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Nov. 9

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

New Orleans, November 9, 1876

Dear Paul,

My preparation in view of writing is done by my dear little daughters. They fight over the privilege to help me and my writing board. My paper, my ink were given to me by them. Each day is a new pleasure for me and while reviving I see myself reviving through them. They are getting ready to take a walk with Edwige (Lauve) and Christine (your sister). The day is splendid and I am not going because I am afraid it may be a little cold.

Dr. Souchon called on me or as he says: "I came to see how yesterday and last night were spent." Again, I asked him what was that pain on the side. He says that it may be a neuralgia, anyhow, he is going to examine this very carefully at five o'clock. You can surmise he is leaving tomorrow for Lafourche. At his last return, he told us that the damage had been exaggerated and he had only four bushels of sugar a little black coming from unclean boilers. He promised me his picture to calm down my worries when I am home and should a dispatch be sent to him, he would be here within forty-eight hours.

This morning, I received the letter from the 6th and the sash also. I thank you for them. You know how I appreciate your thoughts stolen from your sleep, thus do not be surprised if I am grateful for them. I have good hope that the election over there took place as the one here. The day was so calm that I did not think of being afraid. The reports are splendid and all of us hope that Saturday will confirm them. Up to then we cannot rejoice too much by fear of a disappointment.

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(con't.)

I have exchanged your vest and in order to be surer that it is all right this time, I am going to have Judge Saucier try it. I am going to buy your gloves and if I find an opportunity I shall send them.

I did not answer directly what you told me about an institution and do not know what the tuition amounts to. I did not take care of it at all until you reminded me of it. Dr. Landry had suggested Mrs. Mozart B. He thinks she would be suitable not only for education but for comportment. But, according to what D. Sabatier was telling us, I don't think she will leave her sister. Mrs. Lastrapes (Catiche Declouet, your great aunt) had written the doctor a few days before his fire to inquire about her for Tante Tonton (Josephine Declouet de l'Homme, your great aunt) and without having an answer. It was her feeling, I am afraid, that Mrs. Landry asks a high price and for beginners who would not be kept in long it may be excessive. Have you any idea of what she charges? I could see what the prices are here in order to compare. It is essential that she has a sweet disposition because I could not stand to see the children treated roughly.

I gave a check of \$200 to Alex last night and I think he will bring me the money today. Old Deloche gave me her bill for 31 days and I do not want her to complain about us. Edwige gave me \$15 for her share. I found at Solari's, cognac costing \$1.50 a bottle. It is not worth Majeau's one but it is drinkable. It is exactly half the price. It is worth considering it.

6:30 at night. I have the money. The doctor made the injection. He examined well, pressed everywhere and said it is simply neuralgia. He found less swelling and everything seems to be getting along well. Upon his return, he is going to gauge me.

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(con't.) (our son) also. Friendly greetings to all.

So long, my dear friend. I kiss you a thousand times and my Charley

Yours forever,

Jane

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