

Grenoble, november 1 1937

16 rue Hébert.

My dear cousin,

I was very pleased to receive your letter and your kind congratulations for the wedding of my grand child Louis de Marliave. I could not thank you right away because at the time I got your letter I was marrying another one of my grand child, Pierre Dubarle with miss Marie Chaurande; the wedding was performed in the province of Ardeches, for this event I had to go on a small trip which really made me tired. Years start to feel heavy on me, I have celebrated my seventy fifth birthday last july, my strength is decreasing and I am afflicted by the small miseries which come along with aging: weak eyesight and I am getting hard of hearing...You will excuse then my handwriting sometimes not as easy to read anymore. Beleive me, I have very fond memories of all my dear cousins in Belgium and California. I have never forgotten the time that I have spent in Brussels in 1870-1871. During the war: I was eight and my father had taken us to Danderleuw my brother Leon, my sister Marie and I. It was for us a celebration, the day we spent our ^{at} aunt de Boom, your grand-mother, who was welcoming us with kindness and love. It is at her place that I have met my cousins, Ursule van Branteghem and her children, Camille et Leonie, Fanny de Boom, your father Roman and his brother Benoit. All the affection I could give at the time was for my uncle Corneille de Boom, brother of my mother who lived then around Paris, to the place called La Chapelle- en- Larval, he was coming to visit us in the convent which was also a boarding school where we stayed. He brought us candies and he is the one who died of smallpox during the war of 1870-1871. His death was one of my greatest child's sorrow. I never returned to Danderleuw eversince, but I have met again with Corneille van Branteghem who came in Fontainebleau at the funerals of my poor sister Marie de Sieyes, who died in 1901, thirty six years ago, and after the

