

1855 /
Jan. 23.

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

January 23, 1855

T. B. FAVROT
COLLECTION

My dear Clouet (Alexander)

Personal
Letter
by
Henriette
de
St. Claire
to
Alexander
DeClouet

I have continued to delay writing you until today, as your mother and father were to go to Grand Coteau and I wanted to wait until they returned in order to give you news from Ninise. (Blanche). She is quite well, not nearly as grave (?) as during vacation, but very happy at the convent; she hardly cried when she saw her family leave, and she wouldn't have been sad if Christine had not cried. I received a letter from Henri, the second in some time; he told me that you had written him and they are to answer you. I assure you that you must push them a little; they are so lazy in the city that they won't write you. I'm sorry that you didn't introduce Bareau (?) to Henri. He is so nice that I would have liked Henri to meet him. But Henri is planning to go visit you at school; have him meet your friends. I would like to see the water rise so I could go see you; I cannot tell you when I will go to the city because we want to go through Plaquemine. Henri tells me that he went to the theater several times since you left the city; he saw La Vestale, this new opera which has had so much publicity lately. I'm sorry that you didn't see it. I must tell you that your father was tricked at Grand Coteau; he enters the parlor and notices a large thing which resembled the cart used by the bread vendors in the city. He approaches very astonished to find a cart in the parlor of the convent. He looks and notices that it is a little old lady, all wrinkled up. He asks who it is. He is told that it is -- guess who -- Miss Trisi Smith hidden under an enormous straw

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Cont'd.

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hat. You'd laugh yourself to death to hear your mother tell this story.
I would like to write more, but I have just arrived from Aunt Tonton's
and I am so tired that I can't do anything. Aunt Tonton, Mrs. Cher.,
Ninise, Nonc and Mr. Charles^{LAST RAPE 5} are well. Lolotte and Nora are still
sick. I think St. Clair is writing to Paul. You probably know that Mr.
Oliver Duclozel's sugar house burned, also Mr. Magnil's house.
Excuse my chicken scratch.

St. Clair and Tato join me in embracing you. And Paul, too.

Your friend

Hette. (Henriette) de St. Clair.

The original written in French and on file at Tulane University.
Translated by Tulane University March 1968.