

Lexington, Ky.

May 28th, 1908.

My dear Green,

I received your letter in answer to mine, and also the one of May 27th. I enclose a N.Y. draft for the fifty dollars. I am sorry you have lost your position in Chattanooga, as the climate and people were agreeable to you; and I hope you will soon find another at newspaper work.

I have not yet had time to look up the articles and stories you mention, which I would read with much interest, as you wrote them. Some time you must send me the papers containing them.

The weather here has become very warm, with continuous rains. I quite long to get to the country; but I do not see how I can get away from Lexington till about the middle of June. I am going to Paducah to the meeting of the State Federation of Clubs the 2nd of June, and shall probably then go for a day or two to Richmond, to tell Helen and Elise good-bye. They leave on the 16th for New York, and sail on the 18th, in the ~~Avonia~~ ^{Avonia}, Cunard line. They go at once to Naples, and then north to Switzerland.

I am glad to know you are rid of rheumatism, and trust the summer weather will prevent its return.

Good-bye.

Your affectionate aunt,

Chattanooga Tenn.

~~Chattanooga Tenn.~~

May 27 '08.

My Dear Aunt Laura,

Since I wrote you a few days ago I have lost my position here with the Times, through no fault of my own, to take effect this coming Saturday. There is no ~~th~~ other paper here I can get on so I will have to go to some other city or else give up my newspaper work. This ^{latter} I am determined not to do. I have written to the Commercial Tribune and may get my old place on that paper ~~back~~. They offered it to me two months ago but I foolishly declined it, but may be able to get the offer again. What with a small salary and the expense of the sickness I have been through I am almost out of money and am going to ask you if you will let me have \$50 to enable me to go to Louisville or some other city to find work on a ~~new~~ newspaper. The same work and ability I showed on the Commercial Tribune and on the Times here brings a much larger salary in a larger city and it is to a big city I am trying to get. Mother would send me the money if I should ask her but that I do not want to do. I have some money due me from magazines and New York papers for stuff they bought of mine but do not know when I will get it. I do not know when I can pay the money back to you but I do know that I can make a success in this work and confidently expect in a few years to be making good money from my writing.

If you can do this for me I will be everlastingly obliged to you.

[May 27, 1908]

With kindest regards, I remain,

Lovingly,
Green Blay

522 East 4th. st. Chattanooga Tenn.

July 22, 1937

Professor

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Addison Sigsbee

145 Ames Ave.,

Leonia, New Jersey

Prof. Sigsbee is Professor of Economics
at the College of the City of New York.

Cassius Clay Corner

Born 1845 - died 1917

Columbus, Ohio.

His father, Edwin Corner's home
in Columbus was a station of
the Underground Railroad.

Edith Carlisle Corner Sigbee
is a daughter of C.C. Corner

Richmond Ky.

Aug. 12, 1928.

My Dear Aunt Laura,

I am returning your copy of the Breckenridge editorial on grandpa, also a carbon copy of the one I took. It will be more convenient to keep.

I find in my account book that the Lexington Herald published, on August 22, 1909, my Seattle Post Intelligencer story about "C.M. Clay and the Purchase of Alaska." When you have the leisure and inclination I wish you would go to their office and read the article and see if I don't cite some real evidence of his participation in the purchase of Alaska. It is my recollection that he claimed Seward took the matter out of his hands after the sale was practically completed and that it was that which "surprised" him.

I don't think I will want the letters you refer to as in the Correspondence of 1867. Thank you very much for helping me. If the article in the Lexington Herald bears out my contention, I would like to have a copy of it and will pay for it.

Aunt Sallie told me last night she was "through" with her writing. Jane will sell her house here at public auction on ~~July~~ August 22.

affectionately,
Green Clay

Col. William C.P. Breckenridge, the " Silver Tongued Orator ", Congressman, and brilliant editor of the Lexington (Ky.) Morning Herald, said editorially, July 24, 1903;

" To those who knew Cassius M. Clay in the prime of his life no words of praise of his extraordinary physical strength, grace, and attractiveness could seem overdrawn. He was a stalwart, virile, splendid man in the perfection of his superb physical manhood. We remember him with vividness since 1849--possibly since 1847.

In 1849 he was in his 39th. year--in the glory of a perfect physical manhood. He was strong, agile, handsome, courtly, graceful. His personal qualities were equally as remarkable. He never knew fear; his courage was calm, alert, intelligent, absolute; he was generous, frank, polite, gracious, gentle in manner--even deferential in his habitual intercourse with those he respected. He was also an unusually well educated and trained scholar; and he was ~~possessed~~ possessed of ample fortune and was of the highest social rank.

In intellect he was vigorous, direct, powerful. It was therefore not strange that he lived a marked and distinguished life. The details of that career have been published in other columns of this paper and in various other journals. His life and career form part of the history of his state and country and he will neither be forgotten nor will his deeds pass from the memory of men.

But his career was far different from what he and his friends expected when he entered life. He was a Kentuckian of eminent ancestry; he inherited a magnificent landed estate in the very heart of his state, and with this estate inherited a large

number of slaves; he was a member of a large slaveholding family, raised, ~~and~~ educated and trained in a slaveholding community. There was apparently nothing in his antecedents, in his blood, in his antecedents in his blood, in his education and his environments that gave any intimation of the career that has been his.

It is to the basic quality of this dead citizen and soldier on which that career was based to which we desire to call attention this morning; his splendid ~~loyalty~~ loyalty to his convictions. He had grave faults; in his maturer life and old age he may have developed weaknesses; his faults have been buried in his grave, and his weaknesses we can leave to his maker. His loyalty to his convictions and his courage in maintaining that loyalty will be remembered when his faults and weaknesses are forgotten and the mere detail of his life and career are crusted over by the debris and sediment of time. We hold up for praise and imitation this superb loyalty to the truth as he saw it; this dauntless and unflinching courage in advocacy of that truth.

Personally we always had strong feeling of friendliness to him. During the legislative service of the father of the writer, John Speed Smith -- one of the most elegant gentlemen Kentucky ever had -- was a roommate and he was the brother-in-law of Cassius Clay. Sixty years ago that father was advertised to speak here and threats were reported to have been made that he should not speak; and Cassius Clay voluntarily and without giving notice of his purpose was present and stood within a few feet of the speaker.

In 1849 our father was a candidate for the constitutional convention in this county and Cassius Clay in Madison county and he was several times at our house -- we were then living on the corner of Second and Jefferson streets. Long afterwards Gen. Clay advocated

the election of Mr Greeley and he and the writer several times spoke from the same platform. In 1876 he advocated the election of Samuel J. Tilden and again we spoke to the same audiences; and we were members of the convention which convened in Louisville, on January 18th., 1877, to protest against the seating of Mr Hayes as President, and at all times the writer was the recipient of unfailing courtesy and kindness at his hands; and in our intercourse he was the singularly pleasant, courteous and suave gentleman and when drawn out full of most interesting reminiscences.

When he was scarcely more than a youth he became convinced that slavery was a wrong--a moral wrong to the black, a moral wrong in the white and an evil in every respect; and was economically a tremendous blunder, and he devoted his life to the emancipation of the slave. The story of his life in its devotion to this remarkable purpose is full of romance, and is ~~heroic~~ heroic. Yet he was an American of Anglo-Saxon descent and so was always obedient to the law and kept himself strictly within the law in all he did.

He fought the proposition of those who claimed there was a higher law than the constitutions and statutes of the Republic and the states, and denounced the violence and crimes of John Brown and his followers. He stood on the law, and fought for its repeal or modification according to the orderly methods of our race; and he always appealed to the law and his right under the law in the defense of his own position and of all his acts; and in his long, stormy, violent life amid a hostile people and with unmeasured

prejudice against him he was never found by court or jury beyond the limits of the law.

This is the rare and impressive quality of the English speaking races, that they are not, even in their revolutions, breakers of the law, but adhere to the spirit and forms of customary law and established institutions; even in their revolts they appeal to immemorial rights and take on the forms of traditional customs. And Gen. Clay was a striking illustration of the power of hereditary disposition. He believed in the equality and autonomy of the states; he was a generous and magnanimous foe; and so his convictions and his nature forced him to oppose the policy of Reconstruction and to make another fight for the right of the states; for their restoration to all their rights and privileges as sovereign, equal and independent states.

And so he supported Greeley, in 1872, and Tilden, in 1876; and his habitual submission to the law and his unquestioning acceptances of the consequences of truthful obedience to right forced him to unite in the protest against the rape of the Presidency and the improper declaration that Gen. Hayes had been elected. When President Hayes withdrew all the troops from the Southern states and they were fully represented in both houses of Congress General Clay returned to the Republican party.

He saw what is given to ~~by~~ few men to behold; he saw the ~~victories/accomplishments~~ ^{of} victories accomplished in both these wondrous contests; the slaves were freemen and all the states were equal and sovereign.

Perhaps it had been better for his fame-- for the sweetness of his name if then he had ^{lain} ~~lain~~ himself down to death and been buried under the bluegrass he so loved-- for always and everywhere he was indeed a loyal and loving son of his mother-- Kentucky.

From 1810 to 1903 is a long period to be covered by a single life; it was a most wonderful period; crowded with marvelous events. Our readers can find no more interesting pastime and few as valuable as comparing that era with this; with making themselves familiar with the stupendous changes since then; and among those changes few are so pregnant of future glory and good as the change of the weak and divided United States with ^{her} ~~the~~ free and her slaveholding states to the mighty and puissant (?) Republic of this twentieth century with her forty five free commonwealths; and who can estimate the exact part played by this brave, loyal, dauntless spirit in the accomplishment of this change.

Let us walk backward with the mantle of our generous admiration and cover whatever there might have been of weakness, and record in imperishable sentences all that was noble, heroic, devoted and loyal, in his long and strangely forceful and stormy life. Kentucky has given birth to no son like unto him; he will stand forever unique. She receives him in her heart to rest forever-- the first rest his restless, mighty resolute spirit ever knew since he sprang from her womb; let us pray that life's fitful fever'oeer, he sleeps well."

Richmond Ky.

August 8, 1928.

My Dear Aunt Laura,

Aunt Lala has not yet found the W.C.P. Breckenridge editorial on Grandpa, and tells me tonight that she is afraid it is lost. If you locate the editorial I will be greatly obliged if you will make a copy of it for me. If I had that I would be ready to write my first chapter and then begin the life history. If you find anything of interest in your collection of books and papers let me know and I will come over and look them over. Let me know what you find about Russia.

Aunt Sallie says she is through her writing for a while. Jane Clay is advertising her house on West Main street for sale at 2 P.M. on August 22, in today's Register. She writes me that she will invest the money in a house in Ann Arbor. She says that Mary Barr's wedding has been postponed until fall.

affectionately,

Gene Clay

Green Clay
Richmond Ky.

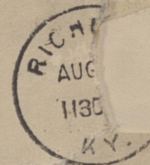
Keep these.

Miss Laura Clay

Lexington

189 North Mill st.

Ky.



189 N. Mill St., Lexington Ky.

March 27th, 1923.

My dear Green,

I have just received your letter of the 26th inst. I do not see how I can let you have the mules. If plowing is late, likely Riddell will want to put in two plows. At any rate, I need the extra mules in case of any sort of emergency. I do not wish to sell them at all.

I shall be glad to learn how our clover seed turns out in sowing. Warfield thought it did not do well, though he did not tell me why. The price we agreed on was ten dollars a bushel, and I shall be glad to get that price when your tobacco money comes in.

I was sorry not to see Dabney when he was here. Helen telephoned me to meet him at the Phoenix hotel, as he would not have time to call at my house; so I went there in good time; but I did not hear of him. I thought afterwards that perhaps Helen should have said the La Fayette hotel, as that is just opposite the drug store, which is headquarters for the 'bus line. But I never thought of that till too late, so I missed him altogether.

I am sorry to hear of the destruction of the storm; but am not surprised, as the papers gave dreadful accounts of it.

Give my love to Mary, and with much to yourself, I am

Affectionately yours,