

quainted, Monsieur Bodry, one fine morning, consented to the request of his son, that he might go to Paris to see his betrothed, a few months before he came of age; on which occasion the nuptials were to take place. The young man felt, without doubt, a certain degree of curiosity respecting the person who was destined to be his partner for life; but—if the truth must be told—he was, though of feeble constitution and uncertain health, extremely fond of pleasure. Then, as now, Paris was the focus of enjoyment, and to have the full swing of the capital before he settled down for good, was the thing of all others which the young Lyonnese most ardently desired. Supplied then, with a full purse and the letter of introduction to Monsieur Gombert, which constituted his sole credentials, Henri Bodry set out of his native city, about the latter end of November, in the year 1757.

A hundred years ago, the journey from Lyons to Paris was an affair of time. Ordinary travellers usually went by roulage, and consumed nearly twenty days on the road; but the wealthier middle classes aspired to the coche, a lumbering carriage without springs, nearly as heavy and almost as slow as the public waggon, but infinitely more genteel. As the roulier did not comport with the dignity of Henri Bodry, he took the coche. In those days of rare intercourse between places separated by any great distance, it seldom happened that the traveller who was going all the way, met with a companion similarly intensioned. For the most part, people descended at intermediate towns, where others supplied their places; but it not unfrequently chanced that a dreary blank with no new faces intervened, creating that worst of all sensations a Frenchman can experience, the intolerable *ennui* of having nobody to talk to.

Henri Bodry's prospect at starting was of the latter cheerless character; for after passing Trevoux, he found himself the sole occupant of the coche, and this irksome solitude lasted until he reached the ancient city of Macon. The coche, as soon as it was dark, put up for the night at the auberge called "The Cross of Burgundy," and in a large room, containing four beds, the usual complement at that time, Henri was left to sup and sleep, and make it out how he might until eight

o'clock on the following morning, when the vehicle would be once more in motion.

With a long November evening before him the prospect was not a pleasant one; but, while he was waiting for his promised supper, a stranger entered the apartment, dressed as if for a journey, and carrying a small valise in his hand. He was a young man, apparently about the same age as Bodry, good-looking and of a cheerful, pleasant countenance. After bestowing a glance on the occupant of the chamber, the stranger looked about him as if to see which bed was unoccupied, and then took possession of one of them by throwing his cloak, hat and valise upon it. This act of appropriation performed, he approached the table where Bodry sat, and without any preamble, asked him if he was travelling and which way he was going. With the frankness of his age, Henri at once told him his destination, at which the newcomer expressed great satisfaction, he being also bound for Paris, and, as freely as he had enquired, went on to say, that he had come some distance across the country, and if Monsieur had not already eaten his supper, would be most happy in being permitted to share that meal with him. Bodry was delighted to have a companion so agreeable, and acquiesced in the proposal most readily; the supper was soon served, and over a bottle of Moulin a Vent, the wine for which Macon is still so famous, the young men rapidly made acquaintance. At twenty years of age, there are no reserves; Bodry entered into his own affairs without the slightest concealment, described his position, stated the object of his journey, and fairly acknowledged, in reply to a laughing question from the other, that he had no great vocation for his impending marriage.

In return for this confession, the stranger said, his name also was Henri—Henri Blaireau—the son of an advocate at Bourgen-Bresse; that he was not over burthened with money, but hoped to acquire it by following his father's profession, after he had studied enough law at the college in the Rue St. Jean de Beauvais. As to law itself, it was not his choice; he would rather spend a fortune, than be at the trouble of making one—but what would you have?

The intimacy which thus sprang up between the travellers was not diminished by