

1854

PERSONAL LETTER written this date at St. Martinville by
December 5. Henriette de St. Clair to Alexander DeClouet at Louisiana College,
Convent, La.

**T. B. FAVROT
COLLECTION**

5 December 1854

My dear Clouet, (Alexander)

Personal
Letter
by
Henriette
de
St. Claire
to
Alexander
DeClouet

I recently received a letter from you. I was planning to answer it when Henri came down with fever, then I missed several mails, so that in order not to miss tomorrow's mail, the 6th, I am writing you today on the eve of the departure of the mail. Everyone here is well; the grinding season still continues, but the product is bad since yesterday. They tried bisulphide, but without success. They are going to change the method of using it, so maybe they will succeed. The sugar cane hardly froze at all. They have plowed (?) about sixty acres on the other side. I must tell you that Amanda Lastrapes will be married on Thursday, the 28th. Your Papa plans to go visit Ninise (Blanche) that day and he will go to Mrs. Garland's for the wedding. Louis and Carlos are coming here today; they sent their horses since yesterday. They are going to Opelousas. Everyone at Aunt Tonton's are well. Noemi spent a week here several days ago. Gabrielle is more interesting than ever. She makes a thousand monkey shins. I burst into laughter (?). Christine and Henri are still devils. This is about all the news that I have to give you. Since you left, I have hardly left here. We had -- I almost forgot to tell you -- a charming party. You can judge. Mr. Castille had come in a boat to go to Mrs. Balthazar's, but he was stopped by the barge which sand and which blocks the bayou. They wanted to lift his boat over the barge, but he didn't want to. He continued on foot passing through the woods behind the sugar house. We were a large group. It was dark

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since it was late and the sun had gone down. There were St. Clair, your Papa, your Mamma, the three children from here, the little Edmond girl, little Jo (?), Mr. & Mrs. Edmond, their servant and the five servants from here, the guardians. We surprised Mr. and Mrs. B., as you can imagine. Even Farceur, frightened by the strange dogs, ran to hide in Mrs. B.'s room. We left at least after 8 o'clock to come home. It was dark. When we reached the canal behind the bagasse shed near the big road Louise (?) wanted to climb on a mound near the edge of the canal when she fell. A short time later Daudanne, Rose, and Angele fell into a ditch one on top of the other. I don't know how we didn't laugh ourselves to death. It was such a lovely party. I thought of you; how you would have enjoyed it.

Kiss Paul for (me). Tell him that Farceur is crazy about me as long as I take care of him. I kiss you with all my heart.

Henriette de St. Clair