

That church at Talence was a favourite place of pilgrimage for the good people of Bordeaux, who made constant pleasure parties to it ; and after hearing mass and fulfilling their vows, had merry breakfasts in the little garden and arbours around it. The Curé insisted that this was harmless and innocent recreation ; and not the less so that religious devotions had preceded it ; nor would he admit that the religious devotion was profaned by the friendly breakfast that was to follow. Of the miracles thought to be wrought by prayer in the sanctuary, he left each one to judge for himself. As the popular sentiment moved each one to more fervent prayer in the church of Notre Dame de Talence than elsewhere, their prayers, he said, were more likely to be granted ; and hence virtue came to be attributed to the church itself. The Curé did express a wish that the people would not tie garlands of flowers and bits of tawdry finery round a mutilated colossal statue of an angel, which they took to be a Madonna, and which, having been removed from the old church when it was rebuilt, had been laid neglected against a

tree in his garden. But the intention was devotional; and how could he risk offending the devotees of his parish by charging them with indecorum and apparent idolatry, of which they had never dreamed?

This fear of giving offence must always, more or less, act upon ministers who are dependent upon their flocks. On the day when the Archbishop had given confirmation in the church, the Curé had sent to borrow our fish-kettle, as the prelate was to dine with him, and a lady of Talence had presented him with a magnificent turbot. The kettle was lent, and we went to church: there we took our position in an open space near the altar; and when the good priest requested us to move elsewhere, I resolutely refused to do so, as I could not understand that the space was really wanted for the ceremonial. He urged me much, and said afterwards, "I knew I should get such a scolding for allowing you to stay there from Madame la D ev ote, for I had just turned herself from the place; and it was she who had given me the turbot!"

In the United States of America, all minis-

ters of religion are dependent upon the support of their followers, and I was about to see how the principle would work there against a lady who gave a turbot!

One winter's morning about five o'clock, consequently in the dark, we made our way on board a little steamer that lay near one of the piers of Bordeaux; and when the sun rose, found ourselves going up a broad stream between flat and sedgy banks, above which nothing was to be seen on either side. There was a fair number of country people on the deck, which was encumbered with empty hen-coops, returning to the farmhouses which supplied Bordeaux with poultry and the famous fat geese of Agen. On—on went the steamer for about one hundred miles, and little could we see on either side beyond the reeds or the willows that covered the fenny banks. Occasionally, as near La Reolle or Marmande, a small bluff rose above the water; but there was no scenery that could be called the least pretty until we came to the dingy old town of Agen, with its narrow streets bounded by low-browed arcades, on which the old houses

toppled over, as they seemed to have done for the last thousand years. Why, then, do I record this two days' trip up the great Garonne? I do so, because the mind, now looking back to a country where the government has created no public works, but where popular energy has covered the wilderness with animation, marvels to think of the many splendid bridges, erected by the state, that spanned this river from either side, while its waters, running through populous districts and into one of the busiest commercial sea-ports of France, were unthought of as a means of traffic, and bore upon their ample breast only our own miserable steamer and its fellow of the alternate days, and a few small barges that seemed to ply from village to village—heedless of the wide world which the ocean opened to them a few leagues lower down! So impossible is it for a government to supply the lack of individual and national energy! so impossible is it for national and individual energy to lie dormant, although unassisted by government!

And now, the time was at hand when we were to quit Talence, and seek those stirring

wildernesses. One of my daughters had been seriously unwell. Dr. Chaumet, an eminent physician of Bordeaux, had attended her; and, with blisters and leeches, had checked what he believed to be a dangerous disease of the lungs. On the 7th of April, she was much better, and he told me he had hopes of restoring her health: "This month", said he, "I will give cod's liver oil: in May, she shall change it for eau de goudron: in June, she shall live upon ass's milk: in July, we will give her citrate of iron and eau de goudron again; and a little time after that, she will begin to gain strength." Who will infuse a little of the energy and life of which I was speaking, into the practice of continental medicine! I wrote down the doctor's plan of treatment, and told him that, having consulted our daughter upon it, she herself said that nothing would cure her but a long sea voyage—that she panted for the sea; and that we were, therefore, about to start in a sailing vessel for the New World. I twice called upon him, and requested him, as his countryman advised me, to send in his bill. I know not if he was