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PERSONAL LETTER from Jane Roman Declouet in New Orleans, to her husband, Paul L. Declouet in St. Martinville.

New Orleans, October 18, 1876

Dear Paul,

Although I have nothing new to tell you, I am sending a few lines so that you will not be disappointed by the mail. Dr. Souchon came to bandage me yesterday morning and he seems quite satisfied with my condition. He left this morning for his plantations and will return only tomorrow night, Thursday. There is no question of my departure. He said laughingly that we would spend Christmas here. I want to believe it will not be so and I hope everything will be clear before that time. I wish he could make me get rid of that kind of pain I experience from time to time below the tube, you understand, don't you?

We have not seen Dr. Landry neither yesterday nor this morning. Alexander (your brother) has not been coming for two days, so he did not remit my money order. I changed the date from the 16 to the 18 and Edwige (Lauve) took it this morning to deliver it at this office. Minette came yesterday with Maxime and spent a good while with us. Mr. and Mrs. Blache spent the evening here with us and both asked me to send their remembrance to you. There is not any longer any fear of angina in their home and Mrs. Henri Tremoulet returned to the fold.

Tell Charley (our son) that I made over his little cravat with grey and white squares. It is now cream color and fearing it might be rumpled, I am not enclosing it here. Ernestine wants him to know that she has no longer any one to help her to fold the sheets and that she is missing him.

(Nemours Lauve)

Edwige had this morning a long letter from her husband. / He is still at the hotel and is waiting to know the time of her return to rent an apartment in a

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(con't.)

boarding house. I believe he is beginning to feel lonesome and is telling her that since I am not in danger any longer, she could decide when she can leave.

However, she does not feel that way about it and wishes her sojourn here be prolonged enough so that she could spend all her time in the city instead of going to the country.

We were infected by a smell of dead rat for several days and could not accept to live in such an atmosphere. The old she-monkey had to furnish us at the beginning with carbolic acid as a disinfectant. We preferred this odor to the other. Luckily, today we are free of both. You can imagine we had to give an explanation of the smells to each visitor.

Clouet's (Alexander, your brother) jacket has been purchased. His pants also for \$17.00, the vest was \$3.00 more but he did not ask for one. It is a good dark material, almost black. Holmes does not have yet printed cotton goods for shirts, therefore Blanche (your sister) cannot send any. Blanche is well and mends her black Algapa dress. She is always expecting letters and each time the postman passes, there is a new disappointment.

So long, my dear friend. A thousand caresses to the dear children. Friendly greetings to all including the friends. Tell me if Marie still likes my dear big George (our son).

Yours forever,

Jane

Handwritten in French. Original on file in Dupre Library at the University of Southwestern Louisiana in Lafayette, La.