

1859

Aug. 29

PERSONAL LETTER from Alexander Declouet, Jr. in St. Martinville,
to his brother, Paul Declouet at Brookland School in Greenwood Depot, Virginia.
St. Martinville, August 29, 1859

My dear Paul,

Upon arriving at Franklin last Wednesday, after I had left you at the Bay, I met Mr. Bell on the wharf. I got off the boat to talk to him and he was kind enough to take me in his buggy up to Laclaire's son's home where I slept Wednesday night. Thursday, after breakfast, I left to go to our uncle Laclair's (Fuselier) home. On the way, I stopped for a while at Alfred's who was not well, he had fever. I dined and slept at our uncle Laclaire Thursday and Friday. After lunch I went to Aunt Phemie's. Agricole is supposed to study under Mr. Molinier. I do not think that he studies a great deal. He has a little dog for chasing rats which is as ugly as the devil. He does all sorts of silly tricks with this dog.

After dinner, I left and went to Uncle St. Marc's and the next day (Saturday) at an early hour, I was on the road and reached here before lunch. As soon as I arrived Gabi (Gabrielle, our sister) asked me where you were. Our Uncle St. Marc dined here Saturday last with Constance Aimee and Marie Frere. They left after dinner.

Now, I am going to tell you about Gabi's messages. She wants to know if you have arrived over there and tells you that Melanie has left and that we took a buggy ride yesterday afternoon. Mama (Louise Benoit Declouet) had Papa's (Alexander Declouet) buggy with Ninise (Blanche, our sister) and Christine (our sister) and I had Miss Laurent and Gabi in my buggy. She is telling you also that a spark hit Miss Laurent's eye and that she almost sees from one eye only.

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(con't.)

Blanche (our sister) and Miss Laurent are sending you friendly greetings. At mass yesterday, they prayed God for your happy trip and good health. Gabi gave me so many messages for you that I forgot over half of them.

I have hardly left the house since my return from the lower section. I feel rather bored. I shall go to Tonton's (Josephine Declouet de l'Homme) before long. I was going to forget to tell you that your godfather (Alfred Lastrapes) slept here Saturday and he asked to be remembered. Every one is feeling well at Aunt Catiche's (Declouet Lastrapes). Saturday, at dinner, we drank to your health. I am mailing to you with this letter a "Harper's Weekly" that arrived after your departure.

An article was published in the last issue of the "Democrat" in which I was offered to run as a Representative for the Legislature. It is very unpleasant. They ought to avoid printing my name in the type of newspaper the "Democrat" is. I don't like that at all.

Laloire came here the other day to ask Papa to run as Senator. He refused as you can well guess.

They put on William a pillory with a branch about two feet above his head topped with a little bell which rings every time he enters the yard. You would think you hear a whole flock of sheep.

As you see, my paper is coming to an end, I close my letter... till another time. Write us often, we are anxious to hear from you. Fond kisses from our hearts and minds. Your brother who loves you,

Alexander Declouet, Jr.