

Ashtland 30th June 1830

I was extremely delighted, my dear son, to be informed by your letter of the 31st Ult. that you had received your first address and that it had been received in the most flattering and gratifying manner. I am eager to see it, and hope you will enable me to indulge my curiosity as soon as possible. You say nothing about the coming year. My advice to you is to remain until you close it. I assure you that it will not interfere with the purpose, which I rejoice to find, is now fixed as to your future pursuits. I had hoped to see you at West point, but I now fear that happiness will not be in my power. Public considerations restrain me from venturing plans to which my heart and my feelings would carry me.

I have offered Theodore the alternative of becoming a farmer and grazier or Cotton planter. He starts tomorrow to Indiana, Illinois and Missouri on an exploring expedition. I am anxious to see him settled and doing something. Poor Tom, I fear, is unreclaimable. Bad accounts of him come to me from my Prairie. Both these sons have caused me unexpected pain. But when I turn to you, my dear son, I find relief and consolation. On you my hopes are chiefly concentrated.

Ashtland continues to look well. I have never had my crop so promising, or in such a satisfactory state. The farms - the garden - the grounds - my stock all look well and are now doing well.

Anna is in Tennessee. She will join us the last of July or early in August to stay, she says, a long time. I hope she will. The sole survivor of all my daughters, I feel on that account as well as for her excellent qualities, the greatest interest and affection in her.

Ben dit that Margaret Ross is to be married to your Harison. I wish you would never think of matrimony until you are thirty.

Your mama and the children unite with me in affectionate remembrance

Cadet H. Clay Junr.

H. Clay