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Dec. 25 PERSONAL LETTER from Christine Declouet in St. Martinville, to her brother Paul Declouet at Brookland School in Greenwood Depot, Virginia, followed by a letter from her father, Alexander Declouet.

St. Martinville, December 25, 1860

My dear Paul,

I am writing to you to show you that I am not lazy, but I am beginning to believe that you are getting lazy as I have written to you several times and you answered only once. I thank you for the crayons you sent me, I think they are very pretty. Miss Laurent is saying thanks to you for her pen. She thinks it is very pretty. I want to send you a sketch I made with my crayons. In the book I am reading, there is a Christine and her mother says she is ten years old. Miss Laurent said that she was my age, but it is said also that she was not lazy and Miss Laurent said she is not like me. There are some lotteries at the Tertrou's. There is a gun, a pistol, a knife for a woman. We still have tickets. Miss Laurent says that if by any chance she wins the gun or the pistol, she will draw lots to decide between you and Quaité (Alexander, our brother).

Goodbye, my dear Paul. Yours good sister who loves you,

Christine Declouet

(In the handwriting of Alexander Declouet)

My dear son,

I have no time to write but 2 or 3 lines. I have been brought out to represent in the convention the Senatorial District Component of St. Martinville Vermillion on the ticket with Alcibiade DeBlanc and Judy Moore for the parish of St. Martin.

Judge Albert Voorhies has come out against me but he seems to have but little chance. It looks strange but I have not time to explain. I am very

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busy preparing an address to the people which will be soon printed and circulated. I'll send it to you. The hope of saving the Union is, here, loosing ground every day! God protect and extend a merciful hand over our distracted country. In Him we can still hope but wisdom and moderation seem banished from our councils and from minds of our country men.

Goodbye. From now till election day 17th of January I'll be constantly electioneering.

Yours affectionately,

Alexander Declouet