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Bruce Collection  
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[letter addressed to "Mr. Henry Bruce Covington Kentucky Mail}" from daughter Pauline;  
postmarked "CARLISLE KY FEB 4": the letter obviously does not go with the envelope]

"Richland" Sept 10th 1863. [September 10, 1863]

My dear Pa:--

I was delighted to receive your kind letter-- giving me all the home news, and things pertaining thereto-- for to me; there is nothing so cheering + pleasant as a letter from home-- and you Pa, have the happy faculty of giving all the news, + all the little incidents of ever day home life in your letters, so I hope you will continue to use your "own rusty pen" very often for my special benefit-- wont [won't] you Pa? My dear little Hally, improves very slowly-- his appetite is right good but he takes very little food at a time-- he has not begun to pick up at all yet-- on the contrary-- he is much thinner [thinner] now, than when Ma left

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us-- indeed he has fallen away to a mere shadow-- and the poor little thing is very weak-- for the last three days I took him in my arms down stairs + out in the yard where I walked him around and took him where the ducks were to see if he wouldn't notice them-- but it was all in a quiet way he made no demonstration whatever-- he seemed to enjoy being out doors for a little while, but soon commenced crying as if he was tired-- I would have taken him out again to day [today] but we had quite a shower this morning + I was afraid of the dampnefs [dampness] -- however his cough is better and I see nothing in the way to prevent his recovery-- if he would only commence fatening [fattening] and would gain strength-- I still

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continue to feed him on rice water with chicken boiled in it-- which has always agreed with his bowels. I cannot tell yet when I can take him to Covington [Kentucky]-- Mr Duke says he don't think it will be long before I can move him. as soon as I read to Mr D. [Mr. Duke] what you wrote about meeting a Mr Duke from Keokuk, and that he was an abolitionist-- well, he's no relation of mine! exclaimed he quickly. how ready + willing we are to disown any one of "old Lincoln's" persuasion. Well Pa, what do you think about Gen [General] Burnside's taking "Knoxville" Tenn [Tennessee], and that too without resistance?-- do you believe it?-- If it be true-- what are the "Rebs" [Rebels] thinking about! to allow them to march in + take possession of such an important place as Knoxville—

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must be to them-- for my part, I don't know what to make of it! And do you believe the newspaper reports about there being drawn up in line of battle, + a fight expected at any moment at "Chatanooga [Chattanooga, Tennessee]".

How is Mrs Hall? does she keep cheerful?-- my love to her when you meet. I enclose you some "rebel poetry" Pa, (not because you are fond of poetry--for I know too well, your aversion to it--) that was composed by Col. [Colonel] Basil W. Duke-- in the "State prison" of Ohio-- and refers to having their heads shaved +c, some gentleman friend of his-- got his hands on it some how + slipped [slipped] it away with him to Lexington and of course his lady friends there got hold of it-- + a distant relation of Col. B. W. D. [Colonel Basil W. Duke] a Miss [Miss] Picket-- a native of old Va [Virginia] and the best "reb" [rebel] you ever saw-- brought it to his relations at Richland, so now that you have the whole

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history of it-- I shall expect you to read it at any rate.

It is very good-- where he (the Col.) [Colonel] alludes to the "Bologna Sausages" and to the attack on "Ginger bread"-- both favorite dishes throughout the Northern or free States-- ~~why~~ I remember the Summer we went East-- at every little station they would bring around "ginger cakes" + "pies"-- to sell-- and doubtless [doubtless] you have heard Mrs Hall + I laughing about the "love feast" we witnessed [witnessed] in the cars-- a man actually feeding his bride alternately with "Bologna Sausage" + "pine apple" [pineapple] -- certainly the most ludicrous scene I ever beheld.

Bro [Brother] Buck from St Louis [Missouri] his wife-- (who by the way is a very pleasant + agreeable lady) and three children, are here now on a visit-- don't [don't] know

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how long they expect to remain.

Hoping this letter will find you all well at home I shall close so Mr Duke can take it to town with him this afternoon to mail, he joins me in much love to you all-- write soon again to your devoted daughter

Pauline.

[page 7; a "Rebel" poem in Pauline's handwriting]

#### The Rebels Dream.

At midnight, in his grated cell,  
Bright visions to the captive came,  
And o'er his spirit sank a spell  
As potent as the magic flame--  
In which the wrapt deciple reads  
The future's unaccomplished deeds.  
He dreams his time of stay is done,  
His dungeon doors are open thrown,  
And the hard warden bids him go  
Forth--from the walls of crime + woe,

He dreams that "Jeff" at last relents,  
"To slacken up" + Straight consents,  
And by some apt negotiation [negotiation]  
Redeems him from the Yankee nation.  
Then thick upon the captives soul  
Anticipated glories roll.  
Beneath him his proud charges springs  
Defiantly his bugle rings,

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Again in battle's stern parade  
He sees the eager ranks arrayed,  
Again in triumph + in pride,  
Kentucky, sees the squadron ride--  
And every horse in Indiana  
Is pressed to follow "Morgan's banner"--  
But hark! he starts, he wakes, what sound--  
Hath stilled his hearts impetuous bound--  
What horrid sounds, with horror rife  
Has backward turned the tide of life,  
Upon his wakened hearing jars--  
The clash of those detested bars,  
He hears his jailor's sullen tone  
That makes\* King Marions mandate known  
And bids him right away prepare  
To lose his cherished beard + hair.  
Great God! No hope--he must resign  
His youthful pride--his manhoods sign.  
Ah! not that rebel chief, who fell--  
From heaven's high battlements to hell—

\*King Marion, is the State prison warden}

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Felt degradation, more forlorn--  
Or knew his honors, closer shorn.

How fares the wretched captive now  
What clears the shadow from his brow,  
His bosom once with courage filled  
Is now choked up with, sausage filled  
And he who once the battle led  
Attacks naught else--but "Ginger bread"  
I can no more, Alas! my theme--

Is any thing now--but a dream.

Ohio State Prison--  
August - 1863.

[written much later as a sidebar; author unknown; written on the copy only]

This poem, sent to Henry Bruce by Pauline Bruce Duke, supposedly inspired him to put up money for the escape of John Morgan, the Rebel Raider.