joy, her messengers of love in our sore affliction.

"We are informed," they said, "that you are exiles and have been cast upon our shores, friendless and penniless. We are come to greet you and to welcome you to the hospitality of our roofs."

These kind and noble words sunk deep into our hearts and we went with joy and gratitude.

Rene LeBlanc answered: "Good sirs, you behold a wretched people bereft of their homes, whose only crime is their love for France and their devotion to the Catholic religion," and saying this, he raised his hat and every man of our party did the same. "We are friendless and penniless," he added, "Cast upon an unknown shore and we thank you most heartily for your greeting and your hospitality so generously tendered. See, we number almost two hundred persons and it would be taxing your generosity too heavily. None but a king could accomplish your noble design."

We will not fail to answer the erroneous but citizens of Maryland owning valuable estates. We have the greatest abundance of everything at home and out of our bounty we will share with you. Accept our offer and the Brent and Smith families will ever feel grateful to God, who has given them the means to meet your wants, to assuage your affliction, and to soothe your sorrow! How could we refuse an offer so generously tendered? It was impossible for us to find words expressive of our gratitude, and I must say that when we shook hands with them without being able to utter a single word, our silence was for more eloquent then any spoken language we could have used.

The very same day we moved to their estates which lay near and I shall never forget the kind welcome that we received from those two families. They vied with each other in their kind offices towards us and ministered to our wants with so much grace and simplicity that it gave additional value to their already boundless generosity. Petits, let the names of Brent and Smith remain engraved on your hearts forever. Let their remembrance never fade from your memory, for nobler and more generous beings never breathed the pure air of God."

Three years passed peacefully and happily and during the whole of that period the Brent and Smith families remained our true and steadfast friends.

Our colony had prospered; ease and plenty smiled more in our dwellings and we enjoyed...

---

FELICITATIONS
Teche News
ET AUX COUSINS BIENVENU
See AL GRACE at Breaux Bridge
for your Mower, Pump, and Chain Saw needs

CONGRATULATIONS
TO THE
TECHE NEWS
AND THE BIENVENU FAMILY ON THEIR 75 YEARS OF CONTINUOUS SERVICE TO ST. MARTIN PARISH AND THE EVANGELINE COUNTRY!

MIKE DONLON
REAL ESTATE — INSURANCE — RENTALS
42 Years Prompt & Reliable Service
110 W. VERMILION ST. LAFAYETTE, LA.
heart breaks whenever I recall the misery of her fate, and how the whole figure was tremulous with excitement.

"Grandmother," we said, "we feel a deep and abiding respect for your faith in God, and for your country and your people."

She replied, "I have always been a faithful and devoted woman, and I have always been a true believer in God."

And so she had been, all her life. She was the true and living embodiment of the faith that had sustained her through the darkest of times. And now, as she lay there, her heart breaking with the weight of her thoughts, she knew that she had been a true and faithful servant of her God.

And so she passed away, leaving behind her a legacy of faith and devotion that would be remembered for generations to come.

The end.
We announced our determination to the Brent and Smith families and undismayed by the perils and obstacles we had to overcome to succeed in our undertaking, we set forth on foot for our long overland pilgrimage from Maryland to Louisiana. Our friends and protectors used all their eloquence to dissuade us from our resolve, but we resisted all their entreaties although this new proof of their friendship touched us to the heart.

Our arrangements were soon perfected. We disposed of the articles that we could not carry along with us and kept a few waggons and horses to transport the women and children, the provisions and baggage.

In all we numbered about two hundred persons on leaving Maryland; of these fifty were armed and determined to face any danger. We advanced in the form of a column, the women and children in the center, while twenty men in advance and as many in the rear marched four abreast. Ten of the bravest and most active of our young men took the lead a short distance ahead of the column and formed our advance guard.

“Our forces were distributed in this manner, petrots, for our safety, as the road lay through mountain deserts and in wilderness among hostile Indians. We secured as scouts and guides two Indians well known to the Brent family, and in whose fidelity, we were told, we could place the most implicit reliance, and we had occasion more than once, to congratulate ourselves on having secured their presence.”

“We set out with sorrow, alas! we were parting from friends who had received us kindly, who had relieved us in our grief. Friends who had proved themselves true as steel and loving as brothers. We were parting from them, lured by the splendor of what we considered a landscape desolate, and when we grasped their hands in a last farewell, words failed us, and our tears and stifled sobs alone told them of our gratitude for the benefits they had showered so generously upon us. They, too, wept, touched to the heart by the eloquent and honest expression of our gratitude. Their last words were words of love, glowing with the fervent wish that our cherished hopes might be realized.

“We set out in a westerly direction and soon lost sight of the hovel-like roofs of the Brent and Smith families. We then found ourselves that we were poor wandering exiles, roaming through the world in search of a home.

Our advance, as you may well imagine, petrots, was slow and tedious, for a thousand obstacles impeded our progress. We encountered deep crevasses in the paths that we could not cross for want of boats, we traveled through mountain defiles, where the path...
TRUE STORY OF THE ACadians

(Continued from page 6)

bank of the river. At last we launched on the turbulent waters of the Mississippi, and down that noble stream as far as Bayou Plaquemine, where we landed. On the way we were meeting French soil and we were freed from British dominion.

As the tidings of our arrival spread abroad, a great number of Acadians exclaimed and reached Louisiana by way of the great lakes, flocked to our camp to greet and welcome us. Ah! picture how I describe our joy and rapture when a familiar countenance would be recognized with hearts too full for utterance, we wept like children when we came to their bosoms, long left behind. Many a fond parent exclaimed in a rapturous embrace a loving child. Ah! such a moment repaid us a thousand and a hundred fold for all our sufferings and privations. We spent the day following in rejoicing, conviviality and merriment.

The end of my story will be quickly told, petoits. Shortly afterwards we left for the country of the Atakapas, where lands had been granted to us by the government. We wended our way to our destined homes through dismal swamps, through lakes and lagoons; through bayous, miles long, and number until we reached "Portage, Sauvage" the place now called "Robicheaux Pointe," and the day after we arrived at St. Martin, the "Poste des Atakapas," small hamlet composed of two or three houses, one store, and a little church.

There the different Acadian families settled, each to settle on the land granted to them. These names were the LeBlanc, Martin, Breaux, Guiblou, Bernard, Ascencous, Bih, Breaux, Robichaux, Hebert and Dugas.

You must not imagine that the Atakapas region was at that time dotted all over, like nowadays, with thriving farms, elegant houses, and handsome villages. No, petoits; it required the perseverance and nerve of your ancestors to settle there. Although beautiful and picturesque it was, it was unoccupied, inhabited mostly by Indians and a few white men, trappers and hunters by profession. Its immense prairies, covered by weeds as tall as you, were the common herds of cattle and deer roaming wild, wild, and wild, saved by the hunter or the panther ther, whose howl made your hair stand on end.

Such was the region where your ancestors settled, and which by their energy they have transformed into a garden teeming with wealth, the reward of the husbandman. By degrees the A-