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Aug. 16 PERSONAL LETTER from Alexander Declouet, Jr., in London,
England, to his brother, Paul Declouet, at home in St. Martinville, La.
London, August 16th, 1860

My dear Paul,

I had the pleasure day before yesterday, of receiving your letter of July 21st and also one from Christine (Declouet) of the same date. We arrived in Paris as I told you before since the 9th of this month. The day after my arrival in Paris I went to see Agricole Grevemberg who lives in the same house as Mr. Charles Roman, and Edouard Roman. I also met Bernard Tremoulet on that same day. At night on the 10th Schaumburg and I went to see one of those fancy balls at the Chateau des Fleurs. It beats anything I ever saw. I can't understand how such things can be allowed. I would not like to see any lady I cared anything about to go to one of those balls for anything in the world. The next day on the 11th I went to see Miss Germain, one of Miss Laurent's school friends. She received me very cordially and we had a long talk about Miss Laurent. She asked me all sorts of questions about her; happily I could answer most all of them. She wishes to see Miss L(aurent) very much and sends her her best love.

On the night of the 10th I went to the theatre du Palais Royal and heard Fou-Yo-Po, a Chinese play which was quite ridiculous. They played les Memoires de Mimi Bamboche after Fou-Yo-Po, and I assure you I laughed very much. The next night I went to the Comedie Francaise and was very well pleased. They played le Bon homme Jadis and the Mariage de Figaro, two very pretty comedies which were played to perfection. I met Henry Tremoulet and Mr. Emile Landry at the Comedie Francaise. We all took seats together in the parquet and we had very pleasant talks about Louisiana

1860 during the entire acts. On the 13th I took dinner with Mr. Alfred Nee
Aug. 16 (con't.) (probably related to Dr. Pierre Louis Nee), and after dinner we went to the
Theatre des Varietes. La fille du Diable was the piece played and we enjoyed
it very much. On the 14th I called on Agricole and the Tremoulets and did
not go to theatre at all that night as I was quite tired.

Yesterday which was the Emperor's birthday passed off right
quietly, the Emperor being absent no reviews took place. His Majesty is now
at Chalons where a great portion of his army is encamped. The fellow must
certainly have some great plans in his head for he has his troops moving about
from one place to another for several weeks. Last night, the whole of the
Champs Elysees were lighted up from one end to the other with lamps of every
kind of colors. All the principal monuments, buildings were beautifully
illuminated, in fact, the whole of Paris seemed to be in a blaze. It was as
bright as at 12 o'clock in the day. At nine o'clock the fire works began on the
Champs de Mars and never in my life I have seen any thing as magnificent.
How I did wish for all of you to be there to share my pleasure. At that time
I thought more about Gabi (Gabrielle Declouet) and Christine (Declouet - his
sisters) than I did about the fire works. I know they would enjoy such a
sight with so much delight. The streets were so crowded with people that the
carriages were not allowed to run at all. It was indeed a most magnificent
illumination. We went to bed at one o'clock and had to get up at 6 to start
off for England. I was so sorry to leave Paris that I had great notion of
giving up my trip to England until next spring, but now I am here I am very
glad. We left Paris this morning at 7 o'clock and arrived here this evening
at about 6. It is one of the most tiresome trips I ever travelled. It was

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right smooth to cross the straight of Dover but nevertheless I came as near getting sick as possible. It was just time when we reached Dover, if we had been out at sea an hour longer I would have been very sea sick. We came by way of Calais and Dover. London is exactly as I imagined it was, the streets are dirty and the dense smoke mixing up with the fog gives to this monster city a dingy, sad and lonesome appearance. If I was to stay two weeks in London I would die of the blues.

From here we are going to Scotland and Ireland and back here again to return to Paris. Paris is worth more than a thousand London's to me. Well good night, the candle is nearly out. Will write to one of you pretty soon. Kiss all the family for me and my best respects to Miss Laurent, Mr. John and his family. Schaumburg sends you his best love and the ladies their best respects. Schaumburg says that he is very glad to see that you have kept your promises so faithfully. Tomorrow I intend to go and visit some of the most important gun shops here.

Good night.

Your devoted brother,

Alexander Declouet, Jr.