

Fragment of letter.

Portland March 13th 1863

Dear Bush

I see by the last Statesman that you have let go your hold upon the Old jade again but suppose that weather and Providence permitting, you will take her in hand again before the next Presidential melee. Just now, my purse is trash, which makes me poor indeed, I am prohibited from turning a penny as an attorney, and am afraid that I have forgotten the welding art; and this leads me to suggest to you whether an arrangement could be made with the Statesman, to write an occasional article, nor correspondence, for pay. The Statesman and have always had our individual crotchets, and probably always will, in which we do not agree. I am not poor enough yet, and dont believe I will be to write anything I dont believe. But there are many subjects of general interest, that we have agreed upon, and may continue to, about which I might write. Besides a little variety might spice her dish. Think of this, and write me.

Enclosed I send you a Bulletin correspondent for the Statesman if you choose. If not please return it.

I showed it to Ben Simpson and told him that I would send it you. He seemed to enjoy it and wondered where it came from. Judge W- you know is him who you know is him who you call Peel-head. Dont fill up the blank

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