

Boston June 28, 1852

Dear Bradburn,

I have been wishing for a long time that I could either have a letter from you, or that I had something worth writing to you. It seems quite hopeless to expect the former—and the chance of your getting any thing from me, that is worth the writing, is nearly equally hopeless. But I must say something, else I fear all acquaintance between us will cease.

I presume you are quite as devout as myself in your thanksgivings that Webster, Fillimore, Cass[?], and Buchanan have, politically speaking, gone to their long homes [?]. If you cannot see the finger of Providence in such a dispensation as that, you must be decidedly atheistical. Before receiving this, you will have seen old Daniel's melancholy speech to the _____ delegation to the Baltimore convention. It is pitiful indeed. It evidently comes from a broken, if not a contrite, spirit. It would seem from his speech that they had told him that ninety six of the Fillimore votes would have been given to him, if that could have given him the nomination. He regrets that they were not given him, that it might appear "on the record" that the South thus appreciated him. But, inasmuch as "the record" shows nothing of their willingness to give him any votes, he says, "I suppose (I think these are his words), I shall be compelled to submit quietly to this apparent reflection upon my public life." If this be not confessing that he sold himself to the south for a negro catcher for the sake of the presidency, and that he has been utterly disappointed in not getting his pay, I know not what language, decent for a man in his situation to use, could convey such a meaning. And if it be not the most humiliating confession that any illustrations man ever made "in the tide of time" I am mistaken. All the bitterness, and all the shame, and all the hopelessness, of an unprincipled, degraded, and everlastingly disappointed ambition are confessed before the whole world in those few words. And the terms of the confession imply that he is aware that the damned spot will stick to his name as long as history shall preserve the latter from oblivion. I think now the world ought to forgive him. Until now I have thought that although, as queen Elizabeth said, God might forgive him, man never should. He will probably give the rest of his days to penitence and brandy. I do not believe he will live two years—perhaps not one. I heard him or rather say him, (for his voice was so feeble, he could not be heard), in Fanueil Hall a few weeks ago. Physically he seemed like a mere wreck, although his speech read well enough. He seemed hardly to have strength to stand or speak, and, as I said, could not be heard, I think, at ten feet distance.

I hope now that Scott may be defeated. That will burst up the Whig Party everlastingly and forever, and the Sewards, and Greelys, and Schawers, who profess liberty, and work for slavery, will then find that occupation at least gone, and the world will be rid of the nuisances of such politic scoundrels. As for the Democrats, victory can hardly make them any worse than they are, although I think there must be large numbers in some of the states too fine to follow such wretches as vanBurren, Stanton, etc. in their last plunge into the mire. I hope Rantoul[?] will stand out—and I cannot but think he has enough either of sagacity, decency, or principle, to do so. If he should I presume they will make him either Governor or Senator.

I am still at work on my book. It grows slowly in size, but I think not slowly in value. A hundred and fifty pages have been stereotyped. And Mr. Sewall, John Browne, and Robert P. Apthorp [?] have given it such commendations as induced Mr. Marsh to furnish me the means to enlarge it much beyond my original intentions—though I hardly think I shall be able to put into it all I would like to.

The Hildreth's are well. Dr. Hoyt's practice increases slowly, but I think he will succeed—his wife is still in Athol. Hittridge seems to be pro___ famously—has his house full of patients. I do not know what Wright is doing, since he left the Commonwealth. I am sorry for him, although I do not know that he wants sympathy. I presume he will find some way of living until after election, when I presume he will be wanted again as an editor, either of the Commonwealth, or some other paper. Hildreth attended Wright's trial, and said that Wright argued the law points much better than Hale and Dana.

I do not know where Miss Hinckley is just now—it is not long since I saw her—I know not how she is provided for.

I sent you a Commonwealth the other day containing Sewall's speech—thinking it possible you might find room for a part of it.

Give my love to Mrs. Bradburn—tell her I have been hoping for a long time that I should have something to thank her for. Tell her also that a few weeks ago I saw a lady who resembled her so much that I should have supposed her to be her sister, if I had known of her having a sister in this vicinity—and that I half fell in love with in spite of her "eyes"—

I shall depend upon having a letter fro one or the other of you soon.

Yours truly

L. Spooner