

You need no longer wonder what detained Mr. Whitehill in town until so late an hour on Thursday evening last, as I had a full account of it from himself, having had the pleasure of his company yesterday evening until the same late hour, viz. half past eleven. He was returning home from a meeting of one of the numerous lodges of which he is a member, when he met you.

Mr. Soliffe was in town on Saturday, but did not call. He gave me a very gracious bow, however, as he passed the window where I was sitting.

Father spoke to me of you on last Friday for the first time.

It was your request, and not your command that caused me to answer your note. Good-bye, Hoping to see you on Thursday. I remain yours with unceasing affection
Ellen.

Smithfield
April 9th 1837

Your very welcome letter, my dearest one, has just been received and the perusal of it has afforded me too much pleasure to admit of my charging you with such an unreasonable share of vanity as you suspected I would give you credit for. — The pleasure was indeed enhanced by being so totally unexpected.

"Mr. Simon" did not reach here until this evening, a day later than his usual time for coming, so that I had even given up all hope of hearing from Shannon.

The question you proposed has met with all due consideration on my part, and, I am sorry to say, must receive an answer in the affirmative; thus, at once setting aside all possibility of my profiting by the sage advice of my kind friend.

'Tis true that my "young heart" could have been warned against the numerous snares which were laid to entrap it, and against the

numerous ills which would beset it after it was entrapped, provided my "instructor" had commenced his lessons some time sooner, but, even then, of what avail would it have been, seeing that I find in my "instructor", my most dangerous enemy? And, will I, by bestowing on him my heart's "best affections", be preserved from all those evils which are said to pursue the blind followers of that sly little God? I fear not; and yet feel forced to risk the experiment.

Unhappy fate! to be compelled to act in direct opposition to what I know would be for my own good.



Prof.

Mr. S. J. C. Moore,
Charlestown,
Jefferson County,
Virginia.

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I have finished my third page, and taking it for granted that you set always upon the golden rule, "Do unto others, &c." I should there have stopped, but, my pen is something like my tongue, when it once gets started, it is a very hard matter to get it stopped. I felt myself tempted to let Simon return tomorrow, without bearing you a line, thus leaving you under the impression that I had not returned from Clarke, but, to tell the truth, I could not deny myself the pleasure of a half hour's communion with you, this, you see, brings to light another of my numerous failings, self-denial having "but part over part" in my disposition.

I doubt very much whether it will be in my power to visit Charleston this week, if I do, I will try to comply with your request, but, she will discuss the point on Wednesday.

I try to persuade Chazron to come up with you, Tell her, we expect Miss Fanny home tomorrow, you see my voyage is of short duration, closing with tomorrow's sun, and, it is well that it is so, for, I had even now forgotten, that I had any duties to attend to in my little queenstom. God by until Wednesday,
your sincerely attached Ellen.

Smithfield
May 7th 1848

May dix me with, I suspect, be somewhat surprised when he first perceives how large a sheet I have taken, on which to convey to him a few of the many thoughts which have flit across my mind, particularly, when he considers how very much fatigued I would be, after travelling 24 miles, on a warm summer's day, that is from Long Branch, Mr. Hugh Stiles's residence, where I always spend my time while in Clarke, but he will be still more surprised when he hears that I have not been to Clarke since the summer of '46. Instead of my going on Saturday as I had anticipated, I persuaded Mother to go in my stead, so that she might have the pleasure of seeing her Brother before he started for Europe, which he intended doing on next Monday, tomorrow, she left me sole mistress of ceremonies, and you can't imagine

with what dignity I fill my new office, I require implicit obedience from all around me, and the first use I made of my authority, was to have two horses saddled, one for Brother, and the other for myself, as it commanded, the young man, (Mr. D. though he be) could do nothing but obey; he therefore mounted his horse very feebly, and off we went to Sucton, where I enjoyed a few moments conversation, with the much talked of Miss Hogan, We found her very agreeable, understanding to its full extent the power of her tongue, I think she must have been taking some lessons from Mr. Stevens, for I heard the latter remark yesterday, that she "could not see the use of a woman's having a tongue, unless she knew how to use it." Instead of how, I suspect you would say when, would you not?

When Mr. Schiffe passes through town this morning, I don't think I ever "flattered" myself that my conduct towards him would make a very deep impression, and so therefore not so much "disappointed", as you feared, Simon will begin to think himself an important personage after a while, as he is made the bearer, not only of letters, but, also of verbal messages,

Mr. Schiffe having sent me quite a lengthy one yesterday, through him, Did you, whilst scribbling in the "festive throng", you have not posturally described, think even once, of her, who was at that very time seated alone in her chamber, spending all her thoughts on you, from whom she expected to receive a letter the following evening? As I was indulging my ruminating propensity on that evening, Father's remark "trust not man", recurred to me, and then I began to wonder if he could not sometimes be trusted, feeling confident that if ever there was known "such a marvel among men", I had nothing to fear, and it is invariably the case, whenever I have felt any doubts, I always find them satisfactorily answered, by some little sentence in the next letter I receive from you, this being the case, you will allow me then, will you not? to entertain doubts sometimes, that is, when they can't be prevented from intruding themselves, committed as they always are. Do not think then that it is "impolitic" in you to let me know that you are entirely my own, for, be assured, the more confident I can feel of your undivided love, the more fully will it be reciprocated.

For.

M^{rs} S. P. C. Moore
Charlestown
Jefferson County
Virginia.

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Alas that love,
ROM: & JUL:
act 1, sc 1.

you find any difficulty, in solving that all-important problem, "whether or not the purport of the conversation was at all flattering", merely call upon your inexhaustible stock of Wines for a little assistance, and I am sure you will soon obtain a satisfactory answer. If, however, this resource should, by some unaccountable means, fail to render the desired assistance, then, recollect that I was present, which will, I think, be in itself an all-sufficient reply. But I will flatter no more.

I received a long letter from Shannon this evening, which I intend sending to Mr. Davenport tomorrow, for I hold the perusal of one of Shannon's letters always affords her pleasure. She wrote from Warrenton, where she seems to be very happy, and does not specify any time for her return. She complains a good deal of not having heard from home for some time. Have you written to her yet?

I will have to send you a letter consisting of four pages instead of four sheets as you desired; you may expect the other three ^{sheets} at some future day. I will now have to say "good-bye" I shall certainly expect you by next Thursday, the 27th of June, Hoping to receive a nice, long letter tomorrow.

I am as ever your sincerely attached
Allen.

Thursday night,
June 25th 1848.

I have just said "good night" to Miss Tracy, and as it is very doubtful whether I shall be able to find time tomorrow to write a letter, I have determined to begin one tonight, not doubting but I can find sufficient time in which to finish it. Between this and Saturday evening. And as a beginning, I must tell you that we have had the inexpressible pleasure of spending the evening with the bear of the "Belle of the village". Will you believe it, that Mr. W. had the impudence to come here again. I venture to speak of him in this way to you now, because I know you will have written your letter before you receive this, and you will forget it before I see you again; therefore I am not afraid of getting a lecture for it. The only thing I regret is, having wasted so much of my sheet in talking about him, but I thought it best to "eat my rage" at once, for fear you would see marks of it

throughout my letter.

I am looking forward with the greatest pleasure to Saturday evening as the time when I shall again receive a letter from my dearest love. It had been a long, long time since I received one from you, and a whole week, when passed without hearing a word from you, seems almost an interminable length of time; I can scarcely realize that you were here so lately as yesterday evening.

Your visits are always so short, that when I just begin to feel that you are really here, you begin to talk about going; and then comes that word - that fatal word, "farewell," in which "however we promise - hope - believe - their breaths expire." After you left me last night, I closed my eyes in sleep as soon as possible, feeling assured that you would be with me in my dreams, and in this I was not mistaken; and so exactly did the dream accord with the reality, that it was with difficulty I could this morning distinguish the one from the other. The only circumstance that I could distinctly recollect as having really happened was that some one had entered the parlor unannounced, and thus interrupted a very pleasing "l'été d'été." This could not be easily forgotten.

It is getting late, so I will have to lay this aside until tomorrow. Goodbye then for a short time, that is, until I enter "Dreamland". May your dreams be as sweet as I expect mine to be, for, you will, in that case, rise in the morning, feeling much refreshed by your night's rest. Good night, my love, good night.

Friday night.

I had almost despaired, my best beloved, of finding time to add another line to you on this sheet. But, I have at length succeeded in banishing all intruders from my room, and am now enjoying the pleasure to which I have been looking forward through all the hours of this day. We had a real family dinner party today (you know, the connexion is extensive) and if you do not acknowledge that your ears have been burning in a most unmerciful manner several times during the day, it shall be compelled to think you devoid of all feeling, for (I am afraid it will increase) you already considerable stock of sanity to a still higher degree, but, nevertheless, I cannot help telling you, that you have been the subject of conversation more than once during the day. I should

For

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Mr. S. S. C. Moore,
Charlestown,
Jefferson County,
Virginia.

For one whom I
dearly love - - - Ellen.

Thursday morning,

June 29th 1848.



For

No⁷ S. J. C. Moore,
Charlestown,

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so sick that Bettie determined to stay longer and therefore sent the horse back.

But it is growing late, and I must close for tonight; besides I want to leave a small space for a few words tomorrow night in case I should have time to write them.

How much more agreeable it would be to have you here tomorrow evening to talk to, than this poor little dandy piece of paper, through which ^{to} communicate my thoughts.

Excuse the way in which this letter is written. Sister Lizzie is sitting by me and you know a woman's tongue is incomparable. Good bye until tomorrow. Good night.

Sept. 27th. Well, another day has passed, and I have not seen you, I could not help hoping that you would be able to come up for a little while this evening, but I comfort myself by the consideration that I will enjoy your company so much the more when I do see you. I hope your Father is better than he was when you wrote. I have been shut up in a sick room all day, in attendance upon Brother G. and Sister both of whom I hope are improving rapidly. I think I must be an admirable nurse don't you? I made them both laugh right merrily once or twice today. It was cheering to hear them. Bettie will return to P. on Saturday or Sunday. I am very well, so I suppose you will think I have been very obedient. Mr. Sewall took tea with us this evening; he leaves for Philadelphia on Monday next. My ring is so bright at this particular moment

Can you tell me? I was sorry to hear that I should not be disappointed in her trip. I hope she will take it yet. I think it would be of service to her to take a little trip. She could not go on because to spread in this place; several new cases within the last day or two. I'm afraid of being just being the day before to a case shortly shall you see, and suit your patience. You may all have already done so, and I hope to be with you here. I'm sure you will be glad to hear that Bettie is not going to the day in your letter. Good night.

My dear mother, I would like to know the cause of it. Can you tell me? I was sorry to hear that I should not be disappointed in her trip. I hope she will take it yet. I think it would be of service to her to take a little trip. She could not go on because to spread in this place; several new cases within the last day or two. I'm afraid of being just being the day before to a case shortly shall you see, and suit your patience. You may all have already done so, and I hope to be with you here. I'm sure you will be glad to hear that Bettie is not going to the day in your letter. Good night.

not acquainted with your Father, it is sufficient for me to know that he is your Father, and that he is "near and dear" to you. To call forth all my sympathies! The loss of a Father must be, in my opinion, an irreparable one. What should I do without my Father? The very thought of it is misery. Oh! may it be many, many years before I am called upon to realize it! Yet if it be the will of my Heavenly Father that he, too, should be called away, I know that He will enable me to sustain it, for He is a kind, a merciful God, and he will comfort you in your affliction if you will only put your trust in him.

That you may be enabled to do this, is the earnest, heart-felt prayer of one who loves you.

I have had a sad, sad time for the last two weeks; first, Mother's sickness, then Brother George's; and my darling little Mattie's death, and, now my dear Sister is very sick with the same disease. All day today I have been seated in their sick room, Brother George on one bed and Sister on the other, requiring constant attendance. It was a melancholy duty,

but I hope they will soon be better. Brother G. is decidedly so now, but Father thinks Sister is still very sick. Neither of the little boys have taken it, tho' we are in hourly expectation of seeing them sick.

I had hoped to see you tomorrow evening at the farthest, and regret much that you cannot come, but still more do I regret the cause of it. I would not have you leave your Father upon any consideration. If any of my poor productions afford you consolation or pleasure, you shall have as many of them as you desire. Your last was very short, and not "dull," but sad, as I expected it to be before I opened it, knowing how sick your Father was. I hope Stearns continues better.

I was very sorry that Mr. Botts could not see Bessie the evening he was here. If I had only known that he would have been here, he should have seen her some way or other. I don't know when she will return to Charlestown; it depends a good deal upon the state of the sick. Mr. Ransom sent a horse up for her this evening, but Sister was



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1.

Mr. S. C. Moore,

Charlestown,

Jefferson County,
Virginia.

The Willises were here today to see the girls, together with Ebenezer Brown; he came under Supper at home, and now I feel who came under mine, I guess, if you can, — no less a pleasure than the delightful Mr. Proctor, I had to entertain him the greater part of the evening alone. Why could it not have been "somebody" else? I suspect the girls will retain with me some time, probably until the best of September or some time in October, but I indeed at present stop writing as it is nearly one o'clock, and I am rather sleepy, I hoped to be able to fill this sheet tonight as I do not know when I will have another opportunity of writing but it is too late to think of such a thing, so "good night, my best, my only love, I think of me, dream of me, and go on loving me better every day, until there is no room left for any thing else. I shall try to fill this sheet before going it to you, but if I do not you may know that it is for want of opportunity not of inclination. I hope to get another sweet letter, the next time I see you. When will that be? Good night, my dearest, one good night.

I did not know when I was writing this last night that I should so soon have an opportunity of sending it to you, my dear one, but as I propose sending a few lines by Mr. Brown I think I shall enclose these in the same envelope, they are all very busy at work for the fair, I saw the Free Press today; it contained the notice of the sale, also a certain complimentary notice of the proceeding, on Saturday, taken from the "Spirit." I have not time to write more as I fear Mr. Brown will be waiting, when you come up again. I suspect we will be down to Church on Sunday and soon Good bye, with much love, I am as ever,
your fondly attached Ellen.

Thursday evening —
August 8th 1837.

The girls are all down in the parlor, and I have stolen off a few minutes before them that I might enjoy the sweet pleasure of commencing for a few moments with one whose society, conversation and love afford me more happiness than all else in the world beside, but so I have scarcely finished the first sentence when I hear their voices upon the stairs, but I do not care, I will brave it out, for I must talk to you a little while tonight. Then they are all around me, their tongues running like so many, — but "a woman's tongue is incomparable"; their curiosity had all been gratified by the satisfactory reply to their numerous questions that I was going to write to Parke, this is true, for I propose sending her a few lines by tomorrow's mail, how or when this will reach you I am unable to say; as I think I shall keep it until we meet again and it don't know when that will be. A long time must elapse, I suspect, before we have such a meeting as we generally have, when every individual thought is exchanged, when every other feeling is excluded save those which belong to love and happiness, and there is no one near to witness that happiness, which is too deep and sacred for any other eyes than our own. I

love you, my own one, more and more every day. I think of you
all the time, wherever I am, in whatever company I may be.
And are you thinking of me tonight, my own, my only love?
And amidst all your various occupations, have you one single
moment, in which to bestow a thought upon your absent
Ellen; upon her whose thoughts are all given to you.
I have my dear little locket by me; it has killed it one dozen
times, and it has whispered to me that he is thinking of me,
and perhaps wishing he could be with me, so that I lead a
wailing ear, for it is just what I would like to hear. I
then looked at my ring, but it was not very bright, and I
turned once more to pore over the pages of that sweet letter,
which had been read and reread, but of whose precious words
I would never weary. It tells me of the love of one who is dear,
so dear, it tells me that he thinks of me, and that he wishes
to be with me, and more than all it tells me how dear I am
to him. This is happiness, next to that of being by your side
and listening to them as you whisper them in my ear.
I was afraid you would forget me, when I could not see you
once a week, as I had been accustomed to seeing you, to
remind you of your obligations to me. I was afraid that
you would learn to do so well without me, that you would
never wish for me again, but were not these thoughts dangerous.
I feel that I am doing injustice to the truth and constancy
of my only love, and will endeavor henceforth to banish all such thoughts

from my mind. Will you help me to do it? Oh! I want to
see you so much! I have so much to say to you, so much
to tell you; it would take me a week to say it all. I don't think
the girls suspect for a moment that we are engaged. They talk
constantly of my spending next winter with them in Washington.
Angela had just said, "Oh! Ellen, I am going to ask the to
make a large jar of bread & peaches for next winter". They
talk to me constantly of "Cousin Randolph", respect compliments
paid by him, and all such things, tell me that they would be
so delighted to have me a member of their family, and beg me
not to say "no", but, I must tell you one thing that they say,
although it sets at naught all my former attentions of having
flirted with him so dreadfully. They were asking one day
why he did not follow on to Jefferson; he replied, "I would
not hesitate a moment in doing so, if she had only given
me an invitation, or even given me the least encouragement
to do so." What think you of that? Your Ellen is not a flirt
is she? It is that she has never yet met with an one, who
could in any measure compare with him - who had all her
heart's warmest and deepest affections. He had no rival
there, nor can have so long as he remains such as he is
now, and such as I have always known him. May I
never know any change in him! My own mutual love ever
burns as brightly upon the altar of our hearts, as it does at the
present time.

27.

Mr. J. A. C. Moore
Charleston,

wants, with the exception of your own precious self.
Oh! Darling, you don't know how much I miss you.
Of course I do not wish you to hurry back on my account
but I shall be so glad to see you when you do come.
Thank you again for those dear little notes, and when are
I to get another? You must excuse that note I wrote
you last night, for, indeed, I wrote part of it
with my eyes shut. Scobey had not slept well for the
last two nights (perhaps he missed you) and that
combined with other causes, makes me "distracted", as Mr
Downport would say. I try to tell him today, it was well
she loved him as much as she did, or she never could
put up with his kicking the bed clothes off her as he does.
It is 11 o'clock, and I must say "good night." Mr Fay has
not come over yet: he never comes until after eleven.
If you feel tired and sleepy at night, you must not
sit up to write to me, but when you feel well enough
send me a line. It is now nearly two o'clock, Scobey
has been awake ever since eleven. He screamed for more
than an hour (for you I think) and ever since I have
been trying to make him go to sleep, but he is lying
in his crib, talking and playing. I have just called
Liddy up to attend to him until I finish my letter and
get ready for bed. Oh my own one, if I could only be my
weary head upon my pillow how it would refresh me. When will
I see my only love? Good night, with warmest love and many kisses I am
your devoted wife - Ellen -

Sister Lizzie sends Brother I. a letter by
this mail: she is delighted to hear that you are
going to buy up maple sugar.

Summit Point
April 6th 1855.

Oh my, my dearest Husband -

How can I thank you for your
two sweet notes, both of which I received today;
you don't know how they have cheered up my heart.
I was surprised to find that you had been in
Baltimore so long, since the 4th of March, that being
the date of one of your letters. It had indeed
seemed a long time to me, but I had not even
imagined it had been a whole month.
I wrote you a short note last night, before I had
received a line from you, but my spirits were at
such a low ebb, that I could scarcely write at
all. I feel much better tonight, at all allure you,
and therefore will send you a missive a little more
deserving the title of a letter.

It is again 9th o'clock, just the hour at which
I was writing to you last night. Truly, the most
appropriate time for conversing with you, for it
is my usual one, but, how poor a substitute I have in

this little dumb sheet. Who' it is better than none,

Our dear little Scollay is sleeping sweetly in his little crib; his cold has seemed rather worse today, but he breathes very well tonight. He talks about you constantly, and wants to hug and kiss you; he can say "My dear Papa" right distinctly; he held your letter in his hand a long time this evening, would open it and read it to me, then fold it up and kiss it repeatedly; he goes to the door and calls for you at the top of his little voice, then exclaims "gone!" He, like his Mother, wishes he could see "Papa".

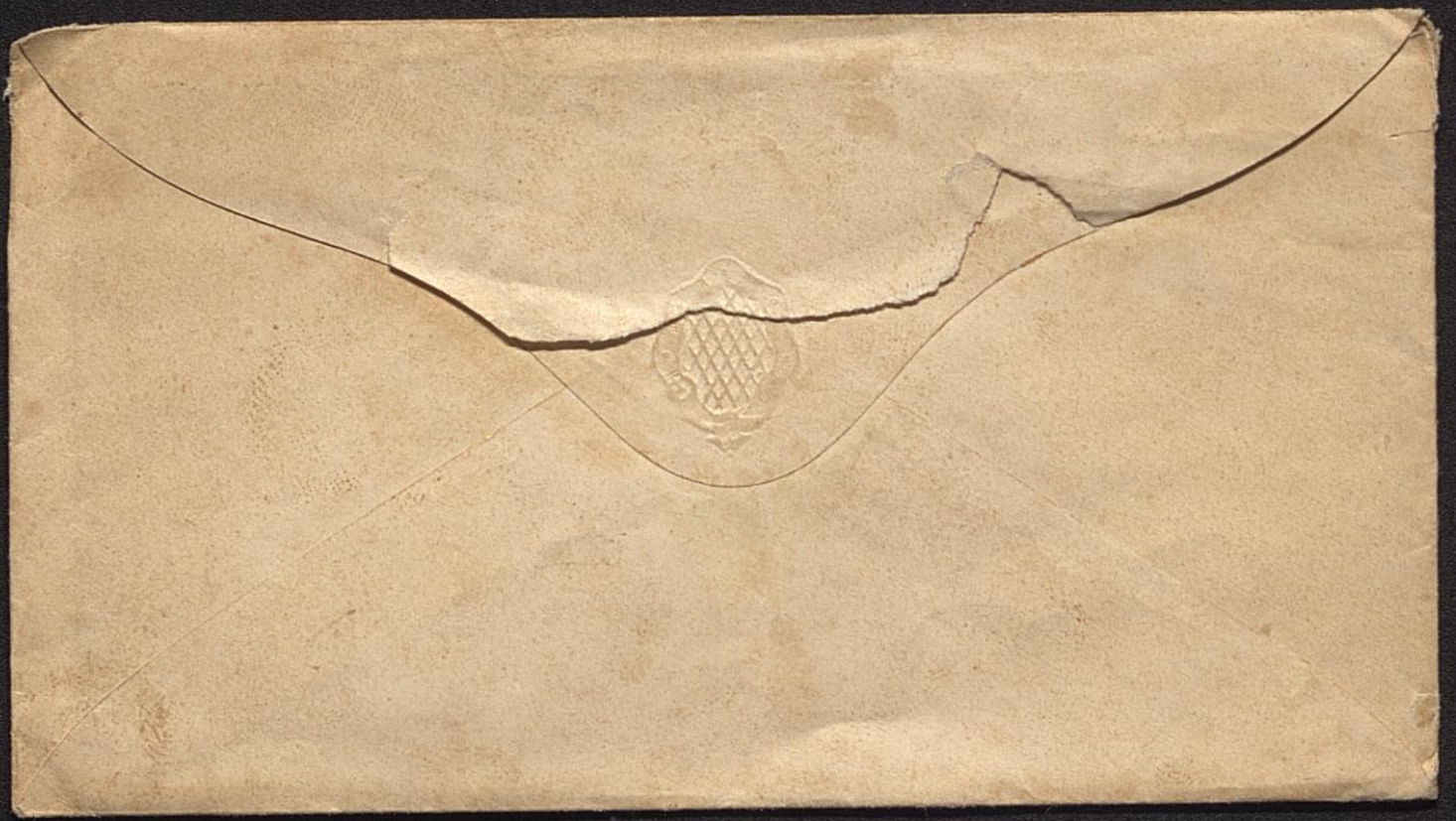
Well, what do you think; this evening we were seated very quietly at our work, when John should walk in that Miss Fanny and Mr. Page; positively and truly it is so. The former was in a great state of excitement, and could talk of nothing else; told me confidentially that Mr. P. had not given up, that he already had a letter written, which was lying in her writing desk, and which he purposes sending at Harpers ferry the day he leaves, which he says will be next Monday. I don't say much whether he will go at all or not, Miss F. never saw my piano before, it pleased her then the "Star Spangled Banner", with which they were delighted. My remark immediately after they left, "I know Mr. P. will be back

after that, he will think, "I would like to have a sister-in-law who plays that well", and for that reason will try to get me." I was amused at her novel mode of reasoning. Don't you think I read to them "The Doctor's extraordinary" (they each finished a little.)

I have had Coloufon at work in the garden, since you left; he put in peas yesterday, the omelet today, and now he is preparing the ground for parsnips, what is to be done about potatoes? On Wednesday evening he went for two barrels of water; returning, the water car broke down just below Mr. Thomas, and he had to borrow Mr. Ward's cart to bring the barrels home; he then brought the car home in the cart, I told him to try and hire Mr. W's cart tomorrow to bring some more water. Mr. Thomas says he has permatials to repair the car; the expense broke, I believe,

I do feel so much for your Father and Mother; what prospect is there of the man's recovery? Did you hear anything of Mr. Hoff? Have you determined yet whether or not to go to Philadelphia? Mr. Fry said today he hoped you would go. I don't whether he was in earnest or just. Please bring me a small piece of sponge (or perhaps you have it in the store, mine is entirely worn out) and one spool of silken braid for shipping, thus. I believe completed the list of my

S. J. C. Moore
Care of J. D. Forbes & Co.
Baltimore -
Md.



My own dear Husband -

I cannot let Father leave this morning, without sending you a few lines, tho' I suppose you will scarcely have time to read them - How is my darling's head? I hope he has not suffered from it since I left. The air of Chautauque had entirely restored me to my former self; I have not had a moment's sickness since I came here. Is not that an improve-

Wm. S. C. Stone
Chautauque



ment, think you?
I have been very busy since I
came here, the result of which
is that I have hemmed one
side of my table-cloth. But
I'm going to put them all to
work today. Mother had a
straw-bed for me too, so
that the one which I have
will answer for the upstairs.
You need not bring your
trunk with you when you
come, as I can get a smaller

one here, that will answer
my purpose. When are
you coming up? I want
to see my own one so much.
The gentlemen are ready -
Good-bye my dearest one -
Your devoted wife -
Ellen
Love to all

Smithfield,
September 2nd

You will, I suspect, be somewhat surprised at receiving any communication from me by tomorrow's mail, but as you said something about coming up on Monday, I determined to write you a few lines to tell you that I would not be able to see you on that day, I have been sick all day today, and Father has left me two pills to take tonight. I am much better this evening, though, had Sister L. been at home, I should have employed

her as my Amaranensis. Father
is threatening strongly of applying
cups to my side, I hope it will
not be necessary, for should that
be case there is no knowing when
I might see you, and it seems
an age since we parted at Bath.

If you do not hear from me on
Wednesday again, you may come
up on that day, provided, of course,
that it is convenient to you so to do,
or, in other words, "jumps with
your inclination".

Give my best love to Shannon
and tell her to come up, I shall
enclose this to her, and would
write but do not feel well enough.
Give my respects to Mr. Botts, and

tell him that Dr. Henry will visit
Charlestown some time during
the week. I wish I could write
more. "Good night," I hope to see you
soon; until then, believe me to be
your own - Ellen.

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Mr. J. E. Moore,
Charleston,

W. B. Botto

Am. S. C. R. Co.

W. B. Botto is waiting
but I must scribble you a
few lines. Mother and Elsie
will be here today. Not a word
from Pothe; see if she is at the
depot today, and stop here in
Charleston in haste

Ellen