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Oct. 21

PERSONAL LETTER from Jane Roman Declouet in New Orleans, to
her husband, Paul L. Declouet in St. Martinville.
New Orleans, October 21, 1876

Dear Paul,

I have just read your letter of the 18th the postman just came to bring in, and I thank you greatly for it. I am grateful for your promptness otherwise you would have seen me arriving. Like you, I think our separation would be unbearable without this frequent exchange of good thoughts. Yet, I am repeating to you that I do not want to encroach upon your sleep. A few words are sufficient to let me know that you and our dear children are well and in spite of the pleasure I have reading you, I feel sad when the letter is long. I know the suffering of tomorrow.

Yesterday, Dr. Souchon came at 10 o'clock for the bandage. He found me a little pale but on the whole in a satisfactory condition. The abscess in my back is closing up. The wound in my tube is getting narrower and the water that came out after the injection was almost clear, yet he had not bandaged me for three days. Soon after your departure, I had fever until last night. Dr. Landry came to see me and thinks it is an intermittent fever. I had the former crisis a week ago. He recommended quinine but no diet. Dr. Souchon came shortly last night and seems to attribute my fever to the unpleasant weather we have. He also ordered quinine. This morning he came to see me, found me well and prescribed quinine for the whole day. I wish this fever would stop, it makes me lose weight.

Monday, we had a little rain for the crop. The water coming out of the flagstones was black and we were afraid not to be able to drink the water from

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(con't.)

the cistern. Luckily it was not bad this time and we still drink it.

The Landry family is well. We saw Alexandre last night. We are not accustomed not to see Mrs. Landry arriving, she has been so kind to us.

This morning, I sent to Majeau's for a bottle of cognac. My bottle had been finished for two days and I was remaining patient in order to pay only \$2.00 for it through Mr. Tremoulet's intermediary, but he is so occupied with politics that we do not see him and I missed my toddy too much.

Edwige (Lauve) had a little boil which made her nose big for two days and Emma Sanchez rejoiced because as she said, "At least, once, I see you ugly." (Edwige's husband) Nemours/wrote to her a very pressing letter, six pages of tenderness that she let us read. He is urging her to return. I am beginning to fear she will not accompany us to the plantation.

Blanche (your sister) is well but sad because her sisters do not write to her. Today is Saturday and I do not believe the mail will leave tomorrow anyway, I take a chance to mail this one. Kisses to the dear children, greetings to all and for you my whole heart.

Jane

P. S. We heard that Mr. Laclaire Fuselier has died.