

2-14-1860

Letter from Thomas S. Armstrong to Francis P. Porter

Thomas S. Armstrong

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.owu.edu/harvey-letters>



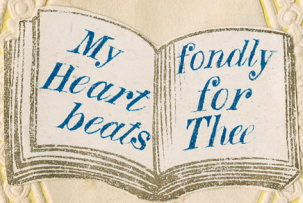
Part of the [Social History Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Armstrong, Thomas S., "Letter from Thomas S. Armstrong to Francis P. Porter" (1860). *Harvey Collection Letters*. 16.
<https://digitalcommons.owu.edu/harvey-letters/16>

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Harvey Letters (All) at Digital Commons @ OWU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Harvey Collection Letters by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ OWU. For more information, please contact earutigl@owu.edu.





FEBRUARY 14

My valentine.

many an hour,
Without one witness nigh,
Ere we had seen life's tempests lower,
Or felt one anguished sigh
As hand in hand, in purity,
We bowed at the lover's shrine.

And though our hearts were bound in love
You ne'er asked me to be your

Valentine.

When in that sacred hour we met,
And where no eye but God's beheld
Thou didst hang thy maiden head
With such a coyness, and the rich
Blush spreading its roseate tints
'O'er thy fair cheek

There we bowed at love's hallowed shrine

I asked, you pledged, to be my

Valentine.

Is't because I've
Told the tender tale, which within
My heart has, like a hallowed flame,
Been burning, and feeding on its
Inward light, till it no longer
Could the silent smothering keep?
Truly so of this heart of mine
Do you believe it? my
Valentine?

Then bursting forth, laden with its
Long cherished, silent eloquence,
Asking thee but to love the heart,
Which loveth thee so well?
Then I am blessed! for by those eyes
Downcast, as if their lids were lade
With tears unshed, the pine
From your affectionate
Valentine

The Printing press is in bad
order. But it can't be hoped now
Answer soon. and send your
answer to this town

If you cant read this just send
it back or get your mammy too

Feb 14 1860

To Καλον Κατεχετε

The Privileges of a bad
order. But it cannot be helped here
This was a common error of the
been burning. I have been
If you could see this I should not
Could the heart be so much
to be so much so much so much

Do you believe it? To know
Volentine?

Then bursting forth laden with
long cherished silent eloquence.

Asking thee but to love the heart
Which loveth thee so well?

Then I am blessed! for by thy grace
Downcast, as if their lives were lost
With transfused, the spirit
From your affectionate

Volentine

Feb 14th / 60

Come listen dear Frank to my charming song
It will be short & sweet. Not tedious & long
I think I'm right. You may think I'm wrong
For basing my subject on Mr. Armstrong

You are quite different from all other girls
You don't charm the boys with your flattery & curls
But in speaking of hair. I have always said
I don't prefer black. but you fancy red

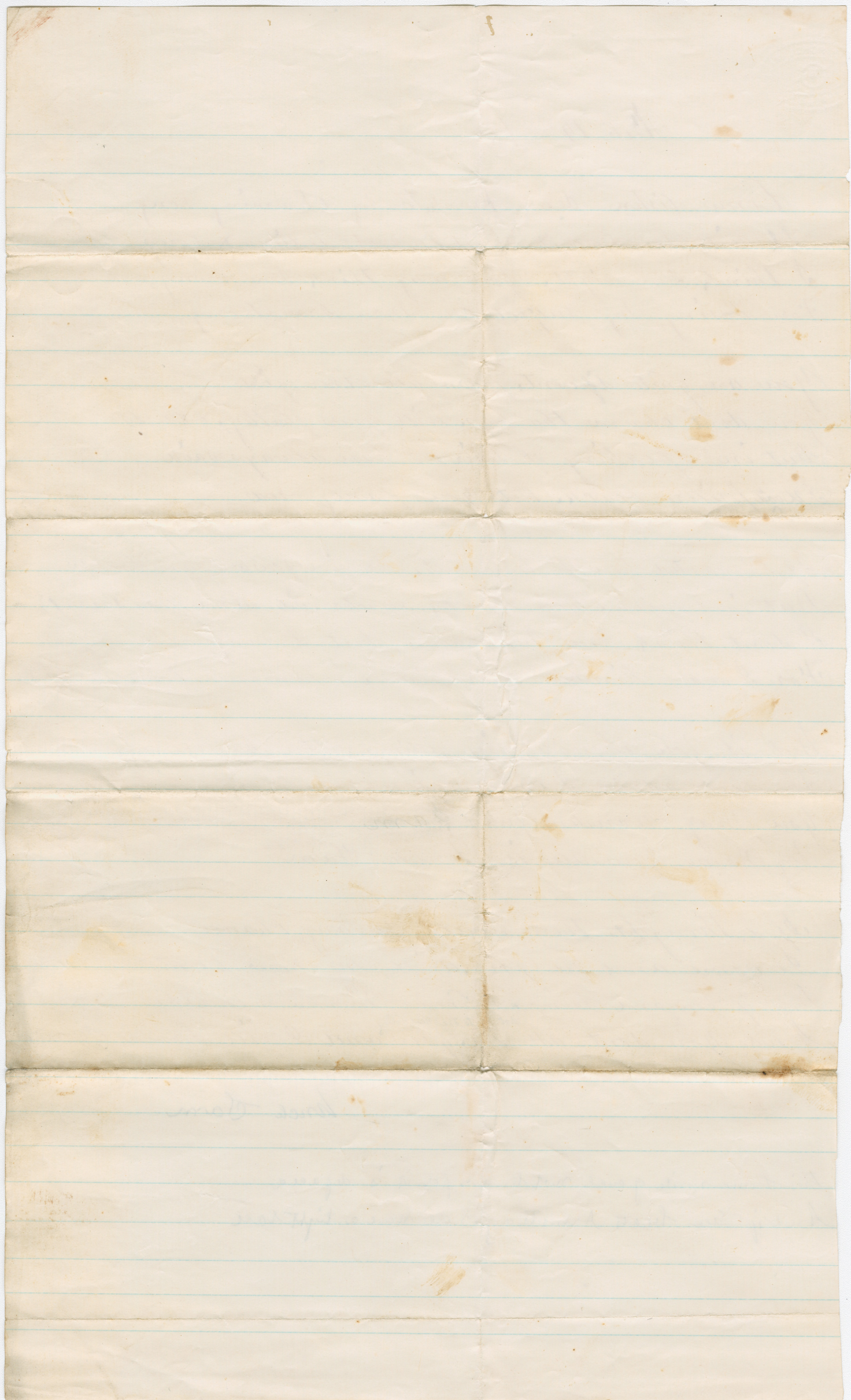
If I wanted you to look sweet. I'd give you a sugar bump
But if I wanted you to look swifter. I'd send Mr. Lump
I don't think I'm mistaken. but I may be
For I was kinder surprised when you took Mr. Lee

But if you should miss getting either Armstrong or Lee
The best advice I could give you. would be to take me
You may wonder who I am
My name you see is Uncle Sam

If I thought there would be any chance
I'd come and see you with my new pants
But if you and Lump should make a match
And you don't att ^{not is to the wedding} me. you and I will have a quarrel

Uncle Sam

this hand write you'll not know. for it is defaced
And if Lee beats Armstrong. he'll have a tight race



MISS F. P. Porter

Hopewell

Ohio

U.S. POSTAGE





Addressed to Miss F.P. Porter

Hopewell, Ohio

February 14, 1860

My valentine.

many an hour

Without one witness nigh,

Ere we had seen life's tempests lower,

Or felt one anguished sigh

As hand in hand, in purity.

We bowed at the lover's shrine.

And our hearts were bound in love

You never asked me to be your Valentine.

When in that sacred hour we met.

And where no eye but God's beheld

Thou didst hang thy maiden head

With such a coyness, and the rich

Blush spreading its roseate tints

O'er thy fair cheek

There we bowed at love's hallowed shrine

I asked, you pledged, to be my Valentine.

Is't because I've

Told the tender tale, which within

My heart has, like a hallowed flame.

Been burning and feeding on its

Inward light, till it no longer

Could the silent smot'ring keep?

Truly so of this heart of mine,

Do you believe it? my Valentine?

Then bursting forth, laden with its

Long cherished silent eloquence,

Asking thee but to love the heart,

Which loveth thee so well?

Then I am blessed! for by eyes

Downcast, as if their lids were lade

With tears unshed & pine

From your affectionate Valentine.

The printing press is in bad order. But it can't be hoped now. Answer soon and send your answer to this town. If you can't read this, just send it back or get your mammy too.

Feb 14th 1860

Come listen dear Frank, to my charming song

It will be short & sweet, not tedious & long

I think I'm right, you may think I'm wrong

For basing my subject on Mr. Armstrong

You are quite different from all other girls

You don't charm the boys with your flattery & curls

But in speaking of hair, I have always said

I would prefer black you fancy red

If I wanted you to look sweet, I'd give you a sugar lump

But if I wanted you to look sweeter, I'd send Mr. Sump

I don't think I'm mistaken, but I may be

For I was kinder surprised when you took Mr. Lace [?]

But if you should miss getting either Armstrong or Lace

The best advice I could give you would be to take me

You may wonder who I am

My name you see is Uncle Sam

If I thought there would be any chance

I'd come and see you with my new pants

But if you and Sump should make a match

And you don't aft me, you and I will have a scratch

Uncle Sam

This hand write you'll not know, for it is defaced

And if Lace beats Armstrong, he'll have a tight race