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Sept.

PERSONAL LETTER from Blanche Declouet in St. Martinville, to her brother, Paul Declouet at Brookland School in Greenwood Depot, Virginia. St. Martinville, September, 1857

My dear Paul,

I am taking advantage now of the fact I am free and at home to talk with you for a few moments. Tell Quaitte (Alexander, our brother) that I have received his long letter dated September 5 and that I will answer him by the next mail.

Gabie (Gabrielle, our sister) is more beautiful than ever. She told me a few days ago: "When Paul is going to receive my portrait... when his school is over at night... he will run to see my portrait." She told me also that she was careful to place her little hand on the table so that you can see it, but it is too bad she had forgotten to put on her little ring before leaving to have her picture made.

I am telling you a piece of news: Hortense had a big boy. He will be a week old this afternoon. Gabie is so happy, she already says that he will be her coachman. Marcelline wants you to know that since you left she is not drinking coffee any longer because there is no one who gives her 5 cents to buy some and you must hurry to come back. Mirth tells you that all she owned was a little pig and that he had the misfortune to go in the yard and Farceur (our dog) pulled one of his ears and now he is dead. She is waiting for you to give her another one. Marcelline wants you to know also that she would like to be near you to sew the buttons on your pants and to put your trunk in order. Lize tells you that the prettiest wedding in the world was going to take place on the plantation: old Bobe with Julienne and Julienne played a trick on him. She let poor Bobe kill all the chickens, pigs and all good animals he had for the wedding

1857 and prepare a grand supper and Julienne was doing all that to make fun of him.  
Sept. She did not want to marry him. Milloire sang a song saying that old Bobe would  
(con't.) not get Julienne. This poor old man who did not understand thought the song  
was magnificent. He is still mad today about the trick played on him.  
Josephine tells you "Good day" and also to Quaité. She tells you that she is so  
proud to be a grandmother and soon she will be twice so.

Goodbye, dear Paul, Mama, Papa, Christine, Gabie and Melanie  
joined me to kiss you,

Blanche Declouet

P. S. All the servants send you their greetings. Excuse my writing as my  
pen is very bad.