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PERSONAL LETTER from Louise Declouet in St. Martinville, to her son Paul Declouet at Brookland School in Greenwood Depot, Virginia.  
St. Martinville, October 15, 1859

My dear Paul,

I am answering your letter of October 1st. Your father (Alexander Declouet) also received your bulletin yesterday and I believe that he will write to you and to Mr. Dinwiddie (principal of Brookland School) at the same time.

All of us were delighted to learn that your homesickness was over and I think that by now you have completely resumed your school life and habits. Everyday we think of you and the conversation is often about Greenwood. Each one says something always about you. Continue to be friendly with your roommate as so often in life it is good to have sincere friends.

Clouet (Alexander, your brother) is still as sad as can be. This morning he did not eat and he arrived at the table when we had finished. I think that he regrets Greenwood or school life. In short, I have never seen him with a spleen lasting as long as the one he has since you left home. He spends his time reading or making sketches of Miss Laurent, he takes care of the squirrels, he winds and regulates the clocks every Monday and I assure you that he does all that noiselessly. No one hears him. Write to him often and tell him about some school pranks.

One has started making mattresses and I think that grinding will begin toward the end of this month. We have here a Mr. Jouan who installed copper boilers to make sugar entirely with steam. I believe that Clouet will give you details about that later on. He is a really strange man, sometimes he amuses us a great deal. He comes from Mexico and insists on taking Clouet there for a short trip. Clouet might go. Gab. and Titine (your sisters) do not forget you

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any more than you forget them and both of them kiss you. Gabi also wants to send you her picture when she has the chance to have it made. Before long, your father will send you some money. Poor little Tato (Henri Benoit, your cousin) left a week ago for a school in the city. He left with Mr. and Mrs. Jumonville who had spent two weeks at the Attakapas. Gabi says that she is sure that it is not true, that you have no beard and that you said that to tease her. She thinks and speaks about you constantly.

Today, Saturday, is a day of vacation. Blanche (your sister) is practising her piano and Christine and Gabi are busy gathering pecans and I am writing to you while the mosquitoes are devouring me. For two days we have had bad weather and rain. Sapho has two pretty and fine little dogs. Everything is well over there. Lunbin was here yesterday. Your friend Felix Voorhies is getting married soon as we heard his bans being announced last Sunday. Mr. Felix Bellocq and Miss Durand married last Wednesday. Nothing else new according to what I know.

Farewell, my dear Paul. All of us embrace you and Miss Laurent wants to be remembered to you. Write to us often, it makes time pass quicker. Goodbye.

Your mother,

Louise Declouet

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Oct. 17      PERSONAL LETTER from Alexander Declouet, Jr. in St. Martinville,  
to his brother, Paul Declouet at Brookland School in Greenwood Depot, Virginia.  
St. Martinville, October 17, 1859

My dear Paul,

A long time ago I answered your last letter. Since that I also wrote to you in a letter from Christine (our sister). You still did not answer anything. Mama (Louise Benoit Declouet) received your last letter. She expected to answer it promptly but she pretended that she did not have time. Papa (Alexander Declouet) has received your monthly report and he does not understand how you are not taking more than French and Arithmetic. He says it is not worth remaining in Brookland if you don't learn more than that. I am telling you this as I heard it. I think you will have to give him an explanation about that later on. He expects to write to Mr. Dinwiddie (principal of Brookland School).

Remind (W. C.) Schaumburg and Alexandre that I wrote to them a long time ago. Their answers should have reached me several days ago. I shall tell you if you do not know it already that Douce Landry came back from Georgetown suddenly and without fanfare. It seem that his honorable father did not give him a good welcome. He just told him that he deserved to receive a punishment as the one he ordered for his Negro Deranbert, who had escaped (it simply means a four posts). It is said at St. Martin that Douce left his college because he had been placed in the same class he was last year. He is such a smart little fellow he would have liked to skip four classes a year. It will teach him that one cannot do as one pleases as one is in the Jesuits' clutches. He will be sent to Mr. Lord's school. We will see what wonders he will accomplish.

Nothing new to tell you. Mattresses have been made since last week. Mr. John expects to be ready to start grinding about the 25th of this month. The

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canes are not well advanced for the season. We are all of us very well and want to be remembered to you. I feel depressed and have been bored to death for several days.

Goodbye, write more often.

Your brother who loves you,

Alexander Declouet, Jr.