

1876 PERSONAL LETTER from Jane Roman Declouet in New Orleans, to her
Nov. 3 husband, Paul L. Declouet in St. Martinville.
 New Orleans, November 3, 1876

Dear Paul,

My boy (George) spent a pleasant evening. He talked, I marvelled at it. The night was good also and he played so well all morning that I hope his upset will be only temporary. You would have a hard time imagining what I feel. The sight of those dear beings, their voices, their caresses, their kisses all things I have been deprived for so long, it makes me a little nervous and the fact of having seen them again brings joyous tears.

The little girls took their first walk today with Edwige (Lauve) and Christine (your sister) and come back very satisfied bringing cakes.

My Mime (Victoria, our daughter?) became so sensible that I hardly recognized her. She mixes with everybody and is not demanding any longer to the extent that she yielded her place in my bed to Vinge (Edwige, our daughter) to take it back tonight. She is near me, very close, sewing a little rag. Edwige (our daughter) is on the bench walking her doll in her little carriage. She values these two playthings more than Lizima, who is with her mother. Edwige had told me that you sent her instead of a letter, but you spoilt me and I waited for the postman this morning. Tell me if Charley (our son) does not feel too lonely and you, are you lonesome?

My little doctor announced to me last night that he was going to his plantation. He had heard that the factory was making tar. You imagine that it upsets him. He must have left this morning, I have not seen him for the whole day. Tell me how many arpents you expect to grind. I am embarrassed when I

1876
Nov. 3
(con't.)

am asked this question. The young ladies do not know a thing about it.

Send through the mail Christine's big brown and black sash which is in her armoire's drawer. Gabie's (your sister) one is here and the young ladies want the little girls to wear them.

I hope, my dear friend, that you are prudent about the mean people who do not like you. I am happy to hear that politics do not occupy you.

Dr. Landry just left. He found George well. It is his visit that made me interrupt my letter.

So long again, all of us kiss you.

Yours forever,

Jane