JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

AUDUBON AND HIS JOURNALS, VOLUME 1 (OF 2)

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PREFACE

It is customary at the close of a Preface to make some acknowledgment of the services rendered by others in the preparation of a volume; but in my case this aid has been so generous, so abundant, and so helpful, that I must reverse the order of things and begin by saying that my heartiest thanks are due to the many who have assisted me in a work which for many years has been my dream.

Without the very material aid, both by pen and advice, of Dr. Elliott Coues, these pages would have lost more than I care to contemplate. All the zoölogical notes are his, and many of the geographical, besides suggestions too numerous to mention; moreover, all this assistance was most liberally given at a time when he personally was more than busy; and yet my wishes and convenience have always been consulted.

Next to the memory of my father, Mr. Ruthven Deane has been the motive power which has caused this volume to be written. For many years he has urged me to attempt it, and has

supplied me with some valuable material, especially regarding Henderson. During the months that I have been working on much that I have felt incompetent to deal with, his encouragement has helped me over many a difficulty.

To my sisters Harriet and Florence, and my cousin M. Eliza Audubon, I am especially indebted. The first and last have lent me of their choicest treasures; letters, journals, and other manuscripts they have placed unconditionally in my hands, besides supplying many details from other sources; and my sister Florence has been my almost hourly assistant in more ways than I can specify.

The arrangement of the papers and journals was suggested by the late Dr. G. Brown Goode; and many names come to mind of friends who have helped me in other ways. Among them are those of Mr. W. H. Wetherill, Messrs. Richard R. and William Rathbone, my aunt, Mrs. James Hall, Dr. Arthur T. Lincoln, Mr. Morris F. Tyler, Mr. Joseph Coolidge, Rev. A. Gordon Bakewell, and Mr. George Bird Grinnell.

I wish also to say that without the loving generosity of my friend the late Miss M. Louise Comstock, I should never have had the time at my command which I have needed for this work; and last, but by no means least, I thank my mother for her many memories, and for her wise criticisms.

There came into my hands about twelve years ago some of these journals, – those of the Missouri and Labrador journeys; and since then others have been added, all of which had been

virtually lost for years. The story of how I heard of some, and traced others, is too long to tell here, so I will only say that these journals have formed my chief sources of information. So far as has been possible I have verified and supplemented them by every means. Researches have been made in San Domingo, New Orleans, and France; letters and journals have been consulted which prove this or that statement; and from the mass of papers I have accumulated, I have used perhaps one fifth.

"The Life of Audubon the Naturalist, edited by Mr. Robert Buchanan from material supplied by his widow," covers, or is supposed to cover, the same ground I have gone over. That the same journals were used is obvious; and besides these, others, destroyed by fire in Shelbyville, Ky., were at my grandmother's command, and more than all, her own recollections and voluminous diaries. Her manuscript, which I never saw, was sent to the English publishers, and was not returned to the author by them or by Mr. Buchanan. How much of it was valuable, it is impossible to say; but the fact remains that Mr. Buchanan's book is so mixed up, so interspersed with anecdotes and episodes, and so interlarded with derogatory remarks of his own, as to be practically useless to the world, and very unpleasant to the Audubon family. Moreover, with few exceptions everything about birds has been left out. Many errors in dates and names are apparent, especially the date of the Missouri River journey, which is ten years later than he states. However, if Mr. Buchanan had done his work better,

there would have been no need for mine; so I forgive him, even though he dwells at unnecessary length on Audubon's vanity and selfishness, of which I find no traces.

In these journals, nine in all, and in the hundred or so of letters, written under many skies, and in many conditions of life, by a man whose education was wholly French, one of the journals dating as far back as 1822, and some of the letters even earlier, – there is not one sentence, one expression, that is other than that of a refined and cultured gentleman. More than that, there is not one utterance of "anger, hatred or malice." Mr. George Ord and Mr. Charles Waterton were both my grandfather's bitter enemies, yet one he rarely mentions, and of the latter, when he says, "I had a scrubby letter from Waterton," he has said his worst.

But the journals will speak for themselves better than I can, and so I send them forth, believing that to many they will be of absorbing interest, as they have been to me.

M. R. A.

INTRODUCTION

In the brief biography of Audubon which follows, I have given, I believe, the only correct account that has been written, and as such I present it. I am not competent to give an opinion as to the merits of his work, nor is it necessary. His place as naturalist, woodsman, artist, author, has long since been accorded him, and he himself says: "My enemies have been few, and my friends numerous."

I have tried only to put Audubon *the man* before my readers, and in his own words so far as possible, that they may know what he was, not what others *thought* he was.

M. R. A.

AUDUBON

The village of Mandeville in the parish of St. Tammany, Louisiana, is about twenty miles from New Orleans on the north shore of Lake Ponchartrain. Here, on the plantation of the same name, owned by the Marquis de Mandeville de Marigny, John James Laforest Audubon[1] was born, the Marquis having lent his home, in the generous southern fashion, to his friend Admiral Jean Audubon, who, with his Spanish Creole wife, lived here some months. In the same house, towards the close of the last century, Louis Philippe found refuge for a time with the ever hospitable Marigny family, and he named the beautiful plantation home "Fontainebleau." Since then changes innumerable have come, the estate has other owners, the house has gone, those who once dwelt there are long dead, their descendants scattered, the old landmarks obliterated.

Audubon has given a sketch of his father in his own words in "Myself," which appears in the pages following; but of his mother little indeed is known. Only within the year, have papers come into the hands of her great-grandchildren, which prove her surname to have been *Rabin*. Audubon himself tells of her tragic

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[1] "My name is John James Laforest Audubon. The name Laforest I never sign except when writing to my wife, and she is the only being, since my father's death, who calls me by it." (Letter of Audubon to Mrs. Rathbone, 1827.) All Mrs. Audubon's letters to her husband address him as Laforest.

death, which was not, however, in the St. Domingo insurrection of 1793, but in one of the local uprisings of the slaves which were of frequent occurrence in that beautiful island, whose history is too dark to dwell upon. Beyond this nothing can be found relating to the mother, whom Audubon lost before he was old enough to remember her, except that in 1822 one of the family Marigny told my father, John Woodhouse Audubon, then a boy of ten, who with his parents was living in New Orleans, that she was "une dame d'une beauté incomparable et avec beaucoup de fierté." It may seem strange that nothing more can be found regarding this lady, but it is to be remembered these were troublous days, when stormy changes were the rule; and the roving and adventurous sailor did not, I presume, encumber himself with papers. To these circumstances also it is probably due that the date of Audubon's birth is not known, and must always remain an open question. In his journals and letters various allusions are made to his age, and many passages bearing on the matter are found, but with one exception no two agree; he may have been born anywhere between 1772 and 1783, and in the face of this uncertainty the date usually given, May 5, 1780, may be accepted, though the true one is no doubt earlier.

The attachment between Audubon and his father was of the strongest description, as the long and affectionate, if somewhat infrequent letters, still in the possession of the family, fully demonstrate. When the Admiral was retired from active service, he lived at La Gerbétière in France with his second wife, Anne

Moynette, until his death, on February 19, 1818, at the great age of ninety-five.

In this home near the Loire, Audubon spent his happy boyhood and youth, dearly beloved and loving, and receiving the best education time and place afforded. As the boy grew older and more advantages were desired for him, came absences when he was at school in La Rochelle and Paris; but La Gerbétière was his home till in early manhood he returned to America, the land he loved above all others, as his journals show repeatedly. The impress of the years in France was never lost; he always had a strong French accent, he possessed in a marked degree the adaptability to circumstances which is a trait of that nation, and his disposition inherited from both parents was elated or depressed by a trifle. He was quick-tempered, enthusiastic, and romantic, yet affectionate, forgiving, and with unlimited industry and perseverance; he was generous to every one with time, money, and possessions; nothing was too good for others, but his own personal requirements were of the simplest character. His life shows all this and more, better than words of mine can tell; and as the only account of his years till he left Henderson, Ky., in 1819, is in his own journal, it is given here in full.[2]

[2] This manuscript was found in an old book which had been in a barn on Staten Island for years.

Myself.[3]

The precise period of my birth is yet an enigma to me, and I can only say what I have often heard my father repeat to me on this subject, which is as follows: It seems that my father had large properties in Santo Domingo, and was in the habit of visiting frequently that portion of our Southern States called, and known by the name of, Louisiana, then owned by the French Government.

During one of these excursions he married a lady of Spanish extraction, whom I have been led to understand was as beautiful as she was wealthy, and otherwise attractive, and who bore my father three sons and a daughter, – I being the youngest of the sons and the only one who survived extreme youth. My mother, soon after my birth, accompanied my father to the estate of Aux Cayes, on the island of Santo Domingo, and she was one of the victims during the ever-to-be-lamented period of the negro insurrection of that island.

My father, through the intervention of some faithful servants, escaped from Aux Cayes with a good portion of his plate and money, and with me and these humble friends reached New Orleans in safety. From this place he took me to France, where, having married the only mother I have ever known, he left me under her charge and returned to

[3] Reprinted from Scribner's Magazine, March, 1893, p. 267. A few errors in names and dates are now corrected.

the United States in the employ of the French Government, acting as an officer under Admiral Rochambeau. Shortly afterward, however, he landed in the United States and became attached to the army under La Fayette.

The first of my recollective powers placed me in the central portion of the city of Nantes, on the Loire River, in France, where I still recollect particularly that I was much cherished by my dear stepmother, who had no children of her own, and that I was constantly attended by one or two black servants, who had followed my father from Santo Domingo to New Orleans and afterward to Nantes.

One incident which is as perfect in my memory as if it had occurred this very day, I have thought of thousands of times since, and will now put on paper as one of the curious things which perhaps did lead me in after times to love birds, and to finally study them with pleasure infinite. My mother had several beautiful parrots and some monkeys; one of the latter was a full-grown male of a very large species. One morning, while the servants were engaged in arranging the room I was in, "Pretty Polly" asking for her breakfast as usual, "*Du pain au lait pour le perroquet Mignonne*," the man of the woods probably thought the bird presuming upon his rights in the scale of nature; be this as it may, he certainly showed his supremacy in strength over the denizen of the air, for, walking deliberately and uprightly toward the poor bird, he at once killed it, with unnatural composure. The sensations of my infant heart at this cruel sight were agony to me. I prayed the servant to beat the monkey, but he, who for some reason preferred the monkey to the parrot,

refused. I uttered long and piercing cries, my mother rushed into the room, I was tranquillized, the monkey was forever afterward chained, and Mignonne buried with all the pomp of a cherished lost one.

This made, as I have said, a very deep impression on my youthful mind. But now, my dear children, I must tell you somewhat of *my* father, and of his parentage.

John Audubon, my grandfather, was born and lived at the small village of Sable d'Olhonne, and was by trade a very humble fisherman. He appears to have made up for the want of wealth by the number of his children, twenty-one of whom he actually raised to man and womanhood. All were sons, with one exception; my aunt, one uncle, and my father, who was the twentieth son, being the only members of that extraordinary numerous family who lived to old age. In subsequent years, when I visited Sable d'Olhonne, the old residents assured me that they had seen the whole family, including both parents, at church many times.

When my father had reached the age of twelve years, his father presented him with a shirt, a dress of coarse material, a stick, and his blessing, and urged him to go and seek means for his future support and sustenance.

Some *kind* whaler or cod-fisherman took him on board as a "Boy." Of his life during his early voyages it would be useless to trouble you; let it suffice for me to say that they were of the usual most uncomfortable nature. How many trips he made I cannot say, but he told me that by the time he was seventeen he had become an able seaman before the mast; when twenty-one he commanded a fishing-smack,

and went to the great Newfoundland Banks; at twenty-five he owned several small crafts, all fishermen, and at twenty-eight sailed for Santo Domingo with his little flotilla heavily loaded with the produce of the deep. "Fortune," said he to me one day, "now began to smile upon me. I did well in this enterprise, and after a few more voyages of the same sort gave up the sea, and purchased a small estate on the Isle à Vaches;[4] the prosperity of Santo Domingo was at its zenith, and in the course of ten years I had realized something very considerable. The then Governor gave me an appointment which called me to France, and having received some favors there, I became once more a seafaring man, the government having granted me the command of a small vessel of war."[5]

How long my father remained in the service, it is impossible for me to say. The different changes occurring at the time of the American Revolution, and afterward during that in France, seem to have sent him from one place to another as if a foot-ball; his property in Santo Domingo augmenting, however, the while, and indeed till the liberation of the black slaves there.

During a visit he paid to Pennsylvania when suffering from the effects of a sunstroke, he purchased the beautiful farm of Mill Grove, on the Schuylkill and Perkiomen streams. At this place, and a few days only before the memorable battle (*sic*) of Valley Forge, General Washington presented him with his portrait, now in my possession; and highly do I value it as a memento of that

[4] Isle à Vache, eight miles south of Aux Cayes.

[5] This vessel was the "Annelle."

noble man and the glories of those days.[6] At the conclusion of the war between England and her child of the West, my father returned to France and continued in the employ of the naval department of that country, being at one time sent to Plymouth, England, in a seventy-five-gun ship to exchange prisoners. This was, I think, in the short peace that took place between England and France in 1801. He returned to Rochefort, where he lived for several years, still in the employ of government. He finally sent in his resignation and returned to Nantes and La Gerbétière. He had many severe trials and afflictions before his death, having lost my two older brothers early in the French Revolution; both were officers in the army. His only sister was killed by the Chouans of La Vendée,[7] and the only brother he had was not on good terms with him. This brother resided at Bayonne, and, I believe, had a large family, none of whom I have ever seen or known.[8]

In personal appearance my father and I were of the same height and stature, say about five feet ten inches, erect, and

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[6] The family still own this portrait, of which Victor G. Audubon writes: "This portrait is probably the *first* one taken of that great and good man, and although the drawing is hard, the coloring and costume are correct, I have no doubt. It was copied by Greenhow, the sculptor, when he was preparing to model his 'Washington' for the Capitol, and he considered it as a valuable addition to the material already obtained. This portrait was painted by an artist named Polk, but who or what he was, I know not."

[7] There still remain those who recall how Audubon would walk up and down, snapping his fingers, a habit he had when excited, when relating how he had seen his aunt tied to a wagon and dragged through the streets of Nantes in the time of Carrier.

[8] This brother left three daughters; only one married, and her descendants, if any, cannot be traced.

with muscles of steel; his manners were those of a most polished gentleman, for those and his natural understanding had been carefully improved both by observation and by self-education. In temper we much resembled each other also, being warm, irascible, and at times violent; but it was like the blast of a hurricane, dreadful for a time, when calm almost instantly returned. He greatly approved of the change in France during the time of Napoleon, whom he almost idolized. My father died in 1818, regretted most deservedly on account of his simplicity, truth, and perfect sense of honesty. Now I must return to myself.

My stepmother, who was devotedly attached to me, far too much so for my good, was desirous that I should be brought up to live and die "like a gentleman," thinking that fine clothes and filled pockets were the only requisites needful to attain this end. She therefore completely spoiled me, hid my faults, boasted to every one of my youthful merits, and, worse than all, said frequently in my presence that I was the handsomest boy in France. All my wishes and idle notions were at once gratified; she went so far as actually to grant me *carte blanche* at all the confectionery shops in the town, and also of the village of Couéron, where during the summer we lived, as it were, in the country.

My father was quite of another, and much more valuable description of mind as regarded my future welfare; he believed not in the power of gold coins as efficient means to render a man happy. He spoke of the stores of the mind, and having suffered much himself through the want of education, he ordered that I should be put to school, and

have teachers at home. "Revolutions," he was wont to say, "too often take place in the lives of individuals, and they are apt to lose in one day the fortune they before possessed; but talents and knowledge, added to sound mental training, assisted by honest industry, can never fail, nor be taken from any one once the possessor of such valuable means." Therefore, notwithstanding all my mother's entreaties and her tears, off to a school I was sent. Excepting only, perhaps, military schools, none were good in France at this period; the thunders of the Revolution still roared over the land, the Revolutionists covered the earth with the blood of man, woman, and child. But let me forever drop the curtain over the frightful aspect of this dire picture. To think of these dreadful days is too terrible, and would be too horrible and painful for me to relate to you, my dear sons.

The school I went to was none of the best; my private teachers were the only means through which I acquired the least benefit. My father, who had been for so long a seaman, and who was then in the French navy, wished me to follow in his steps, or else to become an engineer. For this reason I studied drawing, geography, mathematics, fencing, etc., as well as music, for which I had considerable talent. I had a good fencing-master, and a first-rate teacher of the violin; mathematics was hard, dull work, I thought; geography pleased me more. For my other studies, as well as for dancing, I was quite enthusiastic; and I well recollect how anxious I was then to become the commander of a corps of dragoons.

My father being mostly absent on duty, my mother

suffered me to do much as I pleased; it was therefore not to be wondered at that, instead of applying closely to my studies, I preferred associating with boys of my own age and disposition, who were more fond of going in search of birds' nests, fishing, or shooting, than of better studies. Thus almost every day, instead of going to school when I ought to have gone, I usually made for the fields, where I spent the day; my little basket went with me, filled with good eatables, and when I returned home, during either winter or summer, it was replenished with what I called curiosities, such as birds' nests, birds' eggs, curious lichens, flowers of all sorts, and even pebbles gathered along the shore of some rivulet.

The first time my father returned from sea after this my room exhibited quite a show, and on entering it he was so pleased to see my various collections that he complimented me on my taste for such things: but when he inquired what else I had done, and I, like a culprit, hung my head, he left me without saying another word. Dinner over he asked my sister for some music, and, on her playing for him, he was so pleased with her improvement that he presented her with a beautiful book. I was next asked to play on my violin, but alas! for nearly a month I had not touched it, it was stringless; not a word was said on that subject. "Had I any drawings to show?" Only a few, and those not good. My good father looked at his wife, kissed my sister, and humming a tune left the room. The next morning at dawn of day my father and I were under way in a private carriage; my trunk, etc., were fastened to it, my violin-case was under my feet, the postilion was ordered to proceed, my father took a

book from his pocket, and while he silently read I was left entirely to my own thoughts.

After some days' travelling we entered the gates of Rochefort. My father had scarcely spoken to me, yet there was no anger exhibited in his countenance; nay, as we reached the house where we alighted, and approached the door, near which a sentinel stopped his walk and presented arms, I saw him smile as he raised his hat and said a few words to the man, but so low that not a syllable reached my ears.

The house was furnished with servants, and everything seemed to go on as if the owner had not left it. My father bade me sit by his side, and taking one of my hands calmly said to me: "My beloved boy, thou art now safe. I have brought thee here that I may be able to pay constant attention to thy studies; thou shalt have ample time for pleasures, but the remainder *must* be employed with industry and care. This day is entirely thine own, and as I must attend to my duties, if thou wishest to see the docks, the fine ships-of-war, and walk round the wall, thou may'st accompany me." I accepted, and off together we went; I was presented to every officer we met, and they noticing me more or less, I saw much that day, yet still I perceived that I was like a prisoner-of-war on parole in the city of Rochefort.

My best and most amiable companion was the son of Admiral, or Vice-Admiral (I do not precisely recollect his rank) Vivien, who lived nearly opposite to the house where my father and I then resided; his company I much enjoyed,

and with him all my leisure hours were spent. About this time my father was sent to England in a corvette with a view to exchange prisoners, and he sailed on board the man-of-war "L'Institution" for Plymouth. Previous to his sailing he placed me under the charge of his secretary, Gabriel Loyen Dupuy Gaudeau, the son of a fallen nobleman. Now this gentleman was of no pleasing nature to me; he was, in fact, more than too strict and severe in all his prescriptions to me, and well do I recollect that one morning, after having been set to a very arduous task in mathematical problems, I gave him the slip, jumped from the window, and ran off through the gardens attached to the Marine Secrétariat. The unfledged bird may stand for a while on the border of its nest, and perhaps open its winglets and attempt to soar away, but his youthful imprudence may, and indeed often does, prove inimical to his prowess, as some more wary and older bird, that has kept an eye toward him, pounces relentlessly upon the young adventurer and secures him within the grasp of his more powerful talons. This was the case with me in this instance. I had leaped from the door of my cage and thought myself quite safe, while I rambled thoughtlessly beneath the shadow of the trees in the garden and grounds in which I found myself; but the secretary, with a side glance, had watched my escape, and, ere many minutes had elapsed, I saw coming toward me a corporal with whom, in fact, I was well acquainted. On nearing me, and I did not attempt to escape, our past familiarity was, I found, quite evaporated; he bid me, in a severe voice, to follow him, and on my being presented to my father's secretary I was at once

ordered on board the pontoon in port. All remonstrances proved fruitless, and on board the pontoon I was conducted, and there left amid such a medley of culprits as I cannot describe, and of whom, indeed, I have but little recollection, save that I felt vile myself in their vile company. My father returned in due course, and released me from these floating and most disagreeable lodgings, but not without a rather severe reprimand.

Shortly after this we returned to Nantes, and later to La Gerbétière. My stay here was short, and I went to Nantes to study mathematics anew, and there spent about one year, the remembrance of which has flown from my memory, with the exception of one incident, of which, when I happen to pass my hand over the left side of my head, I am ever and anon reminded. 'Tis this: one morning, while playing with boys of my own age, a quarrel arose among us, a battle ensued, in the course of which I was knocked down by a round stone, that brought the blood from that part of my skull, and for a time I lay on the ground unconscious, but soon rallying, experienced no lasting effects but the scar.

During all these years there existed within me a tendency to follow Nature in her walks. Perhaps not an hour of leisure was spent elsewhere than in woods and fields, and to examine either the eggs, nest, young, or parents of any species of birds constituted my delight. It was about this period that I commenced a series of drawings of the birds of France, which I continued until I had upward of two hundred drawings, all bad enough, my dear sons, yet they were representations of birds, and I felt pleased with them.

Hundreds of anecdotes respecting my life at this time might prove interesting to you, but as they are not in my mind at this moment I will leave them, though you may find some of them in the course of the following pages.

I was within a few months of being seventeen years old, when my stepmother, who was an earnest Catholic, took into her head that I should be confirmed; my father agreed. I was surprised and indifferent, but yet as I loved her as if she had been my own mother, – and well did she merit my deepest affection, – I took to the catechism, studied it and other matters pertaining to the ceremony, and all was performed to her liking. Not long after this, my father, anxious as he was that I should be enrolled in Napoleon's army as a Frenchman, found it necessary to send me back to my own beloved country, the United States of America, and I came with intense and indescribable pleasure.

On landing at New York I caught the yellow fever by walking to the bank at Greenwich to get the money to which my father's letter of credit entitled me. The kind man who commanded the ship that brought me from France, whose name was a common one, John Smith, took particular charge of me, removed me to Morristown, N.J., and placed me under the care of two Quaker ladies who kept a boarding-house. To their skilful and untiring ministrations I may safely say I owe the prolongation of my life. Letters were forwarded by them to my father's agent, Miers Fisher of Philadelphia, of whom I have more to say hereafter. He came for me in his carriage and removed me to his villa, at a short distance from Philadelphia and on the road

toward Trenton. There I would have found myself quite comfortable had not incidents taken place which are so connected with the change in my life as to call immediate attention to them.

Miers Fisher had been my father's trusted agent for about eighteen years, and the old gentlemen entertained great mutual friendship; indeed it would seem that Mr. Fisher was actually desirous that I should become a member of his family, and this was evinced within a few days by the manner in which the good Quaker presented me to a daughter of no mean appearance, but toward whom I happened to take an unconquerable dislike. Then he was opposed to music of all descriptions, as well as to dancing, could not bear me to carry a gun, or fishing-rod, and, indeed, condemned most of my amusements. All these things were difficulties toward accomplishing a plan which, for aught I know to the contrary, had been premeditated between him and my father, and rankled the heart of the kindly, if somewhat strict Quaker. They troubled me much also; at times I wished myself anywhere but under the roof of Mr. Fisher, and at last I reminded him that it was his duty to install me on the estate to which my father had sent me.

One morning, therefore, I was told that the carriage was ready to carry me there, and toward my future home he and I went. You are too well acquainted with the position of Mill Grove for me to allude to that now; suffice it to say that we reached the former abode of my father about sunset. I was presented to our tenant, William Thomas, who also was a Quaker, and took possession under certain restrictions,

which amounted to my not receiving more than enough money per quarter than was considered sufficient for the expenditure of a young gentleman.

Miers Fisher left me the next morning, and after him went my blessings, for I thought his departure a true deliverance; yet this was only because our tastes and educations were so different, for he certainly was a good and learned man. Mill Grove was ever to me a blessed spot; in my daily walks I thought I perceived the traces left by my father as I looked on the even fences round the fields, or on the regular manner with which avenues of trees, as well as the orchards, had been planted by his hand. The mill was also a source of joy to me, and in the cave, which you too remember, where the Pewees were wont to build, I never failed to find quietude and delight.

Hunting, fishing, drawing, and music occupied my every moment; cares I knew not, and cared naught about them. I purchased excellent and beautiful horses, visited all such neighbors as I found congenial spirits, and was as happy as happy could be. A few months after my arrival at Mill Grove, I was informed one day that an English family had purchased the plantation next to mine, that the name of the owner was Bakewell, and moreover that he had several very handsome and interesting daughters, and beautiful pointer dogs. I listened, but cared not a jot about them at the time. The place was within sight of Mill Grove, and Fatland Ford, as it was called, was merely divided from my estate by a road leading to the Schuylkill River. Mr. William Bakewell, the father of the family, had called on me one day, but,

finding I was rambling in the woods in search of birds, left a card and an invitation to go shooting with him. Now this gentleman was an Englishman, and I such a foolish boy that, entertaining the greatest prejudices against all of his nationality, I did not return his visit for many weeks, which was as absurd as it was ungentlemanly and impolite.

Mrs. Thomas, good soul, more than once spoke to me on the subject, as well as her worthy husband, but all to no import; English was English with me, my poor childish mind was settled on that, and as I wished to know none of the race the call remained unacknowledged.

Frosty weather, however, came, and anon was the ground covered with the deep snow. Grouse were abundant along the fir-covered ground near the creek, and as I was in pursuit of game one frosty morning I chanced to meet Mr. Bakewell in the woods. I was struck with the kind politeness of his manner, and found him an expert marksman. Entering into conversation, I admired the beauty of his well-trained dogs, and, apologizing for my discourtesy, finally promised to call upon him and his family.

Well do I recollect the morning, and may it please God that I may never forget it, when for the first time I entered Mr. Bakewell's dwelling. It happened that he was absent from home, and I was shown into a parlor where only one young lady was snugly seated at her work by the fire. She rose on my entrance, offered me a seat, and assured me of the gratification her father would feel on his return, which, she added, would be in a few moments, as she would despatch a servant for him. Other ruddy cheeks and bright

eyes made their transient appearance, but, like spirits gay, soon vanished from my sight; and there I sat, my gaze riveted, as it were, on the young girl before me, who, half working, half talking, essayed to make the time pleasant to me. Oh! may God bless her! It was she, my dear sons, who afterward became my beloved wife, and your mother. Mr. Bakewell soon made his appearance, and received me with the manner and hospitality of a true English gentleman. The other members of the family were soon introduced to me, and "Lucy" was told to have luncheon produced. She now arose from her seat a second time, and her form, to which I had previously paid but partial attention, showed both grace and beauty; and my heart followed every one of her steps. The repast over, guns and dogs were made ready.

Lucy, I was pleased to believe, looked upon me with some favor, and I turned more especially to her on leaving. I felt that certain "*je ne sais quoi*" which intimated that, at least, she was not indifferent to me.

To speak of the many shooting parties that took place with Mr. Bakewell would be quite useless, and I shall merely say that he was a most excellent man, a great shot, and possessed of extraordinary learning – aye, far beyond my comprehension. A few days after this first interview with the family the Perkiomen chanced to be bound with ice, and many a one from the neighborhood was playing pranks on the glassy surface of that lovely stream. Being somewhat of a skater myself, I sent a note to the inhabitants of Fatland Ford, inviting them to come and partake of the simple hospitality of Mill Grove farm, and the invitation was kindly

received and accepted. My own landlady bestirred herself to the utmost in the procuring of as many pheasants and partridges as her group of sons could entrap, and now under my own roof was seen the whole of the Bakewell family, seated round the table which has never ceased to be one of simplicity and hospitality.

After dinner we all repaired to the ice on the creek, and there in comfortable sledges, each fair one was propelled by an ardent skater. Tales of love may be extremely stupid to the majority, so that I will not expatiate on these days, but to me, my dear sons, and under such circumstances as then, and, thank God, now exist, every moment was to me one of delight.

But let me interrupt my tale to tell you somewhat of other companions whom I have heretofore neglected to mention. These are two Frenchmen, by name Da Costa and Colmesnil. A lead mine had been discovered by my tenant, William Thomas, to which, besides the raising of fowls, I paid considerable attention; but I knew nothing of mineralogy or mining, and my father, to whom I communicated the discovery of the mine, sent Mr. Da Costa as a partner and partial guardian from France. This fellow was intended to teach me mineralogy and mining engineering, but, in fact, knew nothing of either; besides which he was a covetous wretch, who did all he could to ruin my father, and indeed swindled both of us to a large amount. I had to go to France and expose him to my father to get rid of him, which I fortunately accomplished at first sight of my kind parent. A greater scoundrel than Da Costa

never probably existed, but peace be with his soul.

The other, Colmesnil, was a very interesting young Frenchman with whom I became acquainted. He was very poor, and I invited him to come and reside under my roof. This he did, remaining for many months, much to my delight. His appearance was typical of what he was, a perfect gentleman; he was handsome in form, and possessed of talents far above my own. When introduced to your mother's family he was much thought of, and at one time he thought himself welcome to my Lucy; but it was only a dream, and when once undeceived by her whom I too loved, he told me he must part with me. This we did with mutual regret, and he returned to France, where, though I have lost sight of him, I believe he is still living.

During the winter connected with this event your uncle Thomas Bakewell, now residing in Cincinnati, was one morning skating with me on the Perkiomen, when he challenged me to shoot at his hat as he tossed it in the air, which challenge I accepted with great pleasure. I was to pass by at full speed, within about twenty-five feet of where he stood, and to shoot only when he gave the word. Off I went like lightning, up and down, as if anxious to boast of my own prowess while on the glittering surface beneath my feet; coming, however, within the agreed distance the signal was given, the trigger pulled, off went the load, and down on the ice came the hat of my future brother-in-law, as completely perforated as if a sieve. He repented, alas! too late, and was afterward severely reprimanded by Mr. Bakewell.

Another anecdote I must relate to you on paper, which

I have probably too often repeated in words, concerning my skating in those early days of happiness; but, as the world knows nothing of it, I shall give it to you at some length. It was arranged one morning between your young uncle, myself, and several other friends of the same age, that we should proceed on a duck-shooting excursion up the creek, and, accordingly, off we went after an early breakfast. The ice was in capital order wherever no air-holes existed, but of these a great number interrupted our course, all of which were, however, avoided as we proceeded upward along the glittering, frozen bosom of the stream. The day was spent in much pleasure, and the game collected was not inconsiderable.

On our return, in the early dusk of the evening, I was bid to lead the way; I fastened a white handkerchief to a stick, held it up, and we all proceeded toward home as a flock of wild ducks to their roosting-grounds. Many a mile had already been passed, and, as gayly as ever, we were skating swiftly along when darkness came on, and now our speed was increased. Unconsciously I happened to draw so very near a large air-hole that to check my headway became quite impossible, and down it I went, and soon felt the power of a most chilling bath. My senses must, for aught I know, have left me for a while; be this as it may, I must have glided with the stream some thirty or forty yards, when, as God would have it, up I popped at another air-hole, and here I did, in some way or another, manage to crawl out. My companions, who in the gloom had seen my form so suddenly disappear, escaped the danger, and were around

me when I emerged from the greatest peril I have ever encountered, not excepting my escape from being murdered on the prairie, or by the hands of that wretch S – B – , of Henderson. I was helped to a shirt from one, a pair of dry breeches from another, and completely dressed anew in a few minutes, if in motley and ill-fitting garments; our line of march was continued, with, however, much more circumspection. Let the reader, whoever he may be, think as he may like on this singular and, in truth, most extraordinary escape from death; it is the truth, and as such I have written it down as a wonderful act of Providence.

Mr. Da Costa, my tutor, took it into his head that my affection for your mother was rash and inconsiderate. He spoke triflingly of her and of her parents, and one day said to me that for a man of my rank and expectations to marry Lucy Bakewell was out of the question. If I laughed at him or not I cannot tell you, but of this I am certain, that my answers to his talks on this subject so exasperated him that he immediately afterward curtailed my usual income, made some arrangements to send me to India, and wrote to my father accordingly. Understanding from many of my friends that his plans were fixed, and finally hearing from Philadelphia, whither Da Costa had gone, that he had taken my passage from Philadelphia to Canton, I walked to Philadelphia, entered his room quite unexpectedly, and asked him for such an amount of money as would enable me at once to sail for France and there see my father.

The cunning wretch, for I cannot call him by any other name, smiled, and said: "Certainly, my dear sir," and

afterward gave me a letter of credit on a Mr. Kauman, a half-agent, half-banker, then residing at New York. I returned to Mill Grove, made all preparatory plans for my departure, bid a sad adieu to my Lucy and her family, and walked to New York. But never mind the journey; it was winter, the country lay under a covering of snow, but withal I reached New York on the third day, late in the evening.

Once there, I made for the house of a Mrs. Palmer, a lady of excellent qualities, who received me with the utmost kindness, and later on the same evening I went to the house of your grand-uncle, Benjamin Bakewell, then a rich merchant of New York, managing the concerns of the house of Guelt, bankers, of London. I was the bearer of a letter from Mr. Bakewell, of Fatland Ford, to this brother of his, and there I was again most kindly received and housed.

The next day I called on Mr. Kauman; he read Da Costa's letter, smiled, and after a while told me he had nothing to give me, and in plain terms said that instead of a letter of credit, Da Costa – that rascal! – had written and advised him to have me arrested and shipped to Canton. The blood rose to my temples, and well it was that I had no weapon about me, for I feel even now quite assured that his heart must have received the result of my wrath. I left him half bewildered, half mad, and went to Mrs. Palmer, and spoke to her of my purpose of returning at once to Philadelphia and there certainly murdering Da Costa. Women have great power over me at any time, and perhaps under all circumstances. Mrs. Palmer quieted me, spoke religiously of the cruel sin I thought of committing, and, at last, persuaded me to

relinquish the direful plan. I returned to Mr. Bakewell's low-spirited and mournful, but said not a word about all that had passed. The next morning my sad visage showed something was wrong, and I at last gave vent to my outraged feelings.

Benjamin Bakewell was a *friend* of his brother (may you ever be so toward each other). He comforted me much, went with me to the docks to seek a vessel bound to France, and offered me any sum of money I might require to convey me to my father's house. My passage was taken on board the brig "Hope," of New Bedford, and I sailed in her, leaving Da Costa and Kauman in a most exasperated state of mind. The fact is, these rascals intended to cheat both me and my father. The brig was bound direct for Nantes. We left the Hook under a very fair breeze, and proceeded at a good rate till we reached the latitude of New Bedford, in Massachusetts, when my captain came to me as if in despair, and said he must run into port, as the vessel was so leaky as to force him to have her unloaded and repaired before he proceeded across the Atlantic. Now this was only a trick; my captain was newly married, and was merely anxious to land at New Bedford to spend a few days with his bride, and had actually caused several holes to be bored below water-mark, which leaked enough to keep the men at the pumps. We came to anchor close to the town of New Bedford; the captain went on shore, entered a protest, the vessel was unloaded, the apertures bunged up, and after a week, which I spent in being rowed about the beautiful harbor, we sailed for La Belle France. A few days after having lost sight of land we were overtaken by a violent

gale, coming fairly on our quarter, and before it we scudded at an extraordinary rate, and during the dark night had the misfortune to lose a fine young sailor overboard. At one part of the sea we passed through an immensity of dead fish floating on the surface of the water, and, after nineteen days from New Bedford, we had entered the Loire, and anchored off Painbœuf, the lower harbor of Nantes.

On sending my name to the principal officer of the customs, he came on board, and afterward sent me to my father's villa, La Gerbétière, in his barge, and with his own men, and late that evening I was in the arms of my beloved parents. Although I had written to them previous to leaving America, the rapidity of my voyage had prevented them hearing of my intentions, and to them my appearance was sudden and unexpected. Most welcome, however, I was; I found my father hale and hearty, and *chère maman* as fair and good as ever. Adored *maman*, peace be with thee!

I cannot trouble you with minute accounts of my life in France for the following two years, but will merely tell you that my first object being that of having Da Costa disposed of, this was first effected; the next was my father's consent to my marriage, and this was acceded to as soon as my good father had received answers to letters written to your grandfather, William Bakewell. In the very lap of comfort my time was happily spent; I went out shooting and hunting, drew every bird I procured, as well as many other objects of natural history and zoölogy, though these were not the subjects I had studied under the instruction of the celebrated David.

It was during this visit that my sister Rosa was married to Gabriel Dupuy Gaudeau, and I now also became acquainted with Ferdinand Rozier, whom you well know. Between Rozier and myself my father formed a partnership to stand good for nine years in America.

France was at that time in a great state of convulsion; the republic had, as it were, dwindled into a half monarchical, half democratic era. Bonaparte was at the height of success, overflowing the country as the mountain torrent overflows the plains in its course. Levies, or conscriptions, were the order of the day, and my name being French my father felt uneasy lest I should be forced to take part in the political strife of those days.

I underwent a mockery of an examination, and was received as midshipman in the navy, went to Rochefort, was placed on board a man-of-war, and ran a short cruise. On my return, my father had, in some way, obtained passports for Rozier and me, and we sailed for New York. Never can I forget the day when, at St. Nazaire, an officer came on board to examine the papers of the many passengers. On looking at mine he said: "My dear Mr. Audubon, I wish you joy; would to God that I had such papers; how thankful I should be to leave unhappy France under the same passport."

About a fortnight after leaving France a vessel gave us chase. We were running before the wind under all sail, but the unknown gained on us at a great rate, and after a while stood to the windward of our ship, about half a mile off. She fired a gun, the ball passed within a few yards of our bows; our captain heeded not, but kept on his

course, with the United States flag displayed and floating in the breeze. Another and another shot was fired at us; the enemy closed upon us; all the passengers expected to receive her broadside. Our commander hove to: a boat was almost instantaneously lowered and alongside our vessel;[9] two officers leaped on board, with about a dozen mariners; the first asked for the captain's papers, while the latter with his men kept guard over the whole.

The vessel which had pursued us was the "Rattlesnake" and was what I believe is generally called a privateer, which means nothing but a pirate; every one of the papers proved to be in perfect accordance with the laws existing between England and America, therefore we were not touched nor molested, but the English officers who had come on board robbed the ship of almost everything that was nice in the way of provisions, took our pigs and sheep, coffee and wines, and carried off our two best sailors despite all the remonstrances made by one of our members of Congress, I think from Virginia, who was accompanied by a charming young daughter. The "Rattlesnake" kept us under her lee, and almost within pistol-shot, for a whole day and night, ransacking the ship for money, of which we had a good deal in the run beneath a ballast of stone. Although this was partially removed they did not find the treasure. I may here tell you that I placed the gold belonging to Rozier and myself, wrapped in some clothing, under a cable in the bow of the ship, and there it remained snug till the "Rattlesnake" had given us leave to depart, which you may be sure we

[9] "The Polly," Captain Sammis commander.

did without thanks to her commander or crew; we were afterward told the former had his wife with him.

After this rencontre we sailed on till we came to within about thirty miles of the entrance to the bay of New York,[10] when we passed a fishing-boat, from which we were hailed and told that two British frigates lay off the entrance of the Hook, had fired an American ship, shot a man, and impressed so many of our seamen that to attempt reaching New York might prove to be both unsafe and unsuccessful. Our captain, on hearing this, put about immediately, and sailed for the east end of Long Island Sound, which we entered uninterrupted by any other enemy than a dreadful gale, which drove us on a sand-bar in the Sound, but from which we made off unhurt during the height of the tide and finally reached New York.

I at once called on your uncle Benjamin Bakewell, stayed with him a day, and proceeded at as swift a rate as possible to Fatland Ford, accompanied by Ferdinand Rozier. Mr. Da Costa was at once dismissed from his charge. I saw my dear Lucy, and was again my own master.

Perhaps it would be well for me to give you some slight information respecting my mode of life in those days of my youth, and I shall do so without gloves. I was what in plain terms may be called extremely extravagant. I had no vices, it is true, neither had I any high aims. I was ever fond of shooting, fishing, and riding on horseback; the raising of fowls of every sort was one of my hobbies, and to reach the maximum of my desires in those different

[10] May 26, 1806.

things filled every one of my thoughts. I was ridiculously fond of dress. To have seen me going shooting in black satin smallclothes, or breeches, with silk stockings, and the finest ruffled shirt Philadelphia could afford, was, as I now realize, an absurd spectacle, but it was one of my many foibles, and I shall not conceal it. I purchased the best horses in the country, and rode well, and felt proud of it; my guns and fishing-tackle were equally good, always expensive and richly ornamented, often with silver. Indeed, though in America, I cut as many foolish pranks as a young dandy in Bond Street or Piccadilly.

I was extremely fond of music, dancing, and drawing; in all I had been well instructed, and not an opportunity was lost to confirm my propensities in those accomplishments. I was, like most young men, filled with the love of amusement, and not a ball, a skating-match, a house or riding party took place without me. Withal, and fortunately for me, I was not addicted to gambling; cards I disliked, and I had no other evil practices. I was, besides, temperate to an *intemperate* degree. I lived, until the day of my union with your mother, on milk, fruits, and vegetables, with the addition of game and fish at times, but never had I swallowed a single glass of wine or spirits until the day of my wedding. The result has been my uncommon, indeed iron, constitution. This was my constant mode of life ever since my earliest recollection, and while in France it was extremely annoying to all those round me. Indeed, so much did it influence me that I never went to dinners, merely because when so situated my peculiarities in my choice of

food occasioned comment, and also because often not a single dish was to my taste or fancy, and I could eat nothing from the sumptuous tables before me. Pies, puddings, eggs, milk, or cream was all I cared for in the way of food, and many a time have I robbed my tenant's wife, Mrs. Thomas, of the cream intended to make butter for the Philadelphia market. All this time I was as fair and as rosy as a girl, though as strong, indeed stronger than most young men, and as active as a buck. And why, have I thought a thousand times, should I not have kept to that delicious mode of living? and why should not mankind in general be more abstemious than mankind is?

Before I sailed for France I had begun a series of drawings of the birds of America, and had also begun a study of their habits. I at first drew my subjects dead, by which I mean to say that, after procuring a specimen, I hung it up either by the head, wing, or foot, and copied it as closely as I possibly could.

In my drawing of birds only did I interest Mr. Da Costa. He always commended my efforts, nay he even went farther, for one morning, while I was drawing a figure of the *Ardea herodias*,[11] he assured me the time might come when I should be a great American naturalist. However curious it may seem to the scientific world that these sayings from the lips of such a man should affect me, I assure you they had great weight with me, and I felt a certain degree of pride in these words even then.

Too young and too useless to be married, your

[11] Great Blue Heron.

grandfather William Bakewell advised me to study the mercantile business; my father approved, and to insure this training under the best auspices I went to New York, where I entered as a clerk for your great-uncle Benjamin Bakewell, while Rozier went to a French house at Philadelphia.

The mercantile business did not suit me. The very first venture which I undertook was in indigo; it cost me several hundred pounds, the whole of which was lost. Rozier was no more fortunate than I, for he shipped a cargo of hams to the West Indies, and not more than one-fifth of the cost was returned. Yet I suppose we both obtained a smattering of business.

Time passed, and at last, on April 8th, 1808, your mother and I were married by the Rev. Dr. Latimer, of Philadelphia, and the next morning left Fatland Ford and Mill Grove for Louisville, Ky. For some two years previous to this, Rozier and I had visited the country from time to time as merchants, had thought well of it, and liked it exceedingly. Its fertility and abundance, the hospitality and kindness of the people were sufficiently winning things to entice any one to go there with a view to comfort and happiness.

We had marked Louisville as a spot designed by nature to become a place of great importance, and, had we been as wise as we now are, I might never have published the "Birds of America;" for a few hundred dollars laid out at that period, in lands or town lots near Louisville, would, if left to grow over with grass to a date ten years past (this being 1835), have become an immense fortune. But young heads

are on young shoulders; it was not to be, and who cares?

On our way to Pittsburg, we met with a sad accident, that nearly cost the life of your mother. The coach upset on the mountains, and she was severely, but fortunately not fatally hurt. We floated down the Ohio in a flatboat, in company with several other young families; we had many goods, and opened a large store at Louisville, which went on prosperously when I attended to it; but birds were birds then as now, and my thoughts were ever and anon turning toward them as the objects of my greatest delight. I shot, I drew, I looked on nature only; my days were happy beyond human conception, and beyond this I really cared not.

Victor was born June 12, 1809, at Gwathway's Hotel of the Indian Queen. We had by this time formed the acquaintance of many persons in and about Louisville; the country was settled by planters and farmers of the most benevolent and hospitable nature; and my young wife, who possessed talents far above par, was regarded as a gem, and received by them all with the greatest pleasure. All the sportsmen and hunters were fond of me, and I became their companion; my fondness for fine horses was well kept up, and I had as good as the country – and the country was Kentucky – could afford. Our most intimate friends were the Tarascons and the Berthouds, at Louisville and Shippingport. The simplicity and whole-heartedness of those days I cannot describe; man was man, and each, one to another, a brother.

I seldom passed a day without drawing a bird, or noting something respecting its habits, Rozier meantime attending

the counter. I could relate many curious anecdotes about him, but never mind them; he made out to grow rich, and what more could *he* wish for?

In 1810 Alexander Wilson the naturalist – not the *American* naturalist – called upon me.[12] About 1812 your uncle Thomas W. Bakewell sailed from New York or Philadelphia, as a partner of mine, and took with him all the disposable money which I had at that time, and there [New Orleans] opened a mercantile house under the name of "Audubon & Bakewell."

Merchants crowded to Louisville from all our Eastern cities. None of them were, as I was, intent on the study of birds, but all were deeply impressed with the value of dollars. Louisville did not give us up, but we gave up Louisville. I could not bear to give the attention required by my business, and which, indeed, every business calls for, and, therefore, my business abandoned me. Indeed, I never thought of it beyond the ever-engaging journeys which I was in the habit of taking to Philadelphia or New York to purchase goods; these journeys I greatly enjoyed, as they afforded me ample means to study birds and their habits as I travelled through the beautiful, the darling forests of Ohio, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania.

Were I here to tell you that once, when travelling, and driving several horses before me laden with goods and dollars, I lost sight of the pack-saddles, and the cash they

[12] This visit passed into history in the published works of each of the great ornithologists, who were never friends. See "Behind the Veil," by Dr. Coues in Bulletin of Nuttall Ornithological Club, Oct., 1880, p. 200.

bore, to watch the motions of a warbler, I should only repeat occurrences that happened a hundred times and more in those days. To an ordinary reader this may appear very odd, but it is as true, my dear sons, as it is that I am now scratching this poor book of mine with a miserable iron pen. Rozier and myself still had some business together, but we became discouraged at Louisville, and I longed to have a wilder range; this made us remove to Henderson, one hundred and twenty-five miles farther down the fair Ohio. We took there the remainder of our stock on hand, but found the country so very new, and so thinly populated that the commonest goods only were called for. I may say our guns and fishing-lines were the principal means of our support, as regards food.

John Pope, our clerk, who was a Kentuckian, was a good shot and an excellent fisherman, and he and I attended to the procuring of game and fish, while Rozier again stood behind the counter.

Your beloved mother and I were as happy as possible, the people round loved us, and we them in return; our profits were enormous, but our sales small, and my partner, who spoke English but badly, suggested that we remove to St. Geneviève, on the Mississippi River. I acceded to his request to go there, but determined to leave your mother and Victor at Henderson, not being quite sure that our adventure would succeed as we hoped. I therefore placed her and the children under the care of Dr. Rankin and his wife, who had a fine farm about three miles from Henderson, and having arranged our goods on board a large flatboat, my

partner and I left Henderson in the month of December, 1810, in a heavy snow-storm. This change in my plans prevented me from going, as I had intended, on a long expedition. In Louisville we had formed the acquaintance of Major Croghan (an old friend of my father's), and of General Jonathan Clark, the brother of General William Clark, the first white man who ever crossed the Rocky Mountains. I had engaged to go with him, but was, as I have said, unfortunately prevented. To return to our journey. When we reached Cash Creek we were bound by ice for a few weeks; we then attempted to ascend the Mississippi, but were again stopped in the great bend called Tawapatee Bottom, where we again planted our camp till a thaw broke the ice.[13] In less than six weeks, however, we reached the village of St. Geneviève. I found at once it was not the place for me; its population was then composed of low French Canadians, uneducated and uncouth, and the ever-longing wish to be with my beloved wife and children drew my thoughts to Henderson, to which I decided to return almost immediately. Scarcely any communication existed between the two places, and I felt cut off from all dearest to me. Rozier, on the contrary, liked it; he found plenty of French with whom to converse. I proposed selling out to him, a bargain was made, he paid me a certain amount in cash, and gave me bills for the residue. This accomplished, I purchased a beauty of a horse, for which I paid dear enough, and bid Rozier farewell. On my return trip to Henderson I was obliged to stop at a humble cabin, where

[13] Episode "Breaking of the Ice."

I so nearly ran the chance of losing my life, at the hands of a woman and her two desperate sons, that I have thought fit since to introduce this passage in a sketch called "The Prairie," which is to be found in the first volume of my "Ornithological Biography."

Winter was just bursting into spring when I left the land of lead mines. Nature leaped with joy, as it were, at her own new-born marvels, the prairies began to be dotted with beauteous flowers, abounded with deer, and my own heart was filled with happiness at the sights before me. I must not forget to tell you that I crossed those prairies on foot at another time, for the purpose of collecting the money due to me from Rozier, and that I walked one hundred and sixty-five miles in a little over three days, much of the time nearly ankle deep in mud and water, from which I suffered much afterward by swollen feet. I reached Henderson in early March, and a few weeks later the lower portions of Kentucky and the shores of the Mississippi suffered severely by earthquakes. I felt their effects between Louisville and Henderson, and also at Dr. Rankin's. I have omitted to say that my second son, John Woodhouse, was born under Dr. Rankin's roof on November 30, 1812; he was an extremely delicate boy till about a twelvemonth old, when he suddenly acquired strength and grew to be a lusty child.

Your uncle, Thomas W. Bakewell, had been all this time in New Orleans, and thither I had sent him almost all the money I could raise; but notwithstanding this, the firm could not stand, and one day, while I was making a drawing of an otter, he suddenly appeared. He remained at Dr. Rankin's a

few days, talked much to me about our misfortunes in trade, and left us for Fatland Ford.

My pecuniary means were now much reduced. I continued to draw birds and quadrupeds, it is true, but only now and then thought of making any money. I bought a wild horse, and on its back travelled over Tennessee and a portion of Georgia, and so round till I finally reached Philadelphia, and then to your grandfather's at Fatland Ford. He had sold my plantation of Mill Grove to Samuel Wetherell, of Philadelphia, for a good round sum, and with this I returned through Kentucky and at last reached Henderson once more. Your mother was well, both of you were lovely darlings of our hearts, and the effects of poverty troubled us not. Your uncle T. W. Bakewell was again in New Orleans and doing rather better, but this was a mere transient clearing of that sky which had been obscured for many a long day.

Determined to do something for myself, I took to horse, rode to Louisville with a few hundred dollars in my pockets, and there purchased, half cash, half credit, a small stock, which I brought to Henderson. *Chemin faisant*, I came in contact with, and was accompanied by, General Toledo, then on his way as a revolutionist to South America. As our flatboats were floating one clear moonshiny night lashed together, this individual opened his views to me, promising me wonders of wealth should I decide to accompany him, and he went so far as to offer me a colonelcy on what he was pleased to call "his Safe Guard." I listened, it is true, but looked more at the heavens than on his face, and in the

former found so much more of peace than of war that I concluded not to accompany him.

When our boats arrived at Henderson, he landed with me, purchased many horses, hired some men, and coaxed others, to accompany him, purchased a young negro from me, presented me with a splendid Spanish dagger and my wife with a ring, and went off overland toward Natchez, with a view of there gathering recruits.

I now purchased a ground lot of four acres, and a meadow of four more at the back of the first. On the latter stood several buildings, an excellent orchard, etc., lately the property of an English doctor, who had died on the premises, and left the whole to a servant woman as a gift, from whom it came to me as a freehold. The pleasures which I have felt at Henderson, and under the roof of that log cabin, can never be effaced from my heart until after death. The little stock of goods brought from Louisville answered perfectly, and in less than twelve months I had again risen in the world. I purchased adjoining land, and was doing extremely well when Thomas Bakewell came once more on the tapis, and joined me in commerce. We prospered at a round rate for a while, but unfortunately for me, he took it into his brain to persuade me to erect a steam-mill at Henderson, and to join to our partnership an Englishman of the name of Thomas Pears, now dead.

Well, up went the steam-mill at an enormous expense, in a country then as unfit for such a thing as it would be now for me to attempt to settle in the moon. Thomas Pears came to Henderson with his wife and family of children, the mill

was raised, and worked very badly. Thomas Pears lost his money and we lost ours.

It was now our misfortune to add other partners and petty agents to our concern; suffice it for me to tell you, nay, to assure you, that I was gulled by all these men. The new-born Kentucky banks nearly all broke in quick succession; and again we started with a new set of partners; these were your present uncle N. Berthoud and Benjamin Page of Pittsburg. Matters, however, grew worse every day; the times were what men called "bad," but I am fully persuaded the great fault was ours, and the building of that accursed steam-mill was, of all the follies of man, one of the greatest, and to your uncle and me the worst of all our pecuniary misfortunes. How I labored at that infernal mill! from dawn to dark, nay, at times all night. But it is over now; I am old, and try to forget as fast as possible all the different trials of those sad days. We also took it into our heads to have a steamboat, in partnership with the engineer who had come from Philadelphia to fix the engine of that mill. This also proved an entire failure, and misfortune after misfortune came down upon us like so many avalanches, both fearful and destructive.

About this time I went to New Orleans, at the suggestion of your uncle, to arrest T – B – , who had purchased a steamer from us, but whose bills were worthless, and who owed us for the whole amount. I travelled down to New Orleans in an open skiff, accompanied by two negroes of mine; I reached New Orleans one day too late; Mr. B – had been compelled to surrender the steamer to a prior

claimant. I returned to Henderson, travelling part way on the steamer "Paragon," walked from the mouth of the Ohio to Shawnee, and rode the rest of the distance. On my arrival old Mr. Berthoud told me that Mr. B – had arrived before me, and had sworn to kill me. My affrighted Lucy forced me to wear a dagger. Mr. B – walked about the streets and before my house as if watching for me, and the continued reports of our neighbors prepared me for an encounter with this man, whose violent and ungovernable temper was only too well known. As I was walking toward the steam-mill one morning, I heard myself hailed from behind; on turning, I observed Mr. B – marching toward me with a heavy club in his hand. I stood still, and he soon reached me. He complained of my conduct to him at New Orleans, and suddenly raising his bludgeon laid it about me. Though white with wrath, I spoke nor moved not till he had given me twelve severe blows, then, drawing my dagger with my left hand (unfortunately my right was disabled and in a sling, having been caught and much injured in the wheels of the steam-engine), I stabbed him and he instantly fell. Old Mr. Berthoud and others, who were hastening to the spot, now came up, and carried him home on a plank. Thank God, his wound was not mortal, but his friends were all up in arms and as hot-headed as himself. Some walked through my premises armed with guns; my dagger was once more at my side, Mr. Berthoud had his gun, our servants were variously armed, and our carpenter took my gun "Long Tom." Thus protected, I walked into the Judiciary Court, that was then sitting, and was blamed, *only*, – for not having killed the

scoundrel who attacked me.

The "bad establishment," as I called the steam-mill, worked worse and worse every day. Thomas Bakewell, who possessed more brains than I, sold his town lots and removed to Cincinnati, where he has made a large fortune, and glad I am of it.

From this date my pecuniary difficulties daily increased; I had heavy bills to pay which I could not meet or take up. The moment this became known to the world around me, that moment I was assailed with thousands of invectives; the once wealthy man was now nothing. I parted with every particle of property I held to my creditors, keeping only the clothes I wore on that day, my original drawings, and my gun.

Your mother held in her arms your baby sister Rosa, named thus on account of her extreme loveliness, and after my own sister Rosa. *She* felt the pangs of our misfortunes perhaps more heavily than I, but never for an hour lost her courage; her brave and cheerful spirit accepted all, and no reproaches from her beloved lips ever wounded my heart. With her was I not always rich?

Finally I paid every bill, and at last left Henderson, probably forever, without a dollar in my pocket, walked to Louisville alone, by no means comfortable in mind, there went to Mr. Berthoud's, where I was kindly received; they were indeed good friends.

My plantation in Pennsylvania had been sold, and, in a word, nothing was left to me but my humble talents. Were those talents to remain dormant under such exigencies? Was

I to see my beloved Lucy and children suffer and want bread, in the abundant State of Kentucky? Was I to repine because I had acted like an honest man? Was I inclined to cut my throat in foolish despair? No!! I *had* talents, and to them I instantly resorted.

To be a good draughtsman in those days was to me a blessing; to any other man, be it a thousand years hence, it will be a blessing also. I at once undertook to take portraits of the human "head divine," in black chalk, and, thanks to my master, David, succeeded admirably. I commenced at exceedingly low prices, but raised these prices as I became more known in this capacity. Your mother and yourselves were sent up from Henderson to our friend Isham Talbot, then Senator for Kentucky; this was done without a cent of expense to me, and I can never be grateful enough for his kind generosity.

In the course of a few weeks I had as much work to do as I could possibly wish, so much that I was able to rent a house in a retired part of Louisville. I was sent for four miles in the country, to take likenesses of persons on their death-beds, and so high did my reputation suddenly rise, as the best delineator of heads in that vicinity, that a clergyman residing at Louisville (I would give much now to recall and write down his name) had his dead child disinterred, to procure a fac-simile of his face, which, by the way, I gave to the parents as if still alive, to their intense satisfaction. My drawings of birds were not neglected meantime; in this particular there seemed to hover round me almost a mania, and I would even give up doing a head, the profits of

which would have supplied our wants for a week or more, to represent a little citizen of the feathered tribe. Nay, my dear sons, I thought that I now drew birds far better than I had ever done before misfortune intensified, or at least developed, my abilities. I received an invitation to go to Cincinnati,[14] a flourishing place, and which you now well know to be a thriving town in the State of Ohio. I was presented to the president of the Cincinnati College, Dr. Drake, and immediately formed an engagement to stuff birds for the museum there, in concert with Mr. Robert Best, an Englishman of great talent. My salary was large, and I at once sent for your mother to come to me, and bring you. Your dearly beloved sister Rosa died shortly afterward. I now established a large drawing-school at Cincinnati, to which I attended thrice per week, and at good prices.

The expedition of Major Long[15] passed through the city soon after, and well do I recollect how he, Messrs. T. Peale,[16] Thomas Say,[17] and others stared at my drawings of birds at that time.

So industrious were Mr. Best and I that in about six

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[14] 1819.

[15] Stephen Harriman Long, Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army, who was then on his way to explore the region of the upper Mississippi and Minnesota Rivers.

[16] Titian R. Peale, afterward naturalist of the U.S. Exploring Expedition, under Commodore Wilkes. Later in life he was for many years an examiner in the Patent Office at Washington, and died at a very advanced age. He was a member of the eminent Peale family of artists, one of whom established Peale's Museum in Philadelphia. – E. C.

[17] The distinguished naturalist of that name. – E. C.

months we had augmented, arranged, and finished all we could do for the museum. I returned to my portraits, and made a great number of them, without which we must have once more been on the starving list, as Mr. Best and I found, sadly too late, that the members of the College museum were splendid promisers and very bad paymasters.

In October of 1820 I left your mother and yourselves at Cincinnati, and went to New Orleans on board a flat-boat commanded and owned by a Mr. Haromack. From this date my journals are kept with fair regularity, and if you read them you will easily find all that followed afterward.

In glancing over these pages, I see that in my hurried and broken manner of laying before you this very imperfect (but perfectly correct) account of my early life I have omitted to tell you that, before the birth of your sister Rosa, a daughter was born at Henderson, who was called, of course, Lucy. Alas! the poor, dear little one was unkindly born, she was always ill and suffering; two years did your kind and unwearied mother nurse her with all imaginable care, but notwithstanding this loving devotion she died, in the arms which had held her so long, and so tenderly. This infant daughter we buried in our garden at Henderson, but after removed her to the Holly burying-ground in the same place.

Hundreds of anecdotes I could relate to you, my dear sons, about those times, and it may happen that the pages that I am now scribbling over may hereafter, through your own medium, or that of some one else be published. I shall try, should God Almighty grant me life, to return to these less important portions of my history, and delineate them

all with the same faithfulness with which I have written the ornithological biographies of the birds of my beloved country.

Only one event, however, which possesses in itself a lesson to mankind, I will here relate. After our dismal removal from Henderson to Louisville, one morning, while all of us were sadly desponding, I took you both, Victor and John, from Shippingport to Louisville. I had purchased a loaf of bread and some apples; before we reached Louisville you were all hungry, and by the river side we sat down and ate our scanty meal. On that day the world was with me as a blank, and my heart was sorely heavy, for scarcely had I enough to keep my dear ones alive; and yet through these dark ways I was being led to the development of the talents I loved, and which have brought so much enjoyment to us *all*, for it is with deep thankfulness that I record that you, my sons, have passed your lives almost continuously with your dear mother and myself. But I will here stop with one remark.

One of the most extraordinary things among all these adverse circumstances was that I never for a day gave up listening to the songs of our birds, or watching their peculiar habits, or delineating them in the best way that I could; nay, during my deepest troubles I frequently would wrench myself from the persons around me, and retire to some secluded part of our noble forests; and many a time, at the sound of the wood-thrush's melodies have I fallen on my knees, and there prayed earnestly to our God.

This never failed to bring me the most valuable of

thoughts and always comfort, and, strange as it may seem to you, it was often necessary for me to exert my will, and compel myself to return to my fellow-beings.

To speak more fully on some of the incidents which Audubon here relates, I turn to one of the two journals which are all that fire has spared of the many volumes which were filled with his fine, rather illegible handwriting previous to 1826. In the earlier of these journals I read: "I went to France not only to escape Da Costa, but even more to obtain my father's consent to my marriage with my Lucy, and this simply because I thought it my moral and religious duty to do so. But although my request was immediately granted, I remained in France nearly two years. As I told you, Mr. Bakewell considered my Lucy too young (she was then but seventeen), and me too unbusiness-like to marry; so my father decided that I should remain some months with him, and on returning to America it was his plan to associate me with some one whose commercial knowledge would be of value to me.

"My father's beautiful country seat, situated within sight of the Loire, about mid-distance between Nantes and the sea, I found quite delightful to my taste, notwithstanding the frightful cruelties I had witnessed in that vicinity, not many years previously. The gardens, greenhouses, and all appertaining to it appeared to me then as if of a superior cast; and my father's physician was above all a young man precisely after my own heart; his name was D'Orbigny, and with his young wife and infant son he lived not far distant. The doctor was a good

fisherman, a good hunter, and fond of all objects in nature. Together we searched the woods, the fields, and the banks of the Loire, procuring every bird we could, and I made drawings of every one of them – very bad, to be sure, but still they were of assistance to me. The lessons which I had received from the great David[18] now proved all-important to me, but what I wanted, and what I had the good fortune to stumble upon a few years later, was the knowledge of putting up my models, in true and good positions according to the ways and habits of my beautiful feathered subjects. During these happy years I managed to make drawings of about two hundred species of birds, all of which I brought to America and gave to my Lucy.[19]

"At last my father associated me with Ferdinand Rozier, as you already know, and we were fairly smuggled out of France; for he was actually an officer attached to the navy of that country, and though I had a passport stating I was born at New Orleans, my French name would have swept that aside very speedily. Rozier's passport was a Dutch one, though he did not understand a single

[18] Jacques Louis David (1748-1825), court painter to Louis XVI. and afterwards to Napoleon I.

[19] In 1836, Audubon wrote to Dr. John Bachman: "Some of my early drawings of European birds are still in our possession, but many have been given away, and the greatest number were destroyed, not by the rats that gnawed my collection of the "Birds of America," but by the great fire in New York, as these drawings were considered my wife's special property and seldom out of her sight. Would that the others had been under her especial care also! Yet, after all, who can say that it was not a material advantage, both to myself and to the world, that the Norway rats destroyed those drawings?"

word in that language. Indeed, our passengers were a medley crowd; two days out two monks appeared among us from the hold, where our captain had concealed them."

This same "medley crowd" appears to have comprised many refugees from the rule of Napoleon, this being about 1806, and the amusements were varied, including both gaming and dancing. To quote again: "Among the passengers was a handsome Virginian girl, young and graceful. She was constantly honored by the attentions of two Frenchmen who belonged to the nobility; both were fine young fellows, travelling, as was not uncommon then, under assumed names. One lovely day the bonnet of the fair lady was struck by a rope and knocked overboard. One of the French chevaliers at once leaped into the ocean, captured the bonnet, and had the good fortune to be picked up himself by the yawl. On reaching the deck he presented the bonnet with a graceful obeisance and perfect *sang froid*, while the rival looked at him as black as a raven. No more was heard of the matter till dawn, when reports of firearms were heard; the alarm was general, as we feared pirates. On gaining the deck it was found that a challenge had been given and accepted, a duel had positively taken place, ending, alas! in the death of the rescuer of the bonnet. The young lady felt this deeply, and indeed it rendered us all very uncomfortable."

The voyage ended, Audubon returned to Mill Grove, where he remained some little time before his marriage to Lucy Bakewell. It was a home he always loved, and never spoke of without deep

feeling. His sensitive nature, romantic if you will, was always more or less affected by environment, and Mill Grove was a most congenial spot to him.

This beautiful estate in Montgomery Co., Pa., lies in a lovely part of the country. The house, on a gentle eminence, almost a natural terrace, overlooks, towards the west, the rapid waters of Perkiomen Creek, which just below empties into the Schuylkill river, across which to the south is the historic ground of Valley Forge. The property has remained in the Wetherill family nearly ever since Audubon sold it to Samuel Wetherill in 1813. The present owner[20] delights to treasure every trace of the bird lover, and not only makes no changes in anything that he can in the least degree associate with him, but has added many photographs and engravings of Audubon which adorn his walls.

The house, of the usual type of those days, with a hall passing through the centre and rooms on either side, was built of rubble-stone by Roland Evans in 1762, and in 1774 was sold to Admiral Audubon, who in the year following built an addition, also of rubble-stone. This addition is lower than the main house, which consists of two full stories and an attic with dormer windows, where, it is said, Audubon kept his collections. The same Franklin stove is in the parlor which stood there giving out its warmth and cheer when the young man came in from the hunting and skating expeditions on which he loved to dwell. The dense woods which once covered the ground are largely cut

[20] Mr. W. H. Wetherill, of Philadelphia.

down, but sufficient forest growth remains to give the needed shade and beauty; the hemlocks in particular are noticeable, so large and of such perfect form.

Going down a foot-path to Perkiomen Creek, a few steps lead to the old mill which gave the place its name. Built of stone and shaded by cottonwood trees, the stream rushing past as in days long gone, the mill-wheel still revolves, though little work is done there now.

When I saw Mill Grove[21] the spring flowers were abundant; the soft, pale blossom of the May-apple (*Podophyllum peltatum*) held its head above the blue of many violets, the fingers of the potentilla with their yellow stars crept in and out among the tangled grass and early undergrowth; the trilliums, both red and white, were in profusion; in the shade the wood anemones, with their shell pink cups grew everywhere, while in damp spots by the brook yet remained a few adder's-tongues, and under the hemlocks in the clefts of the rocks the delicate foliage of the Dutchmen's breeches (*Dicentra cucullaria*) with a few late blossoms; all these and many more which I do not now recall, Audubon has pictured with the birds found in the same regions, as his imperishable tribute to the home he loved – Mill-Grove Farm on the Perkiomen Creek.

Fatland Ford, to the south of Mill Grove, is a far larger and grander mansion than that of the modest Quaker Evans; as one approaches, the white columns of the imposing entrance are seen

[21] April 28, 1893.

for some distance before entering the avenue which leads to the front of the mansion. Like Mill Grove it stands on a natural terrace, and has an extensive outlook over the Schuylkill and Valley Forge. This house was built by James Vaux in 1760. He was a member of the Society of Friends and an Englishman, but in sympathy with the colonists. One end of Sullivan's Bridge was not far from the house; the spot where it once stood is now marked by the remains of a red-sandstone monument.[22] Washington spent a night in the mansion house with Mr. Vaux, and left only twelve hours in advance of the arrival of Howe, who lodged there the following night.[23] The old walled garden still remains, and the stable with accommodation for many horses. A little withdrawn from all these and on the edge of a wood are "the graves of a household," not neglected, as is so often the case, but preserved and cared for by those who own Fatland Farm[24] as well as Mill Grove.

Dear as Mill Grove was to Audubon, he left it with his

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[22] "I have often seen the red-sandstone monument placed to mark the terminal of the Sullivan Bridge on our side of the river, but the curiosity hunters have so marred it that only 'livans' and part of the date remain." (Extract from letter of Mr. W. H. Wetherill, Aug. 12, 1893.)

[23] This statement is from the "Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography," vol. xiv., No. 2, page 218, July, 1890.

[24] "Under the will of Col. Jno. Macomb Wetherill, late owner of Fatland Farm, 40 feet square were deeded out of the farm, and placed in trust, and $1000 trusteed to keep the grove and lot in order. A granite curb and heavy iron rail surround this plot; Col. Wetherill was buried there and his remains lie with those of your ancestors." (Extract from letter of W. H. Wetherill, May 10, 1897.)

young bride the day following their wedding, which took place at Fatland Ford on April 8, 1808, and departed for Louisville, Ky., where he and Rozier, his partner, had previously done some business. Though they had both lost money they liked the place, which reason seemed quite sufficient to decide them to return and lose more money, as they promptly did. They remained at Louisville till 1810, when they moved to Henderson, where Rozier did what business was done, and Audubon drew, fished, hunted, and rambled in the woods to his heart's content, but his purse's depletion. He describes this life in the episode "Fishing in the Ohio," and in these rushing times such an Arcadian existence seems impossible. Small wonder that his wife's relatives, with their English thrift, lost patience with him, could not believe he was aught but idle, because he did not work their way. I doubt not many would think, as they did, that he wasted his days, when in truth he was laying up stores of knowledge which later in life brought him a rich harvest. Waiting times are always long, longest to those who do not understand the silent inner growth which goes on and on, yet makes no outward sign for months and even years, as in the case of Audubon.

Henderson was then a tiny place, and gains being small if any, Rozier and Audubon, in December, 1810, started for St. Geneviève, spent their winter in camp, and reached their destination when the ice broke up. On April 11, 1811, they dissolved partnership, and wrote each as they felt, Audubon saying: "Rozier cared only for money and liked St. Geneviève;"

Rozier writing: "Audubon had no taste for commerce, and was continually in the forest."

Once more, however, he went to St. Geneviève to try to get money Rozier owed him, and returned to Henderson on foot, still unpaid, in February or March of 1812. He had gone with a party of Osage Indians, but his journey back was made alone. He writes in his journal, simply with date of April, 1812: —

"Bidding Rozier good-bye, I whistled to my dog, crossed the Mississippi and went off alone and on foot, bent on reaching Shawanee Town as soon as possible; but little had I foreseen the task before me, for soon as I had left the river lands and reached the prairies, I found them covered with water, like large lakes; still nothing would have made me retrace my steps, and the thoughts of my Lucy and my boy made me care little what my journey might be. Unfortunately I had no shoes, and my moccasins constantly slipping made the wading extremely irksome; notwithstanding, I walked forty-five miles and swam the Muddy River. I only saw two cabins that day, but I had great pleasure in viewing herds of Deer crossing the prairie, like myself ankle deep in water. Their beautiful movements, their tails spread to the breeze, were perceivable for many miles. A mound covered with trees through which a light shone, gave me an appetite, and I made for it. I was welcomed kindly by the woman of the house, and while the lads inspected my fine double-barrelled gun, the daughters bustled about, ground coffee, fried venison, boiled some eggs, and made me feel at once

at home.

"Such hospitality is from the heart, and when the squatter came in, his welcome was not less genuine than that of his family. Night fell; I slept soundly on some bearskins, but long before day was ready to march. My hostess was on the alert; after some breakfast she gave me a small loaf and some venison in a clean rag, and as no money would be received, I gave the lads a flask of gunpowder, a valuable article in those days to a squatter.

"My way lay through woods, and many small crossroads now puzzled me, but I walked on, and must have travelled another forty-five miles. I met a party of Osage Indians encamped, and asked in French to stay with them. They understood me, and before long I had my supper of boiled bear's-fat and pecan-nuts, of which I ate heartily, then lay down with my feet to the fire, and slept so soundly that when I awoke my astonishment was great to find all the Indians had gone hunting, and only left two dogs to keep the camp free from wolves.

"I walked off gayly, my dog full of life, but met no one till four o'clock when I passed the first salt well, and thirty minutes more brought me to Shawanee Town. As I entered the inn I was welcomed by several whom I knew, who had come to purchase salt. I felt no fatigue, ate heartily, slept soundly without being rocked, and having come forty miles had only forty-seven more to walk to reach my home. Early next morning I pursued my way; the ferry boat took me from Illinois to Kentucky, and as night came I found myself with my wife beside me, my child on my

knee."

The time from now till 1819 was the most disastrous period of Audubon's life, as regarded his finances. With his brother-in-law, Thomas W. Bakewell, he engaged in various ventures in which, whatever others did, he lost money at every turn. The financial affairs of Kentucky were, it is true, not on a very sound basis, but Audubon frankly acknowledges the fault in many cases was his own. Thomas W. Bakewell was often in New Orleans, where they had a mercantile establishment, and Audubon spent not only days, but weeks and months, at his favorite pursuits. On his journeys to Philadelphia to procure goods he wandered miles in all directions from the main route; when in Henderson he worked, at times, very hard in the mill, for, indeed, he never did anything except intensely; but the cry of the wild geese overhead, the sound of the chattering squirrel, the song of the thrush, the flash of the humming-bird with its jewelled throat, were each and all enough to take him from work he hated as he never hated anything else.

When first in Henderson he bought land, and evidently had some idea of remaining there permanently; for, "on March 16, 1816, he and Mr. Bakewell took a ninety-five years' lease of a part of the river front between First and Second Sts., intending to erect a grist and saw mill, which mill was completed in 1817, and yet stands, though now incorporated in the factory of Mr. David Clark. The weather-boarding whip-sawed out of yellow poplar is still intact on three sides, the joists are of unhewn logs,

and the foundation walls of pieces of flat broken rock are four and a half feet thick. For those days it was built on a large scale, and did the sawing for the entire country."[25]

It has been said that the inside walls had many drawings of birds on them, but this, while quite likely, has never been proved; what was proved conclusively is that, from his woodcutters, whose labors were performed on a tract of forest land of about 1200 acres, which Audubon purchased from the government, to those who were his partners, by far the greater number had the advantage of him. The New Orleans venture has a similar record; money left him by his father was lost by the failure of the merchant who held it until Audubon could prove his right to it, and finally he left Henderson absolutely penniless. He writes: "Without a dollar in the world, bereft of all revenues beyond my own personal talents and acquirements, I left my dear log house, my delightful garden and orchards with that heaviest of burdens, a heavy heart, and turned my face toward Louisville. This was the saddest of all my journeys, – the only time in my life when the Wild Turkeys that so often crossed my path, and the thousands of lesser birds that enlivened the woods and the prairies, all looked like enemies, and I turned my eyes from them, as if I could have wished that they had never existed."

From Louisville Audubon went almost at once to Shippingport, where he was kindly received by his friends Nicholas Berthoud, who was also his brother-in-law, and the

[25] From "History of Henderson County, Kentucky," by E. L. Starling, page 794.

Tarascon family. Here he was joined by his wife and two sons, Victor Gifford and John Woodhouse, and again I quote from Audubon's own words: "As we were straitened to the very utmost, I undertook to draw portraits at the low price of five dollars per head, in black chalk. I drew a few gratis, and succeeded so well that ere many days had elapsed I had an abundance of work; and being industrious both by nature and habit I produced a great number of those black-chalk sketches."[26] This carried him on for some months, but the curse, or blessing, of the "wandering foot" was his, and as soon as money matters were a little ahead, off he went again to the forests. It was during these years, that is from 1811 to 1819, that many months were passed hunting with the Indians, the Osage tribe being the one whose language Audubon spoke. Late in life he wrote: "Of all the Indian tribes I know, the Osage are by far the superior." With them he delighted to track the birds and quadrupeds as only an Indian or one of like gifts, can; from them he learned much woodcraft; with them he strengthened his already iron constitution; and in fearlessness, endurance, patience, and marvellously keen vision, no Indian surpassed him.

He had a wonderful gift of making and retaining friends, and even in these days of poverty and depression he never seemed too poor to help others; and certainly from others he received much kindness, which he never ceased to remember and acknowledge. Through one of these friends – I believe a

[26] Of these many sketches few can be traced, and none purchased.

member of the Tarascon family – he was offered a position in the Museum at Cincinnati. Without delay, or any written agreement, Audubon and his family were again (1818) in new surroundings, and the work being congenial, he entered heartily into it with Mr. Robert Best. The promised salary was large, but being never paid Audubon began drawing classes to support his modest household. In Cincinnati he first met Mr. Daniel Mallory (whose second daughter afterwards married Victor G. Audubon) and Captain Samuel Cummings. This latter gentleman had many tastes similar to Audubon's, and later went with him to New Orleans.

The life at Cincinnati was one of strict economy. Mrs. Audubon was a woman of great ability and many resources, and with one less gifted her unpractical husband would have fared far worse than he did. To quote again: "Our living here [Cincinnati] is extremely moderate; the markets are well supplied and cheap, beef only two and a half cents a pound, and I am able to provide a good deal myself; Partridges are frequently in the streets, and I can shoot Wild Turkeys within a mile or so; Squirrels and Woodcock are very abundant in the season, and fish always easily caught."

Even with these advantages, Audubon, receiving no money[27] from Dr. Drake, president of the Museum, decided on going to New Orleans. He had now a great number of drawings and the

[27] Mrs. Audubon afterwards received four hundred dollars, of the twelve hundred dollars due; the remainder was never paid.

idea of publishing these had suggested itself both to him and his wife. To perfect his collection he planned going through many of the Southern States, then pushing farther west, and thence returning to Cincinnati. On Oct. 12, 1820, he left Cincinnati with Captain Samuel Cummings for New Orleans, but with a long pause at Natchez, did not reach that city before mid-winter, where he remained with varying success until the summer of 1821, when he took a position as tutor in the family of Mrs. Charles Percy of Bayou Sara. Here, in the beloved Louisiana whose praises he never wearied of singing, whose magnolia woods were more to him than palaces, whose swamps were storehouses of treasures, he stayed till autumn, when, all fear of yellow fever being over, he sent for his wife and sons. Many new drawings had been made in this year of separation from them, and these were by far the greater part of the furniture in the little house in Dauphine St., to which he took his family on their arrival in December, 1821.

The former life of drawing portraits, giving lessons, painting birds, and wandering through the country, began again, though there was less of this last, Audubon realizing that he *must* make money. He had had to use strong persuasions to induce Mrs. Audubon to join him in New Orleans. She had relatives in Cincinnati, as well as many friends, and several pupils brought her a small income. Who, recalling her early married life, can wonder that she hesitated before leaving this home for the vicissitudes of an unknown city? She and her husband were

devotedly attached to each other, but she thought more of the uncertainty for her sons than for herself. They were now boys of twelve and nine years old, and their mother, whose own education was far beyond the average, realized how unwise a thing for them the constant change was. Audubon was most anxious also that his "Kentucky lads," as he often called them, should be given every advantage, but he had the rare quality of being able to work equally well in any surroundings, in doors or out, and he failed to understand why others could not, just as he failed to see why his wife should ever doubt the desirability of going anywhere, at any time, under any conditions. He thus writes to her in a letter, dated New Orleans, May 3, 1821: "Thou art not, it seems, as daring as I am about leaving one place to go to another, without the means. I am sorry for that. I never will fear want as long as I am well; and if God will grant me health with the little talents I have received from Nature, I would dare go to England or anywhere, without one cent, one single letter of introduction to any one."

This, as we know, was no empty boast, but the principle on which Audubon proceeded numberless times in his life. His own courage, or persuasions, brought his wife, as has been said, to join him in the Crescent City, and here as elsewhere that noble woman proved her courage and endurance fully equal to his, although perhaps in another line.

Under the date of January 1, 1822, Audubon writes: "Two months and five days have elapsed before I could venture

to dispose of one hundred and twenty-five cents to pay for this book, that probably, like all other things in the world, is ashamed to find me so poor." On March 5th of the same year: "During January my time was principally spent in giving lessons in painting and drawing, to supply my family and pay for the schooling of Victor and Johnny at a Mr. Branards', where they received notions of geography, arithmetic, grammar, and writing, for six dollars per month each. Every moment I had to spare I drew birds for my ornithology, in which my Lucy and myself alone have faith. February was spent in drawing birds strenuously, and I thought I had improved much by applying coats of water-color under the pastels, thereby preventing the appearance of the paper, that in some instances marred my best productions. I discovered also many imperfections in my earlier drawings, and formed the resolution to redraw the whole of them; consequently I hired two French hunters, who swept off every dollar that I could raise for specimens. I have few acquaintances; my wife and sons are more congenial to me than all others in the world, and we have no desire to force ourselves into a society where every day I receive fewer bows."

This winter (1821-1822) in New Orleans, proved to Audubon that his wife's judgment was correct; it was not the place for them to make either a permanent income or home. True, they had been able to live with extreme simplicity, and to send the boys to school; they had had their own pleasures, as the worn, brown volume, the journal of 1822-24, with its faded entries, bears

witness. There are accounts of walks and of musical evenings when they were joined by one or two friends of like tastes and talents. Both played well, she on the piano, and he on a variety of instruments, principally the violin, flute, and flageolet. For over two months a fifth inmate was added to the home circle in Mr. Matabon, a former friend, whom Audubon found one morning in the market, in a state of great poverty. He at once took him to his house and kept him as a guest, till, like Micawber, "something turned up" for him to do. When this gentleman left, this entry is made: "Mr. Matabon's departure is regretted by us all, and we shall sorely miss his beautiful music on the flute."

Summer approaching, when those who purchased pictures and took drawing-lessons were about to leave the city, Audubon accepted a position as tutor in the household of a Mr. Quaglas near Natchez. Mrs. Audubon, who had for some time been teaching in the family of Mr. Brand, removed to that gentleman's house with her sons; they, however, were almost immediately sent to school at Washington, nine miles from Natchez, Audubon's salary enabling him to do this, and in September he was joined by his wife.

While at Natchez, the long summer days permitted the drawing of birds as well as the teaching, which was conscientiously performed, and the hope of eventually publishing grew stronger. In the autumn of this year (1822), Audubon met a portrait painter named John Steen or Stein, from Washington, Pa., and thus writes, December, 1822: "He gave me the first

lesson in painting in oils I ever took in my life; it was a copy of an Otter from one of my water-colors. Together we painted a full length portrait of Père Antonio, which was sent to Havana."

January, 1823, brought fresh changes. Mrs. Audubon, with her son John, went to Mrs. Percy's plantation, Beechwoods, to teach not only Marguerite Percy, but also the daughters of the owners of the neighboring plantations, and Audubon, with Victor and Mr. Steen, started on a tour of the Southern States in a dearborn, intending to paint for their support. The journal says, March, 1823; "I regretted deeply leaving my Natchez friends, especially Charles Carré and Dr. Provan. The many birds I had collected to take to France I made free; some of the doves had become so fond of me that I was obliged to chase them to the woods, fearing the wickedness of the boys, who would, no doubt, have with pleasure destroyed them." So it would seem boys then were much the same as now. Jackson and other places were visited, and finally New Orleans, whence Audubon started for Louisville with Victor, May 1. The whole of this summer (1823) was one of enjoyment in many ways to the naturalist. He felt his wife was in a delightful home (where she remained many years), beloved by those around her; Victor now was nearly fourteen, handsome, strong, and very companionable, old for his years, and as his father was always young for his, they were good comrades, and till both were attacked by yellow fever, the days passed smoothly on. Nursed through this malady by the ever devoted wife and mother, who had come to them at once on hearing they

were ill, some time was spent at the Beechwoods to recuperate, and on October 1, 1823, Audubon with Victor departed for Kentucky by boat. The water being low, their progress was greatly delayed; he became impatient and at Trinity left the boat with his son and two gentlemen, and walked to Louisville. This walk, of which we have a full published account[28] began on October 15, and on the 21st they reached Green River, when Victor becoming weary, the remaining distance was performed in a wagon. It was on this journey, which Audubon undertook fearing, so he says, that he should not have enough money to provide for himself and Victor in Louisville beyond a few weeks, that he relates this incident: "The squatter had a Black Wolf, perfectly gentle, and completely under the control of his master; I put my hand in my pocket and took out a hundred-dollar bill, which I offered for it, but it was refused. I respected the man for his attachment to the wolf, for I doubted if he had ever seen a hundred dollars before."

Louisville was speedily quitted for Shippingport, where Audubon engaged a room for Victor and himself, and painted all winter (1823-24) at birds, landscapes, portraits, and even signs.

Shippingport was then a small village with mills, and was largely owned by the Tarascons and Berthouds, the latter living in the mansion of the place, and possessed of a very beautiful garden. Steamers and boats for the river traffic were built here, and it was a stirring place for its size, situated on the Falls

[28] See Episode: "A Tough Walk for a Youth."

of the Ohio, about two miles from Louisville then, but now part of that city. With forests and river to solace his anxieties, another season was passed by the man whose whole energies were now bent on placing his work before the best judges in Europe. This winter too, he lost one of his best and dearest friends, Madame Berthoud; how he felt this parting his own words best tell: "January 20, 1824. I arose this morning by that transparent light which is the effect of the moon before dawn, and saw Dr. Middleton passing at full gallop towards the white house; I followed – alas! my old friend was dead! What a void in the world for me! I was silent; many tears fell from my eyes, accustomed to sorrow. It was impossible for me to work; my heart, restless, moved from point to point all round the compass of my life. Ah, Lucy! what have I felt to-day! how can I bear the loss of our truest friend? This has been a sad day, most truly; I have spent it thinking, thinking, learning, weighing my thoughts, and quite sick of life. I wished I had been as quiet as my venerable friend, as she lay for the last time in her room."

As I turn over the pages of this volume[29] from which only a few extracts have been taken, well do I understand the mental suffering of which it tells so constantly. Poverty for himself, Audubon did not mind, but for those he loved it was a great and bitter trial to him. His keenly sensitive nature was wounded on every hand; no one but his wife, from whom he was now absent, had any faith in him or his genius. He never became indifferent,

[29] The before-mentioned journal, 1822-24.

as most of us do, to the coldness of those who had in earlier days sought him, not for what he *was*, but for what he *had*. Chivalrous, generous, and courteous to his heart's core, he could not believe others less so, till painful experiences taught him; then he was grieved, hurt, but never imbittered; and more marvellous yet, with his faith in his fellows as strong as ever, again and again he subjected himself to the same treatment. This was not stupidity, nor dulness of perception; it was that always, even to the end, Audubon kept the freshness of childhood; he was one of those who had "the secret of youth;" he was "old in years only, his heart was young. The earth was fair; plants still bloomed, and birds still sang for him."[30] It has been hard for me to keep from copying much from this journal, but I have felt it too sacred. Some would see in it the very heart of the man who wrote it, but to others – and the greater number – it would be, as I have decided to leave it, a sealed book.

Early in March, 1824, Audubon left Shippingport for Philadelphia, Victor remaining in the counting-house of Mr. Berthoud. He had some money, with which he decided to take lessons in painting either from Rembrandt Peale or Thomas Sully. He much preferred the latter both as artist and friend, and he remained in Philadelphia from April until August of the same year. This visit was marked by his introduction to Charles Lucien Bonaparte[31] and Edward Harris, both of whom became life-

[30] (With slight alterations) from "Bird Life," by F. M. Chapman, 1897, p. 13.

[31] Prince of Musignano, and subsequently a distinguished ornithologist. In March,

long friends, especially Mr. Harris, with whom he corresponded frequently when they were separated, and with whom he made many journeys, the most prolonged and important being that to the Yellowstone in 1843. To copy again: "April 10, 1824. I was introduced to the son of Lucien Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon, a great ornithologist, I was told. He remained two hours, went out, and returned with two Italian gentlemen, and their comments made me very contented." That evening he was taken to the Philosophical Academy[32] where the drawings were greatly admired, and their author says: "*I* do not think much of them except when in the very act of drawing them." At this meeting Mr. George Ord met Audubon and objected strongly to the birds and plants being drawn together, "but spoke well of them otherwise." Mr. Ord was one of those (of the very few, I might say) who disliked the naturalist from first to last,[33] who was perhaps, his bitterest enemy. In later years Dr. John Bachman

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1824, Bonaparte was just publishing his "Observations on the Nomenclature of Wilson's Ornithology," which ran through the "Journal of the Academy of Natural Sciences," of Philadelphia, from April 5, 1824, to Aug. 25, 1825, in five parts. This was preliminary to Bonaparte's "American Ornithology," which appeared in four quarto vols., 1825-33, to his "Synopsis," of 1828, and to his "Comparative List," of 1838. – E. C.

[32] Probably the Academy of Natural Sciences.

[33] Ord had edited the posthumous vols. viii. and ix. of "Wilson's Ornithology," which appeared in 1814; and in 1824 was engaged upon that edition of Wilson which was published in 3 vols. 8vo, in 1828-29, with a folio atlas of 76 plates. This is probably enough to account for his attitude toward Audubon. – E. C.

resented his conduct, and wrote a very trenchant reply[34] to one of Mr. Ord's published articles about Audubon; but there is no word of anger anywhere in the letters or journals, only of regret or pain.[35]

Of Mr. Harris we find this: "July 12, 1824. I drew for Mr.

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[34] "Defence of Audubon," by John Bachman. "Bucks Co. Intelligencer," 1835, and other papers.

[35] Almost the only other enemy Audubon appears to have ever had in public print was Charles Waterton, who vehemently assailed him in "Loudon's Magazine of Natural History," vi. 1833, pp. 215-218, and vii., 1834, pp. 66-74. Audubon was warmly defended by his son Victor in the same magazine, vi. 1833, p. 369, and at greater length by "R. B.," *ibid.*, pp. 369-372. Dr. Coues characterizes Waterton's attack as "flippant and supercilious animadversion," in "Birds of the Colorado Valley," 1878, p. 622.The present is hardly the occasion to bring up the countless reviews and notices of Audubon's published life-work; but a few references I have at hand may be given. One of the earliest, if not the first, appeared in the "Edinburgh Journal of Science," vi. p. 184 (1827). In 1828, Audubon himself published "An Account of the Method of Drawing Birds," etc., in the same Journal, viii., pp. 48-54. The "Report of a Committee appointed by the Lyceum of Natural History of New York to examine the splendid work of Mr. Audubon," etc., appeared in "Silliman's Journal," xvi., 1829, pp. 353, 354. His friend William Swainson published some highly commendatory and justly appreciative articles on the same subject in "Loudon's Magazine," i., 1829, pp. 43-52, and in the "Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal," x., 1831, pp. 317-332, under the pseudonym "Ornithophilus." Another anonymous review, highly laudatory, appeared in the same Journal, xviii., 1834, pp. 131-144. Dr. John Bachman defended the truthfulness of Audubon's drawings in the "Journal of the Boston Society of Natural History," i. 1834, pp. 15-31. One of the most extended notices appeared anonymously in the "North American Review," July, 1835, pp. 194-231; and another signed "B," in "Loudon's Magazine," viii., 1835, PP. 184-190. In Germany, "Isis von Oken" contained others, xxx., 1837, pp. 922-928, xxxv., 1842, pp. 157, 158; and xxxvii., 1844, pp. 713-718. "Silliman's Journal" again reviewed the work in xlii., 1842, pp. 130-136. – E. C.

Fairman a small grouse to be put on a bank-note belonging to the State of New-Jersey; this procured me the acquaintance of a young man named Edward Harris of Moorestown, an ornithologist, who told me he had seen some English Snipes[36] within a few days, and that they bred in the marshes about him." And also: "July 19th. Young Harris, God bless him, looked at the drawings I had for sale, and said he would take them *all*, at my prices. I would have kissed him, but that it is not the custom in this icy city."

Other friends were made here, almost as valuable as Mr. Harris, though not as well *loved*, for these two were truly congenial souls, who never wearied of each other, and between whom there was never a shadow of difference. Thomas Sully, the artist, Dr. Richard Harlan,[37] Reuben Haines, Le Sueur,[38] Dr. Mease, and many another honored name might be given.

In August Philadelphia was quitted, and another period of travel in search of birds was begun. Of this next year, 1825, no record whatever can be found besides the episodes of "Niagara"

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[36] That is the species now known as Wilson's Snipe, *Gallinago delicata*.

[37] Dr. Richard Harlan is the author of the well-known "Fauna Americana," 8vo, Philadelphia, 1825, and of many scientific papers. Audubon dedicated to him the Black Warrior, *Falco harlani*, a large, dark hawk of the genus *Buteo*, shot at St. Francisville, La., Nov. 18, 1829.

[38] Charles Alexandre Le Sueur, 1778-1846, distinguished French naturalist. Best biography in Youman's "Pioneers of Science in America," 8vo, N.Y., 1896, pp. 128-139, with portrait. The same volume contains a biographical sketch of Audubon, pp. 152-166, with portrait after the oil painting by George P. A. Healy, belonging to the Boston Society of Natural History. – E. C.

and "Meadville," and two detached pages of journal. Audubon went to New York, up the Hudson, along the Great Lakes, then to Pittsburg, and finally to Bayou Sara, where, having decided to go to England, he made up his mind to resume at once his classes in drawing, music, and dancing, to make money for the European journey, for which he never ceased to accumulate pictures of his beloved birds. Reaching Bayou Sara in December, 1825, this work at once began by giving lessons in dancing to the young ladies under my grandmother's care; and Judge Randolph, a near neighbor, had his sons take lessons in fencing. In these branches Audubon was so successful that the residents of the village of Woodville, fifteen miles distant, engaged him for Friday and Saturday of each week, and here he had over sixty pupils. From the account of this class I take the following: "I marched to the hall with my violin under my arm, bowed to the company assembled, tuned my violin; played a cotillon, and began my lesson by placing the gentlemen in a line. Oh! patience support me! how I labored before I could promote the first appearance of elegance or ease of motion; in doing this I first broke my bow, and then my violin; I then took the ladies and made them take steps, as I sang in time to accompany their movements."

These lessons continued three months, and were in every sense a success, Audubon realizing about $2000 from his winter's work. With this, and the greater part of the savings of his wife, which she had hoarded to forward this journey, so long the goal of their hopes, another farewell was taken, the many valued

drawings packed up, and on April 26, 1826, the vessel with the naturalist and his precious freight left New Orleans for England.

The journals from this date, until May 1, 1829, are kept with the usual regularity, and fortunately have escaped the destruction which has befallen earlier volumes. They tell of one of the most interesting periods of Audubon's life, and are given beyond, – not entire, yet so fully that I pass on at once to the last date they contain, which marks Audubon's return to America, May 5, 1829.

His time abroad had seen the publication of the "Birds of America"[39] successfully begun, had procured him subscribers

[39] Of the great folios, parts i. – v., containing plates 1-25, were originally published at successive dates (not ascertained) in 1827; parts vi. – x., plates 26-50, appeared in the course of 1828, – all in London. The whole work was completed in 1838; it is supposed to have been issued in 87 parts of 5 plates each, making the actual total of 435 plates, giving 1065 figures of birds. On the completion of the series, the plates were to be bound in 4 vols. Vol. i., pll. 1-100, 1827-30; vol. ii., pll. 101-200, 1831-34; vol. iii., pll. 201-300, 1834-35; vol. iv., pll. 301-435, 1835-38 (completed June 30). These folios had no text except the title-leaf of each volume. The original price was two guineas a part; a complete copy is now worth $1,500 to $2,000, according to condition of binding, etc., and is scarce at any price. The text to the plates appeared under the different title of "Ornithological Biography," in 5 large 8vo volumes, Edinburgh, 1831-39; vol. i., 1831; vol. ii., 1834; vol. iii., 1835; vol. iv., 1838; vol. v., 1839. In 1840-44, the work reappeared in octavo, text and plates together, under the original title of "Birds of America;" the text somewhat modified by the omission of the "Delineations of American Scenery and Manners," the addition of some new matter acquired after 1839, and change in the names of many species to agree with the nomenclature of Audubon's Synopsis of 1839; the plates reduced by the camera lucida, rearranged and renumbered, making 500 in all. The two original works, thus put together and modified, became the first octavo edition called "Birds of America," issued in 100 parts, to be bound in 7 volumes, 1840-44. There have been

enough to warrant his continuing the vast undertaking, and had given him many friends. His object now was to make drawings of birds which he had not yet figured for the completion of his work, and then to take his wife, and possibly his sons with him to England. During these years Mrs. Audubon was latterly alone, as John had taken a position with Victor and was in Louisville. Victor, meantime, had worked steadily and faithfully, and had earned for himself a position and a salary far beyond that of most young men of his age. Both parents relied on him to an extent that is proof in itself of his unusual ability; these words in a letter from his father, dated London, Dec. 23, 1828, "Victor's letters to me are highly interesting, full of candor, sentiment, and sound judgment, and I am very proud of him," are certainly testimony worth having. As the years went on both sons assisted their father in every way, and to an extent that the world has never recognized.

Great as was Audubon's wish to proceed without delay to Louisiana, he felt it due to his subscribers to get to work at once, and wrote to his wife under date of New York, May 10, 1829: "I have landed here from on board the packet ship Columbia after an agreeable passage of thirty-five days from Portsmouth. I have come to America to remain as long as consistent with the safety of the continuation of my publication in London without

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various subsequent issues, partial or complete, upon which I cannot here enlarge. For full bibliographical data see Dr. Coues' "Birds of the Colorado Valley," Appendix, 1878, pp. 612, 618, 625, 629, 644, 661, 666, 669 and 686. – E. C.

my personal presence. According to future circumstances I shall return to England on the 1st of October next, or, if possible, not until April, 1830. I wish to employ and devote every moment of my sojourn in America to drawing such birds and plants as I think necessary to enable me to give my publication throughout the degree of perfection that I am told exists in that portion already published. I have left my business going on quite well; my engraver[40] has in his hands all the drawings wanted to complete this present year, and those necessary to form the first number of next year. I have finished the two first years of publication, the two most difficult years to be encountered." To Victor he writes from Camden, N.J., July 10, 1829: "I shall this year have issued ten numbers, each containing five plates, making in all fifty.[41] I cannot publish more than five numbers annually, because it would make too heavy an expense to my subscribers, and indeed require more workmen than I could find in London. The work when finished will contain eighty numbers,[42] therefore I have seventy to issue, which will take fourteen years more. It is a long

[40] Referring to Mr. Robert Havell, of No. 77 Oxford St., London. His name will be recalled in connection with *Sterna havellii*, the Tern which Audubon shot at New Orleans in 1820, and dedicated to his engraver in "Orn. Biogr." v., 1839, p. 122, "B. Amer.," 8vo, vii., 1844, p. 103, pl. 434. It is the winter plumage of the bird Nuttall called *S. forsteri* in his "Manual," ii., 1834, p. 274. See Coues, "Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy of Science," 1862, p. 543. – E. C.

[41] See previous note on p. 59, where it is said that plates 1-25 appeared in 1827, and plates 26-50 in 1828 – in attestation of which the above words to Victor Audubon become important. – E. C.

[42] It actually ran to 87 numbers, as stated in a previous note.

time to look forward to, but it cannot be helped. I think I am doing well; I have now one hundred and forty-four subscribers."

All this summer and early fall, until October 10th, Audubon spent in the neighborhood of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, working as few can work, four hours continuing to be his allowance for sleep. Six weeks in September and October were spent in the Great Pine Swamp, or Forest,[43] as he called it, his permanent lodgings being at Camden, N.J. Here he writes, October 11, 1829: "I am at work and have done much, but I wish I had eight pairs of hands, and another body to shoot the specimens; still I am delighted at what I have accumulated in drawings this season. Forty-two drawings in four months, eleven large, eleven middle size, and twenty-two small, comprising ninety-five birds, from Eagles downwards, with plants, nests, flowers, and sixty different kinds of eggs. I live alone, see scarcely any one, besides those belonging to the house where I lodge. I rise long before day and work till nightfall, when I take a walk, and to bed.

"I returned yesterday from Mauch Chunk; after all, there is nothing perfect but *primitiveness*, and my efforts at copying nature, like all other things attempted by us poor mortals, fall far short of the originals. Few better than myself can appreciate this with more despondency than I do."

Very shortly after this date Audubon left for Louisiana, crossed the Alleghanies to Pittsburg, down the Ohio by boat to

[43] See Episodes "Great Egg Harbor" and "Great Pine Swamp."

Louisville, where he saw Victor and John. "Dear boys!" he says; "I had not seen Victor for nearly five years, and so much had he changed I hardly knew him, but he recognized me at once. Johnny too had much grown and improved." Remaining with his sons a few days, he again took the boat for Bayou Sara, where he landed in the middle of the night. The journal says: "It was dark, sultry, and I was quite alone. I was aware yellow fever was still raging at St. Francisville, but walked thither to procure a horse. Being only a mile distant, I soon reached it, and entered the open door of a house I knew to be an inn; all was dark and silent. I called and knocked in vain, it was the abode of Death alone! The air was putrid; I went to another house, another, and another; everywhere the same state of things existed; doors and windows were all open, but the living had fled. Finally I reached the home of Mr. Nübling, whom I knew. He welcomed me, and lent me his horse, and I went off at a gallop. It was so dark that I soon lost my way, but I cared not, I was about to rejoin my wife, I was in the woods, the woods of Louisiana, my heart was bursting with joy! The first glimpse of dawn set me on my road, at six o'clock I was at Mr. Johnson's house;[44] a servant took the horse, I went at once to my wife's apartment; her door was ajar, already she was dressed and sitting by her piano, on which a young lady was playing. I pronounced her name gently, she saw me, and the next moment I held her in my arms. Her emotion was so great I feared I had acted rashly, but tears relieved our hearts, once more we

[44] Mr. Garrett Johnson, where Mrs. Audubon was then teaching.

were together."

Audubon remained in Louisiana with his wife till January, 1830, when together they went to Louisville, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York, whence they sailed for England in April. All his former friends welcomed them on their arrival, and the kindness the naturalist had received on his first visit was continued to his wife as well as himself. Finding many subscribers had not paid, and others had lapsed, he again painted numerous pictures for sale, and journeyed hither and yon for new subscribers as well as to make collections.

Mrs. Audubon, meanwhile, had taken lodgings in London, but that city being no more to her taste than to her husband's, she joined him, and they travelled together till October, when to Audubon's joy he found himself at his old lodgings at 26 George St., Edinburgh, where he felt truly at home with Mrs. Dickie; and here he began the "Ornithological Biography," with many misgivings, as the journal bears witness: "Oct. 16, 1830. I know that I am a poor writer, that I scarcely can manage to scribble a tolerable English letter, and not a much better one in French, though that is easier to me. I know I am not a scholar, but meantime I am aware that no man living knows better than I do the habits of our birds; no man living has studied them as much as I have done, and with the assistance of my old journals and memorandum-books which were written on the spot, I can at least put down plain truths, which may be useful and perhaps interesting, so I shall set to at once. I cannot, however, give

scientific descriptions, and here must have assistance."

His choice of an assistant would have been his friend Mr. William Swainson, but this could not be arranged, and Mr. James Wilson recommended Mr. William MacGillivray.[45] Of this gentleman Mr. D. G. Elliot says:[46] "No better or more fortunate choice could have been made. Audubon worked incessantly, MacGillivray keeping abreast of him, and Mrs. Audubon re-wrote the entire manuscript to send to America, and secure the copyright there." The happy result of this association of two great men, so different in most respects as Audubon and MacGillivray, is characterized by Dr. Coues in the following terms ("Key to North American Birds," 2d ed., 1884, p. xxii): "Vivid and ardent was his genius, matchless he was both with pen and pencil in giving life and spirit to the beautiful objects he delineated with passionate love; but there was a strong and patient worker by his side, – William MacGillivray, the countryman of Wilson, destined to lend the sturdy Scotch fibre to an Audubonian epoch.[47] The brilliant French-American Naturalist was little of

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[45] There has been much question as to the spelling of MacGillivray's name, Professor Newton and most others writing it Macgillivray, but in the autograph letters we own the capital "G" is always used.

[46] Address at the special meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, April 26, 1893.

[47] Referring to one of the six "epochs" into which, in the same work, Dr. Coues divided the progress of American Ornithology. His "Audubon epoch" extends from 1824 to 1853, and one of the four periods into which this epoch is divided is the "Audubonian period," 1834-1853.

a 'scientist'. Of his work the magical beauties of form and color and movement are all his; his page is redolent of Nature's fragrance; but MacGillivray's are the bone and sinew, the hidden anatomical parts beneath the lovely face, the nomenclature, the classification, – in a word, the technicalities of the science."

Though somewhat discouraged at finding that no less than three editions of Alexander Wilson's "American Ornithology" were about to be published, Audubon went bravely on. My grandmother wrote to her sons: "Nothing is heard, but the steady movement of the pen; your father is up and at work before dawn, and writes without ceasing all day. Mr. MacGillivray breakfasts at nine each morning, attends the Museum four days in the week, has several works on hand besides ours, and is moreover engaged as a lecturer in a new seminary on botany and natural history. His own work[48] progresses slowly, but surely, for he writes until far into the night."

The first volume of "Ornithological Biography" was finished, but no publisher could be found to take it, so Audubon published it himself in March, 1831.[49] During this winter an agreement had

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[48] Descriptions of the Rapacious Birds of Great Britain. By William MacGillivray, A.M., Edinburgh, 1836, I vol. small 8vo. This valuable treatise is dedicated "To John James Audubon, in admiration of his talents as an ornithologist, and in gratitude for many acts of friendship." Mr. MacGillivray also had then in preparation or contemplation his larger "History of British Birds," 3 volumes of which appeared in 1837-40, but the 4th and 5th volumes not till 1852. – E. C.

[49] The completed volume bears date of MDCCCXXXI. on the titlepage and the publisher's imprint of "Adam Black, 55, North Bridge, Edinburgh." The collation is pp. i-xxiv, 1-512, + 15 pp. of Prospectus, etc. This is the text to plates I. – C. (1-100)

been made with Mr. J. B. Kidd to copy some of the birds, put in backgrounds, sell them, and divide the proceeds. Eight were finished and sold immediately, and the agreement continued till May, 1, 1831, when Audubon was so annoyed by Mr. Kidd's lack of industry that the copying was discontinued. Personally, I have no doubt that many of the paintings which are said to be by Audubon are these copies. They are all on mill-board, – a material, however, which grandfather used himself, so that, as he rarely signed an oil painting,[50] the mill-board is no proof of identity one way or the other.

On April 15, 1831, Mr. and Mrs. Audubon left Edinburgh for London, then went on to Paris, where there were fourteen subscribers. They were in France from May until the end of July, when London again received them. On August 2d they sailed for America, and landed on September 4th. They went to Louisville at once, where Mrs. Audubon remained with her sons, and the naturalist went south, his wish being to visit Florida and the adjacent islands. It was on this trip that, stopping at Charleston, S.C., he made the acquaintance of the Rev. John Bachman[51] in October, 1831. The two soon became the closest friends,

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of the elephant folios. Other copies are said to bear the imprint of "Philadelphia, E. L. Carey and A. Hart, MDCCCXXXI." – E. C.Audubon wrote to Dr. Richard Harlan on March 13, 1831, "I have sent a copy of the first volume to you to-day."

[50] We only possess one oil painting signed "Audubon."

[51] John Bachman, D.D., LL.D., Ph.D., Feb. 4, 1790-April 24, 1874. Author of many works, scientific, zoölogical, and religious. For sixty years he was pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, Charleston, S.C.

and this friendship was only severed by death. Never were men more dissimilar in character, but both were enthusiastic and devoted naturalists; and herein was the bond, which later was strengthened by the marriages of Victor and John to Dr. Bachman's two eldest daughters.[52]

The return from Florida in the spring of 1832 was followed by a journey to New Brunswick and Maine, when, for the first time in many years, the whole family travelled together. They journeyed in the most leisurely manner, stopping where there were birds, going on when they found none, everywhere welcomed, everywhere finding those willing to render assistance to the "American backwoodsman" in his researches. Audubon had the simplicity and charm of manner which interested others at once, and his old friend Dr. Bachman understood this when he wrote: "Audubon has *given* to him what nobody else can *buy*." On this Maine journey, the friendship between the Lincolns at Dennysville, begun in the wanderer's earlier years, was renewed, and with this hospitable family Mrs. Audubon remained while her husband and sons made their woodland researches.

In October of 1832, Victor sailed for England, to superintend the publishing of the work; his father remained in America drawing and re-drawing, much of the time in Boston, where, as everywhere, many friends were made, and where he had a short,

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[52] Both these daughters died young, – Maria, the eldest, who married John, before she was twenty-four; Eliza, who married Victor, still younger, during the first year of her wedded life.

but severe illness – an unusual experience with him. In the spring of 1833, the long proposed trip to Labrador was planned and undertaken.

The schooner "Ripley," Captain Emery commanding, was chartered. Audubon was accompanied by five young men, all under twenty-four years of age, namely: Joseph Coolidge, George C. Shattuck, William Ingalls, Thomas Lincoln and John Woodhouse, the naturalist's younger son. On June 6 they sailed for the rocky coasts and storm-beaten islands, which are so fully described in the Labrador Journal, now first published entire in the present work.

Victor was still in England, and to him his father wrote, on May 16, 1833, a long letter filled with careful directions as to the completion of the work now so far accomplished, and which was so dear – as it is to-day – to all the family. The entire letter is too long and too personal to give beyond a few extracts: "Should the Author of all things deprive us of our lives, work for and comfort the dear being who gave you birth. Work for her, my son, as long as it may be the pleasure of God to grant her life; never neglect her a moment; in a word, prove to her that you are truly *a son*! Continue the publication of our work to the last; you have in my journals all necessary facts, and in yourself sufficient ability to finish the letter-press, with the assistance of our worthy friend John Bachman, as well as MacGillivray. If you should deem it wise to remove the publication of the work to this country, I advise you to settle in Boston; *I have faith in the Bostonians*. I

entreat you to be careful, industrious, and persevering; pay every one most punctually, and never permit your means to be over-reached. May the blessings of those who love you be always with you, supported by those of Almighty God."

During the Labrador voyage, which was both arduous and expensive, many bird-skins (seventy-three) were prepared and brought back, besides the drawings made, a large collection of plants, and other curiosities. Rough as the experience was, it was greatly enjoyed, especially by the young men. Only one of these[53] is now living (1897), and he bears this testimony to the character of the naturalist, with whom he spent three months in the closest companionship. In a letter to me dated Oct. 9, 1896, he says: "You had only to meet him to love him; and when you had conversed with him for a moment, you looked upon him as an old friend, rather than a stranger… To this day I can see him, a magnificent gray-haired man, childlike in his simplicity, kind-hearted, noble-souled, lover of nature and lover of youth, friend of humanity, and one whose religion was the golden rule."

The Labrador expedition ended with summer, and Mr. and Mrs. Audubon went southward by land, John going by water to meet them at Charleston, S.C., – Victor meanwhile remaining in London. In the ever hospitable home of the Bachmans part of the winter of 1833-34 was spent, and many a tale is told of

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[53] Mr. Joseph Coolidge, formerly of Maine, now of San Francisco, Cal. Two others are known by name to every ornithologist through Audubon's *Emberiza shattuckii* and *Fringilla lincolnii*; for these birds see notes beyond. – E. C.

hunting parties, of camping in the Southern forests, while the drawings steadily increased in number. Leaving Charleston, the travels were continued through North and South Carolina and northward to New York, when the three sailed for Liverpool April 16, and joined Victor in London, in May, 1834.

It has been erroneously stated that Audubon kept no journals during this second visit to England and Scotland, for the reasons that his family – for whom he wrote – was with him, and also that he worked so continuously for the "Ornithological Biography;" but this is a mistake. Many allusions to the diaries of these two years from April, 1834, until August, 1836, are found, and conclusive proof is that Victor writes: "On the 19th of July last, 1845, the copper-plates from which the "Birds of America" had been printed were ruined by fire,[54] though not entirely destroyed, as were many of my fathers journals, – most unfortunately those which he had written during his residence in London and Edinburgh while writing and publishing the letter-press."

It was at this time that Victor and John went to the Continent for five months, being with their parents the remainder of the time, both studying painting in their respective branches, Victor working at landscapes, John at portraits and birds.

In July, 1836, Audubon and John returned to America, to find that nearly everything in the way of books, papers, the valuable and curious things collected both at home and abroad, had been destroyed in New York in the fire of 1835, Mr. Berthoud's

[54] The offices 34 Liberty St., New York, were burned at this time.

warehouse being one of those blown up with gunpowder to stay the spread of the fire. Mrs. Audubon and Victor remained in London, in the house where they had lived some time, 4 Wimpole St., Cavendish Square. After a few weeks in New York, father and son went by land to Charleston, pausing at Washington and other cities; and being joined by Mr. Edward Harris in the spring of 1837, they left Dr. Bachman's where they had spent the winter, for the purpose of exploring part of the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. This expedition they were assisted in making by Col. John Abert,[55] who procured them the Revenue cutter "Campbell." Fire having afterward (in 1845) destroyed the journals of this period, only a few letters remain to tell us of the coasting voyage to Galveston Bay, Texas, though the ornithological results of this journey are all in the "Birds of America." It was during this visit to Charleston that the plans were begun which led to the "Quadrupeds of North America," under the joint authorship of Audubon and Bachman.[56]

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[55] John James Abert, who was in 1837 brevet lieutenant-colonel of Topographical Engineers, U.S. Army, and afterward chief of his corps. Abert's Squirrel, *Sciurus aberti*, forms the subject of plate 153, fig. 1, of Audubon and Bachman's "Quadrupeds."

[56] This important and standard work on American Mammalogy was not, however, finished till many years afterward, nor did Audubon live to see its completion. Publication of the colored plates in oblong folio, without text, began at least as early as 1840, and with few exceptions they first appeared in this form. They were subsequently reduced to large octavo size, and issued in parts with the text, then first published. The whole, text and plates, were then gathered in 3 volumes: vol. i., 1846; vol. ii., 1851; vol. iii., to page 254 and pl. 150, 1853; vol. iii., p. 255 to end, 1854. There are in all 155

In the late summer of 1837, Audubon, with John and his wife, – for he had married Maria, Dr. Bachman's eldest daughter, – returned to England, his last voyage there, and remained abroad until the autumn of 1839, when the family, with the addition of the first grandchild,[57] once more landed in America, and settled, if such wanderers can ever be said to settle, in New York, in the then uptown region of 86 White St.

The great ornithological work had been finished, absolutely completed,[58] in the face of incredible delays and difficulties, and representing an amount of work which in these days of easy travel it is hard to comprehend. The "Synopsis" also was published in this year, and the indefatigable worker began at once the octavo edition of the "Birds," and the drawings of

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plates; 50 in vol. i., 50 in vol. ii., 55 in vol. iii.; about half of them are from Audubon's brush, the rest by John Woodhouse. The exact character of the joint authorship does not appear; but no doubt the technical descriptions are by Dr. Bachman. Publication was made in New York by Victor Audubon; and there was a reissue of some parts of the work at least, as vol. i. is found with copyright of 1849, and date 1851 on the title. – E. C.

[57] Lucy, now Mrs. Delancey B. Williams.

[58] Victor Audubon wrote in reply to a question as to how many copies of the "Birds" were in existence: "About 175 copies; of these I should say 80 were in our own country. The length of time over which the work extended brought many changes to original subscribers, and this accounts for the odd volumes which are sometimes offered for sale."In stating that the work had been "absolutely completed" in 1838, I must not omit to add that when the octavo reissue appeared it contained a few additional birds chiefly derived from Audubon's fruitful voyage up the Missouri in 1843, which also yielded much material for the work on the Quadrupeds. The appearance of the "Synopsis" in 1839 marks the interval between the completion of the original undertaking and the beginning of plans for its reduction to octavo. – E. C.

the quadrupeds. For this edition of the "Birds" Victor attended almost wholly to the printing and publishing, and John reduced every drawing to the required size with the aid of the camera lucida, Audubon devoting his time to the coloring and obtaining of subscribers.

Having fully decided to settle in New York City, and advised their friends to that effect, Audubon found he could not live in any city, except, as he writes, "perhaps fair Edinburgh;" so in the spring of 1842, the town house was sold, and the family moved to "Minniesland," now known as Audubon Park, in the present limits of New York City. The name came from the fact that my father and uncle always used the Scotch name "Minnie" for mother. The land when bought was deeded to her, and always spoken of as *Minnie's land*, and this became the name which the Audubons gave it, by which to day those of us who are left recall the lovely home where their happy childhood was spent; for here were born all but three of the fourteen grandchildren.

No railroad then separated the lawn from the beach where Audubon so often hauled the seine; the dense woods all around resounded to the songs of the birds he so loved; many animals (deer, elk, moose, bears, wolves, foxes, and smaller quadrupeds) were kept in enclosures – never in cages – mostly about a quarter of a mile distant from the river, near the little building known as the "painting house." What joyous memories are those of the rush out of doors, lessons being over, to the little brook, following which one gathered the early blossoms in their season, or in the

autumn cleared out leaves, that its waters might flow unimpeded, and in winter found icicles of wondrous shape and beauty; and just beyond its source stood the painting house, where every child was always welcome,[59] where the wild flowers from hot little hands were painted in the pictures of what we called "the animals," to the everlasting pride and glory of their finder.

It was hoped that only shorter trips would now be taken, and a visit to Canada as far as Quebec was made in August and September of 1842.

But even in this home after his own tastes, where hospitality and simplicity ruled, Audubon could not stay, for his heart had always been set on going farther west, and though both family and friends thought him growing too old for such a journey, he started in March, 1843, for St. Louis, and thence up the Missouri on the steamboat "Omega" of the American Fur Company, which left on its annual trip April 25, 1843, taking up supplies of all sorts, and returning with thousands of skins and furs. Here again Audubon speaks for himself, and I shall not now anticipate his account with words of mine, as the Missouri journal follows in full. He was accompanied on this trip by Mr. Edward Harris, his faithful friend of many years, John G. Bell as taxidermist, Isaac Sprague as artist, and Lewis Squires as secretary and general assistant. With the exception of Mr. Harris, all were engaged by Audubon, who felt his time was short, his duties many, while the

[59] "These little folk, of all sizes, sit and play in my room and do not touch the specimens." (Letter of Dr. Bachman, May 11, 1848, to his family in Charleston.)

man of seventy (?) had no longer the strength of youth.

November of 1843 saw him once more at Minniesland, and the *long* journeys were forever over; but work on the "Quadrupeds" was continued with the usual energy. The next few years were those of great happiness. His valued friend Dr. Thomas M. Brewer, of Boston, visited him in 1846. Writing of him Dr. Brewer says:[60] "The patriarch had greatly changed since I had last seen him. He wore his hair longer, and it now hung down in locks of snowy whiteness on his shoulders. His once piercing gray eyes, though still bright, had already begun to fail him. He could no longer paint with his wonted accuracy, and had at last, most reluctantly, been forced to surrender to his sons the task of completing the illustrations to the "Quadrupeds of North America." Surrounded by his large family, including his devoted wife, his two sons with their wives,[61] and quite a troop of grandchildren, his enjoyments of life seemed to leave him little to desire… A pleasanter scene, or a more interesting household it has never been the writer's good fortune to witness."

Of this period one of his daughters-in-law[62] speaks in her journal as follows: "Mr. Audubon was of a most kindly nature; he never passed a workman or a stranger of either sex without a salutation, such as, 'Good-day, friend,' 'Well, my good man,

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[60] Harper's Monthly Magazine, October, 1880, p. 665.

[61] Both sons had married a second time. Victor had married Georgiana R. Mallory of New York, and John, Caroline Hall of England.

[62] Mrs. V. G. Audubon.

how do you do?' If a boy, it was, 'Well, my little man,' or a little girl, 'Good morning, lassie, how are you to-day?' All were noticed, and his pleasant smile was so cordial that all the villagers and work-people far and near, knew and liked him. He painted a little after his return from the Yellowstone River, but as he looked at his son John's animals, he said: 'Ah, Johnny, no need for the old man to paint any more when you can do work like that.' He was most affectionate in his disposition, very fond of his grandchildren, and it was a pleasant sight to see him sit with one on his knee, and others about him, singing French songs in his lively way. It was sweet too, to see him with his wife; he was always her lover, and invariably used the pronouns 'thee' and 'thou' in his speech to her. Often have I heard him say, 'Well, sweetheart! always busy; come sit thee down a few minutes and rest.'"

My mother has told me that when the picture of the Cougars came from Texas, where my father had painted it, my grandfather's delight knew no bounds. He was beside himself with joy that "his boy Johnny" could paint a picture he considered so fine; he looked at it from every point, and could not keep quiet, but walked up and down filled with delight.

Of these years much might be said, but much has already been written of them, so I will not repeat.[63] Many characteristics Audubon kept to the last; his enthusiasm, freshness, and keenness

[63] Reminiscences of Audubon, Scribner's Monthly, July, 1876, p. 333; Turf, Field, and Farm, Nov. 18, 1881.

of enjoyment and pain were never blunted. His ease and grace of speech and movement were as noticeable in the aged man as they had been in the happy youth of Mill Grove. His courteous manners to all, high and low, were always the same; his chivalry, generosity, and honor were never dimmed, and his great personal beauty never failed to attract attention; always he was handsome. His stepmother writes from Nantes to her husband in Virginia: "He is the handsomest boy in Nantes, but perhaps not the most studious." At Mill Grove Mr. David Pawling wrote in January, 1805: "To-day I saw the swiftest skater I ever beheld; backwards and forwards he went like the wind, even leaping over large air-holes fifteen or more feet across, and continuing to skate without an instant's delay. I was told he was a young Frenchman, and this evening I met him at a ball, where I found his dancing exceeded his skating; all the ladies wished him as partner; moreover, a handsomer man I never saw, his eyes alone command attention; his name, Audubon, is strange to me."

Abroad it was the same; Mr. Rathbone speaks of "his beautiful expressive face," as did Christopher North, and so on until the beauty of youth and manhood passed into the "magnificent gray-haired man."

But "the gay young Frenchman who danced with all the girls," was an old man now, not so much as the years go, but in the intensity of his life. He had never done anything by halves; he had played and worked, enjoyed and sorrowed, been depressed and elated, each and all with his highly strung nature at fever heat, and

the end was not far. He had seen the accomplishment of his hopes in the "Birds," and the "Quadrupeds" he was content to leave largely to other hands; and surely no man ever had better helpers. From first to last his wife had worked, in more ways than one, to further the aim of his life; Victor had done the weary mechanical business work; John had hunted, and preserved specimens, taken long journeys – notably to Texas and California – and been his father's travelling companion on more than one occasion. Now the time had come when he no longer led; Victor had full charge of the publication of the "Quadrupeds," besides putting in many of the backgrounds, and John painted a large proportion of the animals. But I think that none of them regarded their work as individual, – it was always *ours*, for father and sons were comrades and friends; and with Dr. Bachman's invaluable aid this last work was finished, but not during Audubon's life. He travelled more or less in the interests of his publications during these years, largely in New England and in the Middle States.

In 1847 the brilliant intellect began to be dimmed; at first it was only the difficulty of finding the right word to express an idea, the gradual lessening of interest, and this increased till in May, 1848, Dr. Bachman tells the pathetic close of the enthusiastic and active life: "Alas, my poor friend Audubon! The outlines of his beautiful face and form are there, but his noble mind is all in ruins. It is indescribably sad."

Through these last years the devotion of the entire household was his. He still loved to wander in the woods, he liked to hear

his wife read to him, and music was ever a delight. To the very last his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Victor G. Audubon, sang a little Spanish song to him every evening, rarely permitting anything to interfere with what gave him so much pleasure, and evening by evening he listened to the *Buenas Noches*, which was so soon to be his in reality.

His grandchildren, also, were a constant source of enjoyment to him, and he to them, for children always found a friend in him; and thus quietly did he pass through that valley which had no shadows for him.

I wish to wholly correct the statement that Audubon became blind. His sight became impaired by old age, as is usually the case; he abhorred spectacles or glasses of any kind, would not wear them except occasionally, and therefore did not get the right focus for objects near by; but his far-sight was hardly impaired. That wonderful vision which surprised even the keen-eyed Indian never failed him.

Well do I remember the tall figure with snow-white hair, wandering peacefully along the banks of the beautiful Hudson. Already he was resting in that border land which none can fathom, and it could not have been far to go, no long and weary journey, when, after a few days of increasing feebleness, for there was no illness, just as sunset was flooding the pure, snow-covered landscape with golden light, at five o'clock on Monday, January 27, 1851, the "pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift, … outsoared the shadow of our night."

In a quiet spot in Trinity Church Cemetery, not far from the home where Audubon spent his last years, the remains of the naturalist were laid with all honor and respect, on the Thursday following his death. Time brought changes which demanded the removal of the first burial-place, and a second one was chosen in the same cemetery, which is now marked by the beautiful monument erected by the New York Academy of Sciences.[64]

Now wife and sons have joined him; together they rest undisturbed by winter storms or summer heat; the river they loved so well flows past their silent home as in days long gone when its beauties won their hearts.

Truly the place where they dwelt shall know them no more, but "while the melody of the mocking-bird is heard in the cypress forests of Louisiana, and the squirrel leaps from its leafy curtain like a thing of beauty, the name of Audubon will live in the hearts of coming generations."

[64] Unveiled April 26, 1893, on which occasion eulogies were pronounced by Mr. D. G. Elliot, ex-president of the American Ornithologists' Union, and Prof. Thomas Egleston of Columbia College.

THE EUROPEAN JOURNALS

1826-1829

ON *the 26th April*, 1826, I left my beloved wife Lucy Audubon, and my son John Woodhouse with our friends the Percys at Bayou Sara. I remained at Doctor Pope's at St. Francisville till Wednesday at four o'clock p. m., when I took the steamboat "Red River," Captain Kemble, for New Orleans, which city I reached at noon on Wednesday, 27th. Visited many vessels for my passage to England, and concluded to go in the ship "Delos" of Kennebunk, Captain Joseph Hatch, bound to Liverpool, and loaded entirely with cotton. During my stay in New Orleans, I lived at G. L. Sapinot's, and saw many of my old friends and acquaintances, but the whole time of waiting was dull and heavy. I generally walked from morning till dusk. New Orleans, to a man who does not trade in dollars or other such stuff, is a miserable spot. Finally, discovering that the ship would not be ready for sea for several days longer, I ascended the Mississippi again in the "Red River," and arrived at Mrs. Percy's at three o'clock in the morning, having had a dark ride through the Magnolia woods. I remained two days, left at sunrise, and breakfasted with my good friend Augustin Bourgeat. Arrived at

New Orleans, I called on the governor, who gave me a letter bearing the seal of the State, obviating the necessity of a passport. I received many letters of introduction from different persons which will be of use to me. Also I wrote to Charles Bonaparte, apprising him of the box of bird skins forwarded to him.

On the *17th of May*, my baggage was put on board, I following, and the steamboat "Hercules" came alongside at seven p. m., and in ten hours put the "Delos" to sea. I was immediately affected with sea-sickness, which, however, lasted but a short time; I remained on deck constantly, forcing myself to exercise. We calculated our day of departure to be May 18, 1826, at noon, when we first made an observation. It is now the 28th; the weather has been generally fair with light winds. The first objects which diverted my thoughts from the dear ones left behind me, were the beautiful Dolphins that glided by the vessel like burnished gold by day, and bright meteors by night. Our captain and mate proved experts at alluring them with baited hooks, and dexterous at piercing them with a five-pronged instrument, generally called by seamen "grain." If hooked, the Dolphin flounces desperately, glides off with all its natural swiftness, rises perpendicularly out of the water several feet, and often shakes off the hook and escapes; if, however, he is well hooked, he is played about for a while, soon exhausted, and hauled into the ship. Their flesh is firm, dry, yet quite acceptable at sea. They differ much in their sizes, being, according to age, smaller or larger; I saw some four and a half feet long, but a fair average

is three feet. The paunch of all we caught contained more or less small fishes of different varieties, amongst which the flying-fish is most prevalent. Dolphins move in companies of from four or five to twenty or more. They chase the flying-fish, that with astonishing rapidity, after having escaped their sharp pursuer a while in the water, emerge, and go through the air with the swiftness of an arrow, sometimes in a straight course, sometimes forming part of a circle; yet frequently the whole is unavailing, for the Dolphin bounds from the sea in leaps of fifteen or twenty feet, and so moves rapidly towards his prey, and the little fish falls, to be swallowed by his antagonist. You must not suppose, however, that the Dolphin moves through the seas without risk or danger; he, as well as others has vigilant and powerful enemies. One is the Barracouta, in shape much like a Pike, growing sometimes to a large size; one of these cut off upwards of a foot of a Dolphin's tail, as if done with an axe, as the Dolphin made for a baited hook; and I may say we about divided the bounty. There is a degree of sympathy existing between Dolphins quite remarkable; the moment one of them is hooked or grained, all those in company immediately make towards him, and remain close to him till the unfortunate is hauled on board, then they move off and will rarely bite. The skin of the fish is a tissue of small scales, softer in their substance than is generally the case in scaley fishes of such size; the skin is tough.

We also caught a Porpoise about seven feet in length. This was accomplished during the night, when the moon gave me a

full view of all that happened. The fish, contrary to custom, was *grained* instead of harpooned, but grained in such a way and so effectually, through the forehead, that it was then held and suffered to flounce and beat about the bow of the ship, until the man who had first speared it gave the line holding the grain to our captain, slid along the bobstay with a rope, then, after some little time and perhaps some difficulty, the fish was secured immediately about its tail, and hoisted with that part upwards. Arrived at the deck it gave a deep groan, much like the last from a dying hog, flapped heavily once or twice, and died. I had never before examined one of these closely, and the duck-bill-like snout, and the curious disposition of the tail, with the body, were new and interesting matters of observation to me. The large, sleek, black body, the quantity of warm, black blood issuing from the wound, the blowing apertures placed over the forehead, – all attracted my attention. I requested it might be untouched till the next morning, and my wish was granted. On opening it the intestines were still warm (say eight hours after death), and resembled very much those of a hog. The paunch contained several cuttle-fish partly decayed. The flesh was removed from the skeleton and left the central bone supported on its sides by two horizontal, and one perpendicular bone, giving it the appearance of a four-edged cutting instrument; the lower jaw, or as I would prefer writing it, mandible, exceeds the upper about three-fourths of an inch. Both were furnished with single rows of divided conical teeth, about one-half an inch in length, so

parted as to admit those of the upper jaw between each of those of the lower. The fish might weigh about two hundred pounds. The eyes were small in proportion to the size of the animal, and having a breathing aperture above, of course it had no gills. Porpoises move in large companies, and generally during spring and early summer go in pairs. I have seen a parcel of them leap perpendicularly about twenty feet, and fall with a heavy dash in the sea. Our captain told us that there were instances when small boats had been sunk by one of these heavy fish falling into them. Whilst I am engaged with the finny tribe (of which, however, I know little or nothing), I may as well tell you that one morning when moving gently, two miles per hour, the captain called me to show me some pretty little fishes just caught from the cabin window. These measured about three inches, were broad, and moved very quickly through the water. We had pin-hooks, and with these, in about two hours, three hundred and seventy were caught; they were sweet and good as food. They are known ordinarily as Rudder-fish, and always keep on the lee side of the rudder, as it affords them a strong eddy to support them, and enable them to follow the vessel in that situation; when calm they disperse about the bow and sides, and then will not bite. The least breeze brings them all astern again in a compact body, when they seize the baited hook the moment it reaches the water.

We have also caught two Sharks, one a female about seven feet long, that had ten young, alive, and able to swim well; one of them was thrown overboard and made off as if well accustomed

to take care of himself. Another was cut in two, and the head half swam off out of our sight. The remainder, as well as the parent, were cut in pieces for bait for Dolphins, which are extremely partial to that meat. The weather being calm and pleasant, I felt desirous to have a view of the ship from a distance and Captain Hatch politely took me in the yawl and had it rowed all round the "Delos." This was a sight I had not enjoyed for twenty years, and I was much pleased with it; afterwards having occasion to go out to try the bearings of the current, I again accompanied him, and bathed in the sea, not however without some fears as to Sharks. To try the bearings of the current we took an iron pot fastened to a line of one hundred and twenty fathoms, and made a log-board out of a barrel's head leaded on one side to make it sink perpendicularly on its edge, and tried the velocity of the current with it fixed to a line *by the help of a second glass*,[65] whilst our iron pot acted as an anchor.

Let me change my theme, and speak of birds awhile. Mother Carey's Chickens (*Procellaria*) came about us, and I longed to have *at least one* in my possession. I had watched their evolutions, their gentle patting of the sea when on the wing, with the legs hanging and the web extended, seen them take large and long ranges in search of food, and return for bits of fat thrown overboard for them, I had often looked at different figures given by scientific men; but all this could not diminish for a moment the long-wished for pleasure of possessing one in the flesh. I

[65] This sounds involved, but is copied verbatim.

fired, and dropped the first one that came alongside, and the captain most courteously sent for it with the yawl. I made two drawings of it; it proved to be a female with eggs, numerous, but not larger than grains of fine powder, inducing me to think that these birds must either breed earlier, or much later, than any in our southern latitude. I should be inclined to think that the specimen I inspected had not laid this season, though I am well satisfied that it was an old bird. During many succeeding weeks I discovered that numbers flew mated side by side, and occasionally, particularly on calm, pleasant days caressed each other as Ducks are known to do.

May 27, 1826. Five days ago we saw a small vessel with all sails set coming toward us; we were becalmed and the unknown had a light breeze. It approached gradually; suspicions were entertained that it might be a pirate, as we had heard that same day reports, which came undoubtedly from cannon, and from the very direction from which this vessel was coming. We were well manned, tolerably armed, and were all bent on resistance, knowing well that these gentry gave no quarter, to purses at least, and more or less uneasiness was perceptible on every face. Night arrived, a squally breeze struck us, and off we moved, and lost sight of the pursuing vessel in a short time. The next day a brig that had been in our wake came near us, was hailed, and found to be the "Gleaner," of Portland, commanded by an acquaintance of our commander, and bound also to Liverpool. This vessel had left New Orleans five days before us. We kept close together, and

the next day Captain Hatch and myself boarded her, and were kindly received; after a short stay her captain, named Jefferson, came with us and remained the day. I opened my drawings and showed a few of them. Mr. Swift was anxious to see some, and I wanted to examine in what state they kept, and the weather being dry and clear I feared nothing. It was agreed the vessels should keep company until through the Gulf Stream, for security against pirates. So fine has the weather been so far, that all belonging to the cabin have constantly slept on deck; an awning has been extended to protect from the sun by day and the dampness by night. When full a hundred leagues at sea, a female Rice Bunting came on board, and remained with us one night, and part of a day. A Warbler also came, but remained only a few minutes, and then made for the land we had left. It moved while on board with great activity and sprightliness; the Bunting, on the contrary, was exhausted, panted, and I have no doubt died of inanition.

Many Sooty Terns were in sight during several days. I saw one Frigate Pelican high in air, and could only judge it to be such through the help of a telescope. Flocks of unknown birds were also about the ship during a whole day. They swam well, and preferred the water to the air. They resembled large Phalaropes, but I could not be certain. A small Alligator, that I had purchased for a dollar in New Orleans, died at the end of nine days, through my want of knowledge, or thought, that salt matter was poisonous to him. In two days he swelled to nearly double his natural size, breathed hard, and, as I have said, died.

In latitude 24°, 27′, a Green Heron came on board, and remained until, becoming frightened, it flew towards the brig "Gleaner;" it did not appear in the least fatigued. The captain of the brig told me that on a former voyage from Europe to New Orleans, when about fifty leagues from the Balize, a fully grown Whooping Crane came on board his vessel during the night, passing over the length of his deck, close over his head, over the helmsman, and fell in the yawl; the next morning the bird was found there completely exhausted, when every one on board supposed it had passed on. A cage was made for it, but it refused food, lingered a few days, and then died. It was plucked and found free from any wound, and in good condition; a very singular case in birds of the kind, that are inured to extensive journeys, and, of course liable to spend much time without the assistance of food.

June 4. We are a few miles south of the Line, for the second time in my life. Since I wrote last we have parted from our companion the "Gleaner," and are yet in the Gulf of Mexico. I have been at sea three Sundays, and yet we have not made the shores of Cuba. Since my last date I have seen a large Sword-fish, but *only* saw it, two Gannets, caught a live Warbler, and killed a Great-footed Hawk. This bird, after having alighted several times on our yards, made a dash at a Warbler which was feeding on the flies about the vessel, seized it, and ate it in our sight, *on the wing*, much like a Mississippi Kite devouring the Red-throated Lizards. The warbler we caught was a nondescript,

which I named "The Cape Florida Songster." We also saw two Frigate Pelicans at a great height, and a large species of Petrel, entirely unknown to me. I have read Byron's "Corsair" with much enjoyment.

June 17. A brig bound to Boston, called the "Andromache," came alongside, and my heart rejoiced at the idea that letters could be carried by her to America. I set to, and wrote to my wife and to Nicholas Berthoud. A sudden squall separated us till quite late, but we boarded her, I going with the captain; the sea ran high, and the tossing of our light yawl was extremely disagreeable to my feelings. The brig was loaded with cotton, extremely filthy, and I was glad to discover that with all *our* disagreeables we were comparatively comfortable on the "Delos." We have been in sight of Cuba four days; the heat excessive. I saw three beautiful White-headed Pigeons, or Doves, flying about our ship, but after several rounds they shaped their course towards the Floridas and disappeared. The Dolphins we catch here are said to be poisonous; to ascertain whether they are or not, a piece of fish is boiled with a silver dollar till quite cooked, when if the coin is not tarnished or green, the fish is safe eating. I find bathing in the sea water extremely refreshing, and enjoy this luxury every night and morning. Several vessels are in sight.

June 26. We have been becalmed many days, and I should be dull indeed were it not for the fishes and birds, and my pen and pencil. I have been much interested in the Dusky Petrels; the mate killed four at one shot, so plentiful were they about

our vessel, and I have made several drawings from these, which were brought on board for that purpose. They skim over the sea in search of what is here called Gulf Weed, of which there are large patches, perhaps half an acre in extent. They flap the wings six or seven times, then soar for three or four seconds, the tail spread, the wings extended. Four or five of these birds, indeed sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty, will alight on this weed, dive, flutter, and swim with all the gayety of ducks on a pond, which they have reached after a weary journey. I heard no note from any of them. No sooner have the Petrels eaten or dispersed the fish than they rise and extend their wings for flight, in search of more. At times, probably to rest themselves, they alighted, swam lightly, dipping their bills frequently in the water as Mergansers and fishy Ducks do when trying, by tasting, if the water contains much fish. On inspection of the body, I found the wings powerfully muscular and strong for the size of the bird, a natural requisite for individuals that have such an extent of water to traverse, and frequently heavy squalls to encounter and fight against. The stomach, or pouch, resembled a leather purse of four inches in length and was much distended by the contents, which were a compound of fishes of different kinds, some almost entire, others more or less digested. The gullet was capable of great extension. Fishes two and a half inches by one inch were found nearly fresh. The flesh of these Petrels smelt strong, and was tough and not fit to eat. I tasted some, and found it to resemble the flesh of the Porpoise. There was no

difference in the sexes, either in size or color; they are sooty black above, and snowy white below. The exact measurements are in my memorandum-book.

June 29. This morning we came up with the ship "Thalia," of Philadelphia, Captain John R. Butler, from Havana to Minorca up the Mediterranean, with many passengers, Spaniards, on board. The captain very politely offered us some fruit, which was gladly accepted, and in return we sent them a large Dolphin, they having caught none. I sent a Petrel, stuffed some days previously, as the captain asked for it for the Philadelphia Society of Sciences.

June 30. Whilst sailing under a gentle breeze last night, the bird commonly called by seamen "Noddy" alighted on the boom of the vessel, and was very soon caught by the mate. It then uttered a rough cry, not unlike that of a young crow when taken from the nest. It bit severely and with quickly renewed movement of the bill, which, when it missed the object in view, snapped like that of our larger Flycatchers. I found it one of the same species that hovered over the seaweeds in company with the large Petrel. Having kept it alive during the night, when I took it in hand to draw it it was dull looking and silent. I know nothing of this bird more than what our sailors say, that it is a Noddy, and that they often alight on vessels in this latitude, particularly in the neighborhood of the Florida Keys. The bird was in beautiful plumage, but poor. The gullet was capable of great extension, the paunch was empty, the heart large for the bird, and the liver

uncommonly so.

A short time before the capture of the above bird, a vessel of war, a ship that we all supposed to be a South American Republican, or Columbian, came between us and the "Thalia," then distant from us about one and a half miles astern, fired a gun, and detained her for some time, the reason probably being that the passengers were Spaniards, and the cargo Spanish property; however, this morning both vessels were in view making different routes. The man-of-war deigned not to come to us, and none of us were much vexed at this mark of inattention. This day has been calm; my drawing finished, I caught four Dolphins; how much I have gazed at these beautiful creatures, watching their last moments of life, as they changed their hue in twenty varieties of richest arrangement of tints, from burnished gold to silver bright, mixed with touches of ultramarine, rose, green, bronze, royal purple, quivering to death on our hard, broiling deck. As I stood and watched them, I longed to restore them to their native element in all their original strength and vitality, and yet I felt but a few moments before a peculiar sense of pleasure in catching them with a hook to which they were allured by false pretences.

We have at last entered the Atlantic Ocean this morning and with a propitious breeze; the land birds have left us, and I – I leave my beloved America, my wife, my children, my friends. The purpose of this voyage is to visit not only England, but the continent of Europe, with the intention of publishing my

work on the "Birds of America." If not sadly disappointed my return to these shores, these happy shores, will be the brightest day I have ever enjoyed. Oh! wife, children, friends, America, farewell! farewell!

July 9. At sea. My leaving America had for some time the feelings of a dream; I could scarce make up my mind fixedly on the subject. I thought continually I still saw my beloved friends, and my dear wife and children. I still felt every morning when I awoke that the land of America was beneath me, and that I would in a short time throw myself on the ground in her shady woods, and watch for, and listen to the many lovely warblers. But now that I have positively been at sea since *fifty-one* days, tossing to and fro, without the sight or the touch of those dear to me, I feel fully convinced, and look forward with an anxiety such as I never felt before, when I calculate that not less than four months, the third of a year, must elapse before my wife and children can receive any tidings of my arrival on the distant shores to which I am bound. When I think that many more months must run from the Life's sand-glass allotted to my existence before I can think of returning, and that my re-union with my friends and country is yet an unfolded and unknown event, I am filled with sudden apprehensions which I cannot describe nor dispel.

Our fourth of July was passed near the Grand Banks, and how differently from any that I can recollect. The weather was thick, foggy, and as dull as myself; not a sound of rejoicing reached my ears, not once did I hear "Hail Columbia! Happy land." My

companion passengers lay about the deck and on the cotton-bales, basking like Crocodiles, while the sun occasionally peeped out of the smoky haze that surrounded us; yet the breeze was strong, the waves moved majestically, and thousands of large Petrels displayed their elegant, aerial movements. How much I envied their power of flight to enable me to be here, there, and all over the globe comparatively speaking, in a few moments, throwing themselves edgeways against the breeze, as if a well sharpened arrow shot with the strength and grace of one sprung from the bow of an Apollo. I had remarked a regular increase in the number of these Petrels ever since the capes of Florida were passed; but here they were so numerous, and for part of a day flew in such succession towards the west and southwest, that I concluded they were migrating to some well known shore to deposit their eggs, or perhaps leading their young. These very seldom alighted; they were full the size of a common gull, and as they flew they showed in quick alternations the whole upper and under part of their bodies, sometimes skimming low, sometimes taking immense curves, then dashing along the deep trough of the sea, going round our vessel (always out of gun-reach) as if she had been at anchor. Their lower parts are white, the head all white, and the upper part of the body and wings above sooty brown. I would imagine that one of these Petrels flies over as much distance in one hour, as one of the little black Petrels in our wake does in twelve. Since we have left the neighborhood of the Banks, these birds have gradually disappeared, and now

in latitude 44°, 53´ I see none. Our captain and sailors speak of them as companions in storms, as much as their little relations Mother Carey's chickens.

As suddenly as if we had just turned the summit of a mountain dividing a country south of the equator from Iceland, the weather altered in the present latitude and longitude. My light summer clothing was not sufficient, and the dews that fell at night rendered the deck, where I always slept, too damp to be comfortable. This, however, of two evils I preferred, for I could not endure the more disagreeable odors of the cabin, where now the captain, officers, and Mr. Swift, eat their meals daily. The length of the days has increased astonishingly; at nine o'clock I can easily read large print. Dawn comes shortly after 2 a. m., and a long day is before us.

At Sea – July, 1826. We had several days a stiff breeze that wafted us over the deep fully nine miles an hour. This was congenial to my wishes, but not to my feelings. The motion of the vessel caused violent headaches, far more distressing than any seasickness I had ever experienced. Now, for the third or fourth time, I read Thomson's "Seasons," and I believe enjoyed them better than ever.

Among our live stock on board, we had a large hen. This bird was very tame and quite familiar with the ins and outs of the vessel, and was allowed all the privileges of the deck. She had been hatched on board, and our cook, who claimed her as his property, was much attached to her, as was also the mate. One

morning she imprudently flew overboard, while we were running three miles an hour. The yawl was immediately lowered, four men rowed her swiftly towards the floating bird that anxiously looked at her place of abode gliding from her; she was picked up, and her return on board seemed to please every one, and I was gratified to see such kind treatment to a bird; it assured me, had I needed that assurance, that the love of animals develops the better side of all natures. Our hen, however, ended her life most distressingly not long after this narrow escape; she again flew over the side, and the ship moving at nine knots, the sea very high and rough, the weather rainy and squally, the captain thought it imprudent to risk the men for the fowl; so, notwithstanding the pleadings of the cook, we lost sight of the adventurous bird in a few moments. We have our long boat as usual lashed to the deck; but instead of being filled with lumber as is usually the case, it now contained three passengers, all bound to Europe to visit friends, with the intention of returning to America in the autumn. One has a number of books which he politely offered me; he plays most sweetly on the flute, and is a man superior to his apparent situation. We have a tailor also; this personage is called a deck hand, but the fact is, that two thirds of his time is spent sleeping on the windlass. This man, however, like all others in the world, is useful in his way. He works whenever called on, and will most cheerfully put a button or a patch on any one's clothing; his name is Crow, and during the entire voyage, thus far, he has lived solely on biscuit and raw bacon. We now see no fish except now

and then a shoal of porpoises. I frequently long for the beautiful Dolphins in the Gulf of Mexico; Whales have been seen by the sailors, but not by me. During this tedious voyage I frequently sit and watch our captain at his work; I do not remember ever to have seen a man more industrious or more apt at doing nearly everything he needs himself. He is a skilful carpenter and turner, cooper, tin and black smith, and an excellent tailor; I saw him making a pair of pantaloons of fine cloth with all the neatness that a city brother of the cross-legged faculty could have used. He made a handsome patent swift for his wife, and a beautiful plane for his own use, manufactured out of a piece of beechwood that probably grew on the banks of the Ohio, as I perceived it had been part of a flat-boat, and brought on board to be used for fuel. He can plait straw in all sorts of ways, and make excellent bearded fishhooks out of common needles. He is an excellent sailor, and the more stormy it becomes, the gayer he is, even when drenched to the skin. I was desirous of understanding the means of ascertaining the latitude on land, and also to find the true rising of the sun whilst travelling in the uninhabited parts of America; this he showed me with pleasure, and I calculated our latitude and longitude from this time, though not usually fond of mathematics. To keep busy I go often about the deck pencil in hand, sketching the different attitudes of the sailors, and many a laugh is caused by these rough drawings. Both the mates have shown a kindness towards me that I cannot forget. The first mate is S. L. Bragdon from Wells, the second Wm. Hobart from

Kennebunk.

To-day we came in with a new set and species of Petrels, resembling those in the Gulf of Mexico, but considerably larger; between fifty and sixty were at one time close to the vessel, catching small fish that we guessed to be herrings; the birds swam swiftly over the water, their wings raised, and now and then diving and dipping after the small fry; they flew heavily, and with apparent reluctance, and alighted as soon as we passed them. I was satisfied that several in our wake had followed us from the Gulf of Mexico; the sudden change in the weather must have been seriously felt by them.

July 12. I had a beautiful view of a Whale about five hundred yards from the vessel when we first perceived it; the water thrown from his spiracles had the appearance of a small, thick cloud, twelve or fourteen feet wide. Never have I felt the weather so cold in July. We are well wrapped up, and yet feel chilly in the drizzling rain.

July 15. Yesterday-night ended the ninth Sunday passed at sea; the weather continues cold, but the wind is propitious. We are approaching land, and indeed I thought I smelt the "land smell." We have had many Whales near us during the day, and an immense number of Porpoises; our captain, who prefers their flesh to the best of veal, beef, or mutton, said he would give five dollars for one; but our harpoon is broken, and although several handles were fastened for a while to the grain, the weapon proved too light, and the fish invariably made their escape after a few

bounces, probably to go and die in misery. European Hawks were seen, and two Curlews; these gave me hope that we might see the long desired land shortly.

July 18, 1826. The sun is shining clear over Ireland; that land was seen at three o'clock this morning by the man at the helm, and the mate, with a stentorian voice, announced the news. As we approached the coast a small boat neared us, and came close under our lee; the boat looked somewhat like those employed in bringing in heavy loads to New Orleans, but her sails were more tattered, her men more fair in complexion. They hailed us and offered for sale fresh fish, new potatoes, fresh eggs. All were acceptable, I assure thee. They threw a light line to us most dexterously. Fish, potatoes, and eggs were passed to us, in exchange for whiskey, salt pork, and tobacco, which were, I trust, as acceptable to them as their wares were to us. I thought the exchange a fair one, but no! – they called for rum, brandy, whiskey, more of everything. Their expressions struck me with wonder; it was "Here's to your Honor," – "Long life to your Honor," – "God bless your Honor," —*Honors* followed with such rapidity that I turned away in disgust. The breeze freshened and we proceeded fast on our way. Perhaps to-morrow may see me safe on land again – perhaps to-morrow may see us all stranded, perishing where the beautiful "Albion" went ashore.

St. George's Channel, Thursday, July 20. I am approaching very fast the shores of England, indeed Wales is abreast of our ship, and we can plainly distinguish the hedges that divide

the fields of grain; but what nakedness the country exhibits, scarce a patch of timber to be seen; our fine forests of pine, of oak, of heavy walnut-trees, of magnificent magnolias, of hickories or ash or maple, are represented here by a diminutive growth called "furze." But I must not criticise so soon! I have not seen the country, I have not visited any of the historic castles, or the renowned parks, for never have I been in England nor Scotland, that land made famous by the entrancing works of Walter Scott. We passed yesterday morning the Tuskar, a handsome light on a bare rock. This morning we saw Holyhead, and we are now not more than twenty-five miles from Liverpool; but I feel no pleasure, and were it not for the sake of my Lucy and my children, I would readily embark to-morrow to return to America's shores and all they hold for me… The pilot boat that came to us this morning contained several men all dressed in blue, with overcoats of oiled linen, – all good, hearty, healthy-looking men… I have been on deck, and from the bow the land of England is plainly distinguishable; the sight around us is a beautiful one, I have counted fifty-six vessels with spreading sails, and on our right are mountains fading into the horizon; my dull thoughts have all abandoned me, I am elated, my heart is filled with hope. To-morrow we shall land at the city of Liverpool, but when I think of Custom House officials, acceptancy of Bills, hunting up lodgings, – again my heart fails me; I must on deck.

Mersey River opposite Liverpool, 9.30 p. m. The night is

cloudy, and we are at anchor! The lights of the city show brightly, for we are not more than two hundred yards distant from them.

Liverpool, July 21. This morning when I landed it was raining, yet the appearance of the city was agreeable; but no sooner had I entered it than the smoke became so oppressive to my lungs that I could hardly breathe; it affected my eyes also. All was new to me. After a breakfast at an inn with Mr. Swift for 2/6, we went to the Exchange Buildings, to the counting-house of Gordon and Forstall, as I was anxious to deliver my letters to Mr. Gordon from Mr. Briggs. I also presented during the morning my bill of exchange. The rest of the day was spent in going to the Museum, gazing about, and clearing my brains as much as possible; but how lonely I feel, – not a soul to speak to freely when Mr. Swift leaves me for Ireland. We took lodgings at the Commercial Inn not far from the Exchange Buildings; we are well fed, and well attended to, although, to my surprise, altogether by women, neatly dressed and modest. I found the persons of whom I enquired for different directions, remarkably kind and polite; I had been told this would not be the case, but I have met with only real politeness from all.

Liverpool, July 22. The Lark that sings so sweetly, and that now awakened me from happy dreams, is nearly opposite my table, prisoner in a cage hanging by a window where from time to time a young person comes to look on the world below; I think of the world of the West and – but the Lark, delightful creature, sings sweetly, yet in a cage!

The Custom House suddenly entered my head, and after considerable delay there, my drawings went through a regular, strict, and complete examination. The officers were all of opinion that they were free of duty, but the law was looked at and I was obliged to pay two pence on each drawing, as they were water-colored. My books being American, I paid four pence *per pound*, and when all was settled, I took my baggage and drawings, and went to my lodgings. The noise of pattens on the sidewalk startles me very frequently; if the sound is behind me I often turn my head expecting to see a horse, but instead I observe a neat, plump-looking maid, tripping as briskly as a Killdeer. I received a polite note from Mr. Rathbone[66] this morning, inviting me to dine next Wednesday with him and Mr. Roscoe.[67] I shall not forget the appointment.

Sunday, July 23. Being Sunday I must expect a long and lonely day; I woke at dawn and lay for a few moments only, listening to the sweet-voiced Lark; the day was beautiful; thermometer in the sun 65°, in the shade 41°; I might say 40°, but I love odd numbers, – it is a foolish superstition with me. I spent my

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[66] Mr. Wm. Rathbone, of the firm of Rathbone Bros. & Co., to whom Audubon had a letter from Mr. Vincent Nolté. To Messrs. Wm. and Richard Rathbone, and their father Wm. Rathbone, Sr., Audubon was more deeply indebted than to any other of his many kind friends in England. Their hospitality was only equalled by their constant and valuable assistance in preparing for the publication of the "Birds," and when this was an assured fact, they were unresting in their efforts to aid Audubon in procuring subscribers. It is with pleasure that Audubon's descendants to-day acknowledge this indebtedness to the "family Rathbone," which is ever held in grateful remembrance.

[67] William Roscoe, historical, botanical, and miscellaneous writer, 1753-1831.

forenoon with Mr. Swift and a friend of his, Mr. R. Lyons, who was afterwards kind enough to introduce us to the Commercial Reading Room at the Exchange Buildings. In the afternoon we went across the Mersey. The country is somewhat dull; we returned to supper, sat chatting in the coffee room, and the day ended.

July 24, Monday. As early as I thought proper I turned my steps to No. 87 Duke Street, where the polite English gentleman, Mr. Richard Rathbone,[68] resides. My locks blew freely from under my hat in the breeze, and nearly every lady I met looked at them with curiosity. Mr. Rathbone was not in, but was at his counting-house, where I soon found myself. A full dozen of

[68] In a charming letter written to me by Mr. Richard R. Rathbone, son of this gentleman, dated Glan y Menai, Anglesey, May 14, 1897, he says: "To us there was a halo of romance about Mr. Audubon, artist, naturalist, quondam backwoodsman, and the author of that splendid work which I used to see on a table constructed to hold the copy belonging to my Uncle William, opening with hinges so as to raise the bird portraits as if on a desk. But still more I remember his amiable character, though tinged with melancholy by past sufferings; and his beautiful, expressive face, kept alive in my memory by his autograph crayon sketch thereof, in profile, with the words written at foot, 'Audubon at Green Bank. *Almost* happy, 9th September, 1826.' Mr. Audubon painted for my father, as a gift, an Otter (in oils) caught by the fore-foot in a steel trap, and after vainly gnawing at the foot to release himself, throwing up his head, probably with a yell of agony, and displaying his wide-open jaws dripping with blood. This picture hung on our walls for years, until my mother could no longer bear the horror of it, and persuaded my father to part with it. We also had a full-length, life-sized portrait of the American Turkey, striding through the forest. Both pictures went to a public collection in Liverpool. I have also a colored sketch by Mr. Audubon of a Robin Redbreast, shot by him at Green Bank, which I saw him pin with long pins into a bit of board to fix it into position for the instruction of my mother."

clerks were at their separate desks, work was going on apace, letters were being thrown into an immense bag belonging to a packet that sailed this day for the shores where I hope my Lucy is happy – dearest friend! My name was taken to the special room of Mr. Rathbone, and in a moment I was met by one who acted towards me as a brother. He did not give *his card* to poor Audubon, he gave his hand, and a most cordial invitation to be at his house at two o'clock, which hour found me there. I was ushered into a handsome dining-room, and Mr. Rathbone almost immediately entered the same, with a most hearty greeting. I dined with this hospitable man, his charming wife and children. Mrs. Rathbone is not only an amiable woman, but a most intelligent and highly educated one. Mr. Rathbone took me to the Exchange Buildings in order to see the American consul, Mr. Maury, and others. Introduction followed introduction; then I was taken through the entire building, the mayor's public dining-hall, etc. I gazed on pictures of royalty by Sir Thomas Lawrence and others, mounted to the dome and looked over Liverpool and the harbor that Nature formed for her. It was past five when I went to keep my appointment with Mr. Swift.

July 25. The day has passed quickly. In the morning I made a crayon portrait of Mr. Swift – or rather began it – for his father, then took a walk, and on my return found a note from Mr. Richard Rathbone awaiting me. He desired me to come at once with one of my portfolios to Duke Street. I immediately took a hackney coach and found Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone with

Mr. James Pyke awaiting me, to take me to the home of Mr. Rathbone, Sr., who lives some miles out of Liverpool.[69] Their youngest boy, Basil, a sweet child, took a fancy to me and I to him, and we made friends during our drive. The country opened gradually to our view, and presently passing up an avenue of trees we entered the abode of the venerable pair, and I was heartily made welcome. I felt painfully awkward, as I always do in new company, but so much kindness and simplicity soon made me more at ease. I saw as I entered the house a full and beautiful collection of the birds of England, well prepared and arranged. What sensations I had whilst I helped to untie the fastenings of my portfolio! I knew by all around me that these good friends were possessed of both taste and judgment, and I did not know that I should please. I was panting like the winged Pheasant, but ah! these kind people praised *my Birds*, and I felt the praise to be honest; once more I breathed freely. My portfolio thoroughly examined, we returned to Liverpool, and later the Rev. Wm. Goddard, rector of Liverpool, and several ladies called on me, and saw some drawings; *all* praised them. Oh! what can I hope, my Lucy, for thee and for us all?

July 26. It is very late, and I am tired, but I will not omit writing on that account. The morning was beautiful, but for some reason I was greatly depressed, and it appeared to me as if I could not go on with the work before me. However, I recollected that the venerable Mr. Maury must not be forgotten. I saw him;

[69] At Green Bank.

Mr. Swift left for Dublin with his crayon portrait; I called at the post-office for news from America, but in vain. I wrote for some time, and then received a call from Mr. Rathbone with his brother William; the latter invited me to dine on Friday at his house, which I promised to do, and this evening I dined with Mr. Rd. Rathbone. I went at half-past six, my heart rather failing me, entered the corridor, my hat was taken, and going upstairs I entered Mr. Rathbone's drawing-room. I have frequently thought it strange that my *observatory nerves* never give way, no matter how much I am overcome by *mauvaise honte*, nor did they now. Many pictures embellished the walls, and helped, with Mr. Rathbone's lively mien, to remove the misery of the moment. Mr. Edward Roscoe came in immediately, – tall, with a good eye under a well marked brow. Dinner announced, we descended to the room I had entered on my first acquaintance with this charming home, and I was conducted to the place of honor. Mr. Roscoe sat next, Mr. Barclay of London, and Mr. Melly opposite with Consul Maury; the dinner was enlivened with mirth and *bon mots*, and I found in such good company infinite pleasure. After we left the table Mrs. Rathbone joined us in the parlor, and I had now again to show my drawings. Mr. Roscoe, who had been talking to me about them at dinner, would not give me any hopes, and I felt unusually gloomy as one by one I slipped them from their case; but after looking at a few only, the great man said heartily: "Mr. Audubon, I am filled with surprise and admiration." On bidding me adieu he invited me to dine with

him to-morrow, and to visit the Botanical Gardens. Later Mrs. Rathbone showed me some of her drawings, where talent has put an undeniable stamp on each touch.

July 27. I reached Mr. Roscoe's place, about one and a half miles distant from Liverpool, about three o'clock, and was at once shown into a little drawing-room where all was nature. Mr. Roscoe was drawing a very handsome plant most beautifully. The room was ornamented with many flowers, receiving from his hands the care and treatment they required; they were principally exotics from many distant and different climes. His three daughters were introduced to me, and we then started for the Gardens. Mr. Roscoe and I rode there in what he called his little car, drawn by a pony so small that I was amazed to see it pull us both with apparent ease. Mr. Roscoe is a *come-at-able* person, who makes me feel at home immediately, and we have much in common. I was shown the whole of the Gardens, which with the hot-house were in fine order. The ground is level, well laid out, and beautifully kept; but the season was, so Mr. Roscoe said, a little advanced for me to see the place to the best advantage. On our return to the charming *laboratoire* of Mr. Roscoe the large portfolio is again in sight. I will not weary you with the details of this. One of the daughters draws well, and I saw her look closely at me very often, and she finally made known her wish to take a sketch of my head, to which I gave reluctant consent for some future time. Mr. Roscoe is very anxious I should do well, and says he will try to introduce me to Lord Stanley, and assured me

nothing should be left undone to meet my wishes; he told me that the honorable gentleman "is rather shy." It was nine o'clock when I said good-night, leaving my drawings with him at his request. On my return to Dale Street I found the following note: "Mr. Martin, of the Royal Institution of Liverpool, will do himself the pleasure to wait upon Mr. Ambro to-morrow at eleven o'clock." Why do people make such errors with my simple name?

July 28. A *full grown man* with a scarlet vest and breeches, black stockings and shoes for the coloring of his front, and a long blue coat covering his shoulders and back reminds me somewhat of our summer red bird (*Tanagra rubra*). Both man and bird attract the eye, but the scientific appellation of the *man* is unknown to me. At eleven Mr. Martin (who I expect is secretary to the Royal Institution) called, and arranged with me a notice to the members of the Institution, announcing that I would exhibit my drawings for two hours on the mornings of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday following, at the Institution. Later, feeling lonely and sad, I called on Mrs. R. Rathbone, whom I found putting away in a little box, a dissected map, with which, *Edgeworth-like*, she had been transmitting knowledge with pleasure. She is so truly delightful a companion that had it been possible I should have made my call long instead of short, but I walked home by a roundabout way, and found a note from Mr. Wm. Rathbone reminding me of my promise to dine with him, and adding that he wished me to meet a brother-in-law of his from London who may be of use to me, so will I bring a few drawings? At the hour

named I found myself in Abercrombie Street and in the parlor with two little daughters of my host, the elder about thirteen, extremely handsome. Mrs. Rathbone soon entered and greeted me as if she had known me all my life; her husband followed, and the guests, all gentlemen, collected. Mr. Hodgson, to whom I had a letter from Mr. Nolté[70] was particularly kind to me, but every one seemed desirous I should succeed in England. A Swiss gentleman urged me not to waste time here, but proceed at once to Paris, but he was not allowed to continue his argument, and at ten I left with Mr. Pyke for my lodgings.

July 29. To-day I visited Mr. Hunt,[71] the best landscape painter of this city. I examined much of his work and found some beautiful representations of the scenery of Wales. I went to the Royal Institution to judge of the light, for naturally I wish my work to have every possible advantage. I have not found the population of Liverpool as dense as I expected, and except during the evenings (that do not at this season commence before eight o'clock) I have not been at all annoyed by the elbowings of the crowd, as I remember to have been in my youth, in the large cities of France. Some shops here are beautifully supplied, and have many customers. The new market is in my opinion an object worth the attention of all travelers. It is the finest I have ever seen – it is a large, high and long building, divided into five spacious avenues, each containing its specific commodities. I saw here

[70] Vincent Nolté, born at Leghorn, 1779, traveller, merchant, adventurer.

[71] William Henry Hunt (1790-1864).

viands of all descriptions, fish, vegetables, game, fruits, – both indigenous and imported from all quarters of the globe, – bird sellers, with even little collections of stuffed specimens, cheeses of enormous size, butter in great abundance, immense crates of hen's-eggs packed in layers of oats imported from Ireland, twenty-five for one shilling. This market is so well lighted with gas that this evening at ten o'clock I could plainly see the colors of the irids of living pigeons in cages. The whole city is lighted with gas; each shop has many of these illuminating fires, and fine cambric can be looked at by good judges. Mr. A. Hodgson called on me, and I am to dine with him on Monday; he has written to Lord Stanley about me. He very kindly asked if my time passed heavily, gave me a note of admittance for the Athenæum, and told me he would do all in his power for me. I dined at the inn to-day for the second time only since my arrival.

July 30. It is Sunday again, but not a dull one; I have become better acquainted, and do not feel such an utter stranger. I went to the church of the Asylum for the Blind. A few steps of cut stone lead to an iron gate, and under a colonnade; at the inner gate you pay whatever you please *over* sixpence. Near the entrance is a large picture of Christ healing the blind. The general structure is a well proportioned oblong; ten light columns support the flat ceiling. A fine organ is placed over the entrance in a kind of upper lobby, which contains also the musicians, who are blind. All is silent, and the mind is filled with heavenly thoughts, when suddenly the sublime music glides into one's whole being, and

the service has begun. Nowhere have I ever seen such devotion in a church. In the afternoon the Rev. Wm. Goddard took me to some institutions for children on the Lancastrian system; all appeared well dressed, clean, and contented. I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Gordon;[72] Anne advised me to have my hair cut, and to buy a fashionable coat.

July 31. This day has been one of trial to me. At nine of the morning I was quite busy, arranging and disposing in sets my drawings, that they might be inspected by the public. The doors were thrown open at noon, and the ladies flocked in. I knew but one, Mrs. Richard Rathbone, but I had many glances to meet and questions to answer. The time passed, however, and at two the doors were closed. At half-past four I drove with Mr. Adam Hodgson to his cottage, where I was introduced to Mrs. Hodgson, a tall young woman with the freshness of spring, who greeted me most kindly; there were three other guests, and we passed a quiet evening after the usual excellent dinner. Soon after ten we retired to our rooms.

August 1. I arose to listen to the voice of an English Blackbird just as the day broke. It was a little after three, I dressed; and as silently as in my power moved downstairs carrying my boots in my hand, gently opened the door, and was off to the fields and meadows. I walked a good deal, went to the seashore, saw a Hare, and returned to breakfast, after which and many invitations to make my kind hosts frequent visits, I was driven back to

[72] Mrs. Alexander Gordon was Mrs. Audubon's sister Anne.

town, and went immediately to the Institution, where I met Dr. Traill[73] and many other persons of distinction. Several gentlemen attached to the Institution, wished me to be remunerated for exhibiting my pictures, but though I am poor enough, God knows, I do not think I should do that, as the room has been given to me gratis. Four hundred and thirteen persons were admitted to see my drawings.

August 2. I put up this day two hundred and twenty-five of my drawings; the *coup d'œil* was not bad, and the room was crowded. Old Mr. Roscoe did me the honor to present me to Mr. Jean Sismondi,[74] of Geneva. Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone had gone to their country home, "Green Bank," but I sent a note telling them how many pictures I had added to the first day's exhibition. I have decided to collect what letters I can for London, and go there as soon as possible. I was introduced to Mr. Booth of Manchester, who promised me whatever aid he could in that city. After a call at Mr. Roscoe's, I went, with a gentleman from Charleston, S.C., to the theatre, as I was anxious to see the renowned Miss Foote. Miss Foote has been pretty, nay, handsome, nay, beautiful, but – she *has been*. The play was good, the playhouse bad, and the audience numerous and fashionable.

August 4. I had no time to write yesterday; my morning was

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[73] Thomas Stewart Traill, M.D., Scottish naturalist, born in Orkney, 1781; edited the eighth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," was associated with the Royal Institute at Liverpool; he died 1862.

[74] The Swiss historian, born at Geneva, 1773, died 1842.

spent at the Institution, the room was again crowded, I was wearied with bowing to the many to whom I was introduced. Some one was found copying one of the pictures, but the doorkeeper, an alert Scotchman, saw his attempt, turned him out, and tore his sketch. Mr. A. Hodgson invited me to dine with Lord Stanley to-morrow in company with Mr. Wm. Roscoe, Sr. Mr. Sismondi gave me a letter to Baron von Humboldt, and showed me a valuable collection of insects from Thibet, and after this I took tea with Mr. Roscoe.

This morning I breakfasted with Mr. Hodgson, and met Mrs. Wm. Rathbone somewhat later at the Institution; never was a woman better able to please, and more disposed to do so; a woman possessed of beauty, good sense, great intelligence, and rare manners, with a candor and sweetness not to be surpassed. Mr. William Roscoe sent his carriage for me, and I again went to his house, where quite a large company had assembled, among others two botanists who knew every plant and flower, and were most obliging in giving me much delightful information. Having to walk to "Green Bank," the home of Mr. William Rathbone, Sr., I left Mr. Roscoe's at sunset (which by the way was beautiful). The evening was calm and lovely, and I soon reached the avenue of trees leading to the house I sought. Almost immediately I found myself on the lawn with a group of archers, and was interested in the sport; some of the ladies shot very well. Mr. Rathbone, Sr., asked me much about Indians, and American trees, the latter quite unknown here, and as yet I have seen none

larger than the saplings of Louisiana. When the other guests had left, I was shown the new work on the Birds of England; I did not like it as well as I had hoped; I much prefer Thomas Bewick. Bewick is the Wilson of England.

August 5. Miss Hannah Rathbone[75] drove me into Liverpool with great speed. Two little Welsh ponies, well matched, drew us beautifully in a carriage which is the young lady's special property. After she left me my head was full of Lord Stanley. I am a very poor fool, to be sure, to be troubled at the idea of meeting an English *gentleman*, when those I have met have been in kindness, manners, talents, all I could desire, far more than I expected. The Misses Roscoe were at the Institution, where they have been every day since my pictures were exhibited. Mrs. Wm. Rathbone, with her daughter – her younger self – at her side, was also there, and gave me a packet of letters from her husband. On opening this packet later I found the letters were contained in a handsome case, suitable for my pocket, and a card from Mr. Rathbone asking me to use it as a token of his affectionate regard. In the afternoon I drove with Mr. Hodgson to his cottage, and while chatting with his amiable wife the door opened to admit Lord Stanley.[76] I have not the least doubt that if my head had been

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[75] Daughter of Mr. William Rathbone, Sr.; married Dr. William Reynolds.

[76] Edward, fourteenth Earl of Derby, 1799-1869. Member of Parliament, Chief Secretary for Ireland, Secretary for the Colonies, First Lord of the Treasury, and Prime Minister. Translated Homer's Iliad into blank verse. His was a life of many interests: literature, art, society, public affairs, sportmanship, and above all "the most perfect orator of his day."

looked at, it would have been thought to be the body, globularly closed, of one of our largest porcupines; all my hair – and I have enough – stood straight on end, I am sure. He is tall, well formed, made for activity, simply but well dressed; he came to me at once, bowing to Mrs. Hodgson as he did so, and taking my hand in his, said: "Sir, I am glad to see you." Not the words only, but his manner put me at once at my ease. My drawings were soon brought out. Lord Stanley is a great naturalist, and in an instant he was exclaiming over my work, "Fine!" "Beautiful!" and when I saw him on his knees, having spread my drawings on the floor, the better to compare them, I forgot he was Lord Stanley, I knew only he too loved Nature. At dinner I looked at him closely; his manner reminded me of Thomas Sully, his forehead would have suited Dr. Harlan, his brow would have assured that same old friend of his great mental powers. He cordially invited me to call on him in Grosvenor Street in *town* (thus he called London), shook hands with me again, and mounting a splendid hunter rode off. I called to thank Mr. Rathbone for his letters and gift, but did so, I know, most awkwardly. Oh! that I had been flogged out of this miserable shyness and *mauvaise honte* when I was a youth.

August 6, Sunday. When I arrived in this city I felt dejected, miserably so; the uncertainty as to my reception, my doubts as to how my work would be received, all conspired to depress me. Now, how different are my sensations! I am well received everywhere, my works praised and admired, and my poor heart is at last relieved from the great anxiety that has for so many

years agitated it, for I know now that I have not worked in vain. This morning I went to church; the sermon was not to my mind, but the young preacher may improve. This afternoon I packed up Harlan's "Fauna" for Mr. E. Roscoe, and went to the Institution, where Mr. Munro was to meet me and escort me to Mr. Wm. Roscoe, Jr., where I was to take tea. Mr. Munro was not on hand, so, after a weary waiting, I went alone to Mr. Roscoe's habitation. It was full of ladies and gentlemen, all his own family, and I knew almost every one. I was asked to imitate the calls of some of the wild birds, and though I did not wish to do so, consented to satisfy the curiosity of the company. I sat between Mr. Wm. Roscoe and his son Edward, and answered question after question. Finally, the good old gentleman and I retired to talk about my plans. He strongly advises me not to exhibit my works without remuneration. Later more guests came in, and more questions were asked; they appeared surprised that I have no wonderful tales to tell, that, for instance, I have not been devoured at least six times by *tigers*, bears, wolves, foxes; no, I never was troubled by any larger animals than ticks and mosquitoes, and that is quite enough. At last one after another took leave. The *well bred* society of England is the perfection of manners; such tone of voice I never heard in America. Indeed, thus far, I have great reason to like England. My plans now are to go to Manchester, to Derbyshire to visit Lord Stanley (Earl of Derby), Birmingham, London for three weeks, Edinburgh, back to London, and then to France, Paris, Nantes, to see my venerable

stepmother, Brussels, and return to England. I am advised to do this by men of learning and excellent judgment, who say this will enable me to find where my work may be published with greatest advantage. I have letters given me to Baron Humboldt, General La Fayette, Sir Walter Scott, Sir Humphry Davy, Miss Hannah More, Miss Edgeworth, Sir Thomas Lawrence, etc., etc. How I wish Victor could be with me; what an opportunity to see the best of this island; few ordinary individuals ever enjoyed the same reception. Many persons of distinction have begged drawing lessons of me at a guinea an hour. I am astonished at the plainness of the ladies' dress; in the best society there are no furbelows and fandangoes.

August 7. I am just now from the society of the learned Dr. Traill, and have greatly enjoyed two hours of his interesting company; to what perfection men like him can rise in this island of instruction. I dined at Mr. Edward Roscoe's, whose wife wished me to draw something for her while she watched me. I drew a flower for her, and one for Miss Dale, a fine artist. I am grieved I could not reach "Green Bank" this evening to enjoy the company of my good friends, the Rathbones; they with the Roscoes and Hodgsons have done more for me in every way than I can express. I must have walked twenty miles to-day on these pavements; that is equal to forty-five in the woods, where there is so much to see.

August 8. Although I am extremely fatigued and it is past midnight, I will write. Mr. Roscoe spoke much of my exhibiting

my drawings for an admission fee, and he, as well as Dr. Traill and others, have advised me so strongly to do so that I finally consented, though not quite agreeable to me, and Mr. Roscoe drew a draft of a notice to be inserted in the papers, after which we passed some charming hours together.

August 9. The Committee of the Royal Institution met to-day and *requested* me to exhibit my drawings by ticket of admission. This request must and will, I am sure, take off any discredit attached to the tormenting feeling of showing my work for money.

August 10. The morning was beautiful, and I was out very early; the watchmen have, however, ceased to look upon me with suspicion, and think, perhaps, I am a harmless lunatic. I walked to the "Mound" and saw the city and the country beyond the Mersey plainly; then I sat on the grass and watched four truant boys rolling marbles with great spirit; how much they brought before me my younger days. I would have liked them still better had they been *clean*; but they were not so, and as I gave them some money to buy marbles, I recommended that some of it be spent in soap. I begin to feel most powerfully the want of occupation at drawing and studying the habits of the birds that I see about me; and the little Sparrows that hop in the streets, although very sooty with coal smoke, attract my attention greatly; indeed, I watched one of them to-day in the dust of the street, with as much pleasure as in far different places I have watched the play of finer birds. All this induced me to begin. I bought

water colors and brushes, for which I paid dearer than in New Orleans. I dined with Mr. Edward Roscoe. As you go to Park Place the view is extensive up and down the Mersey; it gives no extraordinary effects, but is a calming vision of repose to the eyes wearied with the bustle of the streets. There are plenty of steam vessels, but not to be compared to those on the Ohio; these look like smoky, dirty dungeons. Immediately opposite Mr. Roscoe's dwelling is a pond where I have not yet seen a living thing, not even a frog. No moccasin nor copper-headed snake is near its margin; no snowy Heron, no Rose-colored Ibis ever is seen here, wild and charming; no sprightly trout, nor waiting gar-fish, while above hovers no Vulture watching for the spoils of the hunt, nor Eagle perched on dreary cypress in a gloomy silence. No! I am in England, and I cannot but long with unutterable longing for America, charming as England is, and there is nothing in England more charming than the Roscoe family. Our dinner is simple, therefore healthful. Two ladies and a gentleman came in while we were at dessert, and almost as soon as we left the table tea was announced. It is a singular thing that in England dinner, dessert, wines, and tea drinking follow each other so quickly that if we did not remove to another room to partake of the last, it would be a constant repast. I walked back to Liverpool, and more than once my eyes were shocked whilst crossing the fields, to see signs with these words: "Any person trespassing on these grounds will be prosecuted with the rigor of the law." This must be a mistake, certainly; this cannot be English freedom and liberty, surely. Of

this I intend to know more hereafter; but that I saw these words painted on boards there is really no doubt.

Sunday, August 13. I am greatly disappointed that not yet have I had letters from home, though several vessels have arrived; perhaps to-morrow may bring me what I long for inexpressibly. This morning I went again to the church for the blind, and spent the remainder of the day at my kind friend's, Mr. Wm. Roscoe.

August 14. This day I have passed with the delightful Rathbone family at Green Bank; I have been drawing for Mrs. Rathbone,[77] and after dinner we went through the greenhouse and *jardin potager*. How charming is Green Bank and the true hospitality of these English friends. It is a cold night, the wind blowing like November; it has been the first day of my exhibition of pictures per card, and one hundred and sixty-four persons were admitted.

August 15. Green Bank, three miles from Liverpool. I am now at this quiet country home; the morning passed in drawing, and this afternoon I took a long walk with Miss Rathbone and her nephew; we were accompanied by a rare dog from Kamschatka. How I did wish *I* could have conducted them towards the beech woods where we could move wherever fancy led us; but no, it could not be, and we walked between dreary walls, without the privilege of advancing towards any particular object that might attract the eye. Is it not shocking that while in England all is hospitality *within*, all is so different *without*? No one dare

[77] Mrs. Wm. Rathbone, Sr., whom Audubon often calls "Lady Rathbone," and also "The Queen Bee."

trespass, as it is called. Signs of *large dogs* are put up; steel traps and spring guns are set up, and even *eyes* are kept out by high walls. Everywhere we meet beggars, for England though rich, has poverty gaping every way you look, and the beggars ask for *bread*, – yes, absolutely for food. I can only pray, May our Heavenly Father have mercy on them.

August 17. Green Bank. This morning I lay on the grass a long time listening to the rough voice of a Magpie; it is not the same bird that we have in America. I drove to the Institution with the *Queen Bee* of Green Bank, and this afternoon began a painting of the Otter in a trap, with the intention to present it (if it is good) to my friend Mr. Roscoe's wife. This evening dined at Mr. Wm. Rathbone's, and there met a Quaker lady, Mrs. Abigail – , who talked much and well about the present condition of England, her poor, her institutions, etc. It is dreadful to know of the want of bread here; will it not lead to the horrors of another revolution? The children of the very poor are often forced by their parents to collect daily a certain amount by begging, or perhaps even stealing; failing to obtain this they are cruelly punished on their return home, and the tricks they resort to, to gain their ends, are numberless and curious. The newspapers abound with such accounts, and are besides filled with histories of murders, thefts, hangings, and other abominable acts; I can scarce look at them.

August 19. Dined with Mr. A. Melly in Grenville St. The dinner was quite *à la française*, all gayety, witticism, and good cheer. The game, however, was what I call *highly tainted*, the true

flavor for the lords of England.

August 21. I painted many hours this day, finished my Otter; it was viewed by many and admired. I was again invited to remove to Green Bank, but declined until I have painted the Wild Turkey cock for the Royal Institution, say three days more.

September 4. Having been too busy to write for many days, I can only relate the principal facts that have taken place. I have been to two very notable suppers, one at Dr. Traill's in company with the French consul and two other French gentlemen; I was much encouraged, and urged to visit France at once. The other at the house of Mr. Molineux; there indeed my ears were feasted; such entertaining conversation, such delightful music; Mr. Clementi[78] and Mr. Tomlinson from London were present. Many persons came to my painting room, they wonder at the rapidity of my work and that I can paint fourteen hours without fatigue. My Turkeys are now framed, and hung at the Institution which is open daily, and paying well. I have made many small drawings for different friends. All my Sundays are alike, – breakfast with Mr. Melly, church with the blind, dinner with Mr. Roscoe. Every one is surprised at my habits of early rising, and at my rarely touching meat, except game.

Green Bank, September 6. When I reached this place I was told that Lady Isabella Douglass, the sister of Lord Selkirk, former governor of Canada, was here; she is unable to walk, and

[78] Muzio Clementi, composer and pianist, born in Rome, 1752, died in London, 1832. Head of the piano firm of that name.

moves about in a rolling chair. At dinner I sat between her and Mrs. Rathbone, and I enjoyed the conversation of Lady Douglass much, her broad Scotch accent is agreeable to me; and I amused her by eating some tomatoes raw; neither she, nor any of the company had ever seen them on the table without being cooked.

September 9. Dr. Traill has ordered all my drawings to be packed by the curator of the Institution, so that has given me no trouble whatever. It is hard to say farewell to all those in town and country who have been so kind, so hospitable to me, but to-morrow I leave for Manchester, where Mr. Roscoe advises me to go next.

Manchester, County of Lancashire, September 10, 1826. I must write something of my coming here. After bidding adieu to many friends, I went to Dr. Traill, who most kindly insisted on my taking Mr. Munro with me for two days to assist me, and we left by coach with my portfolios, my trunk to follow by a slower conveyance. I paid one pound for our inside seats. I felt depressed at leaving all my good friends, yet Mr. Munro did all in his power to interest me. He made me remark Lord Stanley's domains, and I looked on the Hares, Partridges, and other game with a thought of apprehension that the apparent freedom and security they enjoyed was very transient. I thought it more cruel to permit them to grow tame and gentle, and then suddenly to turn and murder them by thousands, than to give them the fair show that our game has in our forests, to let them be free and as wild as nature made them, and to let the hunter pay for them by the pleasure and work

of pursuing them. We stopped, I thought frequently, to renew the horses, and wherever we stopped a neatly dressed maid offered cakes, ale, or other refreshments for sale. I remarked little shrubs in many parts of the meadows that concealed traps for moles and served as beacons for the persons who caught them. The road was good, but narrow, the country in a high degree of cultivation. We crossed a canal conducting from Liverpool here; the sails moving through the meadows reminded me of Rochester, N.Y. I am, then, now at Manchester, thirty-eight miles from Liverpool, and nearly six thousand from Louisiana.

Manchester, September 12. Yesterday was spent in delivering my letters to the different persons to whom I was recommended. The American consul, Mr. J. S. Brookes, with whom I shall dine to-morrow, received me as an American gentleman receives another, most cordially. The principal banker here, Arthur Heywood, Esq., was equally kind; indeed *everywhere* I meet a most amiable reception. I procured, through these gentlemen, a good room to exhibit my pictures, in the Exchange buildings, had it cleared, cleaned, and made ready by night. At five this morning Mr. Munro (the curator of the Institution at Liverpool and a most competent help) with several assistants and myself began putting up, and by eleven all was ready. Manchester, as I have seen it in my walks, seems a miserably laid out place, and the smokiest I ever was in. I think I ought not to use the words "laid out" at all. It is composed of an astonishing number of small, dirty, narrow, crooked lanes, where one cart can scarce

pass another. It is full of noise and tumult; I thought last night not one person could have enjoyed repose. The postilion's horns, joined to the cry of the watchmen, kept my eyelids asunder till daylight again gave me leave to issue from the King's Arms. The population appears denser and worse off than in Liverpool. The vast number of youth of both sexes, with sallow complexions, ragged apparel, and downcast looks, made me feel they were not as happy as the slaves of Louisiana. Trade is slowly improving, but the times are dull. I have heard the *times* abused ever since my earliest recollections. I saw to-day several members of the Gregg family.

September 13, Wednesday. I have visited the Academy of Sciences; my time here was largely spoiled by one of those busybodies who from time to time rise to the surface, – a dealer in stuffed specimens, and there ends his history. I wished him in Hanover, or Congo, or New Zealand, or Bombay, or in a bomb-shell *en route* to eternity. Mr. Munro left me to-day, and I removed from the hotel to the house of a Mrs. Edge, in King Street, who keeps a circulating library; here I have more quietness and a comfortable parlor and bedroom. I engaged a man named Crookes, well recommended, to attend as money receiver at the door of my exhibition room. I pay him fifteen shillings per week; he finds himself, and copies letters for me. Two men came to the exhibition room and inquired if I wished a band of music to entertain the visitors. I thanked them, but do not consider it necessary in the company of so many songsters.

My pictures here must depend on their *real* value; in Liverpool I *knew* I was supported by my particular friends… It is eleven o'clock, and I have just returned from Consul Brookes' dinner. The company were all gentlemen, among whom were Mr. Lloyd, the wealthy banker, and Mr. Garnet. Our host is from Boston, a most intelligent and polite man. Judge of my surprise when, during the third course, I saw on the table a dish of Indian corn, purposely for me. To see me eat it buttered and salted, held as if I intended gagging myself, was a matter of much wonder to the English gentlemen, who did not like the vegetable. We had an English dinner Americanized, and the profusion of wines, and the quantity drank was uncomfortable to me; I was constantly obliged to say, "No." The gentleman next me was a good naturalist; much, of course, was said about my work and that of Charles Bonaparte. The conversation turned on politics, and Mr. Brookes and myself, the only Americans present, ranged ourselves and toasted "Our enemies in war, but our friends in peace." I am particularly fond of a man who speaks well of his country, and the peculiar warmth of Englishmen on this subject is admirable. I have had a note from Lord de Tabelay, who is anxious to see my drawings and me, and begs me to go to his domain fourteen miles distant, on my way to Birmingham. I observed that many persons who visited the exhibition room investigated my style more closely than at Liverpool. A Dr. Hulme spent several hours both yesterday and to-day looking at them, and I have been asked many times if they were for sale.

I walked some four miles out of the town; the country is not so verdant, nor the country seats so clean-looking, as Green Bank for instance. The funnels raised from the manufactories to carry off the smoke appear in hundreds in every direction, and as you walk the street, the whirring sound of machinery is constantly in your ears. The changes in the weather are remarkable; at daylight it rained hard, at noon it was fair, this afternoon it rained again, at sunset was warm, and now looks like a severe frost.

September 14, Thursday. I have dined to-day at the home of Mr. George W. Wood, about two miles from the town. He drove me thither in company with four gentlemen, all from foreign countries, Mexico, Sumatra, Constantinople, and La Guayra; all were English and had been travelling for business or pleasure, not for scientific or literary purposes. Mrs. Wood was much interested in her gardens, which are very fine, and showed me one hundred bags of black gauze, which she had made to protect as many bunches of grapes from the wasps.

September 15. Frost. This morning the houses were covered with frost, and I felt uncommonly cold and shivery. My exhibition was poorly attended, but those who came seemed interested. Mr. Hoyle, the eminent chemist, came with four very pretty little daughters, in little gray satin bonnets, gray silk spencers, and white petticoats, as befitted them, being Quakers; also Mr. Heywood, the banker, who invited me to dine next Sunday. I spent the evening at the Rev. James I. Taylor's, in company with himself, his wife, and two gentlemen,

one a Parisian. I cannot help expressing my surprise that the people of England, generally speaking, are so unacquainted with the customs and localities of our country. The principal conversation about it always turns to Indians and their ways, as if the land produced nothing else. Almost every lady in England draws in water-colors, many of them extremely well, very much better than I ever will do, yet few of them dare to show their productions. Somehow I do not like Manchester.

September 17, Sunday. I have been thinking over my stay in Liverpool; surely I can never express, much less hope to repay, my indebtedness to my many friends there, especially the Roscoes, the three families of Rathbone, and Dr. Thomas S. Traill. My drawings were exhibited for four weeks without a cent of expense to me, and brought me £100. I gave to the Institution a large piece, the wild Turkey Cock; to Mrs. Rathbone, Sr., the Otter in a trap, to Mr. Roscoe a Robin, and to many of my other friends some small drawing, as mementos of one who will always cherish their memories. I wrote a long letter to my son John Woodhouse urging him to spend much of his time at drawing *from nature only*, and to keep every drawing with the date, that he may trace improvement, if any, also to speak French constantly, that he may not forget a language in which he is now perfect. I have also written to the Governor of New York, his Excellency De Witt Clinton, to whose letters I am indebted for much of my cordial reception here. At two I started for Clermont, Mr. Heywood's residence, where I was to dine. The grounds are fine,

and on a much larger scale than Green Bank, but the style is wholly different. The house is immense, but I was kindly received and felt at ease at once. After dinner the ladies left us early. We soon retired to the library to drink tea, and Miss Heywood showed me her portfolio of drawings, and not long after I took my leave.

September 18, Monday. Mr. Sergeant came for me at half-past three and escorted me to his house. I am delighted with him – his house – his pictures – his books – his guns – and his dogs, and very much so with a friend of his from London, who dined with us. The weather has been beautiful, and more persons than usual at my rooms.

September 19, Tuesday. I saw Mr. Melly this morning at the Exchange; he had not long arrived from Liverpool. He had been to my door-keeper, examined the *Book of Income*, and told me he was sorry and annoyed at my want of success, and advised me to go at once to London or Paris. He depressed me terribly, so that I felt really ill. He invited me to dine with him, but I told him I had already engaged to go to Mr. Samuel Gregg[79] at Quarry Bank, fourteen miles distant, to pass the night. Mr. Gregg, who is the father of a large family, met me as if he had known me fifty years; with him came his brother William and his daughter, the carriage was ready, and off we drove. We crossed a river in the course of our journey nearly fifty feet wide. I was told it was a stream of great importance: the name I have

[79] Relative of Mr. Wm. Rathbone, Sr.

forgotten,[80] but I know it is seven miles from Manchester *en route* to Derbyshire. The land is highly improved, and grows wheat principally; the country is pretty, and many of the buildings are really beautiful. We turn down a declivity to Quarry Bank, a most enchanting spot, situated on the edge of the same river we had crossed, – the grounds truly picturesque, and cultivated to the greatest possible extent. In the drawing-room I met three ladies, the daughters of Mr. Gregg, and the second daughter of Mr. Wm. Rathbone. After tea I drew a dog in charcoal, and rubbed it with a cork to give an idea of the improvement over the common stumps ordinarily used. Afterwards I accompanied the two brothers to a debating club, instituted on their premises for the advancement of their workmen; on the way we passed a chapel and a long row of cottages for the work-people, and finally reached the schoolroom, where about thirty men had assembled. The question presented was "Which was the more advantageous, the discovery of the compass, or that of the art of printing?" I listened with interest, and later talked with the men on some of the wonders of my own country, in which they seemed to be much interested.

Quarry Bank, September 20. Though the weather was cloudy and somewhat rainy, I rose early, took an immense walk, up and down the river, through the gardens, along the road, and about the woods, fields, and meadows; saw a flock of Partridges, and at half-past eight had done this and daubed in a sketch

[80] The Irwell.

of an Esquimau in a sledge, drawn by four dogs. The offer was made me to join a shooting party in the afternoon; all was arranged, and the pleasure augmented by the presence of Mr. Shaw, the principal game-keeper of Lord Stanford, who obligingly promised to show us many *birds* (so are Partridges called). Our guns are no longer than my arm, and we had two good dogs. Pheasants are not to be touched till the first of October, but an exception was made for me and one was shot, and I picked it up while his eye was yet all life, his feathers all brilliancy. We had a fine walk and saw the Derbyshire hills. Mr. Shaw pocketed five shillings, and we the game. This was my first hunting on English soil, on Lord Stanford's domain, where every tree – such as we should call saplings – was marked and numbered, and for all that I know pays either a tax to the government or a tithe to the parish. I am told that a Partridge which crosses the river, or a road, or a boundary, and alights on ground other than Lord Stanford's, is as safe from his gun as if in Guinea.

September 21. I returned to town this morning with my Pheasant. Reached my exhibition room and received miserable accounts. I see plainly that my expenses in Manchester will not be repaid, in which case I must move shortly. I called on Dr. Hulme and represented the situation, and he went to the Academy of Natural History and ordered a committee to meet on Saturday, to see if the Academy could give me a room. Later I mounted my pheasant, and all is ready for work to-morrow.

September 22. I have drawn all day and am fatigued. Only twenty people to see my birds; sad work this. The consul, Mr. Brookes, came to see me, and advised me to have a subscription book for my work. I am to dine with him at Mr. Lloyd's at one next Sunday.

September 23. My drawing this morning moved rapidly, and at eleven I walked to the Exchange and met Dr. Hulme and several other friends, who told me the Committee had voted unanimously to grant me a room gratis to exhibit my drawings. I thanked them most heartily, as this greatly lessens my expenses. More people than usual came to my rooms, and I dined with Mr. Samuel Gregg, Senior, in Fountain Street. I purchased some chalk, for which I paid more than four times as much as in Philadelphia, England is so overdone with duty. I visited the cotton mills of George Murray, Esq., where fifteen hundred souls are employed. These mills consist of a square area of about eight acres, built round with houses five, six, and seven stories high, having in the centre of the square a large basin of water from the canal. Two engines of forty and forty-five horse-power are kept going from 6 a. m. to 8 p. m. daily. Mr. Murray himself conducted me everywhere. This is the largest establishment owned by a single individual in Manchester. Some others, belonging to companies, have as many as twenty-five hundred hands, as poor, miserable, abject-looking wretches as ever worked in the mines of Golconda. I was asked to spend Monday night at Mr. Robert Hyde Gregg's place, Higher

Ardwick, but I have a ticket for a fine concert, and I so love music that it is doubtful if I go. I took tea at Mr. Bartley's, and promised to write on his behalf for the bones of an alligator of a good size. Now we shall see if he gets one as quickly as did Dr. Harlan. I have concluded to have a "Book of Subscriptions" open to receive the names of all persons inclined to have the best illustrations of American birds yet published; but alas! I am but a beginner in depicting the beautiful works of God.

Sunday, September 24. I drew at my Pheasant till near eleven o'clock, the weather warm and cloudy. Then I went to church and then walked to Mr. Lloyd's. I left the city and proceeded two miles along the turnpike, having only an imperfect view of the country; I remarked, however, that the foliage was deeply colored with autumnal tints. I reached the home of Mr. Brookes, and together we proceeded to Mr. Lloyd's. This gentleman met us most kindly at the entrance, and we went with him through his garden and hot-houses. The grounds are on a declivity affording a far view of agreeable landscape, the gardens most beautifully provided with all this wonderful island affords, and the hot-houses contain abundant supplies of exotics, flower, fruit, and shrub. The coffee-tree was bearing, the banana ripening; here were juicy grapes from Spain and Italy, the sensitive plant shrunk at my touch, and all was growth, blossom, and perfume. Art here helps Nature to produce her richest treasures at will, and man in England, *if rich*, may be called the God of the present day. Flower after flower was plucked for me, and again I felt

how perfectly an English gentleman makes a stranger feel at home. We were joined by Mr. Thomas Lloyd and Mr. Hindley as we moved towards the house, where we met Mrs. Lloyd, two daughters, and a lady whose name escapes me. We were, of course, surrounded by all that is rich, comfortable, pleasing to the eye. Three men servants in livery trimmed with red on a white ground moved quietly as Killdeers; everything was choice and abundant; the conversation was general and lively; but we sat at the table *five hours*, two after the ladies left us, and I grew restless; unless drawing or out of doors I like not these long periods of repose. After joining the ladies in the library, tea and coffee were served, and in another hour we were in a coach *en route* for Manchester.

September 25. Who should come to my room this morning about seven whilst I was busily finishing the ground of my Pheasant but a handsome Quaker, about thirty years of age and very neatly dressed, and thus he spoke: "My friends are going out of Manchester before thee opens thy exhibition rooms; can we see thy collection at nine o'clock?" I answer, "Yes," and show him my drawing. Now were all the people here Quakers, I might perhaps have some encouragement, but really, my Lucy, my times are dull, heavy, long, painful, and my mind much harassed. Five minutes before nine I was standing waiting for the Quaker and his friends in the lobby of the Exchange, when two persons came in and held the following discourse. "Pray, have you seen Mr. Audubon's collections of birds? I am told it is well worth a

shilling; suppose we go now." "Pah! it is all a hoax; save your shilling for better use. I *have* seen them; the fellow ought to be drummed out of town." I dared not raise my head lest I might be known, but depend upon it I wished myself in America. The Quakers, however, restored my equilibrium, for they all praised my drawings so much that I blushed in spite of my old age. I took my drawing of the Pheasant to Mr. Fanetti's (?) shop and had it put in a good light. I have made arrangements to have my pictures in my new place in King Street, and hope to do better next week. At four I took down two hundred and forty drawings and packed them ready for removal. Now for the concert. It was six o'clock and raining when I left for Fountain Street, where already carriages had accumulated to a great number. I presented my ticket, and was asked to write my name and residence, for this is not exactly a public affair, but most select; so I am told. The room is full of red, white, blue, and green turbans well fitted to the handsome heads of the ladies. I went to one side where my ear and my intellect might be well satisfied, and where I should not be noticed; but it would not do, my long hair and unfashionable garments were observed far more than was agreeable to me. But the music soon began, and I forgot all else for the time; still between the various performances I felt myself gazed at through lorgnettes, and was most ill at ease. I have passed many uncomfortable evenings in company, and this one may be added.

Quarry Bank, September 26. Whilst putting up my pictures in my newly granted "apartment" I received a note from Mrs. Gregg

inviting me here for the night to meet Professor Smyth.[81] He is a tall, fine-looking gentleman from Cambridge, full of knowledge, good taste, and kindness. At dinner the Professor sat opposite the Woodsman, and America was largely the topic of conversation. One evening spent with people such as these is worth a hundred fashionable ones.

Wednesday, September 27. It is a strange atmosphere, warm, damp, rainy, then fair again, all in less than two hours, which was the time consumed by my early walk. On my return soon after eight I found four of the ladies all drawing in the library; that in this country is generally the sitting-room. At about ten we had breakfast, when we talked much of duels, and of my friend Clay[82] and crazy Randolph.[83] Much is unknown about our country, and yet all are deeply interested in it. To-morrow I am off to Liverpool again; how much I shall enjoy being once again with the charming Rathbones.

Green Bank, near Liverpool, September 28. At five this morning I left Manchester and its smoke behind me; but I left there the labors of about ten years of my life, fully one half of my collection. The ride was a wet one, heavy rain falling continuously. I was warmly welcomed by my good Liverpool friends, and though completely drenched I felt it not, so glad was I

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[81] William Smyth, 1766-1849, poet, scholar, and Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

[82] Henry Clay.

[83] John Randolph of Roanoke, 1773-1833, American orator and statesman.

to be in Liverpool again. My being here is soon explained. I felt it best to see Dr. Traill and Mr. Roscoe, and I dined with the latter; we talked of Manchester and our friends there, and Mr. Roscoe thought well of the subscription book. From here to Green Bank, where I am literally *at home*. Mr. Rathbone and Mr. Roscoe will both aid me in the drawing up of a prospectus for my work.

Green Bank, September 29. It rained during the night and all the early portion of the day. I breakfasted early, and at half-past nine Mr. Rathbone and I drove in the gig to Mrs. Wm. S. Roscoe.[84] After a little conversation we decided nothing could be done about the prospectus without more definite knowledge of what the cost of publication would be, and I was again referred to Dr. Traill. It happened that here I met a Mr. Bohn, from London, not a publisher, but a bookseller with an immense establishment, two hundred thousand volumes as a regular stock. He advised me to proceed at once to London, meet the principal naturalists of the day, and through them to see the best engravers, colorists, printers, paper-merchants, etc., and thus form some idea of the cost; then to proceed to Paris, Brussels, and possibly Berlin, with proper letters, and follow the same course, thereby becoming able to judge of the advantages and disadvantages attached to each country and *to determine myself when, where, and how* the work should be undertaken; to be during this time, through the medium of friends, correspondence, and scientific societies, announced to the world in some of the most widely read

[84] William S. Roscoe, son of William Roscoe, 1781-1843.

periodical publications. "Then, Mr. Audubon, issue a prospectus, and bring forth one number of your work, and I think you will succeed and do well; but remember my observations on the *size* of your book, and be governed by this fact, that at present productions of taste are purchased with delight, by persons who receive much company particularly, and to have your book laid on the table as a pastime, or an evening's entertainment, will be the principal use made of it, and that if it needs so much room as to crowd out other things or encumber the table, it will not be purchased by the set of people who now are the very life of the trade. If large public institutions only and a few noblemen purchase, instead of a thousand copies that may be sold if small, not more than a hundred will find their way out of the shops; the size must be suitable for the *English market*" (such was his expression), "and ought not to exceed that of double Wilson." This conversation took place in the presence of Dr. Traill, and both he and Mr. Roscoe are convinced it is my only plan. Mr. Bohn told Dr. Traill, as well as myself, that exhibiting my pictures would not do well; that I might be in London a year before I should be known at all, but that through the scientific periodicals I should be known over Europe in the same time, when probably my first number would be published. He strongly advised me to have the work printed and finished in Paris, bring over to England say two hundred and fifty copies, to have it bound and the titlepage printed, to be issued to the world of England as an English publication. *This I will not do*; no work

of mine shall be other than true metal – if copper, copper, if gold, gold, but not copper gilded. He admitted it would be a great undertaking, and immensely laborious, but, he added, my drawings being so superior, I might rest assured success would eventually be mine. This plan, therefore, I will pursue with the same perseverance that since twenty-five years has not wavered, and God's will be done. Having now determined on this I will return to Manchester after a few days, visit thy native place, gaze on the tombs of thy ancestors in Derby and Leicester, and then enter London with a head humbly bent, but with a heart intently determined to conquer. On returning to this abode of peace, I was overtaken by a gentleman in a gig, unknown to me quite, but who offered me a seat. I thanked him, accepted, and soon learned he was a Mr. Dearman. He left me at Green Bank, and the evening was truly delightful.

September 30, Woodcroft. I am now at Mr. Richard Rathbone's; I did not leave Green Bank this morning till nearly noon. The afternoon was spent with Dr. Traill, with whom I dined; there was only his own family, and I was much entertained by Dr. Traill and his son. A man of such extensive and well digested knowledge as Dr. Traill cannot fail to be agreeable. About eight his son drove me to Woodcroft, where were three other guests, Quakers. The remainder of the evening was spent with a beautiful microscope and a Diamond Beetle. Mr. Rathbone is enthusiastic over my publishing plans, and I will proceed with firm resolution to attempt the being an author. It is

a terrible thing to me; far better am I fitted to study and delineate in the forest, than to arrange phrases with suitable grammatical skill. For the present the public exhibiting of my work will be laid aside, —*I* hope, forever. I now intend going to Matlock, and from there to my Lucy's native place, pass through Oxford, and so reach the great London, and once more become the man of business. From there to France, but, except to see my venerable mother, I shall not like France, I am sure, as I *now* do England; and I sincerely hope that this country may be preferred to that, on financial grounds, for the production of my work. Yet I love France most truly, and long to enter my old garden on the Loire and with rapid steps reach my mother, – yes, my mother! the only one I truly remember; and no son ever had a better, nor more loving one. Let no one speak of her as my "stepmother." I was ever to her as a son of her own flesh and blood, and she to me a true mother. I have written to Louisiana to have forwarded from Bayou Sara six segments of magnolia, yellow-poplar, beech, button-wood or sycamore, sassafras, and oak, each about seven or eight inches in thickness of the largest diameter that can be procured in the woods; to have each segment carefully handled so as not to mar the bark, and to have each name neatly painted on the face, with the height of the tree. These are for the Liverpool Royal Institution.

Green Bank, October 1. Though the morning was bright it was near four before I left my room and stepped into the fresh air, where I could watch the timid birds fly from bush to bush before

me. I turned towards the Mersey reflecting the calm, serene skies, and listened to the voice of the Quail, here so shy. I walked to the tide-beaten beach and watched the Solan Goose in search of a retreat from the destroyer, man. Suddenly a poorly dressed man, in somewhat of a sailor garb, and carrying a large bag dashed past me; his movement suggested flight, and instinctively I called, "Stop thief!" and made towards him in a style that I am sure he had never seen used by the gentlemen of the customs, who at this hour are doubtless usually drowsy. I was not armed, but to my surprise he turned, fell at my feet, and with eyes starting from his head with apprehension, begged for mercy, said the bag only contained a few leaves of rotten tobacco, and it was the first time he had ever smuggled. This, then, was a smuggler! I told him to rise, and as he did so I perceived the boat that had landed him. There were five men in it, but instead of landing and defending their companion, they fled by rowing, like cowards, swiftly away. I was astonished at such conduct from Englishmen. I told the abject creature to bring his bag and open it; this he did. It was full of excellent tobacco, but the poor wretch looked ill and half starved, and I never saw a human being more terrified. He besought me to take the tobacco and let him go, that it was of the rarest quality. I assured him I never had smoked a single cigar, nor did I intend to, and told him to take care he did not offend a second time. One of my pockets was filled with the copper stuff the shop-keepers here give, which they call penny. I gave them all to him, and told him to go. He thanked me many times and

disappeared through a thick hedge. The bag must have contained fifty pounds of fine tobacco and two pistols, which were not loaded, or so he said. I walked back to Green Bank thinking of the smuggler. When I told Mr. Rathbone of my adventure he said I had been extremely rash, and that I might have been shot dead on the spot, as these men are often desperadoes. Well! I suppose I might have thought of this, but dear me! one cannot always think over every action carefully before committing it. On my way back I passed a man digging potatoes; they were small and indifferently formed. The season has been uncommonly dry and hot – so the English say; for my part I am almost freezing most of the time, and I have a bad cough.

October 2. This morning Mrs. Rathbone asked me if I would draw her a sketch of the Wild Turkey, about the size of my thumb-nail. I assured her I would with pleasure, but that I could perhaps do better did I know for what purpose. She colored slightly, and replied after a moment that it was for something she desired to have made; so after I had reached the Institution and finished my business there, I sat opposite my twenty-three hours' picture and made the diminutive sketch in less than twenty-three minutes. The evening was spent at Woodcroft, and Mr. Rathbone sent his servant to drive me in the gig to Green Bank, the night being cold and damp. The man was quite surprised I did not make use of a great coat which had been placed at my disposal. How little he knew how often I had lain down to rest, wet, hungry, harassed and full of sorrow, with millions of mosquitoes buzzing

round me as I lay awake listening to the Chuckmill's Widow, the Horned Owl, and the hoarse Bull-frog, impatiently awaiting the return of day to enable me to hunt the forests and feast my eyes on their beautiful inhabitants. I thought of all this and then moved the scene to the hunter's cabin. Again wet, harassed, and hungry, I felt the sudden warmth of the "Welcome, stranger!" saw the busy wife unhook dry clothes from the side of the log hut, untie my moccasins, and take my deerskin coat; I saw the athletic husband wipe my gun, clean the locks, hang all over the bright fire; the eldest boy pile on more wood, whilst my ears were greeted with the sound of the handmill crushing the coffee, or the rye, for my evening drink; I saw the little ones, roused by the stranger's arrival, peeping from under the Buffalo robe, and then turn over on the Black Bear skin to resume their slumbers. I *saw* all this, and then arrived at Green Bank to meet the same hearty welcome. The squatter is rough, true, and hospitable; my friends here polished, true, and generous. Both give what they have, freely, and he who during the tough storms of life can be in such spots may well say he has known happiness.

Green Bank, October 3. To-day I have visited the jail at Liverpool. The situation is fine, it is near the mouth of the estuary that is called the river Mersey, and from its walls is an extensive view of the Irish Channel. The area owned by this institution is about eight acres. It is built almost circular in form, having gardens in the court in the centre, a court of sessions on one side and the main entrance on the other. It contains,

besides the usual cells, a chapel, and yards in which the prisoners take exercise, kitchens, store-rooms, etc., besides treadmills. The treadmills I consider infamous; conceive a wild Squirrel in a round cage constantly moving, without progressing. The labor is too severe, and the true motive of correction destroyed, as there are no mental resources attached to this laborious engine of shame. Why should not these criminals – if so they are – be taught different trades, enabling them when again thrown into the world to earn their living honestly? It would be more profitable to the government, and the principle would be more honorable. It is besides injurious to health; the wheel is only six feet in diameter, therefore the motion is rapid, and each step must be taken in quick succession, and I know a quick, short step is more fatiguing than a long one. The emaciated bodies of the poor fellows proved this to my eyes, as did my powers of calculation. The circulation of air was much needed; it was painful to me to breathe in the room where the mill was, and I left it saddened and depressed. The female department is even more lamentable, but I will say no more, except that my guide and companion was Miss Mary Hodgson, a Quakeress of great benevolence and solid understanding, whose labors among these poor unfortunates have been of immense benefit. I dined with her, her sister and brother, the latter a merchant of this busy city.

Manchester, October 6. This morning after four hours' rest I rose early. Again taking my boots in my hand, I turned the latch gently, and found myself alone in the early dawn. It was one of

those mornings when not sufficiently cold for a frost; the dew lay in large drops on each object, weighing down the points of every leaf, every blade of grass. The heavens were cloudless, all breezes hushed, and the only sound the twitterings of the Red-breasted Warbler. I saw the Blackbird mounted on the slender larch, waiting to salute the morning sun, the Thrush on the grass by the mulberry tree, and the Lark unwilling to bid farewell to summer. The sun rose, the Rook's voice now joined with that of the Magpie. I saw a Stock Pigeon fly over me, and I started and walked swiftly into Liverpool. Here, arriving before six, no one was up, but by repeated knockings I aroused first Mr. Pillet, and then Mr. Melly. On my return to the country I encountered Mr. Wm. Roscoe, also out for an early walk. For several days past the last Swallows have flown toward the south, frosts have altered the tints of the foliage, and the mornings have been chilly; and I was rubbing my hands to warm them when I met Mr. Roscoe. "A fine, warm morning this, Mr. Audubon." "Yes," I replied, "the kind of morning I like a fire with half a cord of wood." He laughed and said I was too tropical in my tastes, but I was glad to keep warm by my rapid walking. At eleven I was on my way to Manchester, this time in a private carriage with Mrs. Rathbone and Miss Hannah. We changed horses twelve miles from Green Bank; it was done in a moment, up went a new postilion, and off we went. Our luncheon had been brought with us, and was really *well served* as we rolled swiftly along. After plenty of substantials, our dessert consisted of grapes, pears, and a melon,

this last by no means so frequently seen here as in Louisiana. We reached smoky Manchester and I was left at the door of the Academy of Natural History, where I found the man I had left in charge much intoxicated. Seldom in my life have I felt more vexed. When he is sober I shall give him the opportunity of immediately finding a new situation.

Quarry Bank, October 7, Saturday. From Green Bank to Quarry Bank from one pleasure to another, is not like the butterfly that skips from flower to flower and merely sees their beauties, but more, I hope, as a bee gathering honeyed stores for future use. My cold was still quite troublesome, and many remedies were offered me, but I never take physic, and will not, even for kind Mrs. Gregg.

Sunday, October 8. I went to church at Mr. Gregg's chapel; the sermon was good, and the service being over, took Miss Helen a long ramble through the gardens, in which even now there is much of beauty.

October 9. As soon as possible a male Chaffinch was procured, and I sat to draw it to give an idea of what Mrs. Gregg calls "my style." The Chaffinch was outlined, daubed with water-colors, and nearly finished when we were interrupted by callers, Dr. Holland among them, with whom I was much pleased and interested, though I am neither a craniologist nor a physiognomist. Lord Stanford's gamekeeper again came for us, and we had a long walk, and I killed a Pheasant and a Hare.

October 10. To-day I returned to Manchester to meet Mr.

Bohn. We went to the Academy together, and examined my drawings. Mr. Bohn was at first simply surprised, then became enthusiastic, and finally said they must be published the full size of life, and he was *sure* they would pay. God grant it! He strongly advised me to leave Manchester, and go to London, where he knew I should at once be recognized. I dined at the good Quaker's, Mr. Dockray, where my friends Mrs. and Miss Rathbone are visiting; there is a large and interesting family. I sketched an Egret for one, a Wild Turkey for another, a Wood Thrush for a third.

Bakewell, October 11. I am at last, my Lucy, at the spot which has been honored with thy ancestor's name. Though dark and rainy I have just returned from a walk in the churchyard of the village, where I went with Miss Hannah Rathbone, she and her mother having most kindly accompanied me hither. It was perhaps a strange place to go first, but we were attracted by the ancient Gothic edifice. It seemed to me a sort of illusion that made me doubt whether I lived or dreamed. When I think how frequently our plans have been laid to come here, and how frequently defeated, it is no great wonder that I find it hard to believe I am here at last. This morning at breakfast, Lady Rathbone spoke of coming to Matlock, and in a few moments all was arranged. She, with her niece, Mrs. Dockray, and Miss Hannah, with several of the children and myself, should leave in two chaises at noon. I spent the time till then in going over Mr. Dockray's wool mill. He procures the wool rough from the sheep,

and it is cloth when he disposes of it; he employs about seventy weavers, and many other people in the various departments. I was much interested in the dyeing apparatus. I packed up a few of my drawings to take with me. We started, seven of us, in two chaises; all was new, and therefore interesting. We reached Stockport, a manufacturing town lying between two elongated hillsides, where we changed horses, and again at Chapel En-La-Frith, thirty miles from the point of departure. I saw a good deal of England that I admired very much. The railways were new to me, but the approach of the mountains dampened my spirits; the aridity of the soil, the want of hedges, and of course of birds, the scarcity of cattle, and the superabundance of stone walls cutting the hills in all sorts of distorted ways, made me a very unsocial companion, but the comfortable inn, and our lively evening has quite restored my cheerfulness.

Matlock, October 12. This morning I was out soon after sunrise; again I walked round the church, remarked its decaying state, and that of all the thatched roofs of the humble cottages. I ascended the summit of the hill, crossing a bridge which spanned a winding stream, and had a lovely view of the country just lighted by the sun's first beams, and returned to the inn, the Rutland Arms, in time for the hour of departure, seven. The weather was now somewhat fitful, but the road good, and the valley charming. We passed the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and Matlock opened to our eyes in all its beauty, the hills dotted with cottages and gentlemen's seats, the autumnal tints

diversifying the landscape and enriching beautiful nature; the scenery reminds me of that part of America on the river called the Clear Juniata. All is remarkably clean; we rise slowly to more elevated ground, leave the river and approach the New Baths Hotel, where our host, Mr. Saxton, has breakfast ready. After this we took a long walk, turning many times to view the delightful scenery, though the weather had become quite rainy. We visited the celebrated cave, each carrying a lighted candle, and saw the different chambers containing rich minerals and spars; the walls in many places shone like burnished steel. On our return, which was down-hill, I heard with much pleasure the repeated note of the Jackdaws that constantly flew from hole to hole along the rocky declivities about us. After dinner, notwithstanding the rain, we rowed in a boat down the stream, to a dam and a waterfall, where we landed, walked through the woods, gathered some beautiful mosses, and saw some Hares, heard a Kestrell just as if in America, returned to our boat and again rowed, but this time up-stream, and so left the Derwent River.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.