

A TRAVELLER'S EXPERIENCE.

BEFORE the railroad had supplanted stage coaches and diligences in France, Louis Veuillot and a friend were once journeying inside a *Lafitte* and *Caillard*.

It was Friday. At one of the stopping places, the travellers alighted for dinner. To get a lenten meal was not the easiest thing in the world ; there was no Friday food mentioned on the bill of fare. While their companions rushed to the tables loaded with various kinds of meat, the eminent writer and his friend, fully determined to observe the precept of abstinence, cost what it might, and yet to pay for a dinner only in as much as they had eaten one, sent for the landlord.

" Sir, " said they, " we do not eat meat on Friday ; be good enough to serve us an abstinence dinner. "

The housekeeper had evidently his own decided opinion about the Commandments of the Church : he would abolish them.

" Gentlemen, " replied he, with an amiable smile, " I am sorry, but we have no Friday fare. "

" Well, get some, then. "

" That would take a long time and the coach does not wait. "

" Then bring us some bread, wine and cheese. And, Sir, let the cost be just twenty sous ! "

The innkeeper was commencing to lose his temper. He had a great notion to send them off. But, then, they represented seven francs. He was willing to argue.

" I think " said he " one can eat what is served to him and yet not be damned for that. "

" While you are disputing, " they remarked, " you could already have made an omelet ; and while we are answering, we are not dining. "

" By what I see, " these gentlemen have a religion, " remarked one of the guests who was in good trim to devour juicy cutlets. "

This was a stout, upstart bourgeois, a reader of the " *Siècle*, " who, during the journey, had more than once excited the nerves of the two friends by expressing his admiration of Voltaire and his worship of the God of good people, sung by Béranger.