

1876  
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