

1858
May 13

PERSONAL letter written this date at St. Martin Parish by Louise BENDIT deClouet to her son Alexander at Brookland School (a school for boys at Greenwood Depot, Va.).

T. B. FAVROT
COLLECTION

St. Martin Parish
May 13, 1858

My dear Clouet (Alexander)

I am answering your two last letters written in April, and I accuse myself for having delayed in replying because you would be so long without having news from us. We are all well. Noemi is better too. All the folks up above are well. Your uncle's workmen began to work at the sugar house on Monday. Guessay went to the convent this week. Ninise is well now, thank God. I would be very happy if this improvement could continue until vacation so that she wouldn't lose any time. I received the letter from my dear Paul this morning. Tell him that I will answer him next week. I couldn't stop myself from crying as I read it, for I see that you miss so many things, but I wish to tell you, my dear child, that it is the distance which makes you feel this way. But I must tell you with sorrow that Daddy has about decided not to go to see you. The more time passes, the more work he has. It increases each day more and more. It hasn't been decided finally. It may be that he will surprise you one of these days. I can't say yes or no. You must take care of Paul's clothes; buy what you need. Daddy is supposed to send you some money very soon. I am making you some shirts at this very moment, and they will be ready for vacation. I am awaiting this time with so much impatience that it seems the time will never arrive. Let's talk now of our poor old house. There is nothing left except the debris which is scatterd in the four corners of the courtyard. Daddy has several small buildings, amont which is a room for the seamstresses, a

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building just like the kitchen which will serve as an ironing room and a workman's room, as I don't have one anymore; and the third is a cabin for Hortense and Prosper. You will find many changes on the farm. These next two months will be long for me, but again a little bit of patience and we will all be reunited. I see that each one has his times of depression, for I can assure you, my dear Caite, that I have had a great one these last few days, but I shouldn't tell you this; however, it escaped me in spite of myself. Don't you get down in the dumps because I will be more unhappy than ever. I think this feeling will disappear very quickly. Titite and Gabi are well and kiss you tenderly. Daddy will write you soon, I think. We have had several negroes who were sick lately. Gr. Francois was very sick, but he is well now. Poor ol' Madelaine also was very sick. She is a little better lately. Only poor Isabelle can't seem to get better. Doctor Dudlensley has diagnosed a disease of the brain which is incurable. He has put a drain on her neck, perhaps that will do her some good, but it's not certain, though he does have hope in this method. Finally as for me, I have made the sacrifice as I see that she gets worse day by day. She has lost her memory, the use of her arms and has difficulty walking. Goodbye my dear Caite; we kiss you a thousand times while awaiting the happiness of seeing you arrive in Louisiana.

Your mother

Louise (13E 4017), deClouet