

Accession No. M1981-1010
Bruce Collection
Box 4, Folder 93

[Letter from Pauline to Henry & Mary Bruce, 1858; incomplete and unsigned letter (handwriting matches identified letters of Pauline Bruce; stationary has an engraving of "The Old Man of the Mountain" in Vermont (see attached photocopy))]

[Editorial Comment: the "Old Man of the Mountain is actually in New Hampshire and is the state symbol. JTL]

Rye Beach [New Hampshire] Aug 17th 1858. [August 17, 1858]

My dear Parents.

This morning at "11 oclock" we-- (Mr George &c) reached "Moses Philbrick's door" all safe and sound; after an absence of ten days to Lawrence Mafs [Massachusetts], and "The White Mts [Mountains]" from which place, I wrote you twice. when I reached home, I found your two letters awaiting my arrival, and also one from Mr Ben E. Hall. My Dear Father I could but laugh,

[page 2]

at the cunning manner ~~by~~ which you use to get us home; "doubtlefs [doubtless] the fine binet bars," are very delightful to the inhabitants of Covington, but I should & do prefer the burthensome "quilts & blankets." and as to music of "those innocent little minstrels," being called sweet and soothing; ha! ha! who ever heard tell of the like" we have something too in the way of music besides the deep roar of "old Ocean", guefs [guess] ~~what~~ what? nothing more nor lefs [less] than ~~are~~ a nice "piano" we all got on the good side, of "our friend Moses" and begged him to get a piano, and his kind & condescending nature couldn't withstand our entreaties. so he got the instrument and we have delightful music. Don't talk about your "Musquitoe "Instruments."" Tell Ma never to believe in dreams again. that I have returned from the mountains, without the

[page 3]

slightest accident of any kind. and with a gain of 6 lbs. I believe I wrote you about my ride to the top of Mt [Mount] Washington “well now to begin from that day, The next morning we all drove down to the “Profile House” on the Franconia notch, and just such another romantic, delightful ride I never experienced. ‘twas a ~~deligh~~ lovely morning, not a cloud to be seen, and the pine forests, were fresh with the dew of the night, and the birds sang sweetly, on the trees, while the perfume of delicious wild raspberries [raspberries] & beautiful wild flowers, scented the pure mountain air; until it was a perfect paradise: we reached the “Profile” in time for dinner, after which we hired a fine “chariot” with “six horses” and drove down to the flume, which far surpasses [surpasses] any thing I ever saw or expect to see. I never shall be contented until you

[page 4]

visit the White Mts [Mountains] for words can never describe it or pictures of a model artists, portray this lovely spot. we also visited the “Poole” the same day, and oh! such scenery as surrounds it the water is as clear as crystal it is 30 ft [feet] deep and you can see every stone at the bottom. and “Echo Lake” is perfectly splendid we got into a little boat and paddled around the Lake, and it is astonishing how distinctly the echo is. for instance I hollowed “Nellie” and we heard six echoes from the six mountains. I couldn’t begin to tell you all that I saw whils’t away, ~~eve~~ for it would near fill a volume. so wait until I reach home, and then I will give it to you in small doses. Oh! I had such a delightful time in Lawrence at Nellies relations they all begged me to stay another week with them, ‘twas all I could do to get away at all. I never was treated kinder in my life, had every attention paid me several have promised [letter ends here]