

Boston March 9, 1849

Dear Bradburn,

Burnham[?] has a copy of Milton's "Christian Doctrine," in two vols.-at \$1.50 for the two. It has one chapter only about marriage-Whether this chapter is embraced in the copies you have, I know not-I hardly think it is.

This is the only thing Burnham has, except another copy like that you bought-I know not where else to look for any thing of the kind. If you wish me to inquire at any other place, please name it, and I will do so.

I have hastily read your article in yesterday's paper. It has some hard hits, but I confess I do not like it so well as your first. It is too long, and yet it leaves the work half done. There are some points in it that would admit of much amplification, as it seems to me. I think if you had taken it a little more coolly, and given him one or two columns a week, for six or eight weeks, or until the "subject" was literally "dissected," you would have made the villain writhe before you were done with him. Perhaps it is not too late to do it yet.

I know not why you send me Smith's letter, unless it be for what he says in regard to "drawing me out" on the "Amendments."

My answer is that if he or any body else expects to "draw out" of me[?] gratis an argument, for which I ought to be paid \$100, or \$200, more or less, he will probably find himself mistaken. I have got over all greenness[?] on that subject, I trust. I have learned that a man must eat to live. I know too that I have given the Abolitionists nearly every valuable idea they have had for years. They have not given me bread in return. I am now literally a beggar-almost a "common beggar." If they want any more of my ideas, they must help me live. If they would have promoted, as they might, the sale of my books, or if they would have furnished me means to live and finish and publish the rest of my argument, and taken the copyright as security for their pay when it was done, I would have made no complaint. I would even have been thankful for such aid. But instead of this, they can squander thousands on men who will give them no ideas, and who have no ideas except what they steal from me. And when they want more ideas, they come to me, with all the innocence imaginable, and expect I shall stay my stomach with ships while I furnish them with ideas gratis. I'll see 'em damned first.

I have not forgotten the money Smith has given me. But neither have I forgotten that he told me I had given him in return more than his money's worth. And I have sense enough to know that that opinion

is correct and would have been if he had given me ten times as much. Nevertheless, I want no more of Smith's money, if he has any better use for it—or if he would use his influence to sell my books, or to induce others to give me the means of living whilst I finish my argument. If he will do nothing of this, but will persist in going on, making admissions in favor of slavery, (as he did in his letter to Chase, and as he does virtually in his Buffalo address), in the face of my argument—and then, when he finds himself cornered[?], come to me and expect I shall write a laborious argument, and help him out of the scrape, gratis, I think I shall not do it on an empty stomach.

I have never said so much to any one else—and I would of course say these things only to one who I know is a friend of Smith, and will not misunderstand what I mean. I do not suppose that Smith intends any thing wrong, or dreams of doing any thing wrong. But the trouble with him and others is, that they think ideas do not cost labor—that they come to a man when his mind is engrossed by other matters—and that a man should attend to business for a living, and get his ideas by intuitions, instead of study. When they get any ideas that are ideas, in that way, they may be pardoned for thinking that I can do the same.

You ask me what I am doing? A week ago I had almost fully made up my mind to go and learn to bottom coarse shoes, thinking I could at least get bread for that, as I cannot for anything in my time[?]. I thought I had taxed the kindness of my friends long enough in the fruitless effort to live by what I feel to be my legitimate labor. But Mr. Sewall and two or three others wished me to persevere in this matter of the post office subscription—thinking it would come to something. Of course they had to furnish me money to live on while doing so. Whether it will come to any thing is uncertain. One day I have hopes, the next I am desperate, or nearly so.

Yours truly,

L. Spooner

P.S. Since writing this letter, I have read your article on Garrison a second time, and like it better than I did at the first reading. It is cabital[?], but I hope nevertheless, you have "a few more left of the same sort."

Boston Novr 2, 49

Dear Bradburn,

I shall be in the city until Monday—perhaps a day or two longer. I should be very glad to see you here. I would go to Lynn if it were convenient.

Yours truly,

L. Spooner