

# Letters of Abel Dreyfous

## 1849 – 1890

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New Orleans, January 31, 1849

My dear good Josephine,

Your letter just received brought very sad news which has distressed us. If I had been permitted to obey the impulses of my heart, if strong ties had not withheld me, I would have rushed to you upon the receipt of your letter in order to bring words of consolation, in order to seek for means that my affection would have suggested to assuage the grief brought by this terrible loss.

Dear Sister, I hesitate to speak to you of your unhappiness; time may have soothed your sorrow and I fear to revive your sufferings; however I am encouraged by the thought that should I make you weep, your tears will relieve your sorrow.

Your misfortune is so great! How I sympathize with you and your husband for losing in such a cruel and unexpected way such a good, charming child who had cost you so many years of care and Solitude. Yes, I repeat this is a great misfortune to be forever deplored.

However, I feel that our dear Emilie is indeed happy. She died young with all her illusions; she had not yet known the sufferings, the troubles and the miseries of life. God did her a great favor by bringing her back to Him. Who is the one among us who sometimes does not wish he had not been born? Console yourself, my dear sister; accept the decrees of Providence. We shall find in Heaven all the dear ones for whom we weep now and until the time it pleases the Almighty to bring us together, I am confident that we will not be subjected to another terrible trial. God will remember that our family has amply paid its debt to misfortune.

I am very grateful to those members of our family who came to you in your adversity and did so much to assuage your grief. I shall consider myself happy to be able to express my gratitude to them orally, perhaps sooner than they think. Expect to see me and my children before too long. They are growing and soon will be old enough to take the trip with me. If the trip depended only on our eldest daughter we would leave on this very day. She is burning with longing to see her grandmothers, her aunts, her uncles and her cousins. I, myself, would be proud and happy to show them (my children) to you.

I appreciate being remembered by Cecile, Eugene and Leopold, dear children of our Caroline. Their few lines made me very happy although they indicated that the children needed to study more. I am pleased to believe that they will apply themselves in order to improve, which I shall be able to judge by the other letters they will write me in the near future. Kiss them for me, and their cousins and your children.

I am physically well but my spirits are low. I cannot overcome my sadness and the news that I have just received has not helped to give me the strength to conquer it. However, I am resigned and thank God for not having stricken me more forcibly.

Business is not good because the cholera made its appearance six weeks ago. It was bad enough at the beginning to strike about two thousand persons, but today the cases are so rare that one can consider that the disease is over. I need not tell you in what a state I was during the epidemic. I feared for my children and because of them for myself. What would have become of them without me? Let us praise God that we were not stricken and today there is no longer any danger. Embrace your husband for me. Give my greetings to all the family, especially to cousin Estelle. Remember me to my friends and to my mother.

Your devoted friend and brother,

A. Dreyfous

Please answer promptly. When you delay answering I become greatly worried, as you can imagine.

Address: Mr. A. Dreyfous, notary,

New Orleans, via England

New Orleans, January 31, 1849

My dear mother-in-law and my dear sisters-in-law,

I would have liked to answer you sooner but I have been so worried and the sad news which I have just received has only confirmed a tragedy which a presentiment had made me foresee. It would be a kind of satisfaction, however sad it may be, for me to learn the details of the terrible catastrophe which cost my dear niece's life and which, so it appears, was almost fatal to my sister-in-law. Please give me the details in your next letter. You will see from my sister's letter that we are all well. I read with pleasure that the family at Belfort enjoys the same good health. Business is quiet, as you can imagine. When fear is in the heart, one does not think of business. The cholera caused many people to flee. They are returning few at a time but the lost time cannot be recuperated. We have not had a bit of cold this winter and at the time I am writing to you it is as warm as it is in your country in July. From what I have read in the papers, the cold has been very severe in France; the poor must have suffered much. I do not foresee a prosperous future for France which could compensate the people for their sufferings of these past months; your revolutions are not over. It is probable that they would have been over had General Cavaignac been elected President of the Republic, but the French preferred to elect Louis Bonaparte, a man who had no personal claims, who had nothing to recommend him to the electorate. To a man who had rendered an immense service to his country, who had saved France from anarchy in June, who alone could re-establish confidence and tranquility, they have preferred the hero of Strasburg and Boulogne! What a shame! The citizens have proved that they are incapable of governing themselves; they have been dishonored in the eyes of other nations. And for how long will Bonaparte remain President! You can expect to soon see the underhand reign of the nobles and the Jesuits through the advent of the Duke of Bordeaux, it seems that God protects only those people who know how to make good use of freedom. Compare the state of this country (U.S.A.) with that of France. Here is a modest, honest and courageous man who has rendered services to the United States. Well, in spite of the government and the candidacy of a man of great talent he has been raised to the highest function of the State. General Taylor has been elected by an enormous majority. The war which for other nations always is a disaster, here has become a cause for prosperity. When they took California from the Mexicans, the Americans had no idea of the value of their conquest; since then, they became possessors of gold mines which were discovered. What am I saying? Mines, indeed.

Gold is found in all the rivers, in all the streams of California on a stretch of about a hundred leagues with such an abundance that a man of goodwill can pick up about 1000 francs a day, quick fortunes are thus made; and if you could see what hordes of adventurers transport themselves to this new El Dorado. You can't imagine the number of ships laden with passengers leaving for California from all the ports of the United States. Gold attracts almost any one; people do not hesitate to undertake a very long voyage with the hope of becoming rich in a short time. California is located on the other side of the American continent on the Pacific Ocean. I must admit that if I did not have two children and a sure position here I would go to that country, not to prospect for gold in the sand, but I would bring a good deal of merchandise which certainly would bring me a profit several hundred times its original value. This is a wonderful opportunity for a young man who wishes to get ahead. All of this is not exaggerated; on the contrary, I am estimating the value too low, already fifty millions worth of gold have been received from California. Perhaps I am boring you with all these details, but my excuse is that in your letter you asked me to tell you about this country, so I obey. My little girls are as charming as ever. The younger is gayer and even more clever than the older one. When I told her that her grandmother would like a letter from her, she answered looking at me and clapping her hands on her sides: "Papa, look at me and see if I am big enough to write!" There was not an answer for that, as indeed she is not very tall although she is rather large for her age. She was three on the 18th of this month. Soon I shall send her to school. Both are charming. I live only for them; they alone help me to bear my sad lot since their mother's death. I talk about you every day. I am teaching them to love their grandmothers and their other relatives even before meeting them. I wish I could introduce them to you soon; you cannot long for this more than I as it is one of my dearest wishes. I spoke of sending some money to (Mr.) the Rabbi because I had asked him, through Josephine, to say prayers, therefore it was up to me to give him a retribution. You wished to do it yourselves. I thank you for it; nevertheless, I feel that in all justice, I am responsible for this. Do not expect Mr. Halm too soon. I don't know when he will need to go to France but I do not believe it will be before...(PAGE TORN) Mr. Mathias, a young man I had welcomed, told me that he was leaving for St. Clairsville, Ohio, 400 leagues from here and asked me to forward the letters I might receive for him. I did not have the opportunity to fulfill his request as no letter came for him at my address. I don't know whether I shall see him again but surely I shall not be inclined to enter into conversation with him not because he cheated me out of some money, but because he did something which hurt me more than a loss of money. This is what happened: the first time he left for Cincinnati, I gave him a letter of recommendation for my niece whose husband

owns a large store there. He was given credit, but, whether he could not or would not pay, he did not send any payment when he returned here. On learning of his departure, my niece wrote me complaining of my protege's conduct. She told me several things that were not flattering for Mr. Mathias. I showed him the letter telling him how disagreeable it was to receive such a letter. He answered me that he was going to reply to Mr. Springer, my niece's husband, and that his (Mathias') explanations would fully satisfy his creditors; in fact he wrote a letter and asked me to address it, which I did without reading the contents of the letter. After a few days, I received a letter from my niece in which she reproached me bitterly for my conduct and complained sharply of my approval of Mr. Mathias. I was very hurt by the words she used, convinced as I was that I did not deserve her reproaches, and in my answer I let her know of my resentment. So the matter rested when Mr. Springer had the opportunity to go to New York, where he saw my brother and complained to him about my behaviour. Some explanations were given and he showed Mathias' letter to Joseph. Now this letter was drafted in a most insolent manner. It was full of insults directed at my niece and her husband, and at the bottom of the letter Mathias had added that I had read it, that I approved of it completely, the proof being that I had written the address. Upon reading this letter, my brother told his son-in-law that Mr. Mathias was lying, that he (the brother) knew me well enough to be certain that I would never have given my approval to a letter written in that manner. He sent me the letter. I have it in my possession; it gave me the key to the enigma. Fortunately for Mr. Mathias he had already left; otherwise I would have made him pay a high price for his duplicity and his disloyalty. I wrote him my opinion of his conduct. He tried to justify himself by denying everything as he ignored the fact that I have the letter. I did not answer him, and so the affair remains. This is the way Mr. Mathias has repaid for what I did for him. He stayed at my home for Heaven knows how many months I had him cared for during his illness and paid for all his medicines. He would have died miserably without me. Never mind. It is not given to every one to witness ingratitude! Answer me promptly and believe in my sincere affection.

A. D.

(It is addressed to Mr. Ab. Levy, butcher, Belfort, Upper Rhine Department, France.)  
per steamship via New York or Boston and Liverpool.

New Orleans, August 19, 1867

My dear niece, (Cecile)

For perhaps the 20th time I have begun to answer your two letters, of December 18 and of June 4 last; each time some business which would have suffered because of a delay came up and I was forced to put off answering. If you were hurt by my silence, be persuaded that this involuntary delay distressed me also. Finally today, being no longer able to stand it, I decided to hide away from everyone to give myself the pleasure of conversing with you.

First, may I say that I was very happy to receive from you- Caroline's granddaughter, the child with the turned-up nose, whom I can picture as if she were actually here and whom I caressed so much in 1839. I really felt such happiness to receive from yourself news of you and to learn, thank Heaven, that you are happy! You are the only one of Caroline's children who ever contacted me; truly it took you a long time to do so, but I am no less grateful. Nevertheless, I love you all because of your mother whom I held so dear. Her memory is always in my mind. You must know this and be convinced that all concerning you is always precious to me.

Now, I will give you the information concerning Mr. Bloch. I saw this gentleman and spoke to him several months ago. He is a very ordinary man but he does not seem mean at all. When I mentioned something regarding his children he answered that, except during the war for a period when it was impossible to communicate with people abroad, he had always corresponded with them and that he was going to write again to them in Paris, where they reside. He said that the war cost him many losses, but he is doing rather well in business. he complained of certain of his relatives; he would have gone into details on this subject but I let him know that this sort of thing did not interest me. He indicated his intention of sending for his children. I advised him to allow them to stay in France if they can make their way there, because this place in which he lives, Bonfouca, is a sort of desert about ten leagues from here on the other side of the lake, which would not please them and would not offer them any opportunity. His wife, who did not give him any children, is from Bouxviller in the Saverne country. What I had to do for her was to obtain for her and her sisters married here a power of attorney. This was in order to settle a small succession at Bouxviller. I shall take the responsibility of forwarding to Mr. Bloch the letters that you might write him.

My daughter Cecilia, Mrs. Loeb, has left for Texas on the 4th of July after a three-month visit with us. She will repeat this visit next year if she keeps her promise to us. She lives in

Galveston, which she left temporarily because of the yellow fever which is reigning there. Her husband brought her and her son into the interior of the country. I do not know whether all this moving permitted my daughter to answer you as she had promised to do.

Communications with Texas are interrupted and we have not heard from Cecilia for three months. Alice, who is married to Mr. Schwartz, lives here. She has a son who soon will have a little companion. Without conceit I can say that they are two charming women, and you can be proud of your two cousins, doubly your cousins. You will also be Complimented to learn that these ladies know how to appreciate your worth and that they are very eager to become acquainted with you.

From my second wife, one of the best persons in the world, I have seven children and soon there will be eight. I had the misfortune two years ago to lose a little girl, a real beauty, who was four years old. The eldest of the seven children is Emile, a boy five feet six inches tall, who is 16 years old; then comes Amelie, a big girl of 14; Anna, 12; Felix, 10; Jules, 8; Rose, A; and Charles, 2. This is a rather long list, which should interest you. You understand that to rear all the children, to educate them suitably, is a very costly affair, especially in this country. It is necessary to work ceaselessly to accomplish this end. Also, this is an excuse for having made my good niece wait for an answer that she had the right to expect a long time ago. I wrote to my sister Josephine last week; she also had been awaiting my answer to her letters a very long time.

I hope, my dear Cecile, that you will forgive my long silence and you will prove it by writing before long. Believe that I will always be happy to receive your good news and learn many details about you, your husband and children. Be confident that, God willing, we will see one another one day. That we do meet again is one of my dearest wishes.

I would be happy to leave this country if I could acquire an income enabling me to live independently in France. I am disgusted with the United States. Its business, political as well as commercial, is in a most disorderly condition and the heat in Louisiana seems to become for me more unbearable year after year. I won't undertake to give you an outline of our situation; one must be here to understand these things.

My wife and my children, who are fond of you without having seen you and who intend to become acquainted with you some day, send you their affectionate wishes. Convey to your husband my friendly feelings. Embrace your children for all of us and believe in my sincere and faithful affection. Your uncle who embraces you, A. Dreyfous

Brest, September 9, 1867

My good darling,

(CECILE TO HER HUSBAND, MR. MEYER)

I am hurrying to send you the good and gracious letter from my uncle; tell the children about it; as you see, he is not without certain means. You received a few lines from me yesterday. Could you decipher them? I don't know what I said. The children were hanging around me asking: "Did you tell Papa this?" "Did you tell Papa that?" So I don't even know if I wrote the address correctly.

Up to this day, I had never received anything from home; such negligence is unbelievable. I believe that you are taking some diversions; I enjoy thinking of your pleasure. We manage to occupy ourselves, yet we miss you, as you may believe, but we accept this situation knowing that you are satisfied and happy. I am not adding anything to the letter to avoid paying double postage. I shall answer your letter that I am expecting today. The children are rather good. I cannot complain. They send their love. Embrace for me all the family. Tell me how you found each one. Lucie must be strong (???) a beautiful boy and all the other little ones.

So long, darling. I kiss you with all my love.

Your wife,

Cecile Meyer

Address: Mr. Meyer, lieutenant  
44th Infantry Regiment,  
Brest,  
Finistere,  
France

To be delivered to Mrs. Cecile Meyer  
Postmark: New Orleans, August 20

Other Postmark: Paris September 7, 1867

New York, July 5, 1874

My dear wife, my dear children and all my beloved,

Anna has already announced to you my happy arrival. My trip has not tired me, but it made me dizzy and I am still under the impression of our speedy ride through plains, rivers and mountains. It was truly an enchantment, a dream! I would have given anything to have with me, if not all of you -- the car would not have been big enough -- at least my frail and thin little wife. Do not criticize this handwriting; my hand is still trembling; my seat and pen are very bad.

My poor little cabbage, what useless trouble your tender solicitude for me brought about. I should have followed Mr. Neugass's advice not to carry with me any food; it is so easy to buy some on the way. This miserable basket; what trouble it caused me! It was so large that it obstructed the passage in the car, and to put an end to the porter's complaints, at night I took it in bed with me. If the contents had been good enough to compensate the bothersome container, but I had no appetite. I was feeling perfectly well, except that I could not eat. During the three days the trip lasted, I swallowed only six hardboiled eggs and ate an excellent roasted chicken thigh, part of my provisions. The rest I gave away. However, I must tell you that I took two meals at the restaurant. I arrived here Thursday last at 7 P.M. Anna and her husband were waiting for me at the station landing on the other side of the Hudson. We did not waste time. We came directly to the city. I stopped on the way to send you a telegram you must have received. Arriving at the house occupied by Fellmann and having a part of it rented, we had only one thought. Before being seen by anyone, I should get rid of the black dirt covering my face, my hands and my clothes, dirt caused by the soot and smoke of the locomotive and which, in spite of changing shirts several times, I could not avoid. Consequently a good lukewarm bath was prepared in the house without delay, and I plunged into it with delight and began to rub myself vigorously. My efforts were not quite useless, but a complete result was reached only the next morning with the help of poor Anna, who perspired abundantly in order to clean and shine my ears, neck and eyes, and then she informed me that I was presentable. (Note: here I am obliged to stop my story until we return from a third outing to Central Park with Fellman and Anna)

Back I am and I continue: After Anna had assured me that I was presentable with her I went downtown, the business section. After a car trip which lasted an hour we got off not far from Fellman's office, where we found him, and half an hour later the three of us went to call on friends. The first stop on our way was at Louis Picard's establishment. He saw me from a distance and ran to me, opening his arms. The joy to see me appeared on his face; you could not doubt an instant the sincerity of his feelings. We entered his wine and liquors store, where I met his partner, who looks like a good man. They offered the best they had and more different liquors than we could accept. Their business seems to be very good. Louis spoke to me of his plan to go to Europe. He does not know about his father's recent death, although some cousins know about it and as they don't seem to want to tell him, I did not say anything either. While we were in the store Picard ran to tell about my presence here to cousins Dreyfous and the nephew Emanuel, Simeon's son. This latter, Emanuel, arrived quickly and he manifested a great joy at seeing me. I like him. He is and he is known as such by everybody an excellent man. At that point Isidore arrived. He is still the same kind and amiable person. He invited me to go very

near to see his brother Raphael and another brother, the youngest of them all, who could not leave their business at this moment. So I went to see these gentlemen, and I assure you that I am grateful for their welcome. I am waiting for them now at 10 in the morning, Sunday; they are coming to visit me in my lodging. After our visit to Picard and the Dreyfous brothers, we went to the office of the young brother, Simeon. Soon Bernard saw him on the street, Bernard made me a sign. I rushed back of my brother and tapped him on the shoulder. What a surprise! Yet he was expecting me. I found him changed to his disadvantage, and his memory often fails him since his stroke. He introduced his friend Gaquelin (?) who was with him, and right away wanted to take me to his restaurant. I refused, of course, and after having walked with them a rather long distance we separated, after having made an appointment for the concert in Central Park at night. After dinner we walked toward Central Park, an entrance of which is about 4 blocks from Mrs. Stern's house. This house, by the way, is a real palace worth over \$44,000 and rented through a special privilege \$2500 only. If you want to have an idea of comfort you must see how the houses are equipped here -- hot and cold water, bathroom and toilet on each floor, and all this built with a luxury unknown to our poor Southern regions. Ah boy! You should see the double entrance gates, the carpentry, the woodwork, the material. How much you would admire all that, you a man of the trade and a connoisseur and Mother, how she would enjoy one of those houses, and Grabouille and Alice, how happy they would be. Truly, I assure you, as soon as I am a millionaire, as most of the merchants are here, I will build or buy one of these beautiful houses such as so many you see in this marvelous city, just for the pleasure of seeing the surprise and the happiness you would experience to occupy it after having lived so long in our cabins over there. Here we are in Central Park. What shall I say about it? It must resemble the Garden of Eden. I went there three times and each time discovered new, superb, extraordinary things. Ah boy! You must come to see that! After having decided with Raphael (who is a copy of Isidore, at least physically, except that he is older, fatter and perhaps uglier) that we would meet tomorrow to go together to visit the Washington and reserve my passage on board this steamer which is leaving Saturday, I returned to the so sweet and precious occupation of writing to you. When in Central Park I admired the magnificent works: plantations, roads, buildings, executed. I also visited the Zoo. I went as far as possible, as to walk everywhere in one day is beyond any man's strength. At night we went to the concert. We had been there hardly a quarter of an hour when my nephew Henry rushed to me. He had come from my lodging. When he heard that we were at the concert, he came, accompanied by Mrs. Springer and her two young girls, to join us. Mrs. Springer had to go back home about a league from there. You would have been touched to see Henry's joy; he asked about you and told me his business is prosperous. He was supposed to have left ten days before but postponed his departure in order to see me. He left the next day after having said goodbye at Mrs. Springer's home, where we had gone yesterday, Anna and myself. Cecile received us very cordially. Her husband is a fine man. Her daughters are very amiable, also the son who is in town. The other is at Macon in the employ of his uncle Henry. The family occupies a superb house belonging to Mr. Springer, who is a wealthy man. I forgot to tell you that during the evening of the concert Simeon had joined us; we were together when Henry arrived. The latter spoke to him with a great affection; however, to my surprise, Simeon asked me for the name of this gentleman. He had not recognized, or pretended

not to have recognized, his own nephew. But this is not all. At the time of leaving each other, my brother told me that he would come the next day to take me to see his friend Bloch. I answered that before his, I had to pay more pleasant calls, I wanted to see his wife, his daughters and Mrs. Springer. After a two-hour visit at Mrs. Springer's, where I shall return before my departure, we went to my brother's house, distant of about half a league. We arrived before his house, which I did not like at all although it cost \$15,000. It is only 17 feet wide and has only one opening on the street besides the entrance door. It is three stories high, but I would suffocate in those narrow and dark rooms. A little boy opened the door, and we learned that Emilie alone was at the house. Her mother and her sister had not come back from the Temple. Then I asked for Emilie. Anna went up to the third floor; then came down to ask if I wanted to climb up there. Emilie, who was up and dressed, would be glad to see me (why do I say see; the unfortunate is blind!). I climbed up and faced a poor blind girl, pale, her hair cut short and looking like a boy. She welcomed me smiling and said: "I have never seen you, Uncle, yet I know and love you." She continued in a lively way, extraordinary for such an unfortunate person. After half an hour, the mother and sister arrived. I wish you could have seen the joy of these two women. They embraced me and offered me all the food and drinks they had in the house. It is impossible to be received in a more cordial and affectionate way. The mother is one of the prettiest little old ladies I have ever seen; she is better looking than Anna and could pass for her sister. What nice manners. I cannot say enough how I like these women. This is the society I urged Anna to frequent. She would learn good language and fine manners. I am not surprised that all the cousins are for them and against their mean husband and father. They are angels and took care of him with the tenderest solicitude during his last illness, brought about by an indigestion. In return, he gave them only outbursts of hatred and contempt, as I noticed last night when I spoke about them. There are beings on this earth who seem to exist only to harm people who are in contact with them. On the point of leaving these ladies I went to Emilie and told her: "My dear Emilie, I never saw you before and I never had an opportunity to do something for you. Now I wish you to do me a favor; tell me what I can do for you. Ask me anything I can bestow and I will be happy to grant it." "Oh, dear uncle," she responded, "I thank you sincerely for your kindness. I did not expect help from you, and availing myself of the opportunity, I ask a favor from you: it is that you will come to see me often."

Hearing this answer I could not refrain from crying, and after having promised to return often, I said goodbye to the ladies. Since that time, I often think of them and I will never forget them. At night, we took a long walk, interrupted by a storm, and came home at 10. A strange thing, and you will find it strange too, is that since my arrival here I feel a feverish activity, an irresistible need of moving about. I get up at 4 o'clock, and until 11 at night I never stop. I do not recognize myself; I used to exercise so little and now I am almost tireless. I believe it is the result of the change of climate and the delightful cool air we breathe here. And you, dear ones, how are you? I would like to hear from you. May this letter find you as healthy and satisfied and happy as I am. I pray God to grant this wish. I stop now. A carriage is waiting for me. To be continued tomorrow.

Monday, July 6, 5 A.M.

I left you a week ago only, and I feel it was 6 months ago. I want to continue this report.

I had said that a carriage ordered by Bernard was waiting for us. We went together, he, Anna, Mrs. Stern, and myself. I must say that this lady is very kind, that the board New York, is exquisite and that I am lodged like a prince. We left for High Bridge, crossing the Park. It is a lovely trip of 5 or 6 leagues. Arriving at High Bridge on the Harlem River, we admired one of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen. There was a crowd of men and women attracted by the same reason. We were back at home about 8 P.M. rather tired and after having stopped for beer at several cafes on the way. During this outing my first opinion of ladies was confirmed; that is to say, a pretty, elegant and graceful woman is extremely rare in this city. Since my arrival I have not seen one answering this description. If you could see the dresses, what a good laugh you would have! If the Misses Mouton, or Grabouille, or Alice, or Amelie D. or Amelie Gabrie were here, they would create a sensation each time they would go out. They would be admired as extraordinary creatures. As to the city itself, I will tell you that anything you can imagine is below the reality. I never dreamt such an enlargement, such a beautification. The New York I saw 33 years ago resembles the present one as Mr. Baldwin's or the late Slocom's properties resemble a Negro's cabin. What a huge city! Every time I ride to the business section it takes me over an hour; yet, we don't live on the outskirts. We weighed Anna yesterday; she gained 9 pounds since she arrived here; she looks well and is very happy. I learned a strange thing about Picard. He married a Christian; she gave him a son and he had him circumcised. One of the Dreyfous cousins was the godfather. I have not many details about this affair. If I hear anything today, I will let you know. After lunch, I shall go to town to reserve my passage and afterward I shall end this little note.

Continuation of the little note:

I have just visited the Washington, accompanied by cousin Raphael. It is a large and superb ship; I have selected my cabin, number 58, 1st class. I bought my ticket. We leave Saturday at 2 o'clock P.M. The cost of the round trip is \$248, 65 in bank notes. An hour ago I received your letter, my dear Caroline, and the letters from Jules and Felix. They gave me great pleasure. I expect to receive more before my departure. I will send news Saturday morning. I am happy to be sure that you are feeling well, and I pray God to make me see all of you in good health upon my return. I am satisfied with Felix's letter. It gives me assurance about my interests; I know they are in good hands. He must transmit my compliments and thanks to Charles. Your letter, Amelie, is charming. I am persuaded that you will send me many others.

(I must tell you that "already" takes only one "1.")

I am writing in my cousins' office; they are charming for me. I thought that I could fill this page but the noise of carriages makes me so dizzy that I cannot gather all my ideas. Jules, I shall give your three letters to the Pilsbury. All of you try to be very good and please Mother and I will love you even more than before. All the cousins send their affectionate greetings.

I believe I did not forget anything which might interest you. If there is any omission, I will make up for it next time I write. I kiss you with all my heart. I am not asking you to think of me as I am sure you will never forget me. Anna will write to you tomorrow.

A. Dreyfous

From: Office of Nathan and Dreyfous

108 Liberty Street New York

New York, July 11, 1874

My dear wife and my dear children,

I have read with happiness your letter of the 6th of this month, and I enjoy ahead of time the idea that I will receive another one shortly after my arrival in Paris. I have started my letter with the intention of making it as long as the first one, but the visit of my niece Cecilia (Mrs, Springer) made it impossible. I have to be on board in an hour, I have just enough time to pack my trunk and send you these few lines. I have seen Picard's wife and children; the wife is not bad looking, and the child is very strong for his age. I cannot tell you enough how welcome I have been by all the people I have visited. I shall never forget the kindness that Raphael, Isidore and Emile had for me. Their older brother, George, is now in Paris, where I shall see him. Those young men are on the way to a great fortune. New York is an admirable city, its commerce flourishing, its inhabitants all very busy -- for them, there is no unemployment. What a contrast with New Orleans! Yet, I would not like it here; this dizzy life would not suit me; these huge distances to travel make you nervous, and life is a nightmare. I sleep only four hours. I am glad to go away to have a little rest. Anna and her husband are perfect for me. I am pleased with Felix; he behaves himself well; he writes in a very pleasant manner. I cannot explain the phenomenon of the orange tree, except through supposing that the fertilizer's result came late. It may be the last effort of the tree. The boy should come here to admire many big things which would be very useful to him. I am sure he would be delighted by Isidore's and his brothers' beautiful establishments. I am glad to know that my dear Caroline became reconciled to my absence. I feel I have left you 6 months ago. Physically I am not the same. I cannot rest. I am always on the go. I am not the worse off for it, but in the evening I am exhausted. During the day, the heat is extreme, harder to stand than at home. I never perspired as much. Nights are fresh.

I cannot continue. I shall give you other details after I arrive in Paris. I shall write to you the day after or two days after my arrival. I am leaving for the steamer. It sails today at 2 o'clock. Anna will finish this letter and mail it tomorrow. Farewell to all of you. Fond kisses from

Your devoted and affectionate,

A.D.

(THE FOLLOWING IS A LETTER FROM ANNA, WRITTEN IN ENGLISH:)

Dear Ma, sisters and brothers,

Having promised our dear Father to conclude or finish his letter, my first job this morning is to fulfill my promise in writing to you all that has occurred during the few hours he passed among us. I can hardly realize that he is really gone, for hardly had I the pleasure of having him with us than he had to leave. I assure you it was the most pleasant week I spent since I am in New York, but to my sorrow it could not last longer. I console myself when I think how happy and impatient Father was to sac his native place, and once more have the pleasure of seeing "la belle France," for it was his only desire. I only hope that he will always enjoy good health during his trip and that you may also all enjoy the same. Dear Ma, it was Father's intention to write to you all a long letter, one similar to the one he wrote first, but our Cousin Cecile, having not seen him for few days, came to bid him goodbye and accompany him to the steamship, preventing him to afford you all that pleasure. I will now relate to you all that has happened or all the pleasures that Father had on the steamship. We left the house at half past eleven, having Mrs. Springer with us in the carriage, drove to the depot, which is very far downtown. We arrived there at half past twelve in order to enjoy again a few hours in the company of our dear Father. We were first to see Father's cabin, which is a very nice and large one. He had it all to himself, of which he was very satisfied. They also gave him permission to put the trunk in his room, which is very convenient when traveling. You all cannot imagine what a large steamship it is. Father did not meet any acquaintances but he was soon introduced to a great many ladies and gentlemen and soon made himself known. They were all very friendly to Father. I hope he will enjoy his trip. There were not many passengers on board, at least on the first floor. While on board Isidore, Raphael, Emile Dreyfous, Uncle Emanuel Dreyfous, and Louis Picard came there. As soon as we were all together, Bernard ordered some champagne and soon drank to the health of our beloved

Father and dear Mother, if you were present, it did not prevent us also to drink to your health, and I assure you I did not ceased thinking of you. We enjoyed ourselves very much, and I can also tell you that Father was very lively. Isidore not being satisfied with Bernard ordering the champagne, he also in turn ordered some, and I assure you it flowed like water. For my part, I drank four glasses, so you can imagine I was very lively. Father was so pleased to see them all present; he cannot speak enough of the Dreyfous brothers. They were all so amiable and obliging to him; they did all in their power to make themselves

as agreeable as possible: Who did not? Everyone who knew Father loved and admired him and they were all very amiable to him. I assure you, dear Mother, myself and Bernard did all we could to make him as pleased and contented as anyone can be, but with all our efforts to make him enjoy New York, he was very glad to leave it and could not wait until the time came for him to leave. He was rather homesick, although he did not want us to perceive it, but one could see, for he could neither sleep nor could he hardly sit to read, but he was out the whole day» 'and also went out in the evening. I could continue relating many other details of different things that transpired during his stay here, but cannot proceed, hardly having any space more, but I can tell you that Father was very lively and agreeable during the few days he was here. I end this, dear Mother, hoping this will reach you all enjoying the best of health, which is the same with us, also hoping to hear soon of you all. We will perhaps leave Thursday and will on our arrival write to you. You may all address our letters as usual. I end once more kissing you all a thousand times. Your daughter and sister who loves you all with all her heart,

Anna

Bernard sends also many kisses to you all and will write as soon as we will be in Saratoga.

ON BOARD THE STEAMER WASHINGTON, AT SEA BETWEEN  
BREST AND LE HAVRE.

July 23, 1874

My dear wife, my dear children,

This is to announce to you my happy arrival up to this point. This letter, started on board, where it is terribly difficult to write because of the motion of the vessel, will be mailed at Le Havre, where we shall be in a few hours, God willing. Our stop at Brest must have been announced to you by telegram.

I have been accompanied on board at the time of my departure by Anna and her husband, Cecilia, my niece, my brother Simeon, and three cousins. Three bottles of champagne were emptied to wish me a happy voyage and a good return. A part of this wish has already been accomplished to the satisfaction of the most fastidious people; never has a crossing been calmer and more exempt of storms. If you only knew how one is treated on board! There is no hotel in the world where one can be more comfortable. Each meal was a real banquet; no restaurant in New York or New Orleans could furnish a meal better prepared and more abundant than the meals which were displayed in front of us every day. I have not been sick a minute; my appetite is excellent; however, I could not do justice to four meals a day, two and a plate of soup early in the morning were sufficient. Oh, if Jules had been there!

I did not get very friendly with my traveling companions although most of them were very good people I was glad to meet. I repeat that everything was for the best; however, I must confess that I was terribly bored. After eleven days it seems to me that I have been on board two months and that I have not seen you for six years.

I hope, with God's help, that this letter will find all of you in good health, that you became accustomed to my absence, and that you are waiting patiently for my return. I expect the children to have behaved well and the business at the office to have been well attended to. My trip would have been the best in the world if I had had with me my dear wife and at least my little Blanchette. What a good time we would have had, and how much Mama would have enjoyed the food! She certainly would not have been sick; the weather was constantly beautiful, only while you were perspiring over there, I was cold rather often and I had to wear my overcoat. I have to stop to end this letter on time.

5 P.M. I am arriving. No one is waiting for me. I am leaving at 6:20 for Paris, where I will be at 11:30. Soon (I will write again). My greetings to all and kisses for you. A.D.

Paris, July 31, 1874

My dear wife, my dear children,

I arrived safe and sound on Thursday evening, the 24th of this month, that is to say, a week ago. As it was 11:30 P.M., I stopped at a hotel and the next morning I went to my sister's house. I won't try to depict to you Josephine's joy when seeing me after a separation of 35 years. It is a thing easier to imagine than to describe. A lovely room was prepared for my reception and I settled there immediately. I cannot tell you how those eight days have flown by. It is like a dream. All the relatives, friends, and in-laws are doing everything in the world to please me; every day there are new excursions and new invitations for dinner, lunch, etc. I am exhausted and I am going to decide to stop accepting further invitations. I am writing this letter with the greatest haste, as it must leave within an hour to take advantage of the steamer's departure. I will tell you another time everything I have done up to this point. There is only one Paris; no other city could be compared to it. How many beautiful things I have seen; what beautiful parks and what beautiful landscapes! How admirable it all is, and how I would enjoy it more if only I had with me my little wife and with her my children -- or only one of them -- because I confess that everything I see cannot offset the melancholy I am experiencing and I would give anything if I could for one instant hold in my arms my dear wife and embrace my children. I received yesterday a letter from Jules, the rascal, and today another from you, my Caroline, Felix, Amelie, and Charles, (Kohn?) (Polke?) How is it that no one said anything to me about Emile? Jules will have his watch. I have seen the friends; they are fine. I am delighted with Felix's letter. It is admirable as to the style and to the sentiments. I did not believe him capable of doing so well. I expect to receive another letter from you soon. I wrote to you from Le Havre.

Yesterday I had dinner at Fontenoy, in the country home of Captain Meyer, the widower of my niece Cecile. I met there my niece Selina. The children of my deceased niece are very well. One girl named Madelaine, 13 years old; a boy, Marcel, 11 years old. I gave them some presents, which made them very happy. At that great dinner party I met one of your old friends, my dear Caroline, the wife of the Captain's brother; her maiden name was Henriette Worms, the sister of Flore at whose home Sifs d'Ingenheim lived. She told me to mention this detail so that you could remember. I spent the whole Sunday at the home of Cousin Adolphe in his superb country home at Billancourt. I spent the next day with Ulmer, Bloch's brother-in-law, at his

country home at Meudon. This Mr. Ulmer treated me perfectly, as did his wife and his sister-in-law. Up to now, he is the most distinguished among the men I have met. Tuesday I spent the day with Manuel Hirsch; he has a good wife and two beautiful children. He is still the best man in the world. Afterward, I spent some days with his two uncles, Jules and Henry Hirsch, and today I went to the Buttes Chaumont, to the Bois de Boulogne, and to the Monceau Park with Isidore Dreyfous' brother Georges. I am pressed for time; otherwise I would give you 20 pages of details. Today I will limit myself by telling you that it seems like ten years since I have seen you and that I love you more than ever and that I embrace you with all my heart.

A.D.

Many affectionate thoughts from Josephine, all her children and her husband. Josephine cannot forgive me for not having brought you, Caroline. Greetings to Charles Kohn (?); his few lines brought me great pleasure. Remember me to Grandmother, the aunts, uncles, Isaac Loeb, and above all, my dear children.

Jules wrote a letter separately. He believed that his letter would be received before yours. It came 24 hours before yours. How the dickens did the rascal manage that? I want Cecile and Alice to write me also.

Paris, August 7, 1874

My dear wife, my dear children,

I have received your letter of the 20th and learned with joy that all of you are in good health. What surprises me and worries me a little is that Alice alone has not written, and no one spoke about her or her husband and children. Dear Caroline, why do you torment yourself on my account? You ought to have more confidence in Providence and tell yourself that under its protection I have nothing to fear. It brought me here safe and sound, and I have the certitude that it will bring me back to you the same way. Don't worry; be patient, I will certainly return. I understand this separation is more cruel for you than it is for me, as you don't have the diversions offered to me. Nevertheless, they do not prevent me from feeling that I left you a century ago, but you must console yourself with the thought that from now on we will never leave each other and we will love each other more than ever. Furthermore, this absence has developed in our children qualities we ignored. It means a great deal. You would never have suspected Felix's good heart, zeal and devotion, nor Jules', this rascal's good will, nor Amelie's or Anna's or any other's (good intentions). You told me, dear Caroline, that I did not tell you much about Anna. I don't know what else I could have said besides their fine welcome. She and her husband have been perfect to me. When I left I asked for Mrs. Stern's bill; they told me it did not concern me and I could not even pay for laundry, carriages -- nothing. Certainly all this is fine and accomplished from good intentions, but I confess I did not like it much. I am not a spendthrift, it is true, but I do not like that even my children take care of my expenses, and I shall request a settlement with Bernard as soon as we meet again. As to Simeon, he is always the same selfish man without any attachment to his family. On the contrary, I believe that his last illness resulted not only in limiting his memory and his intelligence, but in making his disposition more bitter. After all, I cannot complain of him. I really believe that I am the only person for whom he has any affection; he seems attached to me and wants me to have a good opinion of him. Through him, I became acquainted with the Blochs and their families; they were very kind to me, received me like a prince in their splendid residence and gave me a letter for their brother at La Chaux de Fonds, where they manufacture watches and jewels and where I intend to buy watches for Felix and Jules, and other objects. I hope that Jules Delinotre's wine is good for its price; the price has

come down on the market in France. Grape gatherings have been magnificent, and the wine will be very good in spite of spring frost and phylloxera. Thanks and affectionate greetings to Jules Delinotre. I am touched by the kindness and attentions of our neighbors. Tell them that I am always grateful. Every day I think of Miss Elmire (?) and Miss Marie, full of grace. I have not forgotten Miss Amelie, and I told our relatives and friends here that probably they will see her under the name of Mr. F. and that they will find in her a good sample of the wit, grace, and kindness of our Creoles. To our good neighbors, all my greetings. My dear Loeb, last week I saw your brother and his wife, about to deliver a second daughter. They seem rather happy. I would have liked to visit them again but this letter must leave today and they live at La Villette, a good distance from here. I believe you should not worry about your mother; if a misfortune had taken place, your brother would have spoken about it, and even without his speaking, I would have seen him in mourning and he is not. He would have been sad; on the contrary, he is cheerful. You see that you worry uselessly. He lives on Bouret Street, number 1, and not Pourette Street. As soon as I see him I shall urge him to write to you. Cecilia's letter pleased me. If she wrote oftener, it would be better. Boy is expected here for 1876, without fail. Now let us speak about me. To begin with, I shall tell you that I have never felt better; everybody is complimenting me on my good appearance. I walk and ride a great deal, and I go to sleep tired but the night's rest permits me to start again the next day and so on since my arrival two weeks ago. Do not fear, dear wife, for my health. On the contrary, I feel stronger than ever, and besides, my legs need exercise. The climate agrees with me and I enjoy it. I would like to remain here the rest of my days if I had you with me and if I had a larger income, I would never return to America. How many beautiful things I have seen, and what good fruit I have eaten: cherries, plums, grapes, melons, pears, peaches, and everything so cheap! If only I could have you here, it would be the height of happiness and I would never want to die. I told you the way my darling sister welcomed ma and how she tries in every way to discover what could please me. She wants to see you and our children. She is short and thin but yet very alert and active. On the contrary, her husband is very old, bent over, and almost senile. He speaks very rarely and does not go out much. I have in their home a pretty, elegant and comfortable room. I would be perfectly happy if it were not for the desire to see you, desire which diminishes my enjoyment of things. I am often very sad and feel I have left you a century ago. You see, Caroline, because of you and the children I shall be more cheerful when I leave than when I came. I will never go away alone. Dreyfous' father and sisters are just as kind and attentive as the others. I cannot accept all the invitations that I receive every day, I had dinner and lunch already at Adolphe Toval's (?),

Manuel Hirsch's, Mr. Ulmer's, Caroline, Josephine's sister (Mrs. Somers is away now), George Dreyfous, and Captain Meyer's, who lives at Fontenay sous bois. In the latter's home I have found my niece Selina, daughter of my late sister Adelaide. I do not approve of the sojourn of Selina in the home of her cousin's widower. This gives a bad impression, although she says that it is out of devotion for the children. If they needed her, I would understand it. Besides the Captain could marry her, but I believe that she is not worth too much and she does not respect public opinion. Yesterday she, the Captain and the two children, Madelaine, 12, and Marcel, 10, dined with us. They are good children, and I gave them presents, which made them happy. I am interested in those young people in memory of their grandmother, my sister Caroline I loved so much and their mother who was so good. The ones among Josephine's children who are here are perfect; they are full of attentions for me. Caroline is the sweetest and most amiable creature one can see. She visits us every day, although she is weak and a beginning of pregnancy makes her sick often. She already has four pretty children, three boys and one girl. The eldest, Emile, three and a half, resembles Titina in an extraordinary way. Another boy, Marcel, two and a half, is the portrait of our Felix and has been nicknamed that way. Mrs. Somers, Adele, has written to me from Causerets, where she is for her health, a very affectionate letter. She will be here at the end of the month. Her husband is an excellent man, and her daughter, Adeline, from her first marriage is a charming 18-year-old girl. I have seen the Pilsburys several times; they don't take advantage of their money; they are people who see and appreciate nothing.

I shall leave for Belfort next Friday. I shall join on the way Adolphe, Caroline's son, who will go to Belfort with me. I will not stay there long. I shall start on my return trip to Alsace, to Germany, and to Switzerland; then I will return to Paris, where X probably will stay for the Yom Kippur. Then on the 24th I shall go to Le Havre to embark on the Pereire, sailing on the 25th, and probably due at New York on October 5. I would have started on my excursion sooner abroad, but I had ordered here shirts, suits, and shoes which can be delivered only in a few days. I do not know if for Mother I will buy a coat or some diamonds, but certainly something. Jules, Josephine's son, is a charming boy. He takes care of my purchases. His wife is pretty, gracious, and expecting. I dined with them the day before yesterday. They have a good home, but not as splendid as Somers'. There is a magnificent room there that had been prepared for Anna and Bernard, who were expected. Adolphe is an excellent young man also; he left for a trip three days ago, but as I told you, I will join him in Belfort. Boy, when you come in 1876, if you are courteous and have good manners, you will be able to choose here a very pretty woman (as there are many of them --blondes, brunettes, brownettes) -- all good and well-brought-up. Besides, their dowries

will bring you plenty of money. It is a wise and noble custom that the grooms (not the fathers) must cherish. I am speaking seriously. This happens every day. For example, Jules, Josephine's son, has a wife almost as pretty as Elmire and besides, received 30,000 francs. But Jules has good manners and a good business. Adolphe could have a fine fiancée and a fine dowry any day, but he does not want to leave his parents. Here I stop for lack of space. I will continue next week. With affection to all my beloved.

A.D.

Greetings to the relatives, friends and acquaintances. Kiss the little ones for me. I almost forgot to tell you that Josephine, her husband and children send their affectionate regards.

Paris, August 13, 1874

My dear wife, my dear children,

Your letter of the 27th of last month reached me today and I am delighted. Ordinarily it should have arrived only tomorrow. Then it would have reached me only later, as I am leaving for Belfort tomorrow morning, just three weeks after my arrival in Paris. I did not expect to remain here so long before starting my trips to Alsace, Germany and Switzerland, but first my sister did not want to let me go; then the shirts, suits and shoes that I had ordered had not been delivered; finally my nephew Adolphe suggested to meet me at Vesoul so that we could go to Belfort together if I would be willing to postpone my departure. All that made me decide to wait until tomorrow 7 A.M., when I will take the train which, God willing, will make me reach Belfort at 6:30 P.M.

My underwear and clothes are very well made and very cheap, thanks to my nephew Jules who, in any circumstance, has helped me with the greatest zeal and affection. Better than anyone else he knows where to obtain good quality and low prices. He and his brother Adolphe are the best boys in the world.

Louis Picard arrived here a week after me; as soon as he heard about his father's death he left. I have seen him only twice because he went to Colmar two days after my arrival here. I shall see him again in Alsace. I also met cousin Albert from Shreveport and young Bloch, Captain Meyer's nephew, Bloch will not return to Bonfouca; he is in business here. I also saw Mr. Isidore Schornstein from Galveston; he was very amiable and asked about you with interest. The night before last he took me to the *Theatre de la Porte St. Martin* to see the fairy tale *Le Pied de Mouton*. I had a good time. Never in my life have I seen such beautiful scenery, changing promptly (there are 20 tableaux), and six ballets. If only you had been there! You would have said that only in Paris can one see such spectacles. And the dancing girls -- perhaps two hundred of them! How beautiful and graceful they were! Such pretty clothes, that is to say, almost no clothes. It was an enchantment, but the truth obliges me to admit that it was indecent.

I hasten, in order not to forget it, to tell Loeb that I have seen his brother. He told me that his mother and father are well and that he had just heard from them, so Loeb had been worried without any cause for it. I continue the same kind of life, except for the time of the meals. I

am always on the go. I have already seen many admirable things. I shall try to see the rest when I return. I go to bed exhausted and start again the next day. I am feeling fine, but not as cheerful as you may imagine. Nothing can make me forget the separation and I repeat, if my dear wife and one of my children -- any one -- were with me, then I would be happy and I would not want to leave France, I am glad that you have sent away Amelie Schmidt, for she could only set bad examples for Rose, who already is too bold for a young girl. I hope she will correct her faults and that she will grow morally as well as physically and that I will find her much as I desire. Otherwise I would be very sad. She knows how much I love her and how painful it would be for me to have to correct her. I intend to bring her a pretty present; this will encourage her and she will strive to deserve the esteem and affection of everybody. If my letter is a little incoherent, it is because I am writing in haste, since I must leave tomorrow morning and I must mail it tonight. Besides, I have around me Captain Meyer, my sister, my brother-in-law, and my niece Caroline with two of her children, Emile and Marcel, both noisy, and with all that chattering and the children's noise I cannot express myself properly. Caroline is the sweetest and the most amiable person in the world. According to what I hear, her sister resembles her. I shall see her only when I return. I regret not to be here when friend Schweitzer arrives. We will meet later. I hope that we will travel back home together. I have not decided whether I shall go to Bordeaux or not. I may use the money this trip would cost for purchases; it would be wiser. We shall see!

I pity you to have to suffer so much from the heat; here it is very cool. I wear a warm suit and sometimes a coat is useful, but this temperature agrees with me. I believe it would agree with you also. I would not have been able at home to go out as much as here. One is stronger here. One thing only is hard; it is to climb staircases. My legs do not get used to it and my knees are sore at times. I shall end by getting used to steps but, alas, it will be time to go away. However, the prospect of going away does not seem so cruel because of the happiness in seeing you again. I shall go back more cheerful than I was when I left. I take advantage of this sojourn to devour peaches, plums and grapes. How good is all this, and how I would like to share it with you. This is the third letter I am sending you. Probably the first two have reached you and you are satisfied with the details I gave you. I hope that my dear Caroline decided to go out. She urges me not to worry about business; I have no worries, and I request her not to feel bad about me. Try to take some diversions, to have a good time, so that I find you upon my return in good health and more beautiful -- if this is possible. It is not necessary for you to lose weight. When I see so many fine things displayed here, things so rare and costly at home and here at low prices, I repeat constantly: If my little cabbage were here, how she would admire all this and how much

she would purchase, as she knows so well how to appreciate beauty! However, ladies do not display much luxury on the streets. One sees only dark dresses and rarely other hats than black hats with poppies or cherries and especially daisies. Daisies are the latest style. One sees also gray linen with white embroideries and a tunic. They also wear dresses of a material called Oxford, which is dark blue. In Paris the stylish shoes for a dressy occasion are the shoes called Moliere. The jackets are black with braid and jet beads. They wear many dresses with a vest, a little vest of a color matching the dress, but in silk. Caroline gave me all those details. She knows a great deal about this subject.

I have filled four pages. My next letter will be sent from- I don't know where. In the meantime, I embrace you and love you more and more.

A.D.

Greetings from Josephine and her husband and all of them. Remember me to Grandmother, the aunts, the uncle, cousins and neighbors.

Lembach, August 24, 1874

My dear wife and my dear children,

I arrived here last night full of vigor and health, thanks to God! I hope that you are all feeling well. I left Paris Friday 14 at 10 A.M. and reached Belfort the same evening at 6. I cannot express the sensations I experienced seeing the place where I was born. It was not joy, but on the contrary, sadness and a deep nostalgia. I cried remembering all the dead and seeing a place where I had become a stranger and could not recognize. The next day, Saturday, my sadness was not as great and I could admire with the greatest satisfaction the flourishing condition of my native town, the extraordinary enlargement of its area and of its population, its happy activity and animation. Business is excellent; everyone is happy and content. Monday I visited my parents' tombs and the next day made an excursion to Audincourt to see my aunt, my parents' sister, who welcomed me as I expected. I stopped a moment at A (PAPER TORN AT THIS POINT) to see the Schornsteins' father, but he was not at home. I saw his two daughters, not very refined. The next day I went to Giromagny to see one of my childhood friends. He did not want to let me go away, and I had to give him my entire day. He has prospered. When I left him he was as poor as Job; today he is rich. I notice that it is the same with everyone I knew. Every person who works hard and is thrifty makes a fortune in France as surely, and perhaps more surely, than in America. I invariably advise people who consult me to stay in their country. Such a beautiful and pleasant country! The like is not found anywhere. I stayed five days at Belfort, where my nephews, Paul and Jules, Josephine's sons, treated me as flood relatives, with a real affection. Both of them are well off. Only Jules is married. Paul is a bachelor, round as a barrel and thinks only of eating and having a good time. From Belfort I left for Mulhouse in order to visit Mrs. Lang, a widow, my sister through marriage. She received me very well, as also did her daughter, Mrs. Bernheim, a charming woman. Then I left for Colmar, stopped at the hotel, then went to Louis Picard's mother, where they rejoiced when they saw me. They would have made me eat all day long but I preferred to take a walk with Picard, and among other remarkable things he showed me a single vine which bore over 1100 bunches of grapes, which is marvelous. This year is a completely successful year. Everything is abundant; harvests are admirable; trees are bent down by the weight of the fruit; wine merchants do not know where to find enough barrels for their wine. If you were here, and if I had enough means, I would not go back to America. I remained two days at Colmar where, by the way, I saw the old cousin Picard. He came to get me to introduce me to his wife, at Horbourg. He had prepared a room for me so that I could stay for

some time with him. I refused his invitation and explained why. I told him I remembered his former attitude and his ingratitude. However, he left me only at the station when the train was carrying me away. I remained three days at Strasbourg, that is to say until Sunday, yesterday. As soon as I arrived I went to see Mr. Hausmann. He welcomed me at his store, where he does good business, and when a moment later his wife arrived, I must say I have never received a more friendly and affectionate welcome. Mina resembles Fanny but she is much sweeter and more amiable; she is very clever. I don't understand the coldness which exists between her and her brothers and sisters, of which she complains to me that she is worthy of all affection. I had supper at the Hausmanns' Friday evening, a real supper of Freitag Zunncht. They have two boys and a 16-year-old daughter. They are good children; the girl, especially, is charming. I left the people of Strasbourg yesterday morning and about 11 I arrived at Soultz. There I took a carriage which in two hours brought me to see Loeb's father, mother and sister -- all in perfect health, (LOEB IS THE FATHER OF ABEL'S DAUGHTER'S HUSBAND) They don't know what to imagine to please me. My intention was to remain a few minutes, but they will not let me leave until tomorrow. Today we will ride in the surrounding countryside. They were delighted with the portraits, which already hang in the best place. They regret not to have received at the same time Loeb and his two daughters' pictures. I have promised to send them, but they would prefer to see again Loeb, Cecile and the children. The poor mother cried while talking to me of her Schmule. His coldness hurts her and shortens her life. She is a worthy woman, and I pity her with all my heart. My son, she told me, does not write any longer. Because he has wife and children, should he forget father and mother? If he wrote only every six months, I would be happy. Could he not do this favor for us? If my son had not intended to recommend you to us, which, by the way, was not necessary, perhaps he would not have written even this last letter. A person for whom I feel a great pity and interest is Loeb's sister, Henriette. This poor girl is really to be pitied. Buried in this empty place, how can she have a chance to get married? Yesterday she complained to me. "I am thirty," she said, "I cannot leave my parents; I am the servant of the house; I do the washing; I hope no one to help me; I don't go out; see what my existence is. I am not beautiful and no man would marry me to remain in this house. Really my life is very sad, but I have to accept it and do my duty."

I stop because someone is waiting for me. Excuse my writing. Paper, pen and ink are horrible, but good old Mr. Loeb gave me the best he had.

Kisses to you especially, my dear Caroline, and to all our dear children. Affectionate and friendly regards to all the relatives and friends.

A.D.

Paris, September 5, 1874

My dear wife, my dear children,

Here I am back since yesterday afternoon and satisfied with my trip, which covered three weeks and could have been longer if it had not been that I was impatient to hear from you, which I had not done since my departure (from Paris), as I could not leave instructions as to where my mail could be forwarded, everything being so uncertain. I have been happy to read at the same time your three letters and to learn that, thanks to God, you are in good health. You suffered from the heat, and I pity you. As to myself, I did not suffer. I was favored with the finest and sweetest weather since I left New Orleans. I arrived in Europe in the most favorable year; never had there been more beautiful and abundant harvests of all sorts, and specially grains and fruit. What a feast for me every day: pears, grapes, plums. How good is all that and how I wish you had your share. And what dinners I have been invited to. Often I wished I had Jules' appetite to do honor to them. Jules has only to come to Europe. His reputation is already established as being one of the greatest gourmets who are in this world, and he can expect meals will be prepared specially for him.

My last letter was from Lembach, which I left the following day, going to Wissembourg with Loeb's sister, who replaced her brother retained at home by his health. I went to Wissembourg in order to find out if my beloved sister Jeannette Blum was still at Schwalbach or if she had returned to Rottern. When I arrived in Wissembourg I went to the Garkisch of Strauss, where I had been told there was a gentleman from Rottern who could give me some information. I asked Mr. Strauss' son-in-law to come with me to find this gentleman. Hardly had we reached the street (when) my companion saw him and called him. Then I explained to him the object of my request. This gentleman answered very politely that no one else could give better information because he was Jeannette's husband and had come to town to meet his wife and daughter expected on the next train. After I told him who I was, we exchanged the usual amenities and walked through the city. After having seen again Mrs. Sus, Mother's cousin, sister of the late Leon Kaufman, we went to the station where the train soon arrived and we helped Jeannette and her daughter to get off the car (by the way, the daughter is a pretty and amiable person, 17 years old, and she will have 30,000 as a dowry. I am saying this for Boy). During this time Jeannette was looking at me with surprise. She asked her husband in a low voice who was this gentleman.

He answered he was a friend from Nancy. We walked toward the town and after a while I said to Jeannette, "Don't you recognize me?" She thought an instant and said, "No." Then I told her that I had come from America, from New Orleans, and then she cried out, "Then you are my brother Abel!" We embraced and she seemed so happy to see me after such a long absence, as she was only nine (when I left), and she has always kept a strong affection for me and vice-versa, since I covered 100 leagues to see her. After another walk and much talking we went to Rottern, where I had to remain for two days as they did not want to let me go, and I was showered with attention. Jennette is excellent, and her husband is worthy of her. The children are well brought up and affectionate. The oldest one, age 23, has a law diploma and in a lawyer. He wants to become a professor and he will succeed, as he is zealous and intelligent and works hard, although his parents are so rich that he would not need to do so. But he is ambitious, wants the world to hear about him, which may happen. At Rottern I met Mr. Isidore, the great rabbi of France, and his wife. I saw them another time at Berg Zabern, and I intend to call on them tomorrow, as I promised them.

If I can obtain a ticket, I shall attend the consecration of the great Temple in Paris. It will take place this month. Jeannette's son, Albert Blum, gave me a ride to Soultz-sous-Forêt and from there by train I returned to Milenbourg, and also by train I went to Berg Zabern. Mother's uncle Borisch, who, I don't know how, had learned of my arrival, was waiting at the station. Right away he took me to his home. His daughter and son-in-law welcomed me and I spent the night with them. They live together. The uncle has only one daughter married to her uncle, brother to her mother (the latter was absent), named Blum, a handsome man. They have pretty children. The uncle, tall and robust, knows how to enjoy his fortune. They live very well, have fine homes and beautiful gardens. And what a beautiful country it is; nothing is comparable to it in America. At Berg Zabern I visited also Mother's aunt, the widow Blum. She has three daughters. One, Mrs. Marx, lives in Paris; another, Mrs. Frank, at Mayence; and the third one at Berg Zabern. They were very kind to me. The uncle's daughter, Mrs. Blum, is a very pretty person, beautifully mannered, about 28, and statuesque. The next day uncle Borisch accompanied me in a carriage to Lemmersheim to visit Fellman's father. I forgot to tell you that at Berg Zachen I had the luck to see Abraham Schwartz's brother, Moise Scharf's father, who happened to be there with his wife. I gave them messages from their father and brother, and in return, they send theirs. Here I am interrupted by my niece Caroline, who with the two bandits (two and a half and three and a half) came to get me to go with Josephine to visit my other niece, Adele.

To be continued September 6:

We had at Adele's house (Mrs. Sommers) a splendid dinner served in a fine place, Lafayette Street, one of the finest in the city, and I returned only about midnight. Adele is a pleasant and attractive person, tall with a nice figure. However, I cannot look at her without having painful thoughts. I fear she may not live long. She appears to be strong but is skinny, coughs often, and has a hoarse voice. She may have lung or throat trouble. May God protect her, but I am afraid. Little Naida is 8, a little taller than our Blanchette, but much more spoiled. I am continuing what I was saying yesterday. Going to Berg Zachen with uncle Borisch, we detoured to visit the birthplace of my dear little Cumisha (?) at Ingenheim, where I was shown the house where she was born and even the little room where she opened her eyes for the first time. Her cousin, uncle Perl's son, owns the house, he and his wife, a fine person from the other side of the Rhine, welcomed us, had refreshments served before we left for Leimersheim on the other bank of the Rhine, where we arrived at 2 P.M. Fellman's father, sister and her husband received us so well that we had to spend the night there. Uncle Borisch left after dinner and must have reached home before nightfall. I took advantage of my stay at Limmersheim to visit the banks of the Rhine. They are beautiful, but in the wooded sections there are so many mosquitoes that I had to leave. They were worse than in Mew Orleans. I left Saturday morning by the coach, went to Gimersheim, where I took the train for Ludwigshaven. I arrived at noon, went to the hotel and then to brother Baudouin's, who received me well but not as warmly as his wife. She is a kind person, fond of the family, aid full of attention to me. She gave me a letter for Grandmother, portraits of her husband, herself, and her two children, a boy, 24, a daughter, 19. The brother seems rich, is in business with Mr. Weingut, husband of another cousin or aunt of my Caroline. Baudoin's son is good-looking; the daughter rather pleasant, and she will receive a dowry of 30.000 florins. Watch out, Boy! Guided by the son, I crossed the Rhine on a superb bridge, iron and stone, to go to Manheim, to aunt Matschr's. About this one -- she is special, exceptional, without any doubt one of the most amiable persons I have ever seen, and although she is a grandmother she is still pretty, graceful, well built, and upon my faith T could pay homage to her as well as to the niece. When I am back I shall tell you about all her kindnesses. She has four daughters, one married, one engaged, and two others, the youngest being 18. The younger David is not worth any more than before. She regrets he has been sent away, but he told me that he did his best to please his mother, and if he could not succeed, it was not his fault. The other son, about 17, is crippled, sickly, and retarded. I have seen many others of Mr. Sims' relatives. I cannot remember all of them. After two days at Manheim and Ludwigshafen I went to Mayence where I found two aunts, Mrs. Comstat and Mrs. Metzger. It was not a surprise for them. They

were expecting me, and Mrs. Comstat treated me to an excellent sweet-and-sour fish and other products. We walked through the city for several hours, met Mrs. Bach, then toward the evening left for Frankfort, the finest city I have seen, next to Paris. I visited Herman Neugass' father and mother (OR STEP-MOTHER?) and had supper with them. Mr. Neugass, the father, is a little man, very feeble and almost blind. He cannot stand the Prussians, and his sympathy goes to France. After having spent the night in Frankfort and done some sightseeing, I left by train for Bale, where I arrived at 8 P.M., and the next morning left for Berne, where I spent 3 hours. It is a very interesting and picturesque town. Then I traveled toward Chaux de Fonds, where I spent the night, but during this stay I took care of my goal. I looked for Mr. Bloch & Co. Watchmakers. I found them easily, as they live in a mansion that they built. They welcomed me and after reading the letter from their brother in New York which I carried, they placed at my disposal anything and any amount I wanted. I thanked them. The only thing I desired was to buy at wholesale price two good watches for my sons. I bought these two watches for 230 francs each, which gives me a discount of 100 francs on my purchase. The two rascals will be able to boast of having fine watches, you will see. Let us hope that terrible Jules will not break his right away! I left Chaux de Fonds for Neuchatel, another curious town with a beautiful lake; from there I went to Paris via Pontarlier and Dijon, and here I am back since Friday 10 A.M., satisfied with my excursion, which I would have extended as far as Geneva and other parts of Switzerland if I had not been so anxious to read your letters. I cannot go to Bordeaux, especially since Comibe (?) is not there. I shall remain here until the 24th, when I will leave for Le Havre to sail on the steamer of the French Line, Captain Frudette, leaving on the 25th for New York, where I expect to be on October 6. I shall spend a few days in New York, and with God's help will be with you on the 14th or 15th of October. You will know it definitely through the letter I shall write from New York. My dear Caroline, I shall buy the stocking, even 2. I intend to buy diamond earrings and a dress made of the best black grenadine available, but you will have nothing else. If I do not buy the earrings, then you will have your polonaise. I hasten to end this little letter, as my sister and Adolphe are waiting to go to the Champs Elysees. I may have other things to tell you but lack time. It will be for another letter. It seems to me that what J said is enough. Don't you think so? I embrace you and enjoy the idea of my prompt return. Greetings to all the neighbors and friends. Kisses to Marie full of grace, to Mimi, to Amelie, to all. Remember me to grandmother. Kiss the little children; I speak about them every day. Regards to Charles and to the people who remember me.

From someone whose affection belongs to you, but who regrets to leave this country, the most beautiful in the world.

A.D.

ON THE REVERSE SIDE OF THE FOREGOING LETTER IS ANOTHER LETTER,  
BEGINNING “MA CHERE TANTE...”:

My very dear Aunt,

My good mother asked me to write to you for her. I could not express all the joy, satisfaction, and happiness Mother feels because of her beloved brother's presence. She spoke about him all the time to everybody. God granted the favor of seeing my uncle, but her happiness and ours would have been greater had you come with him. We do not despair of seeing you soon because my dear uncle gives us the hope that he will come back to France in two or three years with you and some of your children, my fine cousins. We would be happy to see all of you. Good Mother is already beginning to feel bad because we are in September. She says that it is a bad month for her because it is the month of her brother's departure. If only this month could last 100 days more, she would be a little comforted. My mother has been a little angry with her brother because when he left to visit the family in Alsace, he said he would be gone twelve or fifteen days, and instead of that, he returned only after twenty-one days; therefore, six days taken from his sister. I announce to you that my uncle returned from his long trip with a fine appearance; really, he is as strong and healthy as a thirty-year-old man. Everybody is surprised and astonished by his vigor. Good Aunt, in your next letter, promise us to come to Europe, giving us the date, as I am sure that if you indicate a date you will keep your word. Come and you will see how satisfied you will be. You would make my dear old parents so happy. They want to know you and also their nephews, nieces, grand-nephews and grand-nieces. I end this letter, dear Aunt, with the hope of reading a letter from you soon. With fond kisses,

Your nephew,

Adolphe

Paris, September 11, 1874

My dear wife, my dear children,

Tomorrow will be the first day of Rosh Hashonah, and I realize with a great regret that I have forgotten to express at the proper time the usual wishes and compliments. My excuse is that it is the first time I have been separated from you in this season and then my good wishes -- you have them all year around. Nevertheless, I reiterate all my wishes of health and prosperity accompanied by many kisses.

I received yesterday your letters of the 23rd and 25th and thank you and all the other members of the family for your good wishes. Offer my condolence to Charles (CHARLES KAUFMAN, BROTHER OF CAROLINE) and his wife, and tell them that I share the sorrow they feel for the death of their child. I am pleased to learn that you are feeling well. May God grant that I find you in good health. I am anxious to see you again and kiss you. If I leave France, my sister, relatives, friends with regret, the prospect of finding myself among you soon makes me bear it, and joy is stronger than regret. Bit if you were here, I would never think of going back over there because here everything pleases me, is enjoyable, and I feel so well. What luck if you could share what I enjoy! My departure has been scheduled for the 25th of this month My traveling companions will be Louis Plcard, Albert, d'Esterle's son, and other acquaintances. We will embark at Brest on the 26th on the steamer France, Captain Fondclieu (?). Do not send any more letters to Paris, but I expect to find some in New York at Fellman's where, with God's help, I expect to be on October 6. I shall not stop long in New York, only two or three days; consequently, I shall have the happiness of embracing you on October 12 or 13, that is to say, about 15 days after you receive this letter. From New York I will let you know the exact date of my arrival, and I will recommend to Felix to prepare a bath for me to plunge into it upon my arrival and get clean. I remember in what condition the train trip put me when I arrived in New York. I have not many details to give you this time, and it is probable that I will not have any more until I leave. Everybody continues to be perfect to me, especially Josephine, her husband and their children. Jules and Adolphe want me to send them Jules. They promise to give him a good time. This will be easy because of this rascal's disposition and his gourmet's talent. All of them are crazy about this Jules. They find his portrait superb. I have no objection to his going. It seems to me that an alert and honest young man can succeed more easily than at home,

and once being assured of a good position, he can choose a wife among a great number and receive a dowry from 50,000 to 100,000 francs. But before anything else, the boy must have good manners and education and, unfortunately, this is what this poor rascal is lacking the most. But within two years, if he has any ambition, he can acquire what he is lacking if he applies himself.

The consecration of the Temple Ametite (?) has been magnificent. I am sending you a description clipped from the newspaper, *Le Gnulois*. All other newspapers speak about this ceremony which took place the day before yesterday. There is another temple as beautiful as this one being constructed. I believe that it will be inaugurated within six months.

.What you tell me about Anna, my dear Caroline, does not surprise me. It was to be expected. I will buy a few things for a baby, not many because my money is almost exhausted. I bought so many things! The question is to find out how I can bring all that without paying customs duty. I have been offered 200 francs benefit on Felix's and Jules' watches. They are small, beautiful and excellent watches. Let us hope that Jules, that rascal, does not break his right away! I bought for Linska diamonds and grenadine dresses, beautiful things! I also have scarves, bracelets, and for Rose d'Amour little chain and locket. I also have other purchases in sight, but the trouble is that my funds are very low. I bought many things for myself also. My shirts hardly cost up to \$2.00 each. I have also shoes, clothes and a beautiful watch chain. Mine, the old one, is being repaired and is destined to the rascal. I have ordered two stockings for varicose veins, not in leather but in silk and rubber, something very fine. You say that my letters are very short and do not give enough details. It seems that it is difficult to satisfy you; however, I did my best. My sister, her husband, and their children thank you for your good wishes, return the same, and hope to see you some day. My love to grandmother, kisses to Cecile, Alice, and greetings to Loeb, Schwartz, Marie, Mimi, Amelie, Gabi and everybody and also the aunts and Belle. In a week another letter. In all I wrote to Boy there was nothing ironical, and on the contrary, it was the sincere expression of my feelings and my thoughts.

Your husband, father, and friend, A.D.

Paris, September 18, 1874

My dear wife, my dear children,

This morning I have received your two letters; one was from Cecilia, dated August 31, and I learned with joy that you were all in good health.

This is the last letter I will mail from France, as I shall leave on the 25th and will embark at Brest on the Steamer France. I already told you this. I shall buy, dear Caroline, the album and the white cashmere coat. I already provided myself with other articles for a baby; my niece Caroline bought them for me; that is, 1 dress, 1 lace bonnet, 12 shirts, 12 English diapers, 7 brassieres, 9 different bonnets, 12 bibs, and 2 swaddling-clothes. All of this is well made, very pretty, and cost about 160 francs or \$32. Let us hope I can enter that without too much trouble! This is just a beginning. I hope that Anna will be satisfied. In the meantime, do not tell her anything as I want to surprise her. I want to buy 20 yards of black lace to trim Mother's grenadine dress.

You say that you are anxious to see me. I can assure you that you are not any more impatient than I am; I count the days when we will be reunited. I think only of you. It seems to me that our separation has lasted twenty years. I shall never leave again without taking with me my wife, my Rose or my little Blanche. I do not enjoy anything any more; nothing amuses or distracts me; yet there are still so many fine things to see. It will be for another time when I am well accompanied. My dear sister Josephine is sad because of my coming departure. I console with the promise I shall come back. All my efforts will aim toward this goal; my dreams are to end my days here; here only one can enjoy life. And what beautiful weather-- always the sun, greenness, fresh air. Yesterday I went to Sevres, the china factory, and to St. Cloud. What a fine outing! If only you could see all that. We know that there has been trouble in New Orleans lately. This worries me. Let us hope that Boy was not involved in it. I am afraid that Grant may spoil all that and that this knave, Kellogg, may be reinstated in power. God may grant the triumph of the good ones in the end, and poor Louisiana will get rid of the thieves and the scoundrels who have governed, or rather robbed, it until now.

I shall do my best to take along Anna or make her decide to come home for the birth. Mother must know that I am as much interested in Anna as she is and that I will always ratify the offers she could make to her. This letter is shorter than the previous ones, the reason being that my impressions are not as varied and that I keep some to relate to you verbally. My sister,

her husband, their children, finally all of them, send their kind greetings and hope some day to be acquainted with you. I have not seen Emile yet. He is now the greatest enemy of his parents and his brothers. This must be the reason he has not made any great efforts to meet me. He is ruled by his concubine, a very bad woman, it seems, and is under the influence of his cousin Philippe who, I don't know why, has a strange power over him. This Philippe is Adeline's brother and he, as well as his brothers and sisters, are mean people who do harm for the pleasure of it and through envy; the happiness of other people makes them unhappy. I could have expected courtesy and some attention from the mother and the children who are here. It seems to me that our attitude in America toward some of them has entitled me to a certain gratitude. No, on the contrary, they are rather hostile to me. I know and judge them from now on. I desire that either here or in America, all connections stop between them and my own family. Kisses and greetings to everyone: Bernard and children, Amelie, Charles. Respects to old Mother from the most devoted and loving father, husband, friend.

A. D.

Abel Dreyfous Notary Public

Felix J. Dreyfous

Notary Public and

Commissioner of Deeds

Bay St. Louis - August 9, 1887

My dear Baioc,

I would have written yesterday but Albert had promised me to go to give you news about us as soon as he would arrive in the city. I hope that this letter will find you in good health and not too upset by my absence. I must say that on my side, I miss you. Something is lacking since I cannot see you any longer. I am announcing my intention to leave such a beautiful place next Saturday, at night. I am tired of the Bay. I have never suffered from the heat as much as I am doing here. The nights specially are unbearable; for three nights I have not slept, while at home I could sleep through the whole night, the nights never being as hot in town as they are here.

The company at the hotel is very pleasant. The ladies have a very good time. I feel like a pasha having only women around me, but I do not feel amused because of the lack of rest. All day long I feel sleepy and dull. My appetite is good; the food is not varied but is acceptable. Mother is satisfied here, although she does not sleep any more than I do. She bathes two or three times a day and says that it helps her. As to myself, I get up sometimes at 5 A.M. to take a bath but find that this advantage does not offset the discomfort.

Indeed, Blanche's letter shows a progress; yet she still says: "Cecil also *tooked* me to..." However, it is better and we just have to be patient and will see a good result sometime later. Mother kisses you and hopes that you are not too lonesome. How is the housekeeping getting along, and do the servants behave well? Rose sends kisses also and will answer the question relating to a pension for Beulah and her children. Jimmy John is well and always amiable, although very hungry because his mother does not give him enough to eat. My compliments to Prndos and all the people who asked about me.

Nothing else to say. Do not send me any more newspapers. They come here regularly. Keep also my mail. This is written with a match and some tallow. This is why my handwriting is so bad.

I love you always, A. D.

Office of A. & F. J. Dreyfous  
21 Exchange Alley  
New Orleans  
May 21, 1888

My dear Baioc,

I was quite upset this morning in finding clerk and porter waiting for my arrival in order to enter the office; you had forgotten to leave the back door open. To add to this trouble I had forgotten my keys, so it was necessary to send Freitag to look for them. An hour waiting! Finally, it was not too bad as no one came in the meantime. Here enclosed is a letter for Blanche from Arthur and a note from A. Hostein (?). I do not know about what document he is speaking; you have forgotten to give me some information on this subject.

I hope that Josephine has recovered her composure; she seems so out of breath; this will teach her to be more careful in the future. I hope that all of you arrived safe and sound and that you have found Jules, his wife and children in good health. It is 10 o'clock now and nothing important has happened. Kiss for me Jules, his wife and children, Blanche and Josephine. Mother and I are feeling well. Last night there was a rain and thunderstorm. It was annoying for the people taking part in the Volk Fest.

From your affectionate father who misses you greatly.

A.D.

NEW ORLEANS, MAY 22, 1888

Dear Baioc,

I am sending a letter from your Chicago cousin. Nothing new. Things are slow in the office. Mother and I are well. She is in the office now and is asking me to kiss you all. She is thinking of what she should prepare for the children for tomorrow dinner. The main object of this letter is to let you know that the secretary of the Property Owners Union, a committee of which came Saturday to congratulate you, came to tell me that it would be advantageous for you to send me to their attention an outline of the bill that you will submit to the Legislature concerning owners and tenants. He intends to submit this bill to the Assembly, which will meet Thursday night, to recommend it and push it forth with all his influence. Can you send me the outline on time so that it can reach me on Thursday? What do you say about the notes proposed by Menard? Have you seen the property?

From the first line I wrote I have been disturbed six times. I have now a terrible headache, I started this note an hour ago.

Affectionate greetings to the Rascal, his wife and children and to Blanche and Josephine.

Sincerely yours, A. D.

(A POST CARD ADDRESSED TO:  
THE HONORABLE FELIX J. DREYFOUS  
c/o KLOTZ & DREYFOUS  
BATON ROUGE, LA.  
POSTMARKED 1888 (June?) )

Dear Baioc,

If it is not too late cancel the order, for the posters "House to Rent" 250 for \$2.50 which I had ordered the day before yesterday have just been delivered to me. They have been printed very well, I shall send to you and Jules the newspapers he has been asking me for. Everything is all right, but we are worried to learn that you have so much trouble. This is the disadvantage of owning too much. Come back soon to the place where you were born to rest in the shade of our vineyards and of our fig trees.

Affectionately to all, A.D

(OFFICE OF A. & F.J. DREYFOUS  
21 EXCHANGE PLACE NEW ORLEANS

May 24, 1888

My dear Baioc,

I have just received your letter from yesterday, and I am answering without being sure that my letter will reach you before your departure from Baton Rouge. I compliment you. You distinguished yourself at the Chamber, and everyone is speaking about you here with great praises. This tickles my vanity, and I hope that you will do even better in the future. In the printed material that you sent me there is something about your law projects, especially about the ones related to the amendments of the Sections 360 and 455 Revised Statutes. I have examined the Sections and do not find any connection with the proposed amendments. Is there not some error about this? There is right now a terrible storm, and I cannot distinguish the lines as it is so dark. Things are going rather slowly in the office. I keep busy, but not enough to make your absence difficult for me when it comes to the work to be accomplished. The two taxes in the name of Sturm have been paid. He had the receipt and this reclamation has been cancelled on the Collector's certificate. Dr. Rabef (?) has paid me a note and has renewed the other. I have received \$1353 for this gentleman's account and \$1350 for his mother-in-law. There is Beaulieu's note for \$1250 and \$100 for interest. Here enclosed is another letter from Cousin. We expect you tomorrow evening. You are not saying anything about Blanche and she does not write to us. Is she coming back with you?

I rejoice at the idea of seeing you soon, and in the meantime my mother and I assure you of our most tender affection.

A. D.

Remember us to the big Rascal and his family. I hasten. P.S. Here enclosed is a sample of one of the 1000 cards imprinted at the cost of \$2.00.

A. & F. J. DREYFOUS

21 EXCHANGE PLACE NEW ORLEANS

June 13, 1888

My dear Baioc,

Last night the arrival of the Big Rascal was a real surprise for us, a pleasant surprise, as you imagine. He gave us good news about you and spoke with praises of your zeal and diligence while fulfilling your duties as a legislator. He is going away tonight, much too soon for us. I vainly tried to keep him here. I would have liked to retain him here to make up for your absence. I have nothing at all to do, and his gaiety makes the time pass quicker. It seems so long when you are not occupied.

I made yesterday the usual account for Mr. Stern & Co. We did not do it May last, which makes me believe that another notary has been employed for this. I cashed the Molinenk note for \$100, the Godchaux check of \$25, Beer's check for \$109 and \$21 and 40 cents from Delvaille. Crofts' note has not been paid yet. I entered at the People's Bank for your account the sums I have cashed. I obtained this morning your bank book; it shows a balance in your favor of \$3992.53 on June 12.

I have not made yet the Michel inventory. It is understood we will take care of it after the widow's return. She left for Pointe Coupee with the mission to help with the inventory of the estate in this parish. A load of titles are waiting for you on Saturday. This examination for J.B. Judlin will not give you any trouble; it starts twenty-two years ago about a property which had belonged to Berna and Lanabive (?), corner of Bayou and Johnson. The Rascal will tell you that we are getting along well and will relate his impressions. He will tell you that we are waiting for you impatiently and count the days which separate us from Friday night.

I have nothing else to tell you. Remain in good health and keep calm when facing contradictions. One generally succeeds with patience. Greetings to Beulah. Kiss the children for me, and believe in my constant affection.

A. D.

Office of A, & F. J Dreyfous

21 Exchange Place New Orleans

June 19, 1888

My dear Baioc,

I have just received your five lines; it is not much but I am satisfied just the same. I am very busy working over three sales without taking into account the usual affidavits and visas. You have lost fifteen dollars at least for an examination of title for Ermann who, in spite of his wish, had to have recourse to Lazarus. I am in charge of the sale. It will take place when the examination done by Trist will be completed. The Picard property was not sold; one had offered up to \$9700. I have received for you, by express, a book called "Revised Ordinances of 1885 City of Boston." Shall I send it to you? It is a fine book, well printed and bound.

(?) wanted to pay Carroll for Jules' account. He prefers to receive his payment when the (?) have been sent back to him. Have you sent a telegram today to Beer? Is everything all right? We are all very well and tomorrow will drink to your health during the great reunion of the five sisters.

I sent a message to Ciganoni (?) to come to see me about the note already mentioned. I granted him a little delay to give him time to pay. I do not know how to find Burchfield (?). He does not let us hear from him.

Waiting for the time to see you again, I kiss you mentally.

A.D.

(PICTURE WITH THE TITLE: CONGRESS)

Laurel House, August 11, 1889

My dear Baioc,

We arrived here at about eleven o'clock A.M. Bernard and Anna had come from several miles to meet us. I will not try to depict our joy, reciprocated by the children's joy when we reached the hotel. They were almost crazy, and now I want to let you know that Anna's children are the best raised, the most affectionate, and the most amiable I have ever met. Anna is still weak; her appearance should improve, but I don't doubt that with God's help she will recover shortly. I am writing still being tired by the trip. I feel dizzy and I have a hard time bringing some order to my ideas, so excuse me if my letter is a little incoherent.

Having left Cincinnati at the date mentioned on my post card, we reached Chicago the next morning. After reserving a room at the Palmer House, we hired a cab to visit the city. I told you that New Orleans is nothing compared to Cincinnati; I will tell you today that Cincinnati is in the same category compared to Chicago. Felix, you have to see this to understand. The houses are not houses, but palaces; the stores are magnificent; and the prices extraordinarily reasonable. How often Mother has been tempted to make some purchases, but we were already so embarrassed with our small packages that we had to give up the idea. The crowd on the streets, the noise of the engines of all kinds, make you dizzy, give you the vertigo. The residential section and the park are marvelous, and what amazes me most is that those palaces and parks are open everywhere

There are neither railings or fences. The beautiful flower-beds with the rarest flowers, the statues and art objects are at the disposal of all passers-by; yet nobody touches anything. Would it be the same in New Orleans? We left Chicago by the Lakeshore RR which is, by the way, the best I have ever seen. We arrived about 2 o'clock the next day in Buffalo, the dirtiest city I know, and took the car going to the Falls. Mother saw them, admired them, of course, but she was afraid of them; the grandeur of them terrified her. It was too late to visit the Whirlpools and we returned very promptly to leave for Kingston on the most unpleasant car, and after a restless night, we arrived at Kingston, where we took the car to come here, but we had been warned that the trip would take three hours and that we would have to change three times. Finally, after much trouble we arrived, with our trunks broken up (but no other damage). We are settled in a

hotel where we are perfectly well taken care of and also spoiled by the children and the guests at the hotel. This place is charming but I do not know yet whether I shall stay a few weeks. We will see. In the meantime I can tell you that we do not perspire. On the contrary, it was so cold last night that the two blankets were hardly sufficient and we have to wear our winter clothes. The landscape is superb. I hope, my dear Felix, that you do not suffer too much by our absence. If it becomes too hard, let us know and we will come back. Do not economize anything about expenses coming up on my account, and think of us often. My funds are almost exhausted. Send me some money without delay. The trip tired me so much that last night's rest has not been enough for me to recuperate. I hope that tomorrow my ideas will be less confused. Yesterday I received a letter from Jules. I am answering on a post card. You know how I detest to write letters, and I told him that from now on you will transmit to him the letters I write to you, after having let your sisters see them. You like to write, and I expect to receive often good news from you. In this hope, I embrace you and also your sisters, and send all my fatherly and friendly greetings to the grandchildren, their parents, and my friends. Mother and Blanche, who is still pale and sad, send you their affectionate feelings.

Your devoted, A. Dreyfous

If my Rose was with us, it would be more cheerful and pleasant.

Laurel House, August 23, 1889

My dear Felix,

Your letter of the 20th of this month, which I have just received, gave me great pleasure since it told me that your Sunday dinner was a success and that, thanks to your clever hands, business is good, and finally that you and the other children are in good health. All this delights me but does not prevent me from telling you that for me things are not so good. I suffer more than I have ever suffered, and relief will come only when I am back at home. The countryside is charming, the company agreeable and cheerful, but I am bored. I am not built for an idle life and one does not give up easily old habits. I confess to you that if I had foreseen the expenses, troubles and sufferings brought on by this trip, I would never have undertaken it, but what you have started, you must finish.

I cannot hide from you that I am quite upset and disappointed not to have found any remedy in your letter after what I had told you. I have to pay \$50 a week at the hotel; you sent me \$100. had no more money and tomorrow I shall owe a two-weeks' payment to my hotel-keeper. After having paid for my board, nothing will be left. It is humiliating to be in reduced circumstances while I own the necessary sums to take care of all my expenses. I do not like to ask any favor from Bernard or anyone else, and I really do not understand why you cause me to be embarrassed and worried.

These mountains are really beautiful. The air is more than fresh, too cool for me. I don't regret being able to leave for New York at the end of this month with Bernard, Anna and the children. You must see this country. I have announced your approaching visit to Mr. Schutt, the owner of the hotel, and he promised to treat you well if you introduce yourself at your arrival. Anna is cheerful, but I do not consider that she has completely recovered her health. She is still weak and nervous, but I hope that the strength will come back and her nerves will calm down. Mother, sitting at my right, is complaining that Cecile and Amelie have not kept their promise to write. It is about time to think of doing so. She kisses all the children and sons-in-law, without forgetting the grandchildren. We send our greeting to Mr. and Mrs. Lamalle (?). Mother regrets that the latter has been ill. She wishes that Mr. Lamalle should be here. He would not need showers to keep cool; it is very cool here. She says "hello" to the cook and to Mary and requests you to give her compliments to Mrs. Gavins (?) and her family. You did not say if

Jules attended your dinner. I have nothing else to tell you. I am suffering a great deal and it is difficult to write. My greetings to all the friends who inquire about me, and hoping to hear from you again,

Fondly yours,

A. Dreyfous

My affectionate remembrances to the children, grandchildren, sons-in-law and friends, each one in particular.

Send \$200. at least.

Laurel House, Green...

August 26, 1889

Dear Felix,

Coming back from a four-mile walk this morning with Mother and very tired but not at all discouraged, I have received your letter of the 23rd with the check and the money order, here enclosed, which I endorsed and sent back. I am delighted with your activity and your promptness, which I find admirable, but I am afraid that you are hiding the troubles and worries that you may be experiencing. I imagine that alone and having all the work and responsibility you may sometime feel overworked and a little discouraged. Your devotion and perseverance are beyond all praises. You will learn with as much pleasure as I have to be able to tell you so that I feel better mentally because from now on I will not have any worry as to the payment of my expenses, and physically because I hardly suffer at all thanks to my frequent and tiring trips in the mountains, and because I am getting used to the cold. For the last few days the weather has been splendid. At night only the cool air is unpleasant and we must wear heavy overcoats outside and heavy blankets during the night. I am not going into the detail of the life we lead here. I leave this care to Blanche; she will tell you about the balls, concerts and about the society around us. Mother gets younger every day (?). She became agile and lively; she climbs high slopes very easily. When coming down, she does not do as well because she is too reckless and the day before yesterday she fell on her...back on a stiff and rocky slope, but thanks to God she did not hurt herself and laughed about it louder than anyone else. Your friend Alphonse Philips seems to have caused a scandal, I am surprised that you did not mention it. Here enclosed is a clipping from a New York paper which has just been brought to me. I am not sorry for what happened to this Philips. He was not well inclined toward us, but soon everybody will lose confidence in notaries. I am acknowledging Kevikhoff his important remittance.

I received today a charming letter from Cecilia and also from little Alice. I am happy about what Alicia says about you, and I shall be happy to hear frequently from her and from all the children and grandchildren. We intend to leave for New York next Saturday. Three weeks here are enough. A sojourn in New York will be more pleasant than a stay here, of which I am getting tired.

Excuse my poor writing. Paper, ink and pen are very bad, and I feel very nervous being

so tired. I congratulate you for your success in regard to the Liberal French Club. It is the beginning of greater successes in many fields.

Tomorrow, big exercise -- a trip of five miles in the mountains. You see that we are acquiring a taste for this. Besides, I feel stronger when I exercise my legs, and Mother asks for nothing better than walking around. Mother kisses you; she is happy to see that you replace her so well in the care of the household and that you know how to entertain. She sends all affectionate regards to children, relatives and friends, and greetings to the neighbors. It goes without saying that I also send my share. Write regularly, and believe in my sincere affection and my Appreciation for your noble character.

A. D.

(IN DIFFERENT HANDWRITING;) Heard again today. Papa in N.Y. In excellent health. Will send letters in a few days. Am very busy.

Felix

New York, August 30, 1889

My dear son Felix,

Mother, Bernard, Celina, Blanche and myself arrived last night here at 8 P.M. after a very tiresome trip. Anna with her other children and the two nurses (for children) will arrive only Tuesday. Anna wished to wait before returning here until the house had been set in order, cleaned and aired, what has been being done since this morning. This house is very beautiful, rather small for a large family, it is true, but it seems to me that Anna should be very happy to own it. All the ground around is covered by superb houses, and there is no more space left to build any more in this section, which is not too different in that respect from other districts densely populated of this superb city. I have found Chicago admirable, but New York comes first. I am so tired that I did not go far from the house today, but I intend to start my sightseeing tomorrow accompanied by my big old one, of course. We received a visit from Linda. She is a charming girl. Her mother will come to see us tonight. Eddie Danziger came yesterday with Lily to welcome us but we had not arrived yet. I consider myself lucky to have seen the Catskills. The landscapes are admirable. You must go to see them. The difference between the temperature in the mountains and here is extraordinary. Yesterday morning, there, there was a heavy frost. I sat close to the fire reading and at night I was trembling with cold. Here, it is warm, 80 degrees, and I admit that I prefer this. It makes me feel better. I don't know if Emile is still here. He wrote to me twice. I have not answered his second letter. I warn you that Bernard will leave from here for New Orleans between the 8th and the 10th of September. He will stay in our home. Mother wishes that you give him my room. Tell Mary to bring a clean mosquito bar, which she will find in the bathroom, and from the attic to bring a quilted red blanket to place on the bed. For the rest, it is useless to recommend it to your good cares and to the servants. For the meals, you and Bernard will do what you want.

We are delighted with our stay in the mountains. Everyone treated us with the utmost courtesy, and when we left to come home a real procession accompanied us with good wishes and flowers thrown into our rail car.

I forgot to acknowledge my Rose's charming letter. Tell her that I miss her and think constantly of her. The letter from Cecilia (?) was very amiable, interesting, and flattering for you. I miss all of you a great deal and send all my affection. While waiting for good news from you,

Mother, myself and Blanche send our love; our greetings to the Rascal. I have not written to him. It was getting impossible for me to write to each one separately; that is why I wish that my letters be considered as being for each one of you. Remember me to neighbors, friends, and servants. Blanche will write to you Monday.

A. Dreyfous

New York, September 5, 1889

My dear Baioc,

Waiting for Bernard (with whom I came to the 18 Lispenard St .headquarters) to finish his occupations, I take advantage of this time to address a few lines to you. First I must tell you that Mother and Blanche are well and that I specially feel in perfect health, thanks to God. New York climate suits me better than the hard climate of the mountains, and as to the temperature, it seems to me that I am in New Orleans. I have been here since the 29th and have not seen much yet. The distances are so huge that you spend half of your time traveling. Anna and the children arrived last night. She is much better but still very nervous. Very likely she will recover completely only after a stay in her native country, and when she gets rid of the irritation caused by so many children. We visited Henry and the widow of my brother Simeon, visits which are far from being cheerful. At Henry's we found his wife suffering from a deadly illness; at my sister-in-law's, a blind and irritable daughter that they have to stand. I have seen Nathan and his wife, Emma Danziger, Sarah Cohen, her husband, a very amiable and obliging boy and their infant. Mother is getting ready to go to see today Mrs. Bloom, Albert's mother. Albert, this thoughtless man, sent me Rose's letter dated from the 29th care of B. Fellman, so that I have received it only now and with less pleasure. However, I am always happy to hear from my Rose, always good news, I hope. I have received also a letter from Miniche (it is the second), another from Amelie. All these letters gave me much satisfaction. By the way, why did not Jules stop at our house with his wife and children? Space was not lacking, and I am certain that you would have been well received and well treated then. To come back to our visits, we have seen Lily and Clara. Lily is more beautiful than ever, and her children are charming. The eldest girl resembles Reale. I have just seen Eddy; he is very courteous. Finally, I have seen enough people to make me dizzy, and I have trouble gathering my thoughts. There is such a difference between my present life and my past life that, upon my faith, I am getting tired of this. I believe we will spend here Rosh Hashonah, I am worrying about my railroad tickets. I want to try to change my itinerary for the return and try to go directly to New Orleans instead of going back the former way. I have not seen yet the Brooklyn Bridge and I saw only from a distance the Statue of Liberty, but I intend to examine all that. We saw yesterday the High Bridge, which had just been completed. It is the finest piece of

work of that kind I have ever seen. You will admire it also when you see it. Emile is here. I have received a letter from him yesterday, informing me that he has established an office here, that he expects his family within 5 days (from the 1st of September, date of his letter). He hopes to be successful. His partner spent a week here and left, that he prefers this life to the life in Panama, and (hat he will stay 10 more days at his hotel, and that: any communication must be sent to 76 Broad Street, care of Andreas & Co. Is it not very clear? I don't understand it. I intend to go to Mr. Andreas & Co. bankers, from what I heard, and clarify all this. I consider myself perfectly happy, dear son see you so occupied with us and our business. If I were not afraid to offend your modesty I would tell you to what extent I appreciate your conduct and your character. God will reward you for everything you do so well. I have received the last sum you sent. Anna brought it back from the Catskills.

I don't know if I said all that I had to say. Mother is not near me now to refresh my memory, and I am so confused that I may forget many things. Pen, ink and paper seem horrible, and since my departure I never had the chance to use a good pen but you will be able, nevertheless, to decipher this scribbling. In your next letter let me know if I can be useful to you here, what kind of gift you would like me to bring you back, and tell me if everything goes according to your wishes. If business is not too good, it is on account of the dead season; it will be better by the time I return. In the meantime, take care of yourself, have a good time, and don't be too attracted by beautiful girls.

Kisses and love to all and each one, A.D.

New York, September 7, 1889

My dear Felix,

I begin by congratulating you on the perfection with which you write French, You write it as well as English, which means it is perfect. However, if you find it easier to express yourself in English, do it, as you know that I understand it fairly well. I pay you my compliments on the subject of your financial operations. Truly, I see that you were born to be a great banker, and I expect you to be one. We feel perfectly well, including Anna, and we intend today to go to Manhattan Beach under the guidance of Lily. There are other projects for today but they will be realized only if we return early enough after our outing. I have received your two letters of the 2nd and the 4th of this month, with the money order for \$100. It is the 4th. I have not spent more than half of the amount sent; nevertheless, it is better to have something extra than not to have enough, specially after Bernard's departure, which will take place the 10th of this month.

I was sorry to hear about Touts's death. He was called thus and not Toto, who had died a long time ago. You must try to replace him, as the male left is not enough to perpetuate the species.

Another death which afflicted us is the death of Mrs. Poole's (?) little boy. Mrs. Poole (?) is Mrs. Guisant's (?) daughter. Tell her and also her son-in-law and daughter that we sympathize with their misfortunes and offer our condolence. Besides, WG are sending them a card of condolence today. Emile and I have not been able yet to get together. I am sending you letters from Jean and his mother. I believe it is useless for me to write to Jean, as you must have done so when you sent him his money. Leon and his wife have arrived at Sandy Hook; they are expected in town about 4 P.M. I believe that we will be obliged to return to Louisiana to enjoy a good temperature. Here it is as hot as in July at home, and this has been lasting since our arrival but does not keep us from taking outings and eating well. Anna made me feast on sweet-and-sour fish, and I shall have more for lunch. What an admirable prospect!

Mother wants you to remember her to all the children and grandchildren, neighbors and friends. Blanche and I make the same request. Anna will write herself this week.

We dined with Lily and Eddy the day before yesterday; they have the most charming children and they make me think of two turtle doves. Lily and Clara, the latter especially, are the most amiable women I can imagine. Their cares and devotion for their mother are beyond all

praises. It is their duty, but the way they fulfill it shows the extent of their devotion and the excellence of their hearts.

You will receive a bundle of the *Courier des Etas Unis*, all the issues (20) of the Journal of the Exhibit already published, and I am entitled to the supplement; that is to say, ten more issues. I also bought Montaigne's *Essays* and I am glad to have been able to find them. I bought them for you. If I am not mistaken, you will read them with a great pleasure. It is a philosophical work, quite instructive and interesting. Let me know what we could bring to please you. It would be an opportunity to show my appreciation and gratitude, and it would give me real pleasure. We embrace you.

A.D.A. & F.J. Dreyfous,  
Law & Notarial Office  
21 Exchange Office  
New Orleans

NEWSPAPER CLIPPING: "An important measure: Mr. F.J. Dreyfous, the active and intelligent representative of the 6th ward of the city of New Orleans, has written a very important law project which he intends to submit to the Legislature soon. It is a bill to create a Bureau of Commissaries of Fires for New Orleans. This Bureau would replace the present organization the 'Firemen's Charitable Association,' which would cease to exist. We rapidly read this law project, which is long and has many details. Later on we shall take occasion to speak about it again."

New Orleans, May 14, 1890

My dear Baioc,

We have received your two letters and were pleased to learn that you arrived safely and that you have no complaint about anything at all. As to us, we are very well, thanks to God, Even Blanche does not speak any longer about a pain in her side. Jules comes to see us often, and you must believe that you are our main subject of conversation.

The two Lowenstein sisters favored me with their visit yesterday, at the office. The youngest is a very pretty woman, but she does not talk much. They are leaving today. So is your aunt Julie and her husband. It seems to me that you have taken away with you work and clients. I have nothing to do and hardly see anyone. I am bored with it and it takes effort to prevent myself from sleeping all day long. I have really nothing interesting to tell you. I keep a precise list of my operations and payments received. As an extraordinary fact and contrary to his habits, Elie Pesson paid yesterday \$36 for his rent and promised to pay the balance shortly. The enclosed clipping shows you that the Abeille (*THE BEE*, local newspaper) knows how to appreciate your merit and value.

\$25,000 in twenty-five years, paid yearly, would be a great help for the State. Think of it. Under these conditions one could make some concessions to the Lottery while requesting it to suppress the daily drawing. We are expecting you Friday night. We miss you and it seems to all of us that your absence is already very long. Mother and your sisters embrace you, and while waiting to frequently hear good news from you, I send you the assurance of my devotion and fatherly love.

A.D.

Have you seen that Judge King has rendered judgment against Lenoir in favor of Miss Girardey? Is it not a strange thing, a judgment against the defendant, why? I don't know anything about it, neither Fitch, neither you. Luckily, the stupidity or unkindness of the judge can be redressed.

A. & F.J. Dreyfous Law & Notarial Office 21 Exchange Place New Orleans

June 24, 1890

My dear Felix,

. Mr. Poole of the Times Democrat has brought me the letter here enclosed and I am sending it to you promptly.

It is very hot this morning. At B.R. it must be even warmer in the Chamber. Let us hope that you will not renew the catastrophe of the cats of Kilkenny. You know that they devoured each other; at the end only their tails were found.

Nothing now. I have just met Mr. Freehan, who told me that on account of his salesman's absence, it is suitable to postpone a few days the intended sale.

Today is your mother's birthday anniversary. She is fifty-eight years old. I hope that you have not forgotten this solemnity.

Be careful, be calm, and reflect before expressing your intentions, and believe me, your devoted

A.D.

TO MRS. ABEL DREYFOUS;

Hotel Champlain, July 20<sup>th</sup>

(NO YEAR ... 1892?)

Dear Friend,

Although your sister's death was a deliverance from her suffering, it remains that it was a great sorry for you. I know it. This is why I want to let you know how much I sympathize with you, because in spite of the numerous duties brought on by our families which keep us from seeing each other frequently, an old and strong friendship still exists between us, doesn't it? I shall never forget your good mother and your late husband, and I thank Providence which gave me a chance to know them. I did not expect such a sad occasion to express my loyal feelings but I want to assure you that I am one of your sincerest friends. Now that nothing will keep you in New Orleans (because I do hope that Felix and Julia's children are again in good health), we could go to a less warm climate and have the pleasure of being together next fall.

Remember me to Felix and Julia, and also to all your other dear children. I take the liberty to enclose two cards for Emilie and Fanny. Be kind enough to transmit them.

Again with my sympathy and the assurance of my sincere and friendly feelings,

Your affectionate,

Justine