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Nov. 7

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

New Orleans, November 7, 1876

Dear Paul,

My last letter must not have been very fresh when it reached you. I had entrusted it to Christine to mail it when going to sleep at the Landry's and the first thing she did was to leave it here. The next day, early, it was put in the box so that I do not see it but I inquired and was told that it would not have left until the next day because the mail was not collected that evening. The men in charge of it were busy somewhere else. It was some kind of consolation but not a satisfaction for me. Today, I shall send it by Ernestine and will be surer.

The little girls dined yesterday at Mrs. Saucier's. Minette came to get them. They had a good time and I sent for them about 5 o'clock. Lizima (our daughter) behaved well up to the end.

George (our son) is well and very lively and the rooms seem too narrow for him. This is what makes him grumbling and demanding. He is delighted to see the carriages passing but he would like to go out and whip the mules with Charley's (our son) little whip which he seized.

I am beginning to be accustomed to see them. At the beginning, I was very nervous being afraid to see them falling down or being hurt. I believe that our little doctor is not too pleased with their arrival. First, he does not like children and their noise. He cannot stand them and then, he seems to think that we are crowded. He disparages our apartments because of the dampness. He would like to see us upstairs but you easily imagine that the old she-monkey would not yield us her balcony. I had fever yesterday. This is why, I gather, he spoke about dampness. We lit a little fire this morning and it was welcome

1876 because of the northern wind blowing.

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(con't.)

I continue my letter interrupted by a visit from Dr. Landry and then by Mr. Blache. I am sure the latter came to reassure us in case we were worried. He is a real friend and always inquires about you. If the day ends as it began, we won't have to fear any trouble. There is a remarkable calm and I do hope that everything will be as well at home. Last night, Christine (your sister) slept with Gabie (your sister) and two children. She did not want to go to Landry last night because she would have had to spend today there and it would have been too long away from us. Edwige (Lauve) did not come back at all yesterday in order to have the excuse to remain here today. She asked about me saying she had had a headache. Today, again, she sent a servant saying she would have been here if she had been able to go out. She amuses herself over there playing with Minette. She has plenty to tell her, you know it is a new acquaintance. I am sorry to see her so susceptible to flattery. She became coquettish and you know that a pretty woman's heart cannot be a beloved sister's heart, indifference creeps into it.

The postman gave me a little later than usual your letter of the 3rd and the surprise rendered it even more pleasant. I see in it that the worries of the grinding season are going to start and when this letter reaches you, my dear Charley would have probably tasted the plantation's syrup. The dear children hope to return there before it is finished and I would like that departure to be tomorrow. Dr. Souchon says that the abscesses heal beautifully but you know where he always found some swelling above the tube on the abdomen's side. I have a pain and he touched this place saying: "Take care, I shall give you a blow of the lancet." Don't worry, dear friend, I have confidence. Everything will

1876 come out for the best in the hands of some one who examines as cleverly as
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(con't.) our surgeon.

The children and the young ladies send you kisses and so do I, it goes
without saying. Tell Charley that I am jealous but proud that he is so much
attached to you.

So long and forever yours,

Jane