

Accession No. M1981-1010  
Bruce Collection  
Box 7, Folder 218

[Following was COPIED into a letter written to Lucinda Bruce Green, by her mother.]

January 6, 1892.

We are as well as we might expect to be, when there is so much passing away, and the dearest of them all to us is your Uncle Henry Bruce. He died the last day of the year, being your birthday. His disease was stone in the bladder. They have put him in a vault, and will take his remains to Covington, Kentucky in the Spring.

I received a letter from him the 25<sup>th</sup> of November, written on the 24<sup>th</sup>, in which he said he was ashamed of not writing me often and felt a little like scolding me for not writing oftener [more often]; said there were "only two of us left out of a once large, happy and proud family", and "this should strengthen the love and devotion between us"; and as he "was much my senior and that I was young and active and good looking", and they all wanted to see me so badly, that I must jump on the cars, and they would whirl me into Kansas City [Missouri] in a little time, and said that Mr. Alexander and his daughter, Nannie, said they were no more willing to take excuses from me than he was, so he said this settles it, and we will expect you soon and will take no denial.

This was only a part of his letter which wound up by saying that all joined him in love to us, and this letter leaves us all well. But, ah! How soon he was in great pain. He underwent a surgical operation and lived only two days. I answered his letter and told him your pa was not well, and that same night after I wrote I was sick, and I felt so thankful to think I had written to him, but by the time my letter reached him he was not well and asked Nannie to write me at once, and to tell me how highly he prized my letter. It was so pleasant and interesting. She said she never say anyone enjoy letters from his kinfolks as he did. She wrote me that his general health was pretty good, but he suffered a good deal at times. He died at the St. James Hotel.

Your cousin Thom [Tom or Thomas] Morgan had a room next to his uncle's and was in with him a great deal and they all like him. From the letterhead, I see that Mr. Alexander is the proprietor. As soon as the operation was performed, Mr. Alexander wrote us of his critical condition and telegraphed when the end came, and wrote us again. Lillian and husband are living in St. Joe, Mo. [St. Joseph, Missouri] I wrote my

brother that when there were several of us living, less that a year ago, I would wonder which one of us would be taken next, but the time had come that we knew it would be either him or me, and now it is reduced to a certainty that I am the only one left to follow, and it seems to be a wonder that we have been spared this long, while there have been so many deaths here, especially among old people.

[letter ends]