

THE WEEKLY MESSENGER.

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JUSTICE TO ALL.

\$1 00.

VOLUME I.

ST. MARTINSVILLE, LA. AUGUST 14th. 1886.

NUMBER 25.

THE MESSENGER.

Our Candidate.

In our last Saturday's issue, we gave a few of the many reasons that actuated our advocacy of the candidacy of the Hon. James E. Mouton for the Judgeship of this district. We then showed, to the satisfaction of all fair-minded men we believe, that only good could be truthfully told of him, and that he possessed in an eminent degree every qualification to adorn the position to which we are advancing his claims. With such good material as we have in the district, a better choice might be made, but we may add, however, that we don't believe it.

We are assured by those who should know whereof they speak, that he will not only receive the nearly unanimous white vote of the parish, but that a great many colored voters, among them leaders, are coming to his support—and that without the least effort on his part. The fact is, the Mouton boom is spreading like an ounce of grease on a brand new silk dress.

A candidate, must indeed, possess sterling merit, when the friends of his opponent, cannot find a "flaw in his record." Here is a specimen of the worst that can be said; it is written evidently by a man who has a fair share of love for Mr. Theo. Fontellieu—it can be found in last Saturday's Jeannerette Item, signed "Remo" being an extract from a correspondence: "Mr. Mouton is a lawyer of great merit, "he is fair and honorable, learned and not "an exclusive partisan. He would no "doubt grace our Judicial bench and apply the law intelligently, justly, promptly and indiscriminately. In every sense "of the word he is a good man and would "be an excellent Judge" Now honestly haven't we got a gilt-edged candidate?

We Must Hustle.

Now that the fall business is not very distant it behooves our merchants to buckle on the armor of enterprise, and show that energy requisite to enhance their fall trade. All avenues that will bring a few dollars to town must be opened. Every advantage that is presented must be thoroughly worked up. All we need is concerted action.

It cannot be gainsaid that this town is other than admirably situated and has every element to make it a prosperous and thriving place. Nature and circumstances have done much—what have the people done? How long, is it supposed, that with a population endowed with the least pluck, the trade of the people living near lake Tasse and beyond the bayou St. Clair bridge, would be allowed to be diverted from its proper channel.

Here we have within three miles of us a section thickly settled with an industrious class of people who make, every year, some 500 to 700 bales of cotton, besides other large crops. Those peo-

ple are principally, in this parish. They would like to trade here. Their trade is worth thousands of dollars. For lack of a bridge at or over lake Tasse, they must travel 18 miles to reach this town. New Iberia is some 7 miles distant from them. Does any sensible man wonder that the latter town gets the trade? A bridge would not cost much. In a progressive town it would be built in the twinkling of an eye, so to speak, and the merchants would furnish the funds for that purpose too. And the contribution of each would be small, considering the returns that would accrue. Let our merchants keep posted in their hats this golden maxim: Providence helps those who help themselves?

As far as can be learned from the statistics, which include estimates on the immigration from Mexico and Canada, the foreign accessions to our population last year were 365,217. This a small percentage less than the year before, and from various causes was to be expected. It is also estimated, on the basis of the census of 1880, and allowing an addition of two per cent for increase of births over deaths, that the population of the country is something over 60,000,000. This is a great growth and puts us in the front ranks of civilized nations.

California is 770 miles long. Its greatest width is 380 miles and it contains 183,981 square miles, or 128,947,849 acres of land.

It seems as if almost anything would grow in California. The camphor laurel, from which the camphor of commerce is obtained, has been successfully introduced in that state and promises to yield large results. The camphor laurel is a native of China.

Local Lights.

The Teche is dead low.

Beer on ice at 5 cents a glass at B. Audibert's.

Our thanks are due to Hon. E. J. Gay, for copy of Congressional Record.

We extend our thanks to the Ladies Aid Society of the Episcopal Church, for the nice cakes presented the Messenger.

The jury commissioners were at work last Tuesday, drawing the jury for the October term of the District Court.

Mr. L. T. Belt, the superintendent of the Belt line of steamers, has contracted with parties in Indiana for the building of a boat for the Teche trade. She will be ready for the fall business.

The host of friends of Judge G. A. Fournet of Lake Charles, were happy to meet him, in town, this week, but were pained to see that his health is not of the best. If the Judge could be prevailed to spend a sufficient time at the scenes of his boyhood, our fine climate and the willing efforts of his friends to make his stay enjoyable, would go great way to bring back that great boon—health.

"The St Martinsville Messenger is doing splendid service in behalf of Hon. James E. Mouton for the vacant District Judgeship, whose chances are improved by the declination of Hon. J. E. Breaux to become a candidate."—N. O. City Item.

We have it on good authority that active preparations are being made by the amateurs of Breaux Bridge to give a dramatic entertainment next month that bids fair to surpass, by great odds, anything heretofore undertaken in that line.

Last Sunday, the Misses Labbe, gave an enjoyable dancing soiree to their friends. And Wednesday the Misses Bancker entertained their friends, also, at a pleasant soiree. "Enjoy thy youth, it will not stay; Enjoy the fragrance of the prime. For, O, it is not always May!"

A few dollars to the Volunteer Fire Co. No. 1, we have an idea, would not be unacceptable. Could we not have a tournament, or some kind of entertainment, whereby a good act could be done and at the same time infuse a little life and pleasure in the old burg?

Our crop reports are about the same as last week: Cotton, slightly below the average, expected the 1st of July; corn, fair and being garnered; cane, stand good though a little backward. All in all, there is not very great cause to grumble.

The public roads between Breaux Bridge and this town are in a very bad traveling condition. There are several mud-holes which takes all the strength of a strong team to pull through. Now that we are having fair weather it is to be hoped that the road overseers, in the several districts, will to endeavor eliminate this state of things.

In one of our public schools. The teacher asked little Tommy:

"What is the shape of the earth.

"Round sir."

"Right my little boy. Now tell me how do you know the earth is round? What make you think the earth is round?"

"I heard you say so the other day," replied Tommy.

The venerable mother of Mr. J. F. Penne, departed this life last Sunday, at the ripe age of years. The obsequies were held next day, and a large number of sorrowing friends followed the remains to their last resting place. Several societies attended the funeral, one of which—the ladies of St. Joseph—she was an honored member. She had been sick for a number of months past, and bore her illness with Christian fortitude. Mrs. Penne was a kind parent, a true friend, and was endowed with those Christian qualities that made her loved by those who came in contact with her. Her charities were many, and there is more than one that will feel that Death has deprived them of their best friend. Her life work is done, she is now enjoying in Heaven the reward thereof. Our heartfelt sympathy is extended to the bereaved family.

Had we the space we could easily fill two columns descriptive of the entertainment and its appointments, given at Mr. E. R. Knight's residence last Thursday evening by the Ladies Aid Society. However, we must say that seldom have we seen an enterprise carried out more successfully. In approaching the house one was struck by the transformation of the garden into a fairy scene—numerable chinese lanterns, of varied hues, were suspended from the boughs of the trees, interspersed here and there with brilliant effect; the front rooms of the house, splendidly illuminated, were used for the dancing; the luncheon, cake, lemonade and tea tables were tastefully decorated and were presided over by the ladies, among whom were Mrs. E. Simon and her charming daughter Miss Pena, Mrs. Mayer, Mrs. Frantz Mrs. Mailhos, and the Misses Belle Robertson, Ella Knight, Mary Baumgardner, and the Misses Fitzhugh, of Iberia, the latter contributing no little to the success of the entertainment. All told, the ladies have every reason to be proud of their success, and the large number of people present were pleased with the pleasant enjoyment afforded. And we doubt not that those attending, Oliver Twist-like, would not refuse another treat.

Beer on ice at 5 cents a glass at B. Audibert's.

A Crying Shame.

St. Martinsville, La., Aug. 9th 1886.

T. L. Broussard Esq., Sheriff.

Dear Sir,

It being an utter impossibility, for want of the most indispensable items of furniture, in the Court Room of our Parish, to hold therein a term of Court, with the required order, the required decorum, and dignity; and having made it my duty to mention the matter to those in charge of our Parish affairs, who are of a similar opinion, I now beg that you be so kind as to forthwith take such measures as to procure, first of all, the necessary benches for the Court Room, and thus afford, to those who may be commanded to remain there, at least, the luxury of a seat.

Trusting that the matter will receive your prompt attention.

I am respectfully yours

J. E. Mouton,

Judge 21st Jud. Dt. La.

Judge Mouton's request is timely and should be speedily heeded. The actual condition of the Court Room is not only an eye sore, but it affords no conveniences to those who, perforce, must stay there. Sheriff Broussard, we know, has more than once felt that the crying shame ought to be obliterated, but as no appropriation was at his disposal, he did not see that it was his duty at his own expense, to do it. However, now that the Judge has issued his order, we hope the Sheriff will at once, order the necessary work, and we believe, the Police Jury will pay the expenses incurred. Let the work commence within the shortest possible time.