

114

M Nesmith Aug 28th 1852

Dear Bush,

I am sitting upon one side of the counter and Nes on the other. He is writing to you and, 'twere useless to add that I am similarly engaged. I suspect him of a premeditated and deliberate design of misleading your trusting youth upon some matters of fact, and take this means of administering an antidote.

I came up here last night to prepare for the defence of Wimple, and as I roade lasily along the tedious road I busied myself rounding a period or blocking out a peroration for the coming speech. But so far it has all been a waste of thought, "The nest was warm but the bird had flown." It appears that he was left in charge of an old countryman of Nesmith's from the north of Ireland, who got up in the night to make some "hot stuff" for the prisoner, who complained of a griping in the abdomen. Whilst the "Shamrock" was out striking a light, the prisoner who it seems was prepared, slipped the "vile shackles" from his pedal extremities and silently decamped and has not been heard of since. This happened on Thursday night. I shall remain until Monday and see if he is found.

Fred is going down to superintend the accouchment of a couple of political essays, that he has just prepared for the press. You have had the good fortune to be chosen as the medium for one, and Peter for the other. He submitted them to Nes who pronounced them perfect.

Your friend

M. P. Deady

Mr. Smith Aug 28th 1832

Dear Bush,

I am sitting upon one side of the counter and Ned on the other. He is writing to your aunt, & I wish to add that I am similarly engaged. I suspect him of a premeditated and deliberate design of misleading your trusting youth upon some matters of fact, and take this means of administering an antidote.

I came up here last night to prepare for the defence of Umply, and as I rode lazily along the tedious ^{road} I had busied myself rounding a period or blocking out a peroration for the coming speech. But so far it has all been a waste of thought, "The nest was warm but the bird had flown." It appears that he was left in charge of an old countryman of Newmills from the North of Ireland, who got up in the night to make some "hot stuff" for the prisoner, who complains of a griping in the abdomen. Whilst the "Shamrock" was out striking a light, the prisoner who it seemed was prepared, slipped the vile shackles from his pedal extremities and silently decamped and has not been heard of since. This happened on Thursday night. I shall remain until Monday and see if he is found.

Fred is going ^{down} to superintend the execution out of a course of political

essays, but he has just prepared for the press. You have had the good fortune to be chosen as the medium for one, and Foster for the other. He submitted them to Ned who pronounced them perfect.

Your friend
W. D. Steady