

of some delay in the delivery of the cargo, the *Belle Assize* would reach New Orleans before the unhealthy season set in. The dread of the yellow fever flashed upon us! I had not thought it began so soon! I took advantage of the alleged uncertainty as to the time of the vessel's starting; broke off our treaty; and resolved to go to Havre and embark thence for New York. I left some of our luggage to go by way of New Orleans, and this I insured at Bordeaux at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; the property, money, plate, and jewels which we took with us, for reasons which will hereafter be stated, I also insured in the same office, to go from Havre to New York in a sailing vessel, at $\frac{1}{2}$ and at $\frac{5}{8}$ per cent. The French are excellent men of business for those who do not grudge the time needed to carry out all their methodical ways; and I found no difficulty in effecting all these arrangements.

Farewell then to Talence. Fourteen weeks of the winter and spring had glided away since we entered the quiet village: they had glided away in such solitude as can be known by a young father and mother surrounded by

twelve children—six boys and six girls—of ages varying from two to nineteen. The reader must become acquainted with my children. It was for those boys, that we were about to undertake the voyage to America. From the time of the birth of my second son, I had determined that emigration to the back woods would be the happiest lot for all of them during my life; for all, but the eldest, after me. Fond of a country life myself, I had resolved that the chances of happiness were greater to young men who (first endowed with classical education such as is given in Europe) should occupy lands of their own in the New World, and see their children grow up around them to a similar lot, than they would be to the same young men if harnessed to any of the professions in England, through which they perhaps might, by the time they were sixty, earn a competence on which to marry and breed up another race of aspiring paupers. Right or wrong, this had been my settled conviction through life; and we would now take an opportunity of visiting the country with them and of becoming acquainted with their

future home, while our daughters were not old enough to require our residence elsewhere. Three of our sons had already been to some of our best Catholic Colleges in England. Our daughters had worked, like other young ladies, with governesses and masters: and at Talence, education and accomplishments had not been neglected. I had encouraged my children to publish, as we grandiloquently called it in the language of "the Trade", a family periodical once a fortnight, to which each one contributed such thoughts and such caligraphy as he or she could command. One of our daughters was appointed editor of the *Bosquet de Flore*, as we entitled the journal; and three years and many events that have since chanced, seem to have given sentiment to some doggerel lines that I addressed to her in the first number, and which I will copy here in order to make the reader better acquainted with his future fellow-travellers:

Talence:

A place in France.

Can aught enhance

Its beauties or advance

Its claims to love? What blessed chance

Has led us through a weary countrydance

By steamer, railroad, diligence,
 To this sweet pilgrimage ? I'd break a lance
 With whoso said one word against the manse
 We've found in it, and make them elsewhere prance.
 But now that I've worn out this rhyming stanza—
 -A, let me hail the sweet Bosquet de Flore
 In different rhyme. Oh may it more and more
 Endure, and sweet and sweeter grow :—a store
 Of *souv'nirs* of Talence that o'er and o'er
 We may recur to from whatever shore
 Shall be decreed to us ; and ne'er deplore
 Our short stay here nor think it was a bore.
 When love and piety are at the core
 Of every heart, all earth becomes a floor
 From which the buoyant spirit learns to soar
 Aloft and knock at heaven's half-open'd door.
 In after years, when these are ' days of yore,'
 So let us deem of them : and

“ ‘ Heretofore,'

Thus let us say, ' how pleasantly they wore
 Away, those weeks at Talence ! Goodness, lore,
 And love were ours. Those winter mornings hoar
 On which we rose and hasten'd to implore
 God's grace at church, are sweet to ponder o'er :—
 Though some were left to lie abed and snore.
 Oft the high road was red with swinish gore.
 Two pigs were kill'd—sometimes they slaughter'd four :
 Dogs lapp'd and for the offal fought and tore,
 While men look'd on, stuff'd sausages and swore.
 At Talence, too, began the ' Bosquet de Flore,'
 In which we each put forth our little store
 Of wit.'...Dear Louie ! I can write no more.
 May the good God thou truly dost adore
 Thee prosper—thee and thine for evermore.

Forgive these trifles. Life would be very dry without them: and it is the purport of these pages to describe, not only the travels, but the thoughts, the feelings, the impressions of a family under somewhat novel and trying circumstances.

How the rain poured down on the morning of the 2nd May 1851, when we left our pretty villa of Mr. Crespi and drove through Bordeaux to the port! A guard from the Octroi at Talence accompanied us through the town, lest we should open any of our boxes and scatter eatables or drinkables by the way that had not paid the proper tax. Never have I seen a vessel more crowded than was the little steamer on which we embarked on the broad Gironde. Some two hundred people were choking in a little cabin below deck capable of holding ten in such comfort as cabins below deck afford: but I had not seen the river steamers of the new world, and did not then grumble as memory does now. It continued to rain; and, after two or three hours, we landed at Blaye.

There began the post road through la Vendée to Saumur on the Loire, where it met the