

Accession No. M1981-1010
Bruce Collection
Box 6, Folder 206

[Letter, or a poem, from Henry Bruce, Jr. to his daughter, Nannie Bruce Alexander; this document is reproduced twice by Mr. Bruce with a few minor changes from the original to the copy; envelope addressed to Mrs. Nannie Alexander, In advance.; written on top of envelope "Enclosed I hand you a letter I received last night, from my Niece, brother James, oldest daughter. Now the Wife of J.B. Mosley of Louwdsville South Carolin [Lowndesville, South Carolina] pleas [please] return as soon as you can and oblige H.B. [Henry Bruce]"; also enclosed in the envelope was an article clipped from a newspaper called THE GOSPEL: A Discription [Description] of Jesus"]

"Brevoort House", Kansas City, [Missouri] Dec. 25. 1885.
[December 25, 1885]

Dear Nannie.

In my dreams-there comes to me at night
And fills my Soul with unearthly delight,
Visions, of your Angel Ma - My heavenly Wife,
As lovely and happy as in early life.
Refreshing my recollections of her tender love,
Which was indeed heavenly and from above.
Many wer [were] the happy days we spent together,
Loving – trusting and confiding in each other.
In Sickness She always nursed and attended me,
How sad to know, that never again can that be.
There's no one left, with that loving interest in me now,
To nurse and bathe my feverd [fevered] brow.
No loved one, that cares for me – and I left alone,
In Sadness and Sorrow – over the happy past to mourn.
And I am admonished by me feeble Step and Silvery hare [hair],
That, I have not much more time to Spare.
Before the earth may Claim my feeble frame,
But I hope to leave an honest good name.
That, my Children may never be ashame [ashamed],
But feel that, that they have a right to proclaim.

That the record of our family blood,
Has never been Stained Since Noah's flood.
All its compound mixture has been good,
As I have always understood.

[page 2]

From King Bruce, of Scotland down,
Who was honord [honored] by that nation's Crown.
If then, our blood is good - you have no excuse,
As in your veins, there flows a double Bruce.
This may be the last Christmas gift, I shall ever make
To my Dear Children, as a token of love – and keepsake.
Winter has come with its Chilly blasts from nothern [northern] headquarters,
Mantling the earth with Snow and frozen waters.
Impressing me – that I have not so much longer to Stay,
But like the old year must soon pass away.
Lord, rule my head and give me a warm and tender heart,
Prepard [Prepared] for that awful day, when we must forever part.

Then Farewell

To fame – honor – beauty – blood and birth
They are but the fading flowers of the Earth.

I also herewith hand you enclosed, Publius Leutulus [?] beautiful description
[description] of our Lord Jesus Christ. beleving [Believing] it may interest you as it has
Me. The little Christmas presents I send to the children, you will please hook on to your
Christmas Tree

And oblige there old
Grandpa
Henry Bruce

[page 3]

[the only items that are different from pages 1 and 2 are

“copy – “ top of page 3,

there is a comma at the end of “To fame – honor – beauty – blood and birth,” bottom of page 4 and

“I send to the Dear children, please hook on to your Christmas Tree”, bottom of page 4]

Copy –

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