

nothing on earth gives me so much pleasure as writing to you, yet it never gives me those giddy raptures so much talked of among lovers. * * *

The sordid earth-worm may profess love to a woman's person, whilst in reality his affection is centered in her pocket; and the slavish drudge may go a-wooing as he goes to the horse-market, to choose one who is stout and firm, and as we may say of an old horse, one who will be a good drudge and draw kindly. I disdain their dirty, puny ideas. I would be heartily out of humor with myself, if I thought I were capable of having so poor a notion of the sex, which was designed to crown the pleasures of society.

R. B.

HENRY CLAY'S MOTHER'S LAST LETTER TO HIM.

My Dear Son,

Woodford Ky., Sept'r 13th, 1837.

Your kind favor of the 14th of August came to hand a few days ago. Rest assured, my son, I feel glad that you have got again to the bosom of your family, and found them well. I have been a great deal worse than I was when I had the pleasure of seeing you last. I can make out to cross the room, with the help of a staff or some one's arm. To-day I feel better, having had a good night's rest. My cough is not so bad as it was. Mr. Watkins still enjoys his usual health, and joins in love to Lucretia (Mrs Clay) and to the rest of the family. Pray write me when convenient. That God may bless you, my son, is the sincere prayer of your mother.

Mr. HENRY CLAY.

ELIZABETH WATKINS.

HANNAH ARNOLD TO BENEDICT ARNOLD.

Dear Child:

Norwich, April 12, 1754.

I received yours of 1 instant, and was glad to hear that you was well; pray my dear let your first concern be to make your peace with god as itt is of all concerns of ye greatest importance. Keep a steady watch over your thoughts, words, and actions, be dutifull to seperiors, obliging to equalls and affibel to inferiors. from your affectionate,

HANNAH ARNOLD.

P. S. Your father and aunt joyns with me in love and servis to yourself, your sister is from home.

To

Mr.

benedict arnold,

at

Canterbury.