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Nov. 2

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

New Orleans, November 2, 1876

Dear Paul,

It is impossible to describe my joy, our joy. The children were bewildered when they arrived but George (our son) seemed to recognize us. Our dear little group had on the whole all the attentions which had been promised. Christine (your sister) and Edwige (Lauve) had to accept a room the Landry's offered them with so much urgency and graciousness. They accepted with pleasure; they will go to sleep only. It is a saving for us. My dear Mime (Victoria, our daughter?) slept between Blanche (your sister) and me and while asleep she caressed each one in turn. At this very moment she is near me cutting little pieces of paper. Miss Pauline has been very sensible about the new arrangements, only \$2.00 more. She is giving a big mattress where Ernestine and Marie will sleep together. It will take the sofa's place.

Dear friend, in my joy I think of your loneliness and I will hasten to return as soon as I am allowed. Thank your good father (Alexander Declouet) for me for having so well contributed to my happiness by sending his daughters to accompany my dear children. Tell him also that I thought a great deal about him during the sorrow he just felt. I know his heart when he mourns over persons so close to him. (NOTE: His uncle Laclaire Fuselier died in October.

Since this morning, George has a fairly strong fever with nausea. Dr. Souchon saw him and recommended quinine. He threw up a dose I gave him in coffee. After that we gave him a pill according to the doctor's directions. He kept it. It is now five o'clock and the fever seems to diminish. It will not be

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(con't.)

serious, I hope, and I shall let you know about him tomorrow. Do not worry, it would be too much for you after the separation.

Vigette (Edwige, our daughter) ran your errands and you can expect we will remain only the necessary time. You cannot realize how anxious I am to see you. You, my dear son and all those who love me.

We kiss all of you, especially you and Charley (our son).

Forever yours

I did not do any arrangement with any institution. What you do will be well done. I am sorry I did not send your jacket, you will need it. I am so happy to have my children around me and I would like to have you also.

7:30. Dr. Souchon just left. He found George without any fever and recommended quinine, 2 gr. every four hours. My dear fat child is playing with my purse. He puts pennies in my pocket. He seems well.

Yours until tomorrow,

Jane

P. S. Dr. Souchon came to see him twice. He does not find him very ill. He laughs at my anxiety.