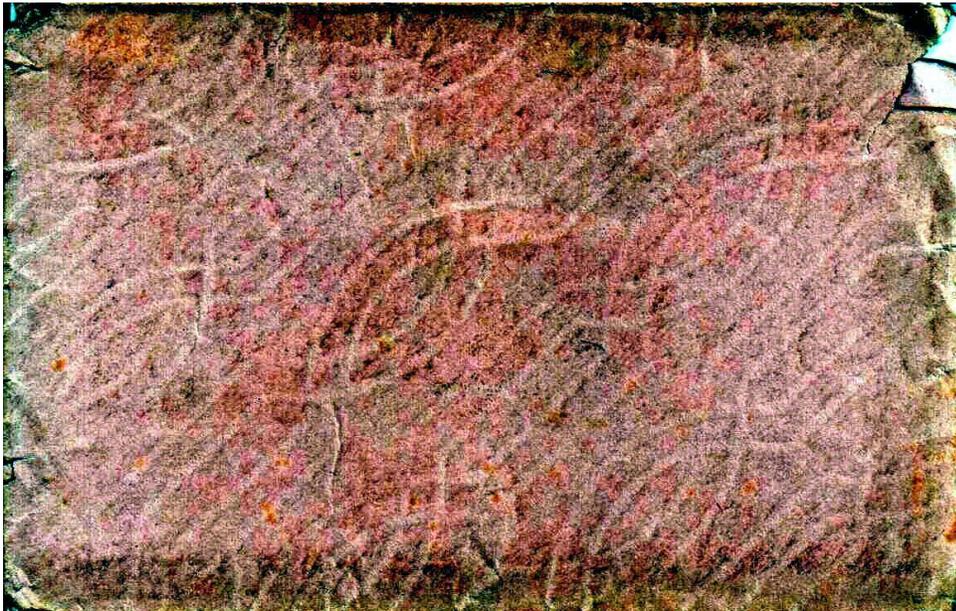


THE SERGEANT JEROME PEIRCE COLLECTION

LETTER IDENTIFICATION NUMBER	234
DATE OF LETTER	March 26, 1856 (Per text)
WRITTEN BY	Probably Jerome
WRITTEN TO	Allie
WRITTEN AT	Location not indicated.
NUMBER OF PAGES	6
TRANSCRIBER	Barb Davidson
TRANSCRIPTION DATE	Dec. 10, 2018

ENVELOPE

Transcriber's Note: The front of the envelope is blank.



LETTER TRANSCRIPTION

Tell me now, my Allie dear
Tell me Allie if you will
What is this new tale I hear
Of the doings on the hill?
On the hill whose street is "green"
Even in the winter time.

Dear old winter! Though the showers
Snow upon us from above
Causeth no cold wind to lower

Causeth no chill wind to move
O'er the blossom love which springeth
Springeth up in gentle hearts.

Tell me now, my little Abbie
Tell me Abbie, if you will
Is it true your bright hopes rally
Round the corner on the hill?
Corner where a neighbor lives
Who can "Pierce" a maiden's heart.

Was it wicked for our neighbor
Thus to "pierce" dear Allie's heart?
No, oh no, for 'twas love's labor
Done with love's sweet pointed dart
And we'll hope, yes, hope most fondly
This is not "Love's Labor Lost."

Thus it happened, so they say -
They who bear the tale to me -
From your home you came away
Visiting Maria P.
There a friendship new was formed -
Formed and ripened into love.

How impressive was that visit!
Visit made in winter's cold!
Fraught with tender memories is it,
Memories which may ne'er grow old.
Memories which must ever linger
Round the heart in freshness green.
When I saw you weeks ago -
Saw you but at church a minute
Then I did not, could not know
All the things that happened in it.
But 'twould seem a change came o'er
O'er the spirit of your dream.

Listen, Allie, while I tell -
Listen, love, with heart and ear,
That it pleaseth me full well
This new love tale which I hear.
This engagement made between
Friend Jerome and Allie J.

I will hope that these two hearts
Now becoming "twain in one"
Shielded from suspicions darts

Have a union true begun
Union true of heart and soul
Leading on to higher life.

I'll not say - may only roses
Bloom along thy path in life.
But may every day that closes
Be with holy progress rife.
Progress in the inner life -
Life "eternal, sacred, sure."

Every station hath its crosses,
Crosses every mortal hath,
Joys and sorrows, gains and losses,
Checkered lie in every path.
But life's trials rightly borne
Lead us on to future good.

So these two shall walk together
Hand in hand and heart to heart,
And in bright or cloudy weather
Love and faith shall ne'er depart.
Love and faith in one another,
Love and faith in God above.

And life's discipline shall bring
Strength and happiness and peace.
Blossoms in your path shall spring
Plants whose fragrance ne'er shall cease.
Plants of heavenly birth which grow
Grow in humble, loving hearts.
Why, dear Allie, I'm astonished!
What a ditty I have writ!
By its length I am admonished
'Tis high time for me to quit.
Quit the theme which is so pleasant,
Pleasant - both to you and me.

I have known Jerome from childhood,
And I know he's good and true.
And no other one you'd find would
Strive more hard the right to do. -
So I hope you'll lead each other
Onward, upward, heavenward - home.

There, there - little one I'll leave you,
Leave you for a little space.
But with this my love receive you

And, before I see your face
Write and of your welfare tell
One who signs a simple L.

Given at the Spring Hill home,
One the twenty-sixth of March,
When the warm spring sun has come,
Mounting high in heaven's arch.
The year in course I here affix,
'Tis eighteen hundred fifty six.

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTE (Josef Rokus)

This poem was written on March 26, 1856, apparently shortly after Jerome and Allie became engaged, per the last stanza of the poem. They were married on September 10, 1857. The name of the author, identified only by "L", could not be determined but he/she was obviously a friend of both Allie and Jerome.