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Bruce Collection
Box 6, Folder 191

[Letter from Henrietta Bruce Green to "Cousin Johnny", 1878]

Sept 30th 78. [September 30, 1878]

Dear Cousin Johny;

Ever since the receipt of your kind letter to Pa, in which you express deep interest in our welfare, And offering your services to assist in settling up our little claims, I have wanted to write and thank you, But the long watching and close confinement in Richard's sick room, Spending sleepless nights, together with the sad sad scenes I have just passed through, was such a shock to my nervous system that I havnt [haven't]

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really felt well enough to write you until now ~~this remote period~~ O! how I wish I could spend a few hours with you all to day [today], and tell you, so much better than I can on paper, all about dear Richards sickness and death. I had nursed him through three spells before, but this was by far the worst, and ~~knowing~~ as the Doctors in Covington [Kentucky] had said he could not ~~stand~~ survive another, I was ~~made doubly uneasy~~ therefore doubly uneasy. I had two of the best Physicians in the city attending him, who brought him through the delirium, ~~tremors~~ and I thought he was getting well fast. he had a splendid appetite, would be dressed every day, yet he seemed melancholy and had little to say. The Doctors gave him strong tonics, but no whisky [whiskey], until he was struck with paralysis. They then decided he would have to take it to keep up his

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strength. ~~when~~ I took it to him but he said, "no Rettie [Retta or Henrietta] whisky [whiskey] and I have quit", and it took hard persuasion to induce ~~get~~ him to take it. ~~At all~~ he was so strong the Dr. [Doctor] said he would get well provided we could keep down the fever ~~if he did not take a fever he was so strong~~ and his pulse so good the Dr. [Doctor] but ~~it just seemed he was bound to have it~~ On Monday noon ~~it came~~ he had high fever his pulse 140, he then began to ~~sank~~ sink rapidly and died at four on

Tuesday morning. And now Cousin Johny, when I look back ~~through his whole sickness~~ and remember how gentle and patient he was, through his whole sickness - never once complaining ~~once~~ it makes me feel that Richard had a presentiment that he wouldnt [wouldn't] get well. And when he placed his hands together as if in prayer ~~and thought~~ (I thought at the time ~~then~~ he was out of his head) and asked me to kiss them saying "Faith in Heaven Retta [Henrietta]." I believe it was to show me the good lord answered my prayer, and brought

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him through the first attack that he might repent, and I firmly believe now dear Richard died a Christian. He passed away without a struggle with a sweet smile upon his face.

He said so often during his sickness he would like to see you, and once imagined Lillie Ranson + Pattie Baity were here. I was so happy when I got Richard to come to Kansas City [Missouri] for I ~~believed~~ with him ~~and~~ felt I could have more influence with him when once away from Cincinnati [Ohio] and his old associates there, and at first the change was very great. He drank much less, was busy all the time looking out for good investments, getting up the plans and contracts for his houses, and I was so much encouraged. But he took it into his head to go back to Cincinnati [Ohio], ~~which I think~~ and after he returned was ...[end of letter]