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Bruce Collection
Box 6, Folder 151

[believed to be a letter of Henrietta Bruce Green to a friend written on "B" monogrammed stationary]

"Mount Hope" Feb 13th 70 [February 13, 1870]

My very dear friend -

Your thankfully received letter, has 'till now remained unanswered, not because I have been unmindful of its kindly contents, no indeed, let me tell you my sweet friend. I receive no letters that I appreciate more than yours. And because I have remained so long silent, you must not think me indifferent, I have had so little time to devote to letter writing. Since I wrote you last, have become quite a traveler, from New York I went diret [direct] to Cincinnati remained there several days, from there to Kentucky where I spent

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six weeks visiting all my relations, and what a charming time I had, it was go, go, all the time something new every day. All my old friends and shool [school] mates Called to see me each one trying in some way to add to the pleasure of my visit, giving me little parties, Candy pullings, taking me to the "Theatre", &c I had been absent so long, so you can well immagine [imagine] I enjoyed being with my old Ky [Kentucky] friends once more. I am now with my Aunt in Illinois she is living in a very pretty little cottage on the roadside, And with sleighing, riding horseback, going to town occasion-ally [occasionally] I finde [find] a great deal more pleasure in the country then I had anticipated I must tell you of the nice ride I had the other evening, it wasn't in a fine carriage "New York style" exactly, now dont [don't] you laugh, a wagon a real

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country wagon, filled with straw, over spread with a Buffalo robe, off we went taking in all our rustic neighbors. You know I am always in for a frolick [frolic], so of course I enjoyed the straw ride hugely.

The Methodist have been holding a revival for some weeks past, and such excitement, numbers join every night. It is really amusing to me to see the unceremonious manner in which the meeting is conducted, people go in and out when ever they feel disposed. Women carry their babies sometimes two or three that can scarcely walk, and the restlessness of the little ones with an occasional display of their musical talents interrupts the Preacher no little, who's sharp, shrill voice ~~are~~ together with the loud singing are indeed a trial to one's nerves, I wish you ~~were~~ could attend. I think you [your]

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Pa has not yet decided what he will do We left him in Cincinnati he talks something of taking a Hotel there, he has also talked of going on a farm I know I shall never be content living in the Country nor as happy any place as I was in dear old "Gotham" I had a regular old fashion cry when we left, I bet I did sometimes I get real homesick and long to go back, They Tell me here it is because I have left my hert [heart] behind but no indeed I still have it in full possession and as country life has no charms for me I shall take good care not to fall in love with a farmer but wait patintly [patiently] for some nice young gent. [gentleman] who will promise to take me back to New York to live, You say I have never written you one word about my beaux [beau?]. I havnt [haven't] got any not one dont [don't] you ~~pity me~~? think it is bad When we meet and I hope it will be before [another] year rolls rond [round] I shall tell you something that I cannot think of writing.
[letter ends]