

Do not think that I regret,
or complain of this at all,
for, I know, that they do
sometimes share your
attention, and I am not
quite so selfish as to claim
a monopoly of every thought.
I shall send you my
album tomorrow, and give
you full liberty to put in
it as many pieces as you
may see proper, hoping you
will bear in mind that the
greater the number, the more
acceptable the book will be
on its return, next Saturday
seems a long way off when I
look forward to the pleasure
I am to receive on that day,
but, in the mean time, I will
have to live on the anticipation.
This is a small sheet, but it
contains a good many words.
Good night. — your own Ellen.

①



Monday night,
April 24th 1848.

Although it is
now after eleven o'clock,
I have just come upstairs
and seated myself to
comply with the parting
request of my only love,
viz. to pen him a few
lines by tomorrow's post.
I have just been released
from the most disagreeable
of all bores, Mr. Whitehill,
he came in soon after you
left, which circumstance
rendered his company

even more intolerable than
it usually is.

The time which you
spent with me this
evening was so very short,
that I can scarcely realize
that you have been here at
all. It appears like a
pleasant dream from
which I was rudely
awakened by Mr. W. I
will never forgive him
for it. For I was so nicely
seated in the parlor, my
thoughts wholly occupied
by the one who had just
left me; at one moment,
following him on his
lonely way, as his faithful
gray retraced his steps

over the rough road, which
has, of late, become so
familiar to him, at the
next, busy fancy picturing
him by my side, even as
he had been but a few
moments before. What
then must have been
my feelings of regret at
having so sweet a reverie
so abruptly interrupted?
But the vision was put
to flight only for a season,
for, now, with imagination's
eye, I can see you enjoying
yourself in the company
of the many fair ones of
Charlestown, with not
a moment's time to bestow
a thought upon absent friends

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For

Mr. S. F. C. Moore,
Charleston,
Jefferson County,
Virginia.

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that long to be remembered card. But, no, I'm wrong, I have written to you once since that, I think, have I not? But if I say much more on this subject, I need not flatter myself that the end of my letter will ever be seen by him for whose use alone it is intended, for I fancy I can see him now — but I need not fill my paper with a description of him as he presents himself before my imagination; just raise your eyes to the mirror, will you? and tell me what you see, and whether you do not hear the words, "I declare I will burn this letter if she does not stop with all this nonsense," But I'm done now, so keep cool.

And now for those three all-powerful ~~words~~ ^{words} that exerted such an unaccountable influence over your pen. You ask me to account for the "change that came over you"

while you discussed them in your letter. I think this is no very difficult matter, for even if you had not been reading Stearns, the very mention of the fact is calculated to excite, merriment, since it is nowhere to be found but in the imagination of the dreamer, and, who would not become serious at the thought of being a wife, how much more then had you cause for it, when you were discussing the possibility of your ~~own~~ being burdened with one, at some future time. Oh! be warned, and fly from such a fate, Fly ere it be too late, else you may wonder hereafter, how it could be that you should enquire of another the reason why you should be serious in speaking of "my wife." Will you not be governed by my advice in this matter? You know, "that man is wise &c."

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Mr.

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Mr. S. A. C. Moore,
Charleston,
Jefferson County,
Virginia.



Smithfield Jeff County,
January 1st 1865.

Dear Cousin,

I have a few leisure moments this evening, and have determined to devote them to you. Now, I have no doubt, your vanity will here suggest, "She could spend it no other way so agreeably to herself." Whether or not this question admits of dispute, I will not stop to inquire, but will at once go on to "say my say" and thus prove to you that I have another object in view this time at any rate. It is said that a lady always reserves the most important part of her communication for the postscript, but knowing how much curiosity a certain friend of mine possesses, and knowing too that he will be sadly puzzled when he receives this letter, I have determined to gratify it on the first page. And now for that all-important piece of information, it is nothing more nor less than this. — Mr Baber is the subject; now, what do you think it is about Mr Baber? Don't jump at a conclusion, I beg of you, for I am sure you would not touch the right one. Well, I will help you. You know that by a mutual agreement, the engagement which has for some time past been existing between us was last week annulled, thus rendering your humble servant at liberty to enter into another as soon as she thought proper, or in other words, as soon as she had an

opportunity. This, you may readily suppose, would not
long be wanting; at least, this would be the natural
inference to be drawn from the numerous cautions, which
are given to her gentleman friends by those who consider
themselves well acquainted with her, and her affairs of
the heart. Now, in pursuance of the above-mentioned liberty,
I have an engagement with Mr. Baker for Thursday evening.
What think you of it? don't be jealous. The plain English
Mr. Baker spent Saturday with us, and when he was going
away told me that he would be here on Thursday next, and
will most probably spend the night here, this was the evening
which you appointed to come up to, and as I see you
but once a week, I could not bear that we should be so entirely
deprived of our evening chat, however I leave it to you,
whether you shall come up on the evening or not. If you
come, I shall be glad to see you, so see your own
discretion, he had quite a housefull on Saturday, Mr.
G. Dudley stood with us until Sunday, but all for Mr.
Proctor. I thought we were never to get rid of him. He came
on Saturday and staid until Sunday forenoon P.M.
Don't you think he deserved the name of Contractor?
Brother expects to leave us on Thursday morning.
I suppose you have been enjoying the snow very much.
I have not yet written to Thomas, have you heard from
her lately? I must close this letter on this page, for fear my
hand writing might be recognised on the other. I think I
shall get Brother George to direct it for me.
Good bye, Write much love. I am as ever,
your own Ellen

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Saml M Moon Esq

Attorney

Charles Town
Va



(3)



Summit Point
9 1/2 o'clock P.M.

My own dear Husband,

Scotty is asleep, Sister Lizzie, not feeling very well, has retired, and I am sitting alone in our room. Judging you by myself, I have concluded that a few lines will not be unwelcome, and have therefore determined to send them by tomorrow's mail. I could not help feeling disappointed today, at not receiving my expected letter; even Mr Fry and the boys thought it would get one, and wondered that I did not. Mr F. has had two from you I believe, but not one line for me; but I do not intend this for a scold. We have been getting along very well since you left. Scotty's cold is a great

deal better; he has very little
cough. He very often speaks of you,
calls you voluntarily, then says "you"
and smacks his little lips for a
kiss; he inquired very anxiously when
he wakened yesterday morning and
heard that you were gone, whether
you had kissed him, kissed me,
and then whether you had kissed Liddy.
There does not seem to have been
a great deal going on at the store since
you left; there were several wagons
at the ware house today, some with
flour, others to be loaded, for Perryville
I suppose. — — — and now I suspect
you would like to hear something
about Abby. Mr. Page came in all
four yesterday evening, and just
as formally I suppose, was discarded.
Sister Lizzie sends her love to you
and Brother George, and says I
must tell you that she feels much
happier than she has done for the

last two weeks, and that the final
interview was not near so painful as
she had imagined it would be. He
excited my sympathies most powerfully,
tho' I have not the ability to conclude,
when he told me "Good bye." I felt
almost inclined to beg her to recall
what she had said to him.

I was a good deal disturbed last
night, and am so sleepy now, that
I can scarcely hold my eyes open; this
must be my apology for a short note.
If Collet was awake, he would find
you a kiss I pressed the paper to
his little lips, when you put the mark.
Good night. Hoping to hear from you
tomorrow, I am all over.

Your devoted wife,
Ellen.

(3)

S. J. C. Moore—
Care J. S. Innes & Co.,
Baltimore—
Md.