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PERSONAL LETTER from Jane Roman Declouet in Galveston, Texas,  
to her husband, Paul L. Declouet in St. Martinville.  
Galveston, August 6, 1876

My dear Paul,

I sent you a few words this morning before the mail would leave and I feel the need to write to you again. It is Sunday, no occupation, a sad day. I appreciate the information Dr. Landry inquired about my health and if I had felt a real improvement coming from my stay here I expected to write to him to let him know about it, but I know as little as when we were home. I am very fond of the baths, especially in the morning. It seems to me that my pains on the side have disappeared but that does not last and pains return as before. The sojourn here has been long enough for a progress to appear if there is a progress. How is it that Dr. Frank has not sent me even a little advice since I left. Tell him that I often thought about his good visits and I missed them since I have been here. I do not think that you will receive this letter. It seems to me that you are preparing for your departure, however, with Dominique, this awful rascal. I don't know what to believe, my mind is suffering tortures.

Charley (our son) started taking baths again yesterday. As long as he had a bad cough I dared not promise he could do so. He understood perfectly well and did not show any displeasure. He has not much to do and attends school only haphazardly. I let him go out every chance possible but he does not accept  
(Lauve)  
to go out alone with Nemours./ It is always with Naine Vige (Edwige Lauve) and sometimes with Mama. Vinge (Edwige, our daughter) is waiting impatiently for the dinner to be over to go to Marie Broussard's, who made us promise to bring the children. She has a charming daughter the same age as Vinge. They

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(con't.)

met when bathing yesterday evening and I heard their conversation. Maria was saying to Vinge: "You are coming to see me tomorrow, are you not? Ask your mother. Do you like chocolate cream?" "Yes," Vinge said. "I tasted some one at home, not at Naine Vige's." "Well," Marie answered, "you will have some in my house because Mother bought some chocolate and it means she will make some cream." She was not satisfied with this simple invitation. She came very politely to tell us not to forget your promise. The latter (the mother) had a sore on a finger to be opened with a lancet. Luckily nothing bad happened. The ladies have not heard from Louis and don't know when to expect him.

Monday morning - We spent the evening at Marie's and she treated us to a good chocolate cream. Charley and Vinge played with the children but Lizzie (our daughter) remained near us. I took a good bath this morning and feel better than yesterday. Edwige (Lauve) suffered with palpitations in the last few days and it is explainable.

So long, my dear Paul, kisses for my boy (George, our son). Friendly greetings to all and hurry up to come.

Forever yours,

Jane

P. S. Tell Marie that I am so proud to learn that she takes such good care of my dear George, that I will not forget her and send greetings.