with little record. 1st

You write a great deal of money to make us comfortable, as our home is enriched and we have no pecuniary wants I do not feel like seeing Mr Clay expend any money on the home homestead. It is [redacted] whether we can live there and life and property cannot be insured to most men in Kentucky.

Mr Clay may not be able to stay here another year, and if the war lasts is northern I am sure I do not see how we are to be able to get along with the money to pay rents for a year or at the end of the year in his form. Lawsey has been to see nothing. I received a precious letter from my Father, he is glad we are safe to stay here, and thinks we may be comfortable until we can hear of the opportunity. He quite envies us. He we needed money as if Virginia knew all we paid for all the comfort we desire. How I long for a sight of home though Europe, I do not think I need cross the Atlantic again if I need one at home. You will get my

Cornelia Walker Clay

1st

Anapa Circassia Jan 28th 1865

Dearest Sallie,

I wrote to Mrs A two days ago upon the receipt of letters from home I was so glad to hear from you all once more it had been nearly a month since I had received a line from home. That is too long time to be neglected dearest my dear mit and I begin to feel quite [illegible] about it. The post has been very not entirely good as some of the letters had evidently been in the office some time. You are such a darling sister to write me such good letters. I am sorry to [illegible] the recent of the oil investigation, of course you are equally anxious, and the work will go on with all possible speed. Why did you not mention who were the men who ruined the farm that was valuable, I mean not willing to leave them with the machinery used on the ground. You know all the ground and is anxious to know what farm we owned. We owned another in the Western part, but he owned it we came to know last fall.

Lucie, Lucie dear will it not be too much happiness to have independence and live at home once more!

In Clay it being no success here, and it may be those gentlemen will get tired of the expense and quit work next fall. They say not but you have no idea how expensive it is to work here. Our salary is a very good one, but you can scarcely live at sixteen thousand dollars. The rubber is much depreciated, and if gold is down at home, we will not even pay our debts by September. It takes at least twelve hundred rubles a year to support us, and we will have but little left to go home on. Mr Clay has sent your Pa four thousand rubles to send home. I do hope gold will not be very low when it reaches America for we feel of course we be much distressed if it does not bring seven thousand dollars at least. In that case we will stay more than thousand dollars. Mr Brutus merely to much. I am in despair, it seems as if we never be free. I thought we could pay out this year, but now comes Brutus' new debt. I do not feel at liberty to leave Mr Clay. He is so honest as long as he has to do much, but I do feel at liberty to depend on homesick. My only hope is that Lucie, and you must come as you have higher wages. Mr Clay often has recommended my going to Kutch; there is no need of it now as Mr Clay is always in the one. I could not probably find in Kutch any way, I can hardly get a decent room to stay in when I go there. You have no conception of what hotels are in this country, and private houses there are none. My home is the only comfortable place I can get in here, and I generally stay in it. Hotels may be agreeable to those who like them, if one can speak it, it is going among so many hard nearly American people, here of many races, colors, & theatres; but to me it is a dirty uncomfortable place. I am always glad to get home when I go there. I want nothing more except to go home. I am dreadfully to look in towards

ANN ARBOR
MICH
Miss. Laura Clay,
Care of Mrs. Ogden Hoffman,
No. 17, West 38th. Street,
New York City.

Ft. Ret. Ma. Oct. 17. 65

Dear Green, Mr Chandler has decided going into the distillation of oil — so you cannot get the employment he had proposed. He says he finds it wont pay to do business in Russia. I hope you have taken no steps, which will make this change of purpose inconvenient to you. Nautilus is here and I am trying to get a compromise or arbitration of my affairs (once yours) if possible. I don't know how I will come out. Things are looking gloomy all over Europe — Cholera, cattle plague and high rates of interest prevailing. The continual talk of a French war keeps our bonds down. I think we have had war enough — and we had best try to make a living, and keep up our pecuniary credit!

I trust you will mature your plans well before you change your pursuits. The world is not going to come to an end because slavery is abolished. You must learn the most rigid and self-denying economy until you get out of debt — and are young liberated. If you could be near your Ma till I return I should be glad. You might be of mutual assistance to each other. I have asked your Ma not to furnish the new-house till all debts are paid — I have also much furniture which I will bring home — and thus save her much outlay in that respect. Love to all. I hope Connie is better. Kiss Annie — and write to me often of how business goes on and any prospects in oil wells in Madison — Don't bore yourself at your own expense. Your aff. fath.

Green Clay.

C. M. Clay.

White Hall. Dec 3rd/65

Dear Sousa,

You have not remembered me in writing to friends at home, so I shall begin the correspondence. It is Sunday Evening, or rather night for the sun is down. Ina and Sallie have just come in from a long ride on the farm. Mr Clay is out hunting in runaway pigs, Mary is down stairs entertaining Rhodes Stone who is passing the night here, & I am in the nursery alone writing to you. This has been a lovely day, the air is as soft & balmy as spring. I rode over home with Mr Clay this morning, both Sallie & I trying his two new mares, and we found them both delightful riding horses.

Our place looks very well to me. The house needs paint badly, as it has not been painted since it was first built. I hope Mr Clay will be able to have it finished next summer, although I have no hope of it now. Pa's house is nearly finished it seems to me, and yet it requires some time yet to do all that needs doing. Ma says she will send the workmen away next week whether they finish or not, until next spring. The painters are here, but they have painted none of the inside work, nor will not this winter except the library. The girls are very anxious to have it finished that they may have a place to sit down in with comfort. Mr Clay & I are in your Pa's room. it has been made much larger, and is very comfortable I wish you were at home while I am living here. I hope you are very happy where you are, and will desire all the advantage that you anticipated. I was in Lexington not long since, Lallie & I went over together, I had quite a pleasant visit but felt quite unwell all the time I was there. Mary & Lallie have not decided whether they will go to Washington or not. I want very much to go to see my sister Mrs Pierce soon, but do not now know when it will be. I have been writing a great deal this evening, and only write this to assure you of our love and remembrance. Mr Clay has come in & sends you love. I will write again soon. Good bye.

Your loving sister
Cornelia Walker C. W. Clay.

My dear Sister

Liverpool. Dec 29th 1863.

Waterloo Hotel

This is my first letter home & I write to you first, because I owe you an answer to the letter you wrote me while I was in Richmond Va. I intended to write to you from New York but was so busy that I was unable to do so. We sailed on the 10th and had the finest voyage ever made across the atlantic. Our ship was the Scotia consequently the best vessel in the world, & for this reason I made great question to get on her. We were all a little sick, but soon got well again & enjoyed ourselves as much as it is possible to do on board ship. Mr William Walker was left, from some cause or other, I cannot tell what. Mr Constant & I left behind to follow on the Etna the Saturday steamer to bring a part of the machinery that had not arrived in N.Y. City from Pittsburgh & also to bring Phillips. We I supposed got to New York that day sometime, but not in time to sail with us. Mr Walker was also behind with them. I hope Connie says he will go back but I think not. I met Mr Jewett our Minister to Berlin on ship, he said he had met Pa not very long since, and that Pa was quite well & looked pleased with his trip. We got into the Mersey River in eight days & twenty hours & anchored, from the time we left Sandy Hook. We had rough weather but as we have stood ten or fifteen days travel on water we feel quite used to it & expect to have that pleasure. (yet I wonder like very much not to have the good luck for I must say I like the smooth water best.) I have a very good hotel here. The rooms are furnished in an old fashioned style, but they are comfortable & the cooking is very good. Connie & I both expect to grow fat & something that we both need. Connie gets a little low spirited now & then, but I do not feel at all homesick, for one who is going to make a fortune, it is not time yet to look forward to home. I have been quite busy since I arrived. I find the people with whom I have business very kind & polite & my friends the Ewings, have been completely overjoyed to see me. I now think the people here are very rich, & very good people, yet I shall like them better if they should keep houses off in our home quarter. But I hope our country can take care of its self & then others are sure to be respectful. The more I see of other nations the more I like my own native land. I will be here a day or two longer, or more I am waiting for Constant to come to Liverpool for I will be here a day after tomorrow. A ship, the machinery & men to Constantinople & I & Connie go from here to Marseilles via Boulogne & Paris & there take a steamer to Constantinople thus cutting off one thousand miles by sea. We will spend a day or two in Paris & London each time at Marseilles & then we get off at Athens, & then get to Constantinople the time the men will. We will remain there several days and then sail direct for Alexandria.

Do not fail to write to Pa, & tell the dear old man that I am quite well. Write to me at Liverpool care of Mr Holbert, as I will be there for one week. Give my love to all the family & tell them I will write to them as soon as I get to Alexandria. Write me a long letter & mail it to me at Liverpool care of Mr Holbert. Good bye my dear Sister & God bless you.

Your affectionate Brother
Frank Leslie

Jan 1st 1864.

Yesterday I heard that the Eliza had arrived, or would do so by five in the evening, so I went down to the pier, & that I found a lot of people there to stand out to meet her. So I got on the Tug & we went down the river about three miles, & found her going the other way & we were soon aboard of her, but to my great disappointment Constant was not on her & up to this time (Sixteen o'clock) I have not even received a letter from him. So I am compelled to remain here another week & am left to the very, very anxious & uncomfortable experiment of surmising what is the matter, why he does not come or write. I have had a great deal of trouble, since I am down in this business for Mr Cohen etc. The 30th of Dec. was my 25th birthday & all Connie & myself went to bed full of whisky toddies, shades of Kate & whisky, Cognac, Rye, & pot luck. We actually commenced in drinking merry birth. The people of this city think half a merry week of it & this morning at twelve o'clock I was serenaded by loyal singing & many bands of music in the streets, so the new year was welcomed. It is a bright morning the second one that I have seen since I have been here. The climate is very nice here. There has not been any frost yet since I got here, & I understand it is always so. Strawberries, green peas & other things of the same kind are now ripe. The fruit is very high so when I return home I intend to stuff myself with every thing I can that shall I bring you? Do I owe Kate a letter? If I do tell her so & I will write her a few lines. Give my love to Jane & the dear Jane. Connie & Kate send a wave for you. My dear Sister. Write to me often. Your brother

E. L. Cohen

My dear Mother

I believe Connie has given you a long letter & given you all the news, and I expect that the dear boy has let you know that I am still thinking of, & your dear little pet at home, that old Green always wants the greatest (place) Bless her little heart! I am in Liverpool & in good spirits & I do hope that I at last may have everything alright but it seems not. The Constant is still behind with the Phaeton, so I am left in uncertainty to await his coming. Have you the Publishers address? I suppose that the one he mentioned will be sufficient. I have received a letter from the Chancellor since I am here & if Constant & Publishers come in on the next steamer I will be alright. How do you write on Sunday? Do you have no trouble. Give your love to the boys & tell them they must write to my sometimes.

Tell Connie & Bertie they must write to me sometimes.

I have made a fuller return than I can expected, to render my
own quiet quite fat, and my face actually growing rosy, you
see, being unusual agreed with me. I wonder Sonnie, I did
not hear any of you speak of being sick, I almost that any
would. I tried, I suffered so intensely.

I took to you a few days ago, it takes eleven days to
carry a letter from here to St Petersburg. Mr Chandler may not
be in Hartford yet, it is quite so young and the weather has been
unusually severe. I have a card yesterday from the English Consul
saying that he and the rest had been expected upon Monday
I am very much disturbed, but might, it has been so long since
occurred I do not like to think of what might have happened
you all at home. It is too long after it all seems that we have
been so always trouble free. I think of the consequences of
such war. And yet his gain cost too, to fifty-eight prisoners I am
afraid it are not very successful things look dreary.

I have written you a few letters Sonnie, but I have really nothing
to write, you have written me often I hope, you remember your
promise to. I hope you have read all my letters home. I have
had nothing to write you here. Remember me with great
love to Grandpa and Aunt Anne, I will write to them when I
get to Dutch. Give my love to Cousin one of our relations in
Lexington. Mr Clay wished and you come on charge if he was fine
he remembered you all the time, he never ever anything now, he
expects rather anything he wished he was staying here he cannot
say that for "Dutch". Goodbye, write often.

Lt. H. Clay
Cornelius Wallace Clay

Odessa. Russia. Feb 14th 1864

My dear Sonnie,

My last letter home was to Sally, and was
written yesterday. We have been in this city two weeks yesterday &
I am still little hope of getting out to sea. The war is stirring
when we thought, now as Spring days, at home, he Clay in anxious
of getting to Hartford by Christmas, but from of his wishes were not
not yesterday in a manner by letter & I will now go into other part where
the steamer stands. It was amusing to see the style Mr Clay went in
to Hartford, he had an old sorrel, not an horse so gaunt as that, not that
bony, no sir, to set upon but only a few bundles of hay thrown in
the bottom, & he was amusing by thing were complete to form a man
who is able to speak both Russian & English, to go with them. The
horses very poorly stocked and miserable, and were driving from
about thing took them about occasions are sent off in fine spirits
It is the pleasure under from here and the is the very hot style
they owned go in Mr Clay on determined to go, & he said he did
not care the trip for he was down a few opportunity to see the
paradise plain on the Nagara. Mr Clay agreeably enough entertained, but
he really unkindly set out on a wagon myself rather than stay from
I am every the fire I am at home, again, living in gray hound for
time thought is not agreeable. Sunday one Cousin came down to see
us & brought with them the English Consul, the offices as his carriage
and horses, and asked me to accept the use of a splendid and
horse he had, we declined politely, for I would not like to be under
any obligations to an Englishman. You know we are here for
money and not pleasure, and are not prepared to accept any
invitations. Feb 19th

The past few days have passed without any
incident to mark them, we are still here but with the hopes of
getting out next Monday. There was considerable excitement
yesterday when the arrival of a steamship in this port. She is

being the first arrival since we came in. She was the whole afternoon cutting her
way into the Harbor, and did not then succeed in getting nearer than a mile
from shore; the passengers walked in on the ice. As she has opened the road we
hope to get off Monday. I trust Dr Clay will get to Hankö before we arrive
and have some place for me to step and rest. I am worried to death thinking.
We have a call from an American this morning, he is Mr Pearce from N. York.
He has been in Russia for years, and is now engaged in getting timber
timber and shipping them to France from the Caucasus. He knows your Pa
very well, says he dined with him several times in St Petersburgh. He is not the
Pearce engaged with Dykers. We were delighted to meet an American, it is very
pleasant in a foreign country to meet one of your own countrymen, and hear
your mother tongue. Feb 27th

My dear Jonna I began this letter nearly two weeks
ago, and intended not to finish it until we got to Hankö, but the prospect
of no post for leaving here soon I have determined to finish up. I received a
letter from Mr Clay this evening telling us of his safe arrival in Hankö. I
feel quite relieved to have received it, he was told he would meet with so
many difficulties but he has energy and determination enough to carry him
through all things. I feel more anxious to have news than ever since I knew
he has reached our home. I would like Odessa to live in if we have plenty
of money, it is a very expensive place to live, everything is enormously high.
We have had very odd weather the past week, the ice has drifted in further &
thicker than it has been before since we landed. I took a sleigh ride today, and
enjoyed it very much the streets were frozen and in beautiful driving order, a
great many people were out driving and walking. You know they have
beautiful horses in Russia, they are so full of spirit and are driven so easily.
The ladies have dress elegantly, I mean sans as handsome clothes in any city. They
are of all colored velvet and trimmed with handsome furs, the muffs are as
large as a half dozen of ours together. The style of dress is very much like ours,
the bonnets the same shape, and the dresses trimmed as ours are. I like the
city, it looks clean, the houses are all plastered on the outside and painted one
some pink, green, a stone colored, the stone they are built of is so soft as
to be affected by the action of the weather, and for that reason they plaster
them. The streets which are paved were paved by an English company who bring
the stone here from the river Don, there being no other kind but soft stone here.
The consequence is the streets are generally muddy in winter and very dusty in
summer. It is pleasant to see different complexed people and costumes, if we are
fortunate enough to make money I shall enjoy our trip home very much, and
if we are not able to extend our travels we will have seen a good deal we
could never have seen at home. I hope Mary may be in Europe before I come
home, it will be agreeable to know she is on the same side of the water, and
most charming to meet her. I am so anxious to get to Hankö and receive some
letters from you all telling me everything of home, and of what you are doing. I
have thought of the girls many times this winter and pictured them up to parties
I knew they enjoyed it, and I hope made many conquests. I would not like
to have them marry before I go home, and if they must be far from us I would
rather they would not marry at all. The winter has gone like a dream to me, we
have been travelling since December, and time has passed rapidly, it has been six
months since Mr Clay commenced work for Mr Chapman, time flies fast, I will
not be away so long as I felt I should when I parted with dear friends at home.
I feel annoyed for fear my letters home have not gone safely. Dr Smith says he saw
two of my letters lying out in the postoffice, and he mailed them, something wrong.

Roman Circassia
May 1st 1864

My dearest Aunt Anna

I do hope you will not think it a
part of the stick has prevented my writing to you
sooner. I intended writing from Rio Grande, but postponed it until
the day of departure, and when at last I do write I feel the
mystery you must have felt when I did a precious lot of two days since
and intended sending you one, but you see I was so pressed
for time, it was unfit to send any, and I tried twice, and
signally unsuccessful twice besides in getting some bikanger. I
have a good many in my trunk and I shall have them
filled they are taken, I require money to cover the journey.
You have already gotten me of two days pass. But I hope to
also one for Lima. I do desire such one of you to send me
I was to say you did not come to see me the day I was
in Douglas. But I intended going out to the Gardens, but
the Digby distance me any moment of daylight in London
from you have had with me all minute nicely dressed
pass the latter are of course when I was my dulled visited
on account of the hope I shall not report to have, but only
long, long look down me. But relieve by some
no and beautiful scenes I am thoroughly convinced I am
no sailor, for I have had considerable experience, and it
makes me sick now to get on a steamer as it did the
day I left New York. I have thought often of the delight they
spoke in the voyage and rendered the time more
fast even comfortable on a clean dirty ship. I crossed in
Zenith seven weeks the motions of the Calay days I needed
to sick and pale and hard before I was able to
drink it not agreeable in any way. I made up, as I thought
you from often dwell on my doubtless short I moved home
to have a wandering life. Experience has taught me to feel
otherwise, but I am afraid I have not a contented spirit

married life I only regret we did not marry when we
were first engaged. So do I. In Calay great deal very day
I find have more time and gentlemanly in all things.
But this is unnecessary I am expecting to think that of my
brother, but all men do not deserve it as he does.
I am studying French but we do not make much progress
under your kind home as to talk to continually as we are
afraid to speak French. In Calay it more accord
to speak German as it is more unique to hear one his
friends and very collectively perhaps speak German
you find many ones able to speak three languages
indeed I have felt mortified at my ignorance. I am
now find how children I should have thought German
and French it is as easy for a child to learn and as
unique to them as often gives them I might enjoy the
society of agreeable people. I am only time and my
nothing you know proper always give when they have
nothing to say. When I Schonder and Lord Carnarvon
the Lord of the Empire Hundred and with Immaculate
Bronze hundreds, they are very spotless in the hands of
English and [illegible] and [illegible] the conversation
most charmed hopeful those from In Calay we partied very
Teacher have any account Lord Dundreary and Lady
invited to Lord Grants March. Remember kindly to Lord Grant and
Cousin Lucy. Love to Samuel Edwards when you write and
to everybody else. My time to Lord Shaftesbury is to end
as she promised and I write to Lord Shaftesbury
such In Calay and I am incredulent. Lucette, the Chinese
is enlightenment and indeed [illegible] to [illegible] of
of Annie and pleasure for to take hands to Lady Grant and
from her picture taken last week. I have written long
but with little to interest you. Lucette, tell your Grandpa, tell your
Cornelia Walker aunt

Our situation here is much more agreeable than I expected. We have a very comfortable home, and everything in it to make us comfortable. I have three rooms for our own private use. I have my maid servant an Irishman, who speaks English quite well. He is a most excellent servant, and we think himself very fortunate. I have never found any amount of trouble about servants. I like them as well as the negroes do not like the white servants of the South. They are better than English. I am glad you have kind not your outrageous Rhoda. She was very insolent, and such a burden to you. I cannot imagine how you endured her as long as you did. You always my servant left me in Stanford. I am sure she did not do it voluntarily. She was too savage to get home. I feel very sorry for poor Rebecca as to have me. And I have missed her very much. Her, Tinkler, was about being homesick after she left her. I was a good long while the time. She was quite an improvement on Anne. I am only sorry she did not have an hour. Good that is better in Europe. They have holidays for seven days, and it is their greatest holiday. And they are commencing Christmas. Today everybody kissed every body, as every body is dressed in their best clothes. I will and I am invited to dine with Mr & Mrs Sulivan in honor of my mother. Mr Sulivan is here on recall and cheerful. I am always lonely when he is gone. He left me yesterday for Odessa and will not return for two weeks. I have met here, I am acquainted with a great deal of the people in this place where I have been for so long. I shall get me some English books and my summer wardrobe. Then Rebecca and I will buy me a saddle horse and Mr Chandler has a horse here for me. I shall enjoy the horseback rides with Mr Sulivan. We have a small Dinky and have but a few horseback rides. We are just now infected with a [illegible] that is not agreeable. The Russians [illegible] coming thirty thousand Poles according to Sunday. Everything are coming here ultimately to the front. They are the finest horse than Russians, are not as much civilized, steady, sharp, are capital riders, strong, tough, hardy physically, but are criminally not robust. I have always thought Poland was the most beautiful country in the world. To that time my life prospects were almost fading. I must know what to believe about you. I have written many epistolically, but you have never spoke of it in any one of your letters. Please write me a good long letter and let me everything that will pass on. I am particularly curious to know all that is passing in the provinces. Mother, I am only and affectionate wife and [illegible] [illegible] letter of my [illegible] state. I have given the best acts of [illegible] in my other letter at time [illegible] [illegible] with the negroes & suppose you have given [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] I am not. I [illegible] home [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] not care for the negro but do think Mr Pierce [illegible] [illegible] and unjustly to his promise. Today he at once [illegible] another. I hope in my [illegible] something [illegible] [illegible] long while. Mr Sullivan invite me to [illegible] [illegible] great deal about the war and the parliamentary campaign. Mr invited me the girls were very much admired in Nothing [illegible] last winter and enjoyed themselves very much. I was [illegible] and I long for letter from them both. Dear [illegible] of all the pleasant and [illegible] hours. I am [illegible] and he will not be [illegible] with me to [illegible] [illegible] anticipated, she must have found some one to suit her [illegible] many so many agreeable people. I will [illegible] look for perfection. I am always glad and [illegible] my friend among those [illegible] I have had so [illegible] in my

and dirtiest water, and I have a woman to come & wash every two or three weeks. My nothing is a very great trouble, the winds here are so high in winter and so much sand you cannot keep the dust out of doors, more are all dried in an empty room here and look gibbed and dirty. My shirts get tow-tissue rusted and ruddered & Mr. Clay shirts look more than any old rag. I tried to sew myself but I made a form not wided and quit. Mr. Clay & I once wear flannel shirts and dressed this winter, which pleased me, and it better for them. There people live a fast now of six weeks, they eat no meat or butter, and I want just do the best I can for something for the table. I feed fowls on plenty but they are very poor and starved, and very dear, forty cents for a duck twenty five for a turkey, fifty for a goose, twenty five for a pound of butter, three quarters of a pound in summer, forty in winter. Gin cannot get land except in Thistle and there it is hard work not keep snow three or more weeks in two. We have no regulars except potatoes & dried fruit, so gave six bushels of potatoes, which again are the mainstay among us this. If Mr. Clay was at home I should care for nothing else, but his going continually and my anxiety for him, marked everything else much harder to bear. He was here one week last Sunday, he visited me, and there I had I should been with him not two

Fort Anacortes Dec 1st 1864

Darling Ma,

We have had no steamer for Victoria for eight days, and I have had no letter from home for two or three weeks. The mails here have been and promised to be irregular. For seven days we had a fresh wind that was terrible, everything was frozen, and it was dangerous to be out of doors one moment. The sea was lashed into some considerable high, and it was impossible for the steamer to come in. Mr Clay went with one pair in six days and last Saturday started to Anacortes, he expected our day night in Victoria, was Monday forenoon at an immoderately late and the labour he worked under Wednesday, having finished his business & paid the wide not returning in the party. He came home and slept with me while this morning I rode with him for exercise this morning, I always have a cry when he starts, I am so lonely & desolate when he is not here, he undergoes so many hardships, he never has a bed, but sleeps on the bare floor half the time, not a carpet floor like yours but a sawed floor, with sawdust over it. An egg a little swan tea & hardtack are hard to get & I am sure I do not see how he endures it, & lately rides, continually going & it is seventy five miles from here to Anacortes, and he goes on a fast mean horse

you do not wonder that I am sad to see him start
he is charming and bright at home, and when he
is here everything goes well with me. I am so foolish
about him I always feel I am taking him goodbye
for the last time. He was taken quite very homesick
and I think this time next year you will see us
at home, we will be free from debt I hope and there
will be no longer a necessity to compel us to endure
such a life. Mr Clay will rent a house in Anapa
and the next time he comes I am sure I shall go
with him, he will not have me again this winter
Mr Clay thinks we will be much more comfortable
in Anapa as we have a market there, and everything
much cheaper, I am sure I shall be happier, if he
can be with me more. These people have faith only
the time, their religion forbids them meat, but not
whisky & they live altogether on black bread & pickles.
They are certainly the poorest specimen of humanity
in existence, here there are thousands of people in
this town, and not even an old root doctor like the
Indians, nothing to buy, if you are sick, divine
Providence got a medicine chest in England and
are frightened to death if there is anything the matter
with Mr Clay, but fortunately we all are in
very good health, and how expensive enough to
know what to take in all sickness are here.
Sunday, — I began this several days ago expecting the
steamer would certainly be on yesterday I hoped I might
have an opportunity of mailing this letter soon, and then
how sad you must not expect to hear from us
more for several months, unless by accident we could
a letter. It is very hard to be cut off from all
communication with home, this added to other things
makes me quite homesick indeed. You all need not feel
anxiety about us if you do not hear from us. And I
pray you, do not cease to write, you can send the
letters to Mr Clay, and he will send them to us
they will be much larger envelopes in circulation, but
I do not care for them age so they are from home.
I am afraid the girls are not writing so often to us
as formerly, it seems very hard I sometimes forget that
we are in the Lower of Caucasus, and I expect before
we go home, letters will become very valued. I found
life has many bitter lessons and I regret to learn so
slowly in learning them. My heart aches exceedingly
for home, and friends, I am sure I should be
happy there if I had my own work to do, and Mr
Clay had room enough to cultivate the most he does
here is much harder, and there is nothing I have to
do here, I am so lazy & good for nothing, that
I am not able to direct them, and I can get no
to hire here richard enough, in fact I do the best I
can with the one I have because rather than spend
the money we so much need. The hatchet marks from

Dec. 1, 1864

Have cried to a more unhappy but for one even than
this at home for Clay might be compelled to join the
army. I could not bear that, with him in the army
I should never spend one happy moment. We have not
yet heard who is elected President, but suppose Mr.
Lincoln is of course he and one hundred & sixty
eight, I suppose it has fallen since the election. I
long to hear from home. We heard Blanke had an agent
looking at our old home. I do hope we may not be
disappointed in them. We need money so much
it may be better to put them into other hands. I am
sure I can write do what I better in our interest; Mr.
Clay is not anxious to give up his claim, but
I think would rather wait to get home. He will
give in regard to it I suppose as he mailed you
a letter some time ago. When that letter reached you I
suppose the girls went to form Sarah's in
Washington, and Mary in St. Louis. I did not
to write one all intent their visit. You must be
so lonely for us, she had found to write. Remember me
to Aunt Mary & Grandma with much love, to Aunt
Cornie, Aunt R. & Aunt Louie. Brother has never
written to us, give him my love. Kind Annie many
thanks for us, dear little thing! Write as often as
you can that matter does not, and let us hear
of our dear boy. Goodbye. Your affectionately

Cornelia Walker Clay

C. W. Clay

Mr. Clay says eggs in Anapa are five cents a piece
are he has one of his Kentucky niggers in Philadelphia
trying thirty or forty dozen for us to take with us, we
give twelve cents for them. Dear husband, he thinks
of everything, but I am sure I should think you
unnecessarily for such so kind for it is a most
mother who found his character. He is so thoughtful
so generous, so everything we admire and love
to see in a young man. Your character will
in one of his letters, that he had the most
perfect confidence in Mr. Clay's honor & integrity,
and his fitness for the difficult task he chose
for. He said, in this corrupt country, he could
never have so much confidence in a man. Every
body speaks but kindness to Brownlow, indeed
present have often told me he mentioned his
strength, and did more than any man should do
think of one man sitting heartsick continually
between Lexington & Cincinnati. Yesterday he was
hope to come for it said, but yet so might today.
If you ha it not of doubt he have his Lincoln
in his in a hollow tree. Intern he is stiff good
from home to Louisville, he goes with three drunkards a
four have engines an or niggers, and he was in mean
carriage with four horses and four in five Creek
in heartsick to help them if anything goes wrong,
my husband goes alone, on a steamboat from home.

So the world goes, and must go to the end of time!
Coe Winthrop & Buckelhoff are wonderfully kind and polite to us. They never come to town from without calling to see me. They brought me twenty oranges from Orlando, all most aquatic looks, most of them histoned. I am reading Motley's History of the Dutch Republic, one of the most fascinating books I ever read. You remember how it was a romance & history, and at present our minister to Vienna. I have seen of Worthington through writing Motley's history of the Dutch revolution, and also at garden. I shall work much this winter, and improve the next two months. I have finished the pillow case I began at home & and to my regret can have no more work to do. I would like to do some knitted work for my home. I persuade myself many are home, in what I shall know when I go home. You want but little furniture, but one place will one day be a home of beauty, for they will come home, and I hope many, and we can do much in a short time. Then I shall enjoy having my own family, my garden, and my dairy, where I can find plenty in that the luxury of two months I could scarcely buy during winter. I am glad we have no children for they are all the world to me; I would rather have little my heart I used to say. Dear I wanted Jim Clay to have position, he has learned rather without experience, fortunately. I want him for what he is, a foreman. He loves his home and I want him there. I do not think he will often get out of my sight when we are once there. Jim Clay wants to send money home in a few months, but rents are taken pretty considerably and I expect grade down out house. I hope that will stick him on the Clay farm. He may go to Wyatt's home to take care of his mom. I write him if he could to plant a few this every spring and fall, no matter what work, or where we must work so much. I hope there are letters from all of you in Thursday, it seems so long since we had a letter from you Ina, and we are both always so pleased to receive your letters. You get paper from Jim Clay often, I would write to him often but have so little to tell him. I dislike to bother him with my letters. You may think I might have the same consideration for you perhaps, but Ina, I do not think you do you always expect an interest in all our affairs and you never express what you do not feel. I prefer to you complain to you with your little & urgent things and feel sure, though they may not be interesting a mother can bear all that is merry & sorry. May God perfume and sympathize with us in our trials.

And I wish you were coming too see but him if you and Ma make so much money if the government clock you can afford a second visit to Cincy to see your relations. I am so anxious to receive letters from you and Mary since your relations from Washington than ought to be long letters from you talk but I never never. I do think you all might write it is so unkind in your Sallie. I did not tell you of my bird Mr Clay and Fullerton spent all last week building a cage. Mr Clay enjoys the bird more than I do. He calls one of them "Annie" another "Frank" and another one "Jennie" for my dear little pets at home. I love to see him whistle to the bird and they answer him. He says when he goes home he intends having a great many. He is to be Bruce give him much love for me, and tell him to write. I am so wrong always that my letters do not go home anything is so uncertain here. Give much love to Mary for me, I am afraid to write to her until I hear from her when she is. Tell Jennie Mr Clay received her letter, she must remember her promise to write weekly.

Kiss Ma for me and give her my best love. I hope Maria Hunt is in better health than last winter, remember me to Aunt Julia, my love to Caroline, dear Aunt Ann, Aunt Jane and all. Kiss Ann & squeeze her health out, dear Lillie darling! Goodbye dear Sallie & may God bless you.

C. P. Clay

Cornelia Wallace Clay

Jamison Cincinnati.

April 20th 1864

My dearest Sallie

I wrote to you two weeks ago and write once before to you since my return from Washington. I have written you that you may know how often I do write, for I have no idea that you receive half my letters since my return. I do not expect to receive your letters when you come to see him though your Pa. Such is anxiety as this is!

I have received no letters from home for nearly two weeks, and am beginning to feel quite depressed in consequence. Upon this first month of our absence our friends do not write to us the prospect for letters in the future is dull indeed. You received a letter from your Pa Saturday, enclosing some Washington papers which he sent us. I and delighted to get any news on a paper from home, and read with interest every line, not much new, nothing accomplished on either side. The only prospect of a change when seems to be the enlisting negro. Both houses turn to him given up all thoughts of anything else in Washington. I wish they would take them all and do with the niggers they. McClellan, Grant, and Sherman are the names mentioned in the "National Intelligencer" as candidates for the Presidency. If with I had a vote and could give it to McClellan, he might target on come of the Union, we could not make it worse. I have no confidence the rebellion will ever be put down, or the South or South ever live under the same flag again. It makes my heart ache to think so.

My opinion of Southern men has not been improved by an acquaintance with those Mr Clay brought with him. They have given him a great deal of trouble, and several of them are entirely devoid of principle. Mr Chandler has not arrived yet and Mr Clay has been here eight weeks. He received a dispatch from him Saturday, he is in Odessa & will be here Saturday. yet

The men are becoming very much disatisfied and say they will leave him if they do not change very soon. Coulson, and Cook have protested their contracts and say they will not work for Chandler unless he makes a new contract with them. Coulson did not open his mouth to Mr Clay about leaving but went off to Kentch and went to work for Capt Clipperton. Mr Clay wrote to him and he wrote his note with silent contempt. He had received five hundred dollars on his salary, and his passage out here, I think Mr Chandler can give him some trouble over it yet. The wages soon for leaving if Mr Chandler had broken his contract is they are entitled by it, to monthly settlements, and a comfortable house and board. Mr Chandler is entirely to blame. He gave Mr Clay a letter to Mr Peters, and said Peters would be able to do everything for him, he has not been honest, Mr Chandler does not know Mr Peters, has sent no money here himself and has vacillated. Little ability to serve him. The crops had come all he can for us, but the men have had no fire, have not had corn enough to keep them warm, and they say hardly enough to eat. They all left and went to Kentch, and Mr Clay went on and had to, promise his own note if Chandler failed to pay them. I have felt for Mr Clay, he has had trouble with Chandler himself. I have wished he had never heard of him. I do not think it warily gentlemanly in Capt Clipperton to offer these men wages when he knew Chandler expense in bringing them out here. I am sure it is very strange they do not send money here to go to work on, when there has been here on the price of operation eight weeks. It cannot be the money is all through with in the beginning! The prospect for oil is good and they might make money if they are energy. I know Mr C— could write money, they need it here to eat. Mr Peters says Mr Clay has not had energy enough to try a gunsmith to begin work. They certainly do not do business here as we do in America. Mr Chandler is not what we need out a good business man

I am in good spirits however, on an income and salary, and if they do not choose to begin work it is not our business. I have ordered my order of acquaintances on hence for the Dept. It a Russian officer is very a nice person, one of the chief of some soldiers. He and his wife speak English as little they have been to see me, and we have been there. She is only twenty and very sprightly. She speaks German, French, Russian & English. I would like to be able to think French to her and in that way learn something. I am very glad to make to her such a person to visit occasionally. Their house is well furnished and they live very comfortably. I took a long ride with Mr Peters a few days ago, we took the interpreter, so we rode here on a vibrant ride. The roads here are not fenced in, as there are no trees for rails, and after you get into the country a mile or two we pass hundreds of acres of grass before you in hills and valleys, and many, many sheep scattered on it with the indispensable shepherd, and dog. We have a view of the sea all the time, and the scene is very pleasant. I gathered many wild flowers, very much like our tulips some of them, and here are here our bluebell growing wild. I enjoy going out, and every day we walk. Mr Clay, Mr & Mr Sergeo Hemenck though it spring adornes, I remember two and the pleasure I took in our grove and garden last spring and to see the warm sun, and hear the singing birds reminds me painfully of home and its pleasures. How beautifully your Mr's grove and orchard looks now, what a pleasure it is to see a place improve under your hand as Mr has done that. How I pray for my return, and to enjoy ornamenting our grounds. Our gardening will all be done when we go home. I wish we could have grapes when we return. Sallie please tell Mr if she has not sold our wine to keep it for us, age will improve it. I wonder if Mary is married and on her way to Italy. I hope I may see her while she is in Italy, would not that be delightful to go to Paris. I am so anxious to see Italy.

Anapa May 12th 1865.

Dearest Emma

We received a mail yesterday morning which contained your letter of March, three papers from home and a few lines from your Pa announcing the fall of Richmond and the disbanding of Lee's army. I think God for the downfall of rebellion, and the prospect for peace, and quiet in our dear country. We were certainly in need of cheerful news, Mr Cley and I both being on the verge of despair we are so homesick. Neither of us are in very good health, and Mr Cley is worn out body and mind. Tomorrow is the first of May (Russian time) and we have only four more months to stay before our contract expires, and then we turn our faces homeward. It is a long time yet to struggle, but the end will come after awhile. We have been expecting Col Dr for a week or two, but he has not yet arrived; tomorrow is pay-day, and every body is anxious for money to come, as the treasury is simply here. If we had money now to go home on I am sure we would go at once, but you know we sent half our salary home, and taking out what we have laid on, we have only 1000 (one thousand rubles) owing us tomorrow, which would not carry us home by any means. We will have on awhile longer, and by the first of September will have an abundance to carry us home comfortably. Having nothing else to amuse Mr Cley & I sat down the other night with two books of travels, and a map to trace our route home. We think it will not be more expensive, and much more interesting if we take steamer for Odessa, get our rubles exchanged for gold - it cannot be done in Kertch, see the palaces, and church there, sail from there to Constantinople which is said to be handsomer in

May 13th We have rain this morning, and Mr Cley is with me all day. He sent his horse out for Dr to come in this evening & Cley - until tomorrow evening, as he has not been in for three weeks. I have not a spare room or bed, and he will lie on the floor in the dining room. We will enjoy comfort if we ever leave here. You can see how I am situated, bare floors, and a mud hut, I am perfectly indifferent to this however, for I expect to soon leave it all. Mr Cley and I read our books of travel, and enjoy in anticipation all there is to see in Italy & France.

May 14th

Fallieu is starting to Kertch, and I must close my letter rather unceremoniously. We have received intelligence of the arrival of money in Kertch; also a letter from Mr of 16th March, which has cheered us much. We have Mr Lincoln now killed in Richmond Va, is it possible! I am very much distressed to hear it. I hope does Seward it will not be long before we meet. I do not know & can scarcely at much longer. Give Mr & Mrs my much love to dear Julia & Mary, & Brother Wesley. And Cleg

Your affectionately

C. Dr. Cley

Cornelius Walker

Sunday Evening.

the suburbs in summer, from there we can take steamer to Messina in Italy, stopping one day at Athens in Greece. We can then visit Rome, Florence, perhaps Venice & Naples. Mr Clay is quite anxious for that route, though we miss Venice which is rich in objects of interest, and beauty. But then to see Italy, and Greece! Is it not worth the trouble we have undergone, Rome in itself is worth a town. We will go from Italy to France, spend a few days in Paris, a few days in London, and then for the Atlantic, and home. We will have fine weather, and a delightful season to travel, and we want to enjoy what we can. I should rather deny myself some luxury at home, than miss such an opportunity of seeing the oldest cities, & the most interesting in the world. We discuss the trip with great pleasure, and long for time to fly. We have had fine weather for the past week, it begins to look, and feel like spring. The days are warm, and bright, but on the seashore the nights are always cold. Mr Clay & I went up on the mountain a few days ago to see if we could find any new flowers. I never had a more pleasant ride, or witnessed a more lovely scene, then we had from the mountain, the sea on one side, the plain below with the villages in the distance, the flocks and herds grazing, and the whole earth crowned with beautiful flowers, and all under the brightest, purest sky I ever saw. We gathered a beautiful bouquet, blue bells scarlet tulips, pomsie red & yellow, & many, many others I never saw before. We did not like to descend and come into the villages, the mountains & prairies were so lonely. We have found several new flowers we desire to take home, as the roots we think. The bluebells here are very fragrant which I do not think is so at home. We found a honeysuckle a few days ago, and one day [illegible] to see it in bloom. You know Mr Clay's mania for honeysuckles, and if it is so very scarcely he will carry it home. Jennie, I think we shall be very happy in our dear home. Mr Clay needs rest in body, and mind, and longs for his lives, and his friends. We can take his own form, & manage Mrs for her too, and make at most many as he makes here, and certainly have more comfort. He wants to go home on Mrs's account, she needs time, here that there is so little premium on gold at home, we dollars does not amount to so much, since we can only get sixty cents for a sable. Money cease to be an inducement when every dollar gained is straining the heart. I cannot rather be poor than live here any longer.

Our debt is still large, but much diminished since we left home. I suppose we owe more about fifty thousand dollars. We have paid all except two thousand of Mr Bo[illegible] debt as he promised when he left here. Exchange was low in Petersburgh and high at home, and fifty thousand pounds owed here turn at least seven thousand dollars. We did not get our money home for three months, and then exchange was high in Russia, and much lower at home. I am not murmuring however we have been fortunate to pay so much, and to live. I was glad to hear Mrs was getting along so comfortably with her servants, I hope she will be able to keep Amanda & Sophie, they are such good servants. I know her white gardener was girls her much pleasure, and it did not seem a great price to one. I hope we will be able to keep one when we go home. Mr Clay thinks we will, we will have so much expense however, we do not know what we can afford, but Jenny dear, to be at home once more will make us happy. I long to go for Mr Clay's sake, as well as my own, he is worn out body and mind.

since I last paid our debt at home, Mr Coley has so much money to keep down, and I am, upon the whole contented to bide our time. We have three thousand rubles to live upon, and take us home if we go when our centrical opinion. I fear it will take fifteen hundred to live, and we have fifteen hundred to go home on, not more than enough to take us. I must have some clothes as I pass through Paris, for I have had nothing here and they will be cheaper there in Germany. But it tires you to hear this close calculation, and perhaps I share how many enough when I stint to gratify my tastes.

You will not receive letters from us regularly now, there is a mail here once in a month, we however send our letters by a special messenger to Yorman, and of course they go at irregular intervals. I write when I can, and you will choose write more frequently for I am more independent. When the mail does come we are all engrossed and devour its contents for many days. Hence, who have had such a little as ours can realize the pleasure a letter from "loved ones, and news from home" is happening to us. I intend if I have wealth to come back to Europe and to cross the Atlantic again if ever I landed on American soil. The papers we had last week free of the St Albans raid and the subsequent decision of Canadian authorities, "It being" seems anxious for a war with England, thinks we have nothing to lose and everything to gain. There was nothing decisive from Sherman, and now we are all anxiety to hear again. We hope for a mail this week, but it is as far from Yorman here, as from Richmond to Dixie, & the roads almost impassable, so we must leave perhaps living here. It is growing dark, I have had "consumptives" and as I expect Mr Coley soon to stop, light the lamp, and then dinner ready for him. If I do not send this off soon I will add to it. You will not have an agreeable letter. Kiss Ma & Annie, love to all the dear ones. Goodbye, dear Ma, you

Your loving sister
C. W. Coley

Cornelia Walker

Arapa Circassia Feb 9th 1865

Dearest Mary.

We received your letter a week ago, telling us of the turning of "the Office". Since then I have written to you and to Lucie, to you first, because from me she will always command precedence, to Lucie because I had two letters from the dear sister, and now Mary, for a week with you. How did it happen you gave up trying to get your Pa elected Senator. I was confident you would succeed, and fully expected your letter to convey the intelligence. Lucie wrote you would not go to Washington, I wish I was at home & you would not go with me to the congregation. I am sure you would go with me to the congregation. I wished him to be there. I received a letter from your Pa a few days ago he said he had advised Ma to take a home in Georgetown, for he thought it unsafe for you to remain in the country unprotected as you now are. I did not feel so much uneasiness about you all, under since the office was turned, I think the friend who prevented in this undignified, but might injure you more. Dear Ma, I do not believe she would ever be so comfortable as in the home she has made beautiful with her own hands. My Father has written us some pleasant letters of late, he considers affairs in a deplorable situation at present, but hopes for better times, and seems cheerful and contented with the tenderness he enjoys. He advises us to remain where we are, not to think of returning home. I think he does not know how uncomfortable a life we have here, and he thinks we do not know how many evils surround us at home. I am more computative and contented than I have been since I have been in this miserable land. We live very nicely, and I have my blessed husband with me every day. But it is a dreadful life, look out of your windows & people that scarcely look like human beings, miserable degraded creatures. To crack in side parts

now it actually impossible as it is difficult for a horse to draw through the mud. The only exercise I have is to walk through my entire, the only exclusion for my eye to repose itself upon a stone of hyaenite, just coming up. And Gomez got the ticket for me last fall. Mr Clay & I have watched and neared them since we came here and in a little while I think they will bloom. We had a beautiful geranium but lost it coming here as the weather was so intensely cold. Dear me, it is a weary life, we sit here at night, and figure, & add up our debts, and the probability of paying them, and they seem so large I despair of ever being free. But when I think of home I am always sad, there is a bright side, let us turn to it. I read and sew all day, long & think of home & dear ones there. Mr Clay leaves me after breakfast, I clean silver lamps &c & everything washed in the kitchen, for Russian servants require an immense deal of watching, make a custard & pudding, generally a rice, & sweetpotatoes for Mr Clay. then sew in dust & take my seat. I think I wrote home lately that I had no sewing, but when I come to look on my clothes and Mr Clays I found enough to do for sometime. I just now found in some of his shirts, tried ladies' scissors, made new pocks to my gown &c. I never think of purchasing my hot underclothes here, hence at second hand in the pleasure and merely out. I take lunch at two o'clock. I have just had it, oatlet, coffee & warm biscuit, when Mr Clay comes in dine, he reads to me after dinner sometimes until eleven o'clock. I enjoy my evenings very much, we talk of home, make plans for the future, lay down our house at home, build a cottage, make gardens, gardens & plant out a farm "a flowing well", and buy a home near New York, or perhaps to say a little on count our debts, count our salary, speculate upon the gold market in Petersburgh & New York, & come to the conclusion we are die in debt, after all our thoughts and labors. Then we both get thoroughly miserable & homesick, both grow silent, but finding tears don't take us out of trouble, we think God we have each other and go to sleep resolving to make new efforts, and be an correct homely as we can. Such is life everywhere, we are never contented, bitter exists one she is lonely in Cincinnati I think I could not be lonely in an American city, or any other, with newspapers, something new & interesting to see every day, and with the means of buying books & making & enjoying a library. I long for many books I had at home which lay there neglected. Mr Clay makes me quite good spirit, I am afraid on me now for it here, there is such a labor to get the most simple things. Rice is now down on a hundred and fifty feet rock his rock, that is not a great depth, but it requires such an immense labor to get one foot here. Mr Clay intends taking theirs once five hundred feet if possible. The boy kept in good heart, notwithstanding his ill success. The hot a chance at work smoking thousands & thousands of the best for friends, il, although he has not a deck of cards. I constantly looking for a telegram announcing a fortunate ticket. I think it would be being good luck to us. I think it would send money to him, feel now my heart is turned. Oh! I do wish we could see by such happy expectation. Here I do not expect success. It would be pleasant news to me to hear your Pa. I had a funny letter I do not expect to hear from the south until May or June, why did you not write? Mr Clay is a something of an economist, is he going home? Mr Clay and I talking of our coming spring, is he going home? Mr Clay asked if the parties determine to continue working. Mr Clay asked to know for thousand dollars paid your Pa, we have not heard it. Now, things are so uncertain here I cannot prophesy. Mr Clay has salary here, and desiring it to Petersburgh for us, the English design sure, for 50 & we half shares, it was expected at first. Mr Clay's age, so sparing an money now since we make an income. Mr Clay thought it a small debt he owed, I thought Mr Mr only creditor