

1861
May 26
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PERSONAL LETTER from Blanche Declouet in St. Martinville, to her brother, Paul Declouet at Brookland School in Greenwood Depot, Virginia.
St. Martinville, May 26, 1861

Dear Paul,

I have written to you several times lately but I doubt that my letters reached you since you did not speak about them in your last letter to Quaité (Alexander, our brother). In one of mine, I announced to you Papa's (Alexander Declouet) departure. He left us last Thursday at 4 o'clock in the afternoon to go to town where he must have stayed long. I think that he will tell you about his arrival at Richmond before my letter reaches you.

The time he spent here seemed very short to us, I assure you, and indeed those few weeks were hardly sufficient to him to take care of all his business because the greatest part of that time was occupied by visits. As soon as he arrives visitors flock here.

Some people imagine that he knows when the war will end. They besiege him with other questions of this same type. What amused us the most is that he had an answer for each one, but I beg you to believe that he did not relish that all the time. Papa will bring you all the objects you required. Among them several bottles of tomato sauce that dear Tonton (Josephine Declouet de l'Homme) and Mimi (Henriette Lebreton Benoit, our aunt) made especially for you. We regretted that Papa did not bring you any syrup and other things. The grinding is still going on, there are over 300 boucauts collected. Since yesterday, they stopped in order to dig up sweet potatoes. There is a great quantity of them. I believe that Papa has already sent two boucauts to the free market of the city. We still will send some more and, besides this, there was a distribution made to needy persons. How happy we would be if we could send

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you some, with syrup, grits, etc. Papa told us that once at Richmond, he would see if there is a way to have this reach you, then he would write to us asking us to send some.

Today, there is at Pont Breaux a parade of Mr. Charles Tertron's cavalry. Quaité does not feel like going, a cold affected one of his eyes and he is suffering. Besides, the weather looks bad. Good bye, dear Paul. We are all well and are hoping you are well also. We kiss you affectionately.

Miss Laurent sends you her friendly greetings. Say "good day" to Gerassy for us and for his children. All of them are feeling well.

Your sister who loves you,

Blanche Declouet