to the singing. Who knows but what the angelic Kate and the fairy like Minnie may be there. They went home to spend the holidays and had not got back yesterday. Perhaps they came today. I hope they did, and I hope they'll be at the singing..

I am glad you interpreted the "Latin things"---I adopt both.

"Ego sum in amo"

"Ego sum Striltus".

Ever your friend

O. Phiddle Styx.

"Pintle Hill", Pa.
Feb. 16th 1864

My Friend Hackmetack,

I would have answered your letter sooner, but I've been sick for a long, long time. It is about four weeks and that seems a long time to me to be sick and be kept in the house. I'm not well yet but I'm getting well pretty fast. The day after I received your letter I took the measles. I had them very bad for a while and when I found I was getting a little better, I also found that I was a little bilious. I thought I would hurry up matters a little and I took a dose of McLain's Pills. Then I got worse. The Doctor came and I swallowed a "hull lot" of medicine. The Dr. told me since I got better that if I had taken another dose of Pills, I would have been dead just as sure as I was then living. I knew that I was pretty far gone and for two or three days I thought I could hardly recover. The measles are all around through the neighborhood. Have you had them? If you have, you may consider yourself a happy fellow. I was out of the house yesterday for the first time since I got sick and everything looks strange and new. Sickness has its pleasures, tho---last night I was visited by two angelic ladies and received their comfort and consolations. 'Twas Miss Allie McBride, a cousin of mine and one of the fairest daughters of Washington County, Miss Minnie Smith. She is teaching in a neighboring school. But I believe I gave you her history in one of my letters. She was looking at your photo last night. I told her that you were a Washington County boy and a cousin of Lizzie Buchanan. She lives but a short distance from Candor and is very well acquainted with Lizzie.

I would like, oh, ever so much, to join with you in a foxhunt. It must be capital fun. I have participated in "Grand Circular Foxhunts" but I never enjoyed one of the kind you speak of. I had intended to visit Uncle Jim McBride's this winter and take a run across and see you but I'm afraid I can't do it now.

Friend Hackmetack, if you are "getting slightually" disgusted with single blessedness, why don't you quit it? Leave this cold land immediately and journey to the more congenial climate of Matrimony. Do you still have a "hankerin sort of a notion" after the Taylorstown angel Leah DeFrance" If you have, marry her and be happy. It wouldn't be strange if when the roses begin to bloom and the mullin stalks is good, I should take to myself a wife from the land of Washington or the land of Allegheny or some other land. It is likely there is something more on the next page. If there isn't, there will be soon.

As I was "'a sayin" it is possible and even probable that I'll try to marry Sis Sturgeon or Kate Smith or Minnie Smith or somebody or "nuther" before another year shall be added to the cycle of the past.

I can't imagine whats the matter that our cousins Lizzie Buchanan and H. Reed Wilson delay the happy hour of union. Perhaps they have agreed to disagree and "give it up for a bad job". If, however, they are going on with the "matrimonial alliance". I unite with you in wishing them a "bully time".

How's the draft up in your country? Are they going to let it "sweep o'er the land" or raise an additional bounty and secure volunteers? I haven't been able to go to any of the meetings in the township but report says that they are doing desperate things. North Fayette has raised \$3000 and she's going to have the Vols. if possible.

Yes, I've seen Sis, the angelic Sis, and she is both pretty and well. Haven't you got acquainted with her yet? I believe you're "kind of foolin" me. I shouldn't wonder if you and the angelic "Sis" weren't carrying on a correspondence and

both of you talking to me just as tho you didn't know anything about each other. Say, is it so? "Answer me, let me not burst in ignorance".

My friend, whoes "Jihullygraff" do you want? I believe I could send the pictures of two lady friends if 'twould do you any good to gaze for awhile on their sweet faces. I'll not send them this time as my letter is so long that it will make the envelope look fat.

You say for me to send you everything which I have had published in the papers---that would be almost impossible. I suppose I have had about a hundred articles published. I have but one copy of them and several of them are cut out and pasted in my scrap book. I have a late "Waverly Magazine" containing one of my articles. I will send it to you.

So you've been to a "spelling skule". Did you take anybody's "darter" home? Spelling schools are a grand institution. I like to go to them. We don't have as many of them now in this neighborhood as we had a few winters ago. I took a prize once.

I have just been reading the Legislative Record. Mr. Kelley, of your county, stirred up quite a debate with his resolution. Who is the other Representative from your Co. besides Mr. Kelley and is he a Democrat or Republican? Write me a long letter soon.

Your particular friend
H. Elliott McBride.

NOTE: Letter from H. Elliott McBride to Samuel McCune Buchanan. Shows the serious nature of measles in those days when epidemics periodically swpe the country and killed many of the younger generation. Discussions of females and the local literary societies are in almost every letter as that was the chief entertainment of the time. Elliott must have been quite successful getting his articles published in various papers and magazines

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Fayette, Allegheny Co., Pa.
April 30th, 1864.

R. G. Barr, Esq.

Dear Sir:

I was shocked when I received your letter containing the sad news of our friend's death. Altho personally unacquainted with him, I knew from his letters that he was one of the best young men, and I loved him. From the very first time I received a letter from him, I liked him, and I always talked to him as I would have talked to a companion that I had known from my youth up. I had looked forward to the time when we should meet, and I should clasp his hand, and we should talk the hours away, and the bonds of friendship should still be closer knit between us. I can hardly realize that the hand that penned those kind and genial letters is now mouldering in the tomb. Oh, tis sad--tis very sad to lose a friend! Had I known that he was on his death bed, I certainly would have visited him, and I would have staid with him until the end. It would have seemed strange to the friends that I, a stranger, should intrude on their sorrow, but I could not have left him. I loved him as a brother. Oh, that I could have seen him. But tis past. I feel his death more deeply than if an acquaintance here had been called away. I know he was of a kind and genial disposition. In his last letter to me, he said, referring to my sickness, "I deeply sympathize with you in your afflictions". There is one thing now that I regret--that is, I did not answer his last letter just after it was received. I put it off from time to time and was about to write when I received your letter. In his last he wrote in a desponding mood. He had just parted with you and he seemed very sad. From what he said in his letters, I know he looked upon you as a very dear friend. Should you wish to see his last letter in which he spoke so highly of you and so feelingly for your friendship, I will take pleasure in sending it to you to read. He closed his last letter with "Farewell Harry". Little did he suppose that that was his last farewell to me. But I am selfish in my grief. I can and do sympathize with you. You, no doubt, feel his death more deeply than I. May the bond of friendship that has bound you and your friend on earth, and that, for a time, has severed, be again bound for eternity in the home of the best; where no troubles can come and where "sorrow and sighing shall flee away". I would like to hear from you again. Do you reside near Mr. Buchanan? Were you with our friend "Hackmetack" in his illness? Did he say anything about me? Pardon me for asking so many questions, but I feel anxious to know all about my dear departed friend. I sincerely sympathize with the bereaved parents in their hour of deep affliction. May they not repine, but feel in their hearts that "he is not lost, but gone before", and still trust in the Lord "who doeth all things well".

Your sorrowing friend
H. Elliott McBride

P.S. I shall ever hold you in grateful remembrance for informing me of our friends death. You have my most sincere thanks for thinking of me. Your letter was dated Taylorstown but postmarked Brush Run. I will send this to Taylorstown.

H. E. McB.

NOTE: This letter written by H. Elliott McBride to Robert Gailey Barr of Brush Run on the death

of Samuel McCune Buchanan on April 14, 1864. Robert Gailey Barr was a son of Robert and Eleanor Barr Barr and a close friend of Samuel McCune Buchanan. This Barr family are part of our own ancestors since Rena Barr Keegan was descended from them. This Robert Gailey Barr became an attorney practicing in the Wheeling area. He was a stock holder in the Wheeling "Intelligencer" newspaper (or was it the "Register"). While crossing the railroad tracks in Martins Ferry, Ohio after being in court there, he was struck by a train and killed. Samuel McCune Buchanan is buried at North Buffalo Cemetery beside his parents, with a white marble stone that is rapidly deteriorating. I have pictures of it when it was easily readable.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Monday Aug. 1st 1858

Well John,

I don't know that I have anything very interesting to write but I conclude I'll write to you and give you the best we have here. I would like to have heard from you and got posted on things, but I suppose things are going a good deal as I left them. There have been some changes, though, as there has been several deaths since I left. I was very sorry to hear of Daniel Kerr's death. Money has no power to save life----

There has been considerable marrying going on. How does it turn out? I suppose the Fruits of the last marriage cannot be seen yet. Does it put you in or out of the notion? I suppose Hair is flourishing finely. Is Alex Wilson married? This is the greatest country for wanting to get married, especially among the women. When the girls here take a notion they would like to have a fellow, they dog him so continually that he marries them to get rid of them. None of them has taken any notion of me yet, though. My best plan is to get them mad, then try to please them. I can have more fun with them when they are mad than when they are in a good humor.

We have been having stormy disagreeable weather for a few days. The wind blew seriously the other night. Some folks thought their houses were going to leave but I heard of none but a shanty being disturbed. The wheat crop is not very good generally---not well filled. There is plenty of straw. I hear of some fields that are not worth cutting. Oats are rusted in some places. They are said not to be worth cutting. Barley is a poor crop. The corn looks very well generally. If the season continues favorable, there will be a good crop. The weather is unfavorable for getting in wheat---if it continues so a few more days, the wheat will grow. It is commencing a little now. Do you know what kind of wheat was on that long field next Gillelon's? I would like to know. I have not heard from John for a long time. I cannot tell why he doesn't write. What is wheat going to be worth? I heard it was a dollar a bushel. Is it so? How is Sam Donaldson getting along? Does he clerk at M.B.? I suppose he is a kind of lion among a certain class of his associates. He needs some training. Can't you boys train him? We had not the heart to put him through. He acted the man with us, but still he is green, green as a boy can well be. What is Sam Deely doing? Is he going to marry? How is Sally? I have some pretty good times here. Just when I feel like it, I get on a high and do as I want to. I got on a shindig a few evenings ago and you ought to have seen how mad I made a fat woman by it. She was going to kill me. She pounded me till she was done out, but she did not hurt me as much as she thought to and the more she got mad, the more fun I had. I have been taking a few notes. I may take some of them with me. I would like to get some of the home gossip. Do Smiley and me ever get read out? If so, let me know the subjects they choose to discuss us on----what they say----and what they expect to make of it. Did Sam Donaldson furnish any items? Fact is, he could not have anything to tell that would do them any good, but I would like to know what he says of the way we got along. There is considerable noise here just now. Singing or hollowing and reading and all that kind of carrying on, but the more noise they make, the less I hear. There is a gal here by the name of Annette French. A right good looking girl but she is going to be married before long. She hails from Vermont---is no relation of mine, I believe, though we have not tried to trace relationship. I expect to go home this fall--then look out. I'll read things up---I will.

Smiley has been farming with A. D. Coffee. They have a hundred and twenty acres of wheat cut and about thirty five more to cut, and some oats. I don't know how much. Their wheat is middling. Not so well filled as it might be but better than the average. Some will not be cut. I hear the wheat is also poor in Iowa. It is surprising the

amount of wheat that is raised here. Fields of two and three hundred acres look nice. The Prairie looks better now than I have seen it. Some wheat in shock, some standing--and the broad green prairie stretched out like a tater patch in a corn field.

There is too much carrying on for me to write any more. Please write soon. Tell me all the news. Ask me anything you would like to know and I will endeavor to give you satisfaction.

Yours with respect
S. W. French

Write to Freeport.

NOTE: The above letter was written by Simeon Webster French to John Foster Buchanan. A group of people from the Taylorstown area had moved to the Freeport area of Illinois and settled, including S.W.French and James Smiley Buchanan. This French was a son of Rev. david French of North Buffalo Church and taught school, I believe. Evidently he wrote this letter from school where the students were raising a ruckus. Sam Donaldson must not have gotten along with the others and returned home. There appears to be some concern as to what tales he might tell back home. The envelope was addressed to: Mr. John Buchanan
Taylorstown
Wash. Co.
Penna.

The envelope bore a three cent U.S. stamp cancelled by scribbling in ink by hand. No postmark but written in ink by hand is Baileyville Ill Aug 5th.
William K. Buchanan M.D.

Winslow Dec. 10th 1858

Friend John,

I wrote to you sometime ago and never received any answer. Smiley says you never spoke anything about it to him---I would have been glad to hear from you and got to know how things were coming on---what kind of times you are having this winter---I suppose things progress about as they have always done there, there is not much change there in one year. I hear you have got the (Wes, Wm, Ives, Rev??) Bigham married, or rather he has got himself. How are Mary and Liza coming on? Does anyone beard them? Well well I would like to be in that country a few days, and see how things do come on. I have been enjoying myself finely this fall. I am at an Aunts in Winslow, on the Picatomica, and I assure you I am comfortably situated, have good living and nothing to do. There are lots of galls in town but I don't have much to do with them. There are no galls like our Pennsylvania galls. There is good sleighing here---very good---has been for more than a week. I have not been sleighing quite as much as I used to when I was at home. Is there any talk of your getting married? Is Scroggins married? How is Flackie getting along? When I begin to think about all you young folks at home, it makes me feel like going home. I expect to start in two or three weeks. I will stop a little while at Millersburg on my way home. There was great talk of mad dogs here a short time ago. One more died of the mad---a traveller was reported bitten on the nose---pigs and such like reported bitten. It has subsided now. An occasional fight--and running off with a neighbors wife complete the history of this place. Give my love to all the good people at home---and NOT Hodgens, Tiss Reed etc. Remember me to Jim Hodgens, A. Flack and all our boys. I mean our clan. Tell Flackie I will be home in the spring and want him to be ready to go to examinations. Kick Director Stewart for me and orderly Crothers---kick em good.

John I want you to do me a favor. I wish you would sell one hundred bushels of wheat for me. I don't know whether Jim (Horda, Harsha??) put what I had this summer in Hairs or Works Mill. If you can sell that to advantage you may sell it, but if you can do any better, I mean make me more money and have time I wish you would haul a hundred bu of wheat I have at home where ever you can do the best by it. John will show you my wheat at home. It is in the was house. Get a check or draft for fifty dollars on a Chicago Bank payable to D. Houston French and the rest after deducting your pay---get a draft on a New York or Philadelphia Bank. N.Y. would be preferable, payable to D.H.French and send them to D. Houston French, Xenia, Green Co., Ohio. I wish you would do it as soon as you can conveniently. I will consider it a favor if you will do this for me right away. Reserve what will pay you for your trouble. Make the most out of it you can and send as soon as possible. I saw Smiley last week. He is pretty well. Appears to be enjoying himself very well. It is so dark I cannot see to write much more. I wish you would write to me immediately so I can get a letter before I leave this. I expect to be here two or three weeks yet. Tell me all the news. I must quit for I cannot see where I am writing. Remember me to all your folks and to my friends generally.

As ever yours

S. W. French

Winslow

Stephenson Co.

Since I have got a light I find I have written the wrong end---but you can get a left handed person to read this side if you cannot. I wish I was at home if I could be here, too, but this is a good place.

S.W.French
Winslow Stephenson Co. III.

NOTE: Above letter written to John Foster Buchanan by Simeon Webster French. The envelope with "Winslow III." handwritten in the upper left corner of the front with date of Dec 11 1858. In the upper right front corner was handwritten "Paid 3c". On the flap at the top of the back of the envelope was written "Complements to Esq McClees and family. S.W.F." He was the postmaster at Taylorstown but his name was usually spelled MacAlees. Probably the money being sent to D.Houston French was for college expenses at Xenia, Ohio. No doubt the D. was for Daniel as Daniel Houston was a well known man in that area and may have been related to the French family. He is buried at North Buffalo Cemetery.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Winslow Dec 9th 1859

Friend John,

I rec'd yours of the 25th today, Was glad to hear from you and that you are right side up. I am glad to hear that all the old folks are well and getting along well. The gold fever must be raging furiously that all the boys are so affected. Of course I don't wonder much that Hoir Bighorn and Horshe are going---it is about time they were getting tired of their women. But it will not amount to much---they will not go. It prevails here to some extent---also quite a number talking of going to "Peaks Point" in the spring. Some of the boys about Freeport are talking of going and want me to go along but I can't go next spring. If I could go from here without going home, I might be tempted to go, but, as it is, I cannot. I want to go home after while. Think every week I will go the next but I don't. I am not tied to any apron strings, though. I am learning all kinds of fancy work (Oriental Painting) and such like, so the longer I stay the more I will learn. Is not that "regular"?

I hope you are having a good time. You did not say who was Leader in your Surveying School. I cannot think who it can be. I suppose not (?????????)--How is Hacky getting along at John's down the creek? I heard Scroggins was married, but from your account I suppose it is not son. I thought it was all settled. How did Montford like the West---What is Jim Hodgen doing? Give him my compliments. I am doing very well here. Have been at several parties. I don't mix in with the women here though there are some pretty good looking, but they are not like our Penna girls---

I want you, if you please, to go on and sell a hundred bu of wheat--what is in the mill and make out the balance from the granary I have.No further instructions to give you. You know better how to do than I can tell you--you just do the best you can with it and it will be right. I wish you would attend to it immediately--and forward as per last letter.

Remember me to your Father and Mother & to all enquiring friends.

As Ever Yours Truly
S. W. French

NOTE: The above letter was addressed to: Mr. John Buchanan
Taylorstown
Washington Co.
Penna.

The envelope bore no postage stamp. Instead it was hand written "PAID 3c" in the upper right hand corner. In the upper left hand corner was hand written Winslow Ill. Jan. 6, 1859".

This letter was written one year after the previous one I have, making almost two years that this bunch from Washington Co., Pa. had been in Illinois.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Banks of Beedi 20th Apr 1860

Well John,

It has been a long time since you and I have had any communication, but it was not because I forgot we were old friends, nor because I did not think of it, for I have been intending to write for ever so long. Even since I left Buffalo, but did not get at it. Had not an opportunity when I was in the humor and was not in the humor when I had opportunity. I had a letter from Jim Hodgen, one from Esqr McClees and one from Alex Flack a short time ago. They told me of Judge H's death etc. I was sorry to hear it--- poor Martha---John you had better take her to you to wife. She has enough to give you a start in the world and besides she would make an agreeable companion and a good wife. If she was here, I would be glad if I could get her to become the wife of Monsieur Francois. Oh John how I would like to see all the good fellows again.

When I take a retrospective view of the past and unfold memories bright pages to view, there scenes present themselves which no artist can paint, no words describe, bright as the suns meridian ray when clouds obscure not the summer sky. Are those bright days of pleasure past, bright days forever gone, where joy unmixed with aught of base alloy to cast a shadow over kindly hours where love and joy supremely ruled, have left their generous impress on my heart. Pshaw John, I forgot, but I was writing a 4th of July oration, or speech to say at an examination. But it does seem to me when I look back, that I had a good time in my young days and I can appreciate them now. "They tell me" you have become almost a recluse staying quietly at home. That is commendable to a good degree---and allow me to say, if you had a female companion whom you could call wife, you would be happier. Ye see I have become an advocate for matrimony or, if you choose, Mat-ri-money. If I had a little female woman here that I liked as well as I did all the dear girls at home, I'd try and marry. That is even so but I have not seen any here that I would like to hitch to under the present arrangement & I might want to go north some day and they would hardly do to take there. Oh John, I saw a pair of eyes the other day at Church and such eyes---they are the kind one never forgets---they were Signora Ariola's.

If you have any notion of leaving the place you are and going to a new country, I would suggest the propriety of coming here. I like it much better than Illinois, like the people better, like the country better, consider it a much better country for farming. One thing, a man can raise stock here as they cannot do in the N. West. They probably do not see their stock here all winter. They generally gather up in June to count them. Cows that have calves they get up every night, have the calves penned and turn the cows in over night. They ear mark and brand them and turn them adrift in the fall. Hogs raise themselves where there is mast. So with everything else, I guess. Horses are a big price here---i.e. good horses. I'm told that horses that bring \$60 to \$100 here can be bought for \$10 to \$20 in Mexico. A good business for the adventurous. Sheep do well here but there are not many in this neighborhood. They cost about \$4 per head. Those brought from the States, of course, are much higher. If I had 500 ewes to start on, I would think I was pretty well fixed. I don't know whether I will get any next fall or not. The fall is the time to buy---the season here has been backward. Corn is not near as far advanced as it is commonly "they tell me" but we had a fine shower a short time ago and it will grow now. Corn is very dear here---can hardly be had. We live on corn and bacon all together. Cotton and corn, cattle, horses and hogs are the staple commodities of this part of Texas. If there is anything that you wish to know in regard to this country, if you will let me know what it is, I will endeavor to inform you. What I don't know I can find out by inquiry. I am boarding at a house where

there are a couple of lasses, but I don't have anything to do with them. I have got out of the way of courting one. To see me among the women one wouldn't think me as an "auld used hand".

Have you heard anything from Jas Smiley Buchanan lately? I have not since I left home. I have written to him several times but have not got any word. He has not had time to get a letter and answer it since I came here. If you have heard, let me know how he is getting along. Tell me all the news. How are Simpsons folks---I wrote to Lyle sometime ago. If you see Johnathan McWilliams or his wife, give them, my best respects. Remember me to your Father and Mother and Sam Mc. Tell Sam to marry while he's young. If there is anything going on there that is fun, have a little genuine fun for me. Give my love to all my lady friends if they inquire for me, and, if they don't tell them they should. If you see Dr. Cracraft, give him my compliments. I wrote to him some time ago. Tell him if he has not written, to write to me.

S. W. French

My address will be: Beedi
Grimes Co.
Texas

Write as soon as you get this. Tell Jim Hogens I will answer his letter in a few days. Give me all the news. Let me know how you are getting along. I am ever your friend,
S. W. French.

NOTE: French has moved to Texas for some reason.
William K. Buchanan M.D.

UNNAMED POEM BY HACKMETACK

Tis vaunting patriots in our day
Whose secret motives I impugn
Our glorious grand Republic, they
Have driven to the verge of ruin

Their loyalty proclaiming loud
In peace denunciations rife
The unwise misanthropic crowd
Even court the fratricidal strife

These prowling wolves wear lambkins fleece
With lion guised ass for their compeer
Deride, spurn, scorn and mock at peace
And point at peace makers with a sneer

Vile men whoes ears are drunk on groans
Proud men whoes faces ignore shame
Of butchered brethen's bleaching bones
Erect the Babel Tow'r of Fame

Or borne by heaving sighs that waft
Far oer the darkly crimson flood
In Fortunes gilt gondola craft
Cruise on seas of fraternal blood

While orphans cry and widows wail
And death shrieks mid the countless slain
With Libertys loud deep toned knell
Form the discordant strain

All Hail! O Peace! thy blissful dawn
Thrice welcome to our blood washed shores
Grim visaged Wars wild horror gone
And hushed the battles demon roars.

O Peace! unfurl thy standard white
Entwine thy emblem round the sword
Begone, fierce murderous frenzied fight
To wild barbarian desert horde

To pruning hooks transform the spears
To plough shares mold the burnished blade
Return and spend the bright future years
Beneath the vine and figtrees shade

Beam brightly on! Hopes herald star!
Oh speed thou winged millenemal day

"But stand thou still"---red wheel of War
Thy fatal course forever stay

Burst not the ties of Love and Truth
Crush not to earth fair Freedoms form
Let Peace the rankling passions soothe
And Friendship blessed emotions warm

O Sun of peace, relume our clime
Robe battle fields with golden grain
Ye plumaged minstrels swell the chime
"Goodwill, Love, Peace and Union reign".

NOTE: There was no name or title on thos poem, but it is undoubtably one written by Samuel McCune Buchanan as the handwriting, ink color and paper are just like that of his other poems. Again he is involved in war, blood and death, probably because of the Civil War that was raging at the time.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

" Beneath the rule of man entirely great
The Pen is mightier than the Sword".

Go search the great inspired page
The holy heaven descended Word
And learn therefrom this solemn truth
"The Pen is mightier than the Sword".

One glitters in the path of Pride
And fratricidal blood has poured
Though boasting of its myriads slain
"The Pen is mightier than the Sword".

Thro one the fires of Genius glide
The philosophic page hath stored
Though brandished by Ambitious hand
"The Pen is mightier than the Sword".

Thro one bright shines the lamp of Love
Whose rays illumine the shrine of adored
The other barbs the fangs of Hate
"The Pen is mightier than the Sword".

Grim sprite of War on simoons borne
High oer the gory field hath soared
Tho gloatings oer its victims stark
"The Pen is mightier than the Sword".

The one indites the bond of Peace
Which countless blessings doth afford
And Calms the turbid waves of Strife
"The Pen is mightier than the Sword".

NOTE: This is a poem by Hackmetack (Samuel McCune Buchanan) again illustrating his feelings about death and the power of the pen. This one is dated Feb. 10, 1864, which is just a month before his own death on April 14, 1864. Possibly the great casualties of the Civil War and the death of soldier neighbors influenced his poems.
William K. Buchanan M.D.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

My heart, as pensively I tread
 Gives rise to feelings deep
In quiet city of the dead
 Where kin and stranger sleep
Each mossy slab and sculptured shaft
 A short, sad summary bears
That tells how blighting simooms waft
 Man from this vale of tears
The waving shrubs and tendriled vine
 Though shorn of their chaste bloom
Emblematize immortal mind
 That lives beyond the tomb
Perchance tis some ancestor old
 Or youthful playmate dear
Low mouldring neath these clods so cold
 That prompt this rising tear
Alike the hoary blossoming head
 And mortal rosebud sweet
At which the unerring arrow sped
 Now lies beneath our feet
The widow mourns with flooded eyes
 Her earthly stay and trust
And often here doth she baptize
 With tears his rever'd dust
The orphan too, with laden breast
 And stricken bleeding heart
With sorrowing step, this sward hath prest
 While tears of anguish start
Who sleeps beside that column fair
 Once stood on Sions hill
Jehovah's glory to declare
 On earth, peace and good will
Within yon marble's snowy bounds
 Lies form of soldier lad
Unmoved by battles clangring sounds
 In death's damp livery clad
Beneath this mound where myrtles climb
 And rustle mid the storm
Blighted in "glorious youthful prime"
 A lovely maidens form
And on this tablets stainless face
 Scarce tinged by winter sun
The mourners resignation trace
 Inscribed: "Thy will be done"
On every hand of those we read
 Who on the borders died
Of Lifes gay sunny flowery mead

Where rolls Deaths dashing tide
Untrimmed with oil of time or sense
Their lamp no longer burns
Unto that bourn they'r gone from whence
No traveller e'er returns
Thus Death of all fell terrors king
Stalks o'er this "broad green earth"
To graves strait portals all to bring
From dotage and from birth
In pall clad gloomy muffled bier
Slow drawn by sable span
To rest in dreamless slumber here
The fated sons of man
Vile crowding worms them feast upon
Grim jailer holds them fast
Till judgement mornings awful dawn
And the last trumpets blast.

NOTE: This is a poem written by Samuel McCune Buchanan who used the literary name of "Hachmetack". Several of his poems are of a morbid nature, possibly an omen of his own death at age 24. The writing is exceptional considering the schools of that age.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

A VISION (Hackmetack)

Low sank the gilded sun to rest
Emitting many a farewell ray
As lone and listless forth I strayed
To celebrate the close of day

The war of elements was oer
And hushed the wintry wailing blast
The storm kings fierce tempestuous march
Was numbered with the shody Past

A ray stole through the leafless wood
The herald of the pale faced Queen
Who came in rolling sil'vry car
Mid stars of purest ray serene

Along the glen the streamlet swept
So late from icy fetters freed
The timid hare and darkeyed mate
Gay gamboled o'er the loamy mead

Where distant forests bleak and brown
So grandly looming meet the sky
The owlet chants her chordless notes
And opes her light abhorring eye

The lowing herds and bleating flocks
The cattle on a rousand hills
Now homeward plod their various paths
Where herdsmen soon their clam'ring stills

Still onward musing slow I trod
With listless mien and careless pace
Oft paused the while to contemplate
Dame Nature in her rustic grace

Hard by my random devious course
An aged, gnarled isolated oak
Untouched by Time all lonely stood
Unscathed by vivid lightning stroke

Against its trunk and jagged rind
Pensive and wearily I leaned
Which years ago the dusky form
Of prowling savage warrior screened

When Lo! at stones cast from the tree
I saw a form quite stately stand
In "Pedagogic powers elate"

And wave a flexible birchen wand

On either hand in shapeless heap
Were well worn musty volumes rare
Blackstone, Purdon and Cappee lay
In scattered quaint confusion there

With consequential air he loomed
And aped a fine forensic style
Quoth he "My heart is adamant
Full proof 'gainst womans witching smile"

"Depart from me! Ye love sick dolts
Avaunt! Ye rhyming pining swains
I spurn your silly childish arts
I loathe your nauseating strains"

"My chief delight is in the law
Twill win for me a deathless name
And on this pile of volumes state
I'll rear the pillar of fair Fame"

"Soon I shall leave the dingy room
Where urchins backs I thresh full sore
And in the Court of Common Pleas
Astound the natives with my lore"

"Perchance in lofty Congress halls
I'll stand to swell the high debate
Or from the Presidential chair
May guide the glorious Ship of State"

Soliloquizing thus he stood
Meanwhile another form appeared
Her presence he feigned to ignore
Complacent stroked his newfledged beard

The strangerr Nymph was blithe and young
"Among the fair, the fairest seen"
Symbolic of her native State
Was crowned with wreath of Buckeyes green

Symmetric form and agile step
Enhanced her strange restless charms
"Conquering and to conquer" she
Went forth with Cupids burnished arms

The dauntless lawyer was amazed
He quailed before her syren looks
And with strategic haste and skill
Intrenched himself with mouldy books

His ricketty rampart she assailed
And bravely stormed with might and main
Pierced through his adamantive heart
And bound him safe with Hymen's chain

A gentle breeze winged o'er the lea
And shook the branches of the oak
While startled by the fancied scene
I from my reverie awoke!

Taylorstown Feb. 1st 1864

Miss Smyley:

In accordance with the promise made by me, I herewith send you one of the POETS effusions. He wished to rewrite but I was afraid he would forget, so excuse any imperfections. He possesses a vivid imagination, as you will see by this piece---he is almost prophetic.

Yours etc.etc. R. G. Barr

NOTE: This poem by Samuel McCune Buchanan was sent to an unknown Miss Smyley--- no doubt a Miss SMILEY as they were the only ones by that name in the area and were related to the Buchanans by marriage, Samuels Mother being Sarah Smiley. This poem seems to have been written about Robert Gailey Barr, a friend of Samuels who became a lawyer, and I believe did marry an Ohio (Buckeye) girl. R.G.Barr lived and practiced law in the Wheeling area, and was killed by a train while crossing the tracks at Martins Ferry after leaving court there.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

A REMINISCENCE

The second year of Shoddy's reign
To visit us our foes did feign
And so old Stewarts boys took a canter
As if the Keystone State to enter
At first this proved a false alarm
And, though menaced, we felt no harm
But flying tales and groundless fears
Dame Rumor brought to Shoddy's ears
Therefore he rose from Bacchus shrine
Where his soul soaked in best of wine
Alternately hiccupped and sneezed
As the Gubernatorial quill he seized
And thus to the brave militia wrote;
"The trumpet blows---meet where you vote
With loyal haste and organize
Ere three more suns roll oer these skies".
Then to his drunk bed he did reel
And in response to this appeal
Full ten times ten of Buffalos sons
With a noisy battery of great guns
Waged war of words great plenty warm
To take a --- house by storm.
The pedgogue first led the van
Impeached the loyalty of no man
But the pluck of some he did impeach
In short, he made a hefty speech
Of one long hour a lengthened quarter
He proved himself a real rip-snorter
To tell how he'd deal with our foes
The Unionslider next arose
Who of Old Buffalo was ashamed
At sympathizers well he aimed
"Death to all traitors", he procliamed
Like a second Hannibal, he seemed.
All cowards he denounced roundly
And Democrats berated soundly.
We next heard from the clerical cloth
To fight for peace he wasn't loth
He'd leave his flock without a fold
For a season cease the devil to scold
"And muster in the Guv'ment dress"
"For wrongs to see the stern redress"
He'd march straight to the battlefield
And ne'er to Vandal foe he'd yield
His sword would ever scorn the sheath
Defiant blend with his last breath
"I red ye weel take care o' skarth
Oh give me Liberty or death"

The house received this fierce bomb--ass--tick
With silence quite enthusiastic
The clerk did then a roll indite
Each homeguard brave his name did write
The organization thus complete
They all filed out into the street
Their loyal hearts with valor thrilled
In tactics rare were smartly drilled
Arrangements made recruits to seek
Adjourned sine die to meet next week.
Old Time sped on with tireless wing
Around th'appointed day did bring
On horse and foot o'er dusty roads
Keystone's defenders came in crowds.
They met upon a grassy spot
Hard by the Taylorstown depot
And neath the gaze of ladies fair
Were all formed in a hollow square
Important business to transact
For now was come the time to act.
A few were placed in nomination
To fill the Captain's lofty station
And by ballot--twas not by voice
Of a young M.D. made final choice
This honor was quite unexpected
But yet by him--twas not rejected
On Buffalo's beach he did parade them
And quite a speech he made them
They then were christened Buffalo Guards
The fertile theme of rising bards
To Smoketown two of them resorted
The company promptly reported
The rest of them soon adjourned
And to their peaceful homes returned
But the saddest part is yet to tell
Which this great enterprise befel
For though ne'er met by secesh raid
And nary rebel ever slayed
Though vigorously at home it stayed
Unscathed by hostile ball and blade
Of Skedaddling consumptions pain
This company did soon complain
This dire disease at once to heal
"Doc" sheathed his noncommissioned steel
With duly philanthropic zeal
To laws of physic did appeal
To find therein the "drop or pill"
That would most quickly cure or kill
For the "consarn" was wretched ill.
Despite his physic zeal and skill

The only patient e'er he had
Alarmingly grew worse from bad
All life's desires and hopes did lose
When greeted by election news
And learning that "Doc" mixed his ticket
Quite suddenly the bucket kicked.

NOTE: This poem by Samuel McCune Buchanan makes fun of the time when Stewart was raiding into Pennsylvania during the Civil War, and a militia was organized as a home guard locally. He ridicules several local citizens who tried to stir up the citizens with big speeches. Some of these people can be identified today by checking the county history books.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Brush Run Oct. 16th

Friend Sawhill,

I suppose you are beginning to think that I have forgotten you, but not yet. I have been away from home so much that I have not had time, but it will be all right when it does come. I have been at two fairs this fall. I was at Burgettstown fair. It was splendid. There was some pretty galls there and I had one of them. I was away one week. The town is about such as Taylorstown. Have you been at any fairs this fall? I was at the Washington Fair. It was the best I ever was at. John and I went on the Cars the first day. Henry Burns and Gaily took a load in the wagon. They had a good time. Joseph Brownlee is teaching at the old brick. He is getting along very well, I believe. We have not got any spellings started yet but expect to in a week or two. I am thrashing again with Neely. I am going to Robert Bighams place, He is going to take the woman or the woman take him on next Thursday. He is going to get a Miss Black, a cousin of Mr. John Brownlee. Perhaps you have seen her. We was thrashing at Joseph Hutchisons yesterday and today. I had a good time on Friday night. Rose Graham was there. I got Liz and Rose upstairs and the way I put them through was big. I got them down on the floor and if I did not feel their you know what, then tell me. I intend to put it through this fall. We will be at your house next week. John and I has not been at the red house any since. Meloy is still thriving. Margaret June is going to school. She needs a RAMMING, don't she? It is getting late and I must close. Write soon and give all the news.

Yours truly
J.J.Barr

NOTE: This letter was written to W. L. Sawhill by a neighbor boy, John Jackson Barr. Sawhill was away at West Minister College in New Wilmington, Pa. I do not know which year this was written but likely in the late 1850-'s. Gaily mentioned is Robert Gailey Barr, a brother of John J. Barr. When he says they went to the fair in Washington on the CARS, he means they took the railroad.
William K. Buchanan M.D.

Saturday Sept. 19th

Dear Friend,

I take this opportunity of informing you of the news of the times as I was out at home last Saturday and seen your folks at preaching at the school house. (Hair???Weir???) preached there. Meloy's was there and they was in clover to the ass as they carried the Bible that William bought for the old man. Joseph Brownlee is teaching there. He commenced on last Monday. Your folks are all well. I suppose that you heard of the marriage of Robert Currence and Mitchel Stewart. There is going to be a high school in town this winter. There is not much news in town at present. Oh, I forgot to tell you that I have got a gall at the seminary from West Alexandre. She is the best looking one there or at least I think so. There is a great many going to school at the seminary. You will have to excuse my pen or pencil but I thought that I could write the best with it, Write soon. Give my love to all the folks, the ladies in particular. Nothing more at present, but remain

Yours truly
James Barr

W.L.Sawhill

NOTE: This letter was written by James Barr to W.L.Sawhill, who was away at West Minister College in New Wilmington, Pa. They were neighbors and ran around together at home. James would be a brother of John Jackson and Sarah Jane Barr, who also wrote to Sawhill. The Meloy's were also neighbors and often the object of sarcasm by the others. James must be working in West Middletown as the seminary he speaks of was there. He may well have later married the "gall" from West Alexandre as one of the boys married a Rogers girl from there---if I recall correctly, it was Matthew, so maybe his name was James Mathew Barr. If so, both he and his wife are buried at West Alexander Cemetery.
William K. Buchanan M.D.

Nov. Chap. 2nd

This must be true I suppose for her Mother says so, & she knows. They have plenty of good things yet. We have had the coldest weather here in Nov. that ever I seen in that month. The cold has moderated some. Yet it freezes a great deal and rains. I saw your folks at the spelling. They were well. Your Aunt Jolly has been very ill and do not know whether she is any better. Old Mr. McCoy in Taylorstown was buried yesterday after a fews days illness with typhoid fever. This is a real bad time on the farmers. Trust you students won't know anything about that. I hope you are getting along well. I suppose you have some hard studying. I allow you are a pretty bad set for all that. The students are all a hard set, but I expect that you will all deny that charge. You had better come out to the meeting of Presbytery at North Buffalo the 3rd Tuesday of this month. Come and get some of the good dinner. Oh, it will be grand. Everyone is to contribute something. We have got Sabbath school started again. There was preaching at N.B. on Thanksgiving day. Folks are still getting married around this country. Mr. Tom Ralston was married to an Ill. lady some time ago. Mr. George Ralston is soon to be married to Miss Sallie Meloy according to reports. William R. Jamison is going to Duff's College Pitts. We have had great times making molasses this fall. Made a mill and then got the molasses manufactured. They are tolerable good according to my fancy. I am working away at home like a good girl though I think that going to school is the nicest. I expect that you have considerable fun up in Wilmington. Do you think that you will be home at little vacation? I reckon you will be home again June. Mr. William Grimes and his family have moved to the McRoberts farm. Robert Farrer went to Washington College at the commencement of the session. I hope that you will not be as long in answering this letter as I have been in answering yours. I promise not to be so tardy the next time and write 2 for 1 to pay up. I got a letter from Rebecca Burns a couple of weeks ago. I saw her at the spelling. She has been at school again. She is going to graduate and be a teacher. I have told you all news that I can think of. I guess maybe I have forgot some. If you can read this I think you will be good at.....But perhaps it will not be much worse than Greek. Please answer as soon as you can. The boys will write to you. What is here send their best wishes to you and asked to be remembered. I will cose wishing all all success and happiness to you and remain as ever your sincere friend.

Sallie J. Barr

NOTE: This is the second page of a letter written by Srah Jane Barr to W. L. Sawhill, who was away at West Minister College. The first page is missing.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

West Middletown
Nov. the 21, 1857

Dear Friend I received your welcom letter this morning. I was glad to hear from one so dear. I am now sick with the cold. I ain't working any. I had thought that you had forgot me when you got so far away. I have seen your brother John in town two or three times with aples (apples). He says that Meloys is as sharp as ever. There was a spree at your brothers and Sweet William---he danced like a lame dog. He carried one leg. John danced with Marg or Mudgy Eye. There is a going to be a spree at Crafts soon and I am going out to it. Henry Burns took A.E.Woodburn home from Williams spree. Well I suppose that you want to know how the Meloy family is. Well they are all well. Sally b.s. to death bro Joseph. Mister Meloy was in and got a bedstead one day. Sally says that she has so much to eat that she has to do her business 3 times a day. Well, William Jones is found guilty of the murder of S.H.White. Well, I must stop for I am getting sick. Forgive my bad writing but it is the best that I can do at the present.

J.J.Barr

NOTE: This letter was written by John Jackson Barr to W. L. Sawhill, who was away at West Minister College at New Wilmington, Pa. The date is so early and Johns writing so poor that I suspect this might be the freshman year for Sawhill, and that they were just out of whatever schooling they had been able to acquire at home. The Barr and Sawhill families were neighbors, as were the Meloys mentioned in the letter.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Brush Run February 20th 1858

My friend and Schoolmate, as this is a snowy day I thought I would write you a few lines and let you hear some of the news on the ridge. We are all well at present and hope that you are enjoying the same. We have splendid sleighing here at present. It has snowed and rained all day today. I suppose you have a splendid time sleighing with the galls (girls). Sarah Jane and I and your folks went up to the Rev. Mr. Gibsons but did not find them at home on last Wednesday evening. We are going to have a spelling on the ridge tonight. I expect it to be a fizzle. Smith is such a poor jack that we can have nothing this winter. We had a debate or tryed to have one last night but it turned out like some of them did last winter. We had one about three weeks ago among the boys. The question was whether the hen that lays the egg or the one that hatched it is the mother of the chick. We invited Jo. Meloy to debate and he got mad and said if it was a question that had any sense in it he would. I went with Neely and Bigham threshing. We had some big times. Ross and Reed was along. I had some big fun with Ross. Their has been very few parties this winter and what few was poor things. Samuel Donaldson started for the west last Monday week. He will have a cool trip. He will think that he is out from harm. Mary Donaldson things that she will never see him again. You know how she takes such things hard. We sold our gray to Webster French. William Gregg and Jane was at our house last knight. Jane said that they had a couple of open sows, as she calls them, running about, a He fellow with them. She said that they could not be very breedy for they were not with pig yet. Margaret Meloy is running about like an open sow after the boys. She thinks she is someone. Old Sally Meloy says that they have that much to eat this fall and winter that she has had to do her job three times a day and pappy twice. And she says that they have as good a cow as ever took the bull. They have a plenty time. Rebecca Burns is going to the seminary this winter. I have not saw her lately. Nothing more at present. Excuse all bad spelling and writing.

John J. Barr

NOTE: This letter written by John Jackson Barr to W.L.Sawhill who was away at West Minister College at New Wilmington, Pa. They were neighbors in Washington County, Pa. Sarah Jane is Sarah Jane Barr, Johns sister who later marreid J. Mahaffey. Spellings, debates and sings were the main entertainments in those days, as well as the frequent sprees (parties) at homes. Samuel Donaldson also lived in that vicinity and had just left for Illinois with a group of neighborhody youths, including James Smiley Buchanan and Simeon Webster French (to whom they sold the gray horse). According to this letter, this group must have left on or about February 15, 1858. Sam Donaldson didn't fit in and returned home later on, as was mentioned in letters from both James Smiley Buchanan and S. W. French. It is possible that Sam Donaldson was a son of (Mary) Jane Buchanan Donaldson, daughter of John and Jane Foster Buchanan, but I have no proof of that.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Turkey Ridge May 23rd 1858

Friend Sawhill,

I received your kind epistle and was glad to hear from you and glad to hear that you are getting along well with your studies and the Ladies.. I am glad to hear that you are pitching in to the galls for it is a good thing to do. O, but I wish I was their. I would press some of their calicoes. John and I have not been over the ridge lately. Have not saw any of them since. John thinks he had a hard egg that knight. It is a very dry time here. Nothing going on. They have it going now that John and I are going to take the woman. They say we are going to get the Miss Grahams. Their is two weddings coming off this week. Mr Grimes Allison to Miss Mary Rodgers, allof Washington Co.,Pa. And a Mr. Somebody from Indiana to Miss Nancy Flack. And Mr. Abraham Hair was married last Tuesday to Miss Forsythe of Virginia. And they say Maxwell and Hanna is going to float out on the matrimonial sea some day. Won't their be some screaming of beds? I suppose you would like to hear how Meloys is getting along. Old Sally is on her forked end, yet she says her girls shant wear hoops. She says it look like some Marred Woman. Not much danger of them been spread out that way soon, do you think? Billy Meloy gets up five or six times in a knight to watch his mare colting. Hard on him, ain't it? Rebecca Cook hs fulfilled the scripture. She had a babe. Well we are not done planting corn yet. Their has been so much rain that people could not get the ground dry enough. I have been working at Donaldsons. Had a very good time their. We was down at your house last week. Elen Mehaffey went along. She is a snorter. Mr. David Birch of Washington was poisoned on last Thursday. He went to the drug store for Quinine and in a mistake they gave him strychnine. He died immediately. I believe I have told you all the news. Excuse bad spelling and writing. Write often and let me hear all the news. Yours respectfully. Goodby.

J. Barr

NOTE: This letter was evidentially written by James Barr as he mentions John in it. It is written to W. L. Sawhill away at West Minister College.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Home June 7th 1858

Respected and absent friend, after a long silence I resume my poor pen to scribble a little news to you. First then, we are all well at present and sincerely hope that you are similarly blessed. I have enjoyed myself noticeably since I saw you. I have been working Oh so hard. Have you any wet weather at Wilmington if you have not, I think we will have to endeavor to send you up a few wet days and nights. I have never seen so much rain in the same time in my life. Some of the folks won't get their corn planted. Some are working corn, others beginning to plow the ground before planting. Our folks have been done some time. Your folks were well yesterday. I saw Elizabeth and John at Church, also (Jacky??, Ficky???, Dicky???) Donaldsons. He came to your fathers Saturday night. Our Bible Class exercises were resumed yesterday. Are you a United States Presbyterian? John Buchanan says that he is one. They have closed the lines at last and made one fence enclose the whole. What think you of this important proceeding? I suppose you have concluded ere this that your name is blotted from "memories pages". Not so, let me assure you that it was from no want on my part of friendship or respect to you that so long a time has elapsed since writing. But a variety of circumstances (trifling in themselves) combined and prevented me from writing. Have you taken the marrying fever yet up there? The folks have here. I seen a young couple yesterday appearing at N.B. for the first time as man and wife. You perhaps have heard of their marriage---Mr. Grimes Allison & wife Mary Rogers. How fine they looked, and Oh dear how happy looking. But I must tell you, that girl so good at Schottishing is no more a Bane to society---but has become a Miller. They got lots of serenading. I fancied that John looked kind of sorry for a day or two, but I think he is recovering as fast as could be expected. Miss Nannie Flack was married week before last to some gentleman of Indiana and is gone. Rev. John Jamison brought home his lady last Thursday---formerly a Miss Yates. This is all that I am aware of that we are acquainted with, though many more are talked about. I am not gone nor have I any thoughts of such things. Some of the folks about Taylorstown have been killing on a small scale. Mr. M. Ficky fell from Mr. Donehoo barn and was severely injured. So much that some persons despair of his life. Mr. A. Hair was badly hurt in the wheel of his mill some time ago. I have forgot the rest who are hurt and how. There is going to be a squirrel hunt next Saturday with some of the Middletown boys. You had better come down, shoot well and win your supper. I am not teaching school this summer as I had anticipated some time ago. I applied for the school in Thomas Grimes district & in a reality got the school but it was so small that I fancied it would not pay me very well. I did not apply for any other. I should have liked very much to have been there. I would have boarded at Thomas Grimes. I perhaps shall look for one after harvest. Have you been at as great a singing as that one at the White S.H. (White School House)? There is to be a great exhibition at the new S.H. on the valley towards Washington next Tuesday evening. I went to Washington the day that you started and was examined the next day by Mr. I. H. Longdon. 24 besides myself were examined. Mr. D. T. Lowary assisted with the examination. I was pretty well pleased. Meloy's are flourishing finely. I had not seen any of them for a long time until Friday eve. Sweet William, the loveliest flower of the garden, blessed us with his most delightful company. They went to Washington one day and, Oh dear, but they did get a good wetting. All three of the girls have got silk bonnets. Won't they shine? And a new wagon. I am afraid they will be too fine. I have not heard much about them of late. I have not heard of any parties going soon to be. Our sister Mattie is talking of making an album quilt and having the party after harvest. I think that will be nice. If you had stayed one night longer, we would have had a little

one at Mr. Mehaffey's. I don't know where I will mail this letter yet but when you write, direct either to Middletown or Taylorstown. How are you flourishing? I should like very much to hear you recite a few lessons. I do hope you are progressing rapidly in your studies and enjoying good health. We are old schoolmates and acquaintances and often my mind reverts back to our pleasant intercourse whether as meeting as schoolmates or in little scenes of gaiety. I wish you to answer this soon and excuse my long neglect of you. I hope to see you soon. Excuse all mistakes. Give my love to all enquirers & keep some for yourself. With all good wishes for your prosperity and happiness, I must bid goodby and remain as ever your true friend.

Sarah J. Barr

(Around the edges and bottom of this letter was written)

Mr. W.L.Sawhill Well Larimore I thought being as this was not filled up, I would write a few lines in it. Well, I feel very much down. Do you know the reason why? I suppose not. Well, I will tell you. That big gall of mine is gone. Her and Mr. Isaac Miller has pist themselves. A bad job that for me but it will learn me a lesson. There is nothing going on here. We will try and have some again you come home. I hope you are still carrying on with the ladies yet. Have you got into the parlor anymore since? I hope you have for it is a good place to be. It still continues to rain every day. We have had some big floods. People are not done ploughing yet. It is time, isn't it? I have not been up the creek or over the ridge since you was home, but I have been some place else. I won't tell you now. Oh, but I wish I was in your town one week. I would put some of them through. Well, I must stop, my paper has run ashore. I wish you health and success with your studies. Give my love to all inquiring and keep a portion for yourself. PS Excuse all mistakes except this from your friend.

J.J.Barr

NOTE: A long letter from Sarah Jane Barr to W.L. Sawhill at West Minister College, around the bottom and edges of which her brother John Jackson Barr has added his own note. The John Buchanan mentioned is John Foster Buchanan of Taylorstown. N.B. is North Buffalo Church, which they all attended. In most of their letters they poke some kind of fun at the their neighbors, the Meloy's, for some reason. This is the first I knew that Sarah Jane Barr taught school, indicating that she must have had more schooling than her brothers.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

January 28th 1859 The Old Log Pile

Respected friend, I embrace the present opportunity to answer your letter. We are well now and trying to do as well as we can. There is not much going round here a recital of which would interest you. We had singings all winter till within a few weeks, now they have ceased. I heard that you were out in O (Ohio?) and at a wedding. Had you a pleasant time? Did you see any pretty ladies? And how many were there? You will think that I am quite inquisitive, I fear. Have you any sleighing up there? We have none here. If the ground had been frozen when it snowed we might have had some. All this week has been such beautiful weather excepting part of yesterday and last night. It rained, but has cleared up today and looks like spring. All the folks round here nearby have had the Scarlet Rash, I think is what they call it. With cold it is a right ugly disease. Wallace is recovering slowly. There has been great alarm about West Middletown on the account of a case of variloid---Rev. Albertson. I believe no one has taken the smallpox, though it has been reported that my brother James has. I think no one likely will take them. I have had to stop writing to get dinner but now can proceed. Have you any parties in Wilmington? I have been at very few this winter. Only one since the one at your fathers. I was at a small one at Mr. John Brownlees. What are you studying? Though I need hardly ask you, perhaps if I heard I would not know. There will be a communion at North Buffalo on Sabbath week. Rev. McGill is to assist. We are to have a kind of revival meeting next Wednesday. Did you hear of John Hodgens and Maggie M. being married? Galy is going to school to one of your students, you know who. He has a tolerable large school. I scarcely know what to write about, news is so scarce with me. Mother has gone today to see one of Benjamin Bartlesons girls that got scalded on the feet a few days ago. We have had a very changeable winter. So much rain. The roads mostly have been bad. I am not going to school but at home working like a good girl. Friend Meloy and Greggs are getting along about as usual as far as I know. John Gregg and Meloy young folks are going next fall to Ohio on a pleasure tour. Won't they have a nice time? I think John and Elizabeth were over here last week. I don't want you to be so long in answering this letter as I have been with yours. I know that you have more time than me to write, besides more in practice. I hope that you may be excelling in all your studies. To hear of your prosperity and good health at all times will be a source of pleasure to me. Hoping that you will write soon and excuse the many mistakes in this, I remain as your friend

Sallie J. Barr

W.L.Sawhill

The boys wish you to remember them and write to them soon.

NOTE: This letter written by Sarah Jane Barr to W.L.Sawhill at West Minister College.
William K. Buchanan M.D.

Brush Run Jan. 28th 1859

Friend Hugh,

I thought if you did not answer me I would write once more and maybe you might answer me. I have not heard from you for so long. How are you getting along? I suppose you are getting along with the fair sex. That is all right. I have been attending some singings this winter. We had one for awhile at the old brick but it was broke up. We had some very good ones, the last one the best. Their is one at Taylorstown. They have a splendid school. I have been at some parties this winter. Was at one at James Williams a couple weeks ago. It was good. Had a fiddle their. Danced altogether. I was at one at Samuel Brownlees and one at Johns. It is rather dry here this winter. Is their many going to school this winter? Meloys are still on the old battle ground. Billy is very quiet this winter. Margaret is hopping around like a half sled. Mary Ann you never see. I suppose you heard about Greggs getting Cabbaged one night of a singing at Haws School House. I am one that is blamed for it. You would have laughed if you had been there. They shot and swore. Bil swore some of the loudest oaths. I was at your house on last night. They were all well. Nothing more at present. Answer soon and tell me all the news.

Yours J.J.Barr

(Continuing in the same letter)

Dear Friend I take up my pen to write a few lines to you. I had almost forgotten it. I am well at present and hope that you are enjoying the same blessing. I am at home this evening. Well, there is not much news at present. I have been at about 7 parties this winter and have had a good time. The band played every night. There is any amount of music here. There has been one case of veraloid in town. There has no more taken it yet. There is to be a concert at the semanary on Friday night. There was one about a month ago and the boys got leave to talk to the ladies. You should have seen me pitch in. It would have scared you. I got to talk to one of the prettiest ones at the hill. I want you to tell me who you pitch into. Don't you do as I have done, forget to write for so long. There is not much news here at present. There is a great feaver here about Kansas. There will be a great crowd go from here but I have not got the feaver yet. I have got over the cold a few days ago. I had a bad turn of it. I was in bed for some time. Write soon and give all the news. Nothing more at present.

Yours truly
James Barr

NOTE: This is a letter that both John and James Barr wrote part of, but I have no idea who Hugh might be. Obviously he must have been a neighbor boy they knew quite well. Nor do I know whre Hugh was or what he was doing. "Getting Cabbaged" was still being done in the 1930's when I was a kid. It consisted of pulling up the heads of cabbage in some ones garden and pelting their front door and porch with them. The last one we did that to was Lynn Blayney of Main Street in Claysville, who was thereafter known by all the kids as CABBAGE HEAD BLAYNEY.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

Turkey Ridge Feb. 26th 1859

Friend Sawhill

I received your kind letter and was very glad to hear from you. I have been well with the exception of a very bad cold, but that is common here. We had a very fine snow here but it is almost gone. I might say we have had no sleighing this winter. I went to preaching one day in the sled. Well, how are you making it among the fair sex? You will make it alright I suppose. That is the way I am trying to do. I am making it pay as well as I can and the best can do no more. I have been away four nights this week. That is going it strong, is it not? Oh, but I wish you was here. We would have some good times. I suppose you heard about the game of poker that was played at the old brick. It was a strong game, was it not? Brownlee is a perfect calfs ass, that is all I have to say. Ain't I about right? I suppose you have heard all about it so that I need not go into particulars. Did you hear about Edward Rooses death? He fell dead off his horse coming from Taylorstown. Its supposed he died with an overflow of blood to the head. When do you expect to be home? I would like very much to see you. Have you got any valentines this winter? I got three. I have nothing more of any importance. Excuse all mistakes. Write often. I like to hear from you. Nothing more but remain your friend

John J. Barr

P.S. What do you think of the picture?

NOTE: This letter written by John Jackson Barr to W.L.Sawhill, who was away at West Minister College in New Wilmington, Pa. I believe the Brownlee mentioned may have been a local school teacher, possibly Joseph Brownlee.

William K. Buchanan M.D.

West Middletown June 4rth 1859

Respected Friend,

I sit down to answer your kindly received letter that came to home some time ago. Well, I am well at present and hope that you are enjoying the same blessing. Well this is a great place at the present. There is about 132 going to the normal school here at present. There is some of the greenest folks going you ever saw. They are too green to eat. I saw your father yesterday. He was in town with the wagon. I did not get to speak to him. The band is to give a concert at the seminary on the 8th of this month.. There will be a great crowd there. There is a lecture in town every night. The normal school is out on this day week. Then it will be a dry time here. I was down on the Dutch Fork some time ago at my sisters. It is one of the greatest places that I ever saw. I was at Stoolfire Church. It isa great place. I am going to leave this town the first of July for a better place. I suppose that I will be gone before you get back. Well, there is not much more for me to write. There is some of the prettiest ladies here now that you ever saw. Monday evening I sat down to finish my letter in very bad hart. There has been a frost on Saturday night. The farmers say that it has killed all the fruit. I hope not. The band has been playing all day. Well I must stop as it is getting late. The boss says that if the wheat is killed that he cannot keep me any longer. Write soon.

Yours truly
James Barr

James Barr
W.L.Sawhill

NOTE: This letter written by James Barr to W.Larimore Sawhill who wasay at West Minister College in New Wilmington, Pa. The two were neighbors and friends. Since he says he has been down at Dutch Fork visiting his sister, she must now be married to J.Mahaffey and living on the Mahaffey farm there. There was a Mahaffey farm halfway down the hill into Dutch Fork on the south side of the road, which may be where they lived. This sister would be Sarah Jane Barr, who also corresponded with Sawhill. Evidently James Barr was working for a farmer or at a mill since his job depended on the wheat not being killed by the frost. There was both a normal school and seminary in West Middletown, both of which had many students.

William K. Buchanan M.D.