

called to see Aunt Jane a few days since, he is in
wretched health. Dr Bush who is his physician says
he must loose one of his eyes and if he lingers both
his lungs are diseased, and the Doctor thinks he
will not live long. The old Lady is sick. I expect with
the "old complaint" Before this reaches you, you will
have heard of Emily Lilford's applying for a divorce.
She will never live with Frank again, and all
the family approve her course. The town is now in
a perfect commotion about the matter. The result I
do not know. I hope she will have no trouble
about it, all my family are well. I am so cold
I can not write longer. I must say farewell.

Yours devoted Brother
W. A. C. W. W.

Lexington Sept. 27th 1857

My dear Eugene.

Your last letter spoke of the sad in-
-telligence which had reached you through the news papers
of your Father's death. Many letters were written you on
the occasion, why they have not reached you. I can not
tell. May, Kead, Henry Corwin, and Charles I am sure
wrote to you. Your letter was particularly gratifying to
me, as it manifested a fixedness of purpose, a deter-
-mination to persevere in business, and be a man that
any one could be proud of. How much more important, now,
than a year since, left entirely upon your own resources,
with no one to look to, and a Mother with five children,
who if not entirely dependant upon you, could, and I
am sure would receive the greatest advantages and
pleasures, from your prosperity. To speak to you
as I have always done, "without disguise" there is nothing
to hope for in your Brothers here. Henry is drinking
more than I have ever known him, and has not a
business habit, and I now think will never have. I am
some times afraid he will throw himself completely away.
He is affectionate to me, high minded, and honorable.
But with this unfortunate propensity for drinking. I
hope my dear Eugene that you will never touch. If
I had one drop of Clay blood in me and was a man