

Dear Madam.

Warr. 24<sup>th</sup> Oct. 1725

Mr. Clay has received several kind letters from you for which we are both greatly obliged. Our last affliction has almost overwhelmed us. We were beginning to be composed, by reflection, by occupations, and by time, as to that which preceded it. But this new, unexpected, and severe blow has opened again all the sources of our grief. The calm self-possession with which our poor Susan met her untimely fate, if, in one respect, it has afforded us consolation, has served, in another, to make us feel more acutely the great value of her whom we have lost. Her last care seemed to be for us and for her children. She knows, by her own feelings, as a mother, what must be ours. Ah! Madam is it not cruel out of six daughters to be deprived of all but one! Age, grief and misfortune make us feel a great want, and God alone can supply that.

We are keeping house. Mr. Clay writes, as I do, very much for Sally Hall; and we are in some uncertainty about her coming. She would do well I think not to wait for the rise of the river, which is very uncertain. The roads are now good; the Stage makes its daily journey with ease; and if she gets fatigued she could always stop & rest a day or two. There is no danger, and almost always some body travelling in it; the fewer however the better.

Make my respects to your husband.

Mrs. C. Mencklee

Yrs<sup>rs</sup> respectfully  
H. Clay