

Cleveland, December 1.

Dear Mr. Spooner:

I have so many times heard this exclamation—from my other half —“How I wish I had time to write Spooner!” that I have determined today, to make a record of it, for your benefit. Not that I believe there is need of occupying a moment's time to convince you of his or our continued regard & remembrance. Why do you not wish to _____, & tell us where you are, what you are doing, & how you are. George always looks so well pleased when he gets a letter from you. I shall begin to think you were quite sincere in saying you did not care much if we were going to Ohio. And I believe I am somewhat under your law [?], for refusing to persuade George to accept of the Chicago proposition. I was not wholey [sic] selfish however in this matter. And the result proves that my womanly intuitions were more correct than some manly judgments. No one can possibly be more _____ than myself to have George occupy a position in which he could “speak and—” as well as act out his peculiar views. But I know, in order to speak, he must call—[?] And heretofore, all his labors have been rewarded by “sloves[?],” rather than bread. Very few have the courage, like yourself, to become martyrs, to their love of reform. While I admire such generous remuneration of self, I cannot “buckle on the armor,” for my other self.

I think George is accomplishing grace here; and he is certainly happier & in better health than I have known him to be, for years. As usual, he does _____ himself, & works unremittingly, night & day. By & by, he hopes for more leisure & _____ to write to his friends. Locally, his position here is very pleasant to him; he has the constant companionship of gifted & cultivated men—and women---

I have seen less of _____ than he has, because I have been unable, _____ ill health and sorrow to go _____, for the last [?] 3 months.

And while I think of it, I must not forget to correct a statement I made to you in relation to the daughter of Quu Mood [?], who married George Meceier [?]. It was Augustus Meceier's [?] wife, who was the subject of scandal. Soon after coming here, I learned this. I told George I must explain it to you.

Enclosed is an article written by George, which you will please hand to Mrs. Hildreth [?] when you see her. I cannot write, or talk to any one of this. Mrs. De. Proce [?] now clear to me was his sister. I have been hoping to hear from her for some time. Give her much love from me, & this [?] dear little Anthea [?] for me when you

see him, & and the baby too,---if it is named George Bradherse [?]. How much I do miss dear Mrs. H's companionship! There are few that write with genius so loving a heart & so large sympathies. And Mrs. Hinkley! [?] Do you know any thing of her? And where would a letter find her? Give our love to her, if she is in Boston, & ask her to write me

O, I have heard Jenny Lind! [?] She is indeed wonderful, as an artist & a woman. I have no knowledge of music as science. But her voice & her presence spoke to all that was great, good & loving within me.

How I wish your _____ came in, to pass an eving often with us. It would give George fresh life & strength. He cares you [?] more than he ever expresses to you, by word or letter--. And since you love him some you must necessarily feel some little regard for his other-I will not say better-half.

I have written this without G's knowledge or suggestion. But I shall hand it to him & if he doesn't [?] feel as _____ to send so poor an equivalent for a letter from himself, I shall venture to mail it to you.

Most Cordially,

Your friend,

Frances H. Bradburn [?]