

1-12
1860
Oct. 30

PERSONAL LETTER from Alexander Declouet, Jr., in Paris,
France, to his brother, Paul Declouet, at Brookland School in Greenwood
Depot, Virginia.

Paris, October 30th, 1860

My dear Paul,

I was just about beginning to eat some cotelettes de veau (veal cutlet) when the "garcon" came in with your letter of the 10th inst. I of course left the cotelettes aside to read your kind letter and during that time they got so cold that I sent them to the kitchen to have them warmed. I think I told you in my last one that I was rooming with Agricole, and we are carrying things in one of those grand styles you read about in spelling books. We go to theatre at least three times a week. Last night we went to the grand opera to hear the Favorite which could have been performed a little better than it was. Madame Tedesco who sang the principal part was the only one who pleased me. During the 2nd act the corps of ballet turned out and it was the prettiest dancing I ever saw. Some of those dansers had some beautiful legs and their costumes were splendid. The play ended at 12 o'clock at which time we came home and went to bed. I was glad to hear that Schaumburg had reached the University safely. I wish I was over yonder with you all to hear him tell those fellows all the lies about his travels. You must make him swear to every thing he tells you if you want to have the truth.

Before leaving he told me he had the intention of telling you all some of the longest yarns going. When we were traveling he used to tell us a new story every day. Very often he would tell us the truth and we didn't believe him. Tell Buck Ridley that I have been looking for those 25 pages he promised to write for the last three months. He must have forgotten poor

1860
Oct. 30
(con't.)

Ajax (himself) entirely. Tell him for God sake to answer the letter I wrote to him since I was in Rome, for he, Schaumburg, Jim Bryant and Clark are the very best friends I have on this earth. I think it would be very hard to have better ones than they are. Tell Schaumburg I went to John Meunroe & Co.'s office the other day and they gave me 18 francs and 60 centimes. That little sum was the remaining of the money he had left here with those gentlemen. If he wants, I could buy some fancy pictures (wenches showing their legs for instance) and send them to him in letters. If you wish to have some of those pictures just write, for I can get them here by hogsheads full. If you can think of any thing else just write to me. You know I am at your disposition. Tell Schaumburg and all my good friends the same thing. I would do any thing in the world to please them.

The other day I bought me the prettiest little clock I ever saw; it costs only 135 francs, \$27. It will look so well in our new room at home. I intend to buy plenty little things to make our room look pretty. For heaven's sake don't tell them at home about all the things I tell you I buy. You must not believe for that, that I am extravagant. I try to spend less money possible, but every thing is so damned dear on this side of the creek that by next spring I will have spent a young fortune.

Agricole and I wrote five times each to Alex Frere and he never answered us. Ask him what is the matter with him, what are his reasons for not answering our letters. Agricole says he wrote to you when I went to Bordeaux and that you have not yet answered his letter.

The other day I was very much astonished when I got Ninisc's (Blanche Declouet) letter in which she told me about the birth of the two little

1860
Oct. 30
(con't.)

twins. I congratulate you for the choice of the name you gave our little sister, Miss Corinne Dejean when you proposed that name for our newly borned sister.

Next time you write let me know what have become of the Ganucheaux's. Are they at the University or at old Billy's. Ask Schaumburg if he recollects old King Billy and the great ride we took in Dublin to go to the railway way station, in the Irish vehicle.

Well goodbye dear old fellow and take this for your motto: "I must write regularly once a week to my brother." I will bring you a magnificent present when I'll go over to America. Give my direction to Buck and Buffalo and tell them to write to Ajax instead of bragging about it.

Your brother and best friend.

Alexander Declouet, Jr.

P. S. Tell Schaumburg when he writes home to send my best respects to his mother and sister and to thank Miss Nannie for me for the beautiful seal she gave me.