

At Home Oct 23d 1854

Dear Bush

I am sorry to find that you took offence at my quotation from the letter of "your friend". If I had thought you would have treated it otherwise than as a mere "bit of fun" on my part, I would have omitted it "entirely". Permit me now that you have entered upon a new relation in life to admonish you against letting "your angry passions rise". If the temper you have displayed in your last is a fair specimen of the disposition you intend to exhibit around the domestic hearth, I tremble for the future peace and happiness of Madam B.... She will have need of all the "sympathies" you have so untimely proffered to one who I am happy to say is perfectly indifferent to them.

You are much mistaken when you insinuatethat the quotation is fictitious. It is from a friend of yours in the Wallamette, and I have the original in black and white. I leave that kind of finesse to the creative genius of your plotting counterpart "Rover".

I find upon reflection that the "remarkable coincidence" which you have discovered in the misfortunes of your friends Judge T-- and Genl L-- could very truthfully have been extended a little further. It is said that it was an "Irishman" that inflicted the "foul blow" at Mrs B's in San Fran. "What a fall was there my countrymen".

Your S---t- house rhapsodies over the article in the Umpqua Gazette are to me unintelligible. From all I can gather it is a little uncertain whether it was the Editor or the "article" that was "blurred" by the "crouching" operation you so elegantly describe.

You want to know what Pratt thinks of you. He used to think you were "tolerable at newspaper squibs" and persimmon articles" perhaps he does yet. When next I see him I'll enquire.

Your friend

Deady

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You are much mistaken when you insinuate that the quotation is fictitious. It is from a friend of yours in the U.S.A. and I have the original in black and white. I leave that kind of finery to the creative genius of your plotting counterpart "Plover."

I find upon reflection that the "remarkable coincidence" which you have discovered in the misfortunes of your friends Judge P. and Genl L. could very truthfully have

have been extended a little further. It is said that it was an "Irishman" that inflicted the "foul blow" at Mr B's in San Fran. "What a fall was there my Countrymen."

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You want to know what Pratt thinks of you. He used to think you were "tolerable at Newspaper squibs," <sup>and, perhaps, in some articles</sup> perhaps he does yet. When next I see him I'll enquire.

Your friend  
Deady