joy, her messengers of love in our sore affliction.

The pettiots, that we were not mistaken. When the cavaliers alighted they addressed
us in the English language but in
tones so soft and so kind that the
sound of the hated language did
not grate on our ears, but seemed as
sweet as those of our own
language.

They bowed gracefully and in-
troubled themselves to us as
Charles Smith and Henry Brent.

“We are informed,” said they,
“that you are exiles and have
been cast upon our shores, friend-
less and penniless. We have
come to greet you and to welcome you
to the hospitality of our roofs.”

These kind and noble words
sank deep into our hearts and we
welcomed them with joy and gratitude.

Rene LeBlanc answered: “Good
sirs, you behold a wretched peo-
pie bereft of their homes, whose
only crime is their love for France
and their devotion to the Catho-
lic 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.

“Still,” the answer was, “there are
erroneous byt citizens of Mary-
land 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 minister to your
wants, to assuage your affliction,
and to soothe your sorrow! How
could we refuse an offer so
generously tendered? It was impos-
able for us to find words more
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
and ministered to our
wants with so much grace and
simpleity that it gave additional
value to their already boundless
generosity. Petiots, let the names
of Brent and Smith remain
engraved on your heart forever.
Let their remembrance never fade
from your memory, for nobler and
more generous beings never
breathed the pure air of God.

“From it was, perhaps, that we
settled in Maryland after leaving
Acadia.

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 once more in
our dwellings and we lived as

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THE FIRST BRIDGE OF BREAU BRIDGE is the first stone bridge in the history of architecture. The bridge was built in 1829 near the city of Breau, and it is a popular tourist attraction to this day. The bridge is made of stone and has a span of 80 feet. It is a single span bridge with a width of 12 feet. The bridge has a history of over 180 years and has been featured in many books and films. The bridge is a beautiful example of French engineering and architecture. The bridge is a reminder of the past and a symbol of the progress of mankind. It is a structure that has lasted the test of time and is a testament to the ingenuity and skill of the French people. The bridge is a symbol of the power of the French people and their ability to build and create. It is a symbol of the strength and resilience of the French people and their ability to overcome adversity. The bridge is a symbol of the beauty and grace of the French people and their ability to create something beautiful. The bridge is a symbol of the history and culture of the French people and their ability to pass on their traditions to future generations.
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 undertakings, we prepared to start on 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 dispatched all the articles that we could not carry along with us and kept a few wagons 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 being at 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, petrels, for our safety, as the road lay through a mountainous desert 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 them.”

“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 thought that we might be deceived, 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 honest, though mute 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 hulking, dilapidated roofs of the Brent and Smith families. We were in the desert where we were poor, wandering exiles, roaming through the world in search of a home.

Our advance, as you may well imagine petrels, was slow and tedious, for a thousand obstacles impeded our progress. We encountered deep ravines and streams 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 reading French soil and we were freed from British dominion.

As the tidings of our arrival spread abroad, a great number of Acadians arrived and reached Louisiana by way of the great lakes, flocked to our camp to greet and welcome us. Ah! pédants, how can 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 grasped hands. And, a sorrowing heart revived to love and happiness on that day! Many a long separated wife pressed her bosom on the long lost husband. Many a fond parent embraced a wandering child. Ah! such a moment repaid us a thousand and fold for all our sufferings and privations. We spent the day fellowing in rejoicing, conviviality and merriment.

The end of my story will be quickly told, petros. Shortly afterwards we left for the country of the Attakapas, 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 and number until we reached Portage, Sauvage the place now called "Poupane Pointe," and the next day we arrived at St. Martin, the "Poste des Attakapas," a small hamlet composed of two or three houses, one store, and a little church.

There the different Acadian families separated, each to settle on the land granted to them. These names were LeBlanc, Martine, Breaux, Robichaux, Hebert and Dugas.

You must not imagine that the Attakapas region was at that time dotted all over, like nowadays, with thriving farms, elegant houses, and handsome villages. No, petros. It required the perseverance and nerve of your ancestors to settle there. Although beautiful and picturesque, it was a wilderness, 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 herd of cattle and deer roam around and around, and the hunter, whose bow and arrow are his main weapon.

Such is 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 Acadians have enriched themselves in a country where no one can starve, if he is industrious, and where one may easily become rich, provided he fears God and is economical and works in his affections.

Petits, I have kept my promise and my tale is told. Now that you have learned to know and admire your ancestors, let not a blush of shame tinge your cheeks when the epithet "Cajun" is hurled at you with contempt as a reproach. Your ancestors were martyrs in a noble cause and you should always be proud to descend from martyrs and men of principle.

Grandmother, we said, as we pressed her to our hearts and kissed her fondly. You words have fallen in willing and loving hearts and they will bear fruit. Proust, I am now of being called Acadians, there never existed a people more true-hearted, more noble, more devout and more patriotic than the Acadians, for they suffered exile and even death itself, rather than renounce their God, their king and their country.

THE WAR IN THE SWAMP

From July 24, 1866, issue of the Weekly Messenger:

Thursday morning Sheriff Broussard received a telegram from Morgan City to the effect that a war was raging on Bayou Boute, this parish, and that three men were killed and several wounded. The Sheriff and deputy Fleming left that morning for the scene of trouble.

About half past four o'clock that afternoon, Ernest Miel, one of the peaceable men in the bloody war, came to the office of the Sheriff, in this place, and surrendered himself, in case he was wanted.

From what he is reported to have said appears that on Friday morning last one Lorenzo Randall, colored, and others passed near his house and insulted himself and family. A short while after that, he heard his cattle in the pasture, running about as if some one were after them. Proceeding to see what was the matter, he saw a white man who was in the act of injuring his cattle. Lorenzo saw him, he accosted him, threatening him and at the same time telling his gun at him, whereupon he fired a ball and a tree and called for help. Lorenzo went around a few steps and fired at him, and then he returned the volley in his rifle wounding Lorenzo. Miel, Miel, Miel Pattersonville and telegraphed to the Sheriff about the matter, and asking him to come and arrest the parties.

After this mission, on returning home, in a skiff, with Valsin and Dani, Sparks, his father-in-law and brother-in-law, and when on the lake he was met by a skiff containing some eight men; some of the men cried to him to stop, hold on and when within 10 or 15 yards, without more ado opened a murderous fire on him and those with him. Dani Sparks was shot dead. Valsin was wounded, and so was he, he has a scalp wound. Miel then picked up his rifle and opened fire. He would fire a shot at the gunners to pull a few strokes and repeating this several times until he was out of range of the pursuers.

He says that he don't know whether he hit any of his assailants. After reaching the house, the skiff with the men who attacked him, passed in front of his house a half hour after he reached there.

He was then in the house by the dead body of his brother-in-law, and his father-in-law, the body being in the yard. The old man Valsin was again wounded in the leg. He immediately picked up his rifle and began shooting at them, and they then jumped in the water and disappeared. Miel left there and came to St. Martinville, with a view, it is said, of having warrants issued for the arrest of those people who attacked him. Miel is now in jail. The trouble originates from the fact that he purchased a small farm site three or four cows from an old man named Johnny Johnson, whose request he afterwards took to New Orleans to the poorhouse. Following is the Morgan City weekly.

THE WAR IN THE SWAMP

A facsimile of a letter of 1888 written to Pierre Thevenet, Esq., one of the earliest buggy and carriage builders of Breaux Bridge, concerning supplies for buggy parts.

Free Press version of the affair:

On Tuesday morning a horse working and honorable colored man named Lorenzo Randall was shot and badly wounded on Bayou Boute by a flat-moured at one of the islands and was engaged in gathering moss and looked upon Randall and his family, who landed for the same purpose as intruders, and shot at the old man without warning. The proper parties have been filed and sent to St. Martin, in which parish the affair occurred, for service. It is to be hoped that Mills will gave the full benefit of the law.

LATER

Wednesday—Two wounded men were brought in this morning from bayou Boute; Henry Randall, brother of Lorenzo, shot in the chin and Geo. Noye, shot just below his ear, by the Sheriff's posse who attempted to stop the affair. This was done by Mills, Valsin and Daniel Sparks. Noye died about 10 a.m. at the court house. Deputy Sheriff Joshua Thomas with a posse started immediately for the scene of the disturbance to arrest the desperadoes.

About 11 o'clock news was brought in that during the firing last night, Mills and another man were badly wounded, and still another man, name unknown, was killed; this makes a total so far of two killed and four wounded.

STILL LATER

During the day considerable anxiety was manifested to the