

1856  
March 4.

PERSONAL LETTER written on this date at St. Martin Parish  
by Mrs. Alexander DeClouet to her sons Alexander and Paul at  
Louisiana College, Convent, La.

T. B. FAVROT  
COLLECTION

P/arish/ of St. Martin  
March 4, 1856

My dear Clouet (Alexander) and my dear Paul

I write you a few lines in haste to tell you of the sad news of the  
death of our old Nonc (Uncle). <sup>[DELOMME]</sup> Your father was to write you this, but he  
is so busy that he can't always write to those he wants or as often as he  
would want. Your poor old uncle died Feb. 20 and I am trapped here by  
the bad weather. The bad roads are impassable. Also your little sister  
have colds. All these reasons have prevented me from going to see  
Tonton since her misfortune. Your Papa has gone several times, but he  
has gone on horse back because of the roads. I want you to ask Mrs.  
Dufau for me to be kind enough to put mourning bands on your hats and  
wish that you would write to your poor Aunt Tonton. We have received  
several letters from Clouet (Alexander) among which is the reply to mine  
I'm answering it today. I see that my dear Paul decidedly does not want  
to give us the pleasure of writing us a single letter. I do not think, my  
dear Paul, that you have refused to make your First Communion. This  
is now the right time. It is Lent and you must think about it seriously,  
my dear Clouet. (Alexander) Try to make up your mind to do it, you and  
Baro. Talk to him about it so that he doesn't forget. You should tell  
Mr. Dufau that I very much want him to make his First Communion this  
year and that he should take care of it, that he should speak to Paul  
himself, who, I pride myself into believing will not refuse me this.  
Besides I will be angry with you if you have not done this, and I request

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that you, my dear Clouet (Alexander), go to Communion on the same day on which you, Paul, will make your First Communion.

Ninise (Blanche) is also supposed to make hers this year, so I flatter myself in having my three little urchins so grown up and so sensible henceforth, and so dedicated. My dear Paul if you do not promise me to make your First Communion it may be that I won't go to see you; so I believe that you want to see me, as well as your little sisters enough to tell me yes.

Goodbye my dear children. We are all well and we kiss you both. We have pulled your little sleeping house near the gardener's on the edge of the bayou and we are fixing it up as a dining room. Papa is very happy up to now with his steward. I hope this will continue as he had great need of someone to help him, and this one is working out well. His name is John Allison.

We have also changed gardeners. We are also well pleased with him, and he is much better than old Moret. I suppose you have already learned of his sad end. He was burned in the fire in St. Martinville, and he was identified only by a small piece of his coat. His sad end made us feel very bad. In his pockets they found the money which your father had just given him, as two or three weeks ago your father had dismissed him. Goodbye my dear children. I'm afraid that you will not be able to decipher my scratch. My pen is awful. Goodbye, I kiss you again, both of you.

Your Mamma

Louise de Clouet