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AND
HIS JOURNALS





AUDUBON

NOVEMBER, 1843

From the portrait by John Woodhouse Audubon

AUDUBON AND HIS
JOURNALS

BY

MARIA R. AUDUBON

WITH ZOÖLOGICAL AND OTHER NOTES

BY

ELLIOTT COUES

VOLUME I.

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In Loving Memory

OF MY FATHER,

JOHN WOODHOUSE AUDUBON,

AND OF

HIS LOVE AND ADMIRATION FOR HIS FATHER,

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON,

THIS BOOK WAS WRITTEN.

P R E F A C E

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 cul-

tured 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.

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AUDUBON

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 Audubon¹ 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 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

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.

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.¹

MYSELF.²

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.

¹ This manuscript was found in an old book which had been in a barn on Staten Island for years.

² Reprinted from Scribner's Magazine, March, 1893, p. 267. A few errors in names and dates are now corrected.

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 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;¹ 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."²

¹ Isle à Vache, eight miles south of Aux Cayes.

² This vessel was the "Annelle."

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 noble man and the glories of those days.¹ 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,² and the only brother he had was not on good terms with him. This brother resided at

¹ 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."

² 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.

Bayonne, and, I believe, had a large family, none of whom I have ever seen or known.¹

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

¹ This brother left three daughters; only one married, and her descendants, if any, cannot be traced.

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 Loyer 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. 'T is 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



MILL GROVE MANSION ON THE PERKIOMEN CREEK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM W. H. WETHERILL, ESQ.

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.



FATLAND FORD MANSION, LOOKING TOWARD VALLEY FORGE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM W. H. WETHERILL, ESQ.

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 wel-

come, 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;¹ 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 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,² when we

¹ "The Polly," Captain Sammis commander. ² May 26, 1806.

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 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*,¹ 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 grandfather

¹ Great Blue Heron.

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.¹ 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,

¹This 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.

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 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 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.¹ 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 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

¹ Episode "Breaking of the Ice."

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.

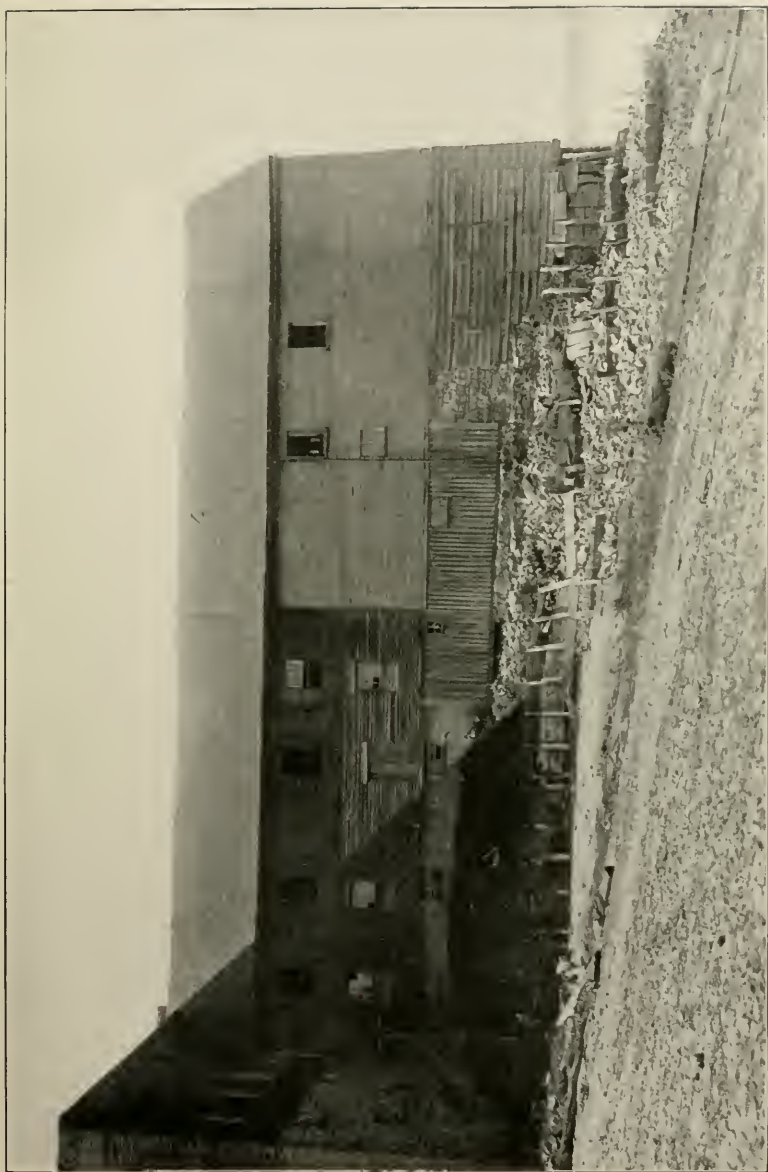
I now purchased a ground lot of four acres, and a meadow of four more at the back of the first. On the latter stood several buildings, an excellent orchard, etc., lately the property of an English doctor, who had died on the premises, and left the whole to a servant woman as a gift, from whom it came 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. Ber-

thoud 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 steam-boat, 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



AUDUBON'S MILL AT HENDERSON, KENTUCKY.

NOW OWNED BY MR. DAVID CLARK.

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,¹ 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 Long¹ passed through the city soon after, and well do I recollect how he, Messrs. T. Peale,² Thomas Say,³ and others stared at my drawings of birds at that time.

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

¹ 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.

² 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.

³ The distinguished naturalist of that name. — E. C.

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 David¹ 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

¹ Jacques Louis David (1748-1825), court painter to Louis XVI. and afterwards to Napoleon I.

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.¹

“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 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

¹ 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?”

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 owner¹ 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

¹ Mr. W. H. Wetherill, of Philadelphia.

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 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 Grove¹ 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

¹ April 28, 1893.

imposing entrance are seen 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.¹ 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.² 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 Farm³ as well as Mill Grove.

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

¹ "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.)

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

³ "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 trusteeed 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.)

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."¹

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 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;

¹ From "History of Henderson County, Kentucky," by E. L. Starling, page 794.

and being industrious both by nature and habit I produced a great number of those black-chalk sketches."¹ 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 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 re-

¹ Of these many sketches few can be traced, and none purchased.



John, J. Audubon

FROM THE MINIATURE BY F. CRUIKSHANK, PUBLISHED BY ROBERT HAVELL,
January 12, 1835.

sources, 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 money¹ from Dr. Drake, president of the Museum, decided on going to New Orleans. He had now a great number of drawings and the 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 store-houses 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

¹ Mrs. Audubon afterwards received four hundred dollars, of the twelve hundred dollars due; the remainder was never paid.

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 account¹ 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

¹ See Episode: "A Tough Walk for a Youth."

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 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 volume¹ 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

¹ The before-mentioned journal, 1822-24.

his wife, from whom he was now absent, had any faith in him or his genius. He never became indifferent, 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."¹ 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 Bonaparte²

¹ (With slight alterations) from "Bird Life," by F. M. Chapman, 1897, p. 13.

² Prince of Musignano, and subsequently a distinguished ornithologist. In March, 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.

and Edward Harris, both of whom became life-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 Academy¹ 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,² who was perhaps, his bitterest enemy. In later years Dr. John Bachman resented his conduct, and wrote a very trenchant reply³ 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.⁴

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

¹ Probably the Academy of Natural Sciences.

² 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.

³ "Defence of Audubon," by John Bachman. "Bucks Co. Intelligencer," 1835, and other papers.

⁴ Almost the only other enemy Audubon appears to have ever had in public print was Charles Waterton, who vehemently assailed him in "Lou-

some English Snipes¹ 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,² Reuben

don'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.

¹ That is the species now known as Wilson's Snipe, *Gallinago delicata*.

² 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.

Haines, Le Sueur,¹ 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" 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

¹ Charles Alexandre Le Suenr, 1778-1846, distinguished French naturalist. Best biography in Youman's "Pioneers of Science in America," Svo, 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.

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"¹ successfully begun, had procured him sub-

¹ 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 various subsequent issues, partial or complete, upon which I cannot here enlarge. For full bibliographical data see Dr. Coues' "Birds of the

scribers 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 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

engraver¹ 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.² 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,³ therefore I have seventy to issue, which will take fourteen years more. It is a long 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,⁴ 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

¹ 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.

² 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.

³ It actually ran to 87 numbers, as stated in a previous note.

⁴ See Episodes "Great Egg Harbor" and "Great Pine Swamp."

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 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;¹ 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 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

¹ Mr. Garrett Johnson, where Mrs. Audubon was then teaching.

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.¹ Of this gentleman Mr. D. G. Elliot says:² "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.³ The brilliant French-American Naturalist was little of 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."

¹ 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.

² Address at the special meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, April 26, 1893.

³ 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.



MRS. AUDUBON.

FROM THE MINIATURE BY F. CRUIKSHANK, 1835.

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 work¹ 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, 1831.² During this winter an agreement had 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

¹ Descriptions of the Rapacious Birds of Great Britain. By William MacGillivray, A. M., Edinburgh, 1836, 1 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.

² 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) 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."

used himself, so that, as he rarely signed an oil painting,¹ 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 Bachman² in October, 1831. The two soon became the closest friends, 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.³

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

¹ We only possess one oil painting signed "Audubon."

² 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.

³ 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.

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, 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 these¹ 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 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

¹ 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 lincolni*; for these birds see notes beyond. — E. C.

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,¹ though not entirely destroyed, as were many of my father's 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 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

¹ The offices 34 Liberty St., New York, were burned at this time.

of exploring part of the coast of the Gulf of Mexico. This expedition they were assisted in making by Col. John Abert,¹ 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.²

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,³ 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, abso-

¹ 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."

² 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 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.

³ Lucy, now Mrs. Delancey B. Williams.

lutely completed,¹ 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 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

¹ 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.

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,¹ 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

¹ “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.)

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 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:¹ "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,² 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-law³ 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, 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,

¹ Harper's Monthly Magazine, October, 1880, p. 665.

² Both sons had married a second time. Victor had married Georgiana R. Mallory of New York, and John, Caroline Hall of England.

³ Mrs. V. G. Audubon.

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.¹ Many characteristics Audubon kept to the last; his enthusiasm, freshness, and keenness 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

¹ *Reminiscences of Audubon*, Scribner's Monthly, July, 1876, p. 333; *Turf, Field, and Farm*, Nov. 18, 1881.



AUDUBON.

DATE UNKNOWN. FROM A DAGUERRETYPE OWNED BY M. ELIZA AUDUBON.

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



AUDUBON MONUMENT IN TRINITY CHURCH CEMETERY, NEW YORK.

The reverse of the base bears the inscription—

Erected to the Memory of
JOHN JAMES AUDUBON
In the year 1897, by subscriptions raised by the
New York Academy of Science.

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.¹

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."

¹ 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

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 scaly 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*,¹ 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 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,

¹ This sounds involved, but is copied verbatim.

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 $24^{\circ}, 27'$, 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 refresh-

ing, 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 edgewise 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, accep-

tancy 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. Rathbone¹ this morning, inviting me to dine next Wednesday with him and Mr. Roscoe.² 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 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

¹ 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.

² William Roscoe, historical, botanical, and miscellaneous writer, 1753-1831.

turned my steps to No. 87 Duke Street, where the polite English gentleman, Mr. Richard Rathbone,¹ 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 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,

¹ 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."

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.¹ 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

¹ At Green Bank.

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; 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. Nolté¹ 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

¹ Vincent Nolté, born at Leghorn, 1779, traveller, merchant, adventurer.

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,¹ 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 travellers. 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 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.

¹ William Henry Hunt (1790–1864).

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;¹ 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

¹ Mrs. Alexander Gordon was Mrs. Audubon's sister Anne.

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 town, and went immediately to the Institution, where I met Dr. Traill¹ 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,² 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 spent at the Institution, the room was again crowded, I was wearied with bowing to the many to

¹ 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.

² The Swiss historian, born at Geneva, 1773, died 1842.

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 Rathbone¹ drove me into Liverpool with great speed. Two little Welsh ponies, well matched, drew us beautifully in a carriage which is

¹ Daughter of Mr. William Rathbone, Sr.; married Dr. William Reynolds.

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.¹ I have not the least doubt that if my head had been 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.

¹ 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, sport-manship, and above all "the most perfect orator of his day."

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,¹ and after dinner we went through the

¹ Mrs. Wm. Rathbone, Sr., whom Audubon often calls "Lady Rathbone," and also "The Queen Bee."

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 *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



FLYCATCHERS. (*Heretofore unpublished.*)

From a drawing made by Audubon in 1826, and presented to Mrs. Rathbone of Green Bank, Liverpool.
Still in the possession of the Rathbone family.

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. Clementi¹ 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.

¹ Muzio Clementi, composer and pianist, born in Rome, 1752, died in London, 1832. Head of the piano firm of that name.

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 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 Gregg¹ 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 forgotten,² 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

¹ Relative of Mr. Wm. Rathbone, Sr.

² The Irwell.

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 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.¹ 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 Clay² and

¹ William Smyth, 1766-1849, poet, scholar, and Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.

² Henry Clay.

crazy Randolph.¹ 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 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.² 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,

¹ John Randolph of Roanoke, 1773-1833, American orator and statesman.

² William S. Roscoe, son of William Roscoe, 1781-1843.

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 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*



FROM A PENCIL SKETCH OF AUDUBON.

DRAWN BY HIMSELF FOR MRS. RATHBONE.

Now in the possession of Mr. Richard R. Rathbone, Glan-y-Menai, Anglesey.

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



AUDUBON IN INDIAN DRESS.

From a pencil sketch drawn by himself for Miss Rathbone, 1826. Now in the possession of Mrs. Abraham Dixon (*née* Rathbone), London, England.

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 substantial, 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 honèyed 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 Kestrel just as if in America, returned to our boat and again rowed, but this time up-stream, and so left the Derwent River.

Matlock, October 13. Still rainy, but I found a sheltered spot, and made this sketch. We entered part of the grounds of Sir Thomas Arkwright, saw his castle, his church, and his meadows. The Rooks and Jackdaws were over our heads by hundreds. The steep banks of the Derwent were pleasantly covered with shrubby trees; the castle on the left bank, on a fine elevation, is too regular to be called (by me) well adapted to the rich natural scenery about it. We passed along a canal, by a large manufactory, and a coal-yard to the inn, the Crumford,

and the rest of the day was employed in drawing. The sketch I took was from "The Heights of Abraham," and I copied it for Miss Hannah. About sunset we visited the Rutland Cave, which surpassed all my expectations; the natural chambers sparkled with brilliancy, and lights were placed everywhere. I saw there some little fishes which had not seen the daylight for three years, and yet were quite sprightly. A certain portion of the roof represented a very good head of a large tiger. I imitated, at Mrs. Rathbone's request, the Owl's cry, and the Indian yell. This latter music never pleased my fancy much, and I well know the effects it produces previous to and during an attack whilst the scalping knife is at work. We had a pleasant walk back to the inn, for the evening was calm and clear, and the moon shone brightly; so after a hasty tea we all made for the river, took a boat, and seated ourselves to contemplate the peace around us. I rowed, and sung many of the river songs which I learned in scenes far from quiet Matlock.

Manchester, October 14, Mr. Dockray's House, Hardwick. By five o'clock this morning I was running by the Derwent; everything was covered with sparkling congealed dew. The fog arising from the little stream only permitted us to see its waters when they made a ripple against some rock. The vale was all mist, and had I not known where I was, and heard the notes of the Jackdaws above my head, I might have conceived myself walking through a subterraneous passage. But the sun soon began to dispel the mist, and gradually the tops of the trees, the turrets of the castle, and the church pierced through, and stood as if suspended above all objects below. All was calm till a bell struck my ear, when I soon saw the long files of women and little girls moving towards Arkwright's Mills. Almost immediately we started for Bakewell, and breakfasted at the Rutland Arms. Proceeding we changed our route, and made

for the well known watering place, Buxton, still in Derbyshire. The country here is barren, rocky, but so picturesque that the want of trees is almost atoned for. The road winds along a very narrow valley for several miles, bringing a vast variety of detached views before us, all extremely agreeable to the sight. The scantiness of vegetable growth forces the cattle to risk much to obtain food, and now and then when seeing a bull, on bent knee with outstretched neck, putting out his tongue to seize the few grasses hanging over the precipices, I was alarmed for his safety. The Hawk here soars in vain; after repeated rounds he is forced to abandon the dreary steep, having espied only a swift Kingfisher. Suddenly the view was closed, a high wall of rock seemed to put an end to our journey, yet the chaise ran swiftly down-hill, and turning a sharp angle afforded delight to our eyes. Here we alighted and walked to view the beauties around at our leisure, and we reached the large inn, the Crescent, where I met the American consul, my friend Mr. Maury, who has visited this place regularly for twenty-five years. We had what my friends called a luncheon; I considered it an excellent dinner, but the English eat heartily. On our resuming our journey a fine drizzle set in, and as we neared Manchester the air became thick with coal smoke, the carts, coaches, and horsemen gradually filled the road, faces became less clean and rosy, and the children had none of the liveliness found amongst those in the Derbyshire Hills. I dreaded returning to the town, yet these days among the beauties of England in such delightful society are enough to refresh one after years of labor.

Manchester, October 15, Sunday. I went to the Unitarian Chapel to hear a sermon from the Rev. John Taylor, but to my regret he had gone to preach elsewhere, and I was obliged to content myself with another, — not quite so practical a sermon as I care for. I dined and spent the night at Mr. Bentley's; after retiring to my room I was

surprised at a knock; I opened my door and there stood Mr. Bentley, who said he thought he heard me asking for something as he passed by. I told him I prayed aloud every night, as had been my habit from a child at my mother's knees in Nantes. He said nothing for a moment, then again wished me good-night, and was gone.

October 18. This evening I was to dine with Dr. Hulme and (as he said) "*a few friends*;" so when at four o'clock I entered his sitting-room, I was surprised to find it filled with ladies and gentlemen, and felt awkward for a moment. Some of my drawings were asked for, and at five we went to dinner; after the ladies had retired, wine and wit flowed till a late hour.

Quarry Bank, 12 miles from Manchester, October 19. At five, my cane in hand, I made my way from Manchester, bound on foot for Quarry Bank; the morning was pleasant and I enjoyed my walk very much, but found myself quite out of the right road; therefore, instead of twelve miles, I measured sixteen, and was hungry enough when I reached my destination. I was soon put at my drawing, and drew the whole day; in the afternoon I began a sketch of Mr. Gregg, and felt quite satisfied with my work, but not so everybody else. Faults were found, suggestions made, and I enjoyed the criticisms very much, especially those of an Irish nephew of Mr. Gregg's, who, after several comments, drew me confidentially aside, and asked who it was intended to represent; after this, amid hearty laughter, I concluded to finish it next day. Later we took a walk and I entered a cottage where dwelt a silk weaver; all was clean and well arranged, and I saw the weaving going on for the first time since I left France.

October 20. Drawing again all morning, and a walk later. I was taken to a cottage, where to my great surprise I saw two cases of well stuffed birds, the work of the weaver who lived in the cottage. I was taken to the dairy,

where I saw the finest cattle I have yet met with in England.

October 21. This has been a busy day. On my return from Quarry Bank I saw Mr. Bentley, Mr. Heywood, and other friends. Mr. H. gave me a letter to Professor Jameson, of Edinburgh. Called on Dr. Hulme; paid, in all, twenty visits, and dined with Mr. Bentley,¹ and with his assistance packed up my birds safe and snug, though much fatigued; it was late when we parted; he is a brother Mason and has been most kind to me. I wrote down for Mrs. Rathbone a brief memorandum of the flight of birds, with a few little pencil sketches to make my figures more interesting: Swallows, two and a half miles a minute; Wild Pigeons, when travelling, two miles per minute; Swans, ditto two miles, Wild Turkeys, one mile and three quarters.

Manchester, October 23, 1826, Monday. This day was absolutely all spent packing and making ready for my start for Edinburgh; my seat in the coach taken and paid for,—three pounds fifteen shillings. I spent my last evening with Mr. Bentley and his family. As the coach leaves at 5 A. M., I am sleeping at the inn to be ready when called. I am leaving Manchester much poorer than I was when I entered it.

Carlisle, Tuesday, October 24. The morning was clear and beautiful, and at five I left Manchester; but as no dependence can be placed on the weather in this country, I prepared for rain later. I was alone in the coach, and had been regretting I had no companion, when a very tall gentleman entered, but after a few words, he said he was much fatigued and wished to sleep; he composed himself therefore and soon slept soundly. How I envied him! We rolled on, however, and arrived at the village of Preston, where we breakfasted as quickly as if we had been Kentuckians. The coaches were exchanged, packages transferred, and I entered the conveyance and met two

¹ I believe Mr. Robert Bentley, the publisher.

new gentlemen whose appearance I liked; we soon commenced to chat, and before long were wandering all over America, part of India, and the Atlantic Ocean. We discussed the emancipation of the slaves, and the starvation of the poor in England, the Corn Law, and many other topics, the while I looked frequently from the windows. The approach to Lancaster is beautiful; the view of the well placed castle is commanding, and the sea view bounded by picturesque shores. We dined at Kendal, having passed through Bolton and Burton, but before this my two interesting companions had been left behind at a place where we stopped to change horses, and only caught up with the coach by running across some fields. This caused much altercation between them, the driver, and the guard; one of the proprietors of the coach who was on board interfered, and being very drunk made matters worse, and a complaint was lodged against driver and guard. The tall gentleman was now wide awake; he introduced himself as a Mr. Walton, and knew the other gentlemen, who were father and son, the Messrs. Patison from Cornwall; all were extremely polite to me, a stranger in their land, but so have I ever found the *true English gentleman*.

We now entered a most dreary country, poor beyond description, immense rolling hills in constant succession, dotted here and there with miserable cots, the residences of poor shepherds. No game was seen, the weather was bleak and rainy, and I cannot say that I now enjoyed the ride beyond the society of my companions. We passed through Penrith and arrived at Carlisle at half-past nine, having ridden one hundred and twenty-two miles. I was told that in hard winters the road became impassable, so choked with snow, and that when not entirely obstructed it was customary to see posts painted black at the top, every hundred yards or so, to point out the road surely. We had a miserable supper, but good beds, and I enjoyed mine, for I felt very wearied, my cold and cough having

been much increased from my having ridden outside the coach some thirty miles, to see the country.

Edinburgh, Scotland, October 25, Wednesday. We breakfasted at Carlisle, left there at eight, but I was sadly vexed at having to pay twelve shillings for my trunk and portfolio, as I had been positively assured at Manchester that no further charge would be made. For perhaps ten miles we passed through an uncommonly flat country, meandering awhile along a river, passed through a village called Longtown, and entered *Scotland* at ten minutes before ten. I was then just six miles from the spot where runaway matches are rendered lawful. The country changed its aspect, and became suddenly quite woody; we ran along, and four times crossed a beautiful little stream like a miniature Mohawk; many little rapids were seen in its windings. The foliage was about to fall, and looked much as it does with us about our majestic western streams, only much less brilliant. This scenery, however, lasted only one stage of perhaps twelve miles, and again we entered country of the same dreariness as yesterday, mere burnt mountains, which were not interesting. The number of sheep grazing on these hills was very great, and they all looked well, though of a very small species; many of them had black heads and legs, the body white, with no horns; others with horns, and still others very small, called here "Cheviots." The shepherds were poor, wrapped up in a thin piece of plaid, and did not seem of that noble race so well painted by Sir Walter Scott. I saw the sea again to-day. We dined at Hawick on excellent sea fish, and for the first time in my life, I tasted Scotch whiskey. It appeared very potent, so after a few sips I put it down, and told Mr. Patison I suspected his son of wishing to make me tipsy; to which he replied that probably it was to try if I would in such a case be as good-natured as I was before. I took this as quite a compliment and forgave the son. The conversation at dinner

was very agreeable, several Scotch gentlemen having joined us; some of them drank their native whiskey pure, as if water, but I found it both smoky and fiery; so much for habit. We passed through Selkirk, having driven nearly the whole day through the estates of the young Duke of —, a young fellow of twenty who passes his days just now shooting Black-cock; he has something like two hundred thousand pounds per annum. Some of the shepherds on this astonishing estate have not probably more than two hundred pounds of oatmeal, a terrible contrast. We passed so near Sir Walter Scott's seat that I stood up and stretched my neck some inches to see it, but in vain, and who knows if I shall ever see the home of the man to whom I am indebted for so much pleasure? We passed a few miles from Melrose; I had a great wish to see the old abbey, and the gentleman to whom Dr. Rutter had given me a letter, but the coach rolled on, and at ten o'clock I entered this splendid city. I have seen yet but a very small portion of it, and that by gaslight, yet I call it a splendid city! The coach stopped at the Black Bull Hotel, but it was so full no room could be procured, so we had our baggage taken to the Star. The clerk, the guard, the driver, all swore at my baggage, and said that had I not paid at Carlisle, I would have been charged more here. Now it is true that my trunk is large and heavy, and so is the portfolio I carry with me, but to give an idea of the charges and impositions connected with these coaches (or their owners) and the attendants, remark the price I paid; to begin with, —

at Manchester,	£3 15 00,
at Carlisle,	12 00, and during the
two days to drivers and guards,	<u>18 06,</u>
	£5 5 06,

nearly twenty-seven dollars in our money for two days' travelling from Manchester to Edinburgh. It is not so

much the general amount, although I am sure it is quite enough for two hundred and twelve miles, but the beggarly manners used to obtain about one half of it; to see a fellow with a decent coat on, who calls himself an independent free-born Englishman, open the door of the coach every ten or twelve miles, and beg for a shilling each time, is detestable, and quite an abuse; but this is not all: they never are satisfied, and if you have the appearance of wealth about you, they hang on and ask for more. The porters here were porters indeed, carrying all on their backs, the first I have seen in this island. At the Star we had a good supper, and chatted a long time, and it was near one before the Messrs. Patison and I parted; Mr. Walton had gone on another course. I thought so much of the multitude of learned men that abound in this place, that I dreaded the delivery of my letters to-morrow.

George St., Edinburgh, October 26. It was ten o'clock when I breakfasted, because I wished to do so with the Patisons, being so much pleased with their company. I was much interested in the different people in the room, which was quite full, and the waiters were kept skipping about with the nimbleness of Squirrels. My companions, who knew Edinburgh well, offered to accompany me in search of lodgings, and we soon entered the second door in George Street, and in a few minutes made an arrangement with Mrs. Dickie for a fine bedroom and a well furnished sitting-room. I am to pay her one guinea per week, which I considered low, as the situation is fine, and the rooms clean and comfortable. I can see, from where I am now writing, the Frith, and the boats plying on it. I had my baggage brought by a man with a tremendous beard, who imposed on me most impudently by bringing a brass shilling, which he said he would swear I had given him. I gave him another, threw the counterfeit in the fire, and promised to myself to pay some little attention hereafter to what kind of money I give or receive. I walked to

Professor Jameson's¹ in the Circus, — not at home; to James Hall, Advocate, 128 George St., — absent in the country. Dr. Charles Henry of the Royal Infirmary was sought in vain, Dr. Thompson was out also, and Professor Duncan² could not be seen until six o'clock. I only saw Dr. Knox in Surgeon's Square, and Professor Jameson at the college. This latter received me, I thought, rather coolly; said that Sir Walter Scott was now quite a recluse, and was busy with a novel and the Life of Napoleon, and that probably I should not see him. "*Not see Walter Scott?*" thought I; "I SHALL, if I have to crawl on all-fours for a mile!" But I was a good deal surprised when he added it would be several days before *he* could pay me a visit, that his business was large, and must be attended to; but I could not complain, as I am bent on doing the same towards myself; and besides, why should I expect any other line of conduct? I have been spoiled by the ever-to-be-remembered families of Roscoes and Rathbones. Dr. Knox came at once to see me, dressed in an overgown and with bloody fingers. He bowed, washed his hands, read Dr. Traill's letter, and promised me at once to do all in his power for me and my drawings, and said he would bring some scientific friends to meet me, and to examine my drawings. Dr. Knox is a distinguished anatomist, and a great student; Professor Jameson's special science is mineralogy. I walked a good deal and admired the city very much, the great breadth of the streets, the good pavements and footways, the beautiful buildings, their natural gray coloring, and wonderful cleanliness; perhaps all was more powerfully felt, coming direct from dirty

¹ Robert Jameson, the eminent Scotch naturalist, 1774-1854. Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. Founder of the Wernerian Society of that city, and with Sir David Brewster originated the "Edinburgh Philosophical Review." Wrote many works on geology and mineralogy.

² Andrew Duncan, M. D., 1745-1828. Lecturer in the University of Edinburgh.

Manchester, but the picturesqueness of the *toute ensemble* is wonderful. A high castle here, another there, on to a bridge whence one looks at a second city below, here a rugged mountain, and there beautiful public grounds, monuments, the sea, the landscape around, all wonderfully put together indeed; it would require fifty different views at least to give a true idea, but I will try from day to day to describe what I may see, either in the old or new part of the town. I unpacked my birds and looked at them with pleasure, and yet with a considerable degree of fear that they would never be published. I felt very much alone, and many dark thoughts came across my mind; I felt one of those terrible attacks of depression to which I so often fall a prey overtaking me, and I forced myself to go out to destroy the painful gloom that I dread at all times, and of which I am sometimes absolutely afraid. After a good walk I returned more at ease, and looked at a pair of stuffed pheasants on a large buffet in my present sitting-room, at the sweetly scented geraniums opposite to them, the black hair-cloth sofa and chairs, the little cherubs on the mantelpiece, the painted landscape on my right hand, and the mirror on my left, in which I saw not only my own face, but such strong resemblance to that of my venerated father that I almost imagined it was he that I saw; the thoughts of my mother came to me, my sister, my young days, — all was at hand, yet how far away. Ah! how far is even the last moment, that is never to return again.

Edinburgh, October 27, 1826. I visited the market this morning, but to go to it I first crossed the New Town into the Old, over the north bridge, went down many flights of winding steps, and when at the desired spot was positively *under* the bridge that has been built to save the trouble of descending and mounting from one side of Edinburgh to the other, the city being mostly built on the slopes of two long ranges of high, broken hills. The vegetable market was well arranged, and looked, as did the sections for

meats and fruits, attractive; but the situation, and the narrow booths in which the articles were exhibited, was, compared with the Liverpool market, nothing. I ascended the stairs leading to the New Town, and after turning to the right, saw before me the monument in honor of Nelson, to which I walked. Its elevated situation, the broken, rocky way along which I went, made it very picturesque; but a tremendous shower of rain accompanied by a heavy gust of cold wind made me hurry from the spot before I had satisfied myself, and I returned *home* to breakfast. I was struck with the resemblance of the women of the lower classes to our Indian squaws. Their walk is precisely the same, and their mode of carrying burdens also; they have a leather strap passed over the forehead attached to large baskets without covers, and waddle through the streets, just like the Shawanees, for instance. Their complexion, if fair, is beyond rosy, partaking, indeed, of purple — dull, and disagreeable. If dark, they are dark indeed. Many of the men wear long whiskers and beards, and are extremely uncouth in manners, and still more so in language. I had finished breakfast when Messrs. Patison came to see my drawings, and brought with them a Miss Ewart, who was said to draw beautifully. She looked at one drawing after another, but remained mute till I came to the doves; she exclaimed at this, and then told me she knew Sir Walter Scott well, “and,” she added, “he will be delighted to see your magnificent collection.” Later I called again at Dr. Thompson’s, but as he was not at home, left the letter and my card; the same at Professor Duncan’s. I then walked to the fish market, where I found Patrick Neill, Esq.,¹ at his desk, after having passed between two long files of printers at their work. Mr. Neill shook hands cordially, gave me his home address, promised to come and see me, and accompanied me to the street, begging me not to visit

¹ Patrick Neill, 1776–1851, Scottish naturalist and horticulturalist. Was a printer in Edinburgh at this time.

the Museum until Professor Jameson had sent me a general ticket of admission. I went then to the Port of Leith, distant not quite three miles, but missing my way, reached the Frith of Forth at Trinity, a small village on the bay, from whence I could see the waters of the German Ocean; the shore opposite was distant about seven miles, and looked naked and hilly. During my walk I frequently turned to view the beautiful city behind me, rising in gradual amphitheatre, most sublimely backed by mountainous clouds that greatly improved the whole. The wind was high, the waters beat the shore violently, the vessels at anchor pitched, — all was grand. On inquiry I found this was no longer an admiral's station, and that in a few more weeks the steamboats that ply between this and London, and other parts of the north of this island, would stop their voyages, the ocean being too rough during the winter season. I followed along the shores, and reached Leith in about twenty minutes. I saw a very pretty iron jetty with three arches, at the extremity of which vessels land passengers and freight. Leith is a large village apparently, mostly connected with Hamburg and the seaports of Holland. Much business is going on. I saw here great numbers of herring-boats and the nets for capturing these fishes; also some curious drags for oysters, clams, and other shellfish. The docks are small, and contain mostly Dutch vessels, none of them large. An old one is fitted up as a chapel for mariners. I waited till after sunset before returning to my lodgings, when I told my landlady I was going to the theatre, that I might not be locked out, and went off to see "Rob Roy." The theatre not opening till half-past six, I spent some little time in a bookseller's shop, reading an account of the Palace and Chapel of Holyrood. The pit, where I sat, was crowded with gentlemen and ladies; for ladies of the second class go to the pit, the superior classes to the boxes, and those of neither class way above. The house is small but well

lighted. "God save the King" was the overture, and every one rose uncovered. "Rob Roy" was represented as if *positively* in the Highlands; the characters were natural, the scenery perfectly adapted, the dress and manners quite true to the story. I may truthfully say that I saw a good picture of the great outlaw, his Ellen, and the unrelenting Dougal. I would, were it possible, always see "Rob Roy" in Edinburgh, "Le Tartuffe" in Paris, and "She Stoops to Conquer" in England. "Rob Roy," as exhibited in America, is a burlesque; we do not even know how the hardy mountaineer of this rigid country throws on his plaid, or wears his cap or his front piece, beautifully made of several tails of the red deer; neither can we render the shrill tone of the horn bugle that hangs at his side, the merry bagpipe is wanted, also the scenery. I would just as soon see "Le Tartuffe" in broken French, by a strolling company, as to see "Rob Roy" again as I have seen it in Kentucky. It is almost to be regretted that each country does not keep to its own productions; to do otherwise only leads to fill our minds with ideas far different from the truth. I did not stay to see "Rosina;" though I liked Miss Stephens pretty well, yet she is by no means equal to Miss Foote.

Edinburgh, October 28, 1826. To-day I have visited the Royal Palace of Holyrood; it is both interesting and curious, especially the chapel and the rooms where the present King of France resided during his exile. I find Professor Jameson is engaged with Mr. Selby¹ and others in a large ornithological publication, and Mr. Ed. Roscoe has written, suggesting that I try to connect myself with them; but my independent spirit does not turn to the idea with any pleasure, and I think if my work deserves the attention of the public, it must stand on its own legs, not on the reputation of men superior in education and literary acquire-

¹ Prideaux John Selby, English ornithologist, author of "British Birds" and other works; died 1867.

ments, but possibly not so in the actual observation of Nature at her best, in the wilds, as I certainly have seen her.

October 29, Sunday. With the exception of the short walk to the post-office with my letters, I have been as busy as a bee all day, for I have written much. Yesterday at ten Messrs. Patison brought twelve ladies and the Messrs. Thomas and John Todd of this city to see my drawings; they remained full two hours. Professor Duncan came in and was truly a kind friend. After my company had left, and I had been promised several letters for Sir Walter Scott, I took a walk, and entered a public garden, where I soon found myself a prisoner, and where, had I not found a pretty maid who took pity on my *étourderie*, I certainly would have felt very awkward, as I had neither letter nor pocket-book to show for my identification. I then went in search of a Scotch pebble; one attracted me, but a boy in the shop said his father could make one still handsomer. I wanted not pebbles made by man, I wanted them the result of nature, but I enquired of the lad how they were made. Without hesitation the boy answered: "by fire-heat, and whilst the pores of the pebbles are open colored infusions are impregnated." Now what will not man do to deceive his brother? I called on Mr. Jeffrey,¹ who was not in; he comes from his Hall, two and a half miles off, every day for two hours, from two to four o'clock; therefore I entered his sanctum sanctorum, sealed the letter, and wrote on my card that I would be happy to see him. What a mass of books, papers, portfolios, dirt, beautiful paintings, engravings, casts, with such parcels of unopened packages all directed "Francis Jeffrey, Esq." Whilst I looked at this mass I thought, What have *I* done, compared with what this man has done, and has to do? I much long to see the famous critic. As I came away my thoughts reverted to

¹ Lord Francis Jeffrey, 1773-1850, the distinguished Scottish critic and essayist.

Holyrood Palace. What a variety of causes has brought king after king to that spot; what horrors have been committed there! The general structure is not of a defensive nature; it lies in a valley, and has simply its walls to guard it. I was surprised that the narrow stairs which led to the small chamber where the murder was committed, communicated at once with the open country, and I was also astonished to see that the mirrors were positively much superior to those of the present day in point of intrinsic purity of reflection; the plates cannot be less than three-fourths of an inch in thickness. The furniture is all decaying fast, as well as the paintings which are set into the walls. The great room for the King's audience contains a throne by no means corresponding with the ideas *de luxe* that I had formed. The room, however, being hung in scarlet cloth, had a very warm effect, and I remember it with pleasure. I also recall the view I then had from a high hill, of the whole city of Edinburgh and the country around the sea; the more I look on Edinburgh the better I like it. To-day, as I have said, I have been in my rooms constantly, and after much writing received Dr. Knox and a friend of his. The former pronounced my drawings the finest of their kind in the world. No light praise this. They promised to see that I was presented to the Wernerian Society, and talked very scientifically, indeed quite too much so for the poor man of the woods. They assured me the ornithological work now about being published by Messrs. "Selby, Jameson, and Sir Somebody¹ and Co.," was a "job book." It is both amusing and distressing to see how inimical to each other men of science are; and why are they so?

October 30. Mr. Neill took me to a Mr. Lizars,² in St. James Square, the engraver for Mr. Selby, who came

¹ Sir William Jardine.

² W. H. Lizars, the engraver who made a few of the earliest plates of the "Birds of America."

with us to see my work. As we walked along under an umbrella he talked of nothing else than the astonishing talent of his employer, how quickly he drew and how well, until we reached my lodgings. I lost hope at every step, and I doubt if I opened my lips. I slowly unbuckled my portfolio, placed a chair for him, and with my heart like a stone held up a drawing. Mr. Lizars rose from his seat, exclaiming: "My God! I never saw anything like this before." He continued to be delighted and astonished, and said Sir William Jardine¹ must see them, and that he would write to him; that Mr. Selby must see them; and when he left at dark he went immediately to Mr. Wm. Heath, an artist from London, who came at once to see me. I had gone out and missed him; but he left a note. Not knowing who he might be, I went to see him, up three pairs of stairs, *à l'artisan*; met a brunette who was Mrs. Heath, and a moment after the gentleman himself. We talked together, he showed me some of his work and will call on me to-morrow.

October 31. So at last Professor Jameson has called on me! That warm-hearted Mr. Lizars brought him this morning, just as I was finishing a letter to Victor. He was kind to me, very kind, and yet I do not understand the man clearly; he has a look quite above my reach, I must acknowledge, but I am to breakfast with him to-morrow at nine. He says he will, with my permission, announce my work to the world, and I doubt not I shall find him an excellent friend. Dr. Thompson's sons came in, tall, slender, and well-looking, made an apology for their father, and invited me to breakfast on Thursday; and young Dr. Henry called and also invited me to breakfast. Mr. Patrick Symes, a learned Scotchman, was with me a long time, and my morning was a very agreeable one within, though outside it was cold and rained. Edin-

¹ Scottish naturalist, 1800-1874. Published "Naturalists' Library" and other works.

burgh even in the rain, for I took a walk, is surprisingly beautiful, picturesque, romantic; I am delighted with it. Mr. Lizars has invited me to call at *nine* to spend the evening with him; now I call it much more as if going to spend the night. I met Mrs. Lizars when I stopped at his house for a moment to-day; she is the first lady to whom I have been introduced here, and is a very beautiful one. Eleven and a half o'clock and I have just returned from Mr. Lizars, where my evening has been extremely pleasant. I have seen some of Mr. Selby's original drawings, and some of Sir William Jardine's, and I no longer feel afraid. But I must to rest, for I hate late hours and love to be up before daylight.

November 1. I breakfasted at Professor Jameson's. A most splendid house, splendid everything, breakfast to boot. The professor wears his hair in three distinct, different courses; when he sits fronting the south, for instance, the hair on his forehead bends westwardly, the hair behind eastwardly, and the very short hair on top mounts directly upward, perhaps somewhat like the quills of the "fretful porcupine." But never mind the ornamental, external appendages of his skull, the sense *within* is great, and full of the nobleness which comes from a kind, generous heart. Professor Jameson to-day is no more the man I took him to be when I first met him. He showed me an uncommon degree of cordiality, and promised me his powerful assistance so forcibly that I am sure I can depend upon him. I left him and his sister at ten, as we both have much to do besides talking, and drinking hot, well creamed coffee; but our separation was not long, for at noon he entered my room with several gentlemen to see my drawings. Till four I was occupied showing one picture after another, holding each one at arm's-length, and was very tired, and my left arm once I thought had an idea of revolutionizing. When my guests had gone I walked out, took plenty of needed exercise, often hearing

remarks about myself such as "That's a German physician;" "There's a French nobleman." I ended my walk at Mr. Lizars', and while with him expressed a wish to secure some views of beautiful Edinburgh; he went to another room and brought in a book of views for me to look at, which I did with interest. He then asked me to draw something for him, and as I finished a vignette he pushed the book of superb Edinburgh towards me; on the first leaf he had written, "To John J. Audubon, as a very imperfect expression of the regard entertained for his abilities as an artist, and for his worth as a friend, by William H. Lizars, engraver of the 'Views of Edinburgh.'" I saw — though by gas-light — some of Mr. Lizars' work, printing from copper, coloring with water-color and oils, etc., on the same, for the first time in my life. How little I know! how ignorant I am! but I will learn. I went to bed after reading Sir Walter's last novel till I was so pleased with the book that I put it under my pillow to dream about, as children do at Christmas time; but my dreams all went another way and I dreamed of the beech woods in my own dear land.

November 2, Thursday. I drew the bell at the door of No. 80 George Street, where lives Dr. Thompson, just as the great bell of St. Andrews struck nine, and we soon sat down to breakfast. Dr. Thompson is a good, and good-looking man, and extremely kind; at the table were also his wife, daughter, son, and another young gentleman; and just as my second cup of coffee was handed to me a certain Dr. Fox entered with the air of an old friend, and at once sat down. He had been seventeen years in France, and speaks the language perfectly, of course. After having spoken somewhat about the scrubbiness of the timber here, and the lofty and majestic trees of my country dear, I rose to welcome Mrs. Lizars, who came in with her husband and some friends. Mr. Lizars had not seen one of my largest drawings; he had been enamoured

with the Mocking-birds and Rattle-snake, but, Lucy, the Turkeys — her brood, the pose of the Cock Turkey — the Hawk pouncing on seventeen Partridges, the Whooping Crane devouring alligators newly born — at these he exclaimed again and again. All were, he said, wonderful productions; he wished to engrave the Partridges; but when the Great-footed Hawks came with bloody rags at their beaks' ends, and cruel delight in the glance of their daring eyes, he stopped mute an instant, then said, "*That* I will engrave and publish." We were too numerous a party to transact business then, and the subject was adjourned. Fatigued and excited by this, I wrote for some hours, and at four walked out and paid my respects to young Dr. Henry at the Infirmary, — a nice young man, — and at five I found myself at Mr. Lizars', who at once began on the topic of my drawings, and asked why I did not publicly exhibit them. I told him how kind and generous the Institution at Liverpool had been, as well as Manchester, and that I had a letter of thanks from the Committees. He returned with me to my lodgings, read the letter, and we marched arm in arm from Mrs. Dickie's to Professor Jameson, who kept the letter, so he said, to make good use of it; I showed Mr. Lizars other letters of recommendation, and as he laid down the last he said: "Mr. Audubon, the people here don't know who you are at all, but depend upon it they *shall* know." We then talked of the engraving of the Hawks, and it seems that it will be done. Perhaps even yet fame may be mine, and enable me to provide all that is needful for my Lucy and my children. Wealth I do not crave, but comfort; and for my boys I have the most ardent desire that they may receive the best of education, far above any that I possess; and day by day science advances, new thoughts and new ideas crowd onward, there is always fresh food for enjoyment, study, improvement, and I must place them where all this may be a possession to them.

November 3, Friday. My birds were visited by many persons this day, among whom were some ladies, artists, of both ability and taste, and with the numerous gentlemen came Professor James Wilson,¹ a naturalist, an agreeable man, who invited me to dine at his cottage next week. Mr. Lizars, who is certainly *mon bon cheval de bataille*, is exerting himself greatly in my behalf. At half-past three good Mr. Neill came, and together we walked towards his little hermitage, a sweet spot, quite out of town; nice garden, hot-house filled with exotics, and house-walls peopled by thousands of sparrows secure in the luxuriant masses of ivy that only here and there suffer the eye to see that the habitat is of stone. The Heron's sharp lance lay on his downy breast while he balanced on one leg, silent and motionless; the Kittiwake Gull screamed for food; the Cormorant greedily swallowed it; whilst the waddling Gannet welcomed her master by biting his foot, the little Bantams and the great rooster leaped for the bread held out, the faithful Pigeon cooed to his timid mate, and the huge watch-dog rubbed against the owner's legs with joy. We entered the house, other guests were there, and full of gayety we sat down to a sumptuous dinner. Eyes sparkled with wit, sense, knowledge. Mr. Combe² who was present has a head quite like our Henry Clay. My neighbor, Mr. Bridges,³ is all life; but after a few observations concerning the birds of our woods he retired to let the world know that many of them are arrived in Scotland. It is unanimously agreed that I must sit for my portrait to Mr. Syme,⁴ and that friend Lizars must engrave it to be distributed abroad. On my return to my lodgings I was presented with some

¹ James Wilson, brother of Professor John Wilson (Christopher North), naturalist and scientific writer, 1795-1856.

² George Combe, an eminent phrenologist and author on that subject. Born and died in Edinburgh, 1788-1856.

³ David Bridges, editor of one of the Edinburgh newspapers.

⁴ John Syme. His portrait of Audubon was the first one ever engraved.

pears and apples of native growth, somewhat bigger than green peas; but ah! this is both ungrateful and discourteous. To-morrow I am to meet Lord Somebody, and Miss Stephens; she was called "that delicious actress" so fervently and so frequently by my learned friends that I reverse my judgment, or will at least suspend it, until I see more of her.

November 4, Saturday. Now had I the faculties of my good friend Mr. Bridges, I should be able to write all that I feel towards him and the good people of this romantic Edina's Academic Halls; I would set to, and write long accounts of all I have enjoyed this day. But, alas! poor me! I can only scratch a few words next to unintelligible, and simply say that my little room has been full all day of individuals good, great, and friendly, and I am very wearied to-night; it is now past one. I dined at Mr. Lizars', where were beauties, music, conviviality, and wit. I am working hard withal; I do with four hours' sleep, keep up a great correspondence, keep up my journal, and write many hours on the letter-press for my "Birds," which is almost done.

November 5, Sunday. At ten o'clock my room was filled with visitors. Friend Bridges came, and stayed a long time. Miss Stephens the actress and her brother also paid me a visit. Mr. Bridges insisted on my going home to dine with him at four, and I never perceived I was in my slippers till I reached the port of destination. A Mr. Hovey dined with us. Mrs. Bridges is a stately, handsome lady, and the *diner en famille* pleased me exceedingly. I saw quite a stock of pictures and engravings, well selected by my knowing friend. I returned home early and found a note from Mr. John Gregg, who came himself later bringing me a *scrubby* letter from Charles Waterton,¹ and a sweet little sketch from fair Ellen of Quarry Bank. I was delighted to see him; it seemed

¹ Charles Waterton, English naturalist and traveller, 1782-1865, — always an enemy of Audubon's.

like *old times* to me. With all this I am by no means in spirits to write, I am so alone in this strange land, so far from those I love the best, and the future rises oftentimes dark before me.

Monday, November 6. The same sad heart to-day, and but little work and much company. I was glad, however, to see those who came, among others my coach companion from Manchester, Mr. Walton, who invited me in a very friendly manner to see him often. It snowed this morning, and was quite a new sight to me, for I have not seen any for about five years—I think. The papers give such accounts of my drawings and of myself that I am quite ashamed to walk the streets; but I am dispirited and melancholy.

Sunday, November 19. I do not know when I have thus pitilessly put away my journal for nearly two weeks. My head and heart would not permit me to write, so I must try to *memorandum* now all I have *seen*. What I have *felt* is too much for me to write down, for when these attacks of depression overwhelm me life is almost unendurable. Every day I exhibited my drawings to those who came to see them. I had many noblemen, among whom I especially liked Sir Patrick Walker and his lady; but I welcomed all ladies, gentlemen, artists, and, I dare say, critics. At last the Committee of the Royal Institution invited me to exhibit publicly in their rooms; I owe this invitation, I know, to the astonishing perseverance of some unknown friends. When my pictures were removed there I was no longer "At Home." I painted from dawn to dark, closely, and perhaps more attentively than I ever have done before. The picture was large, contained a Turkey Cock, a hen, and nine young, all the size of life. Mr. Lizars and his amiable wife visited me often; often I spent the evenings with them. Mr. David Bridges, Mr. Cameron, and several others had regular admittance, and they all saw the regular progress of my

work; all, apparently, admired it. I dined at many houses, was always kindly received, and as far as my isolated condition and unfortunate melancholy permitted, enjoyed myself. It was settled by Mr. Lizars that he would undertake the publication of the first number of the "Birds of America," and that was enough to put all my powers of acting and thinking at fever heat. The papers also began to be more eulogistic of the merits of myself and my productions, and I felt bewildered with alternate uncertainties of hope and fear. I have received many letters from my dear Liverpool friends, and one, most precious of all, from the wonderful "Queen Bee" of Green Bank, with a most beautiful seal of the Wild Turkey and the motto "America, my country."¹ When my drawings were exhibited to the public, professors, students, artists, spoke well of them. I forwarded by post seventy-five tickets to the principal persons who had been kind to me, and to all the artists in Edinburgh. I sat once for my portrait, but my picture kept me at home ever since. I saw, and dined, and dined again with Sir William Jardine, and like him very much. He visited me frequently, and sat and stood watching me painting during his stay in the city. The famous phrenologist George Combe visited me also; spoke much of the truth of his theory as exhibited and verified by my poor skill; begged I would allow a cast of my head to be taken, etc., etc., and sent me a card of admission to his lectures this winter. The famous Professor Wilson of "Blackwood" fame, I might almost say the author of "Blackwood's Magazine," visited me also, and was very friendly; indeed, every one is kind, most truly so. How proud I feel that in Edinburgh, the seat of learning, science, and solidity of judgment, I am liked, and am received so kindly. How much I wish my Lucy could also enjoy it, that our sons

¹ This seal Audubon always used afterwards, and it is still in the possession of the family.

might have partaken of it, this would have rendered each moment an age of pleasure. I have now determined to remain here till my first number is published, when I shall go to Liverpool again, with proofs in hand. I will forward some of this number to the friends at home as well as abroad, and will continue painting here the while, and watch the progress of the engravers and colorists; two drawings are now under the hand of the engraver, and God grant me success. I am going to try to find time to spend a week at Jardine Hall, and some days at Mrs. Fletcher's; it will remove me from the pressure and excitement to which I am hourly subjected, and be a complete change for me in every way.

November 20. Whilst my breakfast was preparing, and daylight improving, I sat at my little table to write a notice of descriptive import about my painting of the Wild Turkeys that now leaned against the wall of my room, *finished*. My breakfast came in, but my pen carried me along the Arkansas River, and so much did I long for my beloved country that not a morsel could I swallow. While writing, Mr. Bridges, who usually pays me a daily visit, happened to come in. I read my description and told him it was my intention to have it printed, or written out in a clear hand, to lay on the table of the exhibition room, for the use of the public. He advised me to go to Professor Wilson for criticism; so I went at once to his residence, and reached "Blackwood's" door about ten o'clock. I did not even ask if Professor Wilson was in; no, I simply told the man to say Mr. Audubon from America wished to speak with him. In a moment I was conducted to a room where I wished that all that had been written in it was my own to remember, to enjoy, to profit by; but I had not been here many minutes before a sweet child, a happy daughter of this great man, asked me to go upstairs, saying, "Papa will be there in a minute;" and truly, almost at once the Professor came in, with freedom and

kindness of manner, life in his eye, and benevolence in his heart. My case was soon explained; he took my paper, read it, and said if I would allow him to keep it, he would make one or two alterations and return it in good time. Back to my lodgings and hungry by this time, and cooled off, my mind relieved, my painting finished, I dressed more carefully and walked to the Royal Institution, and was pleased at seeing there a good deal of company. But the disagreeable part of my day is yet to come. I had to dine at Professor Graham's,¹ it was five o'clock when I reached there, a large assembly of ladies and gentlemen were there, and I was introduced to Mrs. Graham only, by some oversight I am sure, but none the less was my position awkward. There I stood, motionless as a Heron, and when I dared, gazed about me at my surroundings, but no one came near me. There I stood and thought of the concert at Manchester; but there was this difference: *there* I was looked at rudely, *here* I was with polite company; so I waited patiently for a change of situation, and the change came. A woman, aye, an angel, spoke to me in such a quiet, easy way that in a few moments my *mal aise* was gone; then the ringing of a bell summoned us to the dining-room; I sat near the blue satin lady (for her name I do not know) who came to my rescue, and a charming young lady, Miss M——, was my companion. But the sumptuous dinners of this country are too much for me. They are so long, so long, that I recall briefer meals that I have had, with much more enjoyment than I eat the bountiful fare before me. This is not a *gôûter* with friend Bourgeat on the Flat Lake, roasting the orange-fleshed Ibis, and a few sun-perch; neither is it on the heated banks of Thompson's Creek, on the Fourth of July, swallowing the roasted eggs of a large Soft-shelled Turtle; neither was I at Henderson, at good

¹ Robert Graham, Scottish physician and botanist, born at Stirling, 1786, died at Edinburgh, 1845.

Dr. Rankin's, listening to the howlings of the Wolves, while sitting in security, eating well roasted and jellied venison, — no, alas! it was far from all these dear spots, in Great King Street, No. 62, at Dr. Graham's, a distinguished professor of botany, with a dinner of so many rich dishes that I cannot remember them.

November 24. I have just finished a long letter to Mr. Wm. Rathbone, telling him of my reception in beautiful Edinburgh, and my present plans, which are to publish one number at my own expense and risk, and with it under my arm, make my way. If I can procure three hundred good substantial names of persons or associations or institutions, I cannot fail doing well for my family; but, to do this, I must abandon my life to its success, and undergo many sad perplexities, and perhaps never again — certainly not for some years — see my beloved America. The work, from what I have seen of Mr. Lizars' execution, will be equal to anything in the world at present, and of the rest the world must judge for itself. I shall superintend both engraving and coloring personally, and I pray my courage may not fail; my industry I know will not. It is true the work will be procured only at a great expense, but then, a number of years must elapse before it is completed, so that renders payment an easier task. This is what I shall *try*; if I do not succeed I can return to my woods and there in peace and quiet live and die. I am sorry that some of my friends, particularly Dr. Traill, are against the pictures being the size of life, and I must acknowledge it renders the work rather bulky, but my heart was always bent on it, and I cannot refrain from attempting it. I shall publish the letter-press in a separate book, at the same time with the illustrations, and shall accompany the descriptions of the birds with many anecdotes and accounts of localities connected with the birds themselves, and with my travels in search of them. I miss my "Wild Turkeys," on which I

worked steadily and from dawn to dark, a long time here, — for sixteen days. It would be impossible for me to write down all my feelings and thoughts about my work, or my life here; it may be that in time I shall be reconciled or habituated to the life I now lead, but I can scarce believe this, and often think the woods the only place in which I truly *live*.

November 25, 1826. I have been drawing all day at some Wood Pigeons, as they are emphatically called here, though woods there are none. The day was cold, wet, and snowy. Mr. Lizars, however, called with Dr. Brewster,¹ an eminent and entertaining man. I received a note from Geo. Combe, Esq., the phrenologist, who wishes to plaster my poor head to take an impression of the bumps, ordinary and extraordinary; he also invited me to sup with him on Monday next. I was to dine at Dr. Monroe's, Craighlockhart, near Slateford, so I dressed and sent for a coach that took me *two and a half* miles for *twelve* shillings, and I had to pay one shilling toll, — a dear dinner this. I arrived and entered a house richly furnished, and was presented to three ladies, and four gentlemen. The ladies were Mrs. Monroe, Miss Maria Monroe, and Mrs. Murray; amongst the gentlemen I at once recognized the amiable and learned Staff-Surgeon Lyons. Mrs. Monroe I found a woman of most extraordinary powers, a brilliant conversationalist, highly educated, and most attractive. She sat by me, and entertained me most charmingly, and the rest of her company as well. I need not say the dinner was sumptuous, for I find no other kind in hospitable Edinburgh. After dinner we had music from Miss Monroe, a skilled songstress, and her rich voice, with the pathetic Scotch ballads which she sang so unaffectedly, brought tears to my eyes. My return to my lodgings was very cold, for snow lies all about the hills that surround this enchanting city.

¹ David Brewster, author, scientist, and philosopher, Edinburgh, 1781-

Sunday, November 26. I went to a Scotch church this morning, but it was cold and the services seemed to me cold also, but it may have been that I was unaccustomed to them. Snow lay thick on the ground and my lodgings looked cheerless, all but my picture, at which I worked on my return. I had put my work on the floor, and was standing on a chair to see the effect at a good distance, when Mrs. Lizars entered with her husband; they had come to invite me to dine with them on roasted sheep's-head (a Scotch dish), and I was glad to accept, for I was on the verge of a fit of depression, one of those severe ones when I am almost afraid to be alone in my lodgings; alone indeed I am, without one soul to whom I can open my heart. True, I have been alone before, but that was in beloved America, where the ocean did not roll between me and my wife and sons. At four, therefore, I reached James' Square and dined with these good people without pomp or ostentation; it is the only true way to live. Found the sheep's-head delicious, and spent the evening most agreeably. I was shown many beautiful sketches, and two plates of my birds well advanced. Mr. Lizars walked home with me; the weather was intensely cold, and the wind blew a gale; on turning a corner it almost threw me down, and although warmly dressed I felt the chill keenly. This morning seems a long way off, so many things have I thought of this day.

Monday, November 27. As soon as it dawned I was up and at work, and quite finished my drawing before breakfast. Mr. Syme came to see me, and was surprised to find it done. I had also outlined my favorite subject, the Otter in a trap. At twelve I went to *stand up* for my picture, and sick enough I was of it by two; at the request of Mr. Lizars I wear my wolf-skin coat, and if the head is not a strong likeness, perhaps the coat may be; but this is discourteous of me, even to my journal. Mr. Lizars brought a Mr. Key, an artist, to throw a sky over my

drawing, and the gentleman did it in handsome style, giving me some hints about this kind of work for which I am grateful. I dined at home on herrings, mutton-chops, cabbage, and fritters. As I am now going to sup with Mr. George Combe, I will write to-morrow what I may hear to-night. A kind note from Professor Jameson, whom I have not seen for some time, for he is a busy man, with a card of admittance to the Museum.

Tuesday, 28th. After writing thus far I left my room and went to watch the engravers at work on my birds. I was delighted to see how faithfully copied they were, and scarcely able to conceive the great "*adroit*" required to form all the lines exactly *contrary* to the model before them. I took a cup of coffee with Mr. and Mrs. Lizars, went home to dress, and at nine was again with Mr. Lizars, who was to accompany me to Mr. Combe's, and reaching Brower Square we entered the dwelling of Phrenology! Mr. Scot, the president of that society, Mr. D. Stewart,¹ Mr. McNalahan, and many others were there, and also a German named Charles N. Weiss, a great musician. Mr. George Combe immediately asked this gentleman and myself if we had any objection to have our heads *looked at* by the president, who had not yet arrived. We both signified our willingness, and were seated side by side on a sofa. When the president entered Mr. Combe said: "I have here two gentlemen of talent; will you please tell us in what their natural powers consist?" Mr. Scot came up, bowed, looked at Mr. Weiss, felt his head carefully all over, and pronounced him possessed of musical faculty in a great degree; I then underwent the same process, and he said: "There cannot exist a moment of doubt that this gentleman is a painter, colorist, and compositor, and I would add an amiable, though quick-tempered man." Much conversation ensued, we had supper, Miss Scot

¹ Dugald Stewart, Professor of Moral Philosophy, author, etc., Edinburgh, 1753-1828.

and Miss Combe were present, the only ladies. Afterwards Mr. Weiss played most sweetly on the flute, Mr. Scot sang Scotch airs, glees and madrigals followed, and it was after one o'clock when "Music and Painting" left the company arm in arm. I soon reached my lodgings. Mr. Weiss gave me a ticket to his concert, and Mrs. Dickie, who kindly sat up for me, gave me a ship letter. I hoped it was from my Lucy, but no, it was from Governor DeWitt Clinton; it was dated thirty days previous to my receiving it.

Tuesday, 28th. The fog was so dense this morning that at nine o'clock I could hardly see to write. I put the drawing of the Stock Pigeons in the Institution, framed superbly, and it looked well, I thought, even though so dark a day. I again *stood* for my picture, two dreadfully long hours, and I am sure I hope it may prove a good resemblance to my poor self. Whilst yet in my hunting-dress, I received word that Sir Walter Scott was in the Institution and wished to see me; you may depend I was not long in measuring the distance, and reached the building quite out of breath, but to no purpose. Sir Walter had been compelled to go to preside at a meeting upstairs, and left an apology for me, and a request that unless too dark for him to see my work I would wait; but it very soon became quite dark, and I therefore abandoned all thought of meeting him this time. I dined at Mr. Lizars', and saw the first-proof impression of one of my drawings. It looked pretty well, and as I had procured one subscriber, Dr. Meikleham of Trinidad, I felt well contented.

Wednesday, 29th. The day was cloudy, and sitting for my portrait has become quite an arduous piece of business. I was positively in "durance vile" for two and a half hours. Just as I was finishing my dinner, Mrs. F——, the cousin of Mr. Gregg, called; ladies having the right to command, I went immediately, and found a woman whose features had more force and character than women generally show

in their lineaments. Her eyes were very penetrating, and I was struck with the strength of all she said, though nothing seemed to be studied. She showed the effects of a long, well learned round of general information. She, of course, praised my work, but I scarce thought her candid. Her eyes seemed to reach my very soul; I knew that at one glance she had discovered my inferiority. The group of children she had with her were all fine-looking, but not so gracefully obedient as those of the beautiful Mrs. Rathbone of Woodcroft. She invited me to her home, near Roslyn, and I shall, of course, accept this courtesy, though I felt, and feel now, that she asked me from politeness more than because she liked *me*, and I must say the more I realized her intelligence the more stupid did I become. Afterwards I went to Mr. Lizars' to meet Dr. Meikleham, who wishes me to go with him to Trinidad, where I shall draw, so he says, four hundred birds for him, for a publication of "Birds of the West Indies." On Friday I go to Mrs. Isabella Murray's, to see her and some fine engravings. I have omitted to say that the first impression of the beautiful seal sent me by Mrs. Rathbone was sent to my beloved wife; the seal itself is much admired, and the workmanship highly praised. Mr. Combe has been to see me, and says my poor skull is a greater exemplification of the evidences of the truth of his system than any he has seen, except those of one or two whose great names only are familiar to me; and positively I have been so tormented about the shape of my head that my brains are quite out of sorts. Nor is this all; my eyes will have to be closed for about one hour, my face and hair oiled over, and plaster of Paris poured over my nose (a greased quill in each nostril), and a bust will be made. On the other hand, an artist quite as crazy and foolishly inclined, has said that my head was a perfect Vandyke's, and to establish this fact, my portrait is now growing under the pencil of the ablest artist of the science here. It is a strange-looking

figure, with gun, strap, and buckles, and eyes that to me are more those of an enraged Eagle than mine. Yet it is to be engraved. Sir Walter Scott saw my drawings for a few moments yesterday, and I hope to meet him to-morrow when I dine with the Antiquarian Society at the Waterloo Hotel, where an annual feast is given. My work is proceeding in very good style, and in a couple of days colored plates will be at the exhibition rooms, and at the different booksellers; but with all this bustle, and my hopes of success, my heart is heavy, for *hopes* are not *facts*. The weather is dull, moist, and disagreeably cold at times, and just now the short duration of the daylight here is shocking; the lamps are lighted in the streets at half-past three o'clock P. M., and are yet burning at half-past seven A. M.

November 30. My portrait was finished to-day. I cannot say that I think it a very good resemblance, but it is a fine picture, and the public must judge of the rest. I had a bad headache this morning, which has now passed; to be ill far from home would be dreadful, away from my Lucy, who would do more for me in a day than all the doctors in Christendom in a twelvemonth. I visited the exhibition rooms for a few minutes; I would like to go there oftener, but really to be gazed at by a crowd is, of all things, most detestable to me. Mr. Gregg called about four, also Mr. Bridges and an acquaintance of the famous "Alligator Rider," and I was told that Mr. Waterton said that Joseph Bonaparte imitated the manners and habits of his brother Napoleon; that is much more than I know or saw. But St. Andrew's Day and my invitation to dine with the Antiquarians was not forgotten. At five I was at Mr. Lizars', where I found Mr. Moule and we proceeded to the Waterloo Hotel. The sitting-room was soon filled; I met many that I knew, and a few minutes after the Earl of Elgin¹ made his *entrée*, I was

¹ Thomas Bruce, seventh Earl of Elgin. 1777-1841.

presented to him by Mr. Innes of Stow; he shook hands with me and spoke in a very kind and truly complimentary manner about my pencil's productions. At six we walked in couples to the dining-room; I had the arm of my good friend Patrick Neill, Mr. Lizars sat on my other side, and there was a sumptuous dinner indeed. It at first consisted entirely of Scotch messes of old fashion, such as marrow-bones, codfish-heads stuffed with oatmeal and garlic, black puddings, sheep's-heads smelling of singed wool, and I do not know what else. Then a *second* dinner was served quite *à l'anglaise*. I finished with a bit of grouse. Then came on the toasts. Lord Elgin, being president and provided with an auctioneer's mallet, brought all the company to order by rapping smartly on the table with the instrument. He then rose, and simply said: "The King! four times four!" Every one rose to drink to the monarch's health, and the president saying, "Ip, ip, ip," sixteen cheers were loudly given. The Dukes of York, Argyle, and many others had their healths drunk, then Sir Walter Scott (who, to my great regret, was not able to be present), and so on and on, one and another, until mine was proposed by Mr. Skene,¹ the first secretary of the society. Whilst he was engaged in a handsome panegyric the perspiration poured from me, I thought I should faint; and I was seated in this wretched condition when everybody rose, and the Earl called out: "Mr. Audubon." I had seen each individual when toasted, rise, and deliver a speech; that being the case, could I remain speechless like a fool? No! I summoned all my resolution, and for the first time in my life spoke to a large assembly, saying these few words: "Gentlemen, my command of words in which to reply to your kindness is almost as humble as that of the birds hanging on the walls of your institution. I am truly obliged for your favors. Permit me to say, May God bless you all, and may this society prosper." I felt

¹ Wm. Forbes Skene, Scottish historian.

my hands wet with perspiration. Mr. Lizars poured me out a glass of wine and said: "Bravo! take this," which I gladly did. More toasts were given, and then a delightful old Scotch song was sung by Mr. Innes; the refrain was "Put on thy cloak about thee." Then Mr. McDonald sang. Wm. Allan, Esq.,¹ the famous painter, told a beautiful story, then rose, and imitated the buzzing of a bumble-bee confined in a room, and followed the bee (apparently) as if flying from him, beating it down with his handkerchief; a droll performance most admirably done. At ten, the Earl rose, and bid us farewell, and at half-past ten I proposed to Mr. Lizars to go, and we did. I was much pleased at having been a guest at this entertainment, particularly as Lord Elgin expressed a wish to see me again. I went to Mr. Lizars', where we sat chatting for an hour, when I returned to my lodgings and took myself to bed.

December 1. My portrait was hung up in the exhibition room; I prefer it to be gazed at rather than the original from which it was taken. The day was shockingly bad, wet, slippery, cold. I had to visit Lord Clancarty and his lady at noon, therefore I went. I met Mrs. M—— and her children and the eldest daughter of Mr. Monroe. Mrs. M—— began a long speech, telling me of her father, Lord S——, and his loyalty to the Stuarts; the details not only of that royal family but all the kings of England were being poured out, and I should probably be there yet, merely saying "Yes" from time to time, if a lucky interruption had not come in the form of a message from Lord Elgin, to say he desired to see me at the Institution. I soon reached that place, where I met Lord Elgin, in company with Secretary Skene and Mr. Hall the advocate, in the art room. Mr. Hall is nephew to Lady Douglas, and this gave me an opportunity to hand him her letter. But the best thing to relate is my breakfast with

¹ Afterwards Sir William Allan, historical painter; in 1833 was elected president of the Scottish Royal Academy, Edinburgh. 1782-1850.

that wonderful man David Bridges. I was at his house at a quarter before nine; a daughter was practising the piano, the son reading, his wife, well-dressed, was sewing. I conversed with her and looked at the pictures till the door opened and my friend came in, attired in his *robe de chambre*, shook my hand warmly, and taking his handkerchief from his pocket, he began whisking and wiping chimney mantel, tables, chairs, desk, etc., to my utter annoyance, for I felt for the wife whose poor housewifery was thus exposed. After breakfast we walked to see my portrait and to criticise it, for both Mr. Lizars and Mr. Bridges are connoisseurs. In the evening I visited Mr. Howe, the editor of the "Courant" and then to the theatre with Mr. Bridges to see Wairner (?) perform "Tyke" in "The School of Reform." We met at the Rainbow Tavern, and soon entered the theatre, which was thinly attended; but I was delighted with the piece, and the performance of it, though we left before it was concluded to attend Mr. Weiss's concert in the Assembly Rooms in George Street. The flute playing was admirable both in execution and tone; Mr. Bridges supped with me. It is now again one o'clock, and I am quite worn out.

December 2, Saturday. The weather was a sharp frost till evening, when it rained. I was busy painting all day, and did not put foot out of doors till I went to dine with Dr. Brown, the professor of theology.¹ Mr. Bridges went with me, and told me that Professor Wilson had prepared a notice for "Blackwood's Magazine" respecting myself and my work. I think the servant who called out my name at Dr. Brown's must have received a most capital lesson in pronunciation, for seldom in my travels did I hear my name so clearly and well pronounced. Several other guests were present, Professor Jameson among them, and we passed a most agreeable evening. I must not forget

¹ An eminent divine 1784-1858; father of Dr. John Brown, author of "Rab and his Friends," etc.

that Sir James Hall and his brother called to receive information respecting the comfort that may be expected in travelling through my dear country.

Sunday, December 3. My good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Lizars came in as usual after church; they like the Otter better than the Turkeys. It was nearly finished, to the great astonishment of Mr. Syme and Mr. Cameron, who came to announce that the rooms at the Institution were mine till the 20th inst. Mr. Cameron looked long at the picture and said: "No man in either England or Scotland could paint that picture in so short a time." Now to me this is all truly wonderful; I came to this Europe fearful, humble, dreading all, scarce able to hold up my head and meet the glance of the learned, and I am praised so highly! It is quite unaccountable, and I still fear it will not last; these good people certainly give me more merit than I am entitled to; it can only be a glance of astonishment or surprise operating on them because my style is new, and somewhat different from those who have preceded me. Mr. Bridges, who knows everybody, and goes everywhere, went with me to dine with Mr. Witham of Yorkshire. We dined—had coffee—supped at eleven. At twelve the ladies left us; I wished to leave, but it was impossible. Dr. Knox said he wished to propose me as an honorary member of the Wernerian Society; our host said he would second the motion; my health was drunk, and I finally retired with Dr. Knox, leaving Mr. Bridges and the other gentlemen making whiskey toddy from that potent Scotch liquor which as yet I cannot swallow. It was now half-past two; what hours do I keep! Am I to lead this life long? If I do I must receive from my Maker a new supply of strength, for even my strong constitution cannot stand it.

Monday, December 4. I gave early orders to Mrs. Dickie to have a particularly good breakfast ready by nine o'clock because Mr. Witham had offered last night to come

and partake of it with me; I then took to my brushes and finished my Otter entirely. I had been just thirteen hours at it, and had I labored for thirteen weeks, I do not think I should have bettered it. Nine o'clock — ten o'clock — and no Mr. Witham. I was to accompany him to Dr. Knox, whose lecture on Anatomy he was to hear. At last he came with many apologies, having already breakfasted, and giving me but ten minutes for my morning meal. We then hurried off, the weather beautiful, but extremely cold. We ascended the stairs and opened the door of the lecture room, where were seated probably one hundred and fifty students; a beating of feet and clapping of hands took place that quite shocked me. We seated ourselves and each person who entered the room was saluted as we had been, and during the intervals a low beating was kept up resembling in its regularity the footsteps of a regiment on a flat pavement. Dr. Knox entered, and all was as hushed as if silence had been the principal study of all present. I am not an anatomist. Unfortunately, no! I know almost less than nothing, but I was much interested in the lecture, which lasted three quarters of an hour, when the Dr. took us through the anatomical Museum, and his dissecting-room. The sights were extremely disagreeable, many of them shocking beyond all I ever thought could be. I was glad to leave this charnel house and breathe again the salubrious atmosphere of the streets of "Fair Edina." I was engaged most certainly to dine out, but could not recollect where, and was seated trying to remember, when the Rev. W. J. Bakewell, my wife's first cousin, and the son of Robert Bakewell the famous grazier and zoölogist of Derbyshire, came in to see me. He asked many questions about the family in America, gave me his card and invited me to dine with him next Monday week, which is my first unengaged day. I had a letter from Mr. Monroe at Liverpool telling me I had been elected a member of the Literary and Philosophical Societies of that

city. Not being able to recall where I was to dine, I was guilty of what must seem great rudeness to my intended hosts, and which is truly most careless on my part; so I went to Mr. Lizars, where I am always happy. The wild Turkey-cock is to be the large bird of my first number, to prove the necessity of the size of the work. I am glad to be able to retire at an early hour. It seems to me an extraordinary thing, my present situation in Edinburgh; looked upon with respect, receiving the attentions of the most distinguished people, and supported by men of science and learning. It is wonderful to me; am I, or is my work, deserving of all this?

Tuesday, December 5. After I had put my Otter in the exhibition room, I met Mr. Syme and with him visited Mr. Wm. Nicholson,¹ a portrait painter, and there saw, independent of his own work, a picture from the far-famed Snyders, intended for a Bear beset with dogs of all sorts. The picture had great effect, fine coloring, and still finer finishing, but the Bear was no Bear at all, and the dogs were so badly drawn, distorted caricatures that I am sure Snyders did not draw from specimens put in real postures, in my way. I was quite disappointed, so much had I heard of this man's pictures of quadrupeds, and I thought of Dr. Traill, who, although well acquainted with birds scientifically, told me he had an engraving of birds where both legs of each individual were put on the same side, and that he never noticed the defect till it was pointed out to him. This made me reflect how easily man can be impressed by general effect and beauty. I returned to the Institution and had the pleasure of meeting Captain Basil Hall,² of the Royal Navy, his wife, and Lady Hunter. They were extremely kind to me, and spoke of my dear friends the Rathbones and Greggs in terms which de-

¹ William Nicholson, First Secretary of the Scottish Academy and portrait painter. 1784-1844.

² Traveller and author. 1788-1844.

lighted me. The captain asked if I did not intend to exhibit by gaslight, and when I replied that the Institution had granted me so much favor already that I could not take it upon myself to speak of that, said that he should do so at once, and would let me know the answer from Mr. Skene, the secretary. I wrote the history of my picture of the Otter, and sent with a note to Professor Wilson, who had asked for it.

Wednesday, December 6. After breakfast I called on Professor Jameson, and as the Wild Turkey is to be in my first number, proposed to give him the account of the habits of the Turkey Buzzard instead; he appeared anxious to have any I would give. I spoke to him about the presentation of my name to the Wernerian Society; he said it was desirable for me to join it as it would attach me to the country, and he would give his aid gladly. I visited Captain Basil Hall of the Royal Navy; as I ascended the stairs to his parlor I heard the sweet sounds of a piano, and found Mrs. Hall was the performer. Few women have ever attracted me more at first sight; her youth and her fair face are in unison with her manners; and her husband also received me most kindly, especially when I recalled our previous slight acquaintance. I spent here a most agreeable hour. They spoke of visiting the States, and I urged them to do so. Captain Hall, a man of extraordinary talents, a great traveller, and a rich man, has made the most of all, and I found him the best of company. From thence to friend Neill's establishment in the Old Town to see at what time my memoranda must be ready for the press; to my astonishment I was told that to-morrow was my last day, and I ran home to scribble. Professor Monroe called on me with a friend and asked me what I would take to draw skulls, etc., for him; then Mr. Syme brought an engraver to consult with me on the subject of my portrait being immortalized. Young Gregg paid me a visit, and at last I dressed in a hurry and ran to Mr. Lizars'

to know the way to Mr. Ritchie's, where I was to dine. Mr. Lizars sent a young man to show me the way, and I arrived at the appointed spot just one hour too late. I dined however, and dined well. Miss Scott was there, Miss Combe, Mr. Weiss, and several others; but when dinner was over and we ascended to the tea room, a crowd of ladies and gentlemen not before seen were in waiting to see the "Woodsman from America." We had music and dancing, and I did not leave till a late hour and must now write more for the printers. I must tell thee that someone gave a false note of one pound at my exhibition rooms, and therefore *I* paid him well to see my birds. A man who met me to-day at the door of the Institution asked me if they were very well worth seeing. Dost thou think I said "Yes"? Not I! I positively said "No!" and off he went; but a few yards off I saw him stop to talk to another man, when he returned and went in.

Thursday, December 7. I wrote as hard as I could till early this morning, and finished the paper for Professor Jameson, who sent me a note desiring me to put down the University of Edinburgh as a subscriber to my work. I was highly pleased with this, being a powerful leader. I saw in this day's paper that Charles Bonaparte had arrived at Liverpool in the "Canada" from New York. How I longed to see him! Had I been sure of his remaining at Liverpool a few days, I positively would have gone there by the evening mail-coach. I saw to-day two of my drawings in proof; I was well pleased with them; indeed one of them I liked better than the first that were done. My dinner was at Mr. Howe's, the editor of the "Courant." Mr. Allan the artist came in at nine, when his lessons were just ended at the Academy of Arts, — an extremely agreeable man, full of gayety, wit, and good sense, a great traveller in Russia, Greece, and Turkey.

Friday, December 8, 1826. Men and their lives are very like the different growths of our woods; the noble

magnolia, all odoriferous, has frequently the teasing nettle growing so near its large trunk as to sometimes be touched by it. Edinburgh contains a Walter Scott, a Wilson, a Jameson, but it contains also many nettles of the genus *Mammalia*, amongst which *men* hold a very prominent station. Now I have run into one of these latter gentry. To speak out at once, one of my drawings was gently purloined last evening from the rooms of the Institution. So runs the fact; perhaps a few minutes before the doors closed a somebody in a large cloak paid his shilling, entered the hall and made his round, and with great caution took a drawing from the wall, rolled it up, and walked off. The porter and men in attendance missed it almost immediately, and this morning I was asked if I or Mr. Lizars had taken it to be engraved. I immediately told Mr. Lizars; we went to Mr. Bridges, and by his advice to the court, where Captain Robeson — who, by the way, was at the battle of New Orleans — issued a warrant against a young man of the name of I——, deaf and dumb, who was strongly suspected. Gladly would I have painted a bird for the poor fellow, and I certainly did not want him arrested, but the Institution guards were greatly annoyed at the occurrence. However, I induced Mr. Lizars to call on the family of the youth, which is a very good one and well known in Edinburgh. I returned to my lodgings and on the stairs met a beggar woman with a child in her arms, but passed her without much notice beyond pitying her in her youth and poverty, reached my door, where I saw a roll of paper; I picked it up, walked in, opened it, and found my drawing of the Black-poll Warbler! Is not this a curious story? The thief — whoever he may be, God pardon him — had, we conceived, been terror-struck on hearing of the steps we had taken, and had resorted to this method of restoring the drawing before he was arrested. I was in time to stop the warrant, and the affair was silenced. During the afternoon I was called on twice

by Capt. Basil Hall, who was so polite as to present me with a copy of his work, two volumes, on South America, with a kind note, and an invitation to dine with him on Thursday next at eight o'clock. The weather is miserable.

Saturday, December 9. I wrote closely all morning from six to twelve, only half dressed, and not stopping for breakfast beyond a cup of coffee, and while thus busily employed Mr. Hall came in and handed me a note from Lady Hunter, requesting the honor of my company on Saturday next to dine at six; he looked at me with surprise and doubtless thought me the strangest-looking man in the town. I had much running about with Professor Jameson to the printer, and with my manuscript to Mr. Lizars, who took it to Professor Brewster. We visited the Museum together, called on a Mr. Wilson, where I saw a most beautiful dead Pheasant that I longed to have to paint. Then to Dr. Lizars' lecture on anatomy, and with him to the dissecting-rooms, but one glance was enough for me, and I hastily, and I hope forever, made my escape. The day was extremely wet, and I was glad to be in my room. I hear Mr. Selby is expected next Monday night.

December 10, Sunday. My situation in Edinburgh borders almost on the miraculous. With scarce one of those qualities necessary to render a man able to pass through the throng of the learned people here, I am positively looked on by all the professors and many of the principal persons here as a very extraordinary man. I cannot comprehend this in the least. Indeed I have received here so much kindness and attention that I look forward with regret to my removal to Glasgow, fifty miles hence, where I expect to go the last of this month. Sir William Jardine has been spending a few days here purposely to see me, and I am to meet Mr. Selby, and with these two gentlemen discuss the question of a joint publication, which may possibly be arranged. It is now a month since my work was begun by Mr. Lizars; the paper

is of unusual size, called "double elephant," and the plates are to be finished in such superb style as to eclipse all of the same kind in existence. The price of each number, which will contain five prints, is two guineas, and all individuals have the privilege of subscribing for the whole, or any portion of it. The two plates now finished are truly beautiful. This number consists of the Turkey-cock, the Cuckoos on the pawpaws, and three small drawings, which in the centre of the large sheet have a fine effect, and an air of richness, that I think must ensure success, though I do not yet feel assured that all will go well. Yet on the other hand, all things bear a better aspect than I expected to see for many months, if ever. I think that if my work takes in Edinburgh, it will anywhere. I have strong friends here who interest themselves in me, but I must wait patiently till the first number is finished. Mr. Jameson, the first professor of this place, and the conductor of the "Philosophical Journal," gives a beautiful announcement of my work in the present number, with an account, by me, of the Turkey Buzzard. Dr. Brewster also announces it, with the introductory letter to my work, and Professor Wilson also, in "Blackwood's Magazine." These three journals print upwards of thirty thousand copies, so that my name will spread quickly enough. I am to deliver lectures on Natural History at the Wernerian Society at each of the meetings while I am here, and Professor Jameson told me I should soon be made a member of all the other societies here, and that would give my work a good standing throughout Europe. Much as I find here to enjoy, the great round of company I am thrown in has become fatiguing to me in the extreme, nor does it agree with my early habits. I go out to dine at six, seven, or even eight o'clock in the evening, and it is often one or two when the party breaks up; then painting all day, with my immense correspondence which increases daily, makes my head feel like an immense hornet's-nest, and my

body wearied beyond all calculation; yet it has to be done; those who have my interests at heart tell me I must not refuse a single invitation.

December 11, Monday. Though I awoke feeling much depressed, my dull feelings were soon dissipated by letters from my sweet wife and sons. What joy to know them well and happy on the 14th and 27th of September. My day was a busy one, and at seven I went to Mr. Lizars', having engaged to go with him to the Antiquarian Society, where I met many of my friends, saw a gun-barrel and other things that had belonged to the Spanish Armada, and heard a curious and interesting account of that vast fleet read by Dr. Hibbert, and saw the Scottish antiquities belonging to the society.

Tuesday, December 12. This morning at ten I went to the house of Dr. Brewster, whom I found writing in a large room with several fine pictures on the walls. He received me very kindly, and in a few minutes I began reading my paper on the habits of the Carrion Crow, *Vultur atratus*. About midway my nervousness affected my respiration; I paused a moment, and he was good enough to say it was highly interesting. I resumed, and went on to the end, much to my relief. He who has been brought up an auctioneer, or on the boards of some theatre, with all the knowledge of the proper usage of the voice, and all the *aplomb* such a life would give, knows nothing of the feelings of bashfulness which agitated me, a man who never looked into an English grammar and who has forgotten most of what he learned in French and Spanish ones — a man who has always felt awkward and shy in the presence of a stranger — a man habituated to ramble alone, with his thoughts usually bent on the beauties of Nature herself — this man, *me*, to be seated opposite Dr. Brewster in Edinburgh, reading one of my puny efforts at describing habits of birds that none but an Almighty Creator can ever know, was ridiculously ab-

surd in my estimation, during all the time; besides, I also felt the penetrating looks and keen observation of the learned man before me, so that the cold sweat started from me. As I wiped my forehead on finishing my paper, a large black dog came in, caressed his master, and made a merciful diversion, and as my agitation gradually subsided I was able to talk with Dr. Brewster and was afterwards introduced to his lady, who put me soon at my ease, and told me I was to be introduced to Sir Walter Scott on Monday next at the Royal Academy. Poor me! — far from Sir Walter I could talk to him; hundreds of times have I spoken to him quite loudly in the woods, as I looked on the silvery streamlets, or the dense swamps, or the noble Ohio, or on mountains losing their peaks in gray mists. How many times have I longed for him to come to my beloved country, that he might describe, as no one else ever can, the stream, the swamp, the river, the mountain, for the sake of future ages. A century hence they will not be here as I see them, Nature will have been robbed of many brilliant charms, the rivers will be tormented and turned astray from their primitive courses, the hills will be levelled with the swamps, and perhaps the swamps will have become a mound surmounted by a fortress of a thousand guns. Scarce a magnolia will Louisiana possess, the timid Deer will exist nowhere, fish will no longer abound in the rivers, the Eagle scarce ever alight, and these millions of lovely songsters be driven away or slain by man. Without Sir Walter Scott these beauties must perish unknown to the world. To the great and good man himself I can never say this, therefore he can never know it, or my feelings towards him — but if he did? What have I to say more than a world of others who all admire him, perhaps are better able to do so, because more enlightened. Ah! Walter Scott! when I am presented to thee my head will droop, my heart will swell, my limbs will tremble, my lips

will quiver, my tongue congeal; nevertheless I shall feel elevated if I am permitted to touch the hand to which the world owes so much.

December 13, Wednesday. I have spent the greater portion of this day in the company of Mr. Selby the ornithologist, who, in appearance is well formed, and in manners clever and polite, yet plain and unassuming. We were together some hours at the Institution, — he was greatly pleased with my drawings, — and we then dined at Mr. Lizars' in company with Dr. Lizars, and we all talked ornithology. I wish I possessed the scientific knowledge of the subject that Mr. Selby does. He wished to hear my paper on the "Buzzard," and after doing so, took it with him to read to Sir Wm. Jardine, to whom he goes to-morrow, but will return on Monday. Later Dr. Brewster came to my room with the proof of the paper on the "Carrion Crow." He read it, and we both corrected. He told me it was a question whether or no I could be made a member of the Royal Academy, for only *thirty* foreigners were allowed by law, and the number was already complete; still he hoped an exception would be made in my case. He thanked me very cordially for my paper, and said Sir Walter Scott wished to meet me, and would do so on Monday at the Royal Academy. Mr. Bridges gave me a very fine notice in the *Scotsman*, and has again invited me to dine with him to meet some distinguished Germans, and before that I must call at Lord Clancarty's to see Mrs. Murray.

Thursday, December 14. I paid my visit to Mrs. Murray this forenoon, but the lady was out; so I handed my card to the slender youth who had opened the door and who stood before me looking at my hair like an ass at a fine thistle, and then made off quickly to Dr. Brewster. My business was before him in an instant; I wished not to be introduced to Sir Walter in a crowd, and he promised me not to do so. Much relieved I went to the University to

see Dr. Andrew Brown, Professor of Rhetoric. I found him a very polished man, and after some conversation he asked me to write him a paper on the manners and customs of Indians. But I must promise less writing of this kind, for I am too busy otherwise; however, immediately on my return home I sat down to write a long list of memoranda for a journey in America which I had promised Captain Basil Hall, and I wrote till my head ached. Mr. Daniel Lizars has invited me to dine with him on Friday at three, and has procured two cats, which he wishes me to paint. Now this suits me to a "T" — a long morning's work, a short meal, and some hours more of work; very different from to-day, for it was five minutes of seven when I reached Captain Hall's. We dined delightfully with just the company he had promised me, and I was not compelled to ask any one to take wine with me, a thing in my opinion detestable quite, a foppish art I cannot bear. I wish everybody was permitted to drink when he is thirsty, or at least only when he likes, and not when he dislikes it. The ladies having left us, the map of my native land was put on the table; I read my notes, the Captain followed the course with his pencil from New York to New Orleans, visiting besides Niagara, St. Louis, and a hundred other places. We talked of nothing but his journey in my dear country, and Mrs. Hall is delighted at the prospect. The Captain wishes to write a book, and he spoke of it with as little concern as I should say, "I will draw a duck;" is it not surprising? He said to me, "Why do not you write a little book telling what you have seen?" I cannot write at all, but if I could how could I make a *little* book, when I have seen enough to make a dozen *large* books? I will not write at all.

Friday, December 15. I have just returned from the theatre, where I saw for the first time "The Beggars' Opera" and "The Lord of the Manor." They were both badly represented, most certainly. Only one lady could sing, or

act her part at all well. It was most truly a Beggars' Opera; I went with Mr. Daniel Lizars and his wife and brother-in-law. They were all desirous to see a certain Mr. St. Clair perform; but I truly think that the gentleman in question had drank too much brandy this day, or was it of the smoky whiskey which these Scots relish? I did little work this day, but walked much to refresh myself after all the hard work and constant writing I have lately done. The weather was most inviting, and as pleasant as Louisiana at this season. Upwards of two hundred people were at my exhibition, and to-morrow it closes. Baron Stokoe called whilst I was absent and left word he wished to see me, that he had heard from a friend of mine, whom I suppose to be Charles Bonaparte. Baron Stokoe was formerly a physician of eminence in the British service; when Dr. O'Meara was taken away from St. Helena, where he was physician to Napoleon, this gentleman was put in his place, but did not suit the peculiar ideas of his barbarous governor, and was also dismissed, not only from the island, but from the service, with a trifling pension. He had become acceptable to Napoleon even in the short time they were together, and when he returned from that lonely rock was employed by Joseph Bonaparte to attend his daughters from Rome to Philadelphia. I met him with Charles Bonaparte during his stay in America. So pleased was Joseph Bonaparte with his conduct that he is now one of his *pensionnaires*, and his general agent in Europe.

Saturday, December 16. I have really done much to-day. At half-past nine I faced the inclement weather, crossed the bridge, passed the college regretting such a curious and valuable monument was quite buried among the antiquated, narrow streets, and dismal houses that surround it, then rang the bell, and was admitted to Baron S——'s parlor. He was still snug asleep; so that I had enjoyed four and a half hours of life while he slept. He saw me

at once in his bedroom and told me that if I wrote to the Prince of Musignano at London this morning, the letter would probably reach him. I returned home, wrote my letter, or rather began it, when I received several pages from my good friend Mr. Rathbone which quite depressed me. He feared my work would not succeed on account of the unusual size; and Mrs. Rathbone, Senior, refused me the pleasure of naming a bird after her, on account of the publicity, she said; yet I longed to do so, for what greater compliment could I pay any lady than to give her name to one of the most exquisite creations of the Almighty? The whole made me most dismal, but yet not in the least discouraged or disheartened about my work. If Napoleon by perseverance and energy rose from the ranks to be an emperor, why should not Audubon with perseverance and energy be able to leave the woods of America for a time and publish and sell a book? — always supposing that Audubon has *some* knowledge of his work, as Napoleon had *great* knowledge of his. No, no, I shall not cease to work for this end till old age incapacitates me. I thought long over Mr. Rathbone's letter, then finished mine to Charles and put it in the post-office. I then purchased a Pigeon, killed it, packed up my wires and hammer, and at one o'clock took these things with my "position board," called a coach, and went to the meeting of the Wernerian Society at the University. Lady Morton had joined me, hence my need for the coach. Mr. Skene met me at the door, where I parted from Lady Morton, who made me promise to visit her at Dalmahoy. She is a small, handsome woman, who speaks most excellent French. Mr. Lizars joined me, and we all entered the room of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh! The room is a plain one; two tables, one fireplace, many long benches or seats, and a chair for the president were all the furniture I saw, except a stuffed sword-fish, which lay on one of the tables for examination that day. Many persons were already present,

and I unrolled the drawing of the Buzzard for them to see. Professor Jameson came in, and the meeting began. My paper on the Buzzard was the first thing, read by Patrick Neill, —not very well, as my writing was not easy reading for him. Professor Jameson then rose, and gave quite a eulogy upon it, my works, and lastly — myself. I then had the thanks of the society, and showed them my manner of putting up my specimens for drawing birds, etc.; this they thought uncommonly ingenious. Professor Jameson then offered me as an honorary member, when arose a great clapping of hands and stamping of feet, as a mark of approbation. Then Professor Jameson desired that the usual law requiring a delay of some months between the nomination and the election be laid aside on this occasion; and again the same acclamations took place, and it was decided I should be elected at the next meeting; after which the meeting was ended, I having promised to read a paper on the habits of the Alligator at the following assembly of the society. Then came my dinner at Lady Hunter's.

At precisely six I found myself at No. 16 Hope St. I was shown upstairs, and presented to Lady Mary Clark, who knew both General Wolfe and General Montgomery, a most amiable English lady eighty-two years of age. Many other interesting people were present, and I had the pleasure of taking Mrs. Basil Hall to dinner, and was seated next her mother, Lady Hunter, and almost opposite Lady Mary Clark. I did not feel so uncomfortable as usual; all were so kind, affable, and *truly* well-bred. At nine the ladies left us, and Captain Basil Hall again attacked me about America, and hundreds of questions were put to me by all, which I answered as plainly and briefly as I could.

At eleven we joined the ladies, and tea and coffee were handed round; other guests had come in, card-tables were prepared, and we had some music. Portfolios of prints were ready for those interested in them. I sat watching

all, but listening to Mrs. Hall's sweet music. This bustle does not suit me, I am not fitted for it, I prefer more solitude in the woods. I left at last with young Gregg, but I was the first to go, and we stepped out into the rainy Sunday morning, for it was long, long past midnight, and I hastened to my lodgings to commit murder, — yes, to commit murder; for the cats Mr. Daniel Lizars wished me to paint had been sent, and good Mrs. Dickie much objected to them in my rooms; her son helped me, and in two minutes the poor animals were painlessly killed. I at once put them up in fighting attitude, ready for painting when daylight appeared, which would not be long. Good-night, or good-morning; it is now nearly three o'clock.

Sunday, December 17. I painted all day, that is, during all the time I could see, and I was up at six this morning writing by candle-light, which I was compelled to use till nearly nine. Mr. Bridges called, and I dined at home on fried oysters and stewed Scotch herrings, then went to Mr. Lizars', where I nearly fell asleep; but a cup of coffee thoroughly awakened me, and I looked at some drawings of birds, which I thought miserable, by Mr. Pelletier. Mr. Lizars walked home with me to see my cats.

Monday, December 18. My painting of two cats fighting like two devils over a dead Squirrel was finished at three o'clock. I had been ten hours at it, but should not call it by the dignified title of "painting," for it is too rapidly done for the more finished work I prefer; but I cannot give more time to it now, and the drawing is good. I dressed, and took the painting — so I continue to call it — to Mrs. Lizars', who wished to see it, and it had rained so hard all day she had not been able to come to my rooms. At five I dined with George Combe, the conversation chiefly phrenology. George Combe is a delightful host, and had gathered a most agreeable company. At seven Mr. Lizars called for me, and we went to the meeting of the Royal Academy. Two of my plates were laid on the

table. Dr. Brewster and Mr. Allan wished the Academy to subscribe for my work, and the committee retired to act on this and other business. The meeting was very numerous and no doubt very learned; Sir William Jardine and Mr. Selby arrived a little before the society was seated. The door of the hall was thrown open and we all marched in and seated ourselves on most slippery hair-cloth seats. The room is rich and beautiful; it is a large oblong, the walls covered with brilliant scarlet paper in imitation of morocco. The ceiling is painted to represent oak panels. The windows are immensely large, framed to correspond with the ceiling, and with green jalousies; large chandeliers, with gas, light every corner brilliantly. The president sat in a large arm-chair lined with red morocco, and after the minutes of the last meeting had been read, Professor — gave us a long, tedious, and labored lecture on the origin of languages, their formation, etc. It seemed a very poor mess to me, though that was probably because I did not understand it. My friend Ord would have doubtless swallowed it whole, but I could make neither head nor tail of it. A few fossil bones were then exhibited, and then, thank heaven! it was over. Sir William Jardine brought some birds with him from Jardine Hall, and to-morrow will see my style of posing them for painting. As I had promised to go to supper with Dr. Russell, I left soon after ten, without knowing what decision the committee had reached as to subscribing to my work. I met several of the Academicians at Dr. Russell's, as well as others whom I knew; but I am more and more surprised to find how little these men, learned as they are, know of America beyond the situation of her principal cities. We sat down to supper at eleven,—everything magnificent; but I was greatly fatigued, for I had been at work since before five this morning, either painting or writing or thinking hard. We left the table about one, and I was glad to come home and shall now soon be asleep.

Tuesday, December 19. My writing takes me full two hours every morning, and soon as finished to-day, I dressed to go to breakfast with Sir William Jardine and Mr. Selby at Barry's Hotel. It was just nine, the morning fine and beautiful, the sun just above the line of the Old Town, the horizon like burnished gold, the walls of the Castle white in the light and almost black in the shade. All this made a beautiful scene, and I dwelt on the power of the great Creator who formed all, with a thought of all man had done and was doing, when a child, barefooted, ragged, and apparently on the verge of starvation, altered my whole train of ideas. The poor child complained of want, and, had I dared, I would have taken him to Sir William Jardine, and given him breakfast at the hotel; but the world is so strange I feared this might appear odd, so I gave the lad a shilling, and then bid him return with me to my lodgings. I looked over all my garments, gave him a large bundle of all that were at all worn, added five shillings, and went my way feeling as if God smiled on me through the face of the poor boy. The hotel was soon reached, and I was with my friends; they had brought Ducks, Hawks, and small birds for me to draw. After breakfast we all went to my room, and I showed these gentlemen how I set up my specimens, squared my paper, and soon had them both at work drawing a Squirrel. They called this a lesson. It was to me like a dream, that I, merely a woodsman, should teach men so much my superiors. They worked very well indeed, although I perceived at once that Mr. Selby was more enthusiastic, and therefore worked faster than Sir William; but he finished more closely, so that it was hard to give either the supremacy. They were delighted, especially Mr. Selby, who exclaimed, "I will paint all our quadrupeds for my own house." They both remained with me till we could see no more. At their request I read them my letter on the "Carrion Crow;" but Dr. Brewster had altered it so

much that I was quite shocked at it, it made me quite sick. He had, beyond question, greatly improved the style (for I have none), but he had destroyed the matter.

I dined at Major Dodd's with a complete set of military gentry, generals, colonels, captains, majors, and, to my surprise, young Pattison, my companion in the coach from Manchester; he was Mrs. Dodd's cousin. I retired rather early, for I did not care for the blustering talk of all these warriors. Sir William Jardine and Mr. Lizars came to my lodgings and announced that I was elected by universal acclamation a member of the Society of Arts of the city of Edinburgh.

Wednesday, December 20. Phrenology was the order of the morning. I was at Brown Square, at the house of George Combe by nine o'clock, and breakfasted most heartily on mutton, ham, and good coffee, after which we walked upstairs to his *sanctum sanctorum*. A beautiful silver box containing the instruments for measuring the cranium, was now opened, — the box and contents were a present from the ladies who have attended Mr. Combe's lectures during the past two years, — and I was seated fronting the light. Dr. Combe acted as secretary and George Combe, thrusting his fingers under my hair, began searching for miraculous bumps. My skull was measured as minutely and accurately as I measure the bill or legs of a new bird, and all was duly noted by the scribe. Then with most exquisite touch each protuberance was found as numbered by phrenologists, and also put down according to the respective size. I was astounded when they both gave me the results of their labors in writing, and agreed in saying I was a strong and constant lover, an affectionate father, had great veneration for talent, would have made a brave general, that music did not equal painting in my estimation, that I was generous, quick-tempered, forgiving, and much else which I know to be true, though how they discovered these facts is quite a

puzzle to me. They asked my permission to read the notes at their next meeting, to which I consented. I then went to court to meet Mr. Simpson the advocate, who was to introduce me to Francis Jeffrey. I found Mr. Simpson and a hundred others in their raven gowns, and powdered, curled wigs, but Mr. Jeffrey was not there. After doing many things and writing much, I went this evening to Mr. Lizars', and with him to Dr. Greville, the botanist.¹ He rarely leaves his house in winter and suffers much from asthma; I found him wearing a green silk night-cap, and we sat and talked of plants till 2 A. M. When I entered my rooms I found Mr. Selby had sent me three most beautiful Pheasants, and to-morrow I begin a painting of these birds attacked by a Fox for the Exhibition in London next March. Also I had a note from the Earl of Morton to spend a day and night at his home at Dalmahoy, saying he would send his carriage for me next Wednesday, one week hence.

Thursday, December 21. To-day I received letters from De Witt Clinton and Thomas Sully in answer to mine in forty-two days; it seems absolutely impossible the distance should have been covered so rapidly; yet it is so, as I see by my memorandum book. I have written already in reply to Thomas Sully, promising him a copy of my first number when finished, say a month hence, with the request that he forward it, in my name, to that Institution which thought me unworthy to be a member. There is no malice in my heart, and I wish no return or acknowledgment from them. I am now *determined* never to be a member of that Philadelphia Society, but I still think talents, no matter how humble, should be fostered in one's own country. The weather is clear, with a sharp frost. What a number of Wild Ducks could I shoot on a morning like this, with a little powder and plenty of shot; but I had

¹ Robert Kaye Greville, author of "Plants of Edinburgh" and other botanical works, 1794-1866.

other fish to fry. I put up a beautiful male Pheasant, and outlined it on coarse gray paper to *pounce* it in proper position on my canvas. Sir Wm. Jardine and Mr. Selby were here drawing under my direction most of the day. My time is so taken up, and daylight so short, that though four hours is all I allow for sleep, I am behind-hand, and have engaged an amanuensis. I go out so much that I frequently dress three times a day, the greatest bore in the world to me ; why I cannot dine in my blue coat as well as a black one, I cannot say, but so it seems. Mrs. Lizars came with a friend, Mr. Simpson, to invite me to a phrenological supper, Dr. Charles Fox, looking very ill, and two friends of Mr. Selby ; the whole morning passed away, no canvas came for me, and I could not have left my guests to work, if it had. I looked often at the beautiful Pheasant, with longing eyes, but when the canvas came and my guests had gone, daylight went with them, so I had lost a most precious day ; that is a vast deal in a man's life-glass. The supper was really a phrenological party ; my head and Mr. Selby's were compared, and at twelve o'clock he and I went home together. I was glad to feel the frosty air and to see the stars. I think Mr. Selby one of those rare men that are seldom met with, and when one is found it proves how good some of our species may be. Never before did I so long for a glimpse of our rich magnolia woods ; I never before felt the want of a glance at our forests as I do now ; could I be there but a moment, hear the mellow Mock-bird, or the Wood-thrush, to me always so pleasing, how happy should I be ; but alas ! I am far from those scenes. I seem, in a measure, to have gone back to my early days of society and fine dressing, silk stockings and pumps, and all the finery with which I made a popinjay of myself in my youth.

December 22, Friday. I painted a good portion to-day though it was quite dark by three of the afternoon ; how I long for the fair days of summer. My room to-day was

a perfect levee; it is Mr. Audubon here, and Mr. Audubon there; I only hope they will not make a conceited fool of Mr. Audubon at last. I received every one as politely as I could, palette and brushes in hand, and conducted each in his turn to the door. I was called from my work twenty-five times, but I was nevertheless glad to see one and all. I supped with Sir William Jardine, Mr. Lizars, and Mr. Moule, Sir William's uncle, at Barry's Hotel; we talked much of fish and fishing, for we were all sportsmen. I left at midnight and found at my room a long letter from Charles Bonaparte.

Saturday, December 23. I had to grind up my own colors this morning; I detest it, it makes me hot, fretful, moody, and I am convinced has a bad effect on my mind. However, I worked closely, but the day was shockingly short; I cannot see before half-past nine, and am forced to stop at three. . . .

The 24th and 25th I remained closely at my work painting; on the 24th my drawings were all taken down and my paintings also. I wrote to the president of the Royal Institution and presented that society with my large painting of the "Wild Turkeys." I should have hesitated about offering it had I not been assured it had some value, as Gally, the picture dealer, offered me a hundred guineas for it the previous day; and I was glad to return some acknowledgment of the politeness of the Institution in a handsome manner. My steady work brought on a bad headache, but I rose early, took a walk of many miles, and it has gone.

December 26. My steady painting, my many thoughts, and my brief nights, bring on me now every evening a weariness that I cannot surmount on command. This is, I think, the first time in my life when, *if needed*, I could not rouse myself from sleepiness, shake myself and be ready for action in an instant; but now I cannot do that, and I have difficulty often in keeping awake as evening

comes on; this evening I had to excuse myself from a gathering at Lady Hunter's, and came home intending to go at once to bed; but I lay down on my sofa for a moment, fell asleep, and did not wake till after midnight, when I found myself both cold and hungry. I have taken some food and now will rest, though no longer sleepy, for to-morrow I go to Earl Morton's, where I wish, at least, to keep awake.

Dalmahoy, eight miles from Edinburgh, December 27, Wednesday. I am now seated at a little table in the *Yellow Bedchamber* at Earl Morton's, and will give an account of my day. After my breakfast, not anxious to begin another Pheasant, I did some writing and paid some visits, returned to my lodgings and packed a box for America with various gifts, some mementos I had received, and several newspapers, when Lord Morton's carriage was announced. My *porte-feuille* and valise were carried down, and I followed them and entered a large carriage lined with purple morocco; never was I in so comfortable a conveyance before; the ship that under easy sail glides slowly on an even sea has a more fatiguing motion; I might have been in a swinging hammock. We passed the castle, through Charlotte Square, and out on the Glasgow road for eight miles, all so swiftly that my watch had barely changed the time from one hour to another when the porter pushed open the gate of Dalmahoy. I now began to think of my meeting with the man who had been great Chamberlain to the late Queen Charlotte. I did not so much mind meeting the Countess, for I had become assured of her sweetness of disposition when we had met on previous occasions, but the Chamberlain I could not help dreading to encounter. This, however, did not prevent the carriage from proceeding smoothly round a great circle, neither did it prevent me from seeing a large, square, half Gothic building with two turrets, ornamented with great lions, and all the signs

of heraldry belonging to Lord Morton. The carriage stopped, a man in livery opened the door, and I walked in, giving him my hat and gloves and my American stick (that, by the bye, never leaves me unless I leave it). Upstairs I went and into the drawing-room. The Countess rose at once and came to greet me, and then presented Lord Morton to me — yes, really not me to him; for the moment I was taken aback, I had expected something so different. I had formed an idea that the Earl was a man of great physical strength and size; instead I saw a small, slender man, tottering on his feet, weaker than a newly hatched Partridge; he welcomed me with tears in his eyes, held one of my hands and attempted speaking, which was difficult to him, the Countess meanwhile rubbing his other hand. I saw at a glance his situation and begged he would be seated, after which I was introduced to the mother of the Countess, Lady Boulcar, and I took a seat on a sofa that I thought would swallow me up, so much down swelled around me. It was a vast room, at least sixty feet long, and wide in proportion, let me say thirty feet, all hung with immense paintings on a rich purple ground; all was purple about me. The large tables were covered with books, instruments, drawing apparatus, and a telescope, with hundreds of ornaments. As I glanced at the pictures I could see the Queen of England fronting Mary of Scotland, a chamberlain here, a duke there, and in another place a beautiful head by Rembrandt. Van Dyke had not been forgotten; Claude Lorraine had some landscapes here also; while the celebrated Titian gave a lustre to the whole. I rose to take a closer view, the Countess explaining all to me, but conceive my surprise when, looking from the middle window, I saw at the horizon the castle and city of Edinburgh, a complete miniature eight miles off, a landscape of fields, water, and country between us and it. Luncheon was announced; I am sure if my friends complain that

I eat but little, they must allow that I eat often; never were such lands for constant meals as England and Scotland. The Countess of Boulcar rolled Lord Morton in his castored chair, I gave my arm to Lady Morton, we crossed a large antechamber, into a dining-room quite rich in paintings, and at present with a sumptuous repast. Three gentlemen, also visitors, entered by another door, — Messrs. Hays, Ramsay, and a young clergyman whose name I forget. After luncheon my drawings were produced, the Earl was rolled into a good position for light, and my “Book of Nature” was unbuckled. I am not going to repeat praises again. The drawings seen, we adjourned to the drawing-room and the Countess begged me to give her a lesson to-morrow, which I shall most gladly do. The Countess is not exactly beautiful, but she is good-looking, with fine eyes, a brilliant complexion, and a good figure; she is a woman of superior intellect and conversation, and I should think about forty years of age; she was dressed in a rich crimson gown, and her mother in black satin. At six I re-entered the house, having taken a short walk with the gentlemen, and was shown to my room. “The yellow room,” I heard the Countess say to the lackey who showed me the way. My valise had been unpacked, and all was most comfortable, and truly yellow in this superb apartment. The bed was hung with yellow of some rich material, and ornamented with yellow crowns, and was big enough for four of my size; a large sofa and large arm-chairs, all yellow, the curtains, dressing-table, all indeed was yellow, intensified by the glow of a bright wood fire. My evening toilet is never a very lengthy matter, — for in my opinion it is a vile loss of time to spend as many minutes in arranging a cravat as a hangman does in tying his knot, — and I was ready long before seven, when I again gave the Countess my arm, and Lord Morton was again rolled in, in his chair. The waiters, I think there were

four, were powdered and dressed in deep red, almost maroon liveries, except the butler, who was in black, and who appeared to me to hand fresh plates continuously. After a dinner of somewhat more than an hour, the ladies retired with the Earl, and I remained with the three gentlemen to talk and drink wine. The conversation was entirely of antiquities. Mr. Hays is a deeply learned and interesting man, besides being quite an original. At the hour of ten we joined the Countess, the Earl having retired, and I have been much interested looking at the signatures of the kings of old, as well as that of Marie, Queen of Scots, and those of many other celebrated men and women, while two of the gentlemen were examining a cabinet of antique coins. The Countess looked very brilliant, being attired in white satin with a crimson turban. At midnight (coffee having been served about eleven), the ladies bid us good-night, and we sat down to talk, and drink, if we wished to, Madeira wine. What a life! I could not stand this ceremony daily, I long for the woods; but I hope this life will enable me to enjoy them more than ever at a future period, so I must bear it patiently. After a few moments I left the gentlemen, and came to my yellow room.

Thursday, December 28. Daylight came and I opened all my yellow curtains, and explored my room by daylight; and I have forgotten to tell thee that the dressing-room, with its large porcelain tub and abundance of clear water, opened from it, and was warm with crimson of the color of the Countess's turban. The chimney-piece was decorated with choice shells, and above it a painting representing Queen Mary in her youth. The house seemed very still, but after dressing I decided to go down, for the morning was clear and the air delightful. As I entered the drawing-room I saw two housemaids busily cleaning; the younger saw me first, and I heard her say, "The American gentleman is down already," when they both vanished. I went

out to look about the grounds, and in about an hour was joined by the young clergyman, and a walk was immediately undertaken. The Hares started before our dogs, and passing through various woods, we came by a turn to the stables, where I saw four superbly formed Abyssinian horses, with tails reaching to the earth, and the legs of one no larger than those of an Elk. The riding-room was yet lighted, and the animals had been exercised that morning. The game-keeper was unkennelling his dogs; he showed me a large tame Fox.

Then through other woods we proceeded to the Manor, now the habitat of the great falconer *John Anderson* and his Hawks. He had already received orders to come to the Hall at eleven to show me these birds in their full dress. We visited next the hot-houses, where roses were blooming most sweetly, and then following a brook reached the Hall about ten. The ladies were in the drawing-room, and the Earl came in, when we went to breakfast. Neither at this meal nor at luncheon are seen any waiters. The meal over, all was bustle in the drawing-room; chinks, crayons, papers, all required was before me in a few minutes, and I began to give the Countess a most unnecessary lesson, for she drew much better than I did; but I taught her how to rub with cork, and prepare for water-color. The Earl sat by watching us, and then asked to see my drawings again. The falconer came, and I saw the Falcons ready for the chase. He held the birds on his gloved hands, with bells and hoods and crests; but the morning was not fit for a flight, so I lost that pleasure. The Countess asked for my subscription book and wrote with a steel pen, "The Countess of Morton;" she wished to pay for the first number now, but this I declined. She promised me letters for England, with which offer I was much pleased. Desiring some fresh Pheasants for my work, she immediately ordered some killed for me. After luncheon I walked out to see a herd of over a hundred

brown Deer, that like sheep were feeding within a few hundred paces of the Hall. I approached quite close to them, and saw that many had shed their horns; they scampered off when they sighted me, knowing perhaps what a hunter I was! Lady Morton wished me to remain longer, but as I had promised to dine with Captain Hall I could not do so; it was therefore decided that I should return next week to spend another night and give another lesson. My ride to Edinburgh was soon over, and a letter and a book from Charles Bonaparte were at my lodgings. Captain Hall told me at dinner that he was a midshipman on board the *Leander* when Pierce was killed off New York, and when I was on my way from France, when our captain, seeing the British vessel, wore about round Long Island and reached New York by Hell Gate. There is a curious notice about me by Professor Wilson in "Blackwood's Magazine."

Friday, December 29. I painted all day, and did this most happily and cheerfully, for I had received two long letters from my Lucy, of October 14 and 23. The evening was spent with Captain Hall, Mr. Lizars, and his brother.

Saturday, December 30. So stormy a day that I have not been disturbed by visitors, nor have I been out, but painted all day.

Sunday, December 31. This evening I dined at Captain Hall's, especially for the purpose of being introduced to Francis Jeffrey, the principal writer in the "Edinburgh Review." Following the advice given me I did not take my watch, lest it should be stolen from me on my return, for I am told this is always a turbulent night in Edinburgh. Captain Hall and his wife received me with their usual cordiality, and we were soon joined by Mr. McCulloch, a writer on Political Economy and a plain, agreeable man. Then Francis Jeffrey and his wife entered; he is a small (not to say tiny) being, with a woman under one arm and a hat under the other. He bowed very seriously indeed,

so much so that I conceived him to be fully aware of his weight in society. His looks were shrewd, but I thought his eyes almost cunning. He talked a great deal and very well, yet I did not like him; but he may prove better than I think, for this is only my first impression. Mrs. Jeffrey was nervous and very much dressed. If I mistake not Jeffrey was shy of me, and I of him, for he has used me very cavalierly. When I came I brought a letter of introduction to him; I called on him, and, as he was absent, left the letter and my card. When my exhibition opened I enclosed a card of admittance to him, with another of my own cards. He never came near me, and I never went near him; for if *he* was Jeffrey, *I* was Audubon, and felt quite independent of all the tribe of Jeffreys in England, Scotland, and Ireland, put together. This evening, however, he thanked me for my card politely. At dinner he sat opposite to me and the conversation was on various topics. America, however, was hardly alluded to, as whenever Captain Hall tried to bring that country into our talk, Mr. Jeffrey most skilfully brought up something else. After coffee had been served Mr. Jeffrey made some inquiries about my work, and at ten I took my leave, having positively seen the little man whose fame is so great both in Scotland and abroad. I walked home briskly; this was the eve of a New Year, and in Edinburgh they tell me it is rather a dangerous thing to be late in the streets, for many vagabonds are abroad at this time, and murders and other fearful deeds take place. To prevent these as far as possible, the watch is doubled, and an unusual quantity of gas-lights are afforded. I reached my room, sat down and outlined a Pheasant, to save daylight to-morrow, and was about going to bed, when Mrs. Dickie came in and begged I would wait till twelve o'clock to take some toddy with her and Miss Campbell, my American boarding companion, to wish all a happy New Year. I did so, of course, and had I sat up all night, and written, or drawn, or sat

thinking by my fire, I should have done as well, for the noise kept increasing in the streets, and the confusion was such that until morning I never closed my eyes. At early morning this first day of January, 1827, I received from Captain Hall three volumes of his voyages, and from the Countess of Morton four beautiful Pheasants and a basket of rare hot-house flowers.

*Edinburgh, January 1, 1827, Monday.*¹ A Happy New Year to you, my book. Bless me! how fair you look this very cold day. Which way, pray, are you travelling? Travelling wherever chance or circumstance may lead you? Well, I will take you for my companion, and we will talk together on all kinds of subjects, and you will help me to remember, for my memory is bad, very bad. I never can recollect the name of an enemy, for instance; it is only my friends whom I can remember, and to write down somewhat of their kind treatment of me is a delight I love to enjoy.

January 6, Saturday. Ever since the first day of this month I have been most closely engaged at my painting of the "Pheasants Attacked by a Fox." I have, however, spent another day and night at Dalmahoy. I have written a long paper for the Wernerian Society on the habits of Alligators, and am always very weary at night.

January 7. I keep at my painting closely, and for a wonder was visited by Dr. Bridges. I have labored hard, but my work is bad; some inward feeling tells me when it is good. No one, I think, paints in my method; I, who have never studied but by piecemeal, form my pictures according to my ways of study. For instance, I am now working on a Fox; I take one neatly killed, put him up with wires, and when satisfied of the truth of the position, I take my palette and work as rapidly as possible; the

¹ This entry begins a new blank book, in shape and size like a ledger, every line of which is closely written.

same with my birds. If practicable, I finish the bird at one sitting, — often, it is true, of fourteen hours, — so that I think they are correct, both in detail and composition.

Monday, 8th. I rose this morning two and a half hours before day, and wrote much before breakfast. Thanks to my good spirit not a soul called upon me this day, and I brushed away without losing a moment of the precious light of these short days. This evening I saw my plate of the Wild Turkey, and went to hear Captain Basil Hall lecture at the Royal Society on the Trade Winds. The practical as well as theoretical knowledge of this learned man rendered this a most valuable evening to me. I was introduced to Mr. Perceval, the son of the King of England's Secretary of State,¹ who was shamefully and barbarously murdered some years since.

Tuesday, 9th. Mr. Hays, the Dalmahoy antiquarian, called on me, and brought me a copy of Bewick's "Quadrupeds." At eight this evening I went to the Society of Arts, of which I have been elected a member. Here I saw a capital air-gun, and a steam-carriage in full motion; but I had to operate, and showed my manner of putting up my birds with wires, and I positively shook so that I feared I should not be able to proceed to the termination; this bashfulness is dreadful, how am I ever to overcome it?

January 10. The weather has been most strange, at times so dark that I could not see to paint, and suddenly the sun shone so brightly that I was dazzled. It rained, it blew, it snowed; we have had all seasons. A Mr. Buchanan from London came to see my work, and Professor Wilson at the same time; both liked my painting, and strangely enough the two had known each other twenty years ago. I went to the theatre to see Miss Foote and Mr. Murray; both were much applauded, and the house was crowded. I am very fond of the theatre; I think it

¹ Spencer Perceval, born 1762, assassinated in the lobby of the House of Commons, May 11, 1812.

the best of all ways to spend an evening for *délassement*. I often find myself when there laughing or crying like a child.

January 11. Scarce daylight at half-past seven, but I was up and away with a coal porter and his cart into the country. I wanted some large, rough stones for my foreground; this was my reason for my excursion. I passed a small, dirty, and almost lost building, where the union between Scotland and England was ratified. At one o'clock Professor Russell called in his carriage with Mr. Lizars, then we went to see a picture of the famous Hondekoeter. To me the picture was destitute of *life*; the animals seemed to me to be drawn from poorly stuffed specimens, but the coloring, the finish, the manner, the effect, was most beautiful, and but for the lack of Nature in the animals was a picture which commanded admiration and attention. Would that I could *paint* like Hondekoeter! At eight I went to the Phrenological Society, and may safely say that never before was I in such company; the deepest philosophers in this city of learning were there, and George Combe read an essay on the mental powers of man, as illustrated by phrenological researches, that astounded me; it lasted one and a half hours, and will remain in my mind all my life.

January 12. My painting has now arrived at the difficult point. To finish highly without destroying the general effect, or to give the general effect and care not about the finishing? I am quite puzzled. Sometimes I like the picture, then a heat rises to my face and I think it a miserable daub. This is the largest piece I have ever done; as to the birds, as far as *they* are concerned I am quite satisfied, but the ground, the foliage, the sky, the distance are dreadful. To-day I was so troubled about this that at two o'clock, when yet a good hour of daylight remained, I left it in disgust, and walked off to Dr. Bridges. I passed on my way the place where a man was murdered the night

before last; a great multitude of people were looking at the spot, gazing like fools, for there was nothing to be seen. How is it that our sages tell us our species is much improved? If we murder now in cool blood, and in a most terrifying way, our brother, we are not a jot forward since the time of Cain.

January 13. Painted five hours, and at two o'clock accompanied by Mr. Lizars, reached the University and entered the rooms of the Wernerian Society with a paper on the habits of Alligators in my pocket, to be read to the members and visitors present. This I read after the business of the meeting had been transacted, and, thank God, after the effort of once beginning, I went on unfalteringly to the end. In the evening I went with Mr. Lizars to see "As You Like It." Miss Foote performed and also Mr. Murray, but the house was so crowded that I could scarce see.

January 14. Could not work on my picture, for I have no white Pheasant for a key-stone of light, but Professor Jameson called and said he would write for one for me to the Duke of Buccleugh. After receiving many callers I went to Mr. O'Neill's to have a cast taken of my head. My coat and neckcloth were taken off, my shirt collar turned down, I was told to close my eyes; Mr. O'Neill took a large brush and oiled my whole face, the almost liquid plaster of Paris was poured over it, as I sat uprightly till the whole was covered; my nostrils only were exempt. In a few moments the plaster had acquired the needful consistency, when it was taken off by pulling it down gently. The whole operation lasted hardly five minutes; the only inconvenience felt was the weight of the material pulling downward over my sinews and flesh. On my return from the Antiquarian Society that evening, I found *my face* on the table, an excellent cast.

January 17 to Sunday, 21st. John Syme, the artist, asked me if I did not wish to become an associate member of

the *Scottish Artists*. I answered, "Yes." I have promised to paint a picture of Black Cock for their exhibition, and with that view went to market, where for fifteen shillings I purchased two superb males and one female. I have been painting pretty much all day and every day. Among my visitors I have had the son of Smollett, the great writer, a handsome young gentleman. Several noblemen came to see my Pheasants, and all promised me a *white* one. Professor Russell called and read me a letter from Lord —, *giving me leave* to see the pictures at his hall, but I, poor Audubon, go nowhere without an *invitation*.

January 22, Monday. I was painting diligently when Captain Hall came in, and said: "Put on your coat, and come with me to Sir Walter Scott; he wishes to see you *now*." In a moment I was ready, for I really believe my coat and hat came to me instead of my going to them. My heart trembled; I longed for the meeting, yet wished it over. Had not his wondrous pen penetrated my soul with the consciousness that here was a genius from God's hand? I felt overwhelmed at the thought of meeting Sir Walter, the Great Unknown. We reached the house, and a powdered waiter was asked if Sir Walter were in.¹ We were shown forward at once, and entering a very small room Captain Hall said: "Sir Walter, I have brought Mr. Audubon." Sir Walter came forward, pressed my hand warmly, and said he was "glad to have the honor of meeting me." His long, loose, silvery locks struck me; he looked like Franklin at his best. He also reminded me of

¹ "Jan. 22, 1827. A visit from Basil Hall with Mr. Audubon the ornithologist, who has followed that pursuit by many a long wandering in the American forests. He is an American by naturalization, a Frenchman by birth, but less of a Frenchman than I have ever seen, — no dash, no glimmer or shine about him, but great simplicity of manners and behaviour; slight in person and plainly dressed; wears long hair which time has not yet tinged; his countenance acute, handsome, and interesting, but still simplicity is the predominant characteristic." (Journal of Sir Walter Scott, vol. i., p. 343.)



AUDUBON.

From the portrait by Henry Inman. Now in the possession of the family.

Benjamin West; he had the great benevolence of Wm. Roscoe about him, and a kindness most prepossessing. I could not forbear looking at him, my eyes feasted on his countenance. I watched his movements as I would those of a celestial being; his long, heavy, white eyebrows struck me forcibly. His little room was tidy, though it partook a good deal of the character of a laboratory. He was wrapped in a quilted morning-gown of light purple silk; he had been at work writing on the "Life of Napoleon." He writes close lines, rather curved as they go from left to right, and puts an immense deal on very little paper. After a few minutes had elapsed he begged Captain Hall to ring a bell; a servant came and was asked to bid Miss Scott come to see Mr. Audubon. Miss Scott came, black-haired and black-dressed, not handsome but said to be highly accomplished, and she is the daughter of Sir Walter Scott. There was much conversation. I talked little, but, believe me, I listened and observed, careful if ignorant. I cannot write more now.—I have just returned from the Royal Society. Knowing that I was a candidate for the electorate of the society, I felt very uncomfortable and would gladly have been hunting on Tawapatee Bottom.

January 23, Tuesday. My first visitor was Mr. Hays the antiquarian, who needed my assistance, or rather my knowledge of French in the translation of a passage relating to "le droit du seigneur." Dr. Combe called later and begged me to go to Mr. Joseph, the sculptor, with him, and through a great fall of snow we went through Windsor Street, one of the handsomest in this beautiful city. Mr. Joseph was in, and I saw an uncommonly good bust of Sir Walter, one of Lord Morton, and several others. I have powerfully in my mind to give my picture of the "Trapped Otter" to Mrs. Basil Hall, and, by Washington, I will. No one deserves it more, and I cannot receive so many favors without trying to make some return.

January 24. My second visit to Sir Walter Scott was much more agreeable than my first. My portfolio and its contents were matters on which I could speak substantially,¹ and I found him so willing to level himself with me for a while that the time spent at his home was agreeable and valuable. His daughter improved in looks the moment she spoke, having both vivacity and good sense.

January 28. Yesterday I had so many visitors that I was quite fatigued; my rooms were full all the time, yet I work away as if they were so many cabbages, except for a short time taken to show them a few drawings, give them chairs, and other civil attentions. In the evening I went to the theatre to see the "Merchant of Venice;" the night was violently stormy, the worst I remember for years. I thought of the poor sailors, what hard lives they have.

January 30, Tuesday. The days begin to show a valuable augmentation. I could this morning begin work at eight, and was still at my easel at four. A man may do a good deal on a painting in eight hours provided he has the power of laying the true tints at once, and does not muddy his colors or need glazing afterwards. Now a query arises. Did the ancient artists and colorists ever glaze their work? I sometimes think they did not, and I am inclined to think thus because their work is of great strength of standing, and extremely solid and confirmed on the canvas — a proof with me that they painted clean and bright at once, but that this *once* they repeated, perhaps, as often as three times. Glazing certainly is a beautiful way of effecting transparency, particularly over shadowy parts, but I fre-

¹ "January 24. Visit from Mr. Audubon, who brings some of his birds. The drawings are of the first order — the attitudes of the birds of the most animated character, and the situations appropriate. . . . This sojourner of the desert had been in the woods for months together. He preferred associating with the Indians to the company of the settlers; very justly, I daresay, for a civilized man of the lower order when thrust back on the savage state becomes worse than a savage." (Journal of Sir Walter Scott, vol. i., p. 345.)

quently fear the coating being so thin, and that time preys on these parts more powerfully than on those unglazed, so that the work is sooner destroyed by its application than without it. I am confident Sir Joshua Reynolds' pictures fade so much in consequence of his constant glazing. Lord Hay, who has only one arm, called this morning, and promised me White Pheasants by Saturday morning. So many people have called that I have not put a foot out to-day.

January 31, Wednesday. I had the delight of receiving letters from home to-day; how every word carried me to my beloved America. Oh, that I could be with you and see those magnificent forests, and listen to sweet Wood Thrushes and the Mock-Birds so gay!

February 1. I have just finished a picture of Black Cock sunning and dusting themselves, with a view in the background of Loch Lomond, nine feet by six, for which I am offered two hundred guineas. It will be exhibited at the Royal Institute rooms next week, and the picture of the Pheasants, the same size, at the Scottish Society of Artists, of which I am now an associate member.

February 5. None of my promised White Pheasants have come, but I have determined the picture shall be finished if I have to paint in a black Crow instead. Dr. Brewster spoke to me of a camera lucida to enable me to outline birds with great rapidity. I would like such an instrument if merely to save time in hot weather, when outlining correctly is more than half the work. At eight o'clock I entered the rooms of the Royal Society. I opened my large sheets and laid them on the table; the astonishment of every one was great, and I saw with pleasure many eyes look from them to me. The business of the society was then done behind closed doors; but when these were opened and we were called into the great room, Captain Hall, taking my hand, led me to a seat immediately opposite to Sir Walter Scott; then, Lucy, I had a perfect view of

that great man, and I studied from Nature Nature's noblest work. After a lecture on the introduction of the Greek language into England, the president, Sir Walter, rose and we all followed his example. Sir Walter came to me, shook my hand cordially, and asked me how the cold weather of Edinburgh agreed with me. This mark of attention was observed by other members, who looked at me as if I had been a distinguished stranger.

February 9. I have been, and am yet, greatly depressed, yet why I am so it is impossible for me to conceive, unless it be that slight vexations, trifling in themselves, are trying to me, because, alas! I am only a very, very common man. I dined to-night at Professor Jameson's, and as my note said "with a few friends," was surprised to find thirty besides myself. The engineer, Mr. S—, was here, and many other noted men, including the famous Professor Leslie,¹ an enormous mass of flesh and an extremely agreeable man, who had been in Virginia many years ago, but recollects those days well.

February 10. I visited the Royal Institution this morning, and saw my Black Cocks over the first of the first-room doors. I know well that the birds are drawn as well as any birds ever have been; but what a difference exists between drawing one bird or a dozen and amalgamating them with a sky, a landscape, and a well adapted foreground. Who has not felt a sense of fear while trying to combine all this? I looked at my work long, then walked round the room, when my eyes soon reached a picture by Landseer, the death of a stag. I saw much in it of the style of those men who know how to handle a brush and carry a good effect; but Nature was not there, although a Stag, three dogs, and a Highlander were introduced on the canvas. The Stag had his tongue out and his mouth shut! The principal dog, a greyhound, held the Deer by one ear

¹ Sir John Leslie, 1766-1832, Scottish geometer and natural philosopher and voluminous author on these subjects.

just as if a loving friend; the young hunter has laced the Deer by one horn very prettily, and in the attitude of a ballet-dancer was about to cast the noose over the head of the animal. To me, or to my friends Dr. Pope or Mr. Bourgeat such a picture is quite a farce; not so here however. Many other pictures drew my attention, and still more so the different artists who came in with brushes and palettes *to tickle their pictures*. I was to read a paper at the Wernerian Society on the Rattlesnake, but had not had time to finish it; nevertheless I went to the society rooms, which were crowded. I was sorry I was not prepared to read to those assembled that a Rattlesnake rattled his tail, not to give knowledge to man of his presence, but because he never strikes without rattling, and that destitute of that appendage he cannot strike at all. The wind blows a doleful tune and I feel utterly alone.

Monday, February 12. Mr. Lizars insisted on my going to the Antiquarian Society, saying it was usual for a member newly elected to be present on the first occasion possible. I went, of course, but felt very sheepish withal. We had an excellent paper by Mr. Hays respecting a bell found in Argyle, of very ancient date.

Tuesday, February 13. This was the grand, long promised, and much wished-for day of the opening of the Exhibition at the rooms of the Royal Institution. At one o'clock I went, the doors were just opened, and in a few minutes the rooms were crowded. Sir Walter Scott was present; he came towards me, shook my hand cordially, and pointing to Landseer's picture said: "Many such scenes, Mr. Audubon, have I witnesssd in my younger days." We talked much of all about us, and I would gladly have joined him in a glass of wine, but my foolish habits prevented me, and after inquiring of his daughter's health, I left him, and shortly afterwards the rooms; for I had a great appetite, and although there were tables loaded with delicacies, and I saw the ladies particularly

eating freely, I must say to my shame *I* dared not lay my fingers on a single thing. In the evening I went to the theatre where I was much amused by "The Comedy of Errors," and afterwards "The Green Room." I admire Miss Neville's singing very much; and her manners also; there is none of the actress about her, but much of the lady.

Tuesday, 20th. A week has passed without writing here because I have done nothing else but write — many letters for Captain Hall, and at his request a paper to be read at the Natural History Society. I pitched on the "Habits of the Wild Pigeon." I began on Wednesday, and it took me until half-past three of the morning, and after a few hours' sleep I rose to correct it, which was needed, I can assure thee. Were it not for the *facts* it contains, I would not give a cent for it, nor anybody else, I dare say. I positively brought myself so much among the Pigeons and in the woods of America that my ears were as if really filled with the noise of their wings; I was tired and my eyes ached. I dined at a Mr. Tytler's and met among the guests Mr. Cruden, brother of the compiler of the famous concordance. On Sunday I made for the seashore, and walked eight miles; the weather was extremely cold, my ears and nose I thought would drop off, yet I went on. Monday Captain Hall called to speak to me about my paper on Pigeons; he complained that I expressed the belief that Pigeons were possessed of affection and tenderest love, and that this raised the brute species to a level with man. O man! misled, self-conceited being, when wilt thou keep within the sphere of humility that, with all thy vices and wickedness about thee, should be thine. At the exhibition rooms I put up my drawing of the Wild Pigeons and Captain Hall read my paper. I was struck with the silence and attention of the audience. The president invited me to supper with him, but I was too excited, so excused myself.

February 21. I wrote again nearly all day, and in the evening went to the theatre to see "The School for Grown Children."

February 23. Young Hutchinson came about the middle of the day, and I proposed we should have an early dinner and a long walk after for the sake of exercise, that I now find much needed. We proceeded towards the village of Portobello, distant three miles, the weather delightful, the shore dotted with gentlemen on horseback galloping over the sand in all directions. The sea calm and smooth, had many fishing-boats. The village is a summer resort, built handsomely of white stone, and all was quietness. From here we proceeded across country to Duddingston, about a mile and a half, to see the skaters on the *lake*, a mere duck puddle; but the ice was too thin, and no skaters were there. We gradually ascended the hill called Arthur's Seat, and all of a sudden came in full view of the fair city. We entered in the Old Town and reached my lodgings by the North Bridge. I was quite tired, and yet I had not walked more than ten miles. I thought this strange, and wondered if it could be the same body that travelled over one hundred and sixty-five miles in four days without a shade of fatigue. The cities do not tempt me to walk, and so I lose the habit.

February 24. To the Wernerian Society at two o'clock, my drawing of the Mocking-Bird with me. The room was completely filled, and a paper on the rhubarb of commerce was read; it was short, and then Professor Jameson called my name. I rose, and read as distinctly as I could my paper on Rattlesnakes, a job of three quarters of an hour. Having finished I was cheered by all, and the thanks of the Assembly unanimously voted. My cheeks burned, and after a few questions had been put me by the president and some of the gentlemen present, I handed my manuscript to Professor Jameson, and was glad to be gone. Young Murray, the son of the London publisher, accompanied me to

the Scottish Society Exhibition, but I soon left him as so many eyes were directed to me that I was miserable.

February 27. It blew and rained tremendously, and this morning I parted from Captain Hall, who goes to London. His leaving Edinburgh affects me considerably; he is a kind, substantial friend, and when we finally shook hands, I doubt not he knew the feeling in my heart. This evening was spent at Mr. Joseph's the sculptor. There were a number of guests, and music and dancing was proposed. My fame as a dancer produced, I am sure, false expectations; nevertheless I found myself on the floor with Mrs. Joseph, a lively, agreeable little lady, much my junior, and about my Lucy's age. After much dancing, during which light refreshments were served, we sat down to supper at twelve o'clock, and we did not leave till three.

February 28. I have been reading Captain Hall's "Voyages and Travels," and going much about to rest my eyes and head; but these few days of idleness have completely sickened me, and have given me what is named the Blue Devils so effectually that the sooner I drive them off the better.

March 1. Mr. Kidd,¹ the landscape artist, breakfasted with me, and we talked painting a long time. I admired him for his talents at so early a period of life, he being only nineteen. What would I have been now if equally gifted by nature at that age? But, sad reflection, I have been forced constantly to hammer and stammer as if in opposition to God's will, and so therefore am nothing now but poor Audubon. I asked him to come to me daily to eat, drink, and give me the pleasure of his company and advice. I told him my wish was so intense to improve in the delightful art of painting that I should begin a new picture to-morrow, and took down my portfolio to look for one of my drawings to copy in oil. He had

¹ Joseph B. Kidd, who later copied many of Audubon's birds.

never seen my work, and his bright eyes gazed eagerly on what he saw with admiration.

March 2. Mr. Kidd breakfasted with me, and we painted the whole day.

March 3. I painted as constantly to-day, as it snowed and blew hard outside my walls. I thought frequently that the devils must be at the handles of Æolus' bellows, and turned the cold blasts into the Scotch mists to freeze them into snow. It is full twenty years since I saw the like before. I dined at Mr. Ritchie's, reaching his house safely through more than two feet of snow.

March 4. The weather tolerably fair, but the snow lay deep. The mails from all quarters were stopped, and the few people that moved along the streets gave a fuller idea of winter in a northern clime than anything I have seen for many years. Mr. Hays called for me, and we went to breakfast with the Rev. Mr. Newbold, immediately across the street. I was trundled into a sedan chair to church. I had never been in a sedan chair before, and I like to try, as well as see, all things on the face of this strange world of ours; but so long as I have two legs and feet below them, never will I again enter one of these machines, with their quick, short, up-and-down, swinging motion, resembling the sensations felt during the great earthquake in Kentucky. But Sydney Smith preached. Oh! what a soul there must be in the body of that great man. What sweet yet energetic thoughts, what goodness he must possess. It was a sermon *to me*. He made me smile, and he made me think deeply. He pleased me at times by painting my foibles with due care, and again I felt the color come to my cheeks as he portrayed my sins. I left the church full of veneration not only towards God, but towards the wonderful man who so beautifully illustrates his noblest handiwork. After lunch Mr. Hays and I took a walk towards Portobello, tumbling and pitching in the deep snow. I saw Sky-Larks, poor things, caught in snares as

easily — as men are caught. For a wonder I have done no work to-day.

March 5. As a lad I had a great aversion to anything English or Scotch, and I remember when travelling with my father to Rochefort in January, 1800, I mentioned this to him, for to him, thank God, I always told all my thoughts and expressed all my ideas. How well I remember his reply: "Laforest, thy blood will cool in time, and thou wilt be surprised to see how gradually prejudices are obliterated, and friendships acquired, towards those that at one time we held in contempt. Thou hast not been in England; I have, and it is a fine country." What has since taken place? I have admired and esteemed many English and Scotch, and therefore do I feel proud to tell thee that I am a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. My day has been rather dull, though I painted assiduously. This evening I went to the Society of Arts, where beautiful experiments were shown by the inventors themselves; a steam coach moved with incomprehensible regularity. I am undetermined whether to go to Glasgow on my way to Dublin, or proceed overland to Newcastle, Liverpool, Oxford, Cambridge, and so on to London, but I shall move soon.

March 7. This evening I was introduced to Sydney Smith, the famous preacher of last Sunday, and his fair daughters, and heard them sing most sweetly. I offered to show them some of my drawings and they appointed Saturday at one o'clock. The wind is blowing as if intent to destroy the fair city of Edinburgh.

March 8. The weather was dreadful last night and still continues so; the snow is six feet deep in some parts of the great roads, and I was told at the Post Office that horsemen sent with the mail to London had been obliged to abandon their horses, and proceed on foot. Wrote a letter to Sir Walter Scott requesting a letter of introduction, or shall I say *endorsement*, and his servant brought me

a gratifying reply at eight of the evening. At one Dr. Spence came with Miss Neville, the delightful singer at the theatre, her mother, and Miss Hamilton. They sat with me some time, and I was glad to see near-by the same Miss Neville whom I admire so much at the play. I found her possessed of good sense and modesty, and like her much; her mother asked me to spend the evening of next Saturday with them, and said her daughter would sing for me with pleasure. Had a note from Sydney Smith; the man should study economy; he would destroy more paper in a day than Franklin in a week; but all great men are more or less eccentric. Walter Scott writes a diminutive hand, very difficult to read, Napoleon a large, scrawling one, still more difficult, and Sydney Smith goes up-hill all the way with large strides.

March 9. My first work this day was to send as a present to Miss Anne Scott a copy of my first number. Professor Wilson called and promised to come again on Monday.

March 10. I visited Mr. James B. Fraser,¹ a great traveller in Asia and Africa, and saw there a large collection of drawings and views in water-colors of the scenery of these countries. The lecture at the Wernerian Society was very interesting; it was on the uses of cotton in Egypt, and the origin of the name in the English language. I dined at Mr. Neill's; among the guests was a Mr. Blair, the superintendent of the Botanical Gardens here; he has been in different parts of America frequently. There were several other gentlemen present interested in like subjects, and we talked of little else than trees and exotic plants, birds and beasts; in fact it was a naturalists' dinner, but a much better one than naturalists generally have who study in the woods. I was obliged to leave early, as I had an engagement at Miss Neville's. Tea was served, after which Miss Neville rose, and said she would open the

¹ James Baillie Fraser, 1783-1856, Scottish writer of travels.

concert. I was glad to see her simply but beautifully dressed in a plain white gown of fine muslin, with naught but her fine auburn hair loose in large curls about her neck, and a plain scarf of a light-rose color. She sang and played most sweetly; the gentlemen present were all more or less musical, and we had fine glees, duets, trios. The young lady scarcely left off singing, for no sooner was a song finished than some one asked for another; she immediately replied, "Oh, yes," and in a moment the room was filled with melody. I thought she must be fatigued, and told her so, but she replied: "Mr. Audubon, singing is like painting; it never fatigues if one is fond of it, and I am." After a handsome supper we had more singing, and it was past two o'clock when I rose, shook hands with Miss Neville, bowed to the company, and made my exit.

March 12. I can scarcely believe that this day, there is in many places six feet of snow, yet with all this no invitation is ever laid aside, and last evening I went to dinner in a coach drawn by four horses. At noon to-day I went with Mr. Lizars to the Assembly Rooms, to see the fencing. About a thousand persons, all in full dress, gathered in a few minutes, and a circle being formed, eight young men came in, and went through the first principles of fencing; we had fine martial music and a succession of fencing turns till two o'clock, when the assault began between the two best scholars. Five hits were required to win the prize — a fine sword — and it was presented to the conqueror, a Mr. Webster. At half-past six I dined at Mr. Hamilton's, where a numerous and agreeable party was assembled. At ten Miss Neville and her mother came with still others. We had dancing and singing, and here I am, quite wearied at half-past three; but I must be up early to-morrow morning.

March 13. The little I slept had a bad effect on me, for I rose cross of mind and temper. I took a long walk on the London road, returned and reached Brae House, and

breakfasted with the famous Mrs. Grant,¹ an old lady very deaf, but very agreeable withal. Her son and daughter and another lady formed our party. We talked of nothing but America; Mrs. Grant is positively the only person I have met here who knows anything true about my country. I promised to call again soon. This evening I dined at Sir James Riddell's, and I do not know when I have spent a more uncomfortable evening; the company were all too high for me, though Sir James and his lady did all they could for me. The *ton* here surpassed that at the Earl of Morton's; *five gentlemen* waited on us while at table, and two of these put my cloak about my shoulders, notwithstanding all I could say to the contrary. Several of these men were quite as well dressed as their master. What will that sweet lady, Mrs. Basil Hall think of a squatter's hut in Mississippi in contrast with this? No matter! whatever may be lacking, there is usually a hearty welcome. Oh! my America, how dearly I love thy plain, simple manners.

March 14. I have been drawing all day, two Cat-birds and some blackberries for the Countess of Morton, and would have finished it had I not been disturbed by visitors. Mr. Hays came with his son; he asked me if it would not be good policy for me to cut my hair and have a fashionable coat made before I reached London. I laughed, and he laughed, and my hair is yet as God made it.

March 17. I had long wished to visit Roslyn Castle and the weather being beautiful I applied to Mrs. Dickie for a guide, and she sent her son with me. We passed over the North Bridge and followed the turnpike road, passing along the foot of the Pentland Hills, looking back frequently to view Edinburgh under its cloud of smoke, until we had passed a small eminence that completely hid it afterwards from our sight. Not an object of interest lay

¹ Mrs. Anne Grant, poetess and miscellaneous writer. Born 1755, died 1838.

in our way until we suddenly turned southeast and entered the little village of Roslyn. I say *little*, because not more than twenty houses are there, and these are all small except one. It is high, however, so much so that from it we looked down on the ruined castle, although the elevation of the castle above the country around is very great. On inquiry, we were assured that the chapel was the only remaining edifice worthy of attention. We walked down to it and entered an enclosure, when before us stood the remains of the once magnificent Chapel of Roslyn. What volumes of thoughts rushed into my mind. I, who had read of the place years before, who knew by tradition the horrors of the times subsequent to the founding of the edifice, now confronted reality. I saw the marks of sacrilegious outrage on objects silent themselves and which had been raised in adoration to God. Strange that times which produced such beautiful works of art should allow the thief and the murderer to go almost unpunished. This Gothic chapel is a superb relic; each stone is beautifully carved, and each differs from all the others. The ten pillars and five arches are covered with the finest fret-work, and all round are seen the pedestals that once supported the images that Knox's party were wont to destroy without thought or reason. I went down some mouldering steps into the Sacristy, but found only bare walls, decaying very fast; yet here a curious plant was growing, of a verdigris color. To reach the castle we went down and along a narrow ridge, on each side of which the ground went abruptly to the bottom of a narrow, steep valley, through which a small, petulant stream rushed with great rapidity over a rocky bed. This guards three sides of the promontory on which Roslyn Castle once was; for now only a few masses of rubbish were to be seen, and a house of modern structure occupies nearly the original site. In its day it must have been a powerful structure, but now, were it existing, cannon could destroy

Edinburgh

March 17th 1827.

This day my Hair was sacrificed,
and the will of God upheld by the
will of Man — as the Barber
clipped them rapidly & reminded
me of the horrid scenes of the French
Revolution when the guillotine was performed
upon all the Victims murdered at the
Guillotine — My Heart sank low.

John. J. Henderson

it in a few hours, if they were placed on the opposite hills. A large meadow lay below us, covered with bleaching linen, and the place where we stood was perfectly lonely, not even the reviving chirp of a single bird could be heard, and my heart sank low while my mind was engaged in recollections of the place. In silence we turned and left the Castle and the little village, and returned by another route to busy Edinburgh. The people were just coming out of church, and as I walked along I felt a tap on my shoulder and heard good Mr. Neill say, "Where are you going at the rate of six miles an hour?" and he took me home to dine with him, after we had been to my lodgings, where I put my feet in ice cold water for ten minutes, when I felt as fresh as ever.

March 19, 1827. This day my hair was sacrificed, and the will of God usurped by the wishes of man. As the barber clipped my locks rapidly, it reminded me of the horrible times of the French Revolution when the same operation was performed upon all the victims murdered at the guillotine; my heart sank low.

JOHN J. AUDUBON.¹

Shortly after breakfast I received a note from Captain Hall, and another from his brother, both filled with entreaties couched in strong terms that I should *alter my hair* before I went to London. Good God! if Thy works are hated by man it must be with Thy permission. I sent for a barber, and my hair was mowed off in a trice. I knew I was acting weakly, but rather than render my good friend miserable about it, I suffered the loss patiently.

March 20. I visited Mr. Hays at his office, and had the pleasure of seeing all the curious ancient manuscripts, letters, mandates, Acts of Parliament, etc., connected with the official events of Scotland with England for upwards

¹ This entry is the only one on a large page, of which a facsimile is given. It is written in the centre, and all around the edge of the paper is a heavy black border, an inch in depth.

of three hundred years past. Large volumes are written on parchment, by hand, and must have been works of immense labor. The volumes containing the mere transfers of landed estates filed within the last forty years amounted to almost three thousand, and the parcels of ancient papers filled many rooms in bundles and in bags of leather, covered with dust, and mouldering with age. The learned antiquarian, Mr. Thompson, has been at great pains to put in order all these valuable and curious documents. The edifice of the Registry is immense, and the long, narrow passages proved a labyrinth to me. Mr. Hays' allotted portion of curiosities consists of Heraldry, and I saw the greatest display of coats of arms of all sorts, emblazoned in richest style on sleek vellum and parchment.

March 21. Called on Miss D——, the fair American. To my surprise I saw the prints she had received the evening before quite abused and tumbled. This, however, was not my concern, and I regretted it only on her account, that so little care should be taken of a book that in fifty years will be sold at immense prices because of its rarity.¹ The wind blew great guns all morning. Finding it would be some days before my business would permit me to leave, I formed an agreement to go to see the interior of the Castle, the regalia, and other curiosities of the place to-morrow. I received a valuable letter of introduction to the Secretary of the Home Department, Mr. Peel, from the Lord Advocate of Scotland, given me at the particular request of the Countess of Morton, a most charming lady; the Earl of Morton would have written himself but for the low state of his health.

March 22. After lunch the Rev. Wm. Newbold and I proceeded to the Castle; the wind blew furiously, and con-

¹ A distinguished ornithologist said of the book in 1895: "It is one of the few illustrated books, if not the only one, that steadily increases in price as the years go on."

sequently no smoke interfered with the objects I wished to see. We passed a place called the "Mound," a thrown-up mass of earth connecting now the New with the Old city of Edinburgh. We soon reached the gates of the Castle, and I perceived plainly that I was looked upon as an officer from the continent. Strange! three days ago I was taken for a priest, quick transition caused only by the clipping of my locks. We crossed the drawbridge and looked attentively at the deep and immense dried ditches below, passed through the powerful double gates, all necessary securities to such a place. We ascended continually until we reached the parapets where the King stood during his visit, bowing, I am told, to the gaping multitude below, his hat off, and proud enough, no doubt, of his *high station*. My hat was also off, but under different impulses; I was afraid that the wind would rob me of it suddenly. I did not bow to the people, but I looked with reverence and admiration on the beauties of nature and of art that surrounded me, with a pleasure seldom felt before. The ocean was rugged with agitated waves as far as the eye could reach eastwardly; not a vessel dared spread its sails, so furious was the gale. The high mountains of wild Scotland now and then faintly came to our view as the swift-moving clouds passed, and suffered the sun to cast a momentary glance at them. The coast of the Frith of Forth exhibited handsome villas, and noblemen's seats, bringing at once before me the civilization of man, and showing how weak and insignificant we all are. My eyes followed the line of the horizon and stopped at a couple of small elevations, that I knew to be the home of the Countess of Morton; then I turned to the immense city below, where men looked like tiny dwarfs, and horses smaller than sheep. To the east lay the Old Town, and now and then came to my ears the music of a band as the squall for a moment abated. I could have remained here a whole day, but my companion called, and I followed

him to the room where the regalia are kept. We each wrote our names, paid our shilling, and the large padlock was opened by a red-faced, bulky personage dressed in a fanciful scarlet cloth, hanging about him like mouldering tapestry. A small oblong room, quite dark, lay before us; it was soon lighted, however, by our conductor. A high railing of iron, also of an oblong form, surrounded a table covered with scarlet cloth, on which lay an immense sword and its scabbard, two sceptres, a large, square, scarlet cushion ornamented with golden tassels, and above all the crown of Scotland. All the due explanations were cried out by our conductor, on whose face the reflection of all the red articles was so powerfully displayed just now that it looked like a large tomato, quite as glittering, but of a very different flavor, I assure thee. We looked at all till I was tired; not long did this take, for it had not one thousandth portion of the beauties I had seen from the parapet. We left the Castle intending to proceed to the stone quarries three miles distant, but the wind was now so fierce, and the dust so troubled my eyes, that the jaunt was put off till another day. I paid young Kidd three guineas for his picture. Have just had some bread and butter and will go to bed.

March 23. Young Kidd breakfasted with me, and no sooner had he gone than I set to and packed up. I felt very low-spirited; the same wind keeps blowing, and I am now anxious to be off to Mr. Selby's Newcastle, and my dear Green Bank. My head was so full of all manner of thoughts that I thought it was Saturday, instead of Friday, and at five o'clock I dressed in a great hurry and went to Mr. Henry Witham's with all possible activity. My Lucy, I was not expected till to-morrow! Mr. Witham was not at home, and his lady tried to induce me to remain and dine with her and her lovely daughter; but I declined, and marched home as much ashamed of my blunder as a fox who has lost his tail in a trap. Once before I made a

sad blunder; I promised to dine at three different houses the same day, and when it came I discovered my error, and wrote an apology to all, and went to none.

Twizel House, Belford — Northumberland, April 10, 1827. Probably since ten years I have not been so long without recording my deeds or my thoughts; and even now I feel by no means inclined to write, and for no particular reason. From Friday the 23d of March till the 5th of April my time was busily employed, copying some of my drawings, from five in the morning till seven at night. I dined out rarely, as I found the time used by this encroached too much on that needed by my ardent desire to improve myself in oil and in perspective, which I wished to study with close attention. Every day brought me packets of letters of introduction, and I called here and there to make my adieux. I went often in the evening to Mr. Lizars'; I felt the parting with him and his wife and sister would be hard, and together we attended meetings of the different societies. The last night I went to the Royal Society. Sir Wm. Hamilton¹ read a paper *against* phrenology, which would seem to quite destroy the theory of Mr. Combe. I left many things in the care of my landlady, as well as several pictures, and at six o'clock on the morning of April 5, left Edinburgh, where I hope to go again. The weather was delightful. We passed Dunbar and Berwick, our road near the sea most of the time, and at half-past four, the coach stopped opposite the lodge of Twizel House. I left my baggage in the care of the woman at the lodge, and proceeded through some small woods towards the house, which I saw after a few minutes, — a fine house, commanding an extensive view of the country, the German Ocean, and Bamborough Castle. I ascended the great staircase with pleasure, for I knew that here was congeniality of feeling. Hearing the family were

¹ One of the greatest metaphysicians of modern times. Born at Glasgow 1788, died in Edinburgh, 1856.

out and would not return for two hours, I asked to be shown to the library, and told my name. The man said not a word, went off, and about ten minutes after, whilst I was reading the preface of William Roscoe to his "Leo X.," returned and said his master would be with me in a moment. I understood all this. Mr. Selby came in, in hunting-dress, and we shook hands as hunters do. He took me at once out in his grounds, where Mrs. Selby, his three daughters, and Captain Mitford his brother-in-law were all engaged transplanting trees, and I felt at home at once. When we returned to the house Mr. Selby conducted me to his *laboratory*, where guns, birds, etc., were everywhere. I offered to make a drawing and Captain Mitford went off to shoot a Chaffinch. We had supper, after which the eagerness of the young ladies made me open my box of drawings; later we had music, and the evening passed delightfully. I thought much of home I assure thee, and of Green Bank also, and then of my first sight of thee at Fatland, and went to bed thanking God for the happy moments he has granted us. The next morning I felt afraid my early habits would create some disturbance in the repose of the family, and was trying to make good my outing at five, and thought I had already done so, when to my surprise and consternation the opening of the hall door made such a noise as I doubted not must have been heard over the whole establishment; notwithstanding, I issued into the country fresh air, and heard all around me the Black-birds, Thrushes, and Larks at their morning songs. I walked, or rather ran about, like a bird just escaped from a cage; plucked flowers, sought for nests, watched the fishes, and came back to draw. All went well; although the *shooting season* (as the English please to call it) was long since over, we took frequent walks with guns, and a few individuals were the sufferers from my anxiety to see their bills, and eyes, and feathers; and many a mile did I race over the moors

to get them. More or less company came daily to see my drawings, and I finished a drawing for Mr. Selby of three birds, a Lapwing for Mrs. Selby, who drew fully as well as I did, and who is now imitating my style, and to whom I have given some lessons. Also I finished a small picture in oil for the charming elder daughter Louise; the others are Jane and Fanny. So much at home did we become that the children came about me as freely as if I had long known them; I was delighted at this, for to me to have familiar intercourse with children, the most interesting of beings, is one of my greatest enjoyments, and my time here was as happy as at Green Bank; I can say no more. The estate is well situated, highly ornamented, stocked with an immensity of game of the country, and trout abound in the little rivulets that tumble from rock to rock towards the northern ocean. To-morrow I leave this with Captain Mitford for his country seat.

Mitford Castle, near Morpeth, Northumberland, April 11, 1827. I rose as early as usual, and not to disturb my kind friends, I marched down the staircase in my stockings, as I often do where the family are not quite such early risers; instead of opening the hall door I sat down in the study, and outlined a Lapwing, in an extremely difficult position, for my friend Selby, and did not go on my walk until the servants made their appearance, and then I pushed off to the garden and the woods to collect violets. I felt quite happy, the fragrance of the air seemed equal to that of the little blue flowers which I gathered. We breakfasted, and at ten o'clock I bid farewell to Mrs. Selby; good, amiable lady, how often she repeated her invitation to me to come and spend a goodly time with them. Mr. Selby and the children walked down to the lodge with the captain and me, and having reached the place too early we walked about the woods awhile. The parting moment came at last, all too soon, our baggage was put on the top of the "Dart," an

opposition coach, and away we rolled. My good companion Captain Mitford kept my spirits in better plight than they would otherwise have been, by his animated conversation about game, fishing, America, etc., and after a ride of about twelve miles we entered the small village of Alnwick, commanded by the fine castle of the Duke of Northumberland. Having to change horses and wait two hours, we took a walk, and visited the interior of that ancient mass of buildings, the whole being deserted at present, the Duke absent. I saw the armory, the dungeons, the place for racking prisoners, but the grotesque figures of stone standing in all sorts of attitudes, defensive and *offensive*, all round the top of the turrets and bastions, struck me most. They looked as if about to move, or to take great leaps to the ground, to cut our throats. This castle covers five acres of ground, is elevated, and therefore in every direction are good views of the country. From it I saw the cross put up in memory of King Malcolm killed by Hammond. At two precisely (for in England and Scotland coaches start with great punctuality) we were again *en route*. We passed over the Aln River, a very pretty little streamlet, and reached Felton, where we changed horses. The whole extent of country we passed this day was destitute of woods, and looked to me very barren. We saw little game; about five we arrived within two miles of Morpeth, where the captain and I alighted; we walked to a pretty little vale and the ruins of the old castle lay before us, still doomed to moulder more, and walking on reached the confluence of two small, pretty streams from which originated the name of my friend's ancestors, *Meetingsford*. We reached the house, and having heard of his brother's indisposition, the captain and I entered quietly, and I was presented to the owner of the hall. I saw before me a thin, pale, emaciated being who begged I would go to him, as he could not rise. I shook his withered hand and received his

kind welcome. During the evening I had ample opportunity to observe how clever and scientific he was, and regretted the more his frail body. He was extremely anxious to see my drawings, and he examined them more closely than I can ever remember any one to have done before, and was so well acquainted with good drawing that I felt afraid to turn them over for his inspection. After looking at probably a hundred without saying a single word, he exclaimed suddenly: "They are truly beautiful; our King ought to purchase them, they are too good to belong to a *single* individual." We talked much on subjects of natural history, and he told me that he made it a rule that not a gun was ever fired during the breeding season on any part of his beautiful estate; he delighted to see the charming creatures enjoy life and pleasure without any annoyance. Rooks, Jackdaws, Wood-Pigeons, and Starlings were flying in hundreds about the ruined castle. We sat up till after twelve, when hot water and spirits were produced, after which we said good-night; but I needed nothing to make me sleep, for in five minutes after I lay down I was — I know not where.

April 12. I am now at last where the famous Bewick produced his handsome and valuable work on the birds of England. It is a dirty-looking place, this Newcastle, and I do not know if it will prove at all pleasant. This morning early the captain and myself took a good ramble about Mitford Hall grounds; saw the rookery, the ruins of the castle, and walked some way along the little river front. We breakfasted about ten with his brother, who wished to see my drawings by daylight. Afterwards my baggage was taken to Morpeth, and the captain and I walked thither about twelve. Our way was along a pretty little stream called the Wansbeck, but the weather changed and the rain assured me that none of the persons we expected to see in the village would come, on this account, and I was not mistaken. At half-past four I mounted the coach for

this place, and not an object of interest presented itself in the journey of thirteen miles.

Newcastle-upon-Tyne, April 13. At ten o'clock I left the inn, having had a very indifferent breakfast, served on dirty plates ; therefore I would not recommend the "Rose and Crown," or the hostess, to any friend of mine. Yet my bed was quite comfortable, and my sleep agreeably disturbed about one hour before day by some delightful music on the bugle. I often, even before this, have had a wish to be a performer on this instrument, so sure I am that our grand forests and rivers would re-echo its sonorous sounds with fine effect. I passed through many streets, but what a shabby appearance this Newcastle-upon-Tyne has, after a residence of nearly six months in the beautiful city of Edinburgh. All seems dark and smoky, indeed I conceive myself once more in Manchester. The cries of fish, milk, and vegetables, were all different, and I looked in vain for the rosy cheeks of the Highlanders. I had letters to the members of the Johnson family, given me by Captain Mitford, and therefore went to St. James Square, where I delivered them, and was at once received by a tall, fine-looking young gentleman, who asked me if I had breakfasted. On being answered in the affirmative, he requested me to excuse him till he had finished his, and I sat opposite the fire thinking about the curious pilgrimage I had now before me. Will the result repay the exertions? Alas! it is quite impossible for me to say, but that I shall carry the plan out in all its parts is certain unless life departs, and then I must hope that our Victor will fall into my place and accomplish my desires, with John's help to draw the birds, which he already does well. Mr. Edward Johnson soon re-entered, bringing with him Mr. John Adamson, secretary to the Literary and Philosophical Society of this place. I presented the letter for him from Mr. Selby, but I saw at once that he knew me by name. Soon after he very kindly aided me to find suit-

able lodgings, which I did in Collingwood Street. We then walked to Mr. Bewick's, the engraver, son of the famous man, and happily met him. He is a curious-looking man; his head and shoulders are both broad, but his keen, penetrating eyes proved that Nature had stamped him for some use in this world. I gave him the letters I had for him, and appointed a time to call on his father. I again suffered myself to be imposed upon when I paid my bill at the inn on removing to my lodgings, and thought of Gil Blas of Santillane. Five persons called to see my drawings this afternoon, and I received a note from Mr. Bewick inviting me to tea at six; so I shall see and talk with the wonderful man. I call him wonderful because I am sincerely of the opinion that his work on wood is superior to anything ever attempted in ornithology. It is now near eleven at night. Robert Bewick (the son) called for me about six, and we proceeded to his father's house. On our way I saw an ancient church with a remarkably beautiful *Lanterne* at top, St. Nicholas' Church I was told, then we passed over the Tyne, on a fine strong bridge of stone, with several arches, I think six or seven. This is distant from the sea, and I must say that the Tyne *here* is the only stream I have yet seen since my landing resembling at all a river. It is about as large as Bayou Sara opposite the Beech Woods, when full. I saw some of the boats used in carrying coals down the stream; they are almost of oval shape, and are managed with long, sweeping oars, and steerers much like our flat-boats on the Ohio. My companion did not talk much; he is more an acting man than a talker, and I did not dislike him for that. After ascending a long road or lane, we arrived at Bewick's dwelling, and I was taken at once to where he was at work, and saw the man himself. He came to me and welcomed me with a hearty shake of the hand, and took off for a moment his half-clean cotton night-cap tinged with the smoke of the place. He is tall, stout, has a very large

head, and his eyes are further apart than those of any man I remember just now. A complete Englishman, full of life and energy though now seventy-four, very witty and clever, better acquainted with America than most of his countrymen, and an honor to England. Having shown me the work he was at, a small vignette cut on a block of box-wood not more than three by two inches, representing a dog frightened during the night by false appearances of men formed by curious roots and branches of trees, rocks, etc., he took me upstairs and introduced me to his three daughters — all tall, and two of them with extremely fine figures; they were desirous to make my visit an agreeable one and most certainly succeeded. I met there a Mr. Goud, and saw from his pencil a perfect portrait of Thomas Bewick, a miniature, full-length, in oil, highly finished, well drawn and composed. The old gentleman and I stuck to each other; he talked of my drawings, and I of his woodcuts, till we liked each other very much. Now and then he would take off his cotton cap, but the moment he became animated with the conversation the cap was on, yet almost off, for he had stuck it on as if by magic. His eyes sparkled, his face was very expressive, and I enjoyed him much more, I am sure, than he supposed. He had heard of my drawings and promised to call early to-morrow morning with his daughters and some friends. I did not forget dear John's wish to possess a copy of his work on quadrupeds, and having asked where I could procure one, he answered "Here." After coffee and tea had been served, young Bewick, to please me, brought a bagpipe of a new construction, called a "Durham," and played simple, nice Scotch and English airs with peculiar taste; the instrument sounded like a hautboy. Soon after ten the company broke up, and we walked into Newcastle. The streets were desolate, and their crookedness and narrowness made me feel the more the beauty of fair Edinburgh.

April 14. The weather is now becoming tolerable and spring is approaching. The Swallows glide past my windows, and the Larks are heard across the Tyne. Thomas Bewick, his whole family, and about a hundred others have kept me busy exhibiting drawings. Mr. Bewick expressed himself as perfectly astounded at the boldness of my undertaking. I am to dine with him to-morrow, Mr. Adamson to-day, and Mr. Johnson on Wednesday if I do not go on to York that day.

April 15. Mr. Adamson called for me at church time, and we proceeded a short distance and entered St. Nicholas' church. He ordered an officer to take me to what he called *the mansion house* and I was led along the aisles to a place enclosed by an iron railing and showed a seat. In looking about me I saw a large organ over the door I had entered, and in front of this were seated many children, the lasses in white, the lads in blue. An immense painting of the Lord's Supper filled the end opposite the entrance, and the large Gothic windows were brilliant with highly colored glass. A few minutes passed, when a long train of office bearers and the magistrates of the town, headed by the mayor, came in procession and entered *the mansion house* also; a gentleman at my elbow rose and bowed to these and I followed his example; I discovered then that I was seated in the most honorable place. The service and sermon were long and tedious; often to myself I said, "Why is not Sydney Smith here?" Being in church I sat patiently, but I must say I thought the priest uncommonly stupid. Home to luncheon and afterwards went to Heath, the painter,¹ who with his wife received me with extreme kindness. He showed me many sketches, a number of which were humorous. He likes Newcastle better than Edinburgh, and I would not give an hour at Edinburgh, especially were I with friend Lizars, his wife, and sister, for a year here. So

¹ Possibly Charles Heath, engraver, 1784-1848.

much for difference of taste. — I have just returned from old Bewick's. We had a great deal of conversation, all tending towards Natural History; other guests came in as the evening fell, and politics and religion were touched upon. Whilst this was going on old Bewick sat silent chewing his tobacco; the son, too, remained quiet, but the eldest daughter, who sat next to me, was very interesting, and to my surprise resembles my kind friend Hannah Rathbone so much, that I frequently felt as if Miss Hannah, with her black eyes and slender figure, were beside me. I was invited to breakfast to-morrow at eight with Mr. Bewick to see the old gentleman at work.

April 16. I breakfasted with old Bewick this morning quite *sans cérémonie*, and then the old man set to work to show me how simple it was to *cut wood!* But cutting wood as he did is no joke; he did it with as much ease as I can feather a bird; he made all his tools, which are delicate and very beautiful, and his artist shop was clean and attractive. Later I went with Mr. Plummer, the officiating American consul at this place, to the court-rooms, and Merchant Coffee House, also to a new fish market, small and of a half-moon form, contiguous to the river, that I have forgotten to say is as dirty and muddy as an alligator hole. The coal boats were moving down by hundreds, with only one oar and a steerer, to each of which I saw three men. We then went to the Literary and Philosophical Society rooms; the library is a fine, large room with many books — the museum small, but in neat order, and well supplied with British specimens. Since then I have been showing my drawings to at least two hundred persons who called at my lodgings. I was especially struck with a young lady who came with her brother. I saw from my window a groom walking three fine horses to and fro, and almost immediately the lady and gentleman entered, whip in hand, and spurred like fighting-cocks; the lady, with a beaver and black silk neckerchief, came in first and alone,

holding up with both hands her voluninous blue riding-habit, and with a *ton* very unbecoming her fine eyes and sweet face. She bowed carelessly, and said: "Compliments, sir;" and perceiving how much value she put on herself, I gave her the best seat in the room. For some time she sat without a word; when her brother began to put questions, however, she did also, and so fast and so searchingly that I thought them *Envoies Extraordinaires* from either Temminck or Cuvier. Mr. Adamson, who sat by all the time, praised me, when they had gone, for my patience, and took me home to dine with him *en famille*. A person (a glazier, I suppose), after seeing about a hundred pictures, asked me if I did not want glass and frames for them. How I wish I was in America's dark woods, admiring God's works in all their beautiful ways.

April 17. Whilst I was lying awake this morning waiting for it to get light, I presently recollected I was in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and recalled the name of Smollett, no mean man, by the bye, and remembered his eulogium of the extraordinary fine view he obtained when travelling on foot from London to this place, looking up the Tyne from Isbet Hill, and I said, "If Smollett admired the prospect, I can too," and leaped from my bed as a hare from his form on newly ploughed ground at the sound of the sportsman's bugle, or the sight of the swift greyhound. I ran downstairs, out-of-doors, and over the Tyne, as if indeed a pack of jackals had been after me. Two miles is nothing to me, and I ascended the hill where poor Isbet, deluded by a wretched woman, for her sake robbed the mail, and afterwards suffered death on a gibbet; and saw — the sea! Far and wide it extended; the Tyne led to it, with its many boats with their coaly burdens. Up the river the view was indeed enchanting; the undulating meadows sloped gently to the water's edge on either side, and the Larks that sprang up before me, welcoming the sun's rise, animated my thoughts so much

that I felt tears trickling down my cheeks as I gave praise to the God who gave life to all these in a day. There was a dew on the ground, the bees were gathering honey from the tiniest flowerets, and here and there the Blackbird so shy sought for a fibrous root to entwine his solid nest of clay. Lapwings, like butterflies of a larger size, passed wheeling and tumbling over me through the air, and had not the dense smoke from a thousand engines disturbed the peaceful harmony of Nature, I might have been there still, longing for my Lucy to partake of the pleasure with me. But the smoke recalled me to my work, and I turned towards Newcastle. So are all transient pleasures followed by sorrows, except those emanating from the adoration of the Supreme Being. It was still far from breakfast time; I recrossed the Tyne and ascended the east bank for a couple of miles before returning to my lodgings. The morning afterward was spent as usual. I mean, holding up drawings to the company that came in good numbers. *Morning* here is the time from ten to five, and I am told that in London it sometimes lengthens to eight of the evening as we term it. Among these visitors was a Mr. Donkin, who remained alone with me when the others had left, and we had some conversation; he is an advocate, or, as I would call it, a chancellor. He asked me to take a bachelor's dinner with him at five; I accepted, and he then proposed we should drive out and see a house he was building two miles in the country. I again found myself among the rolling hills, and we soon reached his place. I found a beautiful, low house of stone, erected in the simplest style imaginable, but so well arranged and so convenient that I felt satisfied he was a man of taste as well as wealth. Garden, grounds, all was in perfect harmony, and the distant views up and down the river, the fine woods and castle, all came in place, — not to satiate the eye, but to induce it to search for further beauties. On returning to town Mr. Donkin

showed me the old mansion where poor Charles the First was delivered up to be beheaded. He could have escaped through a conduit to the river, where a boat was waiting, but the conduit was all darkness and his heart failed him. Now I should say that he had no heart, and was very unfit for a king. At Mr. Donkin's house I was presented to his partners, and we had a good dinner; the conversation ran much on politics, and they supported the King and Mr. Canning. I left early, as I had promised to take a cup of tea with old Bewick. The old gentleman was seated as usual with his night-cap on, and his tobacco pouch in one hand ready to open; his countenance beamed with pleasure as I shook hands with him. "I could not bear the idea of your going off without telling you in written words what I think of your 'Birds of America;' here it is in black and white, and make whatever use you may of it, if it be of use at all," he said, and put an unsealed letter in my hand. We chatted away on natural-history subjects, and he would now and then exclaim: "Oh that I was young¹ again! I would go to America. What a country it will be." "It is now, Mr. Bewick," I would retort, and then we went on. The young ladies enjoyed the sight and remarked that for years their father had not had such a flow of spirits.

April 19. This morning I paid a visit of farewell to Mr. Bewick and his family; as we parted he held my hand closely and repeated three times, "God preserve you." I looked at him in such a manner that I am sure he understood I could not speak. I walked slowly down the hilly lane, and thought of the intrinsic value of this man to the world, and compared him with Sir Walter Scott. The latter will be forever the most eminent in station, being undoubtedly the most learned and most brilliant of the two; but Thomas Bewick is a son of Nature. Nature

¹ Thomas Bewick was at this time nearly seventy-four. He died Nov. 8, 1828, being then past seventy-five.

alone has reared him under her peaceful care, and he in gratitude of heart has copied one department of her works that must stand unrivalled forever; I say "forever" because imitators have only a share of real merit, compared with inventors, and Thomas Bewick is an inventor, and *the first wood-cutter in the world!* These words, "first wood-cutter" would, I dare say, raise the ire of many of our hearty squatters, who, no doubt, on hearing me express myself so strongly, would take the axe, and fell down an enormous tree whilst talking about it; but the moment I would explain to them that each of their chips would produce under his chisel a mass of beauties, the good fellows would respect him quite as much as I do. My room was filled all day with people to see my works and *me*, whom some one had said resembled in physiognomy Napoleon of France. Strange simile this, but I care not whom I resemble, if it be only in looks, if my heart preserves the love of the truth.

Saturday, April 21. I am tired out holding up drawings, I may say, all day; but have been rewarded by an addition of five subscribers to my work. Am off to-morrow to York. God bless thee, my Lucy.

York, Sunday, April 22, 1827. Left Newcastle at eight; the weather cold and disagreeable, still I preferred a seat on top to view the country. Passed through Durham, a pretty little town with a handsome castle and cathedral, planted on an elevated peninsula formed by a turn of the river Wear, and may be seen for many miles. It is a rolling country, and the river wound about among the hills; we crossed it three times on stone bridges. Darlington, where we changed horses, is a neat, small place, supported by a set of very industrious Quakers; much table linen is manufactured here. As we approached York the woods became richer and handsomer, and trees were dispersed all over the country; it looked once more like England, and the hedges reminded me of those about "Green Bank." They were larger and less trimmed than in Scotland. I

saw York Minster six or seven miles before reaching the town, that is entered by old gates. The streets are disgustingly crooked and narrow, and crossed like the burrows of a rabbit-warren. I was put down at the Black Swan. Though the coach was full, not a word had been spoken except an occasional oath at the weather, which was indeed very cold; and I, with all the other passengers, went at once to the fires. Anxious to find lodgings *not* at the Black Swan, I went to Rev. Wm. Turner, son of a gentleman I had met at Newcastle, for information. His father had prepared him for my visit at my request, and I was soon installed at Mrs. Pulleyn's in Blake Street. My present landlady's weight, in ratio with that of her husband, is as one pound avoirdupois to one ounce apothecary! She looks like a round of beef, he like a farthing candle. Oh that I were in Louisiana, strolling about the woods, looking in the gigantic poplars for new birds and new flowers!

April 23, Monday. The weather looked more like approaching winter than spring; indeed snow fell at short intervals, and it rained, and was extremely cold and misty. Notwithstanding the disagreeable temperature, I have walked a good deal. I delivered my letters as early as propriety would allow, but found no one in; at least I was told so, for beyond that I cannot say with any degree of accuracy I fear. The Rev. Mr. Turner called with the curator of the Museum, to whom I showed some drawings. After my dinner, eaten *solus*, I went out again; the Minster is undoubtedly the finest piece of ancient architecture I have seen since I was in France, if my recollection serves me. I walked round and round it for a long time, examining its height, form, composition, and details, until my neck ached. The details are wonderful indeed, — all cut of the same stone that forms the mass outwardly. Leaving it and going without caring about my course, I found myself in front of an ancient castle,¹ standing on a mound,

¹ Probably St. Mary's Abbey.

covered with dark ivy, fissured by time and menacing its neighborhood with an appearance of all tumbling down at no remote period. I turned east and came to a pretty little stream called the Ouse, over which I threw several pebbles by way of exercise. On the west bank I found a fine walk, planted with the only trees of size I have seen in this country; it extended about half a mile. Looking up the stream a bridge of fine stone is seen, and on the opposite shores many steam mills were in operation. I followed down this mighty stream till the road gave out, and, the grass being very wet and the rain falling heavily, I returned to my rooms. York is much cleaner than Newcastle, and I remarked more Quakers; but alas! how far both these towns are below fair Edinburgh. The houses here are low, covered with tiles, and sombre-looking. No birds have I seen except Jackdaws and Rooks. To my surprise my host waited upon me at supper; when he enters my room I think of Scroggins' ghost. I have spent my evening reading "Blackwood's Magazine."

April 24. How doleful has this day been to me! It pleased to rain, and to snow, and to blow cold all day. I called on Mr. Phillips, the curator of the Museum, and he assured me that the society was too poor to purchase my work. I spent the evening by invitation at the Rev. Wm. Turner's in company with four other gentlemen. Politics and emancipation were the chief topics of conversation. How much more good would the English do by revising their own intricate laws, and improving the condition of their poor, than by troubling themselves and their distant friends with what does not concern them. I feel nearly determined to push off to-morrow, and yet it would not do; I may be wrong, and to-morrow may be fairer to me in every way; but this "hope deferred" is a very fatiguing science to study. I could never make up my mind to live and die in England whilst the sweet-scented jessamine and the magnolias flourish so purely in my

native land, and the air vibrates with the songs of the sweet birds.

April 25. I went out of the house pretty soon this morning; it was cold and blowing a strong breeze. I pushed towards the river with an idea of following it downwards two hours by my watch, but as I walked along I saw a large flock of Starlings, at a time when I thought all birds were paired, and watched their motions for some time, and thereby drew the following conclusion, namely: that the bird commonly called the Meadow Lark with us is more nearly related to the Starling of this country than to any other bird. I was particularly surprised that a low note, resembling the noise made by a wheel not well greased, was precisely the same in both, that the style of their walk and gait was also precisely alike, and that in *short* flights the movement of the wings had the same tremulous action before they alighted. Later I had visitors to see my pictures, possibly fifty or more. It has rained and snowed to-day, and I feel as dull as a Martin surprised by the weather. It will be strange if York gives me no subscribers, when I had eight at Newcastle. Mr. P—— called and told me it would be well for me to call personally on the nobility and gentry in the neighborhood and take some drawings with me. I thanked him, but told him that my standing in society did not admit of such conduct, and that although there were lords in England, we of American blood think ourselves their equals. He laughed, and said I was not as much of a Frenchman as I looked.

April 26. I have just returned from a long walk out of town, on the road toward Newcastle. The evening was calm, and the sunset clear. At such an hour how often have I walked with my Lucy along the banks of the Schuylkill, Perkiomen Creek, the Ohio River, or through the fragrant woods of Louisiana; how often have we stopped short to admire the works of the Creator; how often have we been delighted at hearing the musical notes of the timid

Wood Thrush, that appeared to give her farewell melody to the disappearing day! We have looked at the glittering fire-fly, heard the Whip-poor-will, and seen the vigilant Owl preparing to search field and forest! Here the scene was not quite so pleasing, though its charms brought youth and happiness to my recollection. One or two Warblers perched on the eglantine, almost blooming, and gave their little powers full vent. The shrill notes of Thrushes (not ours) came from afar, and many Rooks with loaded bills were making fast their way towards the nests that contained their nearly half-grown offspring. The cattle were treading heavily towards their pens, and the sheep gathered to the lee of each protecting hedge. To-day have I had a great number of visitors, and three subscribers.

April 27. A long walk early, and then many visitors, Mr. Vernon¹ among them, who subscribed for my work. All sorts of people come. If Matthews the comic were now and then to present himself at my levees, how he would act the scenes over. I am quite worn out; I think sometimes my poor arms will give up their functions before I secure five hundred subscribers.

Saturday, 28th. During my early walk along the Ouse I saw a large butterfly, quite new to me, and attempted to procure it with a stroke of my cane; but as I whirled it round, off went the scabbard into the river, more than half across, and I stood with a naked small sword as if waiting for a duel. I would have swam out for it, but that there were other pedestrians; so a man in a boat brought it to me for sixpence. I have had a great deal of company, and five subscribers. Mr. Wright took me all over the Minster, and also on the roof. We had a good spy-glass, and I had an astonishing view of the spacious vales that surround the tile-covered city of York. I could easily follow the old walls of defence. It made me giddy to look directly down, as a great height is always unpleasant to me.

¹ Mr. Vernon was the president of the Philosophical Society of York.

Now I have packed up, paid an enormous bill to my landlady. I expect to be at Leeds to-morrow.

Leeds, Sunday, April 28. The town of Leeds is much superior to anything I have seen since Edinburgh, and I have been walking till I feel quite exhausted. I breakfasted in York at five this morning; the coach did not start till six, so I took my refreshing walk along the Ouse. The weather was extremely pleasant; I rode outside, but the scenery was little varied, almost uniformly level, well cultivated, but poor as to soil. I saw some "game" as every bird is called here. I was amused to see the great interest which was excited by a covey of Partridges. What would be said to a gang of Wild Turkeys, — several hundred trotting along a sand-bar of the Upper Mississippi? I reached Leeds at half-past nine, distant from York, I believe, twenty-six miles. I found lodgings at once at 39 Albion Street, and then started with my letters.

April 30. Were I to conclude from first appearances as to the amount of success I may expect here, compared with York, by the difference of attention paid me at both places so soon after my arrival, I should certainly expect much more here; for no sooner was breakfast over than Mr. Atkinson called, to be followed by Mr. George and many others, among them a good ornithologist,¹ — not a *closet naturalist*, but a real true-blue, who goes out at night and watches Owls and Night-jars and Water-fowl to some purpose, and who knows more about these things than any other man I have met in Europe. This evening I took a long walk by a small stream, and as soon as out of sight undressed and took a dive smack across the creek; the water was so extremely cold that I performed the same feat back again and dressed in a hurry; my flesh was already quite purple. Following the stream I found some gentlemen catching minnows with as much anxiety as if large trout, playing the little things with beautiful lines and wheels.

¹ Mr. John Backhouse.

Parallel to this stream is a canal; the adjacent country is rolling, with a number of fine country-seats. I wish I had some one to go to in the evenings like friend Lizars.

May 1, 1827. This is the day on which last year I left my Lucy and my boys with intention to sail for Europe. How uncertain my hopes at that time were as to the final results of my voyage,—about to leave a country where most of my life had been spent devoted to the study of Nature, to enter one wholly unknown to me, without a friend, nay, not an acquaintance in it. Until I reached Edinburgh I despaired of success; the publication of a work of enormous expense, and the length of time it must necessarily take; to accomplish the whole has been sufficient to keep my spirits low, I assure thee. Now I feel like beginning a New Year. My work is about to be known, I have made a number of valuable and kind friends, I have been received by men of science on friendly terms, and now I have a hope of success if I continue to be honest, industrious, and consistent. My pecuniary means are slender, but I hope to keep afloat, for my tastes are simple; if only I can succeed in rendering thee and our sons happy, not a moment of sorrow or discomfort shall I regret.

May 2. Mr. George called very early, and said that his colleague, the Secretary of the Literary and Philosophical Society, would call and subscribe, and he has done so. I think I must tell thee how every one stares when they read on the first engraving that I present for their inspection this name: "The Bonaparte Fly-catcher,"—the very bird I was anxious to name the "Rathbone Fly-catcher," in honor of my excellent friend "Lady" Rathbone, but who refused to accept this little mark of my gratitude. I afterwards meant to call it after thee, but did not, because the world is so strangely composed just now that I feared it would be thought childish; so I concluded to call it after my friend Charles Bonaparte. Every one is struck by the name, so explanations take place, and the good

people of England will know him as a great naturalist, and my friend. I intend to name, one after another, every one of my new birds, either for some naturalist deserving this honor, or through a wish to return my thanks for kindness rendered me. Many persons have called, quite a large party at one time, led by Lady B——. I am sorry to say I find it generally more difficult to please this class of persons than others, and I feel in consequence more reserved in their presence, I can scarcely say why. I walked out this evening to see Kirkstall Abbey, or better say the ruins of that ancient edifice. It is about three miles out of Leeds and is worthy the attention of every traveller. It is situated on the banks of the little river Ayre, the same I bathed in, and is extremely romantic in its appearance, covered with ivy, and having sizable trees about and amongst its walls. The entrance is defended by a board on which is painted: "Whoever enters these ruins, or damages them in the least, will be prosecuted with all the rigor of the law." I did not transgress, and soon became very cautious of my steps, for immediately after, a second board assured every one that spring-guns and steel-traps are about the gardens. However, no entreaty having been expressed to prevent me from sketching the whole, I did so on the back of one of my cards for thee. From that spot I heard a Cuckoo cry, for I do not, like the English, call it singing. I attempted to approach the bird, but in vain; I believe I might be more successful in holding a large Alligator by the tail. Many people speak in raptures of the sweet voice of the Cuckoo, and the same people tell me in cold blood that we have no birds that can sing in America. I wish they had a chance to judge of the powers of the Mock-bird, the Red Thrush, the Cat-bird, the Oriole, the Indigo Bunting, and even the Whip-poor-will. What would they say of a half-million of Robins about to take their departure for the North, making our woods fairly tremble with melodious harmony? But these pleasures are

not to be enjoyed in manufacturing towns like Leeds and Manchester; neither can any one praise a bird who sings by tuition, like a pupil of Mozart, as a few Linnets and Starlings do, and that no doubt are here taken as the foundation stone of the singing powers allotted to European birds generally. Well, is not this a long digression for thee? I dare say thou art fatigued enough at it, and so am I.

May 3. Until two o'clock this day I had only one visitor, Mr. John Marshall, a member of Parliament to whom I had a letter; he told me he knew nothing at all about birds, but most generously subscribed, because, he told me, it was such a work as every one ought to possess, and to encourage enterprise. This evening I dined with the Messrs. Davy, my old friends of Mill Grove; the father, who for many months has not left his bed-chamber, desired to see me. We had not met since 1810, but he looked as fresh as when I last saw him, and is undoubtedly the handsomest and noblest-looking man I have ever seen in my life, excepting the Marquis de Dupont de Nemours. I have at Leeds only five subscribers, — poor indeed compared with the little town of York.

May 5. I breakfasted with young Mr. Davy, who after conducted me to Mr. Marshall's mills. We crossed the Ayre in a ferry boat for a half-penny each, and on the west bank stood the great works. The first thing to see was the great engine, 150 horse-power, a stupendous structure, and so beautiful in all its parts that no one could, I conceive, stand and look at it without praising the ingenuity of man. Twenty-five hundred persons of all ages and both sexes are here, yet nothing is heard but the *burr* of machinery. All is wonderfully arranged; a good head indeed must be at the commander's post in such a vast establishment.

Manchester, May 6, 1827. My journey was uneventful and through the rain. I reached Mr. Bentley's soon after noon, and we were both glad to meet.

May 7. The rooms of the Natural History Society were offered to me, to show my work, but hearing accidentally that the Royal Institution of Manchester was holding an exhibition at the Messrs. Jackson's and thinking that place better suited to me, I saw these gentlemen and was soon installed there. I have had five subscribers. I searched for lodgings everywhere, but in vain, and was debating what to do, when Dr. Harlan's friend, Mr. E. W. Sergeant, met me, and insisted on my spending my time under his roof. He would take no refusal, so I accepted. How much kindness do I meet with everywhere. I have had much running about and calling on different people, and at ten o'clock this evening was still at Mr. Bentley's, not knowing where Mr. Sergeant resided. Mr. Surr was so kind as to come with me in search of the gentleman; we found him at home and he gave me his groom to go for my portmanteau. Of course I returned to Mr. Bentley's again, and he returned with me to see me safely lodged. Mr. Sergeant insisted on his coming in; we had coffee, and sat some time conversing; it is now past two of the morning.

May 8. I saw Mr. Gregg and the fair Helen of Quarry Bank this morning; they met me with great friendship. I have saved myself much trouble here by exhibiting no drawings, only the numbers of my work now ready. Mr. Sergeant has purchased my drawing of the Doves for twenty pounds.

May 13, Sunday. My time has been so completely occupied during each day procuring subscribers, and all my evenings at the house of one or another of my friends and acquaintances that my hours have been late, and I have bidden thee good-night without writing it down.¹ Manchester has most certainly retrieved its character, for

¹ Nearly every entry in all the journals begins and ends with a morning greeting, and an affectionate good-night. These have been omitted with occasional exceptions.

I have had eighteen subscribers in *one week*, which is more than anywhere else.

Liverpool, Monday, May 14. I breakfasted with my good friend Bentley, and left in his care my box containing 250 drawings, to be forwarded by the "caravan," — the name given to covered coaches. I cannot tell how extremely kind Mr. Sergeant has been to me during all my stay. He exerted himself to procure subscribers as if the work had been his own, and made my time at his house as pleasant as I could desire. I was seated on top of the coach at ten o'clock, and at three was put down safely at Dale St. I went immediately to the Institution, where I found Mr. Munro. I did not like to go to Green Bank abruptly, therefore shall spend the night where I am, but sent word to the Rathbones I was here. I have called on Dr. Chorley and family, and Dr. Traill; found all well and as kind as ever. At six Mr. Wm. Rathbone came, and gave me good tidings of the whole family; I wait impatiently for the morrow, to see friends all so dear.

May 19, Saturday night. I leave this to-morrow morning for London, a little anxious to go there, as I have oftentimes desired to be in sight of St. Paul's Church. I have not been able to write because I felt great pleasure in letting my good friends the Rathbones know what I had done since I was here last; so the book has been in the fair hands of my friend Hannah. "Lady" Rathbone and Miss Hannah are not at Green Bank, but at Woodcroft, and there we met. While I waited in the library how different were my thoughts from those I felt on my first entry into Liverpool. As I thought, I watched the well-shaped Wagtails peaceably searching for food within a few paces of me. The door opened, and I met my good, kind friends, the same as ever, full of friendship, benevolence, and candor. I spent most of the morning with them, and left my book, as I said, with them. *Thy* book, I should have written, for it is solely for thee. I was driven

into Liverpool by Mr. Rd. Rathbone, with his mother and Miss Hannah, and met Mr. Chorley by appointment, that we might make the respectful visits I owed. First to Edward Roscoe's, but saw only his charming wife; then to William Roscoe's. The venerable man had just returned from a walk, and in an instant our hands were locked. He asked me many questions about my publication, praised the engraving and the coloring. He has much changed. Time's violent influence has rendered his cheeks less rosy, his eye-brows more bushy, forced his fine eyes more deeply in their sockets, made his frame more bent, his walk weaker; but his voice had all its purity, his language all its brilliancy. I then went to the Botanic Gardens, where all was rich and beautiful; the season allows it. Then to Alexander Gordon's and Mr. Hodgson. Both out, and no card in my pocket. *Just like me.* I found the intelligent Swiss¹ in his office, and his "Ah, Audubon! Comment va?" was all-sufficient. I left him to go to Mr. Rathbone's, where I have spent every night except the last. As usual I escaped every morning at four for my walk and to write letters. I have not done much work since here, but I have enjoyed that which I have long desired, the society of my dear friends the Rathbones. Whilst writing this, I have often wished I could take in the whole at one glance, as I do a picture; this need has frequently made me think that writing a good book must be much more difficult than to paint a good picture. To my great joy, Mr. Bentley is going with me to London. With a heavy heart I said adieu to these dear Rathbones, and will proceed to London lower in spirits than I was in Edinburgh the first three days.

Shrewsbury, May 20. After all sorts of difficulties with the coach, which left one hour and a half late, we reached Chester at eleven, and were detained an hour. I therefore took a walk under the piazzas that go all through the

¹ Mr. Melly.

town. Where a street has to be crossed we went down some steps, crossed the street and re-ascended a few steps again. Overhead are placed the second stories of every house; the whole was very new and singular to me. These avenues are clean, but rather low; my hat touched the top once or twice, and I want an inch and a half of six feet, English measure. At last we proceeded; passed the village of Wrexham, and shortly after through another village, much smaller, but the sweetest, neatest, and pleasantest spot I have seen in all my travels in this country. It was composed of small, detached cottages of simple appearance, divided by gardens sufficiently large for each house, supplied with many kinds of vegetables and fruit trees, luxuriant with bloom, while round the doors and windows, and clambering over the roofs, were creeping plants and vines covered with flowers of different hues. At one spot were small beds of variegated tulips, the sweet-scented lilies at another, the hedges looked snowy white, and everywhere, in gentle curves, abundance of honeysuckle. This village was on a gentle declivity from which, far over the Mersey, rising grounds were seen, and the ascending smoke of Liverpool also. I could not learn the name of this little terrestrial paradise, and must wait for a map to tell me. We dined in a hurry at Eastham, and after passing through a narrow slip in Wales, and seeing what I would thus far call the most improved and handsomest part of England, we are now at Shrewsbury for five hours. Mr. Bentley and I had some bread and butter and pushed out to see the town, and soon found ourselves on the bank of the Severn, a pretty little stream about sixty yards wide. Many men and boys were doing what they called fishing, but I only saw two sprats in one of the boys' hats during the whole walk. Some one told us that up the river we should find a place called the "Quarry" with beautiful trees, and there we proceeded. About a dozen men, too awkward to be sailors, were rowing a long, narrow, pleas-

ure boat, while one in the bow gave us fine music with the bugle. We soon reached the Quarry, and found ourselves under tall, luxuriant, handsome trees forming broad avenues, following the course of the river, extremely agreeable. Indeed, being a woodsman, I think this the finest sight I have seen in England. How the Severn winds round the town, in the form of a horse-shoe! About the centre of this horse-shoe, another avenue, still more beautiful, is planted, going gently up the hill towards the town. I enjoyed this walk more than I can tell thee, and when I thought of the disappointment I had felt at five hours delay at Shrewsbury, and the pleasure I now felt, I repeated for the more than one thousand and first time, "Certainly all is for the best in this world, except our own sins."

LONDON, *May 21, 1827.* I should begin this page perhaps with a great exclamation mark, and express much pleasure, but I have not the wish to do either; to me London is just like the mouth of an immense monster, guarded by millions of sharp-edged teeth, from which if I escape unhurt it must be called a miracle. I have many times longed to see London, and now I am here I feel a desire beyond words to be in my beloved woods. The latter part of the journey I spent closely wrapped in both coat and cloak, for we left Shrewsbury at ten, and the night was chilly; my companions were Mr. Bentley and two Italians, one of whom continually sang, and very well, while the other wished for daylight. In this way we continued till two of the morning, and it was then cold. From twelve until four I was so sleepy I could scarcely hold up my head, and I suffered much for the want of my regular allowance of sleep which I take between these hours; it is not much, yet I greatly missed it. We breakfasted at Birmingham at five, where the worst stuff bearing the name of coffee that I ever tasted was brought to us. I say *tasted*, for I could do no more. The country constantly improved in beauty; on we drove through Strat-

ford-on-Avon, Woodstock, and Oxford. A cleaner and more interesting city I never saw; three thousand students are here at present. It was ten o'clock when we entered the turnpike gate that is designated as the line of demarcation of London, but for many miles I thought the road forming a town of itself. We followed Oxford Street its whole length, and then turning about a few times came to the Bull and Mouth tavern where we stay the night.

May 23. Although two full days have been spent in London, not a word have I written; my heart would not bear me up sufficiently. Monday was positively a day of gloom to me. After breakfast Mr. Bentley took a walk with me through the *City*, he leading, and I following as if an ox to the slaughter. Finally we looked for and found lodgings, at 55 Great Russell Street, to which we at once removed, and again I issued forth, noting nothing but the great dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. I delivered several letters and was well received by all at home. With Mr. Children¹ I went in the evening to the Linnaean Society and exhibited my first number. All those present pronounced my work *unrivalled*, and warmly wished me success.

Sunday, May 28. Ever since my last date I have been delivering letters, and attending the meetings of different societies. One evening was spent at the Royal Society, where, as in all Royal Societies, I heard a dull, heavy lecture. Yesterday my first call was on Sir Thos. Lawrence; it was half-past eight, as I was assured later would not do. I gave my name, and in a moment the servant returned and led me to him. I was a little surprised to see him dressed as for the whole day. He rose and shook hands with me the moment I pronounced my good friend Sully's name. While he read deliberately the two letters I had brought, I examined his face; it did not exhibit the

¹ John George Children, 1777-1852, English physicist and naturalist, at this time secretary of the Royal Society.

look of genius that one is always expecting to meet with in a man of his superior talents; he looked pale and pensive. He wished much to see my drawings, and appointed Thursday at eight of the morning, when, knowing the value of his time, I retired. Several persons came to see me or my drawings, among others Mr. Gallatin, the American minister. I went to Covent Garden Theatre with Mr. Bentley in the evening, as he had an admittance ticket. The theatre opens at six, and orders are not good after seven. I saw Madame Vestris; she sings middling well, but not so well in my opinion as Miss Neville in Edinburgh. The four brothers Hermann I admired very much; their voices sounded like four flutes.

May 29. I have been about indeed like a post-boy, taking letters everywhere. In the evening I went to the Athenæum at the corner of Waterloo Place, expecting to meet Sir Thomas Lawrence and other gentlemen; but I was assured that about eleven or half-past was the fashionable time for these gentlemen to assemble; so I returned to my rooms, being worn out; for I must have walked forty miles on these hard pavements, from Idol Lane to Grosvenor Square, and across in many different directions, all equally far apart.

Tuesday, May 30. At twelve o'clock I proceeded with some of my drawings to see Mr. Gallatin, our *Envoy extraordinaire*. He has the ease and charm of manner of a perfect gentleman, and addressed me in French. Seated by his side we soon travelled (in conversation) to America; he detests the English, and spoke in no measured terms of London as the most disagreeable place in Europe. While we were talking Mrs. and Miss Gallatin came in, and the topic was changed, and my drawings were exhibited. The ladies knew every plant, and Mr. Gallatin nearly every bird. I found at home that new suit of clothes that my friend Basil Hall insisted upon my procuring. I looked this remarkable black dress well over, put it on, and thus

attired like a mournful Raven, went to dine at Mr. Children's. On my return I found a note from Lord Stanley, asking me to put his name down as a subscriber; this pleased me exceedingly, as I consider Lord Stanley a man eminently versed in *true* and *real* ornithological pursuits. Of course my spirits are better; how little does alter a man. A trifle raises him, a little later another casts him down. Mr. Bentley has come in and tells me three poor fellows were hanged at Newgate this morning for stealing sheep. My God! how awful are the laws of this land, to take a human life for the theft of a miserable sheep.

June 1. As I was walking, not caring whither, I suddenly met a face well known to me; I stopped and warmly greeted young Kidd of Edinburgh. His surprise was as great as mine, for he did not know where I had been since I left Edinburgh. Together we visited the exhibition at the British gallery. Ah! what good work is here, but most of the painters of these beautiful pictures are no longer on this earth, and who is there to keep up their standing? I was invited to dine with Sir Robert Inglis,¹ and took a seat in the Clapham coach to reach his place. The Epsom races are in full activity about sixteen miles distant, and innumerable coaches, men on horseback, barouches, foot passengers, filled the road, all classes from the *beau monde* to the beggar intent on seeing men run the chance of breaking their necks on horses going like the wind, as well as losing or gaining pence, shillings, or guineas by the thousand. Clapham is distant from London five miles, and Sir Robert invited me to see the grounds while he dressed, as he came in almost as I did. How different from noisy London! I opened a door and found myself on a circular lawn so beautifully ornamented that I was tempted to exclaim, "How beautiful are Thy works, O God!" I walked through avenues of foreign trees and shrubs, amongst which were tulip-trees, larches,

¹ Robert Inglis, 1786-1855, of the East India Company.

and cypresses from America. Many birds were here, some searching for food, while others gave vent to their happy feelings in harmonious concerts. The house itself was covered with vines, the front a mass of blooming roses exuberant with perfume. What a delightful feast I had in this peaceful spot! At dinner there were several other guests, among them the widow of Sir Thomas Stanford Raffles, governor of Java, a most superior woman, and her conversation with Dr. Horsfield was deeply interesting. The doctor is a great zoölogist, and has published a fine work on the birds of Java. It was a true *family* dinner, and therefore I enjoyed it; Sir Robert is at the head of the business of the Carnatic association of India.

Friday, June 2. At half-past seven I reached Sir Thomas Lawrence, and found him writing letters. He received me kindly, and at once examined some of my drawings, repeating frequently, "Very clever, indeed!" From such a man these words mean much. During breakfast, which was simple enough and *sans cérémonie*, he asked me many questions about America and about my work. After leaving him I met Mr. Vigers¹ by appointment, who said everything possible to encourage me, and told me I would be elected as a foreign member to the Athenæum. Young Kidd called to see me, and I asked him to come and paint in my room; his youth, simplicity, and cleverness have attached me to him very much.

June 18. Is it not strange I should suffer whole weeks to pass without writing down what happens to me? But I have felt too dull, and too harassed. On Thursday morning I received a long letter from Mr. Lizars, informing me that his colorers had struck work, and everything was at a stand-still; he requested me to try to find some persons here who would engage in that portion of the business, and he would do his best to bring all right again. This

¹Nicholas Aylward Vigers, 1787-1840, naturalist, First Secretary of the Zoölogical Society of London.

was quite a shock to my nerves; but I had an appointment at Lord Spencer's and another with Mr. Ponton; my thoughts cooled, I concluded to keep my appointments. On my return I found a note from Mr. Vigors telling me Charles Bonaparte was in town. I walked as quickly as possible to his lodgings, but he was absent. I wrote him a note and came back to my lodgings, and very shortly was told that the Prince of Musignano was below, and in a moment I held him by the hand. We were pleased to meet each other on this distant shore. His fine head was not altered, his mustachios, his bearded chin, his keen eye, all was the same. He wished to see my drawings, and I, for the first time since I had been in London, had pleasure in showing them. Charles at once subscribed, and I felt really proud of this. Other gentlemen came in, but the moment the whole were gone my thoughts returned to the colorers, and my steps carried me in search of some; and this for three days I have been doing. I have been about the suburbs and dirtier parts of London, and more misery and poverty cannot exist without absolute starvation. By chance I entered a print shop, and the owner gave me the name of a man to whom I went, and who has engaged to color more cheaply than it is done in Edinburgh, and young Kidd has taken a letter from me to Mr. Lizarst telling him to send me twenty-five copies.

June 19. I paid a visit to Sir Thomas Lawrence this morning and after waiting a short time in his gallery he came to me and invited me into his painting-room. I had a fair opportunity of looking at some of his unfinished work. The piece before me represented a fat man sitting in an arm-chair, not only correctly outlined but beautifully sketched in black chalk, somewhat in the style of Raphael's cartoons. I cannot well conceive the advantage of all that trouble, as Sir Thomas paints in opaque color, and not as I do on asphaltum grounds, as I believe the old masters did, showing a glaze under the colors, instead of over, which I

am convinced can be but of short duration. His colors were ground, and his enormous palette of white wood well set; a large table was literally covered with all sorts of brushes, and the room filled with unfinished pictures, some of which appeared of very old standing. I now had the pleasure of seeing this great artist at work, which I had long desired to do. I went five times to see Mr. Havell the colorer, but he was out of town. I am full of anxiety and greatly depressed. Oh! how sick I am of London.

June 21. I received a letter from Mr. Lizars that was far from allaying my troubles. I was so struck with the tenure of it that I cannot help thinking now that he does not wish to continue my work. I have painted a great deal to-day and called on Charles Bonaparte.

June 22. I was particularly invited to dine at the Royal Society Club with Charles Bonaparte, but great dinners always so frighten me that I gave over the thought and dined peaceably at home. This evening Charles B. called with some gentlemen, among whom were Messrs. Vigors, Children, Featherstonehaugh, and Lord Clifton. My portfolios were opened before this set of learned men, and they saw many birds they had not dreamed of. Charles offered to name them for me, and I felt happy that he should; and with a pencil he actually christened upwards of fifty, urging me to publish them at once in manuscript at the Zoölogical Society. These gentlemen dropped off one by one, leaving only Charles and Mr. Vigors. Oh that *our* knowledge could be arranged into a solid mass. I am sure the best ornithological publication of the birds of my beloved country might then be published. I cannot tell you how surprised I was when at Charles's lodgings to hear his man-servant call him "your Royal Highness." I thought this ridiculous in the extreme, and I cannot conceive how good Charles can bear it; though probably he *does* bear it because he *is*

good Charles. I have no painting to do to-morrow morning, or going to bed at two would not do. I was up at three this morning, and finished the third picture since in London.

June 28. I have no longer the wish to write my days. I am quite wearied of everything in London; my work does not proceed, and I am dispirited.

July 2. I am yet so completely out of spirits that in vain have I several times opened my book, held the pen, and tried to write. I am too dull, too mournful. I have finished another picture of Rabbits; that is all my consolation. I wish I was out of London.

Lucds, September 30, 1827. I arrived here this day, just five months since my first visit to the place, but it is three long months since I tarnished one of thy cheeks, my dear book. I am quite ashamed of it, for I have had several incidents well deserving to be related even in my poor humble style, — a style much resembling my *paintings in oil*. Now, nevertheless, I will in as quick a manner as possible recapitulate the principal facts.

First. I removed the publication of my work from Edinburgh to London, from the hands of Mr. Lizars into those of Robert Havell, No. 79 Newman St., because the difficulty of finding colorers made it come too slowly, and also because I have it done better and cheaper in London. I have painted much and visited little; I hate as much as ever large companies. I have removed to Great Russell St., number 95, to a Mrs. W——'s, an intelligent widow, with eleven children, and but little cash.

Second. The King!! My dear Book! it was presented to him by Sir Walter Waller, Bart., K. C. H., at the request of my most excellent friend J. P. Children, of the British Museum. His Majesty was pleased to call it fine, permitted me to publish it under his particular patronage, approbation, and protection, became a subscriber on the usual terms, not as kings generally do, but as a gentleman,

and my friends all spoke as if a mountain of sovereigns had dropped in an ample purse at once, and for me. The Duchess of Clarence also subscribed. I attended to my business closely, but my agents neither attended to it nor to my orders to them; and at last, nearly at bay for means to carry on so heavy a business, I decided to make a sortie for the purpose of collecting my dues, and to augment my subscribers, and for that reason left London this day fortnight past for Manchester, where I was received by my friends *à bras ouverts*. I lived and lodged at friend Sergeant's, collected all my money, had an accession of nine subscribers, found a box of beautiful bird-skins sent Bentley by my dear boy Johnny,¹ left in good spirits, and here I am at Leeds. On my journey hither in the coach a young sportsman going from London to York was my companion; he was about to join a shooting expedition, and had two dogs with him in a basket on top of the coach. We spoke of game, fish, and such topics, and presently he said a work on ornithology was being published in London by an American (he told me later he took me for a Frenchman) named Audubon, and spoke of my industry and regretted he had not seen them, as his sisters had, and spoke in raptures of them, etc. I could not of course permit this, so told him my name, when he at once shook hands, and our conversation continued even more easily than before. I am in the same lodgings as formerly. My landlady was talking with a meagre-looking child, who told a sad story of want, which my good landlady confirmed. I never saw greater pleasure than sparkled in that child's face as I gave her a few pieces of silver for her mother. I never thought it necessary to be rich to help those poorer than ourselves; I have considered it a duty to God, and to grow poorer in so doing is a blessing to me. I told the good landlady to send for one of the child's brothers, who was out of work, to do my

¹ Then a boy not fifteen, who was at Bayou Sara with his mother.

errands for me. I took a walk and listened with pleasure to the song of the little Robin.

October 1. I called at the Philosophical Hall and at the Public Library, but I am again told that Leeds, though wealthy, has no taste; nevertheless I hope to establish an agency here.

October 3. I visited the museum of a Mr. Calvert, a man who, like myself, by dint of industry and perseverance is now the possessor of the finest collection I have seen in England, with the exception of the one at Manchester. I received a letter from Mr. Havell only one day old; wonderful activity this in the post-office department. I have been reading good Bewick's book on quadrupeds. I have had no success in Leeds, and to-morrow go to York.

York, October 5. Mr. Barclay, my agent here, I soon found had done almost nothing, had not indeed delivered all the numbers. I urged him to do better, and went to the Society Hall, where I discovered that the number which had been forwarded from Edinburgh after I had left there was miserably poor, scarcely colored at all. I felt quite ashamed of it, although Mr. Wright thought it good; but I sent it at once to Havell for proper treatment. Being then too late to pay calls, I borrowed a volume of Gil Blas, and have been reading.

October 6. No luck to-day, my Lucy. I am, one would think, generally either before or after the proper time. I am told that last week, when the Duke of Wellington was here, would have been the better moment. I shall have the same song given me at Newcastle, I dare foretell. I have again been reading Gil Blas; how replete I always find it of good lessons.

October 8. I walked this morning with Mr. Barclay to the house of Mr. F——, a mile out of town, to ascertain if he had received the first number. His house was expressly built for Queen Elizabeth, who, I was told, had never been

in it after all. It resembles an old church, the whole front being of long, narrow windows. The inside is composed of large rooms, highly decorated with ancient pictures of the F—— family. The gardens are also of ancient appearance; there were many box-trees cut in the shape of hats, men, birds, etc. I was assured the number had not been received, so I suppose it never was sent. On our return Mr. Barclay showed me an asylum built by Quakers for the benefit of lunatics, and so contrived with gardens, pleasure-grounds, and such other modes of recreation, that in consequence of these pleasant means of occupying themselves many had recovered.

October 9. How often I thought during these visits of poor Alexander Wilson. When travelling as I am now, to procure subscribers, he as well as myself was received with rude coldness, and sometimes with that arrogance which belongs to *parvenus*.

October 11. It has been pouring down rain during all last night and this day, and looks as if it would not cease for some time; it is, however, not such distressing falls of water as we have in Louisiana; it carries not every object off with the storm; the banks of the rivers do not fall in with a crash, with hundreds of acres of forest along with them; no houses are seen floating on the streams with cattle, game, and the productions of the husbandman. No, it rains as if Nature was in a state of despondency, and I am myself very dull; I have been reading Stanley's Tales.

October 12. This morning I walked along the Ouse; the water had risen several feet and was quite muddy. I had the pleasure of seeing a little green Kingfisher perched close to me for a few minutes; but the instant his quick eye espied me, he dashed off with a shrill squeak, almost touching the water. I must say I longed for a gun to have stopped him, as I never saw one fresh killed. I saw several men fishing with a large scoop-net, fixed to a long pole. The fisherman laid the net gently on the water, and

with a good degree of force he sank it, meantime drawing it along the bottom and grassy banks towards him. The fish, intent on feeding, attempted to escape, and threw themselves into the net and were hauled ashore. This was the first successful way of fishing I have seen in England. Some pikes of eight or ten pounds were taken, and I saw some eels. I have set my heart on having two hundred subscribers on my list by the first of May next; should I succeed I shall feel well satisfied, and able to have thee and our sons all together. Thou seest that castles are still building on hopeful foundations only; but he who does not try anything cannot obtain his ends.

October 15, Newcastle. Yesterday I took the coach and found myself here after an uneventful journey, the route being now known to me, and came to my former lodgings, where I was followed almost immediately by the Marquis of Londonderry, who subscribed at once. Then I called upon friend Adamson, who before I could speak invited me to dinner every day that I was disengaged. He advised me to have a notice in the papers of my being here for a few days, so I went to the *Tyne Mercury*; saw Mr. Donkin, who invited me to breakfast with him to-morrow at half-past seven, *quite my hour*.

October 17. During the day Mr. Wingate, an excellent practical ornithologist, came to see me, and we had much conversation which interested me greatly. Also came the mayor, who invited me to dine with him publicly to-morrow. I have writen to Mr. Selby to ask if he will be at Alnwick Castle on Friday, as if so I will meet him there, and try to find some subscribers. Several persons have asked me how I came to part with Mr. Lizars, and I have felt glad to be able to say that it was at his desire, and that we continue esteemed friends. I have been pleased to find since I left London that all my friends cry against my painting in oil; it proves to me the real taste of good William Rathbone; and *now I do declare to thee* that I will

not spoil any more canvas, but will draw in my usual old, untaught way, which is what God meant me to do.

October 18. This morning I paid a visit to old Mr. Bewick. I found the good gentleman as usual at work, but he looked much better, as the cotton cap had been discarded for a fur one. He was in good spirits, and we met like old friends. I could not spend as much time with him as I wished, but saw sufficient of him and his family to assure me they were well and happy. I met Mr. Adamson, who went with me to dine at the Mansion House. We were received in a large room, furnished in the ancient style, panelled with oak all round, and very sombre. The company all arrived, we marched in couples to dinner and I was seated in the centre, the mayor at one end, the high sheriff at the other; we were seventy-two in number. As my bad luck would have it, I was toasted by John Clayton, Esq.; he made a speech, and I, poor fellow, was obliged to return the compliment, which I did, as usual, most awkwardly and covered with perspiration. Miserable stupidity that never will leave me! I had thousands of questions to answer about the poor aborigines. It was dark when I left, and at my room was a kind letter from Mr. Selby, inviting me to meet him at Alnwick to-morrow.

Twizel House, October 19. I arrived at Alnwick about eleven this morning, found the little village quite in a bustle, and Mr. Selby at the court. How glad I was to see him again I cannot say, but I well know I feel the pleasure yet, though twelve hours have elapsed. Again I dined with the gentlemen of the Bar, fourteen in number. A great ball takes place at Alnwick Castle this night, but Mr. Selby took me in his carriage and has brought me to his family, — a thousand times more agreeable to me than the motley crowd at the Castle. I met again Captain Mitford, most cordial to me always. To my regret many of my subscribers have not yet received the third number,

not even Mr. Selby. I cannot understand this apparent neglect on the part of Mr. Lizars.

Sunday, October 21. Although it has been raining and blowing without mercy these two days, I have spent my time most agreeably. The sweet children showed their first attachment to me and scarce left me a moment during their pleasure hours, which were too short for us all. Mrs. Selby, who was away with her sick brother, returned yesterday. Confined to the house, reading, music, and painting were our means of enjoyment. Both this morning and this evening Mr. Selby read prayers and a chapter in the Bible to the whole household, the storm being so severe.

Edinburgh, October 22. I am again in the beautiful Edinburgh; I reached it this afternoon, cold, uncomfortable and in low spirits. Early as it was when I left this morning, Mrs. Selby and her lovely daughter came down to bid me good-bye, and whenever I leave those who show me such pure kindness, and especially such friends as these dear Selbys, it is an absolute pain to me. I think that as I grow older my attachment augments for those who are kind to me; perhaps not a day passes without I visit in thought those mansions where I have been so hospitably received, the inmates of which I recall with every sense of gratitude; the family Rathbone *always first*, the Selbys next, in London Mr. Children, in Manchester the Greggs and Bentleys and my good friend Sergeant, at Leeds Mr. Atkinson, at Newcastle dear old Bewick, Mr. Adamson, and the Rev. William Turner, and here Mr. Lizars and too many to enumerate; but I must go back to Liverpool to name John Chorley, to whom I feel warmly attached. It rained during my whole journey here, and I saw the German Ocean agitated, foaming and dark in the distance, scarce able to discern the line of the horizon. I send my expense account to you, to give Victor an idea of what the cost of travelling will be when he takes charge

of my business here, whilst I am procuring fresh specimens. I intend next year *positively* to keep a cash account with myself and others, — a thing I have never yet done.

October 23. I visited Mr. Lizars first, and found him as usual at work; he received me well, and asked me to dine with him. I was sorry to learn that Lady Ellen Hall and W. H. Williams had withdrawn their subscriptions, therefore I must exert myself the more.

October 27. Anxious to appoint an agent at Edinburgh, I sent for Mr. Daniel Lizars the bookseller, and made him an offer which he has accepted; I urged him not to lose a moment in forwarding the numbers which have been lying too long at his brother's; many small matters have had to be arranged, but now I believe all is settled. W. H. Lizars saw the plates of No. 3, and admired them much; called his workmen, and observed to them that the London artists beat them completely. He brought his account, and I paid him in full. I think he regrets now that he decided to give my work up; for I was glad to hear him say that should I think well to intrust him with a portion of it, it should be done as well as Havell's, and the plates delivered in London at the same price. If he can fall twenty-seven pounds in the engraving of each number, and do them in superior style to his previous work, how enormous must his profits have been; good lesson this for me in the time to come, though I must remember Havell is more reasonable owing to what has passed between us in our business arrangements, and the fact that he owes so much to me.¹ I have made many calls, and been kindly welcomed at every house. The "Courant" and the "Scotchman" have honored me with fine encomiums on my work.

¹ When found by Audubon the Havells were in extreme poverty. He provided everything for them, and his publication made them comparatively wealthy.

The weather has been intolerable, raining and blowing constantly.

October 31. Mr. W. H. Lizars has dampened my spirits a good deal by assuring me that I would not find Scotland so ready at paying for my work as England, and positively advised me not to seek for more subscribers either here or at Glasgow. It is true, six of my first subscribers have abandoned the work without even giving me a reason; so my mind has wavered. If I go to Glasgow and can only obtain names that in the course of a few months will be withdrawn, I am only increasing expenses and losing time, and of neither time nor money have I too great a portion; but when I know that Glasgow is a place of wealth, and has many persons of culture, I decide to go.

November 2. I called on Professor Wilson this morning who welcomed me heartily, and offered to write something about my work in the journal called "Blackwood"; he made me many questions, and asked me to breakfast to-morrow, and promised me some letters for Glasgow.

November 3. My breakfast with the Professor was very agreeable. His fine daughter headed the table, and two sons were with us. The more I look at Wilson, the more I admire his originalities, — a man not equal to Walter Scott, it is true, but in many ways nearly approaching him; as free from the detestable stiffness of ceremonies as I am when I can help myself, no cravat, no waistcoat, but a fine *frill* of his own profuse beard, his hair flowing uncontrolled, and in his speech dashing at once at the object in view, without circumlocution; with a countenance beaming with intellect, and eyes that would do justice to the *Bird of Washington*. He gives me comfort, by being comfortable himself. With such a man I can talk for a whole day, and could listen for years.

Glasgow, November 4. At eleven I entered the coach for my ride of forty-two miles; three inside passengers besides myself made the entire journey without having uttered

a single word; we all sat like so many owls of different species, as if afraid of one another, and on the *qui vive*, all as dull as the barren country I travelled this day. A few glimpses of dwarflike yellow pines here and there seemed to wish to break the dreariness of this portion of Scotland, but the attempt was in vain, and I sat watching the crows that flew under the dark sky foretelling winter's approach. I arrived here too late to see any portion of the town, for when the coach stopped at the Black Bull all was so dark that I could only see it was a fine, broad, long street.

November 8. I am off to-morrow morning, and perhaps forever will say farewell to Glasgow. I have been here *four* days and have obtained *one* subscriber. One subscriber in a city of 150,000 souls, rich, handsome, and with much learning. Think of 1400 pupils in one college! Glasgow is a fine city; the Clyde here is a small stream crossed by three bridges. The shipping consists of about a hundred brigs and schooners, but I counted eighteen steam vessels, black, ugly things as ever were built. One sees few carriages, but *thousands* of carts.

Edinburgh, November 9. In my old lodgings, after a journey back from the "City of the West" which was agreeable enough, all the passengers being men of intellect and social natures.

November 10. I left this house this morning an hour and a half before day, and pushed off for the sea-shore, or, as it is called, The Firth. It was calm and rather cold, but I enjoyed it, and reached Professor Jameson's a few minutes before breakfast. I was introduced to the "Lord of Ireland," an extremely intelligent person and an enthusiast in zoölogical researches; he had been a great traveller, and his conversation was highly interesting. In the afternoon I went to the summit of Arthur's Seat; the day was then beautiful and the extensive view cheered my spirits.

November 13. I arrived at Twizel Hall at half-past four in good time for dinner, having travelled nearly eighty miles quite alone in the coach, not the Mail but the Union. Sir William Jardine met me on my arrival. I assure thee it was a pleasure to spend two days here, — shooting while it was fair, and painting when rainy. In one of our walks I shot five Pheasants, one Hare, one Rabbit, and one Partridge; gladly would I remain here longer, but my work demands me elsewhere.

York, November 18. I have been here five hours. The day was so-so, and my companions in the coach of the dormouse order; eighty-two miles and no conversation is to me dreadful. Moreover our coachman, having in sight a coach called the "High-Flyer," felt impelled to keep up with that vehicle, and so lashed the horses that we kept close to it all the while. Each time we changed our animals I saw them quite exhausted, panting for breath, and covered with sweat and the traces of the blows they had received; I assure thee my heart ached. How such conduct agrees with the ideas of humanity I constantly hear discussed, I leave thee to judge.

Liverpool, November 22. I left Manchester at four this morning; it was very dark, and bitterly cold, but my travelling companions were pleasant, so the time passed quite quickly. At a small village about half-way here, three felons and a man to guard them mounted the coach, bound to Botany Bay. These poor wretches were chained to each other by the legs, had scarcely a rag on, and those they wore so dirty that no one could have helped feeling deep pity for them, case-hardened in vice as they seemed to be. They had some money, for they drank ale and brandy wherever we stopped. Though cold, the sun rose in full splendor, but the fickleness of the weather in this country is wonderful; before reaching here it snowed, rained, and cleared up again. On arriving I went at once to the Royal Institution, and on my way met William

Rathbone. I recognized him as far as I could see him, but could easily have passed him unnoticed, as, shivering with cold, I was wrapped up in my large cloak. Glad was I to hold him once more by the hand, and to learn that all my friends were well. I have seen Dr. Traill, John Chorley, and many others who were kind to me when I was here before. All welcomed me warmly.

November 22. This day after my arrival I rose before day and walked to Green Bank. When half my walk was over the sun rose, and my pleasure increased every moment that brought me nearer to my generous, kind "Lady" Rathbone and her sweet daughter, Miss Hannah. When I reached the house all was yet silent within, and I rambled over the frozen grass, watching the birds that are always about the place, enjoying full peace and security. The same Black Thrush (probably) that I have often heard before was perched on a fir-tree announcing the beauty of this winter morning in his melodious voice; the little Robins flitted about, making towards those windows that they knew would soon be opened to them. How I admired every portion of the work of God. I entered the hot-house and breathed the fragrance of each flower, yet sighed at the sight of some that I recognized as offsprings of my own beloved country. Henry Chorley, who had been spending the night at Green Bank, now espied me from his window, so I went in and soon was greeted by that best of friends, "Lady" Rathbone. After breakfast Miss Hannah opened the window and her favorite little Robin hopped about the carpet, quite at home. I returned to Liverpool with Mr. B.¹ Rathbone, who, much against my wishes, for I can do better work now, bought my picture of the Hawk pouncing on the Partridges.

November 26. Visited Dr. Traill, to consult with him on the best method of procuring subscribers, and we have decided that I am to call on Mr. W. W. Currie, the pres-

¹ Benson Rathbone.

ident of the Athenæum, to obtain his leave to show my work in the Reading Room, and for me to have notes of invitation printed and sent to each member, for them to come and inspect the work as far as it goes. I called on Mr. Currie and obtained his permission at once, so the matter is *en train*.

November 30. I have spent the day at Woodcroft with Richard Rathbone. Mrs. Rathbone wishes me to teach her how to paint in oils. Now is it not too bad that I cannot do so, for want of talent? My birds in *water-colors* have plumage and soft colors, but in oils — alas! I walked into town with Richard Rathbone, who rode his horse. I kept by his side all the way, the horse walking. I do not rely as much on my activity as I did twenty years ago, but I still think I could kill any horse in England in twenty days, taking the travel over rough and level grounds. This might be looked upon as a boast by many, but, I am quite satisfied, not by those who have seen me travel at the rate of five miles an hour all day. Once indeed I recollect going from Louisville to Shippingport¹ in fourteen minutes, with as much ease as if I had been on skates.

December 3. This morning I made sketches of all the parts of the Platypus² for William Gregg, who is to deliver a lecture on this curious animal. To-day and yesterday have been rainy, dismal indeed; very dismal is an English December. I am working very hard, writing constantly. The greater part of this day was spent at the Athenæum; many visitors, but no subscribers.

December 4. Again at the library and had one subscriber. A letter from Charles Bonaparte tells me he has decided not to reside in America, but in Florence; this I much regret. I have been reading the "Travels of the

¹ The distance between these places is about two miles.

² The Duck-billed Platypus, *Ornithorynchus paradoxus* of Australia.
— E. C.

Marquis de Chastelleux" in our country, which contains very valuable and correct facts.

December 10. Mr. Atherton, a relation of friend Selby's, took breakfast with me, and then conducted me to see a very beautiful bird (alive) of the Eagle kind, from the Andes.¹ It is quite unknown to me; about the size of the Bird of Washington, much shorter in the wings, larger talons and longer claws, with erected feathers, in the form of a fan, on the head. The bill was dark blue, the crest yellow, upper part of the body dark brown; so was the whole head and neck, as well as the tail and vent, but the belly and breast were white. I soon perceived that it was a young bird; its cry resembled that of almost every Eagle, but was weaker in sound on account of its tender age, not exceeding ten months. Were I to give it a name, it would be the *Imperial Crowned Eagle*. It was fed on raw beef, and occasionally a live fowl by way of a treat to the by-standers, who, it seems, always take much pleasure in cruel acts. The moment I saw this magnificent bird I wished to own it, to send it as a present to the Zoölogical Gardens. I received a letter from Thomas Sully telling me in the most frank and generous manner that I have been severely handled in one of the Philadelphia newspapers. The editor calls all I said in my papers read before the different societies in Edinburgh "a pack of lies." Friend Sully is most heartily indignant, but with me my motto is: "*Le temps découvrir la vérité.*" It is, however, hard that a poor man like me, who has been so devotedly intent on bringing forth facts of curious force, should be brought before the world as a liar by a man who doubtless knows little of the inhabitants of the forests on the Schuylkill, much less of those elsewhere. It is both unjust and ungenerous, but I forgive him. I shall keep up a good heart, trust to my God, attend to my work with industry and care, and in time outlive these trifles.

¹ The Andean Eagle is undoubtedly the Harpy, *Thrasaëtos harpyia*.— E. C.

December 13. I went this evening to hear the Tyrolese Singers, three brothers and their sister. They were all dressed in the costume of their country, but when they sang I saw no more; I know not how to express my feelings. I was in an instant transported into some wild glen from which arose high mountain crags, which threw back the melodious echoes. The wild, clear, harmonious music so entered into my being that for a time I was not sure that what I heard was a reality. Imagine the warbling of strong-throated Thrushes, united with the bugle-horn, a flute, and a hautboy, in full unison. I could have listened all night.

December 14, 1827. By the advice of our consul, Mr. Maury, I have presented a copy of my work to the President of the United States, and another to the House of Congress through Henry Clay.

December 16, Sunday. I went to the service at my favorite church, the one at the Blind Asylum; the anthems were so exquisitely sung that I felt, as all persons ought to do when at church, full of fervent devotion.

December 18. It was with great regret that I found my friend Wm. Roscoe very unwell. This noble man has had a paralytic attack; his mind is fully sensible of the decay of his body, and he meets this painful trial with patience and almost contentment. This only can be the case with those who in their past life have been upright and virtuous. I finished drawing a little Wren for my good friend Hannah, as well as artificial light would allow.

December 20. I have done nothing to-day; I have had that sort of laziness that occasionally feeds upon my senses unawares; it is a kind of constitutional disease with me from time to time, as if to give my body necessary rest, and enable me to recommence with fresh vigor and alacrity whatever undertaking I have in hand. When it has passed, however, I always reproach myself that I have lost

a day. I went to the theatre with John Chorley to see "The Hypocrite;" it is stolen from Molière's famous "Tartuffe," — cut and sliced to suit the English market. I finished my evening by reading the Life of Tasso.

December 24. The whole town appears to be engaged in purchasing eatables for to-morrow. I saw some people carrying large nosegays of holly ornamented with flowers in imitation of white roses, carnations, and others, cut out of turnips and carrots; but I heard not a single gun fire, no fireworks going on anywhere, — a very different time to what we have in Louisiana. I spent my evening with Dr. Rutter looking at his valuable collection of prints of the men of the Revolution. Poor Charette,¹ whom I saw shot on the Place de Viarme at Nantes, was peculiarly good, as were General Moreau, Napoleon, when Consul, and many others; and Dr. Rutter knew their lives well.

December 25. At midnight I was awakened by Dr. Munroe, who came with a bottle of that smoky Scotch whiskey which I can never like, and who insisted on my taking a glass with him in honor of the day. Christmas in my country is very different indeed from what I have seen here. With us it is a general merry-making, a day of joy. Our lads have guns, and fire almost all night, and dance all day and the next night. Invitations are sent to all friends and acquaintances, and the time passes more gayly than I can describe. Here, *families* only join together, they go to church together, eat a very good dinner together, I dare say; but all is dull — silent — mournful. As to myself, I took a walk and dined with Mr. Munroe and family, and spent a quiet evening with John Chorley. This is my Christmas day for 1827.

December 28. Immediately after breakfast the box came containing the fifth number, and three full sets for my new subscribers here. The work pleased me quite.

¹ François Athanase de Charette, a leader of the Vendéans against the French Republic; executed at Nantes, on May 12, 1797.

December 29. This morning I walked to "Lady" Rathbone's with my fifth number. It is quite impossible to approach Green Bank, when the weather is at all fair, without enjoying the song of some birds; for, Lucy, that sweet place is sacred, and all the feathered tribe in perfect safety. A Redwing particularly delighted me to-day; I found something of the note of our famous Mock-bird in his melody.

January 1, 1828, Manchester. How many times since daylight reached my eyes, I have wished thee, my Lucy, our sons, and our friends, a year of comfort, of peace and enjoyment, I cannot tell, for the day is to me always one on which to pray for those we love. Now, my Lucy, when I wished thee a happy New Year this morning I emptied my snuff box, locked up the box in my trunk, and will take *no more*. The habit within a few weeks has grown upon me, so farewell to it; it is a useless and not very clean habit, besides being an expensive one. Snuff! farewell to thee. Thou knowest, Lucy, well that when I will *I will*. I came here straight to friend Sergeant's; I need not say I was welcomed; and Bentley soon came in to spend the evening with us.

London, January 5, 1828. At six last evening I was in the coach with three companions; I slept well after we stopped for supper at nine o'clock, but not long enough. I cannot sleep in the morning, and was awake four long hours before day. The moon, that had shone brightly, sunk in the west as day dawned, the frost appeared thickly strewn over the earth, and not a cloud was in sight. I saw a few flocks of Partridges on their roost, which thou knowest well is on the ground, with their heads all turned to east, from which a gentle waft of air was felt; the cattle were lying here and there; a few large flocks of Starlings were all that interested me. The dawn was clear, but before we left Northampton it rained, snowed, and blew as if the elements had gone mad; strange country, to be

sure. The three gentlemen in the coach with me suggested cards, and asked me to take a hand; of course I said yes, but only on condition that they did not play for money, a thing I have never done. They agreed very courteously, though expressing their surprise, and we played whist all day, till I was weary. I know little about cards, and never play unless obliged to by circumstances; I feel no pleasure in the game, and long for other occupation. Twenty-four hours after leaving Manchester, we stopped at the Angel Inn, Islington Road. I missed my snuff all day; whenever my hands went into my pockets in search of my box, and I discovered the strength of habit, thus acting without thought, I blessed myself that my mind was stronger than my body. I am again in London, but not dejected and low of spirits and disheartened as I was when I came in May last; no, indeed! I have now *friends* in London, and hope to keep them.

95 Great Russell St., January 6. I took a famous walk before day, up to Primrose Hill, and was back before anyone in the house was up. I have spent the whole day going over my drawings, and decided on the twenty-five that are to form the numbers for 1828. The new birds I have named as follows: Children,¹ Vigers,² Temminck, Cuvier.³ Havell came and saw the drawings; it gave him an idea of the work to be performed between now and next January.

January 8. I have ordered one set of my birds to be colored by Havell *himself*, for Congress, and the numbers already out will soon be *en route*. My frame maker came in, and the poor man took it for granted that I was an *artist*, but, dear me! what a mistake; I can draw, but I shall never paint well. The weather is extremely dull and

¹ Children's Warbler. Plate xxxv.

² Vigers' Warbler. Plate xxx.

³ Cuvier's Regulus. Plate lv. No bird was named after Temminck by Audubon.

gloomy; during the morning the light was of a deep yellow cast.

January 9. Had a long letter from John Chorley, and after some talk with my good friend J. G. Children, have decided to write nothing more except the biographies of my birds. It takes too much time to write to this one and that one, to assure them that what I have written is *fact*. When Nature as it is found in my beloved America is better understood, these things will be known generally, and when I have been dead twenty years, more or less, my statements will be accepted everywhere; till then they may wait.¹ I have a violent cough and sore throat that renders me heavy and stupid; twenty-five years ago I would not have paid it the least attention; now I am told that at my age and in this climate (which, God knows, is indeed a very bad one), I may have trouble if I do not take some remedy. I walked out at four this morning, but the air was thick and I did not enjoy it.

January 10. I am going to surprise thee. I had a dentist inspect my teeth, as they ached; he thought it was the effect of my cold, as all are quite perfect and I have never lost one. My throat continuing very sore, I remained in my rooms, and have had Havell, Robert Sully, and Mr. Children for companions.

January 14. I feel now much better, after several feverish days, but have not moved from the house; every one of my friends show me much kindness.

January 17. A long morning with Havell settling accounts; it is difficult work for a man like me to see that I am neither cheating nor cheated. All is paid for 1827, and I am well ahead in funds. Had I made such regular settle-

¹ This decision was made in consequence of various newspaper and personal attacks, which, then as now, came largely from people who knew nothing of the matter under consideration. It was a decision, however, never altered except in so far as regards the Episodes published in the "Ornithological Biography."

ments all my life, I should never have been as poor a man as I have been; but on the other hand I should never have published the "Birds of America." America! my country! Oh, to be there!

January 18. Spent the morning with Dr. Lambert and Mr. Don,¹ the famous botanist; we talked much of the plants and trees of America and of Mr. Nuttall² while opening and arranging a great parcel of dried plants from the Indies. This afternoon I took a cab and with my portfolio went to Mr. Children's. I cannot, he tells me, take my portfolio on my shoulder in London as I would in New York, or even *tenacious* Philadelphia.

January 20. Oh! how dull I feel; how long am I to be confined in this immense jail? In London, amidst all the pleasures, I feel unhappy and dull; the days are heavy, the nights worse. Shall I ever again see and enjoy the vast forests in their calm purity, the beauties of America? I wish myself anywhere but in London. *Why* do I dislike London? Is it because the constant evidence of the contrast between the rich and the poor is a torment to me, or is it because of its size and crowd? I know not, but I long for sights and sounds of a different nature. Young Green came to ask me to go with him to see Regent's Park, and we went accordingly, I rather an indifferent companion, I fear, till we reached the bridge that crosses the waters there, where I looked in vain for water-fowl. Failing to find any I raised my eyes towards the peaceful new moon, and to my astonishment saw a large flock of Wild Ducks passing over me; after a few minutes a second flock passed, which I showed my young friend. Two flocks of Wild Ducks, of upwards of twenty each! Wonderful indeed! I thought of the many I have seen when bent

¹ David Don, Scottish botanist, 1800-1840; at this time Librarian of Linnæan Society.

² Thomas Nuttall, botanist and ornithologist; born in England 1786, died at St. Helen's, England, September 10, 1859.

on studying their habits, and grew more homesick than ever.

January 21. Notwithstanding this constant darkness of mood, my business must be attended to; therefore soon after dawn I joined Havell and for many hours superintended his coloring of the plates for Congress. While I am not a colorist, and Havell is a very superior one, I *know* the birds; would to God I was among them. From here I went to find a bookseller named Wright, but I passed the place twice because I looked too high for his sign; the same occurs to young hunters, who, when first they tread the woods in search of a Deer, keep looking high, and far in the distance, and so pass many a one of these cunning animals, that, squatted in a parcel of dry brush-wood, sees his enemy quite well, and suffers him to pass without bouncing from his couch. The same instinct that leads me through woods struck me in the Haymarket, and now I found Mr. Wright. Our interview over, I made for Piccadilly, the weather as mild as summer, and the crowd innumerable. Piccadilly was filled with carriages of all sorts, men on horseback, and people everywhere; what a bustle!

January 22. I was so comfortless last night that I scarcely closed my eyes, and at last dressed and walked off in the dark to Regent's Park, led there because *there* are some objects in the shape of trees, the grass is green, and from time to time the sweet notes of a Blackbird strike my ear and revive my poor heart, as it carries my mind to the woods around thee, my Lucy. As daylight came a flock of Starlings swept over my head, and I watched their motions on the green turf where they had alighted, until I thought it time to return to breakfast, and I entered my lodgings quite ready for my usual bowl of bread and milk, which I still keep to for my morning meal; how often have I partaken of it in simple cabins, much more to my taste than all the pomp of London. Drawing all day long.

January 23. How delighted and pleased I have been this day at the receiving of thy letter of the 1st of November last. My Lucy, thou art so good to me, and thy advices are so substantial, that, rest assured, I will follow them closely.

January 24. To my delight friend Bentley appeared this evening. I was glad I could give him a room while he is in London. He brought news of some fresh subscribers, and a letter from the Rev. D—— to ask to be excused from continuing the work. Query: how many amongst my now long list of subscribers will continue the work throughout?

January 25. I usually leave the house two hours before day for a long walk; this morning it was again to Regent's Park; this gives me a long day for my work. After breakfast Bentley and I paid a long visit to Mr. Leadbeater, the great stuffer of birds. He was very cordial, and showed us many beautiful and rare specimens; but they were all *stuffed*, and I cannot bear them, no matter how well mounted they may be. I received to-day a perpetual ticket of admission to Mr. Cross's exhibition of quadrupeds, live birds, etc., which pleased me very much, for there I can look upon Nature, even if confined in iron cages. Bentley made me a present of a curiosity, — a "double penny" containing a single one, a half-penny within that, a farthing in that, and a silver penny within all. Now, my Lucy, who could have thought to make a thing like that?

January 26. Of course my early walk. After breakfast, Bentley being desirous to see Regent's Park, I accompanied him thither and we walked all round it; I think it is rather more than a mile in diameter. We saw a squadron of horse, and as I am fond of military manœuvres, and as the horses were all handsome, with full tails, well mounted and managed, it was a fine sight, and we both admired it. We then went to Mr. Cross, and I had the

honor of riding on a very fine and gentle elephant; I say "honor," because the immense animal was so well trained and so obedient as to be an example to many human beings who are neither. The Duchess of A—— came in while I was there, — a large, very fat, red-faced woman, but with a sweet voice, who departed in a coach drawn by four horses with two riders, and two footmen behind; almost as much attendance as when she was a queen on the boards of —— theatre, thirty years ago.

January 28. I received a letter from D. Lizars to-day announcing to me the loss of four subscribers; but these things do not damp my spirits half so much as the smoke of London. I am as dull as a beetle.

January 31. I have been in my room most of this day, and very dull in this dark town.

February 1, 1828. Another Journal! It has now twenty-six brothers; ¹ some are of French manufacture, some from Gilpin's "Mills on the Brandywine," some from other parts of America, but you are positively a Londoner. I bought you yesterday from a man across the street for fourteen shillings; and what I write in you is for my wife, Lucy Audubon, a matchless woman, and for my two Kentucky lads, whom I do fervently long to press to my heart again.

It has rained all day. Bentley and I paid a visit to the great anatomist, Dr. J. Brookes,² to see his collection of skeletons of divers objects. He received us with extreme kindness. I saw in his yard some few rare birds. He was called away on sudden and important business before we saw his museum, so we are to go on Monday. Mr. Cross, of the Exeter Exchange, had invited Bentley and me to dinner with his quadrupeds and bipeds, and at three o'clock we took a coach, for the rain was too heavy for Bentley, and drove to the Menagerie. Mr. Cross by no means

¹ Of all the twenty-six only three are known to be in existence; the other volumes now extant are all of later date.

² Joshua Brookes, 1761-1833, anatomist and surgeon.

deserves his name, for he is a pleasant man, and we dined with his wife and himself and the keepers of the BEASTS (name given by *men* to quadrupeds). None of the company were very polished, but all behaved with propriety and good humor, and I liked it on many accounts. Mr. Cross conversed very entertainingly. Bentley had two tickets for Drury Lane Theatre. It was "The Critic" again; immediately after, as if in spite of that good lesson, "The Haunted Inn" was performed, and the two gentlemen called *Matthews* and *Litton* so annoyed me with their low wit that I often thought that, could Shakespeare or Garrick be raised from their peaceful places of rest, tears of sorrow would have run down their cheeks to see how abused their darling theatre was this night. Bentley was more fortunate than I, he went to sleep. At my rooms I found a little circular piece of ivory with my name, followed by "and friends," and a letter stating it was a perpetual ticket of admission to the Zoölogical Gardens. This was sent at the request of Mr. Brookes.

February 2. Bentley and I went to the Gardens of the Zoölogical Society, which are at the opposite end of Regent's Park from my lodgings. The Gardens are quite in a state of infancy; I have seen more curiosities in a swamp in America in one morning than is collected here since eighteen months; all, however, is well planned, clean, and what specimens they have are fine and in good condition. As we were leaving I heard my name called, and turning saw Mr. Vigors with a companion to whom he introduced me; it was the famous Captain Sabine,¹ a tall, thin man, who at once asked me if among the Eagles they had, any were the young of the White-headed Eagle, or as he called the bird, the *Falco leucoccephalus*. Strange that such great men should ask a woodsman questions like that,

¹ Captain (Sir) Edward Sabine accompanied Parry's expedition to the Arctic regions,—a mathematician, traveller, and Fellow of the Royal Society, 1819. Born in Dublin, 1788, died in Richmond, 1883.

which I thought could be solved by either of them at a glance. I answered in the affirmative, for I have seen enough of them to know.

February 4. I made a present to Bentley of the first number of my work, and some loose prints for his brothers. Then we went to Mr. Brookes, the surgeon, and saw his immense and wonderful collection of anatomical subjects. The man has spent about the same number of years at this work as I have at my own, and now offers it for sale at £10,000. I then called on Vigors and told him I wished to name my new bird in No. 6 after him, and he expressed himself well pleased. This evening I took my portfolio to Soho Square and entered the rooms of the Linnæan Society, where I found I was the first arrival. I examined the various specimens till others came in. The meeting was called to order, and I was shortly after elected a member; my drawings were examined, and more than one told me it was a sad thing they were so little known in London.

February 7. Havell brought me the sets he owed me for 1827, and I paid him in full. Either through him or Mr. Lizars I have met with a loss of nearly £100, for I am charged for fifty numbers more than can be accounted for by my agents or myself. This seems strange always to me, that people cannot be honest, but I must bring myself to believe many are not, from my own experiences. My evening was spent in Bruton Street, at the Zoölogical Society rooms, where Lord Stanley accompanied me, with Lord Auckland and good old General Hardwicke, and my portfolio was again opened and my work discussed.

February 10. This morning I took one of my drawings from my portfolio and began to copy it, and intend to finish it in better style. It is the White-headed Eagle which I drew on the Mississippi some years ago, feeding on a Wild Goose; now I shall make it breakfast on a Cat-fish, the drawing of which is also with me, with the marks of the talons of another Eagle, which I disturbed on the

banks of that same river, driving him from his prey. I worked from seven this morning till dark.

February 11. Precisely the same as yesterday, neither cross nor dull, therefore, but perfectly happy.

February 12. Still hard at it, and this evening the objects on my paper look more like a bird and a fish than like a windmill, as they have done. Three more days and the drawing will be finished if I have no interruptions.

February 14. No drawing to-day; no, indeed! At nine this morning I was at the house of friend Hays, No. 21 Queen Street, to meet the Secretary of the Colonial Department. Mr. Hays showed me a superb figure of a Hercules in brass, found in France by a peasant while ploughing, and for which £300 has been refused.

February 16. Yesterday I worked at my drawing all day, and began this morning at seven, and worked till half-past four, only ceasing my work to take a glass of milk brought me by my landlady. I have looked carefully at the effect and the finishing. Ah! my Lucy, that I could paint in oils as I can in my own style! How proud I should be, and what handsome pictures I should soon have on hand.

February 24. I heard to-day of the death of Mrs. Gregg of Quarry Bank. I was grieved to know that kind lady, who had showed me much hospitality, should have died; I have hesitated to write to her son-in-law, Mr. Rathbone, fearing to disturb the solemnity of his sorrow. At the Linnæan Society this evening, my friend Selby's work lay on the table by mine, and very unfair comparisons were drawn between the two; I am quite sure that had he had the same opportunities that my curious life has granted me, his work would have been far superior to mine; I supported him to the best of my power. The fact is, I think, that no man yet has done anything in the way of illustrating the birds of England comparable to his great work; then besides, he is an excellent man, devoted to his science, and

if he has committed slight errors, it becomes men of science not to dwell upon these to the exclusion of all else. I was to-day elected an original member of the Zoölogical Society. I also learned that it was Sir Thomas Lawrence who prevented the British Museum from subscribing to my work; he considered the drawing so-so, and the engraving and coloring bad; when I remember how he praised these same drawings *in my presence*, I wonder — that is all.

February 25. A most gloomy day; had I no work what a miserable life I should lead in London. I receive constantly many invitations, but all is so formal, so ceremonious, I care not to go. Thy piano sailed to-day; with a favorable voyage it may reach New Orleans in sixty days. I have read the Grand Turk's proclamation and sighed at the awful thought of a war all over Europe; but there, thou knowest I am no politician. A fine young man, Mr. J. F. Ward, a bird-stuffer to the King, came to me this afternoon to study some of the positions of my birds. I told him I would lend him anything I had.

February 28. To-day I called by appointment on the Earl of Kinnoul, a small man, with a face like the caricature of an owl; he said he had sent for me to tell me all my birds *were alike*, and he considered my work a swindle. He may really think this, his knowledge is probably small; but it is not the custom to send for a gentleman to abuse him in one's own house. I heard his words, bowed, and without speaking, left the rudest man I have met in this land; but he is only thirty, and let us hope may yet learn how to behave to a perfect stranger under his roof.

February 29. A man entered my room this afternoon, and said: "Sir, I have some prisoners to deliver to you from the town of York." "Prisoners!" I exclaimed, "why, who are they?" The good man produced a very small cage, and I saw two sweet little Wood Larks, full of vivacity, and as shy as prisoners in custody. Their

eyes sparkled with fear, their little bodies were agitated, the motions of their breasts showed how their hearts palpitated; their plumage was shabby, but they were Wood Larks, and I saw them with a pleasure bordering on frenzy. Wood Larks! The very word carried me from this land into woods indeed. These sweet birds were sent to me from York, by my friend John Backhouse, an ornithologist of real merit, and with them came a cake of bread made of a peculiar mixture, for their food. I so admired the dear captives that for a while I had a strong desire to open their prison, and suffer them to soar over London towards the woodlands dearest to them; and yet the selfishness belonging to man alone made me long to keep them. Ah! man! *what a brute thou art!*—so often senseless of those sweetest feelings that ought to ornament our species, if indeed we are the “lords of creation.”

Cambridge, March 3. I arrived at this famous University town at half-past four this afternoon, after a tedious ride of eight and a half hours from London, in a heavy coach in which I entered at the White Horse, Fetter Lane, and I am now at the Blue Boar, and blue enough am I. But never mind, I was up *truly early*, took a good walk in Regent's Park, and was back before any one in the house was up. Sully took breakfast with me, and took charge of my Larks, and saw me off. I thought we never would get rid of London, it took just one hour to get clear of the city. What a place! Yet many persons live there solely because they like it. At last the refreshing country air filled my lungs; I saw with pleasure many tender flowers peeping out of the earth, anxious to welcome the approaching spring. The driver held confidences with every grog shop between London and Cambridge, and his purple face gave powerful evidences that malt liquor is more enticing to him than water. The country is flat, but it was country, and I saw a few lambs gambolling by their timorous dams, a few Rooks digging

the new-ploughed ground for worms, a few Finches on the budding hedges. On entering Cambridge I was struck with its cleanliness, the regular shape of the colleges, and the number of students with floating mantles, flat caps, and long tassels of silk, hanging sideways. I had a letter for a lodging house where I expected to stay, but no numbers are affixed to any doors in Cambridge. I do not know if it is so in order to teach the students to better remember things, but I found it very inconvenient; I hunted and searched in vain, and as the students in their gay moods have been in the habit of destroying all the door-bells, I had to knock loudly at any door where I wished to make inquiries, but not finding the good lady to whom my letter was addressed, I am still at the inn.

March 4. One of my travelling-companions, Mr. —, an architect, offered to show me some of the Colleges, and put me in the way of delivering some of my letters; so we walked through the different courts of Trinity, and I was amazed at the exquisite arrangement of the buildings, and when we arrived at the walks I was still more pleased. I saw beautiful grass-plats, fine trees, around which the evergreen, dark, creeping ivy, was entwined, and heard among the birds that enlivened these the shrill notes of the Variegated Woodpecker, quite enchanting. As I passed under these trees I tried to recollect how many illustrious learned men have studied within the compass of their shade. A little confined, but pure streamlet, called the Cam, moved slowly on, and the air was delicious. We went to St. John's, where my companion was engaged in some work, and here I left him, and continued on my way alone, to deliver my letters. I called on the Rev. H. Greenwood, Professor Sedgwick,¹ and Professor Whewell;² all were most kind, as were the Rev.

¹ Adam Sedgwick, geologist. 1785-1873.

² William Whewell, 1795-1866, Professor of Moral Philosophy, Mineralogy, and other sciences.

Thos. Catton, Mr. G. A. Brown, Mr. George Heath, and Professor Henslow,¹ and I have made several engagements to dine, etc.

March 5. Since I left Edinburgh, I have not had a day as brilliant as this in point of being surrounded by learned men. This morning I took a long walk among the Colleges, and watched many birds; while thus employed, a well dressed man handed me a card on which was written in *English*, "The bearer desires to meet with some one who speaks either French, Italian, or Spanish." I spoke to him in Spanish and French, both of which he knew well. He showed me a certificate from the consul of Sweden, at Leith, which affirmed his story, that he with three sailors had been shipwrecked, and now wished to return to the Continent, but they had only a few shillings, and none of them spoke English. I gave him a sovereign, just as I saw Professor Sedgwick approaching; he came to my room to see my birds, but could only give me a short time as he had a lecture to deliver. I returned to my rooms, and just as I was finishing lunch the Vice-Chancellor made his appearance, — a small old man, with hair as white as snow, dressed in a flowing gown, with two little bits of white muslin in lieu of cravat. He remained with me upwards of two hours; he admired my work, and promised to do all he could. I was delighted with his conversation; he is a man of wide knowledge, and it seemed to me of sound judgment. Professor Henslow invited me to dine on Friday, and just as I finished my note of acceptance, came in with three gentlemen. At four I went to Mr. Greenwood's to dine; as I entered I saw with dismay upwards of thirty gentlemen; I was introduced to one after another, and then we went to the "Hall," where dinner was set. This hall resembled the interior of a Gothic church; a short prayer was said, and we sat down to a sumptuous dinner.

¹ John Stevens Henslow, botanist, 1796-1861.

Eating was not precisely my object, it seldom is; I looked first at the *convives*. A hundred students sat apart from our table, and the "Fellows," twelve in number, with twenty guests constituted our "mess." The dinner, as I said, was excellent, and I thought these learned "Fellows" must have read, among other studies, Dr. Kitchener on the "Art of Cookery." The students gradually left in parcels, as vultures leave a carcass; we remained. A fine gilt or gold tankard, containing a very strong sort of nectar, was handed to me; I handed it, after tasting, to the next, and so it went round. Now a young man came, and as we rose, he read a short prayer from a small board (such as butchers use to kill flies with). We then went to the room where we had assembled, and conversation at once began; perhaps the wines went the rounds for an hour, then tea and coffee, after which the table was cleared, and I was requested to open my portfolio. I am proud *now* to show them, and I saw with pleasure these gentlemen admired them. I turned over twenty-five, but before I had finished received the subscription of the Librarian for the University, and the assurance of the Secretary of the Philosophical Society that they would take it. It was late before I was allowed to come away.

Thursday, March 6. A cold snowy day; I went to the library of the University and the Philosophical Society rooms, and dined again in "Hall," with Professor Sedgwick. There were four hundred students, and forty "Fellows;" quite a different scene from Corpus College. Each one devoured his meal in a hurry; in less than half an hour grace was read again by *two* students, and Professor Whewell took me to his own rooms with some eight or ten others. My book was inspected as a matter of courtesy. Professor Sedgwick was gay, full of wit and cleverness; the conversation was very animated, and I enjoyed it much. Oh! my Lucy, that I also had re-

ceived a university education! I listened and admired for a long time, when suddenly Professor Whewell began asking me questions about the woods, the birds, the aborigines of America. The more I rove about, the more I find how little known the interior of America is; we sat till late. No subscriber to-day, but I must not despair; nothing can be done without patience and industry, and, thank God, I have both.

March 7. The frost was so severe last night that the ground was white when I took my walk; I saw ice an eighth of an inch thick. As most of the fruit trees are in blossom, the gardeners will suffer this year. Inclement though it was, the birds were courting, and some, such as Jackdaws and Rooks, forming nests. After breakfast I went to the library, having received a permit, and looked at three volumes of Le Vaillant's "Birds of Africa," which contain very bad figures. I was called from here to show my work to the son of Lord Fitzwilliam, who came with his tutor, Mr. Upton. The latter informed me the young nobleman wished to own the book. I showed my drawings, and he, being full of the ardor of youth, asked where he should write his name. I gave him my list; his youth, his good looks, his courtesy, his refinement attracted me much, and made me wish his name should stand by that of some good friend. There was no room by Mrs. Rathbone's, so I asked that he write immediately above the Countess of Morton, and he wrote in a beautiful hand, which I wish I could equal, "Hon. W. C. Wentworth Fitzwilliam." He is a charming young man, and I wish him *bon voyage* through life. On returning to my lodgings this evening, my landlord asked me to join him in what he called "a glass of home-brewed." I accepted, not to hurt his feelings, a thing I consider almost criminal; but it is muddy looking stuff, not to my taste.

Saturday, 8th. The weather bad, but my eyes and ears were greeted by more birds than I have seen yet in this

country. I dined at the Vice-Chancellor's, and found myself among men of deep research, learning, and knowledge, — mild in expressions, kind in attentions, and under whom I fervently wished it had been my lot to have received such an education as they possess.

Sunday, March 9. Cambridge on a Sunday is a place where I would suppose the basest mind must relax, for the time being, from the error of denying the existence of a Supreme Being; all is calm — silent — solemn — almost sublime. The beautiful bells fill the air with melody, and the heart with a wish for prayer. I went to church with Mr. Whewell at Great St. Mary's, and heard an impressive sermon on Hope from Mr. Henslow. After that I went to admire Nature, as the day was beautifully inviting. Professor Heath of King's College wished me to see his splendid chapel, and with a ticket of admission I resorted there at three. We had simple hymns and prayers, the former softly accompanied by the notes of an immense organ, standing nearly in the centre of that astonishing building; the chanters were all young boys in white surplices. I walked with Mr. Heath to Mr. Whewell's, and with him went to Trinity Chapel. The charm that had held me all day was augmented many fold as I entered an immense interior where were upward of four hundred collegians in their white robes. The small wax tapers, the shadowy distances, the slow footfalls of those still entering, threw my imagination into disorder. A kind of chilliness almost as of fear came to me, my lips quivered, my heart throbbed, I fell on my knees and prayed to be helped and comforted. I shall remember this sensation forever, my Lucy. When at Liverpool, I always go to the church for the blind; did I reside at Cambridge, I would be found each Sunday at Trinity Chapel.

March 12. I was introduced to Judge —, on his way to court, — a monstrously ugly old man, with a wig that

might make a capital bed for an Osage Indian during the whole of a cold winter on the Arkansas River.

London, March 15. The scene is quite changed, or better say returned, for I am again in London. I found my little Larks as lively as ever, but judge of my pleasure when I found three letters from thee and Victor and Johnny, dated Nov. 10, Dec. 19, and Jan. 20. What comfort would it be to see thee. Havell tells me a hundred sets of No. 6 are in hand for coloring. Mr. David Lyon called to see my work, and said it had been recommended to him by Sir Thos. Lawrence. This seems strange after what I heard before, but like all other men Sir Thomas has probably his enemies, and falsehoods have been told about him.

March 20. Called on Havell and saw the plate of the Parroquets nearly finished; I think it is a beautiful piece of work. My landlady received a notice that if she did not pay her rent to-morrow an officer would be put in possession. I perceived she was in distress when I came in, and asking her trouble gave her what assistance I could by writing a cheque for £20, which she has promised to repay. This evening I went to Covent Garden to see "Othello;" I had an excellent seat. I saw Kean, Young, and Kemble; the play was terrifyingly well performed.

Saturday, March 20. To-day I was with friend Sergeant most of the time; this evening have paid Havell in full, and now, thank God, feel free to leave noisy, smoky London.

Oxford, March 24. I am now in Oxford *the clean*, and in comfortable lodgings. I arrived at four o'clock, shrunk to about one half my usual size by the coldness of the weather, having ridden on top of the coach, facing the northern blast, that caused a severe frost last night, and has, doubtless, nipped much fruit in the bud. As I travelled I saw Windsor Castle about two miles distant, and

also witnessed the turning out of a Stag from a cart, before probably a hundred hounds and as many huntsmen. A curious land, and a curious custom, to catch an animal, and set it free merely to catch again. We crossed the Thames twice, near its head; it does not look like the Ohio, I assure thee; a Sand-hill Crane could easily wade across it without damping its feathers.

March 25. My feet are positively sore battering the pavement; I have walked from one house and College to another all day, but have a new subscriber, and one not likely to die soon, the Anatomical School, through Dr. Kidd.¹ He and I ran after each other all day like the Red-headed Woodpeckers in the spring. I took a walk along two little streams, bearing of course the appellation of rivers, the Isis and the Charwell; the former freezes I am told at the bottom, never at the top. Oxford seems larger than Cambridge, but is not on the whole so pleasing to me. I do not think the walks as fine, there are fewer trees, and the population is more mixed. I have had some visitors, and lunched with Dr. Williams, who subscribed for the Radcliffe Library, whither we both went to inspect the first number. When I saw it, it drew a sigh from my heart. Ah! Mr. Lizars! was this the way to use a man who paid you so amply and so punctually? I rolled it up and took it away with me, for it was hardly colored at all, and have sent a fair new set of five numbers. I dined at the Vice-Chancellor's at six; his niece, Miss Jenkins, did the honors of the table most gracefully. There were ten gentlemen and four ladies, and when the latter left, the conversation became more general. I was spoken to about Wilson and C. Bonaparte, and could heartily praise both.

March 27. Breakfasted with Mr. Hawkins, Provost of Oriel College, and went immediately after with him to

¹ Dr. John Kidd, 1775-1851, Professor of Chemistry and Medicine at Oxford.

the Dean of Trinity. The large salon was filled with ladies and gentlemen engaged with my work; my drawings followed, and I showed them, but, oh, Lucy, how tired I am of doing this. The Dean has, I think, the finest family of daughters I have ever seen; eight blooming, interesting young ladies; from here to Dr. Kidd, where was another room full of company to see my drawings. Among my visitors was Dr. Ed. Burton,¹ who invited me to breakfast to-morrow.

March 28. Never since I was at the delightful Green Bank, or at Twizel House have I had so agreeable a breakfast as I enjoyed this morning. I was shown into a neat parlor giving on a garden, and was greeted by a very beautiful and gracious woman; this was Mrs. Burton. Dr. Burton came in through the window from the garden; in a moment we were at table and I felt at once at home, as if with my good friend "Lady" Rathbone. Dr. and Mrs. Burton have an astonishing collection of letters, portraits, etc., and I was asked to write my name and the date of my birth as well as the present date. The former, I could not do, except approximately, and Mrs. Burton was greatly amused that I should not know; what I *do* know is that I am no longer a young man. A letter from Mr. Hawkins told me Dr. Buckland² was expected to-morrow, and I was asked to meet him at dinner at his own house by Mrs. Buckland. I dined with the Provost of Oriel and nine other gentlemen, among them the son of the renowned Mr. Wilberforce.

March 29. To-morrow, probably, I leave here, and much disappointed. There are here twenty-two colleges intended to promote science in all its branches; I have brought here samples of a work acknowledged to be at least good, and not one of the colleges has subscribed. I have been most hospitably treated, but with so little en-

¹ Edward Burton, D.D., 1794-1836, Professor of Divinity at Oxford.

² William Buckland, D.D., 1784-1856, geologist.

couragement for my work there is no reason for me to remain.

London, March 30. Left Oxford at eleven this morning, the weather still intensely cold. We had a guard dressed in red with sizable buttons, a good artist on the bugle, who played in very good style, especially fugues and anthems, which were harmonious but not cheerful. I saw a poor man and his wife trudging *barefoot* this weather, a sight which drew the rings of my purse asunder. Almost as soon as I reached my lodgings a gentleman, Mr. Loudon,¹ called to ask me to write zoölogical papers for his journal. I declined, for I will never write anything to call down upon me a second volley of abuse. I can only write *facts*, and when I write those the Philadelphians call me a liar.

April 1, 1828. I have the honor to be a Fellow of the Linnæan Society of London, quite fresh from the mint, for the news reached me when the election was not much more than over. Mr. Vigors tells me Baron Cuvier is to be here this week. I had some agreeable time with a gentleman from Ceylon, Bennett² by name, who has a handsome collection of fish from that place.

April 2. Called on Mr. Children, and together we walked to Mr. Havell's, where he saw the drawings for No. 7. How slowly my immense work progresses; yet it goes on apace, and may God grant me life to see it accomplished and finished. Then, indeed, will I have left a landmark of my existence.

April 3. I have had many corrections to make to my Prospectus, which have taken much time. I also examined many of my drawings, which I thought had suffered exceedingly from the damp; this quite frightened me. What a misfortune it would be if they should be spoiled,

¹ John Claudius Loudon, 1783-1843, writer on horticulture and arboriculture. In 1828-1836, editor of the "Magazine of Natural History."

² Edward Turner Bennett, 1797-1836, zoölogist.

for few men would attempt the severe task I have run through, I think. And as to me, alas! I am growing old, and although my spirits are as active as ever, my body declines, and perhaps I never could renew them all. I shall watch them carefully. Indeed, should I find it necessary, I will remove them to Edinburgh or Paris, where the atmosphere is less dangerous.

April 6. I have not written a word for three days, because, in truth, I have little to mention. Whenever I am in this London all is alike indifferent to me, and I in turn indifferent. Ah! my love, on a day like this in America I could stroll in magnificent woods, I could listen to sounds fresh and pure, I could look at a *blue* sky. Mr. Loudon called and said he was anxious to have a review of my work in his magazine, and would write to Mr. Wm. Swainson,¹ a naturalist and friend of Dr. Traill's, to do so. He again begged me to write an article for him, for which he would pay eight guineas; but no, I will write no more for publication except, as has been urged, to accompany my own pictures.

April 10. I have now only one set on hand; I had fifteen when I went to Cambridge. I hope soon to hear from Liverpool; the silence of a friend sometimes terrifies me; I dread to learn that my venerable, good "Lady" Rathbone is ill.

April 14. I cannot conceive why, but my spirits have been much too low for my own comfort. I thought strongly of returning to America; such a long absence from thee is dreadful. I sometimes fear we shall never meet again *in this world*. I called on Havell, who showed me the White-headed Eagle, a splendid plate indeed, and nearly finished.

April 17. I did but little yesterday, I was quite unwell; in the afternoon I walked to Bruton St. and saw

¹ William Swainson, naturalist and writer. Born in England 1789, emigrated in 1841 to New Zealand, where he died 1855.

Mr. Vigors, who assisted me in the nomenclature of the Hawk for Lord Stanley. This afternoon I received a letter from Mr. Wm. Swainson, inviting me to go to spend a day with him. My work continues to be well received, and as I have a tolerable list of subscribers I hope it will continue to improve.

April 21. The same feelings still exist this year that I felt last, during my whole stay in London. I hate it, yes, I cordially hate London, and yet cannot escape from it. I neither can write my journal when here, nor draw well, and if I walk to the fields around, the very voice of the sweet birds I hear has no longer any charm for me, the pleasure being too much mingled with the idea that in another hour all will again be bustle, filth, and smoke. Last Friday, when about to answer Mr. Swainson's letter, I suddenly thought that it would be best for me to go to see him at once. The weather was shocking; a dog would scarce have turned out to hunt the finest of game. I dined at two, and went to a coach office, when, after waiting a long time, the coachman assured me that unless I had been to Mr. Swainson's before, it would be madness to go that day, as his house lay off from the main road fully five miles, and it was a difficult place to find; moreover, the country, he said, was *swimming*. This is the first advice I have ever had from a coachman to stop me from paying my fare; I thanked him, and returned home, and wrote to Mr. Swainson; then walked twice round Kensington Gardens, most dull and melancholy. Ah! cannot I return to America?

April 24. I have been so harassed in mind and body, since ten days, that I am glad to feel partially relieved at last. All the colorers abandoned the work because I found *one* of their number was doing miserable daubing, and wished him dismissed unless he improved; but now they are all replaced.

May 1. Mr. Swainson has published a review of my work in Mr. Loudon's magazine, and how he has raised my talents. Would that I could do as well as he says I do; then indeed would my pencil be eager to portray the delicate and elegant contours of the feathered tribe, the softness of their plumage, and their gay movements. Alas, now I must remain in London overlooking engravers, colorers, and agents. Yet when I close my eyes I hear the birds warbling, nay, every sound; the shriek of the Falcon, the coy Doves cooing; the whistling note of the Grackle seems to fill my ear, again I am in the cornfield amidst millions of these birds, and then, transported afar, I must tread lightly and with care, to avoid the venomous Rattler. I sent the first proof of the White-headed Eagle to the Marquis of Landsdowne; he being the president of the Zoölogical Society, I thought it courteous to do so.

Sunday, May 4. Immediately after breakfast I went out with George Woodley, and walked to the pretty village called Hampstead. The rain that fell last night seemed only sufficient to revive nature's productions; the trees were lightly covered with foliage of a tender hue; the hawthorns dispersed along the thickets had opened their fragrant cups, the rich meadows showed promise of a fair crop. Here and there a shy Blackbird's note burst clearly, yet softly, while the modest Blackcap skipped across our way. I enjoyed it all, but only transiently; I felt as if I must return to the grand beauties of the Western World, so strong is the attachment impressed in man for his own country. I have been summing up the pros and cons respecting a voyage to America, with an absence of twelve months. The difficulties are many, but I am determined to arrange for it, if possible. I should like to renew about fifty of my drawings; I am sure that now I could make better compositions, and select better plants than when I drew merely for amusement, and without the

thought of ever bringing them to public view. To effect this wish of mine, I must find a true, devoted friend who will superintend my work and see to its delivery — this is no trifle in itself. Then I must arrange for the regular payments of twelve months' work, and *that* is no trifle; but when I consider the difficulties I have surmounted, the privations of all sorts that I have borne, the many hairbreadth escapes I have had, the times I have been near sinking under the weight of the enterprise — ah! such difficulties as even poor Wilson never experienced — what reasons have I now to suppose, or to make me think for a moment, that the omnipotent God who gave me a heart to endure and overcome all these difficulties, will abandon me now. No! my faith is the same — my desires are of a pure kind; I only wish to enjoy more of Him by admiring His works still more than I have ever done before. He will grant me life, He will support me in my journeys, and enable me to meet thee again in America.

May 6. I walked early round the Regent's Park, and there purchased four beautiful little Redpolls from a sailor, put them in my pocket, and, when arrived at home, having examined them to satisfy myself of their identity with the one found in our country, I gave them all liberty to go. What pleasure they must have felt rising, and going off over London; and I felt pleasure too, to know they had the freedom I so earnestly desired.

May 10. I received a long letter from Charles Bonaparte, and perceived it had been dipped in vinegar to prevent it from introducing the plague from Italy to England.

June 2. I was at Mr. Swainson's from May 28 till yesterday, and my visit was of the most agreeable nature. Mr. and Mrs. Swainson have a charming home at Tittenhanger Green, near St. Albans. Mrs. Swainson plays well on the piano, is amiable and kind; Mr. Swainson

a superior man indeed; and their children blooming with health and full of spirit. Such talks on birds we have had together. Why, Lucy, thou wouldst think that birds were all that we cared for in this world, but thou knowest this is not so. Whilst there I began a drawing for Mrs. Swainson, and showed Mr. Swainson how to put up birds in my style, which delighted him.

August 9. More than two months have passed since I have opened my journal — not through idleness, but because, on the contrary, I have been too busy with my plates, and in superintending the coloring of them, and with painting. I wished again to try painting in oil, and set to with close attention, day after day, and have now before me eight pictures begun, but not one entirely finished. I have a great desire to exhibit some of these in this wonderful London. One of these pictures is from my sketch of an Eagle pouncing on a Lamb,¹ dost thou remember it? They are on the top of a dreary mountain; the sky is dark and stormy, and I am sure the positions of the bird and his prey are wholly correct. My drawing is good, but the picture at present shows great coldness and want of strength. Another is a copy of the very group of Black Cocks, or Grouse, for which Mr. Gally paid me £100, and I copy it with his permission; if it is better than his, and I think it will be, he must exchange, for assuredly he should own the superior picture. The others are smaller and less important. With the exception of such exercise as has been necessary, and my journeys (often several times a day) to Havell's, I have not left my room, and have labored as if not to be painting was a heinous crime. I have been at work from four every morning till dark; I have kept up my large correspondence, my publication goes on well and regularly, and this very day seventy sets have been distributed; yet

¹ This picture is still in the family, being owned by one of the granddaughters.

the number of my subscribers has not increased; on the contrary, I have lost some.

I have met a Mr. Parker, whom I once knew in Natchez; he asked me to permit him to paint my portrait as a woodsman, and though it is very tiresome to me, I have agreed to his request. The return of Captain Basil Hall to England has rather surprised me; he called on me at once; he had seen our dear Victor, Mr. Sully, Dr. Harlan, and many of my friends, to whom I had given him letters, for which he thanked me heartily. He has seen much of the United States, but says he is too true an Englishman to like things there. Time will show his ideas more fully, as he told me he should publish his voyage, journeys, and a number of anecdotes.

August 10. My usual long walk before breakfast, after which meal Mr. Parker took my first sitting, which consisted merely of the outlines of the head; this was a job of more than three hours, much to my disgust. We then went for a walk and turned into the Zoölogical Gardens, where we remained over an hour. I remarked two large and beautiful Beavers, seated with the tail as usual under the body, their forelegs hanging like those of a Squirrel.

August 13. I wrote to Mr. Swainson asking if he could not accompany me to France, where he said he wished to go when we were talking together at Tittenhanger.

August 19. My absence from this dusty place has prevented my writing daily, but I can easily sum up. Thursday afternoon on returning from Havell's, I found Mr. Swainson just arrived. He had come to take me to Tittenhanger Green, where the pure air, the notes of the birds, the company of his wife and children, revived my drooping spirits. How very kind this was of him, especially when I reflect on what a short time I have known him. We procured some powder and shot, and seated ourselves in the coach for the journey. Just as we were leaving London and its smoke, a man begged I would

take a paper bag from him, containing a Carrier Pigeon, and turn it out about five miles off. The poor bird could have been put in no better hands, I am sure; when I opened the bag and launched it in the air, I wished from my heart I had its powers of flight; I would have ventured across the ocean to Louisiana. At Tittenhanger Mrs. Swainson and her darling boy came to meet us, and we walked slowly to the house; its happy cheer had great influence on my feelings. Our evening was spent in looking over Levaillant's¹ work. We discovered, to the great satisfaction of my friend, two species of Chatterers, discovered by the famous traveller in Africa; until now our American species stood by itself, in the mind of the naturalist. My time afterwards was spent in shooting, painting, reading, talking, and examining specimens. But, my Lucy, the most agreeable part of all this is that we three have decided to go to Paris about the first of September, from there probably to Brussels, Rotterdam, and possibly Amsterdam.

August 20. Messrs. Children and Gray² of the British Museum called to see me this afternoon, and we talked much of that establishment. I was surprised when Mr. Gray told me £200 per annum was all that was allowed for the purchase of natural curiosities. We were joined by Captain Basil Hall. I now feel more and more convinced that he has not remained in America long enough, and that his judgment of things there must be only superficial. Since these gentlemen left I have written to Charles Bonaparte a long letter, part of which I copy for thee: "My *Sylvia roscoe*, is, I assure you, a distinct species from Vieillot's; my *Turdus aquaticus* is very different from Wilson's Water Thrush, as you will see when both birds are published. Mine never reaches further south than Savannah, its habits are quite different.

¹ François Levaillant, born at Paramaribo, 1753; died in France, 1824.

² John Edward Gray, 1800-1875, zoölogist.

Troglodytes bewickii is a new and rather a rare species, found only in the lowlands of the Mississippi and Louisiana. I have killed five or six specimens, and it differs greatly from *Troglodytes ludovicianus*; I wish I had a specimen to send you. I particularly thank you for your observations, and I hope that you will criticise my work at all points, as a good friend should do, for how am I to improve if not instructed by men of superior talents? I cannot determine at present about '*Stanleii*,' because I never have seen the *Falco* you mention. My bird is surely another found in the south and north, but a very rare species in all my travels; when you see the two figures, size of life, then you will be able to judge and to inform me. My journey to the mouth of the Columbia is always uppermost in my mind, and I look to my return from that country to this as the most brilliant portion of my life, as I am confident many new birds and plants must be there, yet unknown to man. You are extremely kind to speak so favorably of my work, and to compare it with your own; it would be more worthy of that comparison, perhaps, if I had had the advantages of a classical education; all I deserve, I think, is the degree of encouragement due to my exertions and perseverance in figuring *exactly* the different birds, and the truth respecting their habits, which will appear in my text. However, I accept all your kind sayings as coming from a friend, and one himself devoted to that beautiful department of science, Ornithology." My subscribers are yet far from enough to pay my expenses, and my purse suffers severely for the want of greater patronage. The Zoölogical Gardens improve daily; they are now building winter quarters for the animals there. The specimens of skins from all parts of the world which are presented there are wonderful, but they have no place for them.

August 25. I have had the pleasure of a long letter from our Victor, dated July 20; this letter has reached me

more rapidly than any since I have been in England. I am becoming impatient to start for Paris. I do not expect much benefit by this trip, but I shall be glad to see what may be done. Mr. Parker has nearly finished my portrait, which he considers a good one, and *so do I*.¹ He has concluded to go to Paris with us, so we shall be quite a party. Mr. Vigors wrote asking me to write some papers for the "Zoölogical Journal," but I have refused him as all others. No *money* can pay for abuse. This afternoon I had a visit from a Mr. Kirkpatrick, who bought my picture of the Bantams.

August 29. I packed up my clothes early this morning and had my trunk weighed, as only forty pounds are allowed to each person. I also put my effects to rights, and was ready to start for anywhere by seven.

August 30. While Mr. Swainson was sitting with me, old Bewick and his daughters called on me. Good old man! how glad I was to see him again. It was, he said, fifty-one years since he had been in London, which is no more congenial to him than to me. He is now seventy-eight, and sees to engrave as well as when he was twenty years of age.

DOVER, *September 1, 1828.* Now, my dear book, prepare yourself for a good scratching with my pen, for I have entered on a journey that I hope will be interesting. I had breakfast at six with Mr. Parker; we were soon joined by Mr. and Mrs. Swainson and proceeded to the office in Piccadilly, where we took our seats in the coach. At the "Golden Cross" in Charing Cross we took up the rest of our cargo. Bless me! what a medley! A little, ill-looking Frenchman — who fastened a gilt balancing-pole *under* the coach, and put his wife and little daughter on top, — four men all foreigners, and a tall, rather good-looking demoiselle, with a bonnet not wanting in height or breadth or bows of blue ribbon, so stiff they must have been

¹ No trace of this portrait can be found.

starched. She took her seat on top of the coach and soared aloft, like a Frigate Pelican over the seas. We started at eight and were soon out of London. The pure air of the country animated my spirits, and all were gay. We passed over Black Heath, through Hartford and Canterbury, the first a poor, dirty-looking place, the latter quite the contrary. The majestic cathedral rose above every other object, like one of God's monuments made to teach us His glory. The country more hilly, on an average, than any part of this island I have yet seen, but the land very poor. We saw the Thames several times, and the sea at a great distance. The river Medway, which we crossed at Rochester, is influenced by the tides as far as that town. About six miles from this little seaport we suddenly saw Dover Castle, which with the sea and the undulating landscape made a pretty picture. As soon as we arrived we all went to see the cliffs that rise almost perpendicularly along the shore, the walks crowded with persons come to see the regatta to-morrow.

Paris, September 4. I arrived here this morning at seven o'clock, and I assure thee, my Lucy, that I and all my companions were pleased to get rid of the diligence, and the shocking dust that tormented us during our whole journey. We left Dover at one, on Tuesday, 2d; the wind blew sharply, and I felt that before long the sea would have evil effects on me, as it always has. We proceeded towards Calais at a good rate, going along the shores of England until opposite the French port, for which we then made direct, and landed after three and a half hours' beating against wind and water. As soon as we landed we left our luggage and passports with a Commissionaire, and went to dine at Hôtel Robart, where we had been recommended. Our still sickly bodies were glad to rest, and there our passports were returned to us. I was much tickled to read that my complexion was *copper red*; as the Monsieur at the office had never seen me, I suppose the

word American suggested that all the natives of our country were aborigines. We then entered the diligence, a vehicle ugly and clumsy in the extreme, but tolerably comfortable unless over-crowded, and it travelled from six to seven miles an hour, drawn generally by five horses, two next the coach, and three abreast before those; the driver rides on the near wheel-horse dressed precisely like the monkeys in shows of animals. Calais is a decaying fortified town; the ditches are partly filled with earth, and I cannot tell why there should exist at this time a drawbridge. As we proceeded it did not take much time to see already many differences between France and England. I will draw no parallel between these countries, I will merely tell thee what I saw. The country is poorly cultivated, although the land is good. No divisions exist to the eye, no cleanly trimmed hedges, no gates, no fences; all appeared to me like one of the old abandoned cotton plantations of the South. I remarked that there were more and taller trees than in England, and nearly the whole road was planted like the avenue to a gentleman's house. The road itself was better than I had expected, being broad, partly macadamized, and partly paved with square stones; I found it much alike during the whole journey. Night coming on we lost the means of observation for a time, and stopped soon after dark for refreshment, and had some excellent coffee. I assure thee, Lucy, that coffee in France is certainly better than anywhere else. We passed through St. Omer, and a little farther on saw the lights of the fires from an encampment of twelve thousand soldiers. Breakfast was had at another small village, where we were sadly annoyed by beggars. The country seems *very poor*; the cottages of the peasants are wretched mud huts. We passed through the Departments of Artois and Picardy, the country giving now and then agreeable views. We dined at Amiens, where the cathedral externally is magnificent. After travelling all night again, we found our-

selves within forty miles of Paris, and now saw patches of vineyards and found fruit of all kinds cheap, abundant, and good. We were put down at the Messagerie Royale rue des Victoires, and I found to my sorrow that my plates were not among the luggage; so I did what I could about it, and we went to lodgings to which we had been recommended, with M. Percez. Mrs. Swainson's brother, Mr. Parkes, came to see us at once, and we all went to the Jardin des Plantes, or Jardin du Roi, which fronts on a very bad bridge, built in great haste in the days of Napoleon, then called Le pont d'Austerlitz, but now Le pont Ste. Geneviève. I thought the gardens well laid out, large, handsome, but not everywhere well kept. We saw everything, then walked to the entrance of the famous Musée; it was closed, but we knocked and asked for Baron Cuvier.¹ He was in, but, we were told, too busy to be seen. Being determined to look at the Great Man, we waited, knocked again, and with a certain degree of *firmness* sent our names. The messenger returned, bowed, and led the way upstairs, where in a minute Monsieur le Baron, like an excellent good man, came to us. He had heard much of my friend Swainson and greeted him as he deserves to be greeted; he was polite and kind to me, though my name had never made its way to his ears. I looked at him, and here follows the result: age about sixty-five; size corpulent, five feet five, English measure; head large; face wrinkled and brownish; eyes gray, brilliant and sparkling; nose aquiline, large and red; mouth large, with good lips; teeth few, blunted by age, excepting one on the lower jaw, measuring nearly three-quarters of an inch square. Thus, my Lucy, have I described Cuvier almost as if a *new species of man*. He has invited us to dine with him next Saturday at six, and as I hope to have

¹ George Chrétien Léopold Frédéric Dagobert Cuvier, Baron, 1769-1832; statesman, author, philosopher, and one of the greatest naturalists of modern times.

many opportunities of seeing him I will write more as I become acquainted with him. After dinner Mr. Parker and I went roving anywhere and everywhere, but as it grew dark, and Paris is very badly lighted, little can I say, more than that we saw the famous Palais Royal, and walked along each of its four avenues. The place was crowded, and filled with small shops, themselves filled with all sorts of bagatelles.

September 5. After breakfast, which was late but good, consisting of grapes, figs, sardines, and *French* coffee, Swainson and I proceeded to Les Jardins des Plantes, by the side of the famous river Seine, which here, Lucy, is not so large as the Bayou Sara, where I have often watched the Alligators while bathing. Walking in Paris is disagreeable in the extreme; the streets are paved, but with scarcely a sidewalk, and a large gutter filled with dirty black water runs through the centre of each, and the people go about without any kind of order, in the centre, or near the houses; the carriages, carts, etc., do the same, and I have wondered that so few accidents take place. We saw a very ugly bridge of iron called the Pont Neuf, and the splendid statue of Henri Quatre. We were, however, more attracted by the sight of the immense numbers of birds offered for sale along the quays, and some were rare specimens. A woman took us into her house and showed us some hundreds from Bengal and Senegal, and I assure thee that we were surprised. We proceeded to our appointment with Baron Cuvier, who gave us tickets for the Musée, and promised all we could wish. At the Musée M. Valenciennes¹ was equally kind. Having a letter for M. Geoffroy de St. Hilaire,² we went to his house in the Jardins, and with him we were particularly pleased. He proved to me that he understood the difference in the ideas of the French and English perfectly. He repeated the

¹ Achille Valenciennes, born 1794, French naturalist.

² Étienne Geoffroy de St. Hilaire, 1772-1844, French naturalist.

words of Cuvier and assured us my work had not been heard of in France. He promised to take us to the Académie des Sciences on Monday next. I left Swainson at work in the Musée, and went to the Louvre. There, entering the first open door, I was shown into the public part of the King's *Appartement*, a thing I have never been able to accomplish in England. I saw the room where the grand councils are held, and many paintings illustrating the horrors of the French Revolution. Then to the galleries of painting and sculpture, where I found Parker, and saw a number of artists copying in oil the best pictures. This evening we went to the Théâtre Français, where I saw the finest drop curtain I have yet beheld, and a fine tragedy, *Fiésque*, which I enjoyed much.

September 6. The strange things one sees in this town would make a mountain of volumes if closely related; but I have not time, and can only speak to thee of a few. After our breakfast of figs and bread and butter, Swainson and I went down the Boulevard to the Jardins Royaux. These boulevards are planted with trees to shade them, and are filled with shops containing more objects of luxury and of necessity than can well be imagined. The boulevard we took is a grand promenade, and the seat of great bargains. I mean to say that a person unacquainted with the ways of the French *petit marchand* may be cheated here, with better grace, probably, than anywhere else in the world; but one used to their tricks may buy cheap and good articles. In the afternoon we went again to the Louvre, and admired the paintings in the splendid gallery, and lunched on chicken, a bottle of good wine, vegetables and bread, for thirty-five sous each. Evening coming on, we proceeded, after dressing, to Baron Cuvier's house to dine. We were announced by a servant in livery, and received by the Baron, who presented us to his only remaining daughter, — a small, well-made, good-looking lady, with sparkling black eyes, and extremely amiable. As I

seldom go anywhere without meeting some one who has met me, I found among the guests a Fellow of the Linnæan Society, who knew me well. The Baroness now came in — a good-looking, motherly lady, and the company, amounting to sixteen, went to dinner. The Baroness led the way with a gentleman, and the Baron took in his daughter, but made friend Swainson and me precede them; Swainson sat next mademoiselle, who, fortunately for him, speaks excellent English. I was opposite to her, by the side of the Baron. There was not the show of opulence at this dinner that is seen in the same rank of life in England, no, not by far, but it was a good dinner, served *à la française*. All seemed happy, and went on with more simplicity than in London. The dinner finished, the Baroness rose, and we all followed her into the library. I liked this much; I cannot bear the *drinking matches* of wine at the English tables. We had coffee, and the company increased rapidly; amongst them all I knew only Captain Parry, M. de Condolleot (?), and Mr. Lesson,¹ just returned from a voyage round the world. Cuvier stuck to us, and we talked ornithology; he asked me the price of my work, and I gave him a prospectus. The company filled the room, it grew late, and we left well satisfied with the introductory step among *les savans français*.

Sunday, September 7. The traveller who visits France without seeing a fête, such as I have seen this day at St. Cloud, leaves the country unacquainted with that species of knowledge best adapted to show the manners of a people. St. Cloud is a handsome town on the Seine, about five miles below Paris, built in horseshoe form on the undulating hills of this part of the country. These hills are covered with woods, through which villas, cottages, and chateaux emerge, and give life to the scene. On the west side of the village, and on its greatest elevation, stands the

¹ René Primevère Lesson, a French naturalist and author, born at Rochefort, 1794, died 1849.

Palace of the Kings, the Emperors, and the people. I say the people, because they are allowed to see the interior every day. With Parker, I took a cab directly after breakfast to the *barrière des bons hommes*, and walked the remaining distance, say three miles. We had the Seine in view most of the way, and crossed it on a fine iron bridge, one end of which forms the entrance to St. Cloud, in front of which the river winds. We reached the gates of the palace, and found they were not opened till twelve o'clock; but a sergeant offered to show us the King's garden,—an offer we accepted with pleasure. The entrance is by an avenue of fine trees, their tops meeting over our heads, and presenting, through the vista they made, a frame for a beautiful landscape. We passed several pieces of water, the peaceful abode of numerous fish, basking on the surface; swans also held their concave wings unfurled to the light breeze—orange trees of fair size held their golden fruit pendent—flowers of every hue covered the borders, and a hundred statues embellished all with their well-modelled forms. So unmolested are the birds that a Green Woodpecker suffered my inspection as if in the woods of our dear, dear America. At the right time we found ourselves in the King's antechamber, and then passed through half a dozen rooms glittering with richest ornaments, painted ceilings, large pictures, and lighted by immense windows; all, however, too fine for my taste, and we were annoyed by the *gens d'armes* watching us as if we were thieves. It was near two o'clock when we left, the weather beautiful, and heat such as is usually felt in Baltimore about this season. The population of Paris appeared now to flock to St. Cloud; the road was filled with conveyances of all sorts, and in the principal walk before the Palace were hundreds of *petits marchands*, opening and arranging their wares. Music began in different quarters, groups lay on the grass, enjoying their repasts; every one seemed joyous and happy. One thing surprised me: we

were at St. Cloud ten hours, — they told us fifty thousand (?) were there, and I saw only three women of noticeable beauty; yet these short brunettes are animated and apparently thoughtless, and sing and dance as if no shadow could ever come over them. At four o'clock all was in full vigor; the sounds of horns and bugles drew us towards a place where we saw on a platform a party of musicians, three of whom were Flemish women, and so handsome that they were surrounded by crowds. We passed through a sort of turnstile, and in a few minutes an equestrian performance began, in which the riders showed great skill, jugglers followed with other shows, and then we left; the same show in London would have cost three shillings; here, a franc. We saw people shooting at a target with a crossbow. When the marksman was successful in hitting the centre, a spring was touched, and an inflated silken goldfish, as large as a barrel, rose fifty yards in the air, — a pretty sight, I assure thee; the fins of gauze moved with the breeze, he plunged and rose and turned about, almost as a real fish would do in his element. Shows of everything were there; such a medley — such crowds — such seeming pleasure in all around us, I never remarked anywhere but in France. No word of contention did I hear; all was peace and joy, and when we left not a disturbance had taken place. We had an excellent dinner, with a bottle of Chablis, for three francs each, and returning to the place we had left, found all the fountains were playing, and dancing was universal; the musicians were good and numerous, but I was surprised to remark very few fine dancers. The woods, which were illuminated, looked extremely beautiful; the people constantly crossing and re-crossing them made the lights appear and disappear, reminding me of fireflies in our own woods in a summer night. As we passed out of the gates, we perceived as many persons coming as going, and were told the merriment would last till day. With difficulty we secured two

seats in a cart, and returned to Paris along a road with a double line of vehicles of all sorts going both ways. Every few rods were guards on foot, and *gens d'armes* on horseback, to see that all went well; and we at last reached our hotel, tired and dusty, but pleased with all we had seen, and at having had such an opportunity to see, to compare, and to judge of the habits of a people so widely different from either Americans or English.

September 8. We went to pay our respects to Baron Cuvier and Geoffroy St. Hilaire;¹ we saw only the first, who told us to be at the Académie Royale des Sciences in an hour. I had *hired* a portfolio, and took my work. As soon as we entered, Baron Cuvier very politely came to us, ordered a porter to put my book on a table, and gave me a seat of honor. The séance was opened by a tedious lecture on the vision of the Mole; then Cuvier arose, announcing my friend Swainson and me and spoke of my work; it was shown and admired as usual, and Cuvier requested to review it for the "Mémoires of the Academy." Poor Audubon! here thou art, a simple woodsman, among a crowd of talented men, yet kindly received by all—so are the works of God as shown in His birds loved by them. I left my book, that the librarian might show it to all who wished to see it.

September 9. Went to the Jardin du Roi, where I met young Geoffroy, who took me to a man who stuffs birds for the Prince d'Essling, who, I was told, had a copy of my work, but after much talk could not make out whether it was Wilson's, Selby's, or mine. I am to call on him tomorrow. I took a great walk round the Boulevards, looking around me and thinking how curious my life has been, and how wonderful my present situation is. I took Mrs. Swainson to the Louvre, and as we were about to pass one of the gates of the Tuileries, the sentinel stopped us, saying no one could pass with a *fur cap*; so we went to another

¹ Isidore Geoffroy St. Hilaire, 1805-1861, zoölogist.

gate, where no such challenge was given, and reached the Grand Gallery. Here amongst the Raphaels, Correggios, Titians, Davids, and thousands of others, we feasted our eyes and enlarged our knowledge. Taking Mrs. Swainson home, I then made for L'Institut de France by appointment, and gave my prospectus to the secretary of the library. Young Geoffroy, an aimable and learned young man, paid me every attention, and gave me a room for Swainson and myself to write in and for the inspection of specimens. How very different from the public societies in England, where instead of being bowed to, you have to bow to every one. Now, my Lucy, I have certainly run the gauntlet of England and Paris, and may feel proud of two things, that I am considered the first ornithological painter, and the first practical naturalist of America; may God grant me life to accomplish my serious and gigantic work.

September 10. Breakfast over, I made for the Boulevards to present the letters from good friends Rathbone and Melly. I saw Mr. B——, the banker, who read the letter I gave him, and was most polite, but as to ornithology, all he knew about it was that large feathers were called *quills*, and were useful in posting ledgers. From there to the Jardin du Roi, where I called on Monsieur L. C. Kiener, bird stuffer to the Prince of Massena (or Essling),¹ who wished me to call on the Prince with him at two, the Prince being too ill to leave the house. Mr. and Mrs. Swainson were to go with me to see the collection he had made, of many curious and beautiful things, and when we reached the house we were shown at once to the museum, which surpasses in magnificence and number of rare specimens of birds, shells, and books, all I have yet seen. This for a while, when I was told the Prince would receive me. I took my *pamphlet* in my arms and entered a fine room, where he was lying on a sofa; he rose at once,

¹ Son of André, Prince d'Essling and Duc de Rivoli, one of the marshals of Napoleon.

bowed, and presented his beautiful wife. As soon as I had untied my portfolio, and a print was seen, both exclaimed, "Ah! c'est bien beau!" I was asked if I did not know Charles Bonaparte, and when I said yes, they again both exclaimed, "Ah! c'est lui, the gentleman of whom we have heard so much, the man of the woods, who has made so many and such wonderful drawings." The Prince regretted very much there were so few persons in France able to subscribe to such a work, and said I must not expect more than six or eight names in Paris. He named all whom he and his lady knew, and then said it would give him pleasure to add his name to my list; he wrote it himself, next under that of the Duke of Rutland. This prince, son of the famous marshal, is about thirty years of age, apparently delicate, pale, slender, and yet good-looking, entirely devoted to Natural History; his wife a beautiful young woman, not more than twenty, extremely graceful and polite. They both complimented me on the purity of my French, and wished me all success. My room at the hotel being very cramped, I have taken one at L'Hôtel de France, large, clean, and comfortable, for which I pay twenty-five sous a day. We are within gun-shot of Les Jardins des Tuileries. The *retraite* is just now beating. This means that a few drummers go through the streets at eight o'clock in the evening, beating their drums, to give notice to all soldiers to make for their quarters.

September 12. I went early to Rue Richelieu to see the librarian of the King, Mr. Van Praët, a small, white-haired gentleman, who assured me in the politest manner imaginable that it was out of the question to subscribe for such a work; he, however, gave me a card of introduction to M. Barbier, a second librarian, belonging to the King's private library at the Louvre. On my way I posted my letters for London; the inland postage of a single letter from Paris to London is twenty-four sous, and the mail for London leaves four days in the week. M. Barbier was out, but

when I saw him later he advised me to write to the Baron de la Bouillerie, intendant of the King's household. So go my days. — This evening we went to the Italian Opera; it was not open when we arrived, so we put ourselves in the line of people desirous to enter, and at seven followed regularly, with no pushing or crowding (so different from England), as the arrangements are so perfect. We received our tickets, the change was counted at leisure, and we were shown into the pit, which contains three divisions; that nearest the orchestra contains the most expensive seats. The theatre is much less in extent than either Drury Lane or Covent Garden, but is handsome, and splendidly decorated and lighted. The orchestra contains more than double the number of musicians, and when the music began, not another sound was heard, all was silence and attention. Never having been at the opera since my youth, the music astounded me. The opera was Semiramis, and well executed, but I was not much pleased with it; it was too clamorous, a harmonious storm, and I would have preferred something more tranquil. I remarked that persons who left their seats intending to return laid on their seats a hat, glove, or card, which was quite sufficient to keep the place for them. In London what a treat for the thieves, who are everywhere. I walked home; the pure atmosphere of Paris, the clear sky, the temperature, almost like that of America, make me light-hearted indeed, yet would that I were again in the far distant, peaceful retreats of my happiest days. Europe might whistle for me; I, like a free bird, would sing, "Never — no, never, will I leave America."

September 13. I had to take my portfolio to Baron Cuvier, and I went first to Geoffroy de St. Hilaire, who liked it much, and retracted his first opinion of the work being too large. Monsieur Dumesnil, a first-rate engraver, came to see me, sent by Prince de Massena, and we talked of the work, which he told me honestly could not be published in France *to be delivered in England* as cheaply as

if the work were done in London, and probably not so well. This has ended with me all thoughts of ever removing it from Havell's hands, unless he should discontinue the present excellent state of its execution. Copper is dearer here than in England, and good colorers much scarcer. I saw Cuvier, who invited us to spend the evening, and then returned to the Pont des Arts to look for bird-skins. I found none, but purchased an engraved portrait of Cuvier, and another of "Phidias and the Thorn." I have just returned with Swainson from Baron Cuvier's, who gives public receptions to scientific men every Saturday. My book was on the table; Cuvier received me with special kindness, and put me at my ease. Mademoiselle Cuvier I found remarkably agreeable, as also Monsieur de Condillot. The first very willingly said he would sit to Parker for his portrait, and the other told me that if I went to Italy, I must make his house my home. My work was seen by many, and Cuvier pronounced it the finest of its kind in existence.

September 14, Sunday. Versailles, where we have spent our day, is truly a magnificent place; how long since I have been here, and how many changes in my life since those days! We first saw the orangerie, of about two hundred trees, that to Frenchmen who have never left Paris look well, but to me far from it, being martyred by the hand of man, who has clipped them into stiff ovals. One is 407 years old. They produce no golden fruit, as their boxes are far too small to supply sufficient nourishment, and their fragrant blossoms are plucked to make orange-flower water. From this spot the woods, the hunting-grounds of the King, are seen circling the gardens, and are (we are told) filled with all kinds of game. The King's apartments, through which we afterwards went, are too full of gilding for my eyes, and I frequently resorted to the large windows to glance at the green trees. Amongst the paintings I admired most little Virginia and Paul standing

under a palm-tree with their mothers; Paul inviting the lovely child to cross a brook. In the stables are a hundred beautiful horses, the choice of Arabia, Australasia, Normandy, Limousin, etc., each the model of his race, with fiery eyes, legs sinewy and slender, tails to the ground, and manes never curtailed. Among them still remain several that have borne the great Napoleon. From here we walked again through woods and gardens; thus, my Lucy, once more have I been at Versailles, and much have I enjoyed it.

September 15. France, my dearest friend, is indeed poor! This day I have attended at the Royal Academy of Sciences, and had all my plates spread over the different large tables, and they were viewed by about one hundred persons. "Beau! bien beau!" issued from every mouth, but, "Quel ouvrage!" "Quel prix!" as well. I said that I had thirty subscribers at Manchester; they seemed surprised, but acknowledged that England, the little isle of England, alone was able to support poor Audubon. Poor France! thy fine climate, thy rich vineyards, and the wishes of the learned avail nothing; thou art a destitute beggar, and not the powerful friend thou wast represented to be. Now I see plainly how happy, or lucky, or prudent I was, not to follow friend Melly's enthusiastic love of country. Had I come first to France my work never would have had even a beginning; it would have perished like a flower in October. It happened that a gentleman who saw me at Versailles yesterday remembered my face, and spoke to me; he is the under secretary of this famous society, and he wrote for me a note to be presented to the Minister of the Interior, who has, I am told, the power to subscribe to anything, and for as many copies of any work as the farmers of France can well pay for through the enormous levies imposed on them. Cuvier, St. Hilaire, and many others spoke to me most kindly. I had been to Cuvier in the morning to talk with him and Parker

about the portrait the latter is to paint, and I believe I will describe Cuvier's house to thee. The footman asked us to follow him upstairs, and in the first room we caught a glimpse of a slight figure dressed all in black, that glided across the floor like a sylph; it was Mlle. Cuvier, not quite ready to see gentlemen: off she flew like a Dove before Falcons. We followed our man, who continually turned, saying, "This way, gentlemen." Eight rooms we passed filled with books, and each with a recessed bed, and at last reached a sort of laboratory, the *sanctum sanctorum* of Cuvier; there was nothing in it but books and skeletons of animals, reptiles, etc. Our conductor, surprised, bid us sit down, and left us to seek the Baron. My eyes were fully employed, and I contemplated in imagination the extent of the great man's knowledge. His books were in great disorder, and I concluded that he read and studied them, and owned them for other purposes than for show. Our man returned and led us back through the same avenue of bed-chambers, lined with books instead of satin, and we were conducted through the kitchen to another laboratory, where the Baron was found. Politeness in great men is shown differently from the same quality in fashionable society: a smile suffices to show you are welcome, without many words, and the work in hand is continued as if you were one of the family. Ah! how I delight in this! and how pleased I was to be thus welcomed by this learned man. Cuvier was looking at a small lizard in a tiny vial filled with spirit. I see now his sparkling eye half closed, as if quizzing its qualities, and as he put it down he wrote its name on a label. He made an appointment with Mr. Parker, and went on quizzing lizards. Being desirous of seeing a gambling house, young Geoffroy took me to one in the Palais Royal, a very notorious one, containing several roulette tables, and there we saw a little of the tactics of the gentlemen of the trade. The play, however, was not on this occasion high. The

banquiers, or head thieves, better call them, are lank and pale, their countenances as unmoved as their hearts. From here we went to the establishment of Franconi, where I saw wonderful feats of horsemanship.

September 17. There is absolutely nothing to be done here to advance my subscription list, and at two o'clock I went with Swainson to a *marchand naturaliste* to see some drawings of birds of which I had heard. They were not as well drawn as mine, but much better painted.

September 18. I went to install Parker at Baron Cuvier's. He had his canvas, etc., all ready and we arrived at half-past nine, too early quite. At ten, having spent our time in the apartment of the Giraffe, Parker went in to take a second breakfast, and I to converse with Mlle. Cuvier. The Baron came in, and after a few minutes to arrange about the light, sat down in a comfortable arm-chair, quite ready. Great men as well as great women have their share of vanity, and I soon discovered that the Baron thinks himself a fine-looking man. His daughter seemed to know this, and remarked more than once that her father's under lip was swelled more than usual, and she added that the line of his nose was extremely fine. I passed my fingers over mine, and, lo! I thought just the same. I see the Baron now, quite as plainly as I did this morning; an old green surtout about him, a neck-cloth, that might well surround his body if unfolded, loosely tied about his chin, and his silver locks like those of a man more bent on studying books than on visiting barbers. His fine eyes shot fire from under his bushy eyebrows, and he smiled as he conversed with me. Mlle. Cuvier, asked to read to us, and opening a book, read in a clear, well accentuated manner a comic play, well arranged to amuse us for a time, for sitting for a portrait is certainly a great bore. The Baroness joined us; I thought her looks not those of a happy person, and her melancholy affected me. The Baron soon said he was fatigued, rose

and went out, but soon returned, and I advised Parker not to keep him too long. The time was adjourned to Sunday next. In Connecticut this would be thought horrible, in England it would be difficult to effect it, and in Paris it is considered the best day for such things. Again I went to the Louvre, and this evening went with young Geoffroy to the celebrated Frascati. This house is a handsome hôtel, and we were introduced by two servants in fine livery into a large wainscoted room, where a roulette table was at work. Now none but *gentlemen* gamble here. We saw, and saw only! In another room *rouge et noir* was going on, and the double as well as the single Napoleons easily changed hands, yet all was smiling and serene. Some wealthy personage drew gold in handfuls from his pockets, laid it on a favorite spot, and lost it calmly, more than once. Ladies also resort to this house, and good order is always preserved; without a white cravat, shoes instead of boots, etc., no one is admitted. I soon became tired of watching this and we left.

September 19. Friend Swainson requested me to go with him this morning to complete a purchase of skins, and this accomplished I called on M. Milbert, to whom I had a letter from my old friend Le Sueur,¹ but he was absent. I now went to the Jardin du Roi, and at the library saw the so-called fine drawings of Mr. H——. Lucy, they were just such drawings as our boy Johnny made before I left home, stiff and dry as a well-seasoned fiddle-stick. The weather and the sky are most charming. This evening M. Cainard, whom I have met several times, asked me to play billiards with him, but the want of practice was such that I felt as if I never had played before. Where is the time gone when I was considered one of the best of players? To-morrow I will try to see M. Redouté.²

¹ Charles Alexandre Le Sueur, French naturalist. 1778–1846.

² Pierre Joseph Redouté, French painter of flowers. 1759–1840.

September 20. I had the pleasure of seeing old Redouté this morning, the flower-painter *par excellence*. After reading Le Sueur's note to him, dated five years ago, he looked at me fixedly, and said, "Well, sir, I am truly glad to become acquainted with you," and without further ceremony showed me his best works. His flowers are grouped with peculiar taste, well drawn and precise in the outlines, and colored with a pure brilliancy that depicts nature incomparably better than I ever saw it before. Old Redouté dislikes all that is not *nature alone*; he cannot bear either the drawings of stuffed birds or of quadrupeds, and evinced a strong desire to see a work wherein nature was delineated in an animated manner. He said that as he dined every Friday at the Duke of Orleans', he would take my work there next week, and procure his subscription, if not also that of the Duchess, and requested me to give him a prospectus. I looked over hundreds of his drawings, and found out that he sold them well; he showed me some worth two hundred and fifty guineas. On my way to the Comte de Lasterie, I met the under secretary of the King's private library, who told me that the Baron de la Bouillierie had given orders to have my work inspected and if approved of to subscribe to it. I reached the Comte de Lasterie's house, found him half dressed, very dirty, and not very civil. He was at breakfast with several gentlemen, and told me to call again, which I will take into *consideration*. I must not forget that in crossing the city this morning I passed through the flower market, a beautiful exhibition to me at all times. This market is abundantly supplied twice a week with exotics and flowers of all sorts, which are sold at a cheap rate.

September 21. The weather is still beautiful, and Parker and I took the omnibus at the Pont des Arts, which vehicle, being Sunday, was crowded. I left Parker to make a second sitting with Cuvier, and went to the Jardin du Roi, already filled with pleasure-seekers. I took a seat beside

a venerable old soldier, and entered into conversation with him. Soldier during more than thirty years, he had much to relate. The Moscow campaign was spoken of, and I heard from the lips of this veteran the sufferings to which Napoleon's armies had been exposed. He had been taken prisoner, sent to the interior for two years, fed on musty bread by the Cossacks, who forced them to march all day. He had lost his toes and one ear by the frost, and sighed, as he said, "And to lose the campaign after all this!" I offered him a franc, and to my surprise he refused it, saying he had his pension, and was well fed. The garden was now crowded, children were scrambling for horse-chestnuts, which were beginning to fall, ladies playing battledore and shuttlecock, venders of fruit and lemonade were calling their wares, and I was interested and amused by all. Now to Baron Cuvier again. I found him sitting in his arm-chair; a gentleman was translating the dedication of Linné (Linnæus) to him, as he was anxious that the Latin should not be misconstrued; he often looked in some book or other, and I dare say often entirely forgot Parker, who notwithstanding has laid in a good likeness. The Baron wishes me to be at the Institute to-morrow at half-past one.

September 22. I was at the Institute at half-past one — no Baron there. I sat opposite the clock and counted minutes one after another; the clock ticked on as if I did not exist; I began the counting of the numerous volumes around me, and as my eyes reached the centre of the hall they rested on the statue of Voltaire; he too had his share of troubles. Savants entered one after another; many bowed to me, and passed to their seats. My thoughts journeyed to America; I passed from the Missouri to the Roanoke, to the Hudson, to the Great Lakes — then floated down the gentle Ohio, and met the swift Mississippi which would carry me to thee. The clock vibrated in my ears, it struck two, and I saw again that I was in an immense

library, where the number of savants continually increased, but no Cuvier; I tried to read, but could not; now it was half-past two; I was asked several times if I was waiting for the Baron, and was advised to go to his house, but like a sentinel true to his post I sat firm and waited. All at once I heard his voice, and saw him advancing, very warm and apparently fatigued. He met me with many apologies, and said, "Come with me;" and we walked along, he explaining all the time why he had been late, while his hand drove a pencil with great rapidity, and he told me that he was actually *now* writing the report on my work!! I thought of La Fontaine's fable of the Turtle and the Hare; I was surprised that so great a man should leave till the last moment the writing of a report to every word of which the forty critics of France would lend an attentive ear. For being on such an eminence he has to take more care of his actions than a common individual, to prevent his fall, being surrounded, as all great men are more or less, by envy and malice. My enormous book lay before him, and I shifted as swift as lightning the different plates that he had marked for examination. His pencil moved as constantly and as rapidly. He turned and returned the sheets of his manuscript with amazing accuracy, and noted as quickly as he saw, *and he saw all*. We were both wet with perspiration. It wanted but a few minutes of three when we went off to the Council room, Cuvier still writing, and bowing to every one he met. I left him, and was glad to get into the pure air. At my lodgings I found a card asking me to go to the Messageries Royales, and I went at once, thinking perhaps it was my numbers from London; but no such thing. My name was asked, and I was told that orders had been received to remit me ten francs, the coach having charged me for a seat better than the one I had had. This is indeed honesty. When I asked the gentleman how he had found out my lodgings, he smiled, and answered that he knew every stranger in Paris that had

arrived for the last three months, through his line of employees, and that any police-officer was able to say how I spent my time.

September 23. The great Gérard, the pupil of my old master, David, has written saying he wishes to see my work, and myself also, and I have promised to go to-morrow evening at nine. To-day I have been to the King's library, a fine suite of twelve rooms, filled with elegant and most valuable copies of all the finest works. I should suppose that a hundred thousand volumes are contained here, as well as portfolios filled with valuable originals of the first masters. The King seldom reads, but he shoots well. Napoleon read, or was read to, constantly, and hardly knew how to hold a gun. I was surprised when I spoke of Charles Bonaparte to notice that no response was made, and the conversation was abruptly turned from ornithologists to engraving. I have now been nearly three weeks in Paris and have *two* subscribers — almost as bad as Glasgow. I am curious to see the Baron's report, and should like to have it in his own handwriting. This is hardly possible; he seldom writes, Mlle. Cuvier does his writing for him.

September 24. To have seen me trot about from pillar to post, across this great town, from back of the Palais Royal to the Jardin du Luxembourg, in search of M. Le Médecin Bertrand and a copy of Cuvier's report, would have amused any one, and yet I did it with great activity. Such frailty does exist in man, all of whom are by nature avaricious of praise. Three times did I go in vain to each place, *i. e.*, to the house in the Rue d'Enfans, and the Globe Office, three miles asunder. Fatigue at last brought me to bay, and I gave up the chase. I proceeded to the King's library. My work had had the honor to have been inspected by the Committee, who had passed a favorable judgment on its merits. I was informed that should the King subscribe, I must leave in

France a man authorized by act of attorney to receive my dues, without which I might never have a sol. The librarian, a perfect gentleman, told me this in friendship, and would have added (had he dared) that Kings are rarely expected to pay. I, however, cut the matter short, knowing within myself that, should I not receive my money, I was quite able to keep the work. In the evening I dressed to go to M. Gérard's with M. Valenciennes; but he did not come, so there must have been some mistake — probably mine.

September 25. Went with Swainson to the Panthéon, to see if the interior corresponds with the magnificence of the exterior; it is fine, but still unfinished. All, or almost all, the public edifices of Paris far surpass those of London. Then to see Cuvier, who was sitting for his portrait, while the Baroness was reading to him the life of Garrick. He had known Mrs. Garrick, and his observations were interesting. The likeness is good, and Cuvier is much pleased with it; he gave me a note for M. Vallery the King's librarian. Parker had received a note from M. Valenciennes, saying he had forgot my address, and had spent the evening going from place to place searching for me, and requested I would go with him to Gérard next Thursday. Did he forget to question the all-knowing police, or did the gentleman at the Messageries exaggerate?

September 26. I spent some time in the Louvre examining *very closely* the most celebrated pictures of animals, birds, fruits, and flowers. Afterwards we all went to the French Opera, or, as it is called here, L'École de Musique Royale. The play was "La Muette," a wonderful piece, and the whole arrangement of the performance still more so. There were at one time two hundred persons on the stage. The scenery was the finest I have ever beheld, — at the last, Mount Vesuvius in full and terrific eruption; the lava seemed absolutely to roll in a burning stream down the sides of the volcano, and the stones which were appar-

ently cast up from the earth added to the grand representation. The whole house resounded with the most vociferous applause, and we enjoyed our evening, I assure thee.

September 27. Found old Redouté at his painting. The size of my portfolio surprised him, and when I opened the work, he examined it most carefully, and spoke highly of it, and wished he could afford it. I proposed, at last, that we should exchange works, to which he agreed gladly, and gave me at once nine numbers of his "Belles fleurs" and promised to send "Les Roses." Now, my Lucy, this will be a grand treat for thee, fond of flowers as thou art; when thou seest these, thy eyes will feast on the finest thou canst imagine. From here to the Globe office, where I saw the *rédacteur*, who was glad to have me correct the proof sheets as regarded the technical names. I did so, and he gave me, to my delight, the original copy of Cuvier himself. It is a great eulogium certainly, but not so feelingly written as the one by Swainson, nevertheless it will give the French an idea of my work.

September 28. I have lived many years, and have only seen one horse race. Perhaps I should not have seen that, which took place to-day at the Champ de Mars, had I not gone out of curiosity with M. Vallery. The Champ de Mars is on the south side of the Seine, about one and one half miles below Paris; we passed through Les Jardins des Tuileries, followed the river, and crossed the Pont de Jéna opposite the entrance to l'École Militaire, situated at the farther end of the oval that forms the Champ de Mars. This is a fine area, and perfectly level, surrounded by a levee of earth, of which I should suppose the material was taken from the plain on which the course is formed. Arriving early, we walked round it; saw with pleasure the trees that shaded the walks; the booths erected for the royal family, the prefect, the gentry, and the *canaille*, varying greatly in elegance, as you may suppose.

Chairs and benches were to be hired in abundance, and we each took one. At one o'clock squadrons of *gens d'armes* and whole regiments of infantry made their appearance from different points, and in a few minutes the whole ground was well protected. The King was expected, but I saw nothing of him, nor, indeed, of any of the royal family, and cannot even assert that they came. At two every seat was filled, and several hundreds of men on horseback had taken the centre of the plain divided from the race track by a line of ropes. The horses for the course made their appearance, — long-legged, slender-bodied, necks straight, light of foot, and fiery-eyed. They were soon mounted, and started, but I saw none that I considered swift; not one could have run half as fast as a buck in our woods. Five different sets were run, one after another, but I must say I paid much greater attention to a Mameluke on a dark Arab steed, which with wonderful ease leaped over the ground like a Squirrel; going at times like the wind, then, being suddenly checked by his rider, almost sat on his haunches, wheeled on his hind legs, and cut all sorts of mad tricks at a word from his skilful master. I would rather see *him* again than all the races in the world; horse racing, like gambling, can only amuse people who have nothing better to attend to; however, I have seen a race!

September 30. I saw Constant, the great engraver, Rue Percie, No. 12; he was at work, and I thought he worked well. I told him the purpose of my visit, and he dropped his work at once to see mine. How he stared! how often he exclaimed, "Oh, mon Dieu, quel ouvrage!" I showed him all, and he began calculating, but did so, far too largely for me, and we concluded no bargain. Old Redouté visited me and brought me a letter from the Duc d'Orléans, whom I was to call upon at one o'clock. Now, dearest friend, as I do not see Dukes every day I will give thee a circumstantial account of my visit. The Palais of the Duc

d'Orléans is actually the entrance of the Palais-Royal, where we often go in the evening, and is watched by many a sentinel. On the right, I saw a large, fat, red-coated man through the ground window, whom I supposed the porter of his Royal Highness. I entered and took off my fur cap, and went on in an unconcerned way towards the stairs, when he stopped me, and asked my wishes. I told him I had an engagement with his master at one, and gave him my card to take up. He said Monseigneur was not in (a downright lie), but that I might go to the antechamber. I ordered the fat fellow to have my portfolio taken upstairs, and proceeded to mount the finest staircase my feet have ever trod. The stairs parted at bottom in rounding form of about twenty-four feet in breadth, to meet on the second floor, on a landing lighted by a skylight, which permitted me to see the beauties of the surrounding walls, and on this landing opened three doors, two of which I tried in vain to open. The third, however, gave way, and I found myself in the antechamber, with about twelve servants, who all rose and stood, until I had seated myself on a soft, red-velvet-covered bench. Not a word was said to me, and I gazed at all of them with a strange sensation of awkwardness mingled with my original pride. This room had bare walls, and a floor of black and white square marble flags. A man I call a sergent d'armes, not knowing whether I am right or wrong, wore a sword fastened to a belt of embroidered silk, very wide; and he alone retained his hat. In a few minutes a tall, thin gentleman made his entrance from another direction from that by which I had come. The servants were again all up in a moment, the sergent took off his hat, and the gentleman disappeared as if he had not seen me, though I had risen and bowed. A few minutes elapsed, when the same thing occurred again. Not knowing how long this might continue, I accosted the sergent, told him I came at the request of the Duke, and wished to see him. A

profound bow was the answer, and I was conducted to another room, where several gentlemen were seated writing. I let one of them know my errand, and in a moment was shown into an immense and superbly furnished apartment, and my book was ordered to be brought up. In this room I bowed to two gentlemen whom I knew to be members of the Légion d'Honneur, and walked about admiring the fine marble statues and the paintings. A gentleman soon came to me, and asked if perchance my name was Audubon? I bowed, and he replied: "Bless me, we thought that you had gone and left your portfolio; my uncle has been waiting for you twenty minutes; pray, sir, follow me." We passed through a file of bowing domestics, and a door being opened I saw the Duke coming towards me, to whom I was introduced by the nephew. Lucy, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama have furnished the finest men in the world, as regards physical beauty; I have also seen many a noble-looking Osage chief; but I do not recollect a finer-looking man, in form, deportment, and manners, than this Duc d'Orléans. He had my book brought up, and helped me to untie the strings and arrange the table, and began by saying that he felt a great pleasure in subscribing to the work of an American, for that he had been most kindly treated in the United States, and should never forget it. The portfolio was at last opened, and when I held up the plate of the Baltimore Orioles, with a nest swinging amongst the tender twigs of the yellow poplar, he said: "This surpasses all I have seen, and I am not astonished now at the eulogiums of M. Redouté." He spoke partly English, and partly French; spoke much of America, of Pittsburgh, the Ohio, New Orleans, the Mississippi, steamboats, etc., etc., and added: "You are a great nation, a wonderful nation."

The Duke promised me to write to the Emperor of Austria, King of Sweden, and other crowned heads, and asked me to write to-day to the Minister of the Interior. I

remained talking with him more than an hour; I showed him my list of English subscribers, many of whom he knew. I asked him for his own signature; he took my list and with a smile wrote, in very large and legible characters, "Le Duc d'Orléans." I now felt to remain longer would be an intrusion, and thanking him respectfully I bowed, shook hands with him, and retired. He wished to keep the set I had shown him, but it was soiled, and to such a good man a good set must go. At the door I asked the fat porter if he would tell me again his master was out. He tried in vain to blush.

October 1. Received to-day the note from the Minister of the Interior asking me to call to-morrow at two. At eight in the evening I was ready for M. Valenciennes to call for me to go with him to Gérard. I waited till ten, when my gentleman came, and off we went; what a time to pay a visit! But I was told Gérard¹ keeps late hours, rarely goes to bed before two, but is up and at work by ten or eleven. When I entered I found the rooms filled with both sexes, and my name being announced, a small, well-formed man came to me, took my hand, and said, "Welcome, Brother in Arts." I liked this much, and was gratified to have the ice broken so easily. Gérard was all curiosity to see my drawings, and old Redouté, who was present, spoke so highly of them before the book was opened, that I feared to discover Gérard's disappointment. The book opened accidentally at the plate of the Parrots, and Gérard, taking it up without speaking, looked at it, I assure thee, with as keen an eye as my own, for several minutes; put it down, took up the one of the Mocking-Birds, and, offering me his hand, said: "Mr. Audubon, you are the king of ornithological painters; we are all children in France and in Europe. Who would have expected such things from the woods of America?" My

¹ François Gérard, born at Rome 1770, died 1837; the best French portrait painter of his time, distinguished also for historical pictures.

heart thrilled with pride at his words. Are not we of America men? Have we not the same nerves, sinews, and mental faculties which other nations possess? By Washington! we have, and may God grant us the peaceable use of them forever. I received compliments from all around me; Gérard spoke of nothing but my work, and requested some prospectuses for Italy. He repeated what Baron Cuvier had said in the morning, and hoped that the Minister would order a good, round set of copies for the Government. I closed the book, and rambled around the rooms which were all ornamented with superb prints, mostly of Gérard's own paintings. The ladies were all engaged at cards, and money did not appear to be scarce in this portion of Paris.

October 2. Well, my Lucy, this day found me, about two o'clock, in contemplation of a picture by Gérard in the salon of the Minister of the Interior. Very different, is it not, from looking up a large decaying tree, watching the movements of a Woodpecker? I was one of several who were waiting, but only one person was there when I arrived, who entered into conversation with me, — a most agreeable man and the King's physician, possessed of fine address and much learning, being also a good botanist. Half an hour elapsed, when the physician was called; he was absent only a few minutes, and returning bowed to me and smiled as my name was called. I found the Minister a man about my own age, apparently worn out with business; he wore a long, loose, gray surtout, and said, "Well, sir, I am glad to see you; where is your great work?" I had the portfolio brought in, and the plates were exhibited. "Really, monsieur, it is a very fine thing;" and after some questions and a little conversation he asked me to write to him again, and put my terms in writing, and he would reply as soon as possible. He looked at me very fixedly, but so courteously I did not mind it. I tied up my portfolio and soon departed, having taken as much of

the time of M. de Marignac as I felt I could do at this hour.

October 4. Went with Swainson to the Jardin du Roi to interpret for him, and afterwards spent some time with Geoffroy de St. Hilaire, hearing from him some curious facts respecting the habits and conformation of the Mole. He gave me a ticket to the distribution of the Grand Prix at the Institut. I then ascended four of the longest staircases I know, to reach the cabinet of M. Pascale, the director of the expenses of S. A. R. the Duc d'Orléans. What order was here! Different bookcases contained the papers belonging to the forests — horses — furniture — fine arts — libraries — fisheries — personal expenses, and so on. M. Pascale took out M. Redouté's letter, and I perceived the day of subscription, number of plates per annum, all, was noted on the margin. M. Pascale sent me to the private apartments of the Duchesse. Judge of my astonishment when I found this house connected with the Palais-Royal. I went through a long train of corridors, and reached the cabinet of M. Goutard. He took my name and heard my request and promised to make an appointment for me through M. Redouté, who is the drawing-master of the daughters of the Duchesse. With Parker I went to see the distribution of prizes at L'Institut Français. The entrance was crowded, and, as in France pushing and scrambling to get forward is out of the question, and very properly so, I think, we reached the amphitheatre when it was already well filled with a brilliant assemblage, but secured places where all could be seen. The members dress in black trimmed with rich green laces. The youths aspiring to rewards were seated round a table, facing the audience. The reports read, the prizes were given, those thus favored receiving a crown of laurel with either a gold or silver medal. We remained here from two till five.

Sunday, October 5. After a wonderful service at Notre Dame I wandered through Les Jardins des Plantes, and

on to Cuvier's, who had promised me a letter to some one who would, he thought, subscribe to my book; but with his usual procrastination it was not ready, and he said he would write it to-morrow. Oh, cursed to-morrow! Do men forget, or do they not know how swiftly time moves on?

October 6. Scarce anything to write. No letter yet from the Minister of the Interior, and I fear he too is a "To-morrow man." I went to Cuvier for his letter; when he saw me he laughed, and told me to sit down and see his specimens for a little while; he was surrounded by reptiles of all sorts, arranging and labelling them. In half an hour he rose and wrote the letter for me to the Duke of Levis, but it was too late to deliver it to-day.

October 7. While with M. Lesson to-day, he spoke of a Monsieur d'Orbigny¹ of La Rochelle; and on my making some inquiries I discovered he was the friend of my early days, my intimate companion during my last voyage from France to America; that he was still fond of natural history, and had the management of the Musée at La Rochelle. His son Charles, now twenty-one, I had held in my arms many times, and as M. Lesson said he was in Paris, I went at once to find him; he was out, but shortly after I had a note from him saying he would call to-morrow morning.

October 8. This morning I had the great pleasure of receiving my god-son Charles d'Orbigny. Oh! what past times were brought to my mind. He told me he had often heard of me from his father, and appeared delighted to meet me. He, too, like the rest of his family, is a naturalist, and I showed him my work with unusual pleasure. His father was the most intimate friend I have ever had, except thee, my Lucy, and my father. I think I must have asked a dozen times to-day if no letter had come for me. Oh, Ministers! what patience you do teach artists!

¹ Charles d'Orbigny, son of Audubon's early friend, M. le docteur d'Orbigny.

October 11. This afternoon, as I was despairing about the ministers, I received a note from Vicomte Siméon,¹ desiring I should call on Monday. I may then finish with these high dignitaries. I saw the King and royal family get out of their carriages at the Tuileries; bless us! what a show! Carriages fairly glittering—eight horses in each, and two hundred hussars and outriders. A fine band of music announced their arrival. Dined at Baron Cuvier's, who subscribed to my work; he being the father of all naturalists, I felt great pleasure at this. I left at eleven, the streets dark and greasy, and made for the shortest way to my hotel, which, as Paris is a small town compared to London, I found no difficulty in doing. I am astonished to see how early all the shops close here.

October 13. At twelve o'clock I was seated in the antechamber of the Vicomte Siméon; when the sergeant perceived me he came to me and said that M. Siméon desired me to have the first interview. I followed him and saw a man of ordinary stature, about forty, fresh-looking, and so used to the courtesy of the great world that before I had opened my lips he had paid me a very handsome compliment, which I have forgot. The size of my work astonished him, as it does every one who sees it for the first time. He told me that the work had been under discussion, and that he advised me to see Baron de la Brouillerie and Baron Vacher, the secretary of the Dauphin. I told him I wished to return to England to superintend my work there, and he promised I should have the decision to-morrow (hated word!) or the next day. I thought him kind and complaisant. He gave the signal for my departure by bowing, and I lifted my book, as if made of feathers, and passed out with swiftness and alacrity. I ordered the cab at once to the Tuileries, and after some trouble found the Cabinet of the Baron de Vacher; there, Lucy, I really waited like a Blue Heron

¹ Count Joseph Jérôme Siméon, French Minister of State. 1781-1846.

on the edge of a deep lake, the bottom of which the bird cannot find, nor even know whether it may turn out to be good fishing. Many had their turns before me, but I had my interview. The Baron, a fine young man about twenty-eight, promised me to do all he could, but that his master was allowed so much (how much I do not know), and his expenses swallowed all.

October 14. Accompanied Parker while he was painting Redouté's portrait, and during the outlining of that fine head I was looking over the original drawings of the great man; never have I seen drawings more beautifully wrought up, and so true to nature. The washy, slack, imperfect messes of the British artists are *nothing* in comparison. I remained here three hours, which I enjoyed much.

October 15. Not a word from the minister, and the time goes faster than I like, I assure thee. Could the minister know how painful it is for an individual like me to wait nearly a month for a decision that might just as well have been concluded in one minute, I am sure things would be different.

October 18. I have seen two ministers this day, but from both had only promises. But this day has considerably altered my ideas of ministers. I have had a fair opportunity of seeing how much trouble they have, and how necessary it is to be patient with them. I arrived at Baron de la Brouillerie's at half-past eleven. A soldier took my portfolio, that weighs nearly a hundred pounds, and showed me the entrance to a magnificent antechamber. Four gentlemen and a lady were there, and after they had been admitted and dismissed, my name was called. The Baron is about sixty years old; tall, thin, not handsome, red in the face, and stiff in his manners. I opened my book, of which he said he had read much in the papers, and asked me why I had not applied to him before. I told him I had written some weeks ago. This

he had forgot, but now remembered, somewhat to his embarrassment. He examined every sheet very closely, said he would speak to the King, and I must send him a written and exact memorandum of everything. He expressed surprise the Duc d'Orléans had taken only one copy. I walked from here to Vicomte Siméon. It was his audience day, and in the antechamber twenty-six were already waiting. My seat was close to the door of his cabinet, and I could not help hearing some words during my penance, which lasted one hour and a half. The Vicomte received every one with the same words, "Monsieur (or Madame), j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer;" and when each retired, "Monsieur, je suis votre très humble serviteur." Conceive, my Lucy, the situation of this unfortunate being, in his cabinet since eleven, repeating these sentences to upwards of one hundred persons, answering questions on as many different subjects. What brains he must have, and — how long can he keep them? As soon as I entered he said: "Your business is being attended to, and I give you *my word* you shall have your answer on Tuesday. Have you seen Barons Vacher and La Brouillerie?" I told him I had, and he wished me success as I retired.

October 19. About twelve walked to the plains d'Issy to see the review of the troops by the King in person. It is about eight miles from that portion of Paris where I was, and I walked it with extreme swiftness, say five and a half miles per hour. The plain is on the south bank of the Seine, and almost level. Some thousands of soldiers were already ranged in long lines, handsomely dressed, and armed as if about to be in action. I made for the top of a high wall, which I reached at the risk of breaking my neck, and there, like an Eagle on a rock, I surveyed all around me. The carriage of the Duc d'Orléans came first at full gallop, all the men in crimson liveries, and the music struck up like the thunder of war. Then the

King, all his men in white liveries, came driving at full speed, and followed by other grandees. The King and these gentry descended from their carriages and mounted fine horses, which were in readiness for them; they were immediately surrounded by a brilliant staff, and the review began, the Duchesses d'Orléans and de Berry having now arrived in open carriages; from my perch I saw all. The Swiss troops began, and the manœuvres were finely gone through; three times I was within twenty-five yards of the King and his staff, and, as a Kentuckian would say, "could have closed his eye with a rifle bullet." He is a man of small stature, pale, not at all handsome, and rode so bent over his horse that his appearance was neither kingly nor prepossessing. He wore a three-cornered hat, trimmed with white feathers, and had a broad blue sash from the left shoulder under his right arm. The Duc d'Orléans looked uncommonly well in a hussar uniform, and is a fine rider; he sat his horse like a Turk. The staff was too gaudy; I like not so much gold and silver. None of the ladies were connections of Venus, except most distantly; few Frenchwomen are handsome. The review over, the King and his train rode off. I saw a lady in a carriage point at me on the wall; she doubtless took me for a large black Crow. The music was uncommonly fine, especially that by the band belonging to the Cuirassiers, which was largely composed of trumpets of various kinds, and aroused my warlike feelings. The King and staff being now posted at some little distance, a new movement began, the cannon roared, the horses galloped madly, the men were enveloped in clouds of dust and smoke; this was a sham battle. No place of retreat was here, no cover of dark woods, no deep swamp; there would have been no escape here. This was no battle of New Orleans, nor Tippecanoe. I came down from my perch, leaving behind me about thirty thousand idlers like myself, and the soldiers, who must have been hot and dusty enough.

October 20. Nothing to do, and tired of sight-seeing. Four subscriptions in seven weeks. Slow work indeed. I took a long walk, and watched the Stock Pigeons or Cushats in the trees of Le Jardin des Tuileries, where they roost in considerable numbers, arriving about sunset. They settle at first on the highest trees, and driest, naked branches, then gradually lower themselves, approach the trunks of the trees, and thickest parts, remain for the night, leave at day-break, and fly northerly. Blackbirds do the same, and are always extremely noisy before dark; a few Rooks are seen, and two or three Magpies. In the Jardin, and in the walks of the Palais-Royal, the common Sparrow is prodigiously plenty, very tame, fed by ladies and children, killed or missed with blow-guns by mischievous boys. The Mountain Finch passes in scattered numbers over Paris at this season, going northerly, and is caught in nets. Now, my love, wouldst thou not believe me once more in the woods, hard at it? Alas! I wish I was; what precious time I am wasting in Europe.

October 21. Redouté told me the young Duchesse d'Orléans had subscribed, and I would receive a letter to that effect. Cuvier sent me one hundred printed copies of his *Procès verbal*.

October 22. The second day of promise is over, and not a word from either of the ministers. Now, do those good gentlemen expect me to remain in Paris all my life? They are mistaken. Saturday I pack; on Tuesday morning farewell to Paris. Redouté sent me three volumes of his beautiful roses, which thou wilt so enjoy, and a compliment which is beyond all truth, so I will not repeat it.

October 26. I received a letter from Baron de la Brouillerie announcing that the King had subscribed to my work for his private library. I was visited by the secretary of the Duc d'Orléans, who sat with me some time, a clever and entertaining man with whom I felt quite at ease. He told me that I might now expect the subscrip-

tions of most of the royal family, because none of them liked to be outdone or surpassed by any of the others.¹ Good God! what a spirit is this; what a world we live in! I also received a M. Pitois, who came to look at my book, with a view to becoming my agent here; Baron Cuvier recommended him strongly, and I have concluded a bargain with him. He thinks he can procure a good number of names. His manners are plain, and I hope he will prove an honest man. He had hardly gone, when I received a letter from M. Siméon, telling me the Minister of the Interior would take six copies for various French towns and universities, and he regretted it was not twelve. So did I, but I am well contented. I have now thirteen subscribers in Paris; I have been here two months, and have expended forty pounds. My adieux will now be made, and I shall be *en route* for London before long.

London, November 4. I travelled from Paris to Boulogne with two nuns, that might as well be struck off the calendar of animated beings. They stirred not, they spoke not, they saw not; they replied neither by word nor gesture to the few remarks I made. In the woods of America I have never been in such silence; for in the most retired places I have had the gentle murmuring streamlet, or the sound of the Woodpecker tapping, or the sweet melodious strains of that lovely recluse, my greatest favorite, the Wood Thrush. The great poverty of the country struck me everywhere; the peasantry are beggarly and ignorant, few know the name of the *Département* in which they live; their hovels are dirty and uncomfortable, and appear wretched indeed after Paris. In Paris alone can the refinements of society, education, and the fine arts be found. To Paris, or to the large cities, the country gentleman must go, or have nothing; how unlike the beautiful country homes of the English. I doubt not

¹ The words of the secretary were fully verified within a few months.

the "New Monthly" would cry out: "Here is Audubon again, in all his extravagance." This may be true, but I write as I think I see, and that is enough to render me contented with my words. The passage from Calais was short, and I was free from my usual seasickness, and London was soon reached, where I have been busy with many letters, many friends, and my work. I have presented a copy of my birds to the Linnæan Society, and sold a little picture for ten guineas. And now I must to work on the pictures that have been ordered in France.

November 7. To-day is of some account, as Mr. Havell has taken the drawings that are to form the eleventh number of my work. It will be the first number for the year 1829. I have as yet had no answer from the Linnæan Society, but thou knowest how impatient my poor nature always is.

November 10. I have been painting as much as the short days will allow, but it is very hard for me to do so, as my Southern constitution suffers so keenly from the cold that I am freezing on the side farthest from the fire at this very instant. I have finished the two pictures for the Duc d'Orléans; that of the Grouse I regret much to part with, without a copy; however, I may at some future time group another still more naturally.

November 15. We have had such dismal fog in this London that I could scarcely see to write at twelve o'clock; however, I did write nearly all day. It has been extremely cold besides, and in the streets in the middle of the day I saw men carrying torches, so dark it was.

November 17. I anticipated this day sending all my copies for Paris, but am sadly disappointed. One of the colorers employed brought a number so shamefully done that I would not think of forwarding it. It has gone to be washed, hot pressed, and done over again. Depend upon it, my work will not fail for the want of my own very particular attention.

December 23. After so long neglecting thee, my dear book, it would be difficult to enter a connected account of my time, but I will trace the prominent parts of the lapse. Painting every day, and I may well add constantly, has been the main occupation. I have (what I call) finished my two large pictures of the Eagle and the Lamb, and the Dog and the Pheasants, and now, as usual, can scarce bear to look at either. My friends the Swainsons have often been to see me, and good Bentley came and lived with me for a month as a brother would. I parted from him yesterday with pain and regret. Several artists have called upon me, and have given me *false praises*, as I have heard afterwards, and I hope they will keep aloof. It is charity to speak the truth to a man who knows the poverty of his talents and wishes to improve; it is villanous to mislead him, by praising him to his face, and laughing at his work as they go down the stairs of his house. I have, however, applied to one whom I *know* to be candid, and who has promised to see them, and to give his opinion with truth and simplicity; this is no other, my Lucy, than the president of the Royal Academy, Sir Thomas Lawrence. The steady work and want of exercise has reduced me almost to a skeleton; I have not allowed myself the time even to go to the Zoölogical Gardens.

December 26. I dined yesterday (another Christmas day away from my dear country) at a Mr. Goddard's; our company was formed of Americans, principally sea-captains. During my absence Sir Thomas Lawrence came to see my paintings, which were shown to him by Mr. Havell, who reported as follows. On seeing the Eagle and Lamb he said, "That is a fine picture." He examined it closely, and was shown that of the Pheasants, which I call "*Sauve qui peut.*" He approached it, looked at it sideways, up and down, and put his face close to the canvas, had it moved from one situation to two others in

different lights, but gave no opinion. The Otter came next, and he said that the "animal" was very fine, and told Havell he would come again to see them in a few days. I paid him my respects the next morning, and thought him kinder than usual. He said he would certainly come to make a choice for me of one to be exhibited at Somerset House, and would speak to the Council about it.

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The remaining three months before Audubon sailed for America, April 1, 1829, were passed in preparations for his absence from his book, and many pages of his fine, close writing are filled with memoranda for Mr. Havell, Mr. J. G. Children, and Mr. Pitois. Audubon writes: "I have made up my mind to go to America, and with much labor and some trouble have made ready. My business is as well arranged for as possible; I have given the agency of my work to my excellent friend Children, of the British Museum, who kindly offered to see to it during my absence. I have collected some money, paid all my debts, and taken my passage in the packet-ship 'Columbia,' Captain Delano. I chose the ship on account of her name, and paid thirty pounds for my passage. I am about to leave this smoky city for Portsmouth, and shall sail on April 1." The voyage was uneventful, and America was reached on May 1. Almost immediately began the search for new birds, and those not delineated already, for the continuation and completion of the "Birds of America."



EAGLE AND LAMB.

PAINTED BY AUCUBON, LONDON, 1838. IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.

THE LABRADOR JOURNAL

1833

INTRODUCTION

THE Labrador trip, long contemplated, was made with the usual object, that of procuring birds and making the drawings of them for the continuation of the "Birds of America," the publication of which was being carried on by the Havells, under the supervision of Victor, the elder son, who was in London at this time. To him Audubon writes from Eastport, Maine, under date of May 31, 1833:—

"We are on the eve of our departure for the coast of Labrador. Our party consists of young Dr. George Shattuck of Boston, Thomas Lincoln of Dennysville, William Ingalls, son of Dr. Ingalls of Boston, Joseph Coolidge, John, and myself. I have chartered a schooner called the 'Ripley,' commanded by Captain Emery, who was at school with my friend Lincoln; he is reputed to be a gentleman, as well as a good sailor. Coolidge, too, has been bred to the sea, and is a fine, active youth of twenty-one. The schooner is a new vessel, only a year old, of 106 tons, for which we pay three hundred and fifty dollars per month for the entire use of the vessel with the men, but we supply ourselves

with provisions.¹ The hold of the vessel has been floored, and our great table solidly fixed in a tolerably good light under the main hatch; it is my intention to draw whenever possible, and that will be many hours, for the daylight is with us nearly all the time in those latitudes, and the fishermen say you can do with little sleep, the air is so pure. I have been working hard at the birds from the Grand Menan, as well as John, who is overcoming his habit of sleeping late, as I call him every morning at four, and we have famous long days. We are well provided as to clothes, and strange figures indeed do we cut in our dresses, I promise you: fishermen's boots, the soles of which are all nailed to enable us to keep our footing on the sea-weeds, trousers of *fearnought* so coarse that our legs look like bears' legs, oiled jackets and over-trousers for rainy weather, and round, white, wool hats with a piece of oil cloth dangling on our shoulders to prevent the rain from running down our necks. A coarse bag is strapped on the back to carry provisions on inland journeys, with our guns and hunting-knives; you can form an idea of us from this. Edward Harris is not to be with us; this I regret more than I can say. This day seven vessels sailed for the fishing-grounds, some of them not more than thirty tons' burden, for these hardy fishermen

¹ These terms were not, however, held to by the owners of the vessel, and the provisioning was left also to them, the whole outlay being about \$1500 for the entire trip.

care not in what they go; but *I do*, and, indeed, such a boat would be too small for us."

The 1st of June was the day appointed for the start, but various delays occurred which retarded this until the 6th, when the journal which follows tells its own tale.

Of all the members of the party Mr. Joseph Coolidge, now (1897) living in San Francisco, is the sole survivor.

M. R. A.



AUDUBON.

From the portrait by George P. A. Healy, London, 1838. Now in the possession of the Boston Society of Natural History.

THE LABRADOR JOURNAL

1833

Eastport, Maine, June 4. Our vessel is being prepared for our reception and departure, and we have concluded to hire two extra sailors and a lad; the latter to be a kind of major-domo, to clean our guns, etc., search for nests, and assist in skinning birds. Whilst rambling in the woods this morning, I found a Crow's nest, with five young, yet small. As I ascended the tree, the parents came to their offspring crying loudly, and with such perseverance that in less than fifteen minutes upwards of fifty pairs of these birds had joined in their vociferations; yet when first the parents began to cry I would have supposed them the only pair in the neighborhood.

Wednesday, June 5. This afternoon, when I had concluded that everything relating to the charter of the "Ripley" was arranged, some difficulty arose between myself and Mr. Buck, which nearly put a stop to our having his vessel. Pressed, however, as I was, by the lateness of the season, I gave way and suffered myself to be imposed upon as usual, with a full knowledge that I was so. The charter was signed, and we hoped to have sailed, but to-morrow is now the day appointed. Our promised Hampton boat is not come.

Thursday, June 6. We left the wharf of Eastport about one o'clock P. M. Every one of the male population came to see the show, just as if no schooner the size of the

“Ripley” had ever gone from this mighty port to Labrador. Our numerous friends came with the throng, and we all shook hands as if never to meet again. The batteries of the garrison, and the cannon of the revenue cutter, saluted us, each firing four loud, oft-echoing reports. Captain Coolidge accompanied us, and indeed was our pilot, until we had passed Lubec. The wind was light and ahead, and yet with the assistance of the tide we drifted twenty-five miles, down to Little River, during the night, and on rising on the morning of June 7 we were at anchor near some ugly rocks, the sight of which was not pleasing to our good captain.

June 7. The whole morning was spent trying to enter Little River, but in vain; the men were unable to tow us in. We landed for a few minutes, and shot a Hermit Thrush, but the appearance of a breeze brought us back, and we attempted to put to sea. Our position now became rather dangerous, as we were drawn by the current nearly upon the rocks; but the wind rose at last, and we cleared for sea. At three o'clock it became suddenly so foggy that we could not see the bowsprit. The night was spent in direful apprehensions of ill luck; at midnight a smart squall decided in our favor, and when day broke on the morning of June 8 the wind was from the northeast, blowing fresh, and we were dancing on the waters, all shockingly sea-sick, crossing that worst of all dreadful bays, the Bay of Fundy. We passed between the Seal Islands and the Mud Islands; in the latter *Procellaria wilsonii*, the Stormy Petrel, breeds abundantly; their nests are dug out of the sand in an oblique direction to the depth of two, or two and a half feet. At the bottom of these holes, and on the sand, the birds deposit their pure white eggs. The holes are perforated, not in the banks like the Bank Swallow, but are like rat holes over the whole of the islands. On Seal Islands *Larus argentatus*, the Herring Gull, breeds as abundantly as on Grand Menan, but

altogether *on trees*. As we passed Cape Sable, so called on account of its being truly a sand-point of some caved-in elevation, we saw a wrecked ship with many small crafts about it. I saw there *Uria troile*, the Foolish Guillemot, and some Gannets. The sea was dreadful, and scarcely one of us was able to eat or drink this day. We came up with the schooner "Caledonia," from Boston for Labrador; her captain wished to keep in our company, and we were pretty much together all night and also on Sunday.

June 9. We now had a splendid breeze, but a horrid sea, and were scarce able to keep our feet, or sleep. The "Caledonia" was very near to us for some time, but when the breeze increased to a gale, and both vessels had to reef, we showed ourselves superior in point of sailing. So good was our run that on the next morning, June 10, we found ourselves not more than thirty miles from Cape Canseau, ordinarily called Cape Cancer. The wind was so fair for proceeding directly to Labrador that our captain spoke of doing so, provided it suited my views; but, anxious as I am not to suffer any opportunity to escape of doing all I can to fulfil my engagements, I desired that we should pass through what is called "The Gut of Canseau," and we came into the harbor of that name¹ at three of the afternoon. Here we found twenty vessels, all bound to Labrador, and, of course, all fishermen. We had been in view of the southeastern coast of Nova Scotia all day, a dreary, poor, and inhospitable-looking country. As we dropped our anchor we had a snowfall, and the sky had an appearance such as I never before recollect having seen. Going on shore we found not a tree in blossom, though the low plants near the ground were all in bloom; I saw azaleas, white and blue violets, etc., and in some situations the grass really looked well. The Robins were in full song; one nest of that bird was found; the White-

¹ Now commonly spelled Canso—not Canseau.

throated Sparrow and Savannah Finch were also in full song. The *Fringilla nivalis*¹ was seen, and we were told that *Tetrao canadensis*² was very abundant, but saw none. About a dozen houses form this settlement; there was no Custom House officer, and not an individual who could give an answer of any value to our many questions. We returned on board and supped on a fine codfish. The remainder of our day was spent in catching lobsters, of which we procured forty. They were secured simply by striking them in shallow water with a gaff-hook. It snowed and rained at intervals, and to my surprise we did not observe a single seabird.

June 11. *Larus marinus* (the Great Black-backed Gull) is so superior both in strength and courage to Fulmars, *Lestris*, or even Gannets, to say nothing of Gulls of all sorts, that at its approach they all give way, and until it has quite satiated itself, none venture to approach the precious morsel on which it is feeding. In this respect, it is as the Eagle to the Vultures or Carrion Crows. I omitted saying that last night, before we retired to rest, after much cold, snow, rain, and hail, the frogs were piping in all the pools on the shore, and we all could hear them clearly, from the deck of the "Ripley." The weather to-day is beautiful, the wind fair, and when I reached the deck at four A. M. we were under way in the wake of the whole of the fleet which last evening graced the Harbor of Canseau, but which now gave life to the grand bay across which all were gliding under easy pressure of sail. The land locked us in, the water was smooth, the sky pure, and the thermometer was only 46°, quite cold; indeed, it was more grateful to see the sunshine whilst on deck this morning, and to feel its warmth, than I can recollect before at this season. After sailing for twenty-one miles, and passing one after another every vessel of the fleet, we entered the

¹ *Plectrophenax nivalis*, the Snow Bunting.—E. C.

² *Canachites canadensis*, the Canada Grouse.—E. C.

Gut of Canseau, so named by the Spanish on account of the innumerable Wild Geese which, in years long past and forgotten, resorted to this famed passage. The land rises on each side in the form of an amphitheatre, and on the Nova Scotia side, to a considerable height. Many *appearances* of dwellings exist, but the country is too poor for comfort; the timber is small, and the land, very stony. Here and there a small patch of ploughed land, planted, or to be planted, with potatoes, was all we could see evincing cultivation. Near one house we saw a few apple-trees, yet without leaves. The general appearance of this passage reminded me of some parts of the Hudson River, and accompanied as we were by thirty smaller vessels, the time passed agreeably. Vegetation about as forward as at Eastport; saw a Chimney Swallow, heard some Blue Jays, saw some Indians in a bark canoe, passed Cape Porcupine, a high, rounding hill, and Cape George, after which we entered the Gulf of St. Lawrence. From this place, on the 20th of May last year, the sea was a complete sheet of ice as far as a spy-glass could inform. As we advanced, running parallel with the western coast of Cape Breton Island, the country looked well, at the distance we were from it; the large, undulating hills were scattered with many hamlets, and here and there a bit of cultivated land was seen. It being calm when we reached Jestico Island, distant from Cape Breton about three miles, we left the vessel and made for it. On landing we found it covered with well grown grass sprinkled everywhere with the blossoms of the wild strawberry; the sun shone bright, and the weather was quite pleasant. Robins, Savannah Finches, Song Sparrows, Tawny Thrushes, and the American Redstart were found. The Spotted Sand-piper, *Totanus macularius*, was breeding in the grass, and flew slowly with the common tremor of their wings, uttering their "wheet-wheet-wheet" note, to invite me to follow them. A Raven had a nest and three young in it, one standing near it, the old birds

not seen. *Uria troile*¹ and *U. grylle*² were breeding in the rocks, and John saw several *Ardea herodias*³ flying in pairs, also a pair of Red-breasted Mergansers that had glutted themselves with fish so that they were obliged to disgorge before they could fly off. Amongst the plants the wild gooseberry, nearly the size of a green pea, was plentiful, and the black currant, I think of a different species from the one found in Maine. The wind rose and we returned on board. John and the sailors almost killed a Seal with their oars.

June 12. At four this morning we were in sight of the Magdalene Islands, or, as they are called on the chart, Amherst Islands; they appeared to be distant about twenty miles. The weather was dull and quite calm, and I thought the prospect of reaching these isles this day very doubtful, and returned to my berth sadly disappointed. After breakfast a thick fog covered the horizon on our bow, the islands disappeared from sight, and the wind rose sluggishly, and dead ahead. Several brigs and ships loaded with lumber out from Miramichi came near us, beating their way towards the Atlantic. We are still in a great degree landlocked by Cape Breton Island, the highlands of which look dreary and forbidding; it is now nine A. M., and we are at anchor in four fathoms of water, and within a quarter of a mile of an island, one of the general group; for our pilot, who has been here for ten successive years, informs us that all these islands are connected by dry sand-bars, without any other ship channel between them than the one which we have taken, and which is called Entrée Bay, formed by Entrée Island and a long, sandy, projecting reef connected with the main island. This latter measures forty-eight miles in length, by an average of about three in breadth; Entrée Island contains about fifteen hundred acres of land, such as it is, of a red, rough, sandy formation, the northwest side constantly falling into the sea, and ex-

¹ Foolish Guillemot. ² Black Guillemot. ³ Great Blue Heron.

hibiting a very interesting sight. Guillemots were seen seated upright along the projecting shelvings in regular order, resembling so many sentinels on the look-out. Many Gannets also were seen about the extreme point of this island. On Amherst Island we saw many houses, a small church, and on the highest land a large cross, indicating the Catholic tendency of the inhabitants. Several small schooners lay in the little harbor called Pleasant Bay, and we intend to pay them an early visit to-morrow. The wind is so cold that it feels to us all like the middle of December at Boston.

Magdalene Islands, June 13. This day week we were at Eastport, and I am sure not one of our party thought of being here this day. At four this morning we were seated at breakfast around our great drawing-table; the thermometer was at 44° ; we blew our fingers and drank our coffee, feeling as if in the very heart of winter, and when we landed I felt so chilled that it would have been quite out of the question to use my hands for any delicate work. We landed between two great bluffs, that looked down upon us with apparent anger, the resort of many a Black Guillemot and noble Raven, and following a tortuous path, suddenly came plump upon one of God's best finished jewels, a woman. She saw us first, for women are always keenest in sight and sympathy, in perseverance and patience, in fortitude, and love, and sorrow, and faith, and, for aught I know, much more. At the instant that my eyes espied her, she was in full run towards her cottage, holding to her bosom a fine babe, simply covered with a very short shirt, the very appearance of which set me shivering. The woman was dressed in coarse French homespun, a close white cotton cap which entirely surrounded her face tied under her chin, and I thought her the wildest-looking woman, both in form and face, I had seen for many a day. At a venture, I addressed her in French, and it answered well, for she responded in a wonderful

jargon, about one third of which I understood, and abandoned the rest to a better linguist, should one ever come to the island. She was a plain, good woman, I doubt not, and the wife of an industrious fisherman. We walked through the woods, and followed the *road* to the church. Who would have thought that on these wild islands, among these impoverished people, we should have found a church; that we should have been suddenly confronted with a handsome, youthful, vigorous, black-haired, black-bearded fellow, in a soutane as black as the Raven's wedding-dress, and with a heart as light as a bird on the wing? Yet we met with both church and priest, and our ears were saluted by the sound of a bell which measures one foot by nine and a half inches in diameter, and weighs thirty pounds; and this bell may be heard a full quarter of a mile. It is a festival day, *La Petite Fête de Dieu*. The chapel was illuminated at six o'clock, and the inhabitants, even from a distance, passed in; among them were many old women, who, staff in hand, had trudged along the country road. Their backs were bent by age and toil, their eyes dimmed by time; they crossed their hands upon their breasts, and knelt before the sacred images in the church with so much simplicity and apparent truth of heart that I could not help exclaiming, "This is indeed religion!" The priest, Père Brunet, is originally from Quebec. These islands belong, or are attached, to Lower Canada; he, however, is under the orders of the Bishop of Halifax. He is a shrewd-looking fellow, and, if I mistake not, has a dash of the devil in him. He told me there were no reptiles on the island, but this was an error; for, while rambling about, Tom Lincoln, Ingalls, and John saw a snake, and I heard Frogs a-piping. He also told me that Black and Red Foxes, and the changeable Hare, with Rats lately imported, were the only quadrupeds to be found, except cows, horses, and mules, of which some had been brought over many years ago, and which had multiplied, but to no great extent. The

land, he assured us, was poor in every respect, — soil, woods, game; that the Seal fisheries had been less productive these last years than formerly. On these islands, about a dozen in number, live one hundred and sixty families, all of whom make their livelihood by the Cod, Herring, and Mackerel fisheries. One or two vessels from Quebec come yearly to collect this produce of the ocean. Not a bird to be found larger than a Robin, but certainly thousands of those. Père Brunet said he lived the life of a recluse, and invited us to accompany him to the house where he boarded, and take a glass of good French wine. During our ramble on the island we found the temperature quite agreeable; indeed, in some situations the sun was pleasant and warm. Strawberry blossoms were under our feet at every step, and here and there the grass looked well. I was surprised to find the woods (by woods I mean land covered with any sort of trees, from the noblest magnolia down to dwarf cedars) rich in Warblers, Thrushes, Finches, Buntings, etc. The Fox-tailed Sparrow breeds here, the Siskin also. The Hermit and Tawny Thrushes crossed our path every few yards, the Black-capped Warbler flashed over the pools, the Winter Wren abounded everywhere. Among the water-birds we found the Great Tern (*Sterna hirundo*) very abundant, and shot four of them on the sand-ridges. The Piping Plover breeds here — shot two males and one female; so plaintive is the note of this interesting species that I feel great aversion to killing them. These birds certainly are the swiftest of foot of any water-birds which I know, of their size. We found many land-snails, and collected some fine specimens of gypsum. This afternoon, being informed that across the bay where we are anchored we might, perhaps, purchase some Black Fox skins, we went there, and found Messieurs Muncey keen fellows; they asked £5 for Black Fox and \$1.50 for Red. No purchase on our part. Being told that Geese, Brents, Mergansers, etc., breed eighteen miles from here, at the

eastern extremity of these islands, we go off there tomorrow in boats. Saw Bank Swallows and House Swallows. The woods altogether small evergreens, extremely scrubby, almost impenetrable, and swampy beneath. At seven this evening the thermometer is at 52° . This morning it was 44° . After our return to the "Ripley," our captain, John, Tom Lincoln, and Coolidge went off to the cliffs opposite our anchorage, in search of Black Guillemots' eggs. This was found to be quite an undertaking; these birds, instead of having to *jump* or *hop* from one place to another on the rocks, to find a spot suitable to deposit their spotted egg, as has been stated, are on the contrary excellent walkers, at least upon the rocks, and they can fly from the water to the very entrance of the holes in the fissures, where the egg is laid. Sometimes this egg is deposited not more than eight or ten feet above high-water mark, at other times the fissure in the rock which has been chosen stands at an elevation of a hundred feet or more. The egg is laid on the bare rock without any preparation, but when the formation is sandy, a certain scoop is indicated on the surface. In one instance, I found two feathers with the egg; this egg is about the size of a hen's, and looks extravagantly large, splashed with black or deep umber, apparently at random, the markings larger and more frequent towards the great end. At the barking of a dog from any place where these birds breed, they immediately fly towards the animal, and will pass within a few feet of the observer, as if in defiance. At other times they leave the nest and fall in the water, diving to an extraordinary distance before they rise again. John shot a Gannet on the wing; the flesh was black and unpleasant. The Piping Plover, when missed by the shot, rises almost perpendicularly, and passes sometimes out of sight; this is, I am convinced by the many opportunities I have had to witness the occurrence, a habit of the species. These islands are well watered by large springs, and rivulets

intersect the country in many directions. We saw large flocks of Velvet Ducks feeding close to the shores; these did not appear to be in pairs. The Gannet dives quite under the water after its prey, and when empty of food rises easily off the water.

June 14, off the Gannett Rocks. We rose at two o'clock with a view to proceed to the eastern extremity of these islands in search of certain ponds, wherein, so we were told, Wild Geese and Ducks of different kinds are in the habit of resorting annually to breed. Our informer added that formerly Brents bred there in abundance, but that since the erection of several buildings owned by Nova Scotians, and in the immediate vicinity of these ponds or lakes, the birds have become gradually very shy, and most of them now proceed farther north. Some of these lakes are several miles in circumference, with shallow, sandy bottoms; most of them are fresh water, the shores thickly overgrown with rank sedges and grasses, and on the surface are many water-lilies. It is among these that the wild fowl, when hid from the sight of man, deposit their eggs. Our way to these ponds would have been through a long and narrow bay, formed by what seamen call sea-walls. In this place these walls are entirely of light-colored sand, and form connecting points from one island to another, thus uniting nearly the whole archipelago. Our journey was abandoned just as we were about to start, in consequence of the wind changing, and being fair for our passage to Labrador, the ultimatum of our desires. Our anchor was raised, and we bid adieu to the Magdalenes. Our pilot, a Mr. Godwin from Nova Scotia, put the vessel towards what he called "The Bird Rocks," where he told us that Gannets (*Sula bassana*) bred in great numbers. For several days past we have met with an increased number of Gannets, and as we sailed this morning we observed long and numerous files, all flying in the direction of the rocks. Their flight now

was low above the water, forming easy undulations, flapping thirty or forty times, and sailing about the same distance; these were all returning from fishing, and were gorged with food for their mates or young. About ten a speck rose on the horizon, which I was told was the Rock; we sailed well, the breeze increased fast, and we neared this object apace. At eleven I could distinguish its top plainly from the deck, and thought it covered with snow to the depth of several feet; this appearance existed on every portion of the flat, projecting shelves. Godwin said, with the coolness of a man who had visited this Rock for ten successive seasons, that what we saw was not snow—but Gannets! I rubbed my eyes, took my spy-glass, and in an instant the strangest picture stood before me. They were birds we saw, — a mass of birds of such a size as I never before cast my eyes on. The whole of my party stood astounded and amazed, and all came to the conclusion that such a sight was of itself sufficient to invite any one to come across the Gulf to view it at this season. The nearer we approached, the greater our surprise at the enormous number of these birds, all calmly seated on their eggs or newly hatched brood, their heads all turned to windward, and towards us. The air above for a hundred yards, and for some distance around the whole rock, was filled with Gannets on the wing, which from our position made it appear as if a heavy fall of snow was directly above us. Our pilot told us the wind was too high to permit us to land, and I felt sadly grieved at this unwelcome news. Anxious as we all were, we decided to make the attempt; our whale-boat was overboard, the pilot, two sailors, Tom Lincoln, and John pushed off with guns and clubs. Our vessel was brought to, but at that instant the wind increased, and heavy rain began to fall. Our boat neared the rock, and went to the lee of it, and was absent nearly an hour, but could not land. The air was filled with Gannets, but no difference could we

perceive on the surface of the rock. The birds, which we now could distinctly see, sat almost touching each other and in regular lines, seated on their nests quite unconcerned. The discharge of the guns had no effect on those that were not touched by the shot, for the noise of the Gulls, Guillemots, etc., deadened the sound of the gun; but where the shot took effect, the birds scrambled and flew off in such multitudes, and in such confusion, that whilst some eight or ten were falling into the water either dead or wounded, others pushed off their eggs, and these fell into the sea by hundreds in all directions. The sea now becoming very rough, the boat was obliged to return, with some birds and some eggs; but the crew had not climbed the rock, a great disappointment to me. Godwin tells me the top of the rock is about a quarter of a mile wide, north and south, and a little narrower east and west; its elevation above the sea between three and four hundred feet. The sea beats round it with great violence, except after long calms, and it is extremely difficult to land upon it, and much more so to climb to the top of it, which is a platform; it is only on the southeast shore that a landing can be made, and the moment a boat touches, it must be hauled up on the rocks. The whole surface is perfectly covered with nests, placed about two feet apart, in such regular order that you may look through the lines as you would look through those of a planted patch of sweet potatoes or cabbages. The fishermen who kill these birds, to get their flesh for codfish bait, ascend in parties of six or eight, armed with clubs; sometimes, indeed, the party comprises the crews of several vessels. As they reach the top, the birds, alarmed, rise with a noise like thunder, and fly off in such hurried, fearful confusion as to throw each other down, often falling on each other till there is a bank of them many feet high. The men strike them down and kill them until fatigued or satisfied. Five hundred and forty have been

thus murdered in one hour by six men. The birds are skinned with little care, and the flesh cut off in chunks; it will keep fresh about a fortnight. The nests are made by scratching down a few inches, and the edges surrounded with sea-weeds. The eggs are pure white, and as large as those of a Goose. By the 20th of May the rock is already covered with birds and eggs; about the 20th of June they begin to hatch. So great is the destruction of these birds annually that their flesh supplies the bait for upwards of forty fishing-boats, which lie close to the Byron Island each season. When the young are hatched they are black, and for a fortnight or more the skin looks like that of the dog-fish. They become gradually downy and white, and when two months old look much like young lambs. Even while shooting at these birds, hundreds passed us carrying great masses of weeds to their nests. The birds were thick above our heads, and I shot at one to judge of the effect of the report of the gun; it had none. A great number of Kittiwake Gulls breed on this rock, with thousands of Foolish Guillemots. The Kittiwake makes its nest of eel-weeds, several inches in thickness, and in places too small for a Gannet or a Guillemot to place itself; in some instances these nests projected some inches over the edge of the rock. We could not see any of their eggs. The breeze was now so stiff that the waves ran high; so much so that the boat was perched on the comb of the wave one minute, the next in the trough. John steered, and he told me afterwards he was nearly exhausted. The boat was very cleverly hauled on deck by a single effort. The stench from the rock is insufferable, as it is covered with the remains of putrid fish, rotten eggs, and dead birds, old and young. No man who has not seen what we have this day can form the least idea of the impression the sight made on our minds. By dark it blew a gale and we are now most of us rather shaky; rain is falling in torrents, and

the sailors are reefing. I forgot to say that when a man walks towards the Gannets, they will now and then stand still, merely opening and shutting their bills; the Gulls remained on their nests with more confidence than the Guillemots, all of which flew as we approached. The feathering of the Gannet is curious, differing from that of most other birds, inasmuch as each feather is concave, and divided in its contour from the next. Under the roof of the mouth and attached to the upper mandible, are two fleshy appendages like two small wattles.

June 15. All our party except Coolidge were deadly sick. The thermometer was down to 43° , and every sailor complained of the cold. It has rained almost all day. I felt so very sick this morning that I removed from my berth to a hammock, where I soon felt rather more easy. We lay to all this time, and at daylight were in sight of the Island of Anticosti, distant about twenty miles; but the fog soon after became so thick that nothing could be observed. At about two we saw the sun, the wind hauled dead ahead, and we ran under one sail only.

June 16, Sunday. The weather clear, beautiful, and much warmer; but it was calm, so we fished for cod, of which we caught a good many; most of them contained crabs of a curious sort, and some were filled with shrimps. One cod measured three feet six and a half inches, and weighed twenty-one pounds. Found two curious insects fastened to the skin of a cod, which we saved. At about six o'clock the wind sprang up fair, and we made all sail for Labrador.

June 17. I was on deck at three this morning; the sun, although not above the horizon, indicated to the mariner at the helm one of those doubtful days the result of which seldom can be truly ascertained until sunset. The sea was literally covered with Foolish Guillemots, playing in the very spray of the bow of our vessel, plunging under it, as if in fun, and rising like spirits close

under our rudder. The breeze was favorable, although we were hauled to the wind within a point or so. The helmsman said he saw land from aloft, but the captain pronounced his assertion must be a mistake, by true calculation. We breakfasted on the best of fresh codfish, and I never relished a breakfast more. I looked on our landing on the coast of Labrador as a matter of great importance. My thoughts were filled, not with airy castles, but with expectations of the new knowledge of birds and quadrupeds which I hoped to acquire. The "Ripley" ploughed the deep, and proceeded swiftly on her way; she always sails well, but I thought that now as the land was expected to appear every moment, she fairly skipped over the waters. At five o'clock the cry of land rang in our ears, and my heart bounded with joy; so much for anticipation. We sailed on, and in less than an hour the land was in full sight from the deck. We approached, and saw, as we supposed, many sails, and felt delighted at having hit the point in view so very closely; but, after all, the sails proved to be large snow-banks. We proceeded, however, the wind being so very favorable that we could either luff or bear away. The air was now filled with Velvet Ducks; *millions* of these birds were flying from the northwest towards the southeast. The Foolish Guillemots and the *Alca torda*¹ were in immense numbers, flying in long files a few yards above the water, with rather undulating motions, and passing within good gunshot of the vessel, and now and then rounding to us, as if about to alight on the very deck. We now saw a schooner at anchor, and the country looked well at this distance, and as we neared the shore the thermometer, which had been standing at 44°, now rose up to nearly 60°; yet the appearance of the great snow-drifts was forbidding. The shores appeared to be margined with a broad and handsome sand-beach; our imaginations now

¹ Razor-billed Auk.

saw Bears, Wolves, and Devils of all sorts scampering away on the rugged shore. When we reached the schooner we saw beyond some thirty fishing-boats, fishing for cod, and to our great pleasure found Captain Billings of Eastport standing in the bow of his vessel; he bid us welcome, and we saw the codfish thrown on his deck by thousands. We were now opposite to the mouth of the Natasquan River, where the Hudson's Bay Company have a fishing establishment, but where no American vessels are allowed to come in. The shore was lined with bark-covered huts, and some vessels were within the bight, or long point of land which pushes out from the extreme eastern side of the entrance of the river. We went on to an American Harbor, four or five miles distant to the westward, and after a while came to anchor in a small bay, perfectly secure from any winds. And now we are positively on the Labrador coast, latitude 50° and a little more, — farther north than I ever was before. But what a country! When we landed and passed the beach, we sank nearly up to our knees in mosses of various sorts, producing as we moved through them a curious sensation. These mosses, which at a distance look like hard rocks, are, under foot, like a velvet cushion. We scrambled about, and with anxiety stretched our necks and looked over the country far and near, but not a square foot of *earth* could we see. A poor, rugged, miserable country; the trees like so many mops of wiry composition, and where the soil is not rocky it is boggy up to a man's waist. We searched and searched; but, after all, only shot an adult Pigeon-Hawk, a summer-plumage Tell-tale Godwit, and an *Alca torda*. We visited all the islands about the harbor; they were all rocky, nothing but rocks. The *Larus marinus* was sailing magnificently all about us. The Great Tern was plunging after shrimps in every pool, and we found four eggs of the *Totanus macularius*;¹ the nest was situ-

¹ Spotted Sandpiper, now *Actitis macularia*. — E. C.

ated under a rock in the grass, and made of a quantity of dried grass, forming a very decided nest, at least much more so than in our Middle States, where the species breed so very abundantly. Wild Geese were seen by our party, and these birds also breed here; we saw Loons and Eider Ducks, *Anas obscura*¹ and the *Fuligula* [*Edemia*] *americana*.² We came to our anchorage at twenty minutes past twelve. Tom Lincoln and John heard a Ptarmigan. Toads were abundant. We saw some rare plants, which we preserved, and butterflies and small bees were among the flowers which we gathered. We also saw Red-breasted Mergansers. The male and female Eider Ducks separate as soon as the latter begin to lay; after this they are seen flying in large flocks, each sex separately. We found a dead Basking Shark, six and a half feet long; this fish had been wounded by a harpoon and ran ashore, or was washed there by the waves. At Eastport fish of this kind have been killed thirty feet long.

June 18. I remained on board all day, drawing; our boats went off to some islands eight or ten miles distant, after birds and eggs, but the day, although very beautiful, did not prove valuable to us, as some eggers from Halifax had robbed the places ere the boats arrived. We, however, procured about a dozen of *Alca torda*, *Uria troile*, a female Eider Duck, a male Surf Duck, and a Sandpiper, or *Tringa*, — which, I cannot ascertain, although the *least*³ I ever saw, not the *Pusilla* of Bonaparte's Synopsis. Many nests of the Eider Duck were seen, some at the edge of the woods, placed under the rampant boughs of the fir-trees, which in this latitude grow only a few inches above the surface of the ground, and to find the nest, these boughs had to be raised. The nests were scooped a few inches deep in the mossy, rotten substance

¹ Dusky Duck.

² Scoter Duck.

³ The Least or Wilson's Sandpiper, *Tringa* (*Actodromas*) *minutilla*. — E. C.

that forms here what must be called earth; the eggs are deposited on a bed of down and covered with the same material; and so warm are these nests that, although not a parent bird was seen near them, the eggs were quite warm to the touch, and the chicks in some actually hatching in the absence of the mother. Some of the nests had the eggs uncovered; six eggs was the greatest number found in a nest. The nests found on grassy islands are fashioned in the same manner, and generally placed at the foot of a large tussock of grass. Two female Ducks had about twelve young on the water, and these they protected by flapping about the water in such a way as to raise a spray, whilst the little ones dove off in various directions. Flocks of thirty to forty males were on the wing without a single female among them. The young birds procured were about one week old, of a dark mouse-color, thickly covered with a soft and warm down, and their feet appeared to be more perfect, for their age, than any other portion, because more necessary to secure their safety, and to enable them to procure food. John found many nests of the *Larus marinus*, of which he brought both eggs and young. The nest of this fine bird is made of mosses and grasses, raised on the solid rock, and handsomely formed within; a few feathers are in this lining. Three eggs, large, hard-shelled, with ground color of dirty yellowish, splashed and spotted with dark umber and black. The young, although small, were away from the nest a few feet, placing themselves to the lee of the nearest sheltering rock. They did not attempt to escape, but when taken uttered a cry not unlike that of a young chicken under the same circumstances. The parents were so shy and so wary that none could be shot. At the approach of the boats to the rocks where they breed, a few standing as sentinels gave the alarm, and the whole rose immediately in the air to a great elevation. On another rock, not far distant, a number of Gulls of the

same size, white, and with the same hoarse note, were to be seen, but they had no nests; these, I am inclined to think (at present) the bird called *Larus argentatus* (Herring Gull), which is simply the immature bird of *Larus marinus*.¹ I am the more led to believe this because, knowing the tyrannical disposition of the *L. marinus*, I am sure they would not suffer a species almost as powerful as themselves in their immediate neighborhood. They fly altogether, but the white ones do not alight on the rocks where the *Marinus* has its nests. John watched their motion and their cry very closely, and gave me this information. Two eggs of a Tern,² resembling the Cayenne Tern, were found in a nest on the rocks, made of moss also, but the birds, although the eggs were nearly ready to hatch, kept out of gunshot. These eggs measured one and a half inches in length, very oval, whitish, spotted and dotted irregularly with brown and black all over. The cry of those Terns which I saw this afternoon resembles that of the Cayenne Tern that I met with in the Floridas, and I could see a large orange bill, but could not discern the black feet. Many nests of the Great Tern (*Sterna hirundo*) were found—two eggs in each, laid on the short grass scratched out, but no nest. One *Tringa pusilla* [*minutilla*], the smallest I ever saw, was procured; these small gentry are puzzles indeed; I do not mean to say in nature, but in Charles's³ Synopsis. We went ashore this afternoon and made a Bear trap with a gun, baited with heads and entrails of codfish, Bruin having been seen within a few hundred yards of where the lure now lies in wait. It is truly interesting to see the activity of the cod-fishermen about us, but I will write of this when I know more of their filthy business.

¹ A mistake, which Audubon later corrected. The Herring Gull is of course quite distinct from the Black-backed. The former is of the variety called by me *Larus argentatus smithsonianus*, as it differs in some respects from the common Herring Gull of Europe. — E. C.

² Perhaps Forster's Tern, *Sterna forsteri*. — E. C.

³ Charles Lucien Bonaparte.

June 19. Drawing as much as the disagreeable motion of the vessel would allow me to do; and although at anchor and in a good harbor, I could scarcely steady my pencil, the wind being high from southwest. At three A. M. I had all the young men up, and they left by four for some islands where the *Larus marinus* breeds. The captain went up the little Natasquan River. When John returned he brought eight *Alca torda* and four of their eggs identified; these eggs measure three inches in length, one and seven-eighths in breadth, dirty-white ground, broadly splashed with deep brown and black, more so towards the greater end. This *Alca* feeds on fish of a small size, flies swiftly with a quick beat of the wings, rounding to and fro at the distance of fifty or more yards, exhibiting, as it turns, the pure white of its lower parts, or the jet black of its upper. These birds sit on the nest in an almost upright position; they are shy and wary, diving into the water, or taking flight at the least appearance of danger; if wounded slightly they dive, and we generally lost them, but if unable to do this, they throw themselves on their back and defend themselves fiercely, biting severely whoever attempts to seize them. They run over and about the rocks with ease, and not awkwardly, as some have stated. The flesh of this bird when stewed in a particular manner is good eating, much better than would be expected from birds of its class and species. The *Larus argentatus* breeds on the same islands, and we found many eggs; the nests were all on the rocks, made of moss and grasses, and rather neat inwardly. The Arctic Tern was found breeding abundantly; we took some of their eggs; there were two in each nest, one and a quarter inches long, five-eighths broad, rather sharp at the little end. The ground is light olive, splashed with dark umber irregularly, and more largely at the greater end; these were deposited two or three on the rocks, wherever a little grass grew, no nest of any kind appar-

ent. In habits this bird resembles the *S. hirundo*, and has nearly the same harsh note; it feeds principally on shrimps, which abound in these waters. Five young *L. marinus* were brought alive, small and beautifully spotted yet over the head and back, somewhat like a Leopard; they walked well about the deck, and managed to pick up the food given them; their cry was a "hac, hac, hac, wheet, wheet, wheet." Frequently, when one was about to swallow a piece of flesh, a brother or sister would jump at it, tug, and finally deprive its relative of the morsel in an instant. John assured me that the old birds were too shy to be approached at all. John shot a fine male of the Scoter Duck, which is scarce here. Saw some Wild Geese (*Anser canadensis*), which breed here, though they have not yet formed their nests. The Red-breasted Merganser (*Mergus serrator*) breeds also here, but is extremely shy and wary, flying off as far as they can see us, which to me in this wonderfully wild country is surprising; indeed, thus far all the sea-fowl are much wilder than those of the Floridas. Twenty nests of a species of Cormorant,¹ not yet ascertained, were found on a small detached, rocky island; these were built of sticks, sea-weeds, and grasses, on the naked rock, and about two feet high, as filthy as those of their relations the Floridians.² Three eggs were found in one nest, which is the complement, but not a bird could be shot — too shy and vigilant. This afternoon the captain and I walked to the Little Natasquan River, and proceeded up it about four miles to the falls or rapids — a small river, dark, irony waters, sandy shores, and impenetrable woods along these, except here and there is a small space overgrown with short wiry grass unfit for cattle; a thing of little consequence, as no

¹ No doubt the common species, *Phalacrocorax carbo*, as Audubon afterward identified it. See beyond, date of June 30. — E. C.

² That is, the species which Audubon named the Florida Cormorant, *Phalacrocorax floridanus*, now known to be a small southern form of the Double-crested Cormorant, *P. dilophus*. — E. C.

cattle are to be found here. Returning this evening the tide had so fallen that we waded a mile and a half to an island close to our anchorage; the sailors were obliged to haul the boat that distance in a few inches of water. We have removed the "Ripley" closer in shore, where I hope she will be steady enough for my work to-morrow.

June 20. Thermometer 60° at noon. Calm and beautiful. Drew all day, and finished two *Uria troile*. I rose at two this morning, for we have scarcely any darkness now; about four a man came from Captain Billings to accompany some of our party to Partridge Bay on a shooting excursion. John and his party went off by land, or rather by rock and moss, to some ponds three or four miles from the sea; they returned at four this afternoon, and brought only one Scoter Duck, male; saw four, but could not discover the nests, although they breed here; saw also about twenty Wild Geese, one pair Red-necked Divers, one *Anas fusca*, one Three-toed Woodpecker, and Tell-tale Godwits. The ponds, although several miles long, and of good proportion and depth, had no fish in them that could be discovered, and on the beach no shells nor grasses; the margins are reddish sand. A few toads were seen, which John described as "pale-looking and poor." The country a barren rock as far as the eye extended; mosses more than a foot deep on the average, of different varieties but principally the white kind, hard and crisp. Saw not a quadruped. Our Bear trap was discharged, but we could not find the animal for want of a dog. An Eider Duck's nest was found fully one hundred yards from the water, unsheltered on the rocks, with five eggs and clean down. In no instance, though I have tried with all my powers, have I approached nearer than eight or ten yards of the sitting birds; they fly at the least appearance of danger. We concluded that the absence of fish in these ponds was on account of their freezing solidly every winter, when fish must die. Captain Billings

paid me a visit, and very generously offered to change our whale-boat for a large one, and his pilot boat for ours; the industry of this man is extraordinary. The specimen of *Uria troile* drawn with a white line round the eye¹ was a female; the one without this line was a young bird. I have drawn seventeen and a half hours this day, and my poor head aches badly enough. One of Captain Billings' mates told me of the *Procellarias* breeding in great numbers in and about Mount Desert Island rocks, in the months of June and July; there they deposit their one white egg in the deepest fissures of the rocks, and sit upon it only during the night. When approached whilst on the egg, they open their wings and bill, and offer to defend themselves from the approach of intruders. The Eider Ducks are seen leaving the islands on which they breed, at daybreak every fair morning, in congregated flocks of males or females separately, and proceed to certain fishing grounds where the water is only a few fathoms deep, and remain till towards evening, when the females sit on their eggs for the night, and the males group on the rocks by themselves. This valuable bird is extremely abundant here; we find their nests without any effort every time we go out. So sonorous is the song of the Fox-colored Sparrow that I can hear it for hours, most distinctly, from the cabin where I am drawing, and yet it is distant more than a quarter of a mile. This bird is in this country what the Towhee Bunting is in the Middle States.

June 22. I drew all day at an adult Gannet which we brought from the great rock of which I have spoken; it was still in good order. Many eggs of the Arctic Tern were collected to-day, two or three in a nest; these birds are as shy here as all others, and the moment John and

¹ This is the so-called Bridled Guillemot, *Uria ringvia*. The white mark is not characteristic of sex, age, or season. The bird is not specifically distinct from *Uria troile*.—E. C.

Coolidge landed, or indeed approached the islands on which they breed, they all rose in the air, passed high overhead, screaming and scolding all the time the young men were on the land. When one is shot the rest plunge towards it, and can then be easily shot. Sometimes when wounded in the body, they sail off to extraordinary distances, and are lost. The same is the case with the *Larus marinus*. When our captain returned he brought about a dozen female Eider Ducks, a great number of their eggs, and a bag of down; also a fine Wild Goose, but nothing new for the pencil. In one nest of the Eider ten eggs were found; this is the most we have seen as yet in any one nest. The female draws the down from her abdomen as far towards her breast as her bill will allow her to do, but the *feathers* are not pulled, and on examination of several specimens I found these well and regularly planted, and cleaned from their original down, as a forest of trees is cleared of its undergrowth. In this state the female is still well clothed, and little or no difference can be seen in the plumage unless examined. These birds have now nearly all hatched in this latitude, but we are told that we shall over-reach them in that, and meet with nests and eggs as we go northeast until August. So abundant were the nests of these birds on the islands of Partridge Bay, about forty miles west of this place, that a boat load of their eggs might have been collected if they had been fresh; they are then excellent eating. Our captain called on a half-breed Indian in the employ of the Northeast Fur and Fish Co., living with his squaw and two daughters. A potato patch of about an acre was planted in *sand*, for not a foot of *soil* is there to be found hereabouts. The man told him his potatoes grew well and were good, ripening in a few weeks, which he called the summer. The mosquitoes and black gnats are bad enough on shore. I heard a Wood Pewee. The Wild Goose is an excellent diver, and when with its

young uses many beautiful stratagems to save its brood, and elude the hunter. They will dive and lead their young under the surface of the water, and always in a contrary direction to the one expected; thus if you row a boat after one it will dive under it, and now and then remain under it several minutes, when the hunter with outstretched neck, is looking, all in vain, in the distance for the *stupid Goose!* Every time I read or hear of a stupid animal in a wild state, I cannot help wishing that the stupid animal who speaks thus, was half as wise as the brute he despises, so that he might be able to thank his Maker for what knowledge he may possess. I found many small flowers open this day, where none appeared last evening. All vegetable life here is of the pygmy order, and so ephemeral that it shoots out of the tangled mass of ages, blooms, fructifies, and dies, in a few weeks. We ascertained to-day that a party of four men from Halifax took last spring nearly forty thousand eggs, which they sold at Halifax and other towns at twenty-five cents per dozen, making over \$800; this was done in about two months. Last year upwards of twenty sail were engaged in "egging;" so some idea may be formed of the birds that are destroyed in this rascally way. The eggers destroy all the eggs that are sat upon, to force the birds to lay again, and by robbing them regularly, they lay till nature is exhausted, and few young are raised. In less than half a century these wonderful nurseries will be entirely destroyed, unless some kind government will interfere to stop the shameful destruction.

June 22. It was very rainy, and thermometer 54°. After breakfast dressed in my oilskins and went with the captain in the whale-boat to the settlement at the entrance of the true Natasquan, five miles east. On our way we saw numerous Seals; these rise to the surface of the water, erect the head to the full length of the neck, snuff the air, and you also, and sink back to avoid any further

acquaintance with man. We saw a great number of Gulls of various kinds, but mostly *L. marinus* and *L. tridactylus*; these were on the extreme points of sand-bars, but could not be approached, and certainly the more numerous they are, the more wild and wary. On entering the river we saw several nets set across a portion of the stream for the purpose of catching salmon; these seines were fastened in the stream about sixty yards from either shore, supported by buoys; the net is fastened to the shore by stakes that hold it perpendicular to the water; the fish enter these, and entangle themselves until removed by the fishermen. On going to a house on the shore, we found it a tolerably good cabin, floored, containing a good stove, a chimney, and an oven at the bottom of this, like the ovens of the French peasants, three beds, and a table whereon the breakfast of the family was served. This consisted of coffee in large bowls, good bread, and fried salmon. Three Labrador dogs came and sniffed about us, and then returned under the table whence they had issued, with no appearance of anger. Two men, two women, and a babe formed the group, which I addressed in French. They were French Canadians and had been here several years, winter and summer, and are agents for the Fur and Fish Co., who give them food, clothes, and about \$80 per annum. They have a cow and an ox, about an acre of potatoes planted in sand, seven feet of snow in winter, and two-thirds less salmon than was caught here ten years since. Then three hundred barrels was a fair season; now one hundred is the maximum; this is because they will catch the fish both ascending and descending the river. During winter the men hunt Foxes, Martens, and Sables, and kill some Bear of the black kind, but neither Deer nor other game is to be found without going a great distance in the interior, where Reindeer are now and then procured. One species of Grouse and one of Ptarmigan, the latter white

at all seasons; the former I suppose to be the Willow Grouse. The men would neither sell nor give us a single salmon, saying that so strict were their orders that, should they sell *one*, the place might be taken from them. If this should prove the case everywhere, I shall not purchase many for my friends. The furs which they collect are sent off to Quebec at the first opening of the waters in spring, and not a skin of any sort was here for us to look at. We met here two large boats containing about twenty Montagnais Indians, old and young, men and women. They carried canoes lashed to the sides, like whale-ships, for the Seal fishery. The men were stout and good-looking, spoke tolerable French, the skin redder than any Indians I have ever seen, and more *clear*; the women appeared cleaner than usual, their hair braided and hanging down, jet black, but short. All were dressed in European costume except the feet, on which coarse moccasins of sealskin took the place of shoes. I made a bargain with them for some Grouse, and three young men were despatched at once. On leaving the harbor this morning we saw a black man-of-war-like looking vessel entering it with the French flag; she anchored near us, and on our return we were told it was the Quebec cutter. I wrote a note to the officer commanding, enclosing my card, and requesting an interview. The commander replied he would receive me in two hours. His name was Captain Bayfield, the vessel the "Gulnare." The sailor who had taken my note was asked if I had procured many birds, and how far I intended to proceed. After dinner, which consisted of hashed Eider Ducks, which were very good, the females always being fat when sitting, I cut off my three weeks' beard, put on clean linen, and with my credentials in my pocket went to the "Gulnare." I was received politely, and after talking on deck for a while, was invited into the cabin, and was introduced to the doctor, who appeared to be a man of

talents, a student of botany and conchology. Thus men of the same tastes meet everywhere, yet surely I did not expect to meet a naturalist on the Labrador coast. The vessel is on a surveying cruise, and we are likely to be in company the whole summer. The first lieutenant studies ornithology and collects. After a while I gave my letter from the Duke of Sussex to the captain, who read and returned it without comment. As I was leaving, the rain poured down, and I was invited to remain, but declined; the captain promised to do anything for me in his power. Saw many Siskins, but cannot get a shot at one.

June 23. It was our intention to have left this morning for another harbor, about fifty miles east, but the wind being dead ahead we are here still. I have drawn all day, at the background of the Gannets. John and party went off about six miles, and returned with half a dozen Guillemots, and ten or twelve dozen eggs. Coolidge brought in Arctic Terns and *L. marinus*; two young of the latter about three weeks old, having the same voice and notes as the old ones. When on board they ran about the deck, and fed themselves with pieces of fish thrown to them. These young Gulls, as well as young Herons of every kind, sit on the tarsus when fatigued, with their feet extended before them in a very awkward-looking position, but one which to them is no doubt comfortable. Shattuck and I took a walk over the dreary hills about noon; the sun shone pleasantly, and we found several flowers in full bloom, amongst which the *Kalmia glauca*, a beautiful small species, was noticeable. The captain and surgeon from the "Gulnare" called and invited me to dine with them to-morrow. This evening we have been visiting the Montagnais Indians' camp, half a mile from us, and found them skinning Seals, and preparing the flesh for use. Saw a robe the size of a good blanket made of seal-skins tanned so soft and beautiful, with the hair on, that it was as pliant as a kid glove; they would

not sell it. The chief of the party proves to be well informed, and speaks French so as to be understood. He is a fine-looking fellow of about forty; has a good-looking wife and fine babe. His brother is also married, and has several sons from fourteen to twenty years old. When we landed the men came to us, and after the first salutations, to my astonishment offered us some excellent rum. The women were all seated apart outside of the camp, engaged in closing up sundry packages of provisions and accoutrements. We entered a tent, and seated ourselves round a cheerful fire, the smoke of which escaped through the summit of the apartment, and over the fire two kettles boiled. I put many questions to the chief and his brother, and gained this information. The country from here to the first settlement of the Hudson's Bay Co. is as barren and rocky as that about us. Very large lakes of great depth are met with about two hundred miles from this seashore; these lakes abound in very large trout, carp, and white fish, and many mussels, unfit to eat, which they describe as black outside and purple within, and are no doubt unios. Not a bush is to be met with, and the Indians who now and then go across are obliged to carry their tent poles with them, as well as their canoes; they burn moss for fuel. So tedious is the travelling said to be that not more than ten miles on an average per day can be made, and when the journey is made in two months it is considered a good one. Wolves and Black Bear are frequent, no Deer, and not many Caribous; not a bird of any kind except Wild Geese and Brent about the lakes, where they breed in perfect peace. When the journey is undertaken in the winter, which is very seldom the case, it is performed on snow-shoes, and no canoes are taken. Fur animals are scarce, yet some few Beavers and Otters are caught, a few Martens and Sables, and some Foxes and Lynx, but every year diminishes their numbers. The Fur Company may be called the exter-

minating medium of these wild and almost uninhabitable climes, where cupidity and the love of gold can alone induce man to reside for a while. Where can I go now, and visit nature undisturbed? The *Turdus migratorius*¹ must be the hardiest of the whole genus. I hear it at this moment, eight o'clock at night, singing most joyously its "Good-night!" and "All's well!" to the equally hardy Labradorians. The common Crow and the Raven are also here, but the Magdalene Islands appear to be the last outpost of the Warblers, for here the Black-poll Warbler, the only one we see, is scarce. The White-throated and the White-crowned Sparrows are the only tolerably abundant land birds. The Indians brought in no Grouse. A fine adult specimen of the *Larus marinus* killed this day has already changed full half of its primary feathers next the body; this bird had two young ones, and was shot as it dove through the air towards John, who was near the nest; this is the first instance we have seen of so much attachment being shown to the progeny with danger at hand. Two male Eider Ducks were shot and found very much advanced in the moult. No doubt exists in my mind that male birds are much in advance of female in their moults; this is very slow, and indeed is not completed until late in winter, after which the brilliancy of the bills and the richness of the coloring of the legs and feet only improve as they depart from the south for the north.

June 24. Drawing most of this day, no birds procured, but some few plants. I dined on board the "Gulnare" at five o'clock, and was obliged to shave and dress—quite a bore on the coast of Labrador, believe me. I found the captain, surgeon, and three officers formed our party; the conversation ranged from botany to politics, from the Established Church of England to the hatching of eggs by steam. I saw the maps being made of this coast, and

¹ *Merula migratoria*, the American Robin.

was struck with the great accuracy of the shape of our present harbor, which I now know full well. I returned to our vessel at ten, and am longing to be farther north; but the wind is so contrary it would be a loss of time to attempt it now. The weather is growing warmer, and mosquitoes are abundant and hungry. Coolidge shot a White-crowned Sparrow, a male, while in the act of carrying some materials to build a nest with; so they must breed here.

June 25. Made a drawing of the Arctic Tern, of which a great number breed here. I am of Temminck's opinion that the upper plumage of this species is much darker than that of *S. hirundo*. The young men, who are always ready for sport, caught a hundred codfish in half an hour, and *somewhere* secured three fine salmon, one of which we sent to the "Gulnare" with some cod. Our harbor is called "American Harbor," and also "Little Natasquan;" it is in latitude $50^{\circ} 12'$ north, longitude 23° east of Quebec and $61^{\circ} 53'$ west of Greenwich. The waters of all the streams which we have seen are of a rusty color, probably on account of the decomposed mosses, which appear to be quite of a peaty nature. The rivers appear to be formed by the drainage of swamps, fed apparently by rain and the melting snows, and in time of freshets the sand is sifted out, and carried to the mouth of every stream, where sand-bars are consequently met with. Below the mouth of each stream proves to be the best station for cod-fishing, as there the fish accumulate to feed on the fry which runs into the river to deposit spawn, and which they follow to sea after this, as soon as the fry make off from the rivers to deep water. It is to be remarked that so shy of strangers are the agents of the Fur and Fish Company that they will evade all questions respecting the interior of the country, and indeed will willingly tell you such untruths as at once disgust and shock you. All this through the fear that strangers should attempt to settle

here, and divide with them the profits which they enjoy. Bank Swallows in sight this moment, with the weather thick, foggy, and an east wind; where are these delicate pilgrims bound? The Black-poll Warbler is more abundant, and forever singing, if the noise it makes can be called a song; it resembles the clicking of small pebbles together five or six times, and is renewed every few minutes.

June 26. We have been waiting five days for wind, and so has the "Gulnare." The fishing fleet of six or seven sails has made out to beat four miles to other fishing grounds. It has rained nearly all day, but we have all been on shore, to be beaten back by the rain and the mosquitoes. John brought a female White-crowned Sparrow; the black and white of the head was as pure as in the male, which is not common. It rains hard, and is now calm. God send us a fair wind to-morrow morning, and morning here is about half-past two.

June 27. It rained quite hard when I awoke this morning; the fog was so thick the very shores of our harbor, not distant more than a hundred yards, were enveloped in gloom. After breakfast we went ashore; the weather cleared up and the wind blew fresh. We rambled about the brushwoods till dinner time, shot two Canada Jays, one old and one young, the former much darker than those of Maine; the young one was full fledged, but had no white about its head; the whole of the body and head was of a deep, very deep blue. It must have been about three weeks old, and the egg from which it was hatched must have been laid about the 10th of May, when the thermometer was below the freezing-point. We shot also a Ruby-crowned Wren;¹ no person who has not heard it would believe that the song of this bird is louder, stronger, and far more melodious than that of the Canary

¹ Kinglet, *Regulus calendula*. — E. C.

bird. It sang for a long time ere it was shot, and perched on the tops of the tallest fir-trees removing from one to another as we approached. So strange, so beautiful was that song that I pronounced the musician, ere it was shot, a new species of Warbler. John shot it; it fell to the ground, and though the six of us looked for it we could not find it, and went elsewhere; in the course of the afternoon we passed by the spot again, and John found it and gave it to me. We shot a new species of Finch, which I have named *Fringilla lincolni*; it is allied to the Swamp Sparrow in general appearance, but is considerably smaller, and may be known at once from all others thus far described, by the light buff streak which runs from the base of the lower mandible, until it melts into the duller buff of the breast, and by the bright ash-streak over the eye. The note of this bird attracted me at once; it was loud and sonorous; the bird flew low and forward, perching on the firs, very shy, and cunningly eluding our pursuit; we, however, shot three, but lost one. I shall draw it to-morrow.¹

June 28. The weather shocking — rainy, foggy, dark and cold. I began drawing at daylight, and finished one of my new Finches and outlined another. At noon the wind suddenly changed and blew hard from the north-west, with heavy rain, and such a swell that I was almost sea-sick, and had to abandon drawing. We dined, and immediately afterward the wind came round to southwest; all was bustle with us and with the "Gulnare," for we both were preparing our sails and raising our anchors ere proceeding to sea. *We* sailed, and managed so well that we cleared the outer cape east of our harbor, and went out to sea in good style. The "Gulnare" was not so fortunate; she attempted to beat out in vain, and returned to

¹ An interesting note of this new species figured in B. of Am., folio pl. 193, and described in Orn. Biogr. ii., 1834, p. 539. It is now known as *Melospiza lincolni*. — E. C.

her anchorage. The sea was so high in consequence of the late gales that we all took to our berths, and I am only now able to write.

June 29. At three this morning we were off the land about fifteen miles, and about fifty from American Harbor. Wind favorable, but light; at about ten it freshened. We neared the shore, but as before our would-be pilot could not recognize the land, and our captain had to search for the harbor where we now are, himself. We passed near an island covered with Foolish Guillemots, and came to, for the purpose of landing; we did so through a heavy surf, and found two eggers just landed, and running over the rocks for eggs. We did the same, and soon collected about a hundred. These men told me they visited every island in the vicinity every day, and that, in consequence they had fresh eggs every day. They had collected eight hundred dozen, and expect to get two thousand dozen. The number of broken eggs created a fetid smell on this island, scarcely to be borne. The *L. marinus* were here in hundreds, and destroying the eggs of the Guillemots by thousands. From this island we went to another, and there found the *Mormon arcticus*¹ breeding in great numbers. We caught many in their burrows, killed some, and collected some of the eggs. On this island their burrows were dug in the light black loam formed of decayed moss, three to six feet deep, yet not more than about a foot under the surface. The burrows ran in all directions, and in some instances connected; the end of the burrow is rounded, and there is the pure white egg. Those caught at the holes bit most furiously and scratched shockingly with the inner claw, making a mournful noise all the time. The whole island was perforated with their burrows. No young were yet hatched, and the eggers do not collect these eggs, finding them indifferent. They say the same of the eggs of the *Alca*

¹ The Common Puffin, now called *Fratercula arctica*. — E. C.

torda, which they call "Tinkers."¹ The *Mormon*, they call "Sea Parrots." Each species seems to have its own island except the *Alca torda*, which admits the Guillemots. As we advanced, we passed by a rock literally covered with Cormorants, of what species I know not yet; their effluvia could be perceived more than a mile off. We made the fine anchorage where we now are about four o'clock. We found some difficulty in entering on account of our pilot being an ignorant ass; *twice* did we see the rocks under our vessel. The appearance of the country around is quite different from that near American Harbor; nothing in view here as far as eye can reach, but bare, high, rugged rocks, grand indeed, but not a shrub a foot above the ground. The moss is shorter and more compact, the flowers are fewer, and every plant more diminutive. No matter which way you glance, the prospect is cold and forbidding; deep banks of snow appear here and there, and yet I have found the Shore Lark (*Alauda alpestris*²) in beautiful summer plumage. I found the nest of the Brown Lark (*Anthus spinoletta*³) with five eggs in it; the nest was planted at the foot of a rock, buried in dark mould, and beautifully made of fine grass, well and neatly worked in circularly, without any hair or other lining. We shot a White-crowned Sparrow, two Savannah Finches, and saw more, and a Red-bellied Nuthatch; this last bird must have been blown here accidentally, as not a bush is there for it to alight upon. I found the tail of an unknown Owl, and a dead Snow-bird which from its appearance must have died from cold and famine. John brought a young Cormorant alive from the nest, but I cannot ascertain its species without the adult, which we hope to secure to-morrow. At dusk the "Gul-

¹ This is the usual sailors' name of the Razor-billed Auk in Labrador and Newfoundland, and was the only one heard by me in Labrador in 1860 (see Proc. Acad. Nat. Sci., 1861, p. 249). — E. C.

² Now *Otocorys alpestris*. — E. C.

³ Now *Anthus pennsylvanicus*. — E. C.



VICTOR GIFFORD AUDUBON.

FROM THE MINIATURE BY F. CRUIKSHANK, 1838.

nare" passed us. All my young men are engaged in skinning the *Mormon arcticus*.

June 30. I have drawn three birds this day since eight o'clock, one *Fringilla lincolni*, one Ruby-crowned Wren, and a male White-winged Crossbill. Found a nest of the Savannah Finch with two eggs; it was planted in the moss, and covered by a rampant branch; it was made of fine grass, neither hair nor feathers in its composition. Shot the *L. marinus* in fine order, all with the wings extending nearly two inches beyond the tail, and all in the same state of moult, merely showing in the middle primaries. These birds suck other birds' eggs like Crows, Jays, and Ravens. Shot six *Phalacrocorax carbo*¹ in full plumage, species well ascertained by their white throat; found abundance of their eggs and young.

July 1. The weather was so cold that it was painful for me to draw almost the whole day, yet I have drawn a White-winged Crossbill² and a *Mormon arcticus*. We have had three of these latter on board, alive, these three days past; it is amusing to see them running about the cabin and the hold with a surprising quickness, watching our motions, and particularly our eyes. A Pigeon Hawk's³ nest was found to-day; it was on the top of a fir-tree about ten feet high, made of sticks and lined with moss, and as large as a Crow's nest; it contained two

¹ Common Cormorant. See note on page 370.

² *Loxia leucoptera*.

³ *Le petit caporal*, *Falco temerarius*, AUD. Ornith. Biog. i., 1831, p. 381, pl. 85. *Falco columbarius*, AUD. Ornith. Biog. i., 1831, p. 466, pl. 92; v., 1838, p. 368. Synopsis, 1839, p. 16. B. Amer. 8vo, ed. 1., 1840, p. 88, pl. 21. *Falco auduboni*, BLACKWALL, Zoöl. Researches, 1834. — E. C.

In vol. v., p. 368, Audubon says: "The bird represented in the last mentioned plate, and described under the name of *Falco temerarius*, was merely a beautiful adult of the Pigeon Hawk, *F. columbarius*. The great inferiority in size of the individual represented as *F. temerarius* was the cause of my mistaking it for a distinct species, and I have pleasure in stating that the Prince of Musignano [Charles Bonaparte] was the first person who pointed out my error to me soon after the publication of my first volume."

Bonaparte alludes to this in his edition of Wilson, vol. iii. p. 252.

birds just hatched, and three eggs, which the young inside had just cracked. The parent birds were anxious about their newly born ones, and flew close to us. The little ones were pure white, soft and downy. We found also three young of the *Charadrius semipalmatus*,¹ and several old ones; these birds breed on the margin of a small lake among the low grasses. Traces have been seen of Hares or Rabbits, and one island is perforated throughout its shallow substratum of moss by a species of Rat, but in such burrows search for them is vain. The "Gulnare" came in this evening; our captain brought her in as pilot. We have had an almost complete eclipse of the moon this evening at half-past seven. The air very chilly.

July 2. A beautiful day for Labrador. Drew another *M. arcticus*. Went on shore, and was most pleased with what I saw. The country, so wild and grand, is of itself enough to interest any one in its wonderful dreariness. Its mossy, gray-clothed rocks, heaped and thrown together as if by chance, in the most fantastical groups imaginable, huge masses hanging on minor ones as if about to roll themselves down from their doubtful-looking situations, into the depths of the sea beneath. Bays without end, sprinkled with rocky islands of all shapes and sizes, where in every fissure a Guillemot, a Cormorant, or some other wild bird retreats to secure its egg, and raise its young, or save itself from the hunter's pursuit. The peculiar cast of the sky, which never seems to be certain, butterflies flitting over snow-banks, probing beautiful dwarf flowerets of many hues pushing their tender stems from the thick bed of moss which everywhere covers the granite rocks. Then the morasses, wherein you plunge up to your knees, or the walking over the stubborn, dwarfish shrubbery, making one think that as he goes he treads down the *forests* of Labrador. The unex-

¹ American Ring Plover, now known as *Ægialitis semipalmata*. — E. C.

pected Bunting, or perhaps Sylvia, which perchance, and indeed as if by chance alone, you now and then see flying before you, or hear singing from the creeping plants on the ground. The beautiful fresh-water lakes, on the rugged crests of greatly elevated islands, wherein the Red and Black-necked Divers swim as proudly as swans do in other latitudes, and where the fish appear to have been cast as strayed beings from the surplus food of the ocean. All—all is wonderfully grand, wild—aye, and terrific. And yet how beautiful it is now, when one sees the wild bee, moving from one flower to another in search of food, which doubtless is as sweet to it, as the essence of the magnolia is to those of favored Louisiana. The little Ring Plover rearing its delicate and tender young, the Eider Duck swimming man-of-war-like amid her floating brood, like the guardship of a most valuable convoy; the White-crowned Bunting's sonorous note reaching the ear ever and anon; the crowds of sea-birds in search of places wherein to repose or to feed—how beautiful is all this in this wonderful rocky desert at this season, the beginning of July, compared with the horrid blasts of winter which here predominate by the will of God, when every rock is rendered smooth with snows so deep that every step the traveller takes is as if entering into his grave; for even should he escape an avalanche, his eye dreads to search the horizon, for full well does he know that snow—snow—is all that can be seen. I watched the Ring Plover for some time; the parents were so intent on saving their young that they both lay on the rocks as if shot, quivering their wings and dragging their bodies as if quite disabled. We left them and their young to the care of the Creator. I would not have shot one of the old ones, or taken one of the young for any consideration, and I was glad my young men were as forbearing. The *L. marinus* is extremely abundant here; they are forever harassing every other bird, sucking their eggs, and devouring

their young; they take here the place of Eagles and Hawks; not an Eagle have we seen yet, and only two or three small Hawks, and one small Owl; yet what a harvest they would have here, were there trees for them to rest upon.

July 3. We had a regular stiff gale from the eastward the whole day, accompanied with rain and cold weather, and the water so rough that I could not go ashore to get plants to draw. This afternoon, however, the wind and waves abated, and we landed for a short time. The view from the topmost rock overlooking the agitated sea was grand; the small islets were covered with the angry foam. Thank God! we were not at sea. I had the pleasure of coming immediately upon a Cormorant's nest, that lay in a declivity not more than four or five yards below me; the mother bird was on her nest with three young; I was unobserved by her for some minutes, and was delighted to see how kindly attentive she was to her dear brood; suddenly her keen eye saw me, and she flew off as if to dive in the sea.

July 4. At four this morning I sent Tom Lincoln on shore after four plants and a Cormorant's nest for me to draw. The nest was literally *pasted* to the rock's edge, so thick was the decomposed, putrid matter below it, and to which the upper part of the nest was attached. It was formed of such sticks as the country affords, sea-moss and other garbage, and weighed over fifteen pounds. I have drawn all day, and have finished the plate of the *Fringilla lincolni*, to which I have put three plants of the country, all new to me and probably never before figured; to us they are very fitting for the purpose, as Lincoln gathered them. Our party divided as usual into three bands: John and Lincoln off after Divers; Coolidge, Shattuck, and Ingalls to the main land, and our captain and four men to a pond after fish, which they will catch with a seine. Captain Bayfield sent us a quarter of mutton, a rarity, I

will venture to say, on this coast even on the Fourth of July. John and Lincoln returned with a Red-necked Diver, or Scapegrace, Coolidge and party with the nest and two eggs of the *Colymbus glacialis*.¹ This nest was found on the margin of a pond, and was made of short grasses, weeds, etc.; well fashioned and fifteen inches in diameter. After dinner John and I went on shore to release a *Uria grylle* that we had confined in the fissure of a rock; the poor thing was sadly weak, but will soon recover from this trial of ours.

July 5. John and Lincoln returned at sunset with a Red-necked Diver, and one egg of that bird; they also found *Uria grylle*, whose pebbled nests were placed beneath large rolling stones on the earth, and not in fissures; Lincoln thought them a different species, but John did not. They brought some curious Eels, and an Arctic Tern, and saw the tracks of Deer and Caribou, also Otter paths from one pond to another. They saw several Loons and *toll*ed them by running towards them hallooing and waving a handkerchief, at which sight and cry the Loon immediately swam towards them, until within twenty yards. This "tolling" is curious and wonderful. Many other species of water-fowl are deceived by these manoeuvres, but none so completely as the Loon. Coolidge's party was fortunate enough to kill a pair of Ptarmigans, and to secure seven of the young birds, hatched yesterday at furthest. They met with these on the dreary, mossy tops of the hills, over which we tread daily in search of knowledge. This is the species of Grouse of which we heard so much at Dennysville last autumn, and glad I am that it is a resident bird with us. The *Larus marinus* was observed trying to catch the young of the Eiders. I drew from four o'clock this morning till three this after-

¹ Great Northern Diver or Loon, now called *Urinator*, or *Gavia, imber*. The other Diver above mentioned as the "Scapegrace" is *U.*, or *G.*, *lumme*. —E. C.

noon; finished a figure of the *Colymbus septentrionalis*.¹ Feeling the want of exercise, went off with the captain a few miles, to a large rough island. To tread over the spongy moss of Labrador is a task beyond conception until tried; at every step the foot sinks in a deep, soft cushion which closes over it, and it requires a good deal of exertion to pull it up again. Where this moss happens to be over a marsh, then you sink a couple of feet deep every step you take; to reach a bare rock is delightful, and quite a relief. This afternoon I thought the country looked more terrifyingly wild than ever; the dark clouds, casting their shadows on the stupendous masses of rugged rock, lead the imagination into regions impossible to describe. The Scoter Ducks, of which I have seen many this day, were partially moulted, and could fly only a short distance, and must be either barren or the young bachelors, as I find *parents* in full plumage, convincing me that these former moult earlier than the breeding Ducks. I have observed this strange fact so often now that I shall say no more about it; I have found it in nearly all the species of the birds here. I do not know of any writer on the history of birds having observed this curious fact before. I have now my hands full of work, and go to bed delighted that to-morrow I shall draw a Ptarmigan which I can swear to, as being a United States species. I am much fatigued and wet to the very skin, but, oh! we found the nest of a Peregrine Falcon on a tremendous cliff, with a young one about a week old, quite white with down; the parents flew fiercely at our eyes.

July 6. By dint of hard work and rising at three, I have drawn a *Colymbus septentrionalis* and a young one, and nearly finished a Ptarmigan; this afternoon, however, at half-past five, my fingers could no longer hold my pencil, and I was forced to abandon my work and go

¹ Red-throated Diver, now *Urinator*, or *Gavia, lumme*. — E. C.

ashore for exercise. The fact is that I am growing old too fast; alas! I feel it — and yet work I will, and may God grant me life to see the last plate of my mammoth work finished. I have heard the Brown Lark (*Anthus spinoletta*) sing many a time this day, both on the wing and whilst sitting on the ground. When on the wing it sings while flying very irregularly in zigzags, up and down, etc.; when on a rock (which it prefers) it stands erect, and sings, I think, more clearly. John found the nest of a White-crowned Bunting with five eggs; he was creeping through some low bushes after a Red-necked Diver, and accidentally coming upon it, startled the female, which made much noise and complaint. The nest was like the one Lincoln found placed in the moss, under a low bough, and formed of beautiful moss outwardly, dried, fine grass next inside, and exquisitely lined with fibrous roots of a rich yellow color; the eggs are light greenish, slightly sprinkled with reddish-brown, in size about the same as eggs of the Song Sparrow. This *Fringilla*¹ is the most abundant in this part of Labrador. We have seen two Swamp Sparrows only. We have found two nests of the Peregrine Falcon, placed high on rocky declivities. Coolidge and party shot two Oyster Catchers; these are becoming plentiful. Lieutenant Bowen of the "Gulnare" brought me a Peregrine Falcon, and two young of the *Alca torda*, the first hatched we have seen, and only two or three days old.

July 7. Drawing all day; finished the female Grouse and five young, and prepared the male bird. The captain, John, and Lincoln, went off this afternoon with a view to camp on a bay about ten miles distant. Soon after, we had a change of weather, and, for a wonder, bright lightning and something like summer clouds. When fatigued with drawing I went on shore for exercise, and saw many pretty flowers, amongst them a flowering Sea-pea, quite rich in

¹ The White-crowned and White-throated Sparrows are now placed in the genus *Zonotrichia*. — E. C.

color. Dr. Kelly from the "Gulnare" went with me. Captain Bayfield and Lieutenant Bowen went off this morning on a three weeks' expedition in open boats, but with tents and more comforts than I have ever enjoyed in hunting excursions. The mosquitoes quite as numerous as in Louisiana.

July 8. Rainy, dirty weather, wind east. Was at work at half-past three, but disagreeable indeed is my situation during bad weather. The rain falls on my drawing-paper, despite all I can do, and even the fog collects and falls in large drops from the rigging on my table; now and then I am obliged to close my skylight, and then may be said to work almost in darkness. Notwithstanding, I finished my cock Ptarmigan, and three more young, and now consider it a handsome large plate. John and party returned, cold, wet, and hungry. Shot nothing, camp disagreeable, and nothing to relate but that they heard a Wolf, and found an island with thousands of the *Mormon arcticus* breeding on it. To-morrow I shall draw the beautiful *Colymbus glacialis* in most perfect plumage.

July 9. The wind east, of course disagreeable; wet and foggy besides. The most wonderful climate in the world. Cold as it is, mosquitoes in profusion, plants blooming by millions, and at every step you tread on such as would be looked upon with pleasure in more temperate climes. I wish I were a better botanist, that I might describe them as I do birds. Dr. Wm. Kelly has given me the list of such plants as he has observed on the coast as far as Macatine Island. I have drawn all day at the Loon, a most difficult bird to imitate. For my part, I cannot help smiling at the presumption of some of our authors, who modestly assert that their figures are "up to nature." May God forgive them, and teach me to *copy* His works; glad and happy shall I then be. Lincoln and Shattuck brought some fresh-water shells from a large pond inland; they saw a large bird which they took for an Owl, but

which they could not approach; they also caught a frog, but lost it out of their game bag.

July 10. Could I describe one of these dismal gales which blow ever and anon over this desolate country, it would in all probability be of interest to one unacquainted with the inclemency of the climate. Nowhere else is the power of the northeast gale, which blows every week on the coast of Labrador, so keenly felt as here. I cannot describe it; all I can say is that whilst we are in as fine and safe a harbor as could be wished for, and completely land-locked all round, so strong does the wind blow, and so great its influence on our vessel, that her motion will not allow me to draw, and indeed once this day forced me to my berth, as well as some others of our party. One would imagine all the powers of Boreas had been put to work to give us a true idea of what his energies can produce, even in so snug a harbor. What is felt outside I cannot imagine, but greatly fear that few vessels could ride safely before these horrid blasts, that now and then seem strong enough to rend the very rocks asunder. The rain is driven in sheets which seem scarcely to fall on sea or land; I can hardly call it rain, it is rather a mass of water, so thick that all objects at any distance from us are lost to sight every three or four minutes, and the waters comb up and beat about us in our rock-bound harbor as a newly caged bird does against its imprisoning walls. The Great Black-backed Gull alone is seen floating through the storm, screaming loudly and mournfully as it seeks its prey; not another bird is to be seen abroad; the Cormorants are all settled in the rocks close to us, the Guillemots are deep in the fissures, every Eider Duck lays under the lee of some point, her brood snugly beneath her opened wings, the Loon and the Diver have crawled among the rankest weeds, and are patiently waiting for a return of fair weather, the Grouse is quite hid under the creeping willow, the Great Gray Owl is perched on the southern declivity of

some stupendous rock, and the gale continues as if it would never stop. On rambling about the shores of the numerous bays and inlets of this coast, you cannot but observe immense beds of round stone of all sizes, some of very large dimensions rolled side by side and piled one upon another many deep, cast there by some great force of nature. I have seen many such places, and never without astonishment and awe. If those great boulders are brought from the bottom of the sea, and cast hundreds of yards on shore, this will give some idea of what a gale on the coast of Labrador can be, and what the force of the waves. I tried to finish my drawing of the Loon, but in vain; I covered my paper to protect it from the rain, with the exception only of the few inches where I wished to work, and yet that small space was not spared by the drops that fell from the rigging on my table; there is no window, and the only light is admitted through hatches.

July 11. The gale, or hurricane, or whatever else the weather of yesterday was, subsided about midnight, and at sunrise this morning it was quite calm, and the horizon fiery red. It soon became cloudy, and the wind has been all round the compass. I wished to go a hundred miles farther north, but the captain says I must be contented here, so I shall proceed with my drawings. I began a Cormorant and two young, having sent John and Lincoln for them before three this morning; and they procured them in less than half an hour. Many of the young are nearly as large as their parents, and yet have scarcely a feather, but are covered with woolly down, of a sooty black. The excursions brought in nothing new. The Shore Lark has become abundant, but the nest remains still unknown. A tail feather of the Red-tailed Hawk, young, was found; therefore that species exists here. We are the more surprised that not a Hawk nor an Owl is seen, as we find hundreds of sea-birds devoured, the wings only remaining.

July 12. At this very moment it is blowing another gale from the east, and it has been raining hard ever since the middle of the day. Of course it has been very difficult to draw, but I have finished the Cormorant. John and Lincoln brought in nothing new, except the nest and ten eggs of a Red-breasted Merganser. The nest was placed near the edge of a very small fresh-water pond, under the creeping branches of one of this country's fir-trees, the top of which would be about a foot above ground; it is like the Eider's nest, but smaller and better fashioned, of weeds and mosses, and warmly lined with down. The eggs are dirty yellow, very smooth shelled, and look like hen's-eggs, only rather stouter. John lay in wait for the parent over two hours, but though he saw her glide off the nest, she was too wary to return. I saw a Black-backed Gull plunge on a Crab as big as my two fists, in about two feet of water, seize it and haul it ashore, where it ate it while I watched it; I could see the Crab torn piece by piece, till the shell and legs alone remained. The Gull then flew in a direct line towards her nest, distant about a mile, probably to disgorge her food in favor of her young. Our two young Gulls, which we now have had for nearly a month, act just as Vultures would. We throw them a dead Duck or even a dead Gull, and they tear it to pieces, drinking the blood and swallowing the flesh, each constantly trying to rob the other of the piece of flesh which he has torn from the carcass. They do not drink water, but frequently wash the blood off their bills by plunging them in water, and then violently shaking their heads. They are now half fledged.

July 13. When I rose this morning at half-past three, the wind was northeast, and but little of it. The weather was cloudy and looked bad, as it always does here after a storm. I thought I would spend the day on board the "Gulnare," and draw at the ground of my Grouse, which I had promised to Dr. Kelly. However, at seven the wind

was west, and we immediately prepared to leave our fine harbor. By eight we passed the "Gulnare," bid her officers and crew farewell, beat out of the narrow passage beautifully, and proceeded to sea with the hope of reaching the harbor of Little Macatine, distant forty-three miles; but ere the middle of the day it became calm, then rain, then the wind to the east again, and all were sea-sick as much as ever. I saw a *Lestris*¹ near the vessel, but of what kind I could not tell, — it flew like a Pigeon Hawk, alighting on the water like a Gull, and fed on some codfish liver which was thrown overboard for it, — and some *Thalassidroma*,² but none came within shot, and the sea was too rough to go after them. About a dozen common Crossbills, and as many Redpolls (*Fringilla* [*Acanthis*] *linaria*) came and perched on our top-yards, but I would not have them shot, and none were caught. Our young men have been fishing to pass the time, and have caught a number of cod.

July 14. The wind blew cold and sharp from the north-east this morning, and we found ourselves within twenty miles of "Little Macatine," the sea beating heavily on our bows, as we beat to the windward, tack after tack. At noon it was quite calm, and the wished-for island in sight, but our captain despairs of reaching it to-day. It looks high and horribly rugged, the highest land we have yet seen. At four o'clock, being about a mile and a half distant, we took the green boat, and went off. As we approached, I was surprised to see how small some Ducks looked which flew between us and the rocks, so stupendously high were the rough shores under which our little bark moved along. We doubled the cape and came to the entrance of the Little Macatine harbor, but so small did it appear to me that I doubted if it was the harbor; the shores were terribly wild, fearfully high and rugged, and nothing was heard but the croaking of a pair of Ravens and their half-grown brood, mingling with the roar of the surf against the rocky

¹ Jager. ² Petrels, most probably *Cymochorea leucorrhoea*. — E. C.

ledges which projected everywhere, and sent the angry waters foaming into the air. The wind now freshened, the "Ripley's" sails swelled, and she was gently propelled through the water and came within sight of the harbor, on the rocks of which we stood waiting for her, when all of a sudden she veered, and we saw her topsails hauled in and bent in a moment; we thought she must have seen a sunken rock, and had thus wheeled to avoid it, but soon saw her coming up again and learned that it was merely because she had nearly passed the entrance of the harbor ere aware of it. Our harbor is the very representation of the bottom of a large bowl, in the centre of which our vessel is now safely at anchor, surrounded by rocks fully a thousand feet high, and the wildest-looking place I ever was in. After supper we all went ashore; some scampered up the steepest hills next to us, but John, Shattuck, and myself went up the harbor, and after climbing to the top of a mountain (for I cannot call it a hill) went down a steep incline, up another hill, and so on till we reached the crest of the island, and surveyed all beneath us. Nothing but rocks—barren rocks—wild as the wildest of the Apennines everywhere; the moss only a few inches deep, and the soil or decomposed matter beneath it so moist that, wherever there was an incline, the whole slipped from under our feet like an avalanche, and down we slid for feet or yards. The labor was excessive; at the bottom of each dividing ravine the scrub bushes intercepted our way for twenty or thirty paces, over which we had to scramble with great exertion, and on our return we slid down fifty feet or more into an unknown pit of moss and mire, more or less deep. We started a female Black-cap Warbler from her nest, and I found it with four eggs, placed in the fork of a bush about three feet from the ground; a beautiful little mansion, and I will describe it to-morrow. I am wet through, and find the mosquitoes as troublesome as in the Floridas.

July 15. Our fine weather of yesterday was lost sometime in the night. As every one was keen to go off and see the country, we breakfasted at three o'clock this morning. The weather dubious, wind east. Two boats with the young men moved off in different directions. I sat to finishing the ground of my Grouse, and by nine had to shift my quarters, as it rained hard. By ten John and Lincoln had returned; these two always go together, being the strongest and most active, as well as the most experienced shots, though Coolidge and Ingalls are not far behind them in this. They brought a Red-necked Diver and one egg of that bird; the nest was placed on the edge of a very small pond, not more than ten square yards. Our harbor had many *Larus zonorhynchus*¹ (Common Gull); the captain shot one. I have never seen them so abundant as here. Their flight is graceful and elevated; when they descend for food the legs and feet generally drop below the body. They appear to know gunshot distance with wonderful precision, and it is seldom indeed that one comes near enough to be secured. They alight on the water with great delicacy, and swim beautifully. Coolidge's party brought a nest of the White-crowned Bunting (*Fringilla leucophrys*) and three specimens of the bird, also two *Charadrius semipalmatus*. They found an island with many nests of the *Phalacrocorax dilophus*,² but only one egg, and thought the nests were old and abandoned. One of the young Ravens from the nest flew off at the sight of one of our men, and fell into the water; it was caught and brought to me; it was nearly fledged. I trimmed one of its wings, and turned it loose on the deck, but in attempting to rejoin its mother, who called most loudly from on high on the wing, the young one walked to the end of the bowsprit, jumped into the water, and was drowned; and soon after I saw the poor mother chased by a Peregrine

¹ Now *L. delawarensis*, also called Ring-billed Gull. — E. C.

² Double-crested Cormorant.

Falcon with great fury; she made for her nest, and when the Falcon saw her alight on the margin of her ledge, it flew off. I never thought that such a Hawk could chase with effect so large and so powerful a bird as the Raven. Some of our men who have been egggers and fishermen have seen these Ravens here every season for the last eight or nine years.

July 16. Another day of dirty weather, and all obliged to remain on board the greater portion of the time. I managed to draw at my Grouse and put in some handsome wild peas, Labrador tea-plant, and also one other plant, unknown to me. This afternoon the young men went off, and the result has been three White-crowned Buntings, and a female Black-capped Warbler. Our captain did much better for me, for in less than an hour he returned on board with thirty fine codfish, some of which we relished well at our supper. This evening the fog is so thick that we cannot see the summit of the rocks around us. The harbor has been full of Gulls the whole day. The captain brought me what he called an Esquimau codfish, which perhaps has never been described, and we have *spirited* him. We found a new species of floweret of the genus *Silene*,¹ but unknown to us. We have now lost four days in succession.

July 17. The mosquitoes so annoyed me last night that I did not even close my eyes. I tried the deck of the vessel, and though the fog was as thick as fine rain, these insects attacked me by thousands, and I returned below, where I continued fighting them till daylight, when I had a roaring fire made and got rid of them. The fog has been as thick as ever, and rain has fallen heavily, though the wind is southwest. I have drawn five eggs of land-birds: that of *Falco columbarius*,² *Fringilla leucophrys*,³ *Anthus spinoletta*,⁴ *Sylvia striata*,⁵ and *Fringilla savanna*.⁶ I

¹ The Catchfly.

² Pigeon Hawk.

³ White-crowned Sparrow.

⁴ Brown Titlark.

⁵ Black-poll Warbler.

⁶ Savannah Finch.

also outlined in the mountainous hills near our vessel, as a background to my Willow Grouse. John and Coolidge with their companions brought in several specimens, but nothing new. Coolidge brought two young of the Red-necked Diver, which he caught *at the bottom* of a small pond by putting his gun rod on them, — the little things diving most admirably, and going about the bottom with as much apparent ease as fishes would. The captain and I went to an island where the *Phalacrocorax dilophus*¹ were abundant; thousands of young of all sizes, from just hatched to nearly full-grown, all opening their bills and squawking most vociferously; the noise was shocking and the stench intolerable. No doubt exists with us now that the Shore Lark breeds here; we meet with them very frequently. A beautiful species of violet was found, and I have transplanted several for Lucy, but it is doubtful if they will survive the voyage.

July 18. We all, with the exception of the cook, left the "Ripley" in three boats immediately after our early breakfast, and went to the main land, distant some five miles. The fog was thick enough, but the wind promised fair weather, and we have had it. As soon as we landed the captain and I went off over a large extent of marsh ground, the first we have yet met with in this country; the earth was wet, our feet sank far in the soil, and walking was extremely irksome. In crossing what is here called a wood, we found a nest of *Parus hudsonicus*² containing four young, able to fly; we procured the parents also, and I shall have the pleasure of drawing them tomorrow; this bird has never been figured that I know. Their *manners* resemble those of the Black-headed Titmouse, or Chickadee, and their notes are fully as strong, and clamorous, and constant as those of either of our own species. Few birds do I know that possess more active powers. The nest was dug by the bird out of a dead and

¹ Double-crested Cormorant.

² Hudson's Bay Titmouse.

rotten stump, about five feet from the ground; the aperture, one and a quarter inches in diameter, was as round as if made by a small Woodpecker, or a Flying-squirrel. The hole inside was four by six inches; at the bottom a bed of chips was found, but the nest itself resembled a purse formed of the most beautiful and softest hair imaginable, — of Sables, Ermines, Martens, Hares, etc.; a warmer and snugger apartment no bird could desire, even in this cold country. On leaving the wood we shot a Spruce Partridge leading her young. On seeing us she ruffled her feathers like a barnyard hen, and rounded within a few feet of us to defend her brood; her very looks claimed our forbearance and clemency, but the enthusiastic desire to study nature prompted me to destroy her, and she was shot, and her brood secured in a few moments; the young very pretty and able to fly. This bird was so very gray that she might almost have been pronounced a different species from those at Dennysville, Me., last autumn; but this difference is occasioned by its being born so much farther north; the difference is no greater than in *Tetrao umbellus*¹ in Maine, and the same bird in western Pennsylvania. We crossed a savannah of many miles in extent; in many places the soil appeared to wave under us, and we expected at each step to go through the superficial moss carpet up to our middles in the mire; so wet and so spongy was it that I think I never labored harder in a walk of the same extent. In travelling through this quagmire we met with a small grove of good-sized, fine white-birch trees, and a few pines full forty feet high, quite a novelty to us at this juncture. On returning to our boats the trudging through the great bog was so fatiguing that we frequently lay down to rest; our sinews became cramped, and for my part, more than once I thought I should give up from weariness. One man killed a *Falco columbarius*, in the finest plumage I have ever seen. I

¹ The Ruffed Grouse, *Bonasa umbellus*. — E. C.

heard the delightful song of the Ruby-crowned Wren again and again; what would I give to find the nest of this *northern Humming-Bird*? We found the Fox-colored Sparrow in full song, and had our captain been up to birds' ways, he would have found its nest; for one started from his feet, and doubtless from the eggs, as she fluttered off with drooping wings, and led him away from the spot, which could not again be found. John and Co. found an island with upwards of two hundred nests of the *Larus canus*,¹ all with eggs, but not a young one hatched. The nests were placed on the bare rock; formed of seaweed, about six inches in diameter within, and a foot without; some were much thicker and larger than others; in many instances only a foot apart, in others a greater distance was found. The eggs are much smaller than those of *Larus marinus*. The eggs of the Cayenne Tern,²

¹ Common Gull. This record raises an interesting question, which can hardly be settled satisfactorily. *Larus canus*, the common Gull of Europe, is given by various authors in Audubon's time, besides himself, as a bird of the Atlantic coast of North America, from Labrador southward. But it is not known as such to ornithologists of the present day. The American Ornithologists' Union catalogues *L. canus* as merely a straggler in North America, with the query, "accidental in Labrador?" In his Notes on the Ornithology of Labrador, in Proc. Acad. Nat. Sci., Phila. 1861, p. 246, Dr. Coues gives *L. delawarensis*, the Ring-billed Gull, three specimens of which he procured at Henley Harbor, Aug. 21, 1860. These were birds of the year, and one of them, afterward sent to England, was identified by Mr. Howard Saunders as *L. canus* (P. Z. S. 1877, p. 178; Cat. B. Brit. Mus., xxv. 1896, p. 281). This would seem to bear out Audubon's Journal; but the "Common American Gull" of his published works is the one he calls *L. zonorhynchus* (i. e., *L. delawarensis*), and on p. 155 of the Birds of Am., 8vo ed., he gives the very incident here narrated in his Journal, as pertaining to the latter species. The probabilities are that, notwithstanding Dr. Coues' finding of the supposed *L. canus* in Labrador, the whole Audubonian record really belongs to *L. delawarensis*. — E. C.

² This appears to be an error, reflected in all of Audubon's published works. The Cayenne Tern of Audubon, as described and figured by him, is *Sterna regia*, which has never been known to occur in Labrador. Audubon never knew the Caspian Tern, *S. tschegrava*, and it is believed that this is the species which he saw in Labrador, and mistook for the Cayenne Tern — as he might easily do. See Coues, Birds of the Northwest, 1874, p. 669, where the case is noted. — E. C.

were also found, and a single pair of those remarkable birds, which could not be approached. Two Ptarmigans were killed; these birds have no whirring of the wings, even when surprised; they flew at the gunners in defence of the young, and one was killed with a gun-rod. The instant they perceive they are observed, when at a distance, they squat or lie flat on the moss, when it is almost impossible to see them unless right under your feet. From the top of a high rock I had fine view of the most extensive and the dreariest wilderness I have ever beheld. It chilled the heart to gaze on these barren lands of Labrador. Indeed I now dread every change of harbor, so horribly rugged and dangerous is the whole coast and country, especially to the inexperienced man either of sea or land. The mosquitoes, many species of horse-fly, small bees, and black gnats filled the air; the frogs croaked; and yet the thermometer was not high, not above 55°. This is one of the wonders of this extraordinary country. We have returned to our vessel, wet, shivering with cold, tired, and very hungry. During our absence the cook caught some fine lobsters; but fourteen men, each with a gun, six of which were double-barrelled, searched all day for game, and have not averaged two birds apiece, nineteen being all that were shot to-day. We all conclude that no one man could provide food for himself without extreme difficulty. Some animal was seen at a great distance, so far indeed that we could not tell whether it was a Wolf or a Caribou.

July 19. So cold, rainy, and foggy has this day been that no one went out shooting, and only a ramble on shore was taken by way of escaping the motion of the vessel, which pitched very disagreeably, the wind blowing almost directly in our harbor; and I would not recommend this anchorage to a *painter naturalist*, as Charles Bonaparte calls me. I have drawn two *Parus hudsonicus*, and this evening went on shore with the captain for exercise, and enough have I had. We climbed the rocks and followed

from one to another, crossing fissures, holding to the moss hand and foot and with difficulty, for about a mile, when suddenly we came upon the deserted mansion of a Labrador sealer. It looked snug outside, and we entered it. It was formed of short slabs, all very well greased with seal oil; an oven without a pipe, a salt-box hung on a wooden peg, a three-legged stool, and a wooden box of a bedstead, with a flour-barrel containing some hundreds of seine-floats, and an old Seal seine, completed the list of goods and chattels. Three small windows, with four panes of glass each, were still in pretty good order, and so was the low door, which moved on wooden hinges, for which the maker has received no patent, I'll be bound. This cabin made of hewn logs, brought from the main, was well put together, about twelve feet square, well roofed with bark of birch and spruce, thatched with moss, and every aperture rendered air-tight with oakum. But it was deserted and abandoned; the Seals are all caught, and the sealers have nought to do here now-a-days. We found a pile of good hard wood close to this abode, which we will have removed on board our vessel to-morrow. I discovered that this cabin had been the abode of two French Canadians; first, because their almanac, written with chalk on one of the logs, was in French; and next, the writing was in two very different styles. As we returned to our vessel I paused several times to contemplate the raging waves breaking on the stubborn, precipitous rocks beneath us, and thought how dreadful they would prove to any one who should be wrecked on so inhospitable a shore. No vessel, the captain assured me, could stand the sea we gazed upon at that moment, and I fully believed him, for the surge dashed forty feet or more high against the precipitous rocks. The Ravens flew above us, and a few Gulls beat to windward by dint of superior sailing; the horizon was hid by fog, so thick there, and on the crest of the island, that it looked like dense smoke. Though I

wore thick mittens and very heavy clothing, I felt chilly with the cold. John's violin notes carry my thoughts far, far from Labrador, I assure thee.

July 20. Labrador deserves credit for *one* fine day! To-day has been calm, warm, and actually such a day as one might expect in the Middle States about the month of May. I drew from half-past three till ten this morning. The young men went off early, and the captain and myself went to the island next to us, but saw few birds: a Brown Lark, some Gulls, and the two White-crowned Buntings. In some small bays which we passed we found the stones thrown up by the sea in immense numbers, and of enormous size. These stones I now think are probably brought on shore in the masses of ice during the winter storms. These icebergs, then melting and breaking up, leave these enormous pebble-shaped stones, from ten to one hundred feet deep. When I returned to my drawing the captain went fishing, and caught thirty-seven cod in less than an hour. The wind rose towards evening, and the boats did not get in till nine o'clock, and much anxiety did I feel about them. Coolidge is an excellent sailor, and John too, for that matter, but very venturesome; and Lincoln equally so. The chase, as usual, poor; two Canadian Grouse in moult, — these do moult earlier than the Willow Grouse,¹ — some White-throated Sparrows, Yellow-rump Warblers, the Green Black-cap Flycatcher, the small Wood Pewee (?). I think this a new species, but cannot swear to it.² The

¹ Or Willow Ptarmigan, *Lagopus albus* — the same that Audubon has already spoken of procuring and drawing; but this is the first mention he makes which enables us to judge which of two species occurring in Labrador he had. The other is the Rock Grouse, or Ptarmigan, *L. rupestris*. — E. C.

² This is the bird which Audubon afterward identified with *Tyrannula richardsonii* of Swainson, Fn., Bor.-Am., ii, 1831, p. 146, pl. 46, lower fig., and published under the name of the Short-legged Pewee or Pewit Fly-catcher, *Muscicapa phæbe*, in Orn. Biogr., v. p. 299, pl. 434; B. Am., 8vo ed., i. p. 219, pl. 61. The species is now well known as the Western Wood Pewee, *Contopus richardsoni*; but it has never since Audubon's time been authenticated as a bird of Labrador. Audubon was of course perfectly familiar

young of the Tawny Thrush were seen with the mother, almost full-grown. All the party are very tired, especially Ingalls, who was swamped up to his arm-pits and was pulled out by his two companions; tired as they are, they have yet energy to eat tremendously.

July 21. I write now from a harbor which has no name, for we have mistaken it for the right one, which lies two miles east of this; but it matters little, for the coast of Labrador is all alike comfortless, cold and foggy, yet grand. We left Little Macatine at five this morning, with a stiff southwest breeze, and by ten our anchor was dropped here. We passed Captain Bayfield and his two boats engaged in the survey of the coast. We have been on shore; no birds but about a hundred Eider Ducks and Red-breasted Mergansers in the inner bay, with their broods all affrighted as our boats approached. Returning on board, found Captain Bayfield and his lieutenants, who remained to dine with us. They were short of provisions, and we gave them a barrel of ship-bread, and seventy pounds of beef. I presented the captain with a ham, with which he went off to their camp on some rocks not far distant. This evening we paid him a visit; he and his men are encamped in great comfort. The tea-things were yet arranged on the iron-bound bed, the trunks served as seats, and the sail-cloth clothes-bags as pillows. The moss was covered with a large tarred cloth, and neither wind nor damp was admitted. I gazed on the camp with much pleasure, and it was a great enjoyment to be with men of education and refined manners, such as are these officers of the Royal Navy; it was indeed a treat. We talked of the country where we were, of the beings best fitted to live and prosper here, not only of our species, but of all species, with the common Wood Pewee, *Contopus virens*, and with the Pewit Fly-catcher, *Sayornis phabe*. We can hardly imagine him mistaken regarding the identity of either of these familiar birds; yet there is something about this Labrador record of supposed *C. richardsoni* which has never been satisfactorily explained.—E. C.

and also of the enormous destruction of everything here, except the rocks; the aborigines themselves melting away before the encroachments of the white man, who looks without pity upon the decrease of the devoted Indian, from whom he rifles home, food, clothing, and life. For as the Deer, the Caribou, and all other game is killed for the dollar which its skin brings in, the Indian must search in vain over the devastated country for that on which he is accustomed to feed, till, worn out by sorrow, despair, and want, he either goes far from his early haunts to others, which in time will be similarly invaded, or he lies on the rocky seashore and dies. We are often told rum kills the Indian; I think not; it is oftener the want of food, the loss of hope as he loses sight of all that was once abundant, before the white man intruded on his land and killed off the wild quadrupeds and birds with which he has fed and clothed himself since his creation. Nature herself seems perishing. Labrador must shortly be depeopled, not only of aboriginal man, but of all else having life, owing to man's cupidity. When no more fish, no more game, no more birds exist on her hills, along her coasts, and in her rivers, then she will be abandoned and deserted like a worn-out field.

July 22. At six this morning, Captain Bayfield and Lieutenant Bowen came alongside in their respective boats to bid us farewell, being bound westward to the "Gulnare." We embarked in three boats and proceeded to examine a small harbor about a mile east, where we found a whaling schooner of fifty-five tons from Cape Gaspé in New Brunswick. When we reached it we found the men employed at boiling blubber in what, to me, resembled sugar boilers. The blubber lay heaped on the shore in chunks of six to twenty pounds, and looked filthy enough. The captain, or owner, of the vessel appeared to be a good, sensible man of that class, and cut off for me some strips of the skin of the whale from under the throat, with large

and curious barnacles attached to it. They had struck four whales, of which three had sunk and were lost; this, I was told, was a very rare occurrence. We found at this place a French Canadian, a Seal-catcher, who gave me the following information. This portion of Labrador is free to any one to settle on, and he and another man had erected a small cabin, have Seal-nets, and traps to catch Foxes, and guns to shoot Bears and Wolves. They carry their quarry to Quebec, receive fifty cents per gallon for Seal oil, and from three to five guineas for Black and Silver-Fox skins, and other furs in proportion. From November till spring they kill Seals in great numbers. Two thousand five hundred were killed by seventeen men in three days; this great feat was done with short sticks, each Seal being killed with a single blow on the snout, while resting on the edges of the field ice. The Seals are carried to the camp on sledges drawn by Esquimaux dogs, that are so well trained that on reaching home they push the Seals off the sledge with their noses, and return to the hunters with despatch. (Remember, my Lucy, this is hearsay.) At other times the Seals are driven into nets one after another, until the poor animals become so hampered and confined that, the gun being used, they are easily and quickly despatched. He showed me a spot within a few yards of his cabin where, last winter, he caught six Silver-gray Foxes; these had gone to Quebec with his partner, who was daily expected. Bears and Caribous abound during winter, as well as Wolves, Hares, and Porcupines. The Hare (I suppose the Northern one) is brown at this season, and white in winter; the Wolves are mostly of a dun color, very ferocious and daring. A pack of about thirty followed a man to his cabin, and have more than once killed his dogs at his very door. I was the more surprised at this, as the dogs he had were as large as any Wolves I have ever seen. These dogs are extremely tractable; so much so that, when harnessed to a sledge, the

leader starts at the word of command, and the whole pack gallops off swiftly enough to convey a man sixty miles in the course of seven or eight hours. They howl like Wolves, and are not at all like our common dogs. They were extremely gentle, came to us, jumped on us, and caressed us, as if we were old acquaintances. They do not take to the water, and are only fitted for drawing sledges and chasing Caribou. They are the only dogs which at all equal the Caribou in speed. As soon as winter's storms and thick ice close the harbors and the spaces between the mainland and the islands, the Caribous are seen moving in great gangs, first to the islands, where, the snow being more likely to be drifted, the animal finds places where the snow has blown away, and he can more easily reach the moss, which at this season is its only food. As the season increases in severity, the Caribous follow a due northwestern direction, and gradually reach a comparatively milder climate; but nevertheless, on their return in March and April, which return is as regular as the migration of birds, they are so poor and emaciated that the white man himself takes pity on them, and does not kill them. (Merciful beings, who spare life when the flesh is off the bones, and no market for the bones is at hand.) The Otter is tolerably abundant; these are principally trapped at the foot of the waterfalls to which they resort, these places being the latest to freeze, and the first to thaw. The Marten and the Sable are caught, but are by no means abundant, and every winter makes a deep impression on beast as well as on man. These Frenchmen receive their supplies from Quebec, where they send their furs and oil. At this time, which the man here calls "the idle time," he lolls about his cabin, lies in the sunshine like a Seal, eats, drinks, and sleeps his life away, careless of all the world, and the world, no doubt, careless of him. His dogs are his only companions until his partner's return, who, for all I know, is not himself better

company than a dog. They have placed their very small cabin in a delightful situation, under the protection of an island, on the southwestern side of the main shore, where I was surprised to find the atmosphere quite warm, and the vegetation actually rank; for I saw plants with leaves fully a foot in breadth, and grasses three feet high. The birds had observed the natural advantages of this little paradise, for here we found the musical Winter Wren in full song, the first time in Labrador, the White-crowned Sparrow, or Bunting, singing melodiously from every bush, the Fox-tail Sparrow, the Black-cap Warbler, the Shore Lark nesting, but too cunning for us; the White-throated Sparrow and a Peregrine Falcon, besides about half a dozen of Lincoln's Finch. This afternoon the wind has been blowing a tremendous gale; our anchors have dragged with sixty fathoms of chain out. Yet one of the whaler's boats came to us with six men, who wished to see my drawings, and I gratified them willingly; they, in return, have promised to let me see a whale before cut up, if they should catch one ere we leave this place for Bras d'Or. Crows are not abundant here; the Ravens equal them in number, and Peregrine Falcons are more numerous. The horse-flies are so bad that they drove our young men on board.

July 23. We visited to-day the Seal establishment of a Scotchman, Samuel Robertson, situated on what he calls Sparr Point, about six miles east of our anchorage. He received us politely, addressed me by name, and told me that he had received intimation of my being on a vessel bound to this country, through the English and Canadian newspapers. This man has resided here twenty years, married a Labrador lady, daughter of a Monsieur Chevalier of Bras d'Or, a good-looking woman, and has six children. His house is comfortable, and in a little garden he raises a few potatoes, turnips, and other vegetables. He appears to be lord of these parts and quite contented with his lot. He told me his profits last year amounted

to £600. He will not trade with the Indians, of whom we saw about twenty, of the Montagnais tribes, and employs only white serving-men. His Seal-oil tubs were full, and he was then engaged in loading two schooners for Quebec with that article. I bought from him the skin of a Cross Fox for three dollars. He complained of the American fishermen very much, told us they often acted as badly as pirates towards the Indians, the white settlers, and the eggers, all of whom have been more than once obliged to retaliate, when bloody encounters have been the result. He assured me he had seen a fisherman's crew kill thousands of Guillemots in the course of a day, pluck the feathers from the breasts, and throw the bodies into the sea. He also told me that during mild winters his little harbor is covered with pure white Gulls (the Silvery), but that all leave at the first appearance of spring. The travelling here is effected altogether on the snow-covered ice, by means of sledges and Esquimaux dogs, of which Mr. Robertson keeps a famous pack. With them, at the rate of about six miles an hour, he proceeds to Bras d'Or seventy-five miles, with his wife and six children, in one sledge drawn by ten dogs. Fifteen miles north of this place, he says, begins a lake represented by the Indians as four hundred miles long by one hundred broad. This sea-like lake is at times as rough as the ocean in a storm; it abounds with Wild Geese, and the water-fowl breed on its margins by millions. We have had a fine day, but very windy; Mr. R. says this July has been a remarkable one for rough weather. The Caribou flies have driven the hunters on board; Tom Lincoln, who is especially attacked by them, was actually covered with blood, and looked as if he had had a gouging fight with some rough Kentuckians. Mr. R.'s newspapers tell of the ravages of cholera in the south and west, of the indisposition of General Jackson at the Tremont House, Boston, etc.; thus even here the news circulates now and then. The mos-

quitoes trouble me so much that in driving them away I bespatter my paper with ink, as thou seest, God bless thee! Good-night.

July 24. The *Charadrius semipalmatus* breeds on the tops or sides of the high hills, and amid the moss of this country. I have not found the nest, but have been so very near the spot where it undoubtedly was, that the female has moved before me, trailing her wings and spreading her tail to draw me away; uttering a plaintive note, the purpose of which I easily conceive. The Shore Lark has served us the same way; that nest must also be placed amid the deep mosses, over which these beautiful birds run as nimbly as can be imagined. They have the power of giving two notes, so very different from each other that a person not seeing the bird would be inclined to believe that two birds of different species were at hand. Often after these notes comes a sweet trill; all these I have thought were in intimation of danger, and with the wish to induce the sitting mate to lie quiet and silent. Tom Lincoln, John, and I went on shore after two Bears, which I heard distinctly, but they eluded our pursuit by swimming from an island to the main land. Coolidge's party went to the Murre Rocks, where the Guillemots breed, and brought about fifteen hundred eggs. Shattuck killed two Gannets with a stick; they could have done the same with thousands of Guillemots when they landed; the birds scrambled off in such a hurried, confused, and frightened manner as to render them what Charles Bonaparte calls *stupid*, and they were so terrified they could scarcely take to wing. The island was literally covered with eggs, dung, and feathers, and smelt so shockingly that Ingalls and Coolidge were quite sick. Coolidge killed a White-winged Crossbill on these Murre rocks; for several weeks we have seen these birds pass over us, but have found none anywhere on shore. We have had a beautiful day, and would have sailed for Bras



JOHN WOODHOUSE AUDUBON.

FROM THE MINIATURE BY F. CRUIKSHANK, 1838.

d'Or, but our anchor stuck into a rock, and just as we might have sailed, a heavy fog came on, so here we are.

July 26. I did not write last night because we were at sea and the motion was too disagreeable, and my mind was as troubled as the ocean. We left Baie de Portage before five in the morning, with a good breeze, intending to come to at Chevalier's settlement, forty-seven miles; but after sailing thirty, the wind failed us, it rained and blew, with a tremendous sea which almost shook the masts out of our good vessel, and about eight we were abreast of Bonne Espérance; but as our pilot knew as much of this harbor as he did of the others, which means *nothing at all*, our captain thought prudent to stand off and proceed to Bras d'Or. The coast we have followed is like that we have hitherto seen, crowded with islands of all sizes and forms, against which the raging waves break in a frightful manner. We saw few birds, with the exception of Gannets, which were soaring about us most of the day feeding on capelings, of which there were myriads. I had three *Uria troile* thrown overboard alive to observe their actions. Two fluttered on top of the water for twenty yards or so, then dove, and did not rise again for fully a hundred yards from the vessel. The third went in head-foremost, like a man diving, and swam *under the surface* so smoothly and so rapidly that it looked like a fish with wings. At daylight we found ourselves at the mouth of Bras d'Or harbor, where we are snugly moored. Our pilot not knowing a foot of the ground, we hoisted our ensign, and Captain Billings came to us in his Hampton boat and piloted us in. Bras d'Or is the grand rendezvous of almost all the fishermen that resort to this coast for codfish. We found here a flotilla of about one hundred and fifty sail, principally fore-and-aft schooners, a few pickaxes, etc., mostly from Halifax and the eastern portions of the United States. There was a life and stir about this harbor which surprised us after so many weeks

of wilderness and loneliness — the boats moving to and fro, going after fish, and returning loaded to the gun-wales, others with seines, others with capelings for bait. A hundred or more were anchored out about a mile from us, hauling the poor codfish by thousands; hundreds of men engaged at cleaning and salting, their low jokes and songs resembling those of the Billingsgate gentry. On entering the port I observed a large flock of small Gulls, which species I could not ascertain, also *Lestris* of two species, one small and one large. As soon as breakfast was over, the young men went ashore to visit Mr. Jones, the owner of the Scal-fishing establishment here. He received them well — a rough, brown Nova Scotia man, the lord of this portion of Labrador — and he gave John and the others a good deal of information. Four or five species of Grouse, the Velvet Duck, the *Anas glacialis*,¹ and *Fuligula histrionica*,² the Wild Goose, and others breed in the swampy deserts at the head waters of the rivers, and around the edges of the lakes and ponds which everywhere abound. He also knew of my coming. John and Coolidge joined parties and brought me eight Red-polls, *Fringilla linaria*, old and young, which I will draw to-morrow. Query, is it the same which is found in Europe? Their note resembles that of the Siskin; their flight that of the Siskin and Linnet combined. The young were as large as the old, and could fly a mile at a stretch; they resort to low bushes along the edges of ponds and brooks; the hunters saw more than they shot. They brought also Savannah Finches, and White-crowned Sparrows. They saw a fine female *Tetrao canadensis*, not quite so gray as the last; the young flew well and alighted on trees and bushes, and John would not allow any of them to be shot, they were so trusting. They saw a Willow Grouse, which at sight of them, though at some distance, flew off and flew far; on

¹ *Harelda hiemalis*, the Old Squaw or Long-Tailed Duck. — E. C.

² *Histrionicus histrionicus*, the Harlequin Duck. — E. C.

being started again, flew again to a great distance with a loud, cackling note, but no whirr of the wings. They were within three hundred yards of an Eagle, which, from its dark color and enormous size and extent of wings, they took to be a female Washington Eagle.¹ I have made many inquiries, but every one tells me Eagles are most rare. It sailed away over the hills slowly and like a Vulture. After drawing two figures of the female White-winged Crossbill, I paid a visit to the country seat of Mr. Jones.² The snow is still to be seen in patches on every hill around us; the borders of the water courses are edged with grasses and weeds as rank of growth as may be seen in the Middle States in like situations. I saw a small brook filled with fine trout; but what pleased me best, I found a nest of the Shore Lark; it was embedded in moss so much the color of the birds, that when these sit on it, it is next to impossible to observe them; it was buried to its full depth, about seven inches, — composed outwardly of mosses of different sorts; within, fine grass circularly arranged, and mixed with many large, soft Duck feathers. These birds breed on high table-lands, one pair to a certain district. The place where I found the nest was so arid, poor and rocky that nothing grew there. We see the high mountains of Newfoundland, the summits, at present, far above the clouds. Two weeks since, the ice filled the very harbor where we now are, and not a vessel could approach; since then the ice has sunk, and none is to be seen far or near.

July 27. It has blown a tremendous gale the whole day; fortunately I had two *Fringilla linaria* to draw. The adult male alone possesses those rich colors on the breast; the female has only the front head crimson. They

¹ The Washington Eagle, or "Bird of Washington," of Audubon's works, is based upon the young Bald Eagle, *Haliaeetus leucocephalus*. The bird here noted may have been either this species, or the *Aquila chrysaetus*. — E. C.

² See Episode "A Labrador Squatter."

resemble the Cross-bills, notwithstanding Bonaparte, Nuttall, and others to the contrary. John kept me company and skinned fourteen small birds. Mr. Jones dined with us, after which the captain and the rest of our party went off through the storm to Blanc Sablons, four miles distant. This name is turned into "Nancy Belong" by the fishermen, who certainly tell very strange tales respecting this country. Mr. Jones entertained us by his account of travelling with dogs during winter. They are harnessed, he says, with a leather collar, a belly and back band, through the upper part of which passes the line of sealskin, which is attached to the sledge, and acts for a rein as well as a trace. An odd number of dogs always form the gang, from seven up, according to the distance of the journey, or the weight of the load; each dog is estimated to draw two hundred pounds, at a rate of five or six miles an hour. The leader is always a well-broken dog, and is placed ahead of the pack with a draught-line of from six to ten fathoms' length, and the rest with gradually shorter ones, to the last, which is about eight feet from the sledge; they are not, however, coupled, as often represented in engravings, but are each attached separately, so that when in motion they are more like a flock of Partridges, all flying loosely and yet in the same course. They always travel at a gallop, no matter what the state of the country may be, and to go down-hill is both difficult and dangerous; and at times it is necessary for the driver to guide the sledge with his feet, or with a strong staff planted in the snow as the sledge proceeds; and when heavily laden, and the descent great, the dogs are often taken off, and the sledge glides down alone, the man steering with his toes, and lying flat on his face, thus descending head-foremost like boys on their sleds. The dogs are so well acquainted with the courses and places in the neighborhood, that they never fail to take their master and his sledge to their destination, even should a tremendous

snow-storm occur whilst under way; and it is always safer to leave one's fate to the instinct which these fine animals possess than to trust to human judgment, for it has been proved more than once that men who have made their dogs change their course have been lost, and sometimes died, in consequence. When travellers meet, both parties come circuitously, and as slowly as possible towards each other, which gives the separate packs the opportunity of observing that their masters are acquainted, when they meet without fighting, a thing which almost always occurs if the dogs meet unexpectedly. Mr. Jones lost a son of fourteen, a few years ago, in a snow-storm, owing to the servant in whose care he was, imprudently turning the dogs from their course; the dogs obeyed the command and struck towards Hudson's Bay; when the weather cleared the servant perceived his mistake, but alas! too late; the food was exhausted, and the lad gradually sank, and died in the arms of the man.

July 28. At daylight this morning the storm had abated, and although it was almost calm, the sea was high, and the "Ripley" tossed and rolled in a way which was extremely unpleasant to me. Breakfast over, we all proceeded to Mr. Jones' establishment with a view to procuring more information, and to try to have some of his men make Esquimaux boots and garments for us. We received little information, and were told no work could be done for us; on asking if his son, a youth of about twenty-three, could be hired to guide some of us into the interior some forty miles, Mr. Jones said the boy's mother had become so fearful of accidents since the loss of the other son that he could not say without asking her permission, which she would not grant. We proceeded over the table-lands towards some ponds. I found three young Shore Larks just out of the nest, and not yet able to fly; they hopped pretty briskly over the moss, uttering a soft *peep*, to which the parent bird responded at every

call. I am glad that it is in my power to make a figure of these birds in summer, winter, and young plumage. We also found the breeding-place of the *Fuligula histriónica* in the corner of a small pond in some low bushes. By another pond we found the nest of the Velvet Duck, called here the White-winged Coot; it was placed on the moss among the grass, close to the water; it contained feathers, but no down as others. The female had six young, five of which we procured. They were about a week old, and I could readily recognize the male birds; they all had the white spot under the eye. Four were killed with one shot; one went on shore and squatted in the grass, where Lincoln caught it; but I begged for its life, and we left it to the care of its mother, and of its Maker. We also found the breeding-place of *Fuligula glacialis* by a very large pond; these breed in companies and are shyer than in the States. The Pied Duck¹ breeds here on the top of the low bushes, but the season is so far advanced we have not found its nest. Mr. Jones tells me the King Duck passes here northwards in the early part of March, returning in October, flying high, and in lines like the Canada Goose. The Snow Goose is never seen here; none, indeed, but oceanic species are seen here. (I look on *Anas fusca*² as an oceanic species.) Mr. Jones has never been more than a mile in the interior, and knows nothing of it. There are two species of Woodpecker here, and only two, the Three-toed and the Downy. When I began writing it was calm, now it blows a hurricane, rains hard, and the sea is as high as ever.

July 29. Another horrid, stormy day. The very fishermen complain. Five or six vessels left for further east, but I wish and long to go west. The young men, except

¹ Or Labrador Duck, *Camptolamnus labradorius*. This is a notable record, considering that the species became extinct about 1875. — E. C.

² This is the White-winged Coot or Scoter just mentioned above, *Ædemia deglandi*. — E. C.

Coolidge, went off this morning after an early breakfast to a place called Port Eau, eighteen miles distant, to try to procure some Esquimaux dresses, particularly mocassins. I felt glad when the boat which took them across the bay returned, as it assured me they were at least on terra firma. I do not expect them till to-morrow night, and I greatly miss them. When all our party is present, music, anecdotes, and jokes, journalizing and comparing notes, make the time pass merrily; but this evening the captain is on deck, Coolidge is skinning a bird, and I am writing that which is scarcely worth recording, with a horridly bad patent pen. I have to-day drawn three young Shore Larks, *Alauda alpestris*, the first ever portrayed by man. I did wish to draw an adult male, in full summer plumage, but could not get a handsome one. In one month all these birds must leave this coast, or begin to suffer. The young of many birds are full-fledged, and scamper over the rocks; the Ducks alone seem backward, but being more hardy can stay till October, when deep snows drive them off, ready or not for their laborious journey. I saw this afternoon two, or a pair, of the *Phalaropus hyperboreus*; ¹ they were swimming in a small fresh-water pond, feeding on insects, and no doubt had their nest close by, as they evinced great anxiety at my approach. I did not shoot at them, and hope to find the nest or young; but to find nests in the moss is a difficult job, for the whole country looks alike. "The Curlews are coming;" this is as much of a saying here as that about the Wild Pigeons in Kentucky. What species of Curlew, I know not yet, for none have been killed, but one of our men, who started with John and party, broke down, and was sent back; he assured me that he had seen some with bills about four inches long, and the body the size of a Wild Pigeon. The accounts given of these Curlews border on the miraculous, and I shall say nothing

¹ Brown or Northern Phalarope.

about them till I have tested the fishermen's stories.¹ It is now calm, for a wonder, but as cold as vengeance, on deck; we have a good fire in the stove, and I am roasting on one side and freezing on the other. The water of our harbor is actually coated with oil, and the bottom fairly covered with the refuse of the codfish; the very air I breathe and smell is impregnated with essence of codfish.

July 30. It was a beautiful morning when I arose, and such a thing as a beautiful morning in this mournful country almost amounts to a phenomenon. The captain and myself went off to an island and searched for an *Alauda alpestris*, and found a good number of old and young, associated, both equally wild. The young were led off with great care by the adults, and urged to squat quietly till nearly within gunshot, when at a "tweet" from the parent they took to the wing and were off. These birds are very pugnacious, and attack a rival at once, when both come to the scratch with courage and tenacity. I saw one beautiful male in full summer dress, which I secured, and have drawn, with a portion of moss. I intend to add two drawn in winter plumage. This afternoon we visited Mr. Jones and his wife, a good motherly woman, who talked well. Our young men returned from Port Eau fatigued, and, as usual, hungry; complained, as I expected, of the country, the climate, and the scarcity of birds and plants, and not a pair of moccasins to be bought; so Lincoln and Shattuck are now barefooted. They brought a *Lestrus pomarinus*,² female, a full-grown young Raven, and some Finches. Coolidge's party had some Lesser Red-polls, several Swamp Sparrows, three

¹ The Curlew which occurs in almost incredible numbers in Labrador is the Eskimo, *Numenius borealis*; the one with the bill about four inches long, also found in that country, but less commonly, is the Hudsonian, *N. hudsonicus*. See Coues, Proc. Acad. Nat. Sci., Philada., 1861, p. 236. — E. C.

² Pomarine Jager, or Gull-hunter, now called *Stercorarius pomarinus*. — E. C.

small Black-cap Green Flycatchers, Black-cap Warblers, old and young, the last fully grown, a *Fringilla lincolni*, and a Pine Grosbeak. They saw many Gulls of various species, and also an iceberg of immense size. There is at Port Eau a large fishing establishment belonging to fishermen who come annually from the Island of Jersey, and have a large store with general supplies. Ere I go to rest let me tell thee that it is now blowing a young hurricane, and the prospect for to-morrow is a bad one. A few moments ago the report of a cannon came to our ears from the sea, and it is supposed that it was from the "Gulnare." I wish she was at our side and snugly moored as we are.

July 31. Another horrid hurricane, accompanied with heavy rain. I could not go on with my drawing either in the cabin or the hold, though everything was done that could be thought of, to assist me in the attempt; not a thing to relate, as not one of us could go on shore.

August 1. Bras d'Or, Coast of Labrador.¹ I have drawn my *Lestris pomarinus*, but under difficulties; the weather has quite changed; instead of a hurricane from the east, we have had one all day from the southwest, but no rain. At noon we were visited by an iceberg, which has been drifting within three miles of us, and is now grounded at the entrance of the bay; it looks like a large man-of-war dressed in light green muslin, instead of canvas, and when the sun strikes it, it glitters with intense brilliancy. When these transient monuments of the sea happen to tumble or roll over, the fall is tremendous, and the sound produced resembles that of loud, distant thunder; these icebergs are common here all summer, being wafted south with every gale that blows; as the winds are usually easterly, the coast of Newfoundland is more free from them than that of Labrador. I have determined to

¹ A small village on the coast of Labrador, latitude 51°; not the Bras D'Or of Cape Breton Island.

make a last thorough search of the mountain tops, plains and ponds, and if no success ensues, to raise anchor and sail towards the United States once more; and blessed will the day be when I land on those dear shores, where all I long for in the world exists and lives, I hope. We have been on shore for an hour for exercise, but the wind blew so fiercely we are glad to return.

August 2. Noon. The thermometer has risen to 58°, but it has rained hard all day; about dinner time a very handsome schooner from Boston, the size of ours, called the "Wizard," commanded by Captain Wilcomb of Ipswich, arrived, only nine days from Boston; but to our sorrow and disappointment, not a letter or paper did she bring, but we learned with pleasure that our great cities are all healthy, and for this intelligence I thank God. The "Wizard" brought two young Italian clerks as supercargo, who are going to purchase fish; they visited us and complained bitterly of the cold and the general appearance of the country. The retrograde migration of many birds has already commenced, more especially that of the lesser species both of land and water birds.

August 3. I was suddenly awakened last night about one o'clock by the shock which our vessel received from the "Wizard," which had broken her stern chain in the gale, which at that time was raging most furiously. Our captain was up in a moment, the vessels were parted and tranquillity was restored, but to John's sorrow, and my vexation, our beautiful and most comfortable gig had been struck by the "Wizard," and her bows stove in; at daylight it rained hard and the gale continued. Lincoln went on shore and shot some birds, but nothing of importance. This afternoon we all went ashore, through a high and frightful sea which drenched us to the skin, and went to the table-lands; there we found the true Esquimau Curlew, *Numenius borealis*, so carelessly described in Bonaparte's Synopsis. This species here takes

the place of the Migratory Pigeon; it has now arrived; I have seen many hundreds this afternoon, and shot seven. They fly in compact bodies, with beautiful evolutions, overlooking a great extent of country ere they make choice of a spot on which to alight; this is done wherever a certain berry, called here "Curlew berry,"¹ proves to be abundant. Here they balance themselves, call, whistle, and of common accord come to the ground, as the top of the country here must be called. They devour every berry, and if pursued squat in the manner of Partridges. A single shot starts the whole flock; off they fly, ramble overhead for a great distance ere they again alight. This rambling is caused by the scarcity of berries. This is the same bird of which three specimens were sent to me by William Oakes, of Ipswich, Mass. The iceberg has been broken into thousands of pieces by the gale.

August 4. Still raining as steadily as ever; the morning was calm, and on shore the mosquitoes were shockingly bad, though the thermometer indicates only 49°. I have been drawing at the *Numenius borealis*; I find them difficult birds to represent. The young men went on shore and brought me four more; every one of the lads observed to-day the great tendency these birds have, in squatting to elude the eye, to turn the tail towards their pursuer, and to lay the head flat. This habit is common to many of the *Tringas*, and some of the *Charadrius*. This species of Curlew, the smallest I ever saw, feeds on the berries it procures, with a rapidity equalled only by that of the Passenger Pigeon; in an instant all the ripe berries on the plant are plucked and swallowed, and the whole country is cleared of these berries as our Western woods are of the mast. In their evolutions they resemble Pigeons also, sweeping over the ground, cutting backward and forward in the most interesting manner, and now and then poising in the air like a Hawk in sight of quarry. There

¹ *Empetrum nigrum*.

is scarcely any difference in the appearance of the adult and the young. The *Alauda alpestris* of this season has now made such progress in its growth that the first moulting is so forward that the small wing-coverts and secondaries are already come, and have assumed the beautiful rosy tints of the adults in patches at these parts; a most interesting state of their plumage, probably never seen by any naturalist before. It is quite surprising to see how quickly the growth is attained of every living thing in this country, either animal or vegetable. In six weeks I have seen the eggs laid, the birds hatched, their first moult half over, their association in flocks, and preparations begun for their leaving the country. That the Creator should have commanded millions of delicate, diminutive, tender creatures to cross immense spaces of country to all appearance a thousand times more congenial to them than this, to cause them to people, as it were, this desolate land for a time, to enliven it by the songs of the sweet feathered musicians for two months at most, and by the same command induce them to abandon it almost suddenly, is as wonderful as it is beautiful. The fruits are now ripe, yet six weeks ago the whole country was a sheet of snow, the bays locked in ice, the air a constant storm. Now the grass is rich in growth, at every step flowers are met with, insects fill the air, the snow-banks are melting; now and then an appearance as of summer does exist, but in thirty days all is over; the dark northern clouds will enwrap the mountain summits; the rivulets, the ponds, the rivers, the bays themselves will begin to freeze; heavy snowfalls will cover all these shores, and nature will resume her sleeping state, nay, more than that, one of desolation and death. Wonderful! Wonderful! But this marvellous country must be left to an abler pen than mine to describe. The *Tringa maritima*¹

¹ The Purple or Rock Sandpiper, *Tringa (Arquatella) maritima*. — E. C.

and *Tringa pusilla*¹ were both shot in numbers this day; the young are now as large as the old, and we see little flocks everywhere. We heard the "Gulnare" was at Bonne Espérance, twenty miles west of us; I wish she was here, I should much like to see her officers again.

August 5. This has been a fine day, no hurricane. I have finished two Labrador Curlews, but not the ground. A few Curlews were shot, and a Black-breasted Plover. John shot a Shore Lark that had almost completed its moult; it appears to me that northern birds come to maturity sooner than southern ones, yet the reverse is the case in our own species. Birds of the *Tringa* kind are constantly passing over our heads in small bodies bound westward, some of the same species which I observed in the Floridas in October. The migration of birds is perhaps much more wonderful than that of fishes, almost all of which go feeling their way along the shores and return to the very same river, creek, or even hole to deposit their spawn, as birds do to their former nest; but the latter do not *feel* their way, but launching high in air go at once and correctly too, across vast tracts of country, yet at once stopping in portions heretofore their own, and of which they know by previous experiences the comforts and advantages. We have had several arrivals of vessels, some so heavily loaded with fish that the water runs over their decks; others, in ballast, have come to purchase fish.

August 10. I now sit down to post my poor book, while a heavy gale is raging furiously around our vessel. My reason for not writing at night is that I have been drawing so constantly, often seventeen hours a day, that the weariness of my body at night has been unprecedented, by such work at least. At times I felt as if my physical powers would abandon me; my neck, my shoulders, and,

¹ Not *Ereunetes pusillus*, but the Least Sandpiper, *Tringa (Actodromas) minutilla*, which appears as *Tringa pusilla* in Audubon's works. — E. C.

more than all, my fingers, were almost useless through actual fatigue at drawing. Who would believe this? — yet nothing is more true. When at the return of dawn my spirits called me out of my berth, my body seemed to beg my mind to suffer it to rest a while longer; and as dark forced me to lay aside my brushes I immediately went to rest as if I had walked sixty-five miles that day, as I have done *a few times* in my stronger days. Yesternight, when I rose from my little seat to contemplate my work and to judge of the effect of it compared with the nature which I had been attempting to copy, it was the affair of a moment; and instead of waiting, as I always like to do, until that hazy darkness which is to me the best time to judge of the strength of light and shade, I went at once to rest as if delivered from the heaviest task I ever performed. The young men think my fatigue is added to by the fact that I often work in wet clothes, but I have done that all my life with no ill effects. No! no! it is that I am no longer young. But I thank God that I did accomplish my task; my drawings are finished to the best of my ability, the skins well prepared by John. We have been to Paroket Island to procure the young of the *Mormon arcticus*. As we approached the breeding-place, the air was filled with these birds, and the water around absolutely covered with them, while on the rocks were thousands, like sentinels on the watch. I took a stand, loaded and shot twenty-seven times, and killed twenty-seven birds, singly and on the wing, without missing a shot; as friend Bachman would say, "Pretty fair, Old Jostle!" The young men laughed, and said the birds were so thick no one could miss if he tried; however, none of them did so well. We had more than we wanted, but the young were all too small to draw with effect. Nearly every bird I killed had a fish in its beak, closely held by the head, and the body dangling obliquely in the air. These fish were all of the kind called here *Lints*, a long slender fish

now in shoals of millions.' How many must the multitude of Mormons inhabiting this island destroy daily? Whilst flying they all issue a rough croak, but none dropped the fish, nor indeed did they let it go when brought to the earth. The *Larus marinus* have now almost all gone south with their young; indeed, very few Gulls of any sort are now to be seen. Whilst on the island we saw a Hawk pounce on a Puffin and carry it off. Curlews have increased in numbers, but during two fair days we had they could not be approached; indeed, they appear to be so intent on their passage south that whenever the weather permits they are seen to strike high in the air across the harbor. The gale is so severe that our anchors have dragged forty or fifty yards, but by letting out still more chain we are now safe. It blows and rains so hard that it is impossible to stand in the bow of our vessel. But this is not all, — who, *now*, will deny the existence of the Labrador Falcon?¹ Yes, my Lucy, one more new species is on the list of the "Birds of America," and may we have the comfort of seeing its beautiful figure multiplied by Havell's engraver. This bird (both male and female) was shot by John whilst on an excursion with all our party, and on the 6th inst., when I sat till after twelve o'clock that night to outline one of them to save daylight the next day to color it, as I have done hundreds of times before. John shot them on the wing, whilst they were in company with their two young ones. The birds, one would be tempted to believe, had never seen a man before, for these affectionate parents dashed towards the gunners with fierce velocity, and almost instantly died from the effects of two well-directed shots. All efforts to procure the young birds were ineffectual;

¹ This is the bird figured by Audubon as *Falco labradora* on folio pl. 196, Svo pl. 19, but which he afterward considered to be the same as his *F. islandicus*. It is now held, however, to represent a dark variety of Gyrfalcon, known as *F. gyrfalco obsoletus*, confined to Labrador and thence southward in winter to New England and New York. — E. C.

they were full grown, and as well as could be seen, exactly resembled the dead ones. The whole group flew much like the Peregrine Falcon, which indeed resembles them much in form, but neither in size nor color. Sometimes they hover almost high in air like a small Sparrow Hawk when watching some object fit for prey on the ground, and now and then cry much like the latter, but louder in proportion with the difference of size in the two species. Several times they alighted on stakes in the sandbar at the entrance of Bras d'Or River, and stood not as Hawks generally do, uprightly, but horizontally and much like a *Lestris* or a Tern. Beneath their nest we found the remains of *Alca torda*, *Uria troile*, and *Mormon arcticus*—all of which are within their reach on an island here called Parocket Island—also the remains of Curlews and Ptarmigans. The nest was so situated that it could not be reached, only seen into. Both birds were brought to me in excellent order. No more is known of this bird, I believe.

My evening has been enlivened by the two Italians from the "Wizard," who have been singing many songs to the accompaniment of John's violin.

August 11. At sea, Gulf of St. Lawrence. We are now, seven of the evening, fully fifty miles from the coast of Labrador. We left our harbor at eleven o'clock with a fair breeze; the storm of last night had died away and everything looked promising. The boats were sent ashore for a supply of fresh water; John and Coolidge went after Curlews; the rest of the crew, assisted by that of the "Wizard," raised the anchors, and all was soon in readiness. The bottom of our vessel had been previously scraped and cleaned from the thousands of barnacles, which, with a growth of seaweeds, seemed to feed upon her as they do on the throat of a whale. The two Italians and Captain Wilcomb came on board to bid us adieu; we hoisted sail, and came out of the Labrador harbor. Sel-

dom in my life have I left a country with as little regret as I do this; the next nearest to this was East Florida, after my excursions up the St. John's River. As we sailed away, and I saw, probably for the last time, the high rugged hills partly immersed in masses of the thick fog that usually hovers over them, and knew that now the bow of our truly fine vessel was turned towards the place where thou, my Lucy, art waiting for me, I felt rejoiced, although yet far away. Now we are sailing in full sight of the northwestern coast of Newfoundland, the mountains of which are high, with drifted snow-banks dotted over them, and cut horizontally with floating strata of fogs reaching along the land as far as the eye can see. The sea is quite smooth; at least I think so, or have become a better seaman through habit. John and Lincoln are playing airs on the violin and flute; the other young men are on deck. It is worth saying that during the two months we have been on the coast of Labrador, moving from one harbor to another, or from one rocky isle to another, only three nights have we spent at sea. Twenty-three drawings have been executed, or commenced and nearly completed. Whether this voyage will prove a fruitful one remains to be proved; but I am content, and hope the Creator will permit us to reach our country and find our friends well and happy.

August 13. Harbor of St. George, St. George's Bay, Newfoundland. We have been running, as the sailors say, till five this evening, when we anchored here. Our way here was all in sight of land along the northwest shores of Newfoundland, the highest land we have yet seen; in some places the scenery was highly picturesque and agreeable to the eye, though little more vegetation appeared than in Labrador. Last night was a boisterous one, and we were all uncomfortable. This morning we entered the mouth of St. George's Bay, about thirteen leagues broad and fully eighteen deep. A more beauti-

ful and ample basin cannot easily be found; not an obstruction is within it. The northeast shores are high and rocky, but the southern ones are sandy, low, and flat. It took us till five o'clock to ascend it and come to our present anchorage, in sight of a small village, the only one we have seen these two months, and on a harbor wherein more than fifty line-of-battle ships could safely ride, the bottom being of clay. The village is built on an elongated point of sand, or natural sea-wall, under which we now are, and is perfectly secure from every wind but the northeast. The country as we ascended the bay became more woody and less rough. The temperature changed quite suddenly, and this afternoon the weather was so mild that it was agreeable on deck, and congenial even to a southerner like myself. We find here several small vessels engaged in the fisheries, and an old hulk from Hull, England, called "Charles Tennison"; she was lost near this on her way from Quebec to Hull some years ago. As we came up the bay, a small boat with two men approached and boarded us, assisting as pilots. They had a barrel of fine salmon, which I bought for ten dollars. As soon as our anchors touched bottom, our young men went on shore to try to purchase some fresh provisions, but returned with nothing but two bottles of milk, though the village is said to contain two hundred inhabitants. Mackerel are caught all round us, and sharks of the man-eating kind are said to be abundant just now, and are extremely troublesome to the fishers' nets. Some signs of cultivation are to be seen across the harbor, and many huts of Mic-Mac Indians *adorn* the shores. We learn the winter here is not nearly as severe as at Quebec; the latitude of this place and the low, well-guarded situation of the little village, at once account for this; yet not far off I see patches of snow remaining from last winter. Some tell us birds are abundant, others that there are none; but we shall soon ascertain which report

is true. I have not slept a minute since we left Labrador. The ice here did not break up so that the bay could be navigated till the 17th of May, and I feel confident no one could enter the harbors of Labrador before the 10th of June, or possibly even later.

August 14. All ashore in search of birds, plants, shells, and all the usual *et ceteras* attached to our vocations; but we all were driven on board soon, by a severe storm of wind and rain, showing that Newfoundland has its share of bad weather. Whilst on shore we found the country quite rich compared with Labrador, all the vegetable productions being much larger, more abundant, and finer. We saw a flock of House Swallows that had bred about the little village, now on their passage southwest, and all gay and singing. I forgot to say that two days since, when about forty miles out at sea, we saw a flock of the Republican Swallow. I saw here the Blue yellow-eyed Warbler, the Fish-Hawk, several species of Sparrows, among them the Lincoln's Finch, the Canada Titmouse, Black-headed ditto, White-winged Crossbill, Pine Grosbeak, Maryland Yellow-throat, Pigeon Hawk, Hairy Woodpecker, Bank Swallow, Tell-tale Godwit, Golden-eyed Duck, Red-breasted Merganser, three Loons, — of which two were young and almost able to fly; the Spotted Sandpiper, and a flock of Tringas, the species of which could not be ascertained. We spoke to some of the native Indians to try to engage them to show us the way to the interior, where we are told the Small, or True Ptarmigan abounds, but they were too lazy even to earn money. Among the plants we found two varieties of rose, and the narrow-leaved kalmia. Few supplies can be obtained, and a couple of small clearings are all the cultivated land we have seen since we left the Magdalene Islands. On returning to our vessel, I was rowed on the roughest sea I have ever before encountered in an open boat, but our captain was at the helm and we reached the deck safely

but drenched to the skin. The wind has now abated, and I hope to draw plants all day. This evening a flock of Terns, twenty or thirty with their young, travelled due south; they were very clamorous and beat against the gale most beautifully. Several Indians came on board and promised to go to-morrow after Hares.

August 15. We have had a beautiful day; this morning some Indians came alongside; they had half a Reindeer or Caribou, and a Hare which I had never seen before. We took the forty-four pounds of fresh meat and gave in exchange twenty-one of pork and thirty-three of ship-biscuit, and paid a quarter of a dollar for the Hare, which plainly shows that these Indians know full well the value of the game which they procure. I spent a portion of the day in adding a plant to my drawing of the Red-necked Diver, after which we all went on shore to the Indians' camp across the bay. We found them, as I expected, all lying down pell-mell in their wigwams. A strong mixture of blood was apparent in their skins, shape, and deportment; some indeed were nearly white, and sorry I am to say that the nearer to our own noble selves, the filthier and lazier they are; the women and children were particularly disgusting. Some of the former, from whom I purchased some rough baskets, were frightfully so. Other women had been out collecting the fruit called here "baked apple" [*Rubus chamæmorus*]. When a little roasted it tastes exactly like baked apple. The children were engaged in catching lobsters and eels, of which there are numbers in all the bays here; at Labrador, lobsters are rare. The young Indians simply waded out up to their knees, turned the eel grass over, and secured their prey. After much parley, we engaged two hunters to go as guides into the interior to procure Caribou and Hares, for which they were to receive a dollar a day each. Our men caught ninety-nine lobsters, all of good size; the shores truly abound in this valuable shell-fish. The Indians roast them in a fire of brushwood,

and devour them without salt or any other *et ceteras*. The Caribous are now "in velvet," and their skins light gray, the flesh tender, but the animal poor. The average weight when in good condition, four hundred pounds. In the early part of March the Caribou leave the hills and come to the sea-shore to feed on kelp and sea-grasses cut off by the ice and cast on the shore. Groups of many hundreds may be seen thus feeding. The flesh here is held in low estimation; it tastes like poor venison. I saw to-day several pairs of Cayenne Terns on their way south; they flew high, and were very noisy. The Great Terns passed also in vast multitudes. When the weather is stormy, they skim close over the water; if fair, they rise very high and fly more at leisure. The Tell-tale Godwit is now extremely fat, extremely juicy, extremely tender, and extremely good. The *Parus hudsonicus* is very abundant; so is the Pine Grosbeak, but in a shocking state of moult. The *Kalmia angustifolia*,¹ the natives say, is an antidote for cramp and rheumatism. I was on the point of bidding thee good-night, when we all were invited to a ball² on shore. I am going with the rest out of curiosity.

August 16. The people seemed to enjoy themselves well at the ball, and John played the violin for them till half-past two. I returned on board before eleven, and slept soundly till the young men hailed for a boat. This morning has been spent drawing a kalmia to a bird. The young men went off with the Indians this morning, but returned this evening driven back by flies and mosquitoes. Lincoln is really in great pain. They brought a pair of Willow Grouse, old and young; the latter had no hairy feathers yet on the legs. They saw Canada Jays, Crossbills, Pine Grosbeaks, Robins, one Golden-winged Woodpecker, many Canadian Titmice, a Martin Swallow, a Kingfisher (none in Labrador) heard a Squirrel which sounded like the Red Squirrel. The country was described as being "up and down the whole

¹ Sheep laurel.

² See Episode, "A Ball in Newfoundland."

way." The moss almost as deep as in Labrador, the morasses quite as much so; no tall wood, and no hard wood. The lads were all so fatigued that they are now sound asleep.

August 17. We would now be "ploughing the deep" had the wind been fair; but as it was not, here we still are *in statu quo*. I have drawn a curious species of alder to my White-winged Crossbill, and finished it. I had a visit from an old Frenchman who has resided on this famous island for fifty years; he assured me that no Red Indians were now to be found: the last he heard of were seen twenty-two years ago. These native Indians give no quarter to anybody; usually, after killing their foes, they cut the heads off the latter, and leave the body to the wild beasts of the country. Several flocks of Golden Plovers passed over the bay this forenoon; two *Lestris pomarina* came in this evening. Ravens abound here, but no Crows have been seen. The Great Tern is passing south by thousands, and a small flock of Canada Geese was seen. A young of the Golden-crested Wren was shot, full grown and fledged, but not a sign of yellow on the head. A *Muscicapa* (Flycatcher) was killed which probably is new; to-morrow will tell. I bought seven Newfoundland dogs for seventeen dollars; now I shall be able to fulfil my promises to friends. The American Bittern breeds here, and leaves in about two weeks hence.

August 18. At daylight the wind was fair, and though cloudy, we broke our anchorage, and at five were under way. We coasted Newfoundland till evening, when the wind blew a gale from the southwest, and a regular tempest set in. Our vessel was brought to at dusk, and we danced and kicked over the waves all evening, and will do so all night.

August 19. The storm still continues, without any sign of abating; we are still at anchor, tossed hither and thither, and withal sea-sick.

August 21. To-day the storm ceased, but the wind is still so adverse that we could make no port of Newfoundland; towards this island we steered, for none of us wished to return to Labrador. We tried to enter the Strait of Canseau, but the wind failed us; while the vessel lay becalmed we decided to try to reach Pictou in Nova Scotia and travel by land. We are now beating about towards that port and hope to reach it early tomorrow morning. The great desire we all have to see Pictou, Halifax, and the country between them and Eastport, is our inducement.

August 22. After in vain attempting to reach Pictou, we concluded, after dinner, that myself and party should be put ashore anywhere, and the "Ripley" should sail back towards the Straits of Canseau, the wind and tide being favorable. We drank a glass of wine to our wives and our friends, and our excellent little captain took us to the shore, while the vessel stood still, with all sails up, awaiting his return. We happened to land on an island called Ruy's Island, where, fortunately for us, we found some men making hay. Two of these we engaged to carry our trunks and two of the party to this place, Pictou, for two dollars — truly cheap. Our effects, or rather those we needed, were soon put up, we all shook hands most heartily with the captain — to whom we now feel really attached — said farewell to the crew, and parted, giving three hearty cheers. We were now, thanks to God, positively on the mainland of our native country, and after four days' confinement in our berths, and sick of sea-sickness, the sea and all its appurtenances, we felt so refreshed that the thought of walking nine miles seemed like nothing more than dancing a quadrille. The air felt deliciously warm, the country, compared with those we have so lately left, appeared perfectly beautiful, and the smell of the new-mown grass was the sweetest that ever existed. Even the music of the crickets was delightful to mine ears, for no

such insect does either Labrador or Newfoundland afford. The voice of a Blue Jay was melody to me, and the sight of a Humming-bird quite filled my heart with delight. We were conveyed a short distance from the island to the main; Ingalls and Coolidge remained in the boat, and the rest of us took the road, along which we moved as lightly as if boys just out of school. The roads were good, or seemed to be so; the woods were all of tall timber, and the air that circulated freely was filled with perfume. Almost every plant we saw brought to mind some portion of the United States; in a word, all of us felt quite happy. Now and then, as we crossed a hill and looked back over the sea, we saw our beautiful vessel sailing freely before the wind, and as she gradually neared the horizon, she looked like a white speck, or an Eagle high in air. We wished our captain a most safe voyage to Quoddy. We arrived opposite Pictou in two hours and a half, and lay down on the grass to await the arrival of the boat, enjoying the scenery around us. A number of American vessels were in the harbor, loading with coal; the village, placed at the upper end of a fine bay, looked well, though small. Three churches rose above the rest of the buildings, all of which are of wood, and several vessels were on the stocks. The whole country appeared in a high state of cultivation, and looked well; the population is about two thousand. Our boat came, we crossed the bay, and put up at the "Royal Oak," the best house, and have had what seemed to be, after our recent fare, a most excellent supper. The very treading on a carpeted floor was quite wonderful. This evening we called on Professor McCullough, who received us very kindly, gave us a glass of wine, showed his fine collection of well-preserved birds and other things, and invited us to breakfast to-morrow at eight, when we are again to inspect his curiosities. The Professor's mansion is a quarter of a mile out of town, and looks much like a small English villa.

August 23. We had an excellent Scotch breakfast at Professor McCullough's. His whole family were present, four sons and a daughter, besides his wife and her sister. I became more pleased with the professor the more he talked. I showed a few Labrador drawings, after which we went in a body to the University, once more to examine his fine collection. I found there half a dozen specimens of birds which I longed for and said so; the Professor had the cases opened, the specimens taken out, and he offered them to me with so much apparent good will that I took them. He then asked me to look around and not to leave any object which might be of assistance in my publication; but so generous had he already proved himself that I remained mute; I saw several I would have liked to have, but I could not mention them. He offered me all his fresh-water shells, and any minerals I might choose. I took a few specimens of iron and copper. I am much surprised that this valuable collection is not purchased by the government of the Province; he offered it for £500. I think it well worth £1,000. Thou wilt say I am an enthusiast; to this I will reply — True, but there are many more in the world, particularly in Europe. On our return to the "Royal Oak" we were called on by Mr. Blanchard, the deputy consul for the United States, an agreeable man, who offered to do whatever he could for us; but the coach was almost ready, our birds were packed, our bill paid, and the coach rolled off. I walked on ahead with Mr. Blanchard for about a mile; he spoke much of England, and knew John Adamson of Newcastle and other friends there. The coach came up, and we said farewell. The wind had commenced to blow, and soon rain fell heavily; we went on smoothly, the road being as good as any in England, and broader. We passed through a fine tract of country, well wooded, well cultivated, and a wonderful relief to our eyes after the barren and desolate regions of rocks, snow, tempests, and storms. We stopped to dine at four in the

afternoon at a wayside house. The rain poured down; two ladies and a gentleman — the husband of one of them — had arrived before us in an open cart, or “jersey,” and I, with all the gallantry of my nature, at once offered to change vehicles with them. They accepted the exchange at once, but did not even thank us in return. Shattuck, Ingalls, and I jumped into the open cart when dinner was ended. I was seated by a very so-so Irish dame named Katy; her husband was our driver. Our exchange proved a most excellent one: the weather cleared up; we saw the country much better than we could have done in the coach. To our surprise we were suddenly passed by Professor McCullough, who said he would see us at Truro. Towards sunset we arrived in view of this pretty, scattered village, in sight of the head waters of the Bay of Fundy. What a delightful sensation at that moment ran through my frame, as I realized that I was within a few days of home! We reached the tavern, or hotel, or whatever else the house of stoppage might be called, but as only three of us could be accommodated there we went across the street to another. Professor McCullough came in and introduced us to several members of the Assembly of this Province, and I was handed several pinches of snuff by the Professor, who *loves it*. We tried in vain to obtain a conveyance for ourselves to-morrow morning instead of going by coach to-night; it could not be done. Professor McCullough then took me to the house of Samuel George Archibald, Esq., Speaker of the Assembly, who introduced me to his wife and handsome young daughter. I showed them a few drawings, and received a letter from Mr. Archibald to the Chief Justice of Halifax, and now we are waiting for the mail coach to proceed to that place. The village of Truro demands a few words. It is situated in the middle of a most beautiful valley, of great extent and well cultivated; several brooks water this valley, and empty into the Bay of Fundy, the broad expanse of which

we see to the westward. The buildings, though principally of wood, are good-looking, and as cleanly as those in our pretty eastern villages, white, with green shutters. The style of the people, be it loyal or otherwise, is extremely genteel, and I was more than pleased with all those whom I saw. The coach is at the door, the cover of my trunk is gaping to receive this poor book, and therefore once more, good-night.

August 24. Wind due east, hauling to the northeast, good for the "Ripley." We are now at Halifax in Nova Scotia, but let me tell thee how and in what manner we reached it. It was eleven last night when we seated ourselves in the coach; the night was beautiful, and the moon shone brightly. We could only partially observe the country until the morning broke; but the road we can swear was hilly, and our horses lazy, or more probably very poor. After riding twenty miles, we stopped a good hour to change horses and warm ourselves. John went to sleep, but the rest of us had some supper, served by a very handsome country girl. At the call, "Coach ready!" we jumped in, and had advanced perhaps a mile and a half when the linch-pin broke, and there we were at a standstill. Ingalls took charge of the horses, and responded with great energy to the calls of the owls that came from the depths of the woods, where they were engaged either at praying to Diana or at calling to their parents, friends, and distant relations. John, Lincoln, and Shattuck, always ready for a nap, made this night no exception; Coolidge and I, not trusting altogether to Ingalls' wakefulness, kept awake and prayed to be shortly delivered from this most disagreeable of travelling experiences, detention — at all times to be avoided if possible, and certainly to be dreaded on a chilly night in this latitude. Looking up the road, the vacillating glimmer of the flame intended to assist the coachman in the recovery of the lost linch-pin was all that could be distinguished, for by this the time was what is called

“woffy.” The man returned, put out the pine-knot — the linch-pin could not be found — and another quarter of an hour was spent in repairing with all sorts of odds and ends. How much longer Ingalls could, or would, have held the horses, we never asked him, as from different exclamations we heard him utter we thought it well to be silent on that subject. The day dawned fair and beautiful. I ran a mile or so ahead of the coach to warm my feet, and afterwards sat by the driver to obtain, if possible, some information about the country, which became poorer and poorer as our journey proceeded. We were all very hungry, and were told the “*stand*” stood twenty-five miles from the lost linch-pin. I asked our driver to stop wherever he thought we could procure a dozen or so of hard-boiled eggs and some coffee, or indeed anything eatable; so he drew up at a house where the owner looked us over, and said it would be quite impossible to provide a breakfast for six persons of our appearance. We passed on and soon came on the track of a tolerably large bear, *in the road*, and at last reached the breakfast ground at a house on the margin of Green Lake, a place where fish and game, in the season, abound. This lake forms part of the channel which was intended to be cut for connecting by canal the Atlantic, the Baie of Fundy, and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, at Bay Verte. Ninety thousand pounds have been expended, but the canal is not finished, and probably never will be; for we are told the government will not assist the company by which it was undertaken, and private spirit is slumbering. We had an excellent breakfast at this house, seventeen miles from Halifax; this place would be a most delightful summer residence. The road was now level, but narrow; the flag of the Halifax garrison was seen when two miles distant. Suddenly we turned short, and stopped at a gate fronting a wharf, where was a small ferry-boat. Here we were detained nearly an hour; how would this work in the States? Why did Mrs. Trollope not visit Halifax?

The number of beggarly-looking negroes and negresses would have afforded her ample scope for contemplation and description. We crossed the harbor, in which rode a sixty-four-gun flag-ship, and arrived at the house of one Mr. Paul. This was the best hotel in Halifax, yet with great difficulty we obtained *one* room with four beds, but no private parlor — which we thought necessary. With a population of eighteen thousand souls, and just now two thousand soldiers added to these, Halifax has not one good hotel, for here the attendance is miserable, and the table far from good. We have walked about to see the town, and all have aching feet and leg-bones in consequence of walking on hard ground after tramping only on the softest, deepest mosses for two months.

August 25. I rose at four and wrote to thee and Dr. Parkman; ¹ Shattuck wrote to his father, and he and I took these letters to an English schooner bound to Boston. I was surprised to find every wharf gated, the gates locked and barred, and sentinels at every point. I searched everywhere for a barber; they do not here shave on Sunday; finally, by dint of begging, and assuring the man that I was utterly unacquainted with the laws of Halifax, being a stranger, my long beard was cut at last. Four of us went to church where the Bishop read and preached; the soldiers are divided up among the different churches and attend in full uniform. This afternoon we saw a military burial; this was a grand sight. The soldiers walked far apart, with arms reversed; an excellent band executed the most solemn marches and a fine anthem. I gave my letters from Boston to Mr. Tremaine, an amiable gentleman.

August 26. This day has been spent in writing letters to thyself, Nicholas Berthoud, John Bachman, and Edward Harris; to the last I have written a long letter describing all our voyage. I took the letters to the "Cordelia" packet,

¹ Dr. George Parkman, of Boston, who was murdered by Professor J. W. Webster in Boston, November 23, 1849.

which sails on Wednesday, and may reach Boston before we do. I delivered my letters to Bishop Inglis and the Chief-Justice, but were assured both were out. John and Ingalls spent their evening very agreeably with Commissary Hewitson.

August 27. Breakfast eaten and bill paid, we entered the coach at nine o'clock, which would only contain five, so though it rained one of us sat with the driver. The road between Halifax and Windsor, where we now are, is macadamized and good, over hills and through valleys, and though the distance is forty-five miles, we had only one pair of horses, which nevertheless travelled about six and a half miles an hour. Nine miles of our road lay along the Bay of Halifax, and was very pleasant. Here and there a country home came in sight. Our driver told us that a French squadron was pursued by an English fleet to the head of this bay, and the seven French vessels were compelled to strike their colors; but the French commodore or admiral sunk all his vessels, preferring this to surrendering them to the British. So deep was the water that the very tops of the masts sank far out of sight, and once only since that time, twenty years ago, have they been seen; this was on an unusually calm, clear day seven years past. We saw *en passant* the abandoned lodge of Prince Edward, who spent a million pounds on the building, grounds, etc. The whole now is in the greatest state of ruin; thirty years have gone by since it was in its splendor. On leaving the bay, we followed the Salmon River, a small rivulet of swift water, which abounds in salmon, trout, and other fish. The whole country is miserably poor, yet much cultivation is seen all the way. Much game and good fishing was to be had round the inn where we dined; the landlord said his terms were five dollars a week, and it would be a pleasant summer residence. We passed the seat of Mr. Jeffries, President of the Assembly, now Acting Governor. The house is large and the grounds in fine order. It is between

two handsome fresh-water lakes; indeed, the country is covered with lakes, all of which are well supplied with trout. We saw the college and the common school, built of free-stone, both handsome buildings. We crossed the head of the St. Croix River, which rolls its impetuous waters into the Bay of Fundy. From here to Windsor the country improved rapidly and the crops looked well. Windsor is a neat, pretty village; the vast banks of plaster of Paris all about it give employment to the inhabitants and bring wealth to the place; it is shipped from here in large quantities. Our coach stopped at the best *boarding-house* here, for nowhere in the Provinces have we heard of hotels; the house was full and we were conveyed to another, where, after more than two hours' delay, we had a very indifferent supper. Meantime we walked to see the Windsor River, on the east bank of which the village is situated. The view was indeed novel; the bed of the river, nearly a mile wide and quite bare as far as eye could reach,—about ten miles. Scarcely any water to be seen, and yet the spot where we stood, sixty-five feet above the river bed, showed that at high tide this wonderful basin must be filled to the brim. Opposite to us, indeed, the country is diked in, and vessels left dry at the wharves had a strange appearance. We are told that there have been instances when vessels have slid sidewise from the top of the bank to the level of the gravelly bed of the river. The shores are covered for a hundred yards with mud of a reddish color. This conveys more the idea of a flood or great freshet than the result of tide, and I long to see the waters of the ocean advancing at the rate of four knots an hour to fill this extraordinary basin; this sight I hope to enjoy to-morrow.

August 28. I can now say that I have seen the tide waters of the Bay of Fundy rise sixty-five feet.¹ We were

¹ See Episode, "The Bay of Fundy."

seated on one of the wharves and saw the mass of water accumulating with a rapidity I cannot describe. At half-flow the water rose three feet in ten minutes, but it is even more rapid than this. A few minutes after its greatest height is attained it begins to recede, and in a few hours the whole bed of the river is again emptied. We rambled over the beautiful meadows and fields, and John shot two Marsh Hawks, one of each sex, and we saw many more. These birds here are much darker above and much deeper rufous below, than any I ever procured in the Middle States or farther south. Indeed, it may be said that the farther north I have been, the deeper in tint have I found the birds. The steamboat has just arrived, and the young men have been on board to secure our passage. No news from the States.

Eastport, Maine, August 31. We arrived here yesterday afternoon in the steamer "Maid of the Mist." We left Windsor shortly before twelve noon, and reached St. John's, New Brunswick, at two o'clock at night. Passed "Cape Blow-me-down," "Cape Split," and "Cape d'Or." We were very comfortable, as there were few passengers, but the price was sufficient for all we had, and more. We perambulated the streets of St. John's by moonlight, and when the shops opened I purchased two suits of excellent stuff for shooting garments. At the wharf, just as the steamer was about to leave, I had the great pleasure of meeting my most excellent friend Edward Harris, who gave me a letter from thee, and the first intelligence from the big world we have left for two months. Here we were kindly received by all our acquaintance; our trunks were not opened, and the new clothes paid no duties; this ought to be the case with poor students of nature all over the world. We gave up the "Ripley" to Messrs. Buck and Tinkham, took up our quarters with good Mr. Weston, and all began packing immediately.

We reached New York on Saturday morning, the 7th of September, and, thank God, found all well. Whilst at Boston I wrote several letters, one very long one to Thomas Nuttall, in which I gave him some account of the habits of water-birds with which he was unacquainted; he sent me an extremely kind letter in answer.

THE MISSOURI RIVER JOURNALS

1843

INTRODUCTION

THIS journey, which occupied within a few days of eight months, — from March 11, 1843, to November 6 of the same year, — was undertaken in the interest of the “Quadrupeds of North America,” in which the three Audubons and Dr. Bachman were then deeply engaged. The journey has been only briefly touched upon in former publications, and the entire record from August 16 until the return home was lost in the back of an old secretary from the time of Audubon’s return in November, 1843, until August, 1896, when two of his granddaughters found it. Mrs. Audubon states in her narrative that no record of this part of the trip was known to exist, and none of the family now living had ever seen it until the date mentioned.

Not only is the diary most valuable from the point of view of the naturalist, but also from that of the historian interested in the frontier life of those days.

M. R. A.

As the only account of the journey from New York to St. Louis which can now be found is contained in a letter to my uncle Mr. James Hall, dated St. Louis, March 29, 1843, the following extract is given:—

“The weather has been bad ever since we left Baltimore. There we encountered a snow-storm that accompanied us all the way to this very spot, and at this moment the country is whitened with this precious, semi-congealed, heavenly dew. As to ice!—I wish it were all in your ice-house when summer does come, should summer show her bright features in the year of our Lord 1843. We first encountered ice at Wheeling, and it has floated down the Ohio all around us, as well as up the Mississippi to pleasant St. Louis. And such a steamer as we have come in from Louisville here!—the very filthiest of all filthy old rat-traps I ever travelled in; and the fare worse, certainly much worse, and so scanty withal that our worthy commander could not have given us another meal had we been detained a night longer. I wrote a famous long letter to my Lucy on the subject, and as I know you will hear it, will not repeat the account of our situation on board the ‘Gallant’—a pretty name, too, but alas! her name, like mine, is only a shadow, for as she struck a sawyer¹ one night we all ran like mad to make ready to leap overboard; but as God would have it, our lives and the ‘Gallant,’ were spared—she from sinking, and we from swimming amid rolling and crashing hard ice. THE LADIES screamed, the babies squalled, the dogs yelled, the steam roared, the captain (who, by the way, is a very gallant

¹ A fallen tree that rests on the root end at the bottom of a stream or river, and sways up or down with the current.

man) swore — not like an angel, but like the very devil — and all was confusion and uproar, just as if Miller's prophecy had actually been nigh. Luckily, we had had our *supper*, as the thing was called on board the 'Gallant,' and every man appeared to feel resolute, if not resolved to die.

“I would have given much at that moment for a picture of the whole. Our *compagnons de voyage*, about one hundred and fifty, were composed of Buckeyes, Wolverines, Suckers, Hoosiers, and gamblers, with drunkards of each and every denomination, their ladies and babies of the same nature, and specifically the dirtiest of the dirty. We had to dip the water for washing from the river in tin basins, soap ourselves all from the same cake, and wipe the one hundred and fifty with the same solitary one towel rolling over a pin, until it would have been difficult to say, even with your keen eyes, whether it was manufactured of hemp, tow, flax, or cotton. My bed had two sheets, of course, measuring seven-eighths of a yard wide; my pillow was filled with corn-shucks. Harris fared even worse than I, and our 'state-room' was evidently better fitted for the smoking of hams than the smoking of Christians. When it rained outside, it rained also within, and on one particular morning, when the snow melted on the upper deck, or roof, it was a lively scene to see each person seeking for a spot free from the many spouts overhead.

“We are at the Glasgow Hotel, and will leave it the day after to-morrow, as it is too good for our purses. We intended to have gone twenty miles in Illinois to Edwardsville, but have changed our plans, and will go northwest sixteen miles to Florissant, where we are assured game is plenty, and the living quite cheap. We do not expect to leave this till the 20th or 22d of April, and should you feel

inclined to write to me, do so by return of mail, if possible, and I may get your letter before I leave this for the Yellowstone.

“The markets here abound with all the good things of the land, and of nature’s creation. To give you an idea of this, read the following items: Grouse, two for a York shilling; three chickens for the same; Turkeys, wild or tame, 25 cents; flour \$2.00 a barrel; butter, sixpence for the best—fresh, and really good. Beef, 3 to 4 cents; veal, the same; pork, 2 cents; venison hams, large and dried, 15 cents each; potatoes, 10 cents a bushel; Ducks, three for a shilling; Wild Geese, 10 cents each; Canvas-back Ducks, a shilling a pair; vegetables for the asking, as it were; and only think, in the midst of this abundance and cheapness, we are paying at the rate of \$9.00 per week at our hotel, the Glasgow, and at the Planters we were asked \$10.00.

“I have been extremely kindly received and treated by Mr. Chouteau and partners. Mr. Sire, the gentleman who will command the steamer we go in, is one of the finest-looking men I have seen for many a day, and the accounts I hear of him correspond with his noble face and general appearance.”

THE MISSOURI RIVER JOURNALS

1843

I LEFT home at ten o'clock of the morning, on Saturday the 11th of March, 1843, accompanied by my son Victor. I left all well, and I trust in God for the privilege and happiness of rejoining them all some time next autumn, when I hope to return from the Yellowstone River, an expedition undertaken solely for the sake of our work on the Quadrupeds of North America. The day was cold, but the sun was shining, and after having visited a few friends in the city of New York, we departed for Philadelphia in the cars, and reached that place at eleven of the night. As I was about landing, I was touched on the shoulder by a tall, robust-looking man, whom I knew not to be a sheriff, but in fact my good friend Jediah Irish,¹ of the Great Pine Swamp. I also met my friend Edward Harris, who, with old John G. Bell,² Isaac Sprague, and young Lewis Squires, are to be my companions for this campaign. We all put up at Mr. Sanderson's. Sunday was spent in visits to Mr. Bowen,³ Dr. Morton,⁴ and others, and we had many calls made upon us at the hotel. On Monday morning we took the cars for Baltimore, and Victor returned home to Minniesland. The weather was rainy, blustery, cold, but we reached Baltimore in time to eat our dinner there, and we there spent the afternoon and the night.

¹ See Episode "Great Pine Swamp."

² The celebrated taxidermist. Born Sparkhill, New York, July 12, 1812, died at the same place, October, 1879.

³ J. T. Bowen, Lithographer of the Quad. of N. A.

⁴ Samuel G. Morton, the eminent craniologist.

I saw Gideon B. Smith and a few other friends, and on the next morning we entered the cars for Cumberland, which we reached the same evening about six. Here we had all our effects weighed, and were charged thirty dollars additional weight — a first-rate piece of robbery. We went on now by coaches, entering the gap, and ascending the Alleghanies amid a storm of snow, which kept us company for about forty hours, when we reached Wheeling, which we left on the 16th of March, and went on board the steamer, that brought us to Cincinnati all safe.

We saw much game on our way, such as Geese, Ducks, etc., but no Turkeys as in times of yore. We left for Louisville in the U. S. mail steamer, and arrived there before daylight on the 19th inst. My companions went to the Scott House, and I to William G. Bakewell's, whose home I reached before the family were up. I remained there four days, and was, of course, most kindly treated; and, indeed, during my whole stay in this city of my youth I did enjoy myself famously well, with dancing, dinner-parties, etc. We left for St. Louis on board the ever-to-be-remembered steamer "Gallant," and after having been struck by a log which did not send us to the bottom, arrived on the 28th of March.

On the 4th of April, Harris went off to Edwardsville, with the rest of my companions, and I went to Nicholas Berthoud, who began housekeeping here that day, though Eliza was not yet arrived from Pittsburgh. My time at St. Louis would have been agreeable to any one fond of company, dinners, and parties; but of these matters I am not, though I did dine at three different houses, *bon gré, mal gré*. In fact, my time was spent procuring, arranging, and superintending the necessary objects for the comfort and utility of the party attached to my undertaking. The Chouteaux supplied us with most things, and, let it be said to their honor, at little or no profit. Captain Sire took me in a light wagon to see old Mr. Chouteau one afternoon,



AUDUBON.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JOHN WOODHOUSE AU'DUBON (ABOUT 1841).

and I found the worthy old gentleman so kind and so full of information about the countries of the Indians that I returned to him a few days afterwards, not only for the sake of the pleasure I enjoyed in his conversation, but also with the view to procure, both dead and alive, a species of Pouched Rat (*Pseudostoma bursarius*)¹ wonderfully abundant in this section of country. One day our friend Harris came back, and brought with him the prepared skins of birds and quadrupeds they had collected, and informed me that they had removed their quarters to B — 's. He left the next day, after we had made an arrangement for the party to return the Friday following, which they did. I drew four figures of Pouched Rats, and outlined two figures of *Sciurus capistratus*,² which is here called "Fox Squirrel."

The 25th of April at last made its appearance, the rivers were now opened, the weather was growing warm, and every object in nature proved to us that at last the singularly lingering winter of 1842 and 1843 was over. Having conveyed the whole of our effects on board the steamer, and being supplied with excellent letters, we left St. Louis at 11.30 A. M., with Mr. Sarpy on board, and a hundred and one trappers of all descriptions and nearly a dozen different nationalities, though the greater number were French Canadians, or Creoles of this State. Some were drunk, and many in that stupid mood which follows a state of nervousness produced by drinking and over-excitement. Here is the scene that took place on board the "Omega" at our departure, and what followed when the roll was called.

First the general embarkation, when the men came in

¹ Described and figured under this name by Aud. and Bach., Quad. N. Am. i., 1849, p. 332, pl. 44. This is the commonest Pocket Gopher of the Mississippi basin, now known as *Geomys bursarius*. — E. C.

² Aud. and Bach., Quad. N. Am. ii., 1851, p. 132, pl. 68. The plate has three figures. This is the Fox Squirrel with white nose and ears, now commonly called *Sciurus niger*, after Linnæus, 1758, as based on Catesby's Black Squirrel. *S. capistratus* is Bosc's name, bestowed in 1802. — E. C.

pushing and squeezing each other, so as to make the boards they walked upon fairly tremble. The Indians, poor souls, were more quiet, and had already seated or squatted themselves on the highest parts of the steamer, and were tranquil lookers-on. After about three quarters of an hour, the crew and all the trappers (these are called *engagés*)¹ were on board, and we at once pushed off and up the stream, thick and muddy as it was. The whole of the effects and the baggage of the *engagés* was arranged in the main cabin, and presently was seen Mr. Sarpy, book in hand, with the list before him, wherefrom he gave the names of these *attachés*. The men whose names were called nearly filled the fore part of the cabin, where stood Mr. Sarpy, our captain, and one of the clerks. All awaited orders from Mr. Sarpy. As each man was called, and answered to his name, a blanket containing the apparel for the trip was handed to him, and he was ordered at once to retire and make room for the next. The outfit, by the way, was somewhat scanty, and of indifferent quality. Four men were missing, and some appeared rather reluctant; however, the roll was ended, and one hundred and one were found. In many instances their bundles were thrown to them, and they were ordered off as if slaves. I forgot to say that as the boat pushed off from the shore, where stood a crowd of loafers, the men on board had congregated upon the hurricane deck with their rifles and guns of various sorts, all loaded, and began to fire what I should call a very disorganized sort of a salute, which lasted for something like an hour, and which has been renewed at intervals, though in a more desultory manner,

¹ The *Engagés* of the South and Southwest corresponded to the *Coueurs de Bois*, of whom Irving says, in his "Astoria," p. 36: "Originally men who had accompanied the Indians in their hunting expeditions, and made themselves acquainted with remote tracts and tribes. . . . Many became so accustomed to the Indian mode of living that they lost all relish for civilization, and identified themselves with the savages among whom they dwelt. . . . They may be said to have sprung up out of the fur trade."

at every village we have passed. However, we now find them passably good, quiet, and regularly sobered men. We have of course a motley set, even to Italians. We passed the mouth of the Missouri, and moved very slowly against the current, for it was not less than twenty minutes after four the next morning, when we reached St. Charles,¹ distant forty-two miles. Here we stopped till half-past five, when Mr. Sarpy, to whom I gave my letters home, left us in a wagon.

April 26. A rainy day, and the heat we had experienced yesterday was now all gone. We saw a Wild Goose running on the shore, and it was killed by Bell; but our captain did not stop to pick it up, and I was sorry to see the poor bird dead, uselessly. We now had found out that our berths were too thickly inhabited for us to sleep in; so I rolled myself in my blanket, lay down on deck, and slept very sound.

27th. A fine clear day, cool this morning. Cleaned our boilers last night, landing where the "Emily Christian" is sunk, for a few moments; saw a few Gray Squirrels, and an abundance of our common Partridges in flocks of fifteen to twenty, very gentle indeed. About four this afternoon we passed the mouth of the Gasconade River, a stream coming from the westward, valuable for its yellow-pine lumber. At a woodyard above us we saw a White Pelican² that had been captured there, and which, had it been clean, I should have bought. I saw that its legs and

¹ One of the oldest settlements in Missouri, on the left bank of the river, still known by the same name, and giving name to St. Charles County, Mo. It was once called Petite Côte, from the range of small hills at the foot of which it is situated. When Lewis and Clark were here, in May, 1804, the town had nearly 100 small wooden houses, including a chapel, and a population of about 450, chiefly of Canadian French origin. See "Lewis and Clark," Coues' ed., 1893, p. 5. — E. C.

² The species which Audubon described and figured as new under the name of *Pelecanus americanus*: Ornith. Biogr. iv., 1838, p. 88, pl. 311; Birds of Amer. vii., 1844, p. 20, pl. 422. This is *P. erythrorhynchus* of Gmelin, 1788, and *P. trachyrhynchus* of Latham, 1790. — E. C.

feet were red, and not yellow, as they are during autumn and winter. Marmots are quite abundant, and here they perforate their holes in the loose, sandy soil of the river banks, as well as the same soil wherever it is somewhat elevated. We do not know yet if it is *Arctomys monax*, or a new species.¹ The weather being fine, and the night clear, we ran all night and on the morning of the 28th, thermometer 69° to 78° at sunrise, we were in sight of the seat of government, Jefferson. The State House stands prominent, with a view from it up and down the stream of about ten miles; but, with the exception of the State House and the Penitentiary, Jefferson is a poor place, the land round being sterile and broken. This is said to be 160 or 170 miles above St. Louis.² We saw many Gray Squirrels this morning. Yesterday we passed under long lines of elevated shore, surmounted by stupendous rocks of limestone, with many curious holes in them, where we saw Vultures and Eagles³ enter towards dusk. Harris saw a Peregrine Falcon; the whole of these rocky shores are ornamented with a species of white cedar quite satisfactorily known to us. We took wood at several places; at one I was told that Wild Turkeys were abundant and Squirrels also, but as the squatter observed, "Game is very scarce, especially Bears." Wolves begin to be troublesome to the settlers who have sheep; they are obliged to drive the latter home, and herd them each night.

This evening the weather became cloudy and looked like rain; the weather has been very warm, the thermometer being at 78° at three this afternoon. We saw a pair of Peregrine Falcons, one of them with a bird in its

¹ No other species of Marmot than the common Woodchuck, *Arctomys monax*, is known to occur in this locality. — E. C.

² The actual distance of Jefferson City above the mouth of the river is given on the Missouri River Commission map as 145 $\frac{1}{10}$ miles. The name of the place was once Missouriopolis. — E. C.

³ Turkey-buzzards (*Cathartes aura*) and Bald Eagles (*Haliaeetus leucocephalus*). — E. C.

talons; also a few White-fronted Geese, some Blue-winged Teal, and some Cormorants,¹ but none with the head, neck, and breast pure white, as the one I saw two days ago. The strength of the current seemed to increase; in some places our boat merely kept her own, and in one instance fell back nearly half a mile to where we had taken in wood. At about ten this evening we came into such strong water that nothing could be done against it; we laid up for the night at the lower end of a willow island, and then cleaned the boilers and took in 200 fence-rails, which the French Canadians call "perches." Now a *perche* in French means a pole; therefore this must be *patois*.

29th. We were off at five this rainy morning, and at 9 A. M. reached Booneville,² distant from St. Louis about 204 miles. We bought at this place an axe, a saw, three files, and some wafers; also some chickens, at one dollar a dozen. We found here some of the Santa Fé traders with whom we had crossed the Alleghanies. They were awaiting the arrival of their goods, and then would immediately start. I saw a Rabbit sitting under the shelf of a rock, and also a Gray Squirrel. It appears to me that *Sciurus macrourus*³ of Say relishes the bottom lands in

¹ What Cormorants these were is somewhat uncertain, as more than one species answering to the indications given may be found in this locality. Probably they were *Phalacrocorax dilophus floridanus*, first described and figured by Audubon as the Florida Cormorant, *P. floridanus*: Orn. Biog. iii., 1835, p. 387, pl. 251; B. of Amer. vi., 1843, p. 430, pl. 417. The alternative identification in this case is *P. mexicanus* of Brandt. — E. C.

² In present Cooper County, Mo., near the mouth of Mine River. It was named for the celebrated Daniel Boone, who owned an extensive grant of land in this vicinity. Booneville followed upon the earlier settlement at Boone's Lick, or Boone's Salt Works, and in 1819 consisted of eight houses. According to the Missouri River Commission charts, the distance from the mouth of the Missouri River is 197 miles. — E. C.

³ Say, in Long's Exped. i., 1823, p. 115, described from what is now Kansas. This is the well-known Western Fox Squirrel, *S. ludovicianus* of Custis, in Barton's Med. and Phys. Journ. ii., 1806, p. 43. It has been repeatedly described and figured under other names, as follows: *S. subauratus*,

preference to the hilly or rocky portions which alternately present themselves along these shores. On looking along the banks of the river, one cannot help observing the half-drowned young willows, and cotton trees of the same age, trembling and shaking sideways against the current; and methought, as I gazed upon them, of the danger they were in of being immersed over their very tops and thus dying, not through the influence of fire, the natural enemy of wood, but from the force of the mighty stream on the margin of which they grew, and which appeared as if in its wrath it was determined to overwhelm, and undo all that the Creator in His bountifulness had granted us to enjoy. The banks themselves, along with perhaps millions of trees, are ever tumbling, falling, and washing away from the spots where they may have stood and grown for centuries past. If this be not an awful exemplification of the real course of Nature's intention, that all should and must live and die, then, indeed, the philosophy of our learned men cannot be much relied upon!

This afternoon the steamer "John Auld" came up near us, but stopped to put off passengers. She had troops on board and a good number of travellers. We passed the *city* of Glasgow¹ without stopping there, and the blackguards on shore were so greatly disappointed that they actually fired at us with rifles; but whether with balls or not, they did us no harm, for the current proved so strong that we had to make over to the opposite side of the river.

Aud. and Bach. ii., 1851, p. 67, pl. 58; *S. rubicaudatus*, Aud. and Bach. ii., 1851, p. 30, pl. 55; *S. auduboni*, Bach. P. Z. S. 1838, p. 97 (dusky variety); Aud. and Bach. iii., 1854, p. 260, pl. 152, fig. 2; *S. occidentalis*, Aud. and Bach., Journ. Philada. Acad. viii., 1842, p. 317 (dusky variety); *S. sayii*, Aud. and Bach. ii., 1851, p. 274, pl. 89. The last is ostensibly based on the species described by Say, whose name *macroura* was preoccupied for a Ceylonese species. The Western Fox Squirrel has also been called *S. rufiventris* and *S. magnicaudatus*, both of which names appear in Harlan's *Fauna Americana*, 1825, p. 176 and p. 178. — E. C.

¹ Audubon underscores "city" as a bit of satire, Glasgow being at that time a mere village or hamlet. — E. C.

We did not run far; the weather was still bad, raining hard, and at ten o'clock, with wood nearly exhausted, we stopped on the west shore, and there remained all the night, cleaning boilers, etc.

Sunday 30th. This morning was cold, and it blew a gale from the north. We started, however, for a wooding-place, but the "John Auld" had the advantage of us, and took what there was; the wind increased so much that the waves were actually running pretty high down-stream, and we stopped until one o'clock. You may depend my party was not sorry for this; and as I had had no exercise since we left St. Louis, as soon as breakfast was over we started—Bell, Harris, Squires, and myself, with our guns—and had quite a frolic of it, for we killed a good deal of game, and lost some. Unfortunately we landed at a place where the water had overflowed the country between the shores and the hills, which are distant about one mile and a half. We started a couple of Deer, which Bell and I shot at, and a female Turkey flying fast; at my shot it extended its legs downwards as if badly wounded, but it sailed on, and must have fallen across the muddy waters. Bell, Harris, and myself shot running exactly twenty-eight Rabbits, *Lepus sylvaticus*, and two Bachmans, two *Sciurus macrourus* of Say, two *Arctomys monax*, and a pair of *Tetrao* [*Bonasa*] *umbellus*. The woods were alive with the Rabbits, but they were very wild; the Ground-hogs, Marmots, or *Arctomys*, were in great numbers, judging from the innumerable burrows we saw, and had the weather been calm, I have no doubt we would have seen many more. Bell wounded a Turkey hen so badly that the poor thing could not fly; but Harris frightened it, and it was off, and was lost. Harris shot an *Arctomys* without pouches, that had been forced out of its burrow by the water entering it; it stood motionless until he was within ten paces of it; when, ascertaining what it was, he retired a few yards, and shot it with No. 10 shot,

and it fell dead on the spot. We found the woods filled with birds—all known, however, to us: Golden-crowned Thrush, Cerulean Warblers, Woodpeckers of various kinds, etc.; but not a Duck in the bayou, to my surprise. At one the wind lulled somewhat, and as we had taken all the fence-rails and a quantity of dry stuff of all sorts, we were ready to attempt our ascent, and did so. It was curious to see sixty or seventy men carrying logs forty or fifty feet long, some well dried and some green, on their shoulders, all of which were wanted by our captain, for some purpose or other. In a great number of instances the squatters, farmers, or planters, as they may be called, are found to abandon their dwellings or make towards higher grounds, which fortunately are here no farther off than from one to three miles. After we left, we met with the strength of the current, but with our stakes, fence-rails, and our dry wood, we made good headway. At one place we passed a couple of houses, with women and children, perfectly surrounded by the flood; these houses stood apparently on the margin of a river¹ coming in from the eastward. The whole farm was under water, and all around was the very perfection of disaster and misfortune. It appeared to us as if the men had gone to procure assistance, and I was grieved that we could not offer them any. We saw several trees falling in, and beautiful, though painful, was the sight. As they fell, the spray which rose along their whole length was exquisite; but alas! these magnificent trees had reached the day of oblivion.

A few miles above New Brunswick we stopped to take in wood, and landed three of our Indians, who, belonging to the Iowa tribe, had to travel up La Grande Rivière. The wind lulled away, and we ran all night, touching, for a few minutes, on a bar in the middle of the river.

¹ This is the stream then as now known as Grand River, which at its mouth separates Chariton from Carroll County, Mo. Here is the site of Brunswick, or New Brunswick, which Audubon presently mentions.—E. C.

May 1. This morning was a beautiful one; our run last night was about thirty miles, but as we have just begun this fine day, I will copy here the habits of the Pouched Rats, from my notes on the spot at old Mr. Chouteau's, and again at St. Louis, where I kept several alive for four or five days: —

Plantation of Pierre Chouteau, Sen., four miles west of St. Louis, April 13, 1843. I came here last evening in the company of Mr. Sarpy, for the express purpose of procuring some Pouched Rats, and as I have been fortunate enough to secure several of these strange creatures, and also to have seen and heard much connected with their habits and habitats, I write on the spot, with the wish that no recollection of facts be passed over. The present species is uncommonly abundant throughout this neighborhood, and is even found in the gardens of the city of St. Louis, upon the outskirts. They are extremely pernicious animals to the planter and to the gardener, as they devour every root, grass, or vegetable within their reach, and burrow both day and night in every direction imaginable, wherever they know their insatiable appetites can be recompensed for their labor. They bring forth from five to seven young, about the 25th of March, and these are rather large at birth. The nest, or place of deposit, is usually rounded, and about eight inches in diameter, being globular, and well lined with the hair of the female. This nest is not placed at the end of a burrow, or in any particular one of their long galleries, but oftentimes in the road that may lead to hundreds of yards distant. From immediately around the nest, however, many galleries branch off in divers directions, all tending towards such spots as are well known to the parents to afford an abundance of food. I cannot ascertain how long the young remain under the care of the mother. Having observed several freshly thrown-up mounds in Mr. Chouteau's garden, this excellent gentleman called to some negroes to

bring spades, and to dig for the animals with the hope I might procure one alive. All hands went to work with alacrity, in the presence of Dr. Trudeau of St. Louis, my friends the father and son Chouteau, and myself. We observed that the "Muloë"¹ (the name given these animals by the creoles of this country) had worked in two or more opposite directions, and that the main gallery was about a foot beneath the surface of the ground, except where it had crossed the walks, when the burrow was sunk a few inches deeper. The work led the negroes across a large square and two of the walks, on one side of which we found large bunches of carnations, from which the roots had been cut off obliquely, close to the surface of the ground, thereby killing the plants. The roots measured $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch, and immediately next to them was a rose-bush, where ended the burrow. The other side was now followed, and ended amidst the roots of a fine large peach-tree; these roots were more or less gashed and lacerated, but no animal was there, and on returning on our tracks, we found that several galleries, probably leading outside the garden, existed, and we gave up the chase.

This species throws up the earth in mounds rarely higher than twelve to fifteen inches, and these mounds are thrown up at extremely irregular distances, being at times near to each other, and elsewhere ten to twenty, or even thirty, paces apart, yet generally leading to particular spots, well covered with grapes or vegetables of different kinds. This species remains under ground during the whole winter, inactive, and probably dormant, as they never raise or work the earth at this time. The earth thrown up is as if pulverized, and as soon as the animal has finished his labors, which are for no other purpose than to convey him securely from one spot to another, he closes the aperture, which is sometimes on the top, though more usually on the side towards the sun, leaving a kind of ring

¹ From the French "Mulots," field-mice.

nearly one inch in breadth, and about the diameter of the body of the animal. Possessed of an exquisite sense of hearing and of feeling the external pressure of objects travelling on the ground, they stop their labors instantaneously on the least alarm; but if you retire from fifteen to twenty paces to the windward of the hole, and wait for a quarter of an hour or so, you see the "Gopher" (the name given to it by the Missourians — *Americans*) raising the earth with its back and shoulders, and forcing it out forward, leaving the aperture open during the process, and from which it at times issues a few steps, cuts the grasses around, with which it fills its pouches, and then retires to its hole to feed upon its spoils; or it sometimes sits up on its haunches and enjoys the sun, and it may then be shot, provided you are quick. If missed you see it no more, as it will prefer altering the course of its burrow and continuing its labors in quite a different direction. They may be caught in common steel-traps, and two of them were thus procured to-day; but they then injure the foot, the hind one. They are also not uncommonly thrown up by the plough, and one was caught in this manner. They have been known to destroy the roots of hundreds of young fruit-trees in the course of a few days and nights, and will cut roots of grown trees of the most valued kinds, such as apple, pear, peach, plum, etc. They differ greatly in their size and also in their colors, according to age, but not in the sexes. The young are usually gray, the old of a dark chestnut, glossy and shining brown, very difficult to represent in a drawing. The opinion commonly received and entertained, that these Pouched Rats fill their pouches with the earth of their burrows, and empty them when at the entrance, is, I think, quite erroneous; about a dozen which were shot in the act of raising their mounds, and killed at the very mouth of their burrows, had no earth in any of these sacs; the fore feet, teeth, nose, and the anterior portion of the head were found covered with

adhesive earth, and most of them had their pouches filled either with blades of grass or roots of different sizes; and I think their being hairy rather corroborates the fact that these pouches are only used for food. In a word, they appear to me to raise the earth precisely in the manner employed by the Mole.

When travelling the tail drags on the ground, and they hobble along with their long front claws drawn underneath; at other times, they move by slow leaping movements, and can travel backwards almost as fast as forwards. When turned over they have much difficulty in replacing themselves in their natural position, and you may see them kicking with their legs and claws for a minute or two before they are right. They bite severely, and do not hesitate to make towards their enemies or assailants with open mouth, squealing like a rat. When they fight among themselves they make great use of the nose in the manner of hogs. They cannot travel faster than the slow walk of a man. They feed frequently while seated on the rump, using their fore paws and long claws somewhat like a squirrel. When sleeping they place the head beneath the breast, and become round, and look like a ball of earth. They clean their whiskers and body in the manner of Rats, Squirrels, etc.

The four which I kept alive never drank anything, though water was given to them. I fed them on potatoes, cabbages, carrots, etc. They tried constantly to make their escape by gnawing at the floor, but in vain. They slept wherever they found clothing, etc., and the rascals cut the lining of my hunting-coat all to bits, so that I was obliged to have it patched and mended. In one instance I had some clothes rolled up for the washerwoman, and, on opening the bundle to count the pieces, one of the fellows caught hold of my right thumb, with fortunately a single one of its upper incisors, and hung on till I shook it off, violently throwing it on the floor, where it lay as if dead; but it recovered, and was as well as ever in less

than half an hour. They gnawed the leather straps of my trunks during the night, and although I rose frequently to stop their work, they would begin anew as soon as I was in bed again. I wrote and sent most of the above to John Bachman from St. Louis, after I had finished my drawing of four figures of these most strange and most interesting creatures.

And now to return to this day: When we reached Glasgow, we came in under the stern of the "John Auld." As I saw several officers of the United States army I bowed to them, and as they all knew that I was bound towards the mighty Rocky Mountains, they not only returned my salutations, but came on board, as well as Father de Smet.¹ They all of them came to my room and saw specimens and skins. Among them was Captain Clark,² who married the sister of Major Sandford, whom you all know. They had lost a soldier overboard, two had deserted, and a fourth was missing. We proceeded on until about ten o'clock, and it was not until the 2d of May that we actually reached Independence.

May 2. It stopped raining in the night while I was sound asleep, and at about one o'clock we did arrive at Independence, distant about 379 miles from St. Louis.³ Here again was the "John Auld," putting out freight for the Santa Fé traders, and we saw many of their wagons.

¹ P. J. de Smet, the Jesuit priest, well known for his missionary labors among various tribes of Indians in the Rocky Mountains, on the Columbia River, and in other parts of the West. His work entitled "Oregon Missions and Travels over the Rocky Mountains in 1845-46" was published in New York by Edward Dunigan in 1847. On p. 39 of this book will be found mention of the journey Father de Smet was taking in 1843, when met by Audubon. — E. C.

² Captain Clark of the U. S. A.

³ The distance of Independence from the mouth of the Missouri is about 376 miles by the Commission charts. In 1843 this town was still, as it long had been, the principal point of departure from the river on the Santa Fé caravan route. Trains starting hence went through Westport, Mo., and so on into the "Indian Territory." — E. C.

Of course I exchanged a hand-shake with Father de Smet and many of the officers I had seen yesterday. Mr. Meeks, the agent of Colonel Veras, had 148 pounds of tow in readiness for us, and I drew on the Chouteaux for \$30.20, for we were charged no less than 12½ to 25 cts. per pound; but this tow might have passed for fine flax, and I was well contented. We left the "Auld," proceeded on our way, and stopped at Madame Chouteau's plantation, where we put out some freight for Sir William Stuart. The water had been two feet deep in her house, but the river has now suddenly fallen about six feet. At Madame Chouteau's I saw a brother of our friend Pierre Chouteau, Senr., now at New York, and he gave me some news respecting the murder of Mr. Jarvis. About twenty picked men of the neighborhood had left in pursuit of the remainder of the marauders, and had sent one of their number back, with the information that they had remained not two miles from the rascally thieves and murderers. I hope they will overtake them all, and shoot them on the spot. We saw a few Squirrels, and Bell killed two Parrakeets.

May 3. We ran all last night and reached Fort Leavenworth at six this morning. We had an early breakfast, as we had intended to walk across the Bend; but we found that the ground was overflowed, and that the bridges across two creeks had been carried away, and reluctantly we gave up our trip. I saw two officers who came on board, also a Mr. Ritchie. The situation of the fort is elevated and fine, and one has a view of the river up and down for some distance. Seeing a great number of Parrakeets, we went after them; Bell killed one. Unfortunately my gun snapped twice, or I should have killed several more. We saw several Turkeys on the ground and in the trees early this morning. On our reaching the landing, a sentinel dragoon came to watch that no one tried to escape.

After leaving this place we fairly entered the Indian country on the west side of the river, for the State of Missouri, by the purchase of the Platte River country, continues for about 250 miles further on the east side, where now we see the only settlements. We saw a good number of Indians in the woods and on the banks, gazing at us as we passed; these are, however, partly civilized, and are miserable enough. Major Mason, who commands here at present, is ill, and I could not see him. We saw several fine horses belonging to different officers. We soon passed Watson, which is considered the head of steam navigation.

In attempting to pass over a shallow, but a short, cut, we grounded on a bar at five o'clock; got off, tried again, and again grounded broadside; and now that it is past six o'clock all hands are busily engaged in trying to get the boat off, but with what success I cannot say. To me the situation is a bad one, as I conceive that as we remain here, the washings of the muddy sands as they float down a powerful current will augment the bar on the weather side (if I may so express myself) of the boat. We have seen another Turkey and many Parrakeets, as well as a great number of burrows formed by the "Siffleurs," as our French Canadians call all and every species of *Marmots*; Bell and I have concluded that there must be not less than twenty to thirty of these animals for one in any portion of the Atlantic States. We saw them even around the open grounds immediately about Fort Leavenworth.

About half-past seven we fortunately removed our boat into somewhat deeper water, by straightening her bows against the stream, and this was effected by fastening our very long cable to a snag above us, about 200 yards; and now, if we can go backwards and reach the deep waters along shore a few hundred yards below, we shall be able to make fast there for the night. Unfortunately it is now raining hard, the lightning is vivid, and the appearance of the night forbidding.

Thursday, May 4. We had constant rain, lightning and thunder last night. This morning, at the dawn of day, the captain and all hands were at work, and succeeded in removing the boat several hundred yards below where she had struck; but unfortunately we got fast again before we could reach deep water, and all the exertions to get off were renewed, and at this moment, almost nine, we have a line fastened to the shore and expect to be afloat in a short time. But I fear that we shall lose most of the day before we leave this shallow, intricate, and dangerous channel.

At ten o'clock we found ourselves in deep water, near the shore on the west side. We at once had the men at work cutting wood, which was principally that of ash-trees of moderate size, which wood was brought on board in great quantities and lengths. Thank Heaven, we are off in a few minutes, and I hope will have better luck. I saw on the shore many "Gopher" hills, in all probability the same as I have drawn. Bell shot a Gray Squirrel which I believe to be the same as our *Sciurus carolinensis*. Friend Harris shot two or three birds, which we have not yet fully established, and Bell shot one Lincoln's Finch¹ — strange place for it, when it breeds so very far north as Labrador. Caught a Woodpecker, and killed a Cat-bird, Water-thrush, seventeen Parrakeets, a Yellow Chat, a new Finch,² and very curious, two White-throated Finches, one White-crown, a Yellow-rump Warbler, a Gray Squir-

¹ This is the bird which Audubon first discovered in Labrador, in 1833, and named *Fringilla lincolni* in honor of his young companion, Thomas Lincoln. It is described and figured under that name in Orn. Biogr. ii., 1834, p. 539, pl. 193, and as *Peucaea lincolni* in B. of Am. iii., 1841, p. 116, pl. 177, but is now known as *Melospiza lincolni*. It ranges throughout the greater part of North America. — E. C.

² Apparently the very first intimation we have of the beautiful Finch which Audubon dedicated to Mr. Harris as *Fringilla harrisii*, as will be seen further on in his journal.

The other birds mentioned in the above text were all well-known species in 1843. — E. C.

rel, a Loon, and two Rough-winged Swallows. We saw Cerulean Warblers, Hooded Flycatchers, Kentucky Warblers, Nashville ditto, Blue-winged ditto, Red-eyed and White-eyed Flycatchers, Great-crested and Common Pewees, Redstarts, Towhee Buntings, Ferruginous Thrushes, Wood Thrush, Golden-crowned Thrush, Blue-gray Flycatcher, Blue-eyed Warbler, Blue Yellow-back, Chestnut-sided, Black-and-White Creepers, Nuthatch, Kingbirds, Red Tanagers, Cardinal Grosbeaks, common House Wren, Blue-winged Teals, Swans, large Blue Herons, Crows, Turkey-buzzards, and a Peregrine Falcon, Red-tailed Hawks, Red-headed, Red-bellied, and Golden-winged Woodpeckers, and Partridges. Also, innumerable "Gopher" hills, one Ground-hog, one Rabbit, two Wild Turkeys, one Whippoorwill, one Maryland Yellowthroat, and Swifts. We left the shore with a strong gale of wind, and after having returned to our proper channel, and rounded the island below our troublesome situation of last night, we were forced to come to under the main shore. Here we killed and saw all that is enumerated above, as well as two nests of the White-headed Eagle. We are now for the night at a wooding-place, where we expect to purchase some fresh provisions, if any there are; and as it is nine o'clock I am off to bed.

Friday, May 5. The appearance of the weather this morning was rather bad; it was cloudy and lowering, but instead of rain we have had a strong southwesterly wind to contend with, and on this account our day's work does not amount to much. At this moment, not eight o'clock, we have stopped through its influence.

At half-past twelve we reached the Black Snake Hills¹

¹ Black Snake Hills (in the vicinity of St. Joseph, Mo.). "On the 24th we saw the chain of the Blacksnake Hills, but we met with so many obstacles in the river that we did not reach them till towards evening. They are moderate eminences, with many singular forms, with an alternation of open green and wooded spots." (Maximilian, Prince of Wied, "Travels in North America," p. 123.)

settlement, and I was delighted to see this truly beautiful site for a town or city, as will be no doubt some fifty years hence. The hills themselves are about 200 feet above the river, and slope down gently into the beautiful prairie that extends over some thousands of acres, of the richest land imaginable. Five of our trappers did not come on board at the ringing of the bell, and had to walk several miles across a bend to join us and be taken on again. We have not seen much game this day, probably on account of the high wind. We saw, however, a large flock of Willets, two Gulls, one Grebe, many Blue-winged Teals, Wood Ducks, and Coots, and one pair of mated Wild Geese. This afternoon a Black Squirrel was seen. This morning I saw a Marmot; and Sprague, a *Sciurus macrourus* of Say. On examination of the Finch killed by Harris yesterday, I found it to be a new species, and I have taken its measurements across this sheet of paper.¹ It was first seen on the ground, then on low bushes, then on large trees; no note was heard. Two others, that were females to all appearance, could not be procured on account of their extreme shyness. We saw the Indigo-bird, Barn Swallows, Purple Martin, and Greenbacks;² also, a Rabbit at the Black Snake Hills. The general aspect of the river is materially altered for the worse; it has become much more crooked or tortuous, in some places very wide with sand-banks naked and dried, so that the wind blows the sand quite high. In one place we came to a narrow and swift chute, four miles above the Black Snake

¹ The measurements in pen and ink are marked over the writing of the journal. As already stated, this bird is *Fringilla harrisi*: Aud. B. of Am. vii., 1844, p. 331, pl. 484. It had previously been discovered by Mr. Thomas Nuttall, who ascended the Missouri with Mr. J. K. Townsend in 1834, and named by him *F. querula* in his Man. Orn. 2d ed. i., 1840, p. 555. Its modern technical name is *Zonotrichia querula*, though it continues to bear the English designation of Harris's Finch. — E. C.

² That is, the Green-backed or White-bellied Swallow, *Hirundo bicolor* of Vieillot, *Tachycineta bicolor* of Cabanis, and *Iridoprocne bicolor* of Coues. — E. C.

Hills, that in time of extreme high water must be very difficult of ascent. During these high winds it is very hard to steer the boat, and also to land her. The settlers on the Missouri side of the river appear to relish the sight of a steamer greatly, for they all come to look at this one as we pass the different settlements. The thermometer has fallen sixteen degrees since two o'clock, and it feels now very chilly.

Saturday, May 6. High wind all night and cold this morning, with the wind still blowing so hard that at half-past seven we stopped on the western shore, under a range of high hills, but on the weather side of them. We took our guns and went off, but the wind was so high we saw but little; I shot a Wild Pigeon and a Whippoorwill, female, that gave me great trouble, as I never saw one so remarkably wild before. Bell shot two Gray Squirrels and several Vireos, and Sprague, a Kentucky Warbler. Traces of Turkeys and of Deer were seen. We also saw three White Pelicans, but no birds to be added to our previous lot, and I have no wish to keep a strict account of the number of the same species we daily see. It is now half-past twelve; the wind is still very high, but our captain is anxious to try to proceed. We have cut some green wood, and a considerable quantity of hickory for axe-handles. In cutting down a tree we caught two young Gray Squirrels. A Pewee Flycatcher, of some species or other, was caught by the steward, who ran down the poor thing, which was starved on account of the cold and windy weather. Harris shot another of the new Finches, a male also, and I saw what I believe is the female, but it flew upwards of 200 yards without stopping. Bell also shot a small Vireo, which is in all probability a new species¹ (to me at least). We saw a Goshawk, a Marsh

¹ The surmise proved to be correct; for this is the now well-known Bell's Vireo, *Vireo bellii* of Audubon: B. of Am. vii., 1844, p. 333, pl. 485.—E. C.

Hawk, and a great number of Blackbirds, but could not ascertain the species.¹ The wind was still high when we left our stopping place, but we progressed, and this afternoon came alongside of a beautiful prairie of some thousands of acres, reaching to the hills. Here we stopped to put out our Iowa Indians, and also to land the goods we had for Mr. Richardson, the Indian agent. The goods were landed, but at the wrong place, as the Agent's agent would not receive them there, on account of a creek above, which cannot at present be crossed with wagons. Our Sac Indian chief started at once across the prairie towards the hills, on his way to his wigwam, and we saw Indians on their way towards us, running on foot, and many on horseback, generally riding double on skins or on Spanish saddles. Even the squaws rode, and rode well too! We counted about eighty, amongst whom were a great number of youths of different ages. I was heartily glad that our own squad of them left us here. I observed that though they had been absent from their friends and relatives, they never shook hands, or paid any attention to them. When the freight was taken in we proceeded, and the whole of the Indians followed along the shore at a good round run; those on horseback at times struck into a gallop. I saw more of these poor beings when we approached the landing, perched and seated on the promontories about, and many followed the boat to the landing. Here the goods were received, and Major Richardson came on board, and paid freight. He told us we were now in the country of the Fox Indians as well as that of the Iowas, that the number about him is over 1200, and that his district extends about seventy miles up the river. He appears to be a pleasant man; told us that Hares²

¹ No doubt the species named Brewer's Blackbird, *Quiscalus brewerii* of Audubon, B. of Am. vii, 1844, p. 345, pl. 492, now known as *Scolecophagus cyanocephalus*. — E. C.

² The Prairie Hare, *Lepus virginianus* of Richardson, Fauna Boreali-Americana, i, 1829, p. 229, later described as *L. campestris* by Bachman,



COLUMBA PASSERINA, GROUND DOVE.

(Now *Columbigallina passerina terrestris*.)

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY J. J. AUDUBON, 1838.

were very abundant — by the way, Harris saw one to-day. We are now landed on the Missouri side of the river, and taking in wood. We saw a Pigeon Hawk, found Partridges paired, and some also in flocks. When we landed during the high wind we saw a fine sugar camp belonging to Indians. I was pleased to see that many of the troughs they make are formed of bark, and that both ends are puckered and tied so as to resemble a sort of basket or canoe. They had killed many Wild Turkeys, Geese, and Crows, all of which they eat. We also procured a White-eyed and a Warbling Vireo, and shot a male Wild Pigeon. Saw a Gopher throwing out the dirt with his fore feet and not from his pouches. I was within four or five feet of it. Shot a Humming-bird, saw a Mourning Warbler, and Cedar-birds.

May 7, Sunday. Fine weather, but cool. Saw several Gray Squirrels and one Black. I am told by one of our pilots, who has killed seven or eight, that they are much larger than *Sciurus macrourus*, that the hair is coarse, that they are clumsy in their motions, and that they are found from the Black Snake Hills to some distance above the Council Bluffs.

We landed to cut wood at eleven, and we went ashore. Harris killed another of the new Finches, a male also; the scarcity of the females goes on, proving how much earlier the males sally forth on their migrations towards the breeding grounds. We saw five Sand-hill Cranes, some Goldfinches, Yellowshanks, Tell-tale Godwits, Solitary Snipes, and the woods were filled with House Wrens singing their merry songs. The place, however, was a bad one, for it was a piece of bottom land that had overflowed, and was sadly muddy and sticky. At twelve the

Journ. Philad. Acad. vii., 1837, p. 349, and then described and figured as *L. townsendii* by Aud. and Bach., Quad. N. A. i., 1849, p. 25, pl. 3. This is the characteristic species of the Great Plains, where it is commonly called "Jack-rabbit." — E. C.

bell rang for Harris, Bell, and me to return, which we did at once, as dinner was preparing for the table. Talking of dinner makes me think of giving you the hours, usually, of our meals. Breakfast at half-past six, dinner at half-past twelve, tea or supper at seven or later as the case may be. We have not taken much wood here; it is ash, but quite green. We saw Orchard Orioles, Blue-gray Flycatchers, Great-crested and Common Pewees, Mallards, Pileated Woodpeckers, Blue Jays, and Bluebirds; heard a Marsh Wren, saw a Crow, a Wood Thrush, and Water Thrush. Indigo-birds and Parrakeets plentiful. This afternoon we went into the pocket of a sand bar, got aground, and had to back out for almost a mile. We saw an abundance of Ducks, some White Pelicans, and an animal that we guessed was a Skunk. We have run about fifty miles, and therefore have done a good day's journey. We have passed the mouths of several small rivers, and also some very fine prairie land, extending miles towards the hills. It is now nine o'clock, a beautiful night with the moon shining. We have seen several Ravens, and White-headed Eagles on their nests.

May 8, Monday. A beautiful calm day; the country we saw was much the same as that we passed yesterday, and nothing of great importance took place except that at a wooding-place on the very verge of the State of Missouri (the northwest corner) Bell killed a Black Squirrel which friend Bachman has honored with the name of my son John, *Sciurus Audubonii*.¹ We are told that this species is not uncommon here. It was a good-sized adult male, and Sprague drew an outline of it. Harris shot another specimen of the new Finch. We saw Parrakeets and many small birds, but nothing new or very rare. This evening I wrote a long letter to each

¹ Not a good species, but the dusky variety of the protean Western Fox Squirrel, *Sciurus ludovicianus*; for which, see a previous note. — E. C.

house, John Bachman, Gideon B. Smith of Baltimore, and J. W. H. Page of New Bedford, with the hope of having them forwarded from the Council Bluffs.

May 9, Tuesday. Another fine day. After running until eleven o'clock we stopped to cut wood, and two Rose-breasted Grosbeaks were shot, a common Blue-bird, and a common Northern Titmouse. We saw White Pelicans, Geese, Ducks, etc. One of our trappers cut one of his feet dreadfully with his axe, and Harris, who is now the doctor, attended to it as best he could. This afternoon we reached the famous establishment of Belle Vue¹ where resides the brother of Mr. Sarpy of St. Louis, as well as the Indian Agent, or, as he might be more appropriately called, the Custom House officer. Neither were at home, both away on the Platte River, about 300 miles off. We had a famous pack of rascally Indians awaiting our landing — filthy and half-starved. We landed some cargo for the establishment, and I saw a trick of the trade which made me laugh. Eight cords of wood were paid for with five tin cups of sugar and three of coffee — value at St. Louis about twenty-five cents. We have seen a Fish Hawk, Savannah Finch, Green-backed Swallows, Rough-winged Swallows, Martins, Parrakeets, Black-headed Gulls, Blackbirds, and Cow-birds; I will repeat that the woods are fairly alive with House Wrens. Blue Herons, *Emberiza pallida* — Clay-colored Bunting of Swainson — Henslow's Bunting, Crow Blackbirds; and, more strange than all, two large cakes of ice were seen by our pilots and ourselves. I am very much fatigued and will finish the account of this day to-morrow. At Belle Vue we found the brother-in-law of old Provost, who acts as clerk in the absence of Mr. Sarpy. The store is no great affair, and yet I am told that they drive a good trade with Indians on the Platte River, and others,

¹ Or Bellevue, in what is now Sarpy County, Neb., on the right bank of the Missouri, a few miles above the mouth of the Platte. — E. C.

on this side of the Missouri. We unloaded some freight, and pushed off. We saw here the first ploughing of the ground we have observed since we left the lower settlements near St. Louis. We very soon reached the post of Fort Croghan,¹ so called after my old friend of that name with whom I hunted Raccoons on his father's plantation in Kentucky some thirty-eight years ago, and whose father and my own were well acquainted, and fought together in conjunction with George Washington and Lafayette, during the Revolutionary War, against "Merrie England." Here we found only a few soldiers, dragoons; their camp and officers having been forced to move across the prairie to the Bluffs, five miles. After we had put out some freight for the sutler, we proceeded on until we stopped for the night a few miles above, on the same side of the river. The soldiers assured us that their parade ground, and so-called barracks, had been four feet under water, and we saw fair and sufficient evidence of this. At this place our pilot saw the first Yellow-headed Troupial we have met with. We landed for the night under trees covered by muddy deposits from the great overflow of this season. I slept soundly, and have this morning, May 10, written this.

May 10, Wednesday. The morning was fine, and we were under way at daylight; but a party of dragoons, headed by a lieutenant, had left their camp four miles distant from our anchorage at the same time, and reached the shore before we had proceeded far; they fired a couple of rifle shots ahead of us, and we brought to at once. The young officer came on board, and presented a letter from his commander, Captain Burgwin, from which we found that we had to have our cargo examined. Our cap-

¹ Vicinity of present Omaha, Neb., and Council Bluffs, Ia., but somewhat above these places. The present Council Bluffs, in Iowa, is considerably below the position of the original Council Bluff of Lewis and Clark, which Audubon presently notices. See "Lewis and Clark," ed. of 1893, p. 66.
— E. C.

tain¹ was glad of it, and so were we all; for, finding that it would take several hours, we at once ate our breakfast, and made ready to go ashore. I showed my credentials and orders from the Government, Major Mitchell of St. Louis, etc., and I was therefore immediately settled comfortably. I desired to go to see the commanding officer, and the lieutenant very politely sent us there on horseback, guided by an old dragoon of considerable respectability. I was mounted on a young white horse, Spanish saddle with holsters, and we proceeded across the prairie towards the Bluffs and the camp. My guide was anxious to take a short cut, and took me across several bayous, one of which was really up to the saddle; but we crossed that, and coming to another we found it so miry, that his horse wheeled after two or three steps, whilst I was looking at him before starting myself; for you all well know that an old traveller is, and must be, prudent. We now had to retrace our steps till we reached the very tracks that the squad sent after us in the morning had taken, and at last we reached the foot of the Bluffs, when my guide asked me if I "could ride at a gallop," to which not answering him, but starting at once at a round run,

¹ The journals of Captain Joseph A. Sire, from 1841 to 1848, are extant, and at present in the possession of Captain Joseph La Barge, who has permitted them to be examined by Captain Chittenden. The latter informs us of an interesting entry at date of May 10, 1843, regarding the incident of the military inspection of the "Omega" for contraband liquor, of which Audubon speaks. But the inside history of how cleverly Captain Sire outwitted the military does not appear from the following innocent passage: "*Mercredi, 10 May.* Nous venons très bien jusqu'aux côtes à Hart, où, à sept heures, nous sommes sommés par un officier de dragons de mettre à terre. Je reçois une note polie du Capt. Burgwin m'informant que son devoir l'oblige de faire visiter le bateau. Aussitôt nous nous mettons à l'ouvrage, et pendant ce temps M. Audubon va faire une visite au Capitaine. Ils reviennent ensemble deux heures après. Je force en quelque sorte l'officier à faire une recherche aussi stricte que possible, mais à la condition qu'il en fera de même avec les autres traiteurs." The two precious hours of Audubon's visit were utilized by the clever captain in so arranging the cargo that no liquor should be found on board by Captain Burgwin. — E. C.

I neatly passed him ere his horse was well at the pace; on we went, and in a few minutes we entered a beautiful dell or valley, and were in sight of the encampment. We reached this in a trice, and rode between two lines of pitched tents to one at the end, where I dismounted, and met Captain Burgwin,¹ a young man, brought up at West Point, with whom I was on excellent and friendly terms in less time than it has taken me to write this account of our meeting. I showed him my credentials, at which he smiled, and politely assured me that I was too well known throughout our country to need any letters. While seated in front of his tent, I heard the note of a bird new to me, and as it proceeded from a tree above our heads, I looked up and saw the first Yellow-headed Troupial alive that ever came across my own migrations. The captain thought me probably crazy, as I thought Rafinesque when he was at Henderson; for I suddenly started, shot at the bird, and killed it. Afterwards I shot three more at one shot, but only one female amid hundreds of these Yellow-headed Blackbirds. They are quite abundant here, feeding on the surplus grain that drops from the horses' troughs; they walked under, and around the horses, with as much confidence as if anywhere else. When they rose, they generally flew to the very tops of the tallest trees, and there, swelling their throats, partially spreading their wings and tail, they issue their croaking note, which is a compound, not to be mistaken, between that of the Crow Blackbird and that of the Red-winged Starling. After I had fired at them twice they became quite shy, and all of them flew off to the prairies. I saw then two Magpies²

¹ John Henry K. Burgwin, cadet at West Point in 1828; in 1843 a captain of the 1st Dragoons. He died Feb. 7, 1847, of wounds received three days before in the assault on Pueblo de Taos, New Mexico. — E. C.

² The question of the specific identity of the American and European Magpies has been much discussed. Ornithologists now generally compromise the case by considering our bird to be subspecifically distinct, under the name of *Pica pica hudsonica*. — E. C.

in a cage, that had been caught in nooses, by the legs; and their actions, voice, and general looks, assured me as much as ever, that they are the very same species as that found in Europe. Prairie Wolves are extremely abundant hereabouts. They are so daring that they come into the camp both by day and by night; we found their burrows in the banks and in the prairie, and had I come here yesterday I should have had a superb specimen killed here, but which was devoured by the hogs belonging to the establishment. The captain and the doctor — Madison¹ by name — returned with us to the boat, and we saw many more Yellow-headed Troupials. The high Bluffs back of the prairie are destitute of stones. On my way there I saw abundance of Gopher hills, two Geese paired, two Yellow-crowned Herons, Red-winged Starlings, Cowbirds, common Crow Blackbirds, a great number of Baltimore Orioles, a Swallow-tailed Hawk, Yellow Red-poll Warbler, Field Sparrow, and Chipping Sparrow. Sprague killed another of the beautiful Finch. Robins are very scarce, Parrakeets and Wild Turkeys plentiful. The officers came on board, and we treated them as hospitably as we could; they ate their lunch with us, and are themselves almost destitute of provisions. Last July the captain sent twenty dragoons and as many Indians on a hunt for Buffaloes. During the hunt they killed 51 Buffaloes, 104 Deer, and 10 Elks, within 80 miles of the camp. The Sioux Indians are great enemies to the Potowatomies, and very frequently kill several of the latter in their predatory excursions against them. This kind of warfare has rendered the Potowatomies very cowardly, which is quite a remarkable change from their previous valor and daring. Bell collected six different species of shells, and found a large

¹ No doubt Thomas C. Madison of Virginia, appointed Assist. Surg. U. S. A., Feb. 27, 1840. He served as a surgeon of the Confederacy during our Civil War, and died Nov. 7, 1866. — E. C.

lump of pumice stone which does float on the water. We left our anchorage (which means tied to the shore) at twelve o'clock, and about sunset we did pass the real Council Bluffs.¹ Here, however, the bed of the river is utterly changed, though you may yet see that which is now called the Old Missouri. The Bluffs stand, truly speaking, on a beautiful bank almost forty feet above the water, and run off on a rich prairie, to the hills in the background in a gentle slope, that renders the whole place a fine and very remarkable spot. We tied up for the night about three miles above them, and all hands went ashore to cut wood, which begins to be somewhat scarce, of a good quality. Our captain cut and left several cords of green wood for his return trip, at this place; Harris and Bell went on shore, and saw several Bats, and three Turkeys. This afternoon a Deer was seen scampering across the prairies until quite out of sight. Wild-gooseberry bushes are very abundant, and the fruit is said to be very good.

May 11, Thursday. We had a night of rain, thunder, and heavy wind from the northeast, and we did not start this morning till seven o'clock, therefore had a late breakfast. There was a bright blood-red streak on the horizon at four o'clock that looked forbidding, but the weather changed as we proceeded, with, however, showers of rain at various intervals during the day. We have

¹ Council Bluff, so named by Lewis and Clark on Aug. 3, 1804, on which day they and their followers, with a number of Indians, including six chiefs, held a council here, to make terms with the Otoe and Missouri Indians. The account of the meeting ends thus: "The incident just related induced us to give to this place the name of the Council-bluff; the situation of it is exceedingly favorable for a fort and trading factory, as the soil is well calculated for bricks, there is an abundance of wood in the neighborhood, and the air is pure and healthy." In a foot-note Dr. Coues says: "It was later the site of Fort Calhoun, in the present Washington Co., Neb. We must also remember, in attempting to fix this spot, how much the Missouri has altered its course since 1804." ("Expedition of Lewis and Clark," 1893, p. 65.)

now come to a portion of the river more crooked than any we have passed; the shores on both sides are evidently lower, the hills that curtain the distance are further from the shores, and the intervening space is mostly prairie, more or less overflowed. We have seen one Wolf on a sand-bar, seeking for food, perhaps dead fish. The actions were precisely those of a cur dog with a long tail, and the bellowing sound of the engine did not seem to disturb him. He trotted on parallel to the boat for about one mile, when we landed to cut drift-wood. Bell, Harris, and I went on shore to try to have a shot at him. He was what is called a brindle-colored Wolf,¹ of the common size. One hundred trappers, however, with their axes at work, in a few moments rather stopped his progress, and when he saw us coming, he turned back on his track, and trotted off, but Bell shot a very small load in the air to see the effect it would produce. The fellow took two or three leaps, stopped, looked at us for a moment, and then started on a gentle gallop. When I overtook his tracks they appeared small, and more rounded than usual. I saw several tracks at the same time, therefore more than one had travelled over this great sandy and muddy bar last night, if not this morning. I lost sight of him behind some large piles of drift-wood, and could see him no more. Turkey-buzzards were on the bar, and I thought that I should have found some dead

¹ This Wolf is to be distinguished from the Prairie Wolf, *Canis latrans*, which Audubon has already mentioned. It is the common large Wolf of North America, of which Audubon has much to say in the sequel; and wherever he speaks of "Wolves" without specification, we are to understand that this is the animal meant. It occurs in several different color-variations, from quite blackish through different reddish and brindled grayish shades to nearly white. The variety above mentioned is that named by Dr. Richardson *griseo-albus*, commonly known in the West as the Buffalo Wolf and the Timber Wolf. Mr. Thomas Say named one of the dark varieties *Canis nubilus* in 1823; and naturalists who consider the American Wolf to be specifically distinct from *Canis lupus* of Europe now generally name the brindled variety *C. nubilus griseo-albus*. — E. C.

carcass; but on reaching the spot, nothing was there. A fine large Raven passed at one hundred yards from us, but I did not shoot. Bell found a few small shells, and Harris shot a Yellow-rumped Warbler. We have seen several White Pelicans, Geese, Black-headed Gulls, and Green-backed Swallows, but nothing new. The night is cloudy and intimates more rain. We are fast to a willowed shore, and are preparing lines to try our luck at catching a Catfish or so. I was astonished to find how much stiffened I was this morning, from the exercise I took on horseback yesterday, and think that now it would take me a week, at least, to accustom my body to riding as I was wont to do twenty years ago. The timber is becoming more scarce as we proceed, and I greatly fear that our only opportunities of securing wood will be those afforded us by that drifted on the bars.

May 12, Friday. The morning was foggy, thick, and calm. We passed the river called the *Sioux Pictout*,¹ a small stream formerly abounding with Beavers, Otters, Muskrats, etc., but now quite destitute of any of these creatures. On going along the banks bordering a long and wide prairie, thick with willows and other small brush-wood, we saw four Black-tailed Deer² immediately on the bank; they trotted away without appearing to be much alarmed; after a few hundred yards, the two largest, probably males, raised themselves on their hind feet and pawed at each other, after the manner of stallions.

¹ Little Sioux River of present geography, in Harrison Co., Iowa: see "Lewis and Clark," ed. of 1893, p. 69.—E. C.

² Otherwise known as the Mule Deer, from the great size of the ears, and the peculiar shape of the tail, which is white with a black tuft at the tip, and suggests that of the Mule. It is a fine large species, next to the Elk or Wapiti in stature, and first became generally known from the expedition of Lewis and Clark. It is the *Cervus macrotis* of Say, figured and described under this name by Aud. and Bach. Quad. N. A. ii., 1851, p. 206, pl. 78, and commonly called by later naturalists *Cariacus macrotis*. But its first scientific designation is *Damelaphus hemionus*, given by C. S. Rafinesque in 1817.—E. C.

They trotted off again, stopping often, but after a while disappeared; we saw them again some hundreds of yards farther on, when, becoming suddenly alarmed, they bounded off until out of sight. They did not trot or run irregularly as our Virginian Deer does, and their color was of a brownish cast, whilst our common Deer at this season is red. Could we have gone ashore, we might in all probability have killed one or two of them. We stopped to cut wood on the opposite side of the river, where we went on shore, and there saw many tracks of Deer, Elk, Wolves, and Turkeys. In attempting to cross a muddy place to shoot at some Yellow-headed Troupials that were abundant, I found myself almost mired, and returned with difficulty. We only shot a Blackburnian Warbler, a Yellow-winged ditto, and a few Finches. We have seen more Geese than usual as well as Mallards and Wood Ducks. This afternoon the weather cleared up, and a while before sunset we passed under Wood's Bluffs,¹ so called because a man of that name fell overboard from his boat while drunk. We saw there many Bank Swallows, and afterwards we came in view of the Blackbird Hill,² where the famous Indian

¹ Wood's Bluff has long ceased to be known by this name, but there is no doubt from what Audubon next says of Blackbird Hill, that the bluff in question is that on the west or right bank of the river, at and near Decatur, Burt Co., Neb.; the line between Burt and Blackbird counties cuts through the bluff, leaving most of it in the latter county. See Lewis and Clark, ed. of 1893, p. 71, date of Aug. 10, 1804, where "a cliff of yellow stone on the left" is mentioned. This is Wood's Bluff; the situation is 750 miles up the river by the Commission Charts. — E. C.

² Blackbird Hill. "Aug. 11 [1804]. . . . We halted on the south side for the purpose of examining a spot where one of the great chiefs of the Mahas [Omahas], named Blackbird, who died about four years ago, of the small-pox, was buried. A hill of yellow soft sandstone rises from the river in bluffs of various heights, till it ends in a knoll about 300 feet above the water; on the top of this a mound, of twelve feet diameter at the base, and six feet high, is raised over the body of the deceased king, a pole about eight feet high is fixed in the centre, on which we placed a white flag, bordered with red, blue, and white. Blackbird seems to have been a person

chief of that name was buried, at his request, on his horse, whilst the animal was alive. We are now fast to the shore opposite this famed bluff. We cut good ash wood this day, and have made a tolerable run, say forty miles.

Saturday, May 13. This morning was extremely foggy, although I could plainly see the orb of day trying to force its way through the haze. While this lasted all hands were engaged in cutting wood, and we did not leave our fastening-place till seven, to the great grief of our commander. During the wood cutting, Bell walked to the top of the hills, and shot two Lark Buntings, males, and a Lincoln's Finch. After a while we passed under some beautiful bluffs surmounted by many cedars, and these bluffs were composed of fine white sandstone, of a soft texture, but very beautiful to the eye. In several

of great consideration, for ever since his death he has been supplied with provisions, from time to time, by the superstitious regard of the Mahas." ("Expedition of Lewis and Clark," by Elliott Coues, 1893, p. 71.)

"The 7th of May (1833) we reached the chain of hills on the left bank; . . . these are called Wood's Hills, and do not extend very far. On one of them we saw a small conical mound, which is the grave of the celebrated Omaha chief Washinga-Sabba (the Blackbird). In James' 'Narrative of Major Long's Expedition,' is a circumstantial account of this remarkable and powerful chief, who was a friend to the white man; he contrived, by means of arsenic, to make himself feared and dreaded, and passed for a magician. . . . An epidemical smallpox carried him off, with a great part of his nation, in 1800, and he was buried, sitting upright, upon a live mule, at the top of a green hill on Wakonda Creek. When dying he gave orders they should bury him on that hill, with his face turned to the country of the whites." ("Travels in North America," Maximilian, Prince of Wied.)

Irving, in chap. xvi. of "Astoria," gives a long account of Blackbird, based on Bradbury and Brackenridge, but places his death in 1802, incorrectly; and ends: "The Missouri washes the base of the promontory, and after winding and doubling in many links and mazes, returns to within nine hundred yards of its starting-place; so that for thirty miles the voyager finds himself continually near to this singular promontory, as if spell bound. It was the dying command of Blackbird, that his tomb should be on the summit of this hill, in which he should be interred, seated on his favorite horse, that he might overlook his ancient domain, and behold the backs of the white men as they came up the river to trade with his people."

places along this bluff we saw clusters of nests of Swallows, which we all looked upon as those of the Cliff Swallow, although I saw not one of the birds. We stopped again to cut wood, for our opportunities are not now very convenient. Went out, but only shot a fine large Turkey-hen, which I brought down on the wing at about forty yards. It ran very swiftly, however, and had not Harris's dog come to our assistance, we might have lost it. As it was, however, the dog pointed, and Harris shot it, with my small shot-gun, whilst I was squatted on the ground amid a parcel of low bushes. I was astonished to see how many of the large shot I had put into her body. This hen weighed $11\frac{3}{4}$ pounds. She had a nest, no doubt, but we could not find it. We saw a good number of Geese, though fewer than yesterday; Ducks also. We passed many fine prairies, and in one place I was surprised to see the richness of the bottom lands. We saw this morning eleven Indians of the Omaha tribe. They made signals for us to land, but our captain never heeded them, for he hates the red-skins as most men hate the devil. One of them fired a gun, the group had only one, and some ran along the shore for nearly two miles, particularly one old gentleman who persevered until we came to such bluff shores as calmed down his spirits. In another place we saw one seated on a log, close by the frame of a canoe; but he looked surly, and never altered his position as we passed. The frame of this boat resembled an ordinary canoe. It is formed by both sticks giving a half circle; the upper edges are fastened together by a long stick, as well as the centre of the bottom. Outside of this stretches a Buffalo skin without the hair on; it is said to make a light and safe craft to cross even the turbid, rapid stream—the Missouri. By simply looking at them, one may suppose that they are sufficiently large to carry two or three persons. On a sand-bar afterwards

we saw three more Indians, also with a canoe frame, but we only interchanged the common yells usual on such occasions. They looked as destitute and as hungry as if they had not eaten for a week, and no doubt would have given much for a bottle of whiskey. At our last landing for wood-cutting, we also went on shore, but shot nothing, not even took aim at a bird; and there was an Indian with a flint-lock rifle, who came on board and stared about until we left, when he went off with a little tobacco. I pity these poor beings from my heart! This evening we came to the burial-ground bluff of Sergeant Floyd,¹ one of the companions of the never-to-be-forgotten expedition of Lewis and Clark, over the Rocky Mountains, to the Pacific Ocean. A few minutes afterwards, before coming to Floyd's Creek, we started several Turkey-cocks

¹ "Aug. 20th, 1804. Here we had the misfortune to lose one of our sergeants, Charles Floyd. . . . He was buried on the top of the bluff with the honors due to a brave soldier; the place of his interment was marked by a cedar post, on which his name and the day of his death were inscribed." ("Expedition of Lewis and Clark," by Elliott Coues, p. 79.)

"On the following day [May 8, 1833] we came to Floyd's grave, where the sergeant of that name was buried by Lewis and Clark. The bank on either side is low. The left is covered with poplars; on the right, behind the wood, rises a hill like the roof of a building, at the top of which Floyd is buried. A short stick marks the place where he is laid, and has often been renewed by travellers, when the fires in the prairie have destroyed it. ("Travels in North America," p. 134, Maximilian, Prince of Wied.)—M. R. A.

Floyd's grave became a landmark for many years, and is noticed by most of the travellers who have written of voyaging on the Missouri. In 1857 the river washed away the face of the bluff to such an extent that the remains were exposed. These were gathered and reburied about 200 yards further back on the same bluff. This new grave became obliterated in the course of time, but in 1895 it was rediscovered after careful search. The bones were exhumed by a committee of citizens of Sioux City; and on Aug. 20 of that year, the 91st anniversary of Floyd's death, were reburied in the same spot with imposing ceremonies, attended by a concourse of several hundred persons. A large flat stone slab, with suitable inscription, now marks the spot, and the Floyd Memorial Association, which was formed at the time of the third burial, proposes to erect a monument to Floyd in a park to be established on the bluff.—E. C.

from their roost, and had we been on shore could have accounted for more than one of them. The prairies are becoming more common and more elevated; we have seen more evergreens this day than we have done for two weeks at least. This evening is dark and rainy, with lightning and some distant thunder, and we have entered the mouth of the Big Sioux River,¹ where we are fastened for the night. This is a clear stream and abounds with fish, and on one of the branches of this river is found the famous red clay, of which the precious pipes, or calumets are manufactured. We will try to procure some on our return homeward. It is late; had the weather been clear, and the moon, which is full, shining, it was our intention to go ashore, to try to shoot Wild Turkeys; but as it is pouring down rain, and as dark as pitch, we have thrown our lines overboard and perhaps may catch a fish. We hope to reach Vermilion River day after to-morrow. We saw abundance of the birds which I have before enumerated.

May 14, Sunday. It rained hard and thundered during the night; we started at half-past three, when it had cleared, and the moon shone brightly. The river is crooked as ever, with large bars, and edged with prairies. Saw many Geese, and a Long-billed Curlew. One poor Goose had been wounded in the wing; when approached, it dived for a long distance and came up along the shore. Then we saw a Black Bear, swimming across the river, and it caused a commotion. Some ran for their rifles, and several shots were fired, some of which almost touched Bruin; but he kept on, and swam very fast. Bell shot at it with large shot and must have touched

¹ Which separates Iowa from South Dakota. Here the Missouri ceases to separate Nebraska from Iowa, and begins to separate Nebraska from South Dakota. Audubon is therefore at the point where these three States come together. He is also just on the edge of Sioux City, Iowa, which extends along the left bank of the Missouri from the vicinity of Floyd's Bluff to the Big Sioux River. — E. C.

it. When it reached the shore, it tried several times to climb up, but each time fell back. It at last succeeded, almost immediately started off at a gallop, and was soon lost to sight. We stopped to cut wood at twelve o'clock, in one of the vilest places we have yet come to. The rushes were waist-high, and the whole underbrush tangled by grape vines. The Deer and the Elks had beaten paths which we followed for a while, but we saw only their tracks, and those of Turkeys. Harris found a heronry of the common Blue Heron, composed of about thirty nests, but the birds were shy and he did not shoot at any. Early this morning a dead Buffalo floated by us, and after a while the body of a common cow, which had probably belonged to the fort above this. Mr. Sire told us that at this point, two years ago, he overtook three of the deserters of the company, who had left a keel-boat in which they were going down to St. Louis. They had a canoe when overtaken; he took their guns from them, destroyed the canoe, and left them there. On asking him what had become of them, he said they had walked back to the establishment at the mouth of Vermilion River, which by land is only ten miles distant; ten miles, through such woods as we tried in vain to hunt in, is a walk that I should not like at all. We stayed cutting wood for about two hours, when we started again; but a high wind arose, so that we could not make headway, and had to return and make fast again, only a few hundred yards from the previous spot. On such occasions our captain employs his wood-cutters in felling trees, and splitting and piling the wood until his return downwards, in about one month, perhaps, from now. In talking with our captain he tells us that the Black Bear is rarely seen swimming this river, and that one or two of them are about all he observes on going up each trip. I have seen them swimming in great numbers on the lower parts of the Ohio, and on the Mississippi. It is said that at times,

when the common Wolves are extremely hard pressed for food, they will eat certain roots which they dig up for the purpose, and the places from which they take this food look as if they had been spaded. When they hunt a Buffalo, and have killed it, they drag it to some distance — about sixty yards or so — and dig a hole large enough to receive and conceal it; they then cover it with earth, and lie down over it until hungry again, when they uncover, and feed upon it. Along the banks of the rivers, when the Buffaloes fall, or cannot ascend, and then die, the Wolves are seen in considerable numbers feeding upon them. Although cunning beyond belief in hiding at the report of a gun, they almost instantly show themselves from different parts around, and if you wish to kill some, you have only to hide yourself, and you will see them coming to the game you have left, when you are not distant more than thirty or forty yards. It is said that though they very frequently hunt their game until the latter take to the river, they seldom, if ever, follow after it. The wind that drove us ashore augmented into a severe gale, and by its present appearance looks as if it would last the whole night. Our fire was comfortable, for, as you know, the thermometer has been very changeable since noon. We have had rain also, though not continuous, but quite enough to wet our men, who, notwithstanding have cut and piled about twelve cords of wood, besides the large quantity we have on board for to-morrow, when we hope the weather will be good and calm.

May 15, Monday. The wind continued an irregular gale the whole of the night, and the frequent logs that struck our weather side kept me awake until nearly day-break, when I slept about two hours; it unfortunately happened that we were made fast upon the weather shore. This morning the gale kept up, and as we had nothing better to do, it was proposed that we should walk across the bottom lands, and attempt to go to the prairies, distant

about two and a half miles. This was accordingly done; Bell, Harris, Mr. La Barge¹—the first pilot—a mulatto hunter named Michaux, and I, started at nine. We first crossed through tangled brush-wood, and high-grown rushes for a few hundreds of yards, and soon perceived that here, as well as all along the Missouri and Mississippi, the land is highest nearest the shore, and falls off the farther one goes inland. Thus we soon came to mud, and from mud to muddy water, as *pure* as it runs in the Missouri itself; at every step which we took we raised several pounds of mud on our boots. Friend Harris very wisely returned, but the remainder of us proceeded through thick and thin until we came in sight of the prairies. But, alas! between us and them there existed a regular line of willows—and who ever saw willows grow far from water? Here we were of course stopped, and after attempting in many places to cross the water that divided us from the dry land, we were forced back, and had to return as best we could. We were mud up to the very middle, the perspiration ran down us, and at one time I was nearly exhausted; which proves to me pretty clearly that I am no longer as young, or as active, as I was some thirty years ago. When we reached the boat I was glad of it. We washed, changed our clothes, dined, and felt much refreshed. During our excursion out, Bell saw a Virginian Rail, and our sense of smell brought us to a dead Elk, putrid, and largely consumed by Wolves, whose tracks were very numerous about it. After dinner we went to

¹ This is Captain Joseph La Barge, the oldest living pilot on the Missouri, and probably now the sole survivor of the "Omega" voyage of 1843. He was born Oct. 1, 1815, of French parentage, his father having come to St. Louis, Mo., from Canada, and his mother from lower Louisiana. The family has been identified with the navigation of the Western rivers from the beginning of the century, and in 1850 there were seven licensed pilots of that name in the port of St. Louis. Captain Joseph La Barge still lives in St. Louis, at the age of eighty-two, and has a vivid recollection of Audubon's voyage of 1843, some incidents of which he has kindly communicated through Captain H. M. Chittenden, U. S. army.

the heronry that Harris had seen yesterday afternoon; for we had moved only one mile above the place of our wooding before we were again forced on shore. Here we killed four fine individuals, all on the wing, and some capital shots they were, besides a Raven. Unfortunately we had many followers, who destroyed our sport; therefore we returned on board, and at half-past four left our landing-place, having cut and piled up between forty and fifty cords of wood for the return of the "Omega." The wind has lulled down considerably, we have run seven or eight miles, and are again fast to the shore. It is reported that the water has risen two feet, but this is somewhat doubtful. We saw abundance of tracks of Elk, Deer, Wolf, and Bear, and had it been anything like tolerably dry ground, we should have had a good deal of sport. Saw this evening another dead Buffalo floating down the river.

May 16, Tuesday. At three o'clock this fair morning we were under way, but the water has actually risen a great deal, say three feet, since Sunday noon. The current therefore is very strong, and impedes our progress greatly. We found that the Herons we had killed yesterday had not yet laid the whole of their eggs, as we found one in full order, ripe, and well colored and conditioned. I feel assured that the Ravens destroy a great many of their eggs, as I saw one helping itself to two eggs, at two different times, on the same nest. We have seen a great number of Black-headed Gulls, and some Black Terns, some Indians on the east side of the river, and a Prairie Wolf, dead, hung across a prong of a tree. After a while we reached a spot where we saw ten or more Indians who had a large log cabin, and a field under fence. Then we came to the establishment called that of Vermilion River,¹ and met Mr. Cerré, called usually Pascal, the agent of the

¹ Vermilion is still the name of this river, and also of the town at its mouth which has replaced old Fort Vermilion, and is now the seat of Clay

Company at this post, a handsome French gentleman, of good manners. He dined with us. After this we landed, and walked to the fort, if the place may so be called, for we found it only a square, strongly picketed, without port-holes. It stands on the immediate bank of the river, opposite a long and narrow island, and is backed by a vast prairie, all of which was inundated during the spring freshet. He told me that game was abundant, such as Elk, Deer, and Bear; but that Ducks, Geese, and Swans were extremely scarce this season. Hares are plenty — no Rabbits. We left as soon as possible, for our captain is a pushing man most truly. We passed some remarkable bluffs of blue and light limestone, towards the top of which we saw an abundance of Cliff-Swallows, and counted upwards of two hundred nests. But, alas! we have finally met with an accident. A plate of one of our boilers was found to be burned out, and we were obliged to stop on the west side of the river, about ten miles below the mouth of the Vermilion River. Here we were told that we might go ashore and hunt to our hearts' content; and so I have, but shot at nothing. Bell, Michaux, and I, walked to the hills full three miles off, saw an extraordinary quantity of Deer, Wolf, and Elk tracks, as well as some of Wild Cats. Bell started a Deer, and after a while I heard him shoot. Michaux took to the top of the hills, Bell about midway, and I followed near the bottom; all in vain, however. I started a Woodcock, and caught one of her young, and I am now sorry for this evil deed. A dead Buffalo cow and calf passed us a few moments ago. Squires has seen one other, during our absence. We took at Mr. Cerré's establishment two *engagés* and four Sioux Indians. We are obliged to keep bright eyes upon them, for they are singularly light-fingered. The woods are filled with wild-

County, South Dakota. On the opposite side of the Missouri is Dixon Co., Nebraska. The stream was once known as Whitestone River, as given in "Lewis and Clark." — E. C.

gooseberry bushes, and a kind of small locust not yet in bloom, and quite new to me. The honey bee was not found in this country twenty years ago, and now they are abundant. A keel-boat passed, going down, but on the opposite side of the river. Bell and Michaux have returned. Bell wounded a large Wolf, and also a young Deer, but brought none on board, though he saw several of the latter. Harris killed one of the large new Finches, and a Yellow-headed Troupial. Bell intends going hunting to-morrow at daylight, with Michaux; I will try my luck too, but do not intend going till after breakfast, for I find that walking eight or ten miles through the tangled and thorny underbrush, fatigues me considerably, though twenty years ago I should have thought nothing of it.

May 17, Wednesday. This was a most lovely morning. Bell went off with Michaux at four A. M. I breakfasted at five, and started with Mr. La Barge. When we reached the hunting-grounds, about six miles distant, we saw Bell making signs to us to go to him, and I knew from that that they had some fresh meat. When we reached them, we found a very large Deer that Michaux had killed. Squires shot a Woodcock, which I ate for my dinner, in company with the captain. Michaux had brought the Deer — Indian fashion — about two miles. I was anxious to examine some of the intestines, and we all three started on the tracks of Michaux, leaving Squires to keep the Wolves away from the dead Deer. We went at once towards a small stream meandering at the foot of the hills, and as we followed it, Bell shot at a Turkey-cock about eighty yards; his ball cut a streak of feathers from its back, but the gobbler went off. When we approached the spot where Michaux had opened the Deer, we did so cautiously, in the hope of then shooting a Wolf, but none had come; we therefore made our observations, and took up the tongue, which had been forgotten. Bell joined us,

and as we were returning to Squires we saw flocks of the Chestnut-collared Lark or Ground-finch, whose exact measurement I have here given, and almost at the same time saw Harris. He and Bell went off after the Finches; we pursued our course to Squires, and waited for their return. Seeing no men to help carry the Deer, Michaux picked it up, Squires took his gun, etc., and we made for the river again. We had the good luck to meet the barge coming, and we reached our boat easily in a few minutes, with our game. I saw upwards of twelve of Harris' new Finch (?) a Marsh Hawk, Henslow's Bunting, *Emberiza pallida*, Robins, Wood Thrushes, Bluebirds, Ravens, the same abundance of House Wrens, and all the birds already enumerated. We have seen floating eight Buffaloes, one Antelope, and one Deer; how great the destruction of these animals must be during high freshets! The cause of their being drowned in such extraordinary numbers might not astonish one acquainted with the habits of these animals, but to one who is not, it may be well enough for me to describe it. Some few hundred miles above us, the river becomes confined between high bluffs or cliffs, many of which are nearly perpendicular, and therefore extremely difficult to ascend. When the Buffaloes have leaped or tumbled down from either side of the stream, they swim with ease across, but on reaching these walls, as it were, the poor animals try in vain to climb them, and becoming exhausted by falling back some dozens of times, give up the ghost, and float down the turbid stream; their bodies have been known to pass, swollen and putrid, the city of St. Louis. The most extraordinary part of the history of these drowned Buffaloes is, that the different tribes of Indians on the shores, are ever on the lookout for them, and no matter how putrid their flesh may be, provided the hump proves at all fat, they swim to them, drag them on shore, and cut them to pieces; after which they cook and eat this loathsome and

abominable flesh, even to the marrow found in the bones. In some instances this has been done when the whole of the hair had fallen off, from the rottenness of the Buffalo. Ah! Mr. Catlin, I am now sorry to see and to read your accounts of the Indians *you* saw¹ — how very different they must have been from any that I have seen! Whilst we were on the top of the high hills which we climbed this morning, and looked towards the valley beneath us, including the river, we were undetermined as to whether we saw as much land dry as land overflowed; the immense flat prairie on the east side of the river looked not unlike a lake of great expanse, and immediately beneath us the last freshet had left upwards of perhaps two or three hundred acres covered by water, with numbers of water fowl on it, but so difficult of access as to render our wishes to kill Ducks quite out of the question. From the tops of the hills we saw only a continual succession of other lakes, of the same form and nature; and although the soil was of a fair, or even good, quality, the grass grew in tufts, separated from each other, and as it grows green in one spot, it dies and turns brown in another. We saw here no “carpeted prairies,” no “velvety distant landscape;” and if these things are to be seen, why, the sooner we reach them the better. This afternoon I took the old nest of a Vireo, fully three feet above my head, filled with dried mud; it was attached to two small prongs issuing from a branch fully the size of my arm; this proves how high the water must have risen. Again, we saw large trees of which the bark had been torn off by the rubbing or cutting of the ice, as high as my shoulder. This is accounted for as

¹ As Audubon thus gently chides the extravagant statements of George Catlin, the well-known painter and panegyrist of the Indian, it may be well to state here that his own account of the putridity of drowned buffalo which the Indians eat with relish is not in the least exaggerated. Mr. Alexander Henry, the fur-trader of the North West Company, while at the Mandans in 1806, noticed the same thing that Audubon narrates, and described it in similar terms.

follows: during the first breaking up of the ice, it at times accumulates, so as to form a complete dam across the river; and when this suddenly gives way by the heat of the atmosphere, and the great pressure of the waters above the dam, the whole rushes on suddenly and overflows the country around, hurling the ice against any trees in its course. Sprague has shot two *Emberiza pallida*, two Lincoln's Finches, and a Black and Yellow Warbler, *Sylvicola* [*Dendroica*] *maculosa*. One of our trappers, who had gone to the hills, brought on board two Rattlesnakes of a kind which neither Harris nor myself had seen before. The four Indians we have on board are three Puncas¹ and one Sioux; the Puncas were formerly attached to the Omahas; but, having had some difficulties among themselves, they retired further up the river, and assumed this new name. The Omahas reside altogether on the west side of the Missouri. Three of the Puncas have walked off to the establishment of Mr. Cerré to procure moccasins, but will return to-night. They appear to be very poor, and with much greater appetites than friend Catlin describes them to have. Our men are stupid, and very superstitious; they believe the rattles of

¹ "The Puncas, as they are now universally called, or as some travellers formerly called them, Poncaras, or Poncars, the Pons of the French, were originally a branch of the Omahas, and speak nearly the same language. They have, however, long been separated from them, and dwell on both sides of Running-water River (L'Eau qui Court) and on Punca Creek, which Lewis and Clark call Poncara. They are said to have been brave warriors, but have been greatly reduced by war and the small-pox. According to Dr. Morse's report, they numbered in 1822 1,750 in all; at present the total number is estimated at about 300." ("Travels in North America," Maximilian, Prince of Wied, p. 137.)

"Poncar, Poncha, Ponca or Ponka, Punka, Puncah, etc. 'The remnant of a nation once respectable in point of numbers. They formerly [before 1805] resided on a branch of the Red River of Lake Winnipie; being oppressed by the Sioux, they removed to the west side of the Missouri on Poncar River . . . and now reside with the Mahas, whose language they speak.' ("Lewis and Clark," p. 109, ed. 1893.)

Snakes are a perfect cure for the headache; also, that they never die till after sunset, etc. We have discovered the female of Harris's Finch, which, as well as in the White-crowned Finch, resembles the male almost entirely; it is only a very little paler in its markings. I am truly proud to name it *Fringilla Harrisii*, in honor of one of the best friends I have in this world.

May 18, Thursday. Our good captain called us all up at a quarter before four this fair morning, to tell us that four barges had arrived from Fort Pierre, and that we might write a few letters, which Mr. Laidlaw,¹ one of the partners, would take to St. Louis for us. I was introduced to that gentleman and also to Major Dripps,² the Indian agent. I wrote four short letters, which I put in an envelope addressed to the Messieurs Chouteau & Co., of St. Louis, who will post them, and we have hopes that some may reach their destination. The names of these four boats are "War Eagle," "White Cloud," "Crow feather," and "Red-fish." We went on board one of them, and found it comfortable enough. They had ten thousand Buffalo robes on the four boats; the men live entirely on Buffalo meat and pemmican. They told us that about a hundred miles above us the Buffalo were by thousands, that the prairies were covered with dead calves, and the shores lined with dead of all sorts; that Antelopes were there also, and a great number of Wolves, etc.; therefore we shall see them after a while. Mr. Laidlaw

¹ Wm. Laidlaw was a member of the Columbia Fur Company at the time of its absorption by the Western Department of the American Fur Company, his service with the latter being mainly at Fort Pierre. With the exception, perhaps, of Kenneth McKenzie, also of the Columbia Fur Company, Laidlaw was the ablest of the Upper Missouri traders.

² This is Andrew Dripps, one of the early traders, long associated with Lucien Fontenelle, under the firm name of Fontenelle and Dripps, in the Rocky Mountain Fur Trade. In later years he was appointed Indian Agent, and was serving in that capacity during the "Omega" voyage of 1843. — E. C.

told me that he would be back at Fort Pierre in two months, and would see us on our return. He is a true Scot, and apparently a clean one. We gave them six bottles of whiskey, for which they were very thankful; they gave us dried Buffalo meat, and three pairs of moc-casins. They breakfasted with us, preferring salt meat to fresh venison. They departed soon after six o'clock, and proceeded rapidly down-stream in Indian file. These boats are strong and broad; the tops, or roofs, are supported by bent branches of trees, and these are covered by water-proof Buffalo hides; each has four oarsmen and a steersman, who manages the boat standing on a broad board; the helm is about ten feet long, and the rudder itself is five or six feet long. They row constantly for sixteen hours, and stop regularly at sundown; they, unfortunately for us, spent the night about two miles above us, for had we known of their immediate proximity we should have had the whole of the night granted for writing long, long letters. Our prospect of starting to-day is somewhat doubtful, as the hammering at the boilers still reaches my ears. The day is bright and calm. Mr. Laidlaw told us that on the 5th of May the snow fell two feet on the level, and destroyed thousands of Buffalo calves. We felt the same storm whilst we were fast on the bar above Fort Leavenworth. This has been a day of almost pure idleness; our tramps of yesterday and the day previous had tired me, and with the exception of shooting at marks, and Sprague killing one of Bell's Vireo, and a Least Pewee, as well as another female of Harris's Finch, we have done nothing. Bell this evening went off to look for Bats, but saw none.

May 19, Friday. This has been a beautiful, but a very dull day to us all. We started by moonlight at three this morning, and although we have been running constantly, we took the wrong channel twice, and thereby lost much

of our precious time; so I look upon this day's travel as a very poor one. The river was in several places inexpressibly wide and shallow. We saw a Deer of the common kind swimming across the stream; but few birds were killed, although we stopped (unfortunately) three times for wood. I forgot to say yesterday two things which I should have related, one of which is of a dismal and very disagreeable nature, being no less than the account given us of the clerks of the Company having killed one of the chiefs of the Blackfeet tribe of Indians, at the upper settlement of the Company, at the foot of the great falls of the Missouri, and therefore at the base of the Rocky Mountains, and Mr. Laidlaw assured us that it would be extremely dangerous for us to go that far towards these Indians. The other thing is that Mr. Laidlaw brought down a daughter of his, a half-breed of course, whom he is taking to St. Louis to be educated. We saw another Deer crossing the river, and have shot only a few birds, of no consequence.

May 20, Saturday. We have not made much progress this day, for the wind rose early, and rather ahead. We have passed to-day Jacques River,¹ or, as I should call it, La Rivière à Jacques, named after a man who some twenty or more years ago settled upon its banks, and made some money by collecting Beavers, etc., but who is dead and gone. Three White Wolves were seen this morning, and after a while we saw a fourth, of the brindled kind, which was trotting leisurely on, about 150 yards distant from the bank, where he had probably been feeding on some carrion or other. A shot from a rifle was quite enough

¹ This is the largest river which enters the Missouri thus far above Big Sioux River, coming from the north through South Dakota. The origin of the name, as given by Audubon, is known to few persons. *Jacques* is French for "James," and the stream has oftener been known as James River. Another of its names was Yankton River, derived from that of a tribe of the Sioux. But it is now usually called Dakota River, and will be found by this name on most modern maps.—E. C.

to make him turn off up the river again, but farther from us, at a full gallop; after a time he stopped again, when the noise of our steam pipe started him, and we soon lost sight of him in the bushes. We saw three Deer in the flat of one of the prairies, and just before our dinner we saw, rather indistinctly, a number of Buffaloes, making their way across the hills about two miles distant; after which, however, we saw their heavy tracks in a well and deep cut-line across the said hills. Therefore we are now in what is pronounced to be the "Buffalo country," and may expect to see more of these animals to-morrow. We have stopped for wood no less than three times this day, and are fast for the night. Sprague killed a *Pipilo arcticus*, and Bell three others of the same species. We procured also another Bat, the *Vespertilio subulatus* of Say, and this is all. The country around us has materially changed, and we now see more naked, and to my eyes more completely denuded, hills about us, and less of the rich bottoms of alluvial land, than we passed below our present situation. I will not anticipate the future by all that we hear of the country above, but will continue steadily to accumulate in this, my poor journal, all that may take place from day to day. Three of our Indian rascals left us at our last wooding-ground, and have gone towards their miserable village. We have now only one Sioux with us, who will, the captain says, go to Fort Pierre in our company. They are, all that we have had as yet, a thieving and dirty set, covered with vermin. We still see a great number of Black-headed Gulls, but I think fewer Geese and Ducks than below; this probably on account of the very swampy prairie we have seen, and which appears to become scarce as we are advancing in this strange wilderness.

May 21, Sunday. We have had a great deal that interested us all this day. In the first place we have passed no less than five of what are called rivers, and their

names are as follows:¹ Manuel, Basil, L'Eau qui Court, Ponca Creek, and Chouteau's River, all of which are indifferent streams of no magnitude, except the swift-flowing L'Eau qui Court,² which in some places is fully as broad as the Missouri itself, fully as muddy, filled with quicksands, and so remarkably shallow that in the autumn its navigation is very difficult indeed. We have seen this day about fifty Buffaloes; two which we saw had taken to the river, with intent to swim across it, but on the approach of our thundering, noisy vessel, turned about and after struggling for a few minutes, did make out to reach the top of the bank, after which they travelled at a moderate gait for some hundreds of yards; then, perhaps smelling or seeing the steamboat, they went off at a good though not very fast gallop, on the prairie by our side, and were soon somewhat ahead of us; they stopped once or twice, again resumed their gallop, and after a few

¹ It is not difficult to identify these five streams, though only one of them is of considerable size. See "Lewis and Clark," ed. of 1893, pp. 106-108.

1st. "Manuel" River is Plum Creek of Lewis and Clark, falling into the Missouri at Springfield, Bonhomme Co., S. D. It is Wanari River of Nicollet and of Warren; to be found on the General Land Office maps as Emanuel Creek, named for Manuel da Lisa, a noted trader on the Missouri in early days.

2d. "Basil" River is White Paint Creek of Lewis and Clark, falling in on the Nebraska side, a little below the mouth of the Niobrara, at the 935th mile point of the Missouri. The modern name is variously spelled Bazile, Basille, Bozzie, etc.

3d. L'Eau qui Court is of course the well-known Niobrara River.

4th. Ponca River falls in a mile or two above the Niobrara, on the same side of the Missouri.

5th. Chouteau Creek is present name of the stream next above, on the other side of the Missouri, at the 950th mile point. — E. C.

² L'Eau qui Court River has been called Rapid River, Spreading Water, Running Water, and Quicourt. "This river rises in the Black Hills, near the sources of Tongue River, and discharges itself into the Missouri about 1,000 miles from its mouth. The mouth is said to be 150 paces broad, and its current very rapid. There are said to be hot springs in this neighborhood, such as are known to exist in several places on the banks of the Missouri." ("Travels in North America," Maximilian, Prince of Wied, p. 141.)

diversions in their course, made to the hill-tops and disappeared altogether. We stopped to wood at a very propitious place indeed, for it was no less than the fort put up some years ago by Monsieur Le Clerc. Finding no one at the spot, we went to work cutting the pickets off his fortifications till we were loaded with the very best of dry wood. After we left that spot, were found several *Pipilo arcticus* which were shot, as well as a Say's Fly-catcher. The wind rose pretty high, and after trying our best to stem the current under very high cliffs, we were landed on Poncas Island, where all of us excepting Squires, who was asleep, went on shore to hunt, and to shoot whatever we might find. It happened that this island was well supplied with game; we saw many Deer, and Bell killed a young Doe, which proved good as fresh meat. Some twelve or fourteen of these animals were seen, and Bell saw three Elks which he followed across the island, also a Wolf in its hole, but did not kill it. Sprague saw a Forked-tailed Hawk, too far off to shoot at. We passed several dead Buffaloes near the shore, on which the Ravens were feeding gloriously. The *Pipilo arcticus* is now extremely abundant, and so is the House Wren, Yellow-breasted Chat, etc. We have seen this day Black-headed Gulls, Sandpipers, and Ducks, and now I am going to rest, for after my long walk through the deep mud to reach the ridge on the islands, I feel somewhat wearied and fatigued. Three Antelopes were seen this evening.

May 22, Monday. We started as early as usual, *i. e.*, at half-past three; the weather was fine. We breakfasted before six, and immediately after saw two Wild Cats of the common kind; we saw them running for some hundreds of yards. We also saw several large Wolves, noticing particularly one pure white, that stood and looked at us for some time. Their movements are precisely those of the common cur dog. We have seen five or six this

day. We began seeing Buffaloes again in small gangs, but this afternoon and evening we have seen a goodly number, probably more than a hundred. We also saw fifteen or twenty Antelopes. I saw ten at once, and it was beautiful to see them running from the top of a high hill down to its base, after which they went round the same hill, and were lost to us. We have landed three times to cut wood, and are now busy at it on Cedar Island.¹ At both the previous islands we saw an immense number of Buffalo tracks, more, indeed, than I had anticipated. The whole of the prairies as well as the hills have been so trampled by them that I should have considered it quite unsafe for a man to travel on horseback. The ground was literally covered with their tracks, and also with bunches of hair, while the bushes and the trunks of the trees, between which they had passed, were hanging with the latter substance. I collected some, and intend to carry a good deal home. We found here an abundance of what is called the White Apple,² but which is anything else but an apple. The fruit grows under the ground about six inches; it is about the size of a hen's egg, covered with a woody, hard pellicle, a sixteenth of an inch thick, from which the fruit can be

¹ " 'Cedar' is the name which has been applied by various authors to several different islands, many miles apart, in this portion of the river. . . . We reached an island extending for two miles in the middle of the river, covered with red cedar, from which it derives its name of Cedar Island." ("Lewis and Clark," ed. of 1893.)

"Cedar Island is said to be 1075 miles from the mouth of the Missouri. On the steep banks of this long, narrow island which lies near the southwest bank, there were thickets of poplars, willows, and buffalo-berry; the rest of the island is covered with a dark forest of red cedars, of which we immediately felled a goodly number. The notes of numerous birds were heard in the gloom of the cedar forest, into which no ray of sun could penetrate. Here, too, we found everywhere traces of the elks and stags, and saw where they had rubbed off the bark with their antlers." ("Travels in North America," Maximilian, Prince of Wied, p. 144.)

² Translating the usual French name (*pomme blanche*) of the *Psoralea esculenta*.

drawn without much difficulty; this is quite white; the exterior is a dirty, dark brown. The roots are woody. The flowers were not in bloom, but I perceived that the leaves are ovate, and attached in fives. This plant is collected in great quantities by the Indians at this season and during the whole summer, and put to dry, which renders it as hard as wood; it is then pounded fine, and makes an excellent kind of mush, upon which the Indians feed greedily. I will take some home. We found pieces of crystallized gypsum; we saw Meadow Larks whose songs and single notes are quite different from those of the Eastern States; we have not yet been able to kill one to decide if new or not.¹ We have seen the Arkansas Flycatcher, Sparrow-hawks, Geese, etc. The country grows poorer as we ascend; the bluffs exhibit oxide of iron, sulphur, and also magnesia. We have made a good day's run, though the wind blew rather fresh from the north-west. Harris shot a Marsh Hawk, Sprague a Night-hawk, and some small birds, and I saw Martins breeding in Woodpeckers' holes in high and large cotton-trees. We passed the "Grand Town"² very early this morning; I did not see it, however. Could we have remained on shore at several places that we passed, we should have made havoc with the Buffaloes, no doubt; but we shall have enough of that sport ere long. They all look extremely poor and shabby; we see them sporting among themselves, butting and tearing up the earth, and when at a gallop they throw up the dust behind them. We

¹ This is Audubon's first mention of the Western Meadow Lark, which he afterward decided to be a distinct species and named *Sturnella neglecta*, B. of Am. vii., 1844, p. 339, pl. 487. It is interesting to find him noting the difference in the song from that of the Eastern species before he had had an opportunity of examining the bird itself. — E. C.

² "Grand Town" is perhaps the large prairie-dog village which once covered several acres on the right bank of the Missouri, in the vicinity of the butte known as the Dome, or Tower, between Yankton and Fort Randall. — E. C.

saw their tracks all along both shores; where they have landed and are unable to get up the steep cliffs, they follow along the margin till they reach a ravine, and then make their way to the hills, and again to the valleys; they also have roads to return to the river to drink. They appear at this season more on the west side of the Missouri. The Elks, on the contrary, are found on the islands and low bottoms, well covered with timber; the common Deer is found indifferently everywhere. All the Antelopes we have seen were on the west side. After we had left our first landing-place a few miles, we observed some seven or eight Indians looking at us, and again retiring to the woods, as if to cover themselves; when we came nearly opposite them, however, they all came to the shore, and made signs to induce us to land. The boat did not stop for their pleasure, and after we had fairly passed them they began firing at us, not with blank cartridges, but with well-directed rifle-balls, several of which struck the "Omega" in different places. I was standing at that moment by one of the chimneys, and saw a ball strike the water a few feet beyond our bows; and Michaux, the hunter, heard its passing within a few inches of his head. A Scotchman, who was asleep below, was awakened and greatly frightened by hearing a ball pass through the partition, cutting the lower part of his pantaloons, and deadening itself against a trunk. Fortunately no one was hurt. Those rascals were attached to a war party, and belong to the Santee tribes which range across the country from the Mississippi to the Missouri. I will make no comment upon their conduct, but I have two of the balls that struck our boat; it seems to be a wonder that not one person was injured, standing on deck as we were to the number of a hundred or more. We have not seen Parrakeets or Squirrels for several days; Partridges have also deserted us, as well as Rabbits; we have seen Barn Swallows, but no more Rough-winged. We have

yet plenty of Red-headed Woodpeckers. Our captain has just sent out four hunters this evening, who are to hunt early to-morrow morning, and will meet the boat some distance above; Squires has gone with them. How I wish I were twenty-five years younger! I should like such a tramp greatly; but I do not think it prudent now for me to sleep on the ground when I can help it, while it is so damp.

May 23, Tuesday. The wind blew from the south this morning and rather stiffly. We rose early, and walked about this famous Cedar Island, where we stopped to cut large red cedars [*Juniperus virginianus*] for one and a half hours; we started at half-past five, breakfasted rather before six, and were on the lookout for our hunters. *Hunters!* Only two of them had ever been on a Buffalo hunt before. One was lost almost in sight of the river. They only walked two or three miles, and camped. Poor Squires' first experience was a very rough one; for, although they made a good fire at first, it never was tended afterwards, and his pillow was formed of a buck's horn accidentally picked up near the place. Our Sioux Indian helped himself to another, and they all felt chilly and damp. They had forgotten to take any spirits with them, and their condition was miserable. As the orb of day rose as red as blood, the party started, each taking a different direction. But the wind was unfavorable; it blew up, not down the river, and the Buffaloes, Wolves, Antelopes, and indeed every animal possessed of the sense of smell, had scent of them in time to avoid them. There happened however to be attached to this party two good and true men, that may be called hunters. One was Michaux; the other a friend of his, whose name I do not know. It happened, by hook or by crook, that these two managed to kill four Buffaloes; but one of them was drowned, as it took to the river after being shot. Only a few pieces from a young bull, and its tongue, were

brought on board, most of the men being too lazy, or too far off, to cut out even the tongues of the others; and thus it is that thousands multiplied by thousands of Buffaloes are murdered in senseless play, and their enormous carcasses are suffered to be the prey of the Wolf, the Raven and the Buzzard. However, the hunters all returned safely to the boat, and we took them in, some tired enough, among whom was friend Squires. He had worn out his moccasins, and his feet were sore, blistered, and swollen; he was thirsty enough too, for in taking a drink he had gone to a beautiful clear spring that unfortunately proved to be one of magnesia, which is common enough in this part of our country, and this much increased his thirst. He drank four tumblers of water first, then a glass of grog, ate somewhat of a breakfast, and went to bed, whence I called him a few minutes before dinner. However, he saw some Buffaloes, and had hopes of shooting one, also about twenty Antelopes. Michaux saw two very large White Wolves. At the place where we decided to take the fatigued party in, we stopped to cut down a few dead cedars, and Harris shot a common Rabbit and one Lark Finch. Bell and Sprague saw several Meadow-larks, which I trust will prove new, as these birds have quite different notes and songs from those of our eastern birds. They brought a curious cactus, some handsome well-scented dwarf peas, and several other plants unknown to me. On the island I found abundance of dwarf wild-cherry bushes in full blossom, and we have placed all these plants in press. We had the misfortune to get aground whilst at dinner, and are now fast till to-morrow morning; for all our efforts to get the boat off, and they have been many, have proved ineffectual. It is a bad spot, for we are nearly halfway from either shore. I continued my long letter for home, and wrote the greatest portion of another long one to John Bachman. I intend to write till a late hour

this night, as perchance we may reach Fort Pierre early next week.

May 24,¹ Wednesday. We remained on the said bar till four this afternoon. The wind blew hard all day. A boat from Fort Pierre containing two men passed us, bound for Fort Vermilion; one of them was Mr. Charity, one of the Company's associate traders. The boat was somewhat of a curiosity, being built in the form of a scow; but instead of being made of wood, had only a frame, covered with Buffalo skins with the hair on. They had been nine days coming 150 miles, detained every day, more or less, by Indians. Mr. Charity gave me some leather prepared for moccasins — for a consideration, of course. We have seen Buffaloes, etc., but the most important animal to us was one of Townsend's Hare.² We shot four Meadow-larks [*Sturnella neglecta*] that have, as I said, other songs and notes than ours, but could not establish them as new. We procured a Red-shafted Woodpecker, two Sparrow-hawks, two Arkansas Flycatchers, a Blue Grosbeak, saw Say's Flycatcher, etc. I went on shore with Harris's small double-barrelled gun, and the first shot I had was pretty near killing me; the cone blew off, and passed so near my ear that I was stunned, and fell down as if shot, and afterwards I was obliged to lie down for several minutes. I returned on board, glad indeed that the accident was no greater. We passed this afternoon bluffs of sulphur, almost pure to look at, and a patch that has burnt for two years in succession. Alum was found strewn on the shores. A toad was brought, supposed to be new by Harris and Bell. We landed for the night on an island so thick

¹ May 24 is the date given by Audubon, B. Amer. viii., p. 338, as that on which Mr. Bell shot the specimen which became type of *Emberiza Lecontei*, figured on plate 488. This bird is now *Ammodramus (Coturniculus) lecontei*; it long remained an extreme rarity. — E. C.

² The common Prairie Hare, *Lepus campestris*, for which see a previous note. — E. C.

with underbrush that it was no easy matter to walk through; perhaps a hundred Buffalo calves were dead in it, and the smell was not pleasant, as you may imagine. The boat of Mr. Charity went off when we reached the shore, after having escaped from the bar. We have seen more White Wolves this day, and few Antelopes. The whole country is trodden down by the heavy Buffaloes, and this renders the walking both fatiguing and somewhat dangerous. The garlic of this country has a red blossom, otherwise it looks much like ours; when Buffalo have fed for some time on this rank weed, their flesh cannot be eaten.

May 25, Thursday. The weather looked cloudy, and promised much rain when we rose this morning at five o'clock; our men kept busy cutting and bringing wood until six, when the "Omega" got under way. It began raining very soon afterwards and it has continued to this present moment. The dampness brought on a chilliness that made us have fires in each of the great cabins. Michaux brought me two specimens of *Neotoma floridana*, so young that their eyes were not open. The nest was found in the hollow of a tree cut down for firewood. Two or three miles above us, we saw three Mackinaw barges on the shore, just such as I have described before; all these belonged to the (so-called) Opposition Company of C. Bolton, Fox, Livingstone & Co., of New York, and therefore we passed them without stopping; but we had to follow their example a few hundred yards above them, for we had to stop also; and then some of the men came on board, to see and talk to their old acquaintances among our extraordinary and motley crew of trappers and *engagés*. On the roofs of the barges lay much Buffalo meat, and on the island we left this morning probably some hundreds of these poor animals, mostly young calves, were found dead at every few steps; and since then we have passed many dead as well as many groups of living. In one

place we saw a large gang swimming across the river; they fortunately reached a bank through which they cut their way towards the hills, and marched slowly and steadily on, paying no attention to our boat, as this was far to the lee of them. At another place on the west bank, we saw eight or ten, or perhaps more, Antelopes or Deer of some kind or other, but could not decide whether they were the one or the other. These animals were all lying down, which would be contrary to the general habit of our common Deer, which never lie down during rain, that I am aware of. We have had an extremely dull day of it, as one could hardly venture out of the cabin for pleasure. We met with several difficulties among sand-bars. At three o'clock we passed the entrance into the stream known as White River;¹ half an hour ago we were obliged to land, and send the yawl to try for the channel, but we are now again on our way, and have still the hope of reaching Great Cedar Island² this evening, where we must stop to cut wood. — *Later.* Our attempt to reach the island I fear will prove abortive, as we are once more at a standstill for want of deeper water, and the yawl has again gone ahead to feel for a channel. Within the last mile or so, we must have passed upwards of a hundred drowned young Buffalo calves, and many large ones. I will await the moment when we must make fast somewhere, as it is now past eight o'clock. The rain has ceased, and the weather has the appearance of a better day to-morrow, overhead at least. Now it is

¹ La Rivière Blanche of the French, also sometimes called White Earth River, and Mankizitah River; a considerable stream which falls into the right bank of the Missouri in Lyman Co., South Dakota, at the 1056 mile point of the Commission charts. — E. C.

² So called from its size, in distinction from the Cedar Island already mentioned on p. 505. This is Second Cedar Island of Warren's and Nicollet's maps, noticed by Lewis and Clark, Sept. 18, 1804, as "nearly a mile in length and covered with red cedar." It was once the site of an establishment called Fort Recovery. The position is near the 1070th-mile point of the Missouri. — E. C.

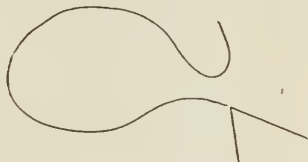
after nine o'clock; we are fastened to the shore, and I will, for the first time since I left St. Louis, sleep in my cabin, and between sheets.

May 26, Friday. The weather was fine, but we moved extremely slowly, not having made more than ten miles by twelve o'clock. The captain arranged all his papers for Fort Pierre. Three of the best walkers, well acquainted with the road, were picked from among our singularly mixed crew of *engagés*, and were put ashore at Big Bend Creek, on the banks of a high cliff on the western side; they ascended through a ravine, and soon were out of sight. We had stopped previously to cut wood, where our men had to lug it fully a quarter of a mile. We ourselves landed of course, but found the prairie so completely trodden by Buffaloes that it was next to impossible to walk. Notwithstanding this, however, a few birds were procured. The boat continued on with much difficulty, being often stopped for the want of water. At one place we counted over a hundred dead Buffalo calves; we saw a great number, however, that did reach the top of the bank, and proceeded to feeding at once. We saw one animal, quite alone, wading and swimming alternately, till it had nearly crossed the river, when for reasons unknown to us, and when only about fifty yards from the land, it suddenly turned about, and swam and waded back to the western side, whence it had originally come; this fellow moved through the water as represented in this very imperfect sketch, which I have placed here, and with his tail forming nearly half a circle by its erection during the time he swam. It was mired on several occasions while passing from one shoal or sand-bar to another. It walked, trotted, or galloped, while on the solid beach, and ultimately, by swimming a few hundred yards, returned to the side from whence it had started, though fully half a mile below the exact spot. There now was heard on board some talk about the *Great Bend*, and the

captain asked me whether I would like to go off and camp, and await his arrival on the other side to-morrow. I assured him that nothing would give us more pleasure, and he gave us three stout young men to go with us to carry our blankets, provisions, etc., and to act as guides and hunters. All was ready by about five of the afternoon, when Harris, Bell, Sprague, and I, as well as the three men, were put ashore; and off we went at a brisk walk across a beautiful, level prairie, whereon in sundry directions we could see small groups of Buffaloes, grazing at leisure. Proceeding along, we saw a great number of Cactus, some Bartram Sandpipers, and a Long-billed Curlew. Presently we observed a village of prairie Marmots, *Arctomys* [*Cynomys*] *ludovicianus*, and two or three of our party diverged at once to pay them their respects. The mounds which I passed were very low indeed; the holes were opened, but I saw not one of the owners. Harris, Bell, and Michaux, I believe, shot at some of them, but killed none, and we proceeded on, being somewhat anxious to pitch our camp for the night before dark. Presently we reached the hills and were surprised at their composition; the surface looked as if closely covered with small broken particles of coal, whilst the soil was of such greasy or soapy nature, that it was both painful and fatiguing to ascend them. Our guides assured us that such places were never in any other condition, or as they expressed it, were "never dry." Whilst travelling about these remarkable hills, Sprague saw one of Townsend's Hare, and we started the first and only Prairie Hen we have seen since our departure from St. Louis. Gradually we rose on to the very uppermost crest of the hills we had to cross, and whilst reposing ourselves for some minutes we had the gratification of seeing around us one of the great panoramas this remarkable portion of our country affords. There was a vast extent of country beneath and around us. Westward rose the famous Medicine Hill, and in the oppo-

site direction were the wanderings of the Missouri for many miles, and from the distance we were then from it, the river appeared as if a small, very circuitous streamlet. The Great Bend was all in full view, and its course almost resembled that of a chemist's retort, being formed somewhat like the scratch of my pen thus:—

The walk from our landing crossing the prairies was quite four miles, whilst the distance by water is computed to be twenty-six. From the pinnacle we stood on, we could see the movements of



our boat quite well, and whilst the men were employed cutting wood for her engines, we could almost count every stroke of their axes, though fully two miles distant, as the crow flies. As we advanced we soon found ourselves on the ridges leading us across the Bend, and plainly saw that we were descending towards the Missouri once more. *Chemin faisant*, we saw four Black-tailed Deer, a shot at which Michaux or Bell, who were in advance, might perhaps have had, had not Harris and Sprague taken a route across the declivity before them, and being observed by these keen-sighted animals, the whole made off at once. I had no fair opportunity of witnessing their movements; but they looked swiftness itself, combined with grace. They were not followed, and we reached the river at a spot which evidently had been previously camped on by Indians; here we made our minds up to stop at once, and arrange for the night, which now promised to be none of the fairest. One man remained with us to prepare the camp, whilst Michaux and the others started in search of game, as if blood-hounds. Meantime we lighted a large and glowing fire, and began preparing some supper. In less than half an hour Michaux was seen to return with a load on his back, which proved to be a fine young buck of the Black-tailed

Deer. This produced animation at once. I examined it carefully, and Harris and Sprague returned promptly from the point to which they had gone. The darkness of the night, contrasting with the vivid glare of our fire, which threw a bright light on the skinning of the Deer, and was reflected on the trunks and branches of the cottonwood trees, six of them in one clump, almost arising from the same root, gave such superb effect that I retired some few steps to enjoy the truly fine picture. Some were arranging their rough couches, whilst others were engaged in carrying wood to support our fire through the night; some brought water from the great, muddy stream, and others were busily at work sharpening long sticks for skewers, from which large pieces of venison were soon seen dropping their rich juices upon the brightest of embers. The very sight of this sharpened our appetites, and it must have been laughable to see how all of us fell to, and ate of this first-killed Black-tailed Deer. After a hearty meal we went to sleep, one and all, under the protection of God, and not much afraid of Indians, of whom we have not seen a specimen since we had the pleasure of being fired on by the Santees. We slept very well for a while, till it began to sprinkle rain; but it was only a very slight shower, and I did not even attempt to shelter myself from it. Our fires were mended several times by one or another of the party, and the short night passed on, refreshing us all as only men can be refreshed by sleep under the sky, breathing the purest of air, and happy as only a clear conscience can make one.

May 27, Saturday. At half-past three this morning my ears were saluted by the delightful song of the Red Thrush, who kept on with his strains until we were all up. Harris and Bell went off, and as soon as the two hunters had cleaned their rifles they followed. I remained in camp with Sprague for a while; the best portions of the Deer, *i. e.*, the liver, kidneys, and tongue, were cooked for



VIEW ON THE MISSOURI RIVER, ABOVE GREAT BEND.

FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY ISAAC SPRAGUE.

breakfast, which all enjoyed. No Wolves had disturbed our slumbers, and we now started in search of quadrupeds, birds, and adventures. We found several plants, all new to me, and which are now in press. All the ravines which we inspected were well covered by cedars of the red variety, and whilst ascending several of the hills we found them in many parts partially gliding down as if by the sudden effects of very heavy rain. We saw two very beautiful Avocets [*Recurvirostra americana*] feeding opposite our camp; we saw also a Hawk nearly resembling what is called Cooper's Hawk, but having a white rump. Bell joined the hunters and saw some thousands of Buffalo; and finding a very large bull within some thirty yards of them, they put in his body three large balls. The poor beast went off, however, and is now, in all probability, dead. Many fossil remains have been found on the hills about us, but we saw none. These hills are composed of limestone rocks, covered with much shale. Harris thinks this is a different formation from that of either St. Louis or Belle Vue—but, alas! we are not much of geologists. We shot only one of Say's Flycatcher, and the Finch we have called *Emberiza pallida*,¹ but of which I am by no means certain, for want of more exact descriptions than those of a mere synopsis. Our boat made its

¹ Audubon probably refers to the brief description in his own Synopsis of 1839, p. 103, a copy of which no doubt accompanied him up the Missouri. He had described and figured what he supposed to be *Emberiza pallida* in the Orn. Biogr. v., 1839, p. 66, pl. 398, fig. 2; B. Amer. iii., 1841, p. 71, pl. 161, from specimens taken in the Rocky Mts. by J. K. Townsend, June 15, 1834. But this bird was not the true *pallida* of Swainson, being that afterwards called *Spizella breweri* by Cassin, Pr. Acad. Philad., 1856, p. 40. The true *pallida* of Swainson is what Audubon described as *Emberiza shattuckii*, B. Amer. vii., 1844, p. 347, pl. 493, naming it for Dr. Geo. C. Shattuck, of Boston, one of his Labrador companions. He speaks of it as "abundant throughout the country bordering the upper Missouri;" and all mention in the present Journal of the "Clay-colored Bunting," or "*Emberiza pallida*," refers to what Audubon later named Shattuck's Bunting—not to what he gives as *Emberiza pallida* in the Orn. Biogr. and Synopsis of 1839; for the latter is *Spizella breweri*.—E. C.

appearance at two o'clock; we had observed from the hill-tops that it had been aground twice. At three our camp was broken up, our effects removed, our fire left burning, and our boat having landed for us, and for cutting cedar trees, we got on board, highly pleased with our camping out, especially as we found all well on board. We had not proceeded very far when the difficulties of navigation increased so much that we grounded several times, and presently saw a few Indians on the shore; our yawl was out sounding for a passage amid the many sand-bars in view; the Indians fired, not balls, but a salute, to call us ashore. We neared shore, and talked to them; for, they proving to be Sioux, and our captain being a good scholar in that tongue, there was no difficulty in so doing. He told them to follow us, and that he would come-to. They ran to their horses on the prairie, all of which stood still, and were good-looking, comparatively speaking, leaped on their backs without saddles or stirrups, and followed us with ease at a walk. They fired a second salute as we landed; there were only four of them, and they are all at this moment on board. They are fine-looking fellows; the captain introduced Harris and me to the chief, and we shook hands all round. They are a poor set of beggars after all. The captain gave them supper, sugar and coffee, and about one pound of gunpowder, and the chief coolly said: "What is the use of powder, without balls?" It is quite surprising that these Indians did not see us last night, for I have no doubt our fire could have been seen up and down the river for nearly twenty miles. But we are told their lodges are ten miles inland, and that may answer the question. I shall not be sorry now to go to bed. Our camp of the *Six Trees* is deserted and silent. The captain is almost afraid he may be forced to leave half his cargo somewhere near this, and proceed to Fort Pierre, now distant fifty miles, and return for the goods. The Indians saw nothing of the three men who

were sent yesterday to announce our approach to Fort Pierre.

Sunday, May 28. This morning was beautiful, though cool. Our visiting Indians left us at twelve last night, and I was glad enough to be rid of these beggars by trade. Both shores were dotted by groups of Buffaloes as far as the eye could reach, and although many were near the banks they kept on feeding quietly till we nearly approached them; those at the distance of half a mile never ceased their avocations. A Gray Wolf was seen swimming across our bows, and some dozens of shots were sent at the beast, which made it open its mouth and raise its head, but it never stopped swimming away from us, as fast as possible; after a while it reached a sand-bar, and immediately afterwards first trotted, and then galloped off. Three Buffaloes also crossed ahead of us, but at some distance; they all reached the shore, and scrambled up the bank. We have run better this morning than for three or four days, and if fortunate enough may reach Fort Pierre sometime to-morrow. The prairies appear better now, the grass looks green, and probably the poor Buffaloes will soon regain their flesh. We have seen more than 2,000 this morning up to this moment — twelve o'clock.

We reached Fort George¹ at about three this afternoon. This is what is called the "Station of the Opposition line;" some Indians and a few lodges are on the edge of the prairie. Sundry bales of Buffalo robes were brought on board, and Major Hamilton, who is now acting Indian agent here until the return of Major Crisp, came on board also. I knew his father thirty-five years ago. He pointed out to us the cabin on the opposite shore,² where a part-

¹ Situated on the right bank of the Missouri, in Presho Co., South Dakota. See "Lewis and Clark," ed. of 1893, p. 127. — E. C.

² This "cabin on the opposite shore" was somewhere in the vicinity of Rousseau, at or near the mouth of present Little Medicine Creek (formerly East Medicine Knoll River, originally named Reuben's Creek by Lewis and Clark, after Reuben Fields, one of their men). — E. C.

ner of the "Opposition line" shot at and killed two white men and wounded two others, all of whom were remarkable miscreants. We are about thirty miles below Fort Pierre. Indians were seen on both sides the river, ready to trade both here and at Fort Pierre, where I am told there are five hundred lodges standing. The Indian dogs which I saw here so very closely resemble wild Wolves, that I feel assured that if I was to meet with one of them in the woods, I should most assuredly kill it as such. A few minutes after leaving Fort George, we stopped to sound the channel, and could not discover more than three and a half feet of water; our captain told us we would proceed no farther this day, but would camp here. Bell, Harris, and Sprague went off with guns; Squires and I walked to Fort George, and soon met a young Englishman going towards our boat on a "Buffalo Horse" at a swift gallop; but on being hailed he reined up. His name was Illingsworth; he is the present manager of this establishment. He welcomed us, and as he was going to see Captain Sire, we proceeded on. Upon reaching the camp we found a strongly built log cabin, in one end of which we met Mr. Cutting, who told me he had known Victor [Audubon] in Cuba. This young gentleman had been thrown from his horse in a recent Buffalo chase, and had injured one foot so that he could not walk. A Buffalo cow had hooked the horse and thrown the rider about twenty feet, although the animal had not been wounded. We also met here a Mr. Taylor, who showed me the petrified head of a Beaver, which he supposed to be that of a Wolf; but I showed him the difference in the form at once. I saw two young Wolves about six weeks old, of the common kind, alive. They looked well, but their nature was already pretty apparently that of the parents. I saw an abundance of semi-wolf Dogs, and their howlings were distressing to my ear. We entered the lodge of a trader attached to our company, a German, who is a

clever man, has considerable knowledge of botany, and draws well. There were about fifteen lodges, and we saw a greater number of squaws and half-breed children than I had expected. But as every clerk and agent belonging to the companies has "a wife," as it is *called*, a spurious population soon exhibits itself around the wigwams. I will not comment upon this here. We returned before dark to our boat, and I am off to bed.

Monday, May 29. I was up early, and as soon as breakfast was over, Major Hamilton and myself walked to Fort George. We found the three gentlemen to whom I showed the plate of quadrupeds, and afterwards I went to their store to see skins of Wolves and of the Swift Fox. I found a tolerably good Fox skin which was at once given me; I saw what I was assured were two distinct varieties (for I cannot call them species) of Wolves. Both, however, considering the difference in size, were old and young of the same variety. They both had the top of the back dark gray, and the sides, belly, legs, and tail, nearly white. When I have these two sorts in the flesh, I may derive further knowledge. I looked at the Indian Dogs again with much attention, and was assured that there is much cross breeding between these Dogs and Wolves, and that all the varieties actually come from the same root.

Harris now joined us, and found he had met a brother of Mr. Cutting in Europe. The gentlemen from the fort came back to the boat with us; we gave them a luncheon, and later a good substantial dinner, the like of which, so they told us, they had not eaten for many a day. Mr. Illingsworth told us much about Buffaloes; he says the hunting is usually more or less dangerous. The Porcupine is found hereabouts and feeds on the leaves and bark as elsewhere, but not unfrequently retires into the crevices of rocks, whenever no trees of large size are to be found in its vicinity. Elks, at times, assemble in

groups of from fifty to two hundred, and their movements are as regular as those of a flock of White Pelicans, so that if the oldest Elk starts in any one direction, all the rest follow at once in his tracks. Where he stops, they all stop, and at times all will suddenly pause, range themselves as if a company of dragoons, ready to charge upon the enemy; which, however, they seldom if ever attempt. After dinner Mr. Illingsworth told me he would go and shoot a Buffalo calf for me — we will see. Bell, Harris, Squires, and myself went off to shoot some Prairie-dogs, as the *Arctomys ludovicianus* is called. After walking over the hills for about one mile, we came to the "village," and soon after heard their cries but not their barkings. The sound they make is simply a "chip, chip, chip," long and shrill enough, and at every cry the animal jerks its tail, without however erecting it upright, as I have seen them represented. Their holes are not perpendicular, but oblique, at an angle of about forty degrees, after which they seem to deviate; but whether sideways or upwards, I cannot yet say. I shot at two of them, which appeared to me to be standing, not across their holes, but in front of them. The first one I never saw after the shot; the second I found dying at the entrance of the burrow, but at my appearance it worked backwards. I drew my ramrod and put the end in its mouth; this it bit hard but kept working backwards, and notwithstanding my efforts, was soon out of sight and touch. Bell saw two enter the same hole, and Harris three. Bell saw some standing quite erect and leaping in the air to see and watch our movements. I found, by lying down within twenty or thirty steps of the hole, that they reappeared in fifteen or twenty minutes. This was the case with me when I shot at the two I have mentioned. Harris saw one that, after coming out of its hole, gave a long and somewhat whistling note, which he thinks was one of invitation to its neighbors, as several came out

in a few moments. I have great doubts whether their cries are issued at the appearance of danger or not. I am of opinion that they are a mode of recognition as well as of amusement. I also think they feed more at night than in the day. On my return to the boat, I rounded a small hill and started a Prairie Wolf within a few steps of me. I was unfortunately loaded with No. 3 shot. I pulled one trigger and then the other, but the rascal went off as if unhurt for nearly a hundred yards, when he stopped, shook himself rather violently, and I saw I had hit him; but he ran off again at a very swift rate, his tail down, stopped again, and again shook himself as before, after which he ran out of my sight between the hills. Buffalo cows at this season associate together, with their calves, but if pursued, leave the latter to save themselves. The hides at present are not worth saving, and the Indians as well as the white hunters, when they shoot a Buffalo, tear off the hide, cut out the better portions of the flesh, as well as the tongue, and leave the carcass to the Wolves and Ravens. By the way, Bell saw a Magpie this day, and Harris killed two Black-headed Grosbeaks. Bell also saw several Evening Grosbeaks to-day; therefore there's not much need of crossing the Rocky Mountains for the few precious birds that the talented and truth-speaking Mr. — brought or sent to the well-paying Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia! The two men sent to Fort Pierre a few days ago have returned, one this evening, in a canoe, the other this afternoon, by land.

May 30, Tuesday. We had a fine morning, and indeed a very fair day. I was called up long before five to receive a Buffalo calf, and the head of another, which Mr. Illingsworth had the goodness to send me. Sprague has been busy ever since breakfast drawing one of the heads, the size of nature. The other entire calf has been skinned, and will be in strong pickle before I go to bed.

Mr. Illingsworth killed two calves, one bull, and one cow. The calves, though not more than about two months old, as soon as the mother was wounded, rushed towards the horse or the man who had struck her. The one bull skinned was so nearly putrid, though so freshly killed, that its carcass was thrown overboard. This gentleman, as well as many others, assured us that the hunting of Buffaloes, for persons unaccustomed to it, was very risky indeed; and said no one should attempt it unless well initiated, even though he may be a first-rate rider. When calves are caught alive, by placing your hands over the eyes and blowing into the nostrils, in the course of a few minutes they will follow the man who performs this simple operation. Indeed if a cow perchance leaves her calf behind during a time of danger, or in the chase, the calf will often await the approach of man and follow him as soon as the operation mentioned is over. Mr. Illingsworth paid us a short visit, and told us that Mr. Cutting was writing to his post near Fort Union to expect us, and to afford us all possible assistance. We made a start at seven, and after laboring over the infernal sand-bars until nearly four this afternoon, we passed them, actually cutting our own channel with the assistance of the wheel. Whilst we were at this, we were suddenly boarded by the yawl of the "Trapper," containing Mr. Picotte, Mr. Chardon, and several others. They had left Fort Pierre this morning, and had come down in one hour and a half. We were all duly presented to the whole group, and I gave to each of these gentlemen the letters I had for them. I found them very kind and affable. They dined after us, being somewhat late, but ate heartily and drank the same. They brought a first-rate hunter with them, of whom I expect to have much to say hereafter. Mr. Picotte promised me the largest pair of Elk horns ever seen in this country, as well as several other curiosities, all of which I will write about when I have them. We have reached

Antelope River,¹ a very small creek on the west side. We saw two Wolves crossing the river, and Harris shot a Lark Finch. We have now no difficulties before us, and hope to reach Fort Pierre very early to-morrow morning.

Fort Pierre,² May 31, Wednesday. After many difficulties we reached this place at four o'clock this afternoon, having spent the whole previous part of the day, say since half-past three this morning, in coming against the innumerable bars — only *nine miles!* I forgot to say last evening, that where we landed for the night our captain caught a fine specimen of *Neotoma floridana*, a female. We were forced to come to about a quarter of a mile above Fort Pierre, after having passed the steamer "Trapper" of our Company. Bell, Squires, and myself walked to the Fort as soon as possible, and found Mr. Picotte and Mr. Chardon there. More kindness from strangers I have seldom received. I was presented with the largest pair of Elk horns I ever saw, and also a skin of the animal itself, most beautifully prepared, which I hope to give to

¹ Or Antelope Creek, then as now the name of the small stream which falls into the Missouri on the right bank, about 10 miles below the mouth of the Teton. It has also been known as Cabri Creek, Katota Tokah, and High-water Creek, the latter being the designation originally bestowed by Lewis and Clark, Sept. 24, 1804. It runs in Presho Co., S. Dak. — E. C.

² The *old* fort of this name was three miles above the mouth of the Teton River; this was abandoned, and another fort built, higher up, on the west bank of the Missouri. The Prince of Wied reached this fort on the fifty-first day of his voyage up the Missouri, and Audubon on the thirty-third of his; a gain in time which may possibly be attributed both to better weather and to the improvement in steamboats during ten years. The Prince says: "Fort Pierre is one of the most considerable settlements of the Fur Company on the Missouri, and forms a large quadrangle surrounded by pickets. Seven thousand buffalo skins and other furs were put on board our boat to take to St. Louis. . . . The leather tents of the Sioux Indians, the most distinguished being that of the old interpreter, Dorion (or Durion), a half Sioux, who is mentioned by many travellers, and resides here with his Indian family. His tent was large, and painted red; at the top of the poles composing the frame, several scalps hung." ("Travels in North America," p. 156, Maximilian, Prince of Wied.)

my beloved wife. I was also presented with two pairs of moccasins, an Indian riding-whip, one collar of Grizzly Bear's claws, and two long strings of dried white apples, as well as two Indian dresses. I bought the skin of a fine young Grizzly Bear, two Wolf skins, and a parcel of fossil remains. I saw twelve young Buffalo calves, caught a few weeks ago, and yet as wild, apparently, as ever. Sprague will take outlines of them to-morrow morning, and I shall draw them. We have put ashore about one-half of our cargo and left fifty of our *engagés*, so that we shall be able to go much faster, in less water than we have hitherto drawn. We are all engaged in finishing our correspondence, the whole of the letters being about to be forwarded to St. Louis by the steamer "Trapper." I have a letter of seven pages to W. G. Bakewell, James Hall, J. W. H. Page, and Thomas M. Brewer,¹ of Boston, besides those to my family. We are about one and a half miles above the Teton River, or, as it is now called, the Little Missouri,² a swift and tortuous stream that finds its source about 250 miles from its union with this great river, in what are called the Bad Lands of Teton River, where it seems, from what we hear, that the country has been at one period greatly convulsed, and is filled

¹ W. G. Bakewell was Audubon's brother-in-law; James Hall, brother of Mrs. John W. Audubon; J. W. H. Page, of New Bedford. Thomas Mayo Brewer, who became a noted ornithologist, edited the 12mo edition of Wilson, wrote Part I. of the "Oölogy of North America," which was published by the Smithsonian Institution in 1857, and was one of the authors of Baird, Brewer, and Ridgway's "History of North American Birds." He died in Boston Jan. 23, 1880, having been born there Nov. 21, 1814. He is notorious for his mistaken zeal in introducing the English Sparrow in this country. — E. C.

² The Teton, or Bad River, has long ceased to be known as the Little Missouri, — a name now applied to another branch of the Missouri, which falls in from the south much higher up, about 23 miles above present Fort Berthold. Teton River was so named by Lewis and Clark, Sept. 24, 1804, from the tribe of Sioux found at its mouth: see the History of the Expedition, ed. of 1893, p. 131, and compare p. 267. The Indian name was Chicha, Schicha, or Shisha. — E. C.

with fossil remains. I saw the young Elk belonging to our captain, looking exceedingly shabby, but with the most beautiful eyes I ever beheld in any animal of the Deer kind. We have shot nothing to-day. I have heard all the notes of the Meadow Lark found here and they are utterly different from those of our common species. And now that I am pretty well fatigued with writing letters and this journal, I will go to rest, though I have matter enough in my poor head to write a book. We expect to proceed onwards some time to-morrow.

June 1, Thursday. I was up at half-past three, and by four Sprague and I walked to the Fort, for the purpose of taking sketches of young Buffalo calves. These young beasts grunt precisely like a hog, and I would defy any person not seeing the animals to tell one sound from the other. The calves were not out of the stable, and while waiting I measured the Elk horns given me by Mr. Picotte. They are as follows: length, 4 feet $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches; breadth 27 to $27\frac{1}{2}$ inches; circumference at the skull 16 inches, round the knob 12 inches; between the knobs 3 inches. This animal, one of the largest ever seen in this country, was killed in November last. From seventeen to twenty-one poles are necessary to put up a lodge, and the poles when the lodge is up are six or seven feet above the top. The holes at the bottom, all round, suffice to indicate the number of these wanted to tighten the lodge. In time Sprague made several outline sketches of calves, and I drew what I wished. We had breakfast very early, and I ate some good bread and fresh butter. Mr. Picotte presented me with two pipe-stems this morning, quite short, but handsome. At eleven we were on our way, and having crossed the river, came alongside of the "Trapper," of which Mr. John Durack takes the command to St. Louis. The name of our own captain is Joseph A. Sire. Mr. Picotte gave me a letter for Fort Union, as Mr. Culbertson will not be there when we arrive. One of

Captain Sire's daughters and her husband are going up with us. She soled three pairs of moccasins for me, as skilfully as an Indian. Bell and Harris shot several rare birds. Mr. Bowie promised to save for me all the curiosities he could procure; he came on board and saw the plates of quadrupeds, and I gave him an almanac, which he much desired.

After we had all returned on board, I was somewhat surprised that Sprague asked me to let him return with the "Omega" to St. Louis. Of course I told him that he was at liberty to do so, though it will keep me grinding about double as much as I expected. Had he said the same at New York, I could have had any number of young and good artists, who would have leaped for joy at the very idea of accompanying such an expedition. Never mind, however.

We have run well this afternoon, for we left Fort Pierre at two o'clock, and we are now more than twenty-five miles above it. We had a rascally Indian on board, who hid himself for the purpose of murdering Mr. Chardon; the latter gave him a thrashing last year for thieving, and Indians never forget such things—he had sworn vengeance, and that was enough. Mr. Chardon discovered him below, armed with a knife; he talked to him pretty freely, and then came up to ask the captain to put the fellow ashore. This request was granted, and he and his bundle were dropped overboard, where the water was waist deep; the fellow scrambled out, and we heard, afterward, made out to return to Fort Pierre. I had a long talk with Sprague, who thought I was displeased with him—a thing that never came into my head—and in all probability he will remain with us. Harris shot a pair of Arkansas Flycatchers, and Squires procured several plants, new to us all. Harris wrote a few lines to Mr. Sarpy at St. Louis, and I have had the pleasure to send the Elk horns, and the great balls from the stomachs of

Buffalo given me by our good captain. I am extremely fatigued, for we have been up since before daylight. *At 12 o'clock of the night.* I have got up to scribble this, which it is not strange that after all I saw this day, at this curious place, I should have forgotten. Mr. Picotte took me to the storehouse where the skins procured are kept, and showed me eight or ten packages of White Hare skins, which I feel assured are all of Townsend's Hare of friend Bachman, as no other species are to be met with in this neighborhood during the winter months, when these animals migrate southward, both in search of food and of a milder climate.

June 2, Friday. We made an extremely early start about three A. M. The morning was beautiful and calm. We passed Cheyenne River at half-past seven, and took wood a few miles above it. Saw two White Pelicans, shot a few birds. My hunter, Alexis Bombarde, whom I have engaged, could not go shooting last night on account of the crossing of this river, the Cheyenne, which is quite a large stream. Mr. Chardon gave me full control of Alexis, till we reach the Yellowstone. He is a first-rate hunter, and powerfully built; he wears his hair long about his head and shoulders, as I was wont to do; but being a half-breed, his does not curl as mine did. Whilst we are engaged cutting wood again, many of the men have gone after a Buffalo, shot from the boat. We have seen more Wolves this day than ever previously. We saw where carcasses of Buffaloes had been quite devoured by these animals, and the diversity of their colors and of their size is more wonderful than all that can be said of them. Alexis Bombarde, whom hereafter I shall simply call *Alexis*, says that with a small-bored rifle common size, good shot will kill any Wolf at sixty or eighty yards' distance, as well as bullets. We passed one Wolf that, crossing our bows, went under the wheel and yet escaped, though several shots were fired at it. I had

a specimen of *Arvicola pennsylvanicus*¹ brought to me, and I was glad to find this species so very far from New York. These animals in confinement eat each other up, the strongest one remaining, often maimed and covered with blood. This I have seen, and I was glad to have it corroborated by Bell. We are told the Buffalo cows are generally best to eat in the month of July; the young bulls are, however, tough at this season. Our men have just returned with the whole of the Buffalo except its head; it is a young bull, and may prove good. When they reached it, it was standing, and Alexis shot at it twice, to despatch it as soon as possible. It was skinned and cut up in a very few minutes, and the whole of the flesh was brought on board. I am now astonished at the poverty of the bluffs which we pass; no more of the beautiful limestone formations that we saw below. Instead of those, we now run along banks of poor and crumbling clay, dry and hard now, but after a rain soft and soapy. Most of the cedars in the ravines, formerly fine and thrifty, are now, generally speaking, dead and dried up. Whether this may be the effect of the transitions of the weather or not, I cannot pretend to assert. We have seen more Wolves to-day than on any previous occasions. We have made a good day's work of it also, for I dare say that when we stop for the night, we shall have travelled sixty miles. The water is rising somewhat, but not to hurt our progress. We have seen young Gadwall Ducks, and a pair of Geese that had young ones swimming out of our sight.

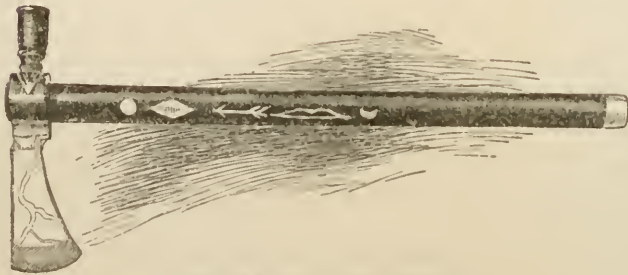
June 3, Saturday. Alexis went off last night at eleven o'clock, walked about fifteen miles, and returned at ten this morning; he brought three Prairie Dogs, or, as I

¹ Wilson's Meadow Mouse. This is the name used by Aud. and Bach. Quad. N. Am. i., 1849, p. 341, pl. 45, for the *Arvicola riparius* of Ord, now known as *Microtus riparius*. But the specimen brought to Audubon can only be very doubtfully referred to this species. — E. C.

call them, Prairie Marmots. The wind blew violently till we had run several miles; at one period we were near stopping. We have had many difficulties with the sand-bars, having six or seven times taken the wrong channel, and then having to drop back and try our luck again. The three Marmots had been killed with shot quite too large, and not one of them was fit for drawing, or even skinning. Sprague and I have taken measurements of all their parts, which I give at once. [*Here follow forty-two measurements, all external, of the male and female.*] I received no further intelligence about the habits of this species, except that they are quite numerous in every direction. We passed four rivers to-day; the Little Chayenne,¹ the Moroe, the Grand, and the Rampart. The Moroe is a handsome stream and, I am told, has been formerly a good one for Beaver. It is navigable for barges for a considerable distance. Just before dinner we stopped to cut drift-wood on a sand-bar, and a Wolf was seen upon it. Bell, Harris, and some one else went after it. The wily rascal cut across the bar and, hiding itself under the bank, ran round the point, and again stopped. But Bell had returned towards the very spot, and the fellow was seen swimming off, when Bell pulled the trigger and shot it dead, in or near the head. The captain sent the yawl after it, and it was brought on board. It was tied round the neck and dipped in the river to wash it. It smelled very strong, but I was heartily glad to have it in my power to examine it closely, and to be enabled to take very many measurements of this the first Wolf we have actually procured. It was a male, but rather poor; its general color a grayish yellow; its measurements are

¹ This is spelt thus in the Journal, and also on Tanner's map of 1829: see also Lewis and Clark, ed. of 1893, p. 152. The "Moroe" River of the above text is present Moreau River, falling into the Missouri from the west in Dewey Co., S. Dak. Grand River was also known by its Arikara name, Weterhoo, or Wetarhoo. Rampart River is about two miles above Grand River; it was also called Maropa River.—E. C.

as follows [*omitted*]. We saw one Goose with a gosling, several Coots, Grebes, Blue Herons, Doves, Magpies, Red-shafted Woodpeckers, etc. On a sand-bar Bell counted ten Wolves feeding on some carcass. We also saw three young whelps. This morning we saw a large number of Black-headed Gulls feeding on a dead Buffalo with some Ravens; the Gulls probably were feeding on the worms, or other insects about the carcass. We saw four Elks, and a large gang of Buffaloes. One Wolf was seen crossing the river towards our boat; being fired at, it wheeled round, but turned towards us again, again wheeled round, and returned to where it had started. We ran this evening till our wood was exhausted, and I do not know how we will manage to-morrow. Good-night. God bless you all.



INDIAN HATCHET-PIPE.

Carried by Audubon during many of his Journeys.

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HIS JOURNALS



EMBERIZA TOWNSENDII, TOWNSEND'S BUNTING.

(Now *Spiza townsendii*.)

FROM AN UNFINISHED DRAWING BY J. J. AUDUBON OF THE ONLY SPECIMEN EVER KNOWN, SHOT MAY 14, 1833,
IN CHESTER CO., PA., BY J. K. TOWNSEND.

AUDUBON AND HIS JOURNALS

BY

MARIA R. AUDUBON

WITH ZOÖLOGICAL AND OTHER NOTES

BY

ELLIOTT COUES

ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME II.

NEW YORK
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1897

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THE MISSOURI RIVER JOURNALS

1843

(Continued)

THE MISSOURI RIVER JOURNALS

1843

(Continued)

June 4, Sunday. We have run pretty well, though the wind has been tolerably high; the country we have passed this day is somewhat better than what we saw yesterday, which, as I said, was the poorest we have seen. No occurrence of interest has taken place. We passed this morning the old Riccaree¹ Village, where General Ashley² was so completely beaten as to lose eighteen of his

¹ "We halted for dinner at a village which we suppose to have belonged to the Ricaras. It is situated in a low plain on the river, and consists of about eighty lodges of an octagon form, neatly covered with earth, placed as close to each other as possible, and picketed round." ("Lewis and Clark," ed. 1893.)

"The village of the Rikaras, Arickaras, or Rikarees, for the name is variously written, is between the 46th and 47th parallels of north latitude, and 1,430 miles above the mouth of the Missouri. . . . It was divided into two portions, about eighty yards apart, being inhabited by two distinct bands. The whole extended about three quarters of a mile along the river bank, and was composed of conical lodges, that looked like so many small hillocks, being wooden frames intertwined with osier, and covered with earth." ("Astoria," W. Irving.)

"From the hills we had a fine prospect over the bend of the river, on which the villages of the Arikkaras are situated. The two villages of this tribe are on the west bank, very near each other, but separated by a small stream. They consist of a great number of clay huts, round at top, with a square entrance in front, and the whole surrounded with a fence of stakes, which were much decayed and in many places thrown down." ("Travels in North America," p. 166, Maximilian, Prince of Wied.)

² "General Ashley of Missouri, a man whose courage and achievements in the prosecution of his enterprises had rendered him famous in the Far

men, with the very weapons and ammunition that he had trafficked with the Indians of that village, against all the remonstrances of his friends and interpreters; yet he said that it proved fortunate for him, as he turned his steps towards some other spot, where he procured one hundred packs of Beaver skins for a mere song. We stopped to cut wood at an old house put up for winter quarters, and the wood being ash, and quite dry, was excellent. We are now fast for the night at an abandoned post, or fort, of the Company, where, luckily for us, a good deal of wood was found cut. We saw only one Wolf, and a few small gangs of Buffaloes. Bell shot a Bunting which resembles Henslow's, but we have no means of comparing it at present. We have collected a few plants during our landing. The steam is blowing off, and therefore our day's run is ended. When I went to bed last night it was raining smartly, and Alexis did not go off, as he did wish. By the way, I forgot to say that along with the three Prairie Marmots, he brought also four Spoon-billed Ducks, which we ate at dinner to-day, and found delicious. Bell saw many Lazuli Finches this morning. Notwithstanding the tremendous shaking of our boat, Sprague managed to draw four figures of the legs and feet of the Wolf shot by Bell yesterday, and my own pencil was not idle.

June 5, Monday. Alexis went off in the night sometime, and came on board about three o'clock this morning; he had seen nothing whatever, except the traces of Beavers and of Otters, on Beaver Creek, which, by the way, he had to cross on a raft. Speaking of rafts, I am told that one of these, made of two bundles of rushes, about the size of a man's body, and fastened together by a few sticks, is quite sufficient to take two men and two packs of Buffalo robes across this muddy river. In the course of the morning

West in conjunction with Mr. [Andrew?] Henry, of the Missouri Trading Co., established a post on the banks of the Yellowstone River in 1822." ("Capt. Bonneville," W. Irving.)

we passed Cannon Ball River,¹ and the very remarkable bluffs about it, of which we cannot well speak until we have stopped there and examined their nature. We saw two Swans alighting on the prairie at a considerable distance. We stopped to take wood at Bowie's settlement, at which place his wife was killed by some of the Riccaree Indians, after some Gros Ventres had assured him that such would be the case if he suffered his wife to go out of the house. She went out, however, on the second day, and was shot with three rifle-balls. The Indians took parts of her hair and went off. She was duly buried; but the Gros Ventres returned some time afterwards, took up the body, and carried off the balance of her hair. They, however, reburied her; and it was not until several months had elapsed that the story came to the ears of Mr. Bowie. We have also passed Apple Creek,² but the chief part is yet to be added. At one place where the bluffs were high, we saw five Buffaloes landing a few hundred yards above us on the western side; one of them cantered off

¹ "We reached the mouth of Le Boulet, or Cannon Ball River. This stream rises in the Black Mts. and falls into the Missouri; its channel is about 140 feet wide, though the water is now confined within 40; its name is derived from the numbers of perfectly round stones on the shore and in the bluffs just above." ("Lewis and Clark," ed. 1893.)

"We came to an aperture in the chain of hills, from which this river, which was very high, issues. On the north side of the mouth there was a steep, yellow clay wall; and on the southern, a flat, covered with poplars and willows. This river has its name from the singular regular sandstone balls which are found in its banks, and in those of the Missouri in its vicinity. They are of various sizes, from that of a musket ball to that of a large bomb, and lie irregularly on the bank, or in the strata, from which they often project to half their thickness; when the river has washed away the earth they then fall down, and are found in great numbers on the bank. Many of them are rather elliptical, others are more flattened, others flat on one side and convex on the other. Of the *perfectly spherical* balls, I observed some two feet in diameter. A mile above the mouth of Cannon Ball River I saw no more of them." ("Travels in North America," p. 167, Maximilian, Prince of Wied.)

² Present name of the stream which falls into the Missouri from the east, about five miles below Fort Rice; Chewah or Fish River of Lewis and Clark; Shewash River of Maximilian. Audubon is now approaching Bismarck, the capital of North Dakota. — E. C.

immediately, and by some means did reach the top of the hills, and went out of our sight; the four others ran, waded, and swam at different places, always above us, trying to make their escape. At one spot they attempted to climb the bluff, having unconsciously passed the place where their leader had made good his way, and in their attempts to scramble up, tumbled down, and at last became so much affrighted that they took to the river for good, with the intention to swim to the shore they had left. Unfortunately for them, we had been gaining upon them; we had all been anxiously watching them, and the moment they began to swim we were all about the boat with guns and rifles, awaiting the instant when they would be close under our bows. The moment came; I was on the lower deck among several of the people with guns, and the firing was soon heavy; but not one of the Buffaloes was stopped, although every one must have been severely hit and wounded. Bell shot a load of buckshot at the head of one, which disappeared entirely under the water for perhaps a minute. I sent a ball through the neck of the last of the four, but all ineffectually, and off they went, swimming to the opposite shore; one lagged behind the rest, but, having found footing on a sand-bar, it rested awhile, and again swam off to rejoin its companions. They all reached the shore, but were quite as badly off on that side as they had been on the other, and their difficulties must have been great indeed; however, in a short time we had passed them. Mr. Charles Primeau,¹ who is a good shot, and who killed the young Buffalo bull the other day, assured me that it was his opinion the whole of these would die before

¹ Charles Primeau was born at St. Louis, Mo., entered the American Fur Company as clerk, and continued in that service many years. Later he helped to form an opposition company under the name of Harvey, Primeau, & Co., which did business for a few years, until, like most of the smaller concerns, it was absorbed by the American Fur Co. He then went back to his former employers, and afterward was engaged by the U. S. Government as Indian interpreter, long holding this position. In 1896 he was living in the vicinity of Fort Yates. — E. C.

sundown, but that Buffaloes swimming were a hundred times more difficult to kill than those on shore. I have been told also, that a Buffalo shot by an Indian, in the presence of several whites, exhibited some marks on the inside of the skin that looked like old wounds, and that on close examination they found no less than six balls in its paunch. Sometimes they will run a mile after having been struck through the heart; whilst at other times they will fall dead without such desperate shot. Alexis told me that once he shot one through the thigh, and that it fell dead on the spot. We passed this afternoon a very curious conical mound of earth, about which Harris and I had some curiosity, by which I lost two pounds of snuff, as he was right, and I was wrong. We have seen Geese and Goslings, Ravens, Blue Herons, Bluebirds, Thrushes, Red-headed Woodpeckers and Red-shafted ditto, Martins, an immense number of Rough-winged Swallows about their holes, and Barn Swallows. We heard Killdeers last evening. Small Crested Flycatchers, Summer Yellow-birds, Maryland Yellow-throats, House Wrens are seen as we pass along our route; while the Spotted Sandpiper accompanies us all along the river. Sparrow Hawks, Turkey Buzzards, Arctic Towhee Buntings, Cat-birds, Mallards, Coots, Gadwalls, King-birds, Yellow-breasted Chats, Red Thrushes, all are noted as we pass. We have had a good day's run; it is now half-past ten. The wind has been cold, and this evening we have had a dash of rain. We have seen only one Wolf. We have heard some wonderful stories about Indians and white men, none of which I can well depend upon. We have stopped for the night a few miles above where the "Assiniboin"¹ steamer was burnt with all her cargo uninsured, in the year 1835. I heard that after she had run ashore, the men started to build a scow to unload the cargo; but that through some accident the

¹ The "Assiniboin" was the steamer on which Maximilian, Prince of Wied, travelled down the Missouri in 1833.

vessel was set on fire, and that a man and a woman who alone had been left on board, walked off to the island, where they remained some days unable to reach shore.

June 6, Tuesday. This morning was quite cold, and we had a thick white frost on our upper deck. It was also extremely cloudy, the wind from the east, and all about us looked dismal enough. The hands on board seemed to have been busy the whole of the night, for I scarcely slept for the noise they made. We soon came to a very difficult part of the river, and had to stop full three hours. Meanwhile the yawl went off to seek and sound for a channel, whilst the wood-cutters and the carriers — who, by the way, are called “charrettes”¹ — followed their work, and we gathered a good quantity of drift-wood, which burns like straw. Our hopes of reaching the Mandan Village were abandoned, but we at last proceeded on our way and passed the bar; it was nearly dinner-time. Harris and Bell had their guns, and brought two Arctic Towhee Buntings and a Black-billed Cuckoo. They saw two large flocks of Geese making their way westward. The place where we landed showed many signs of Deer, Elk, and Buffaloes. I saw trees where the latter had rubbed their heavy bodies against the bark, till they had completely robbed the tree of its garment. We saw several Red-shafted Woodpeckers, and other birds named before. The Buffalo, when hunted on horseback, does *not* carry its tail erect, as has been represented in books, but close between the legs; but when you see a Buffalo bull work its tail sideways in a twisted rolling fashion, *then* take care of him, as it is a sure sign of his intention to rush against his pursuer’s horse, which is very dangerous, both to hunter and steed. As we proceeded I saw two fine White-headed Eagles alighting on their nest,

¹ This is an interesting note of the early French name on the Missouri of the persons about a boat whom we should call “stevedores,” or “roustabouts.” The French word *charette*, or *charrette*, occurs also as a personal name, and it will be remembered that there was a town of La Charette on the Lower Missouri. — E. C.

where perhaps they had young—and how remarkably late in the season this species does breed here! We also saw a young Sandhill Crane, and on an open prairie four Antelopes a few hundred yards off. Alexis tells me that at this season this is a rare occurrence, as the females are generally in the brushwood now; but in this instance the male and three females were on open prairie. We have passed what is called the Heart¹ River, and the Square Hills, which, of course, are by no means square, but simply more level than the generality of those we have passed for upwards of three weeks. We now saw four barges belonging to our company, and came to, above them, as usual. A Mr. Kipp, one of the partners, came on board; and Harris, Squires, and myself had time to write each a short letter to our friends at home. Mr. Kipp had a peculiar looking crew who appeared not much better than a set of bandits among the Pyrenees or the Alps; yet they seem to be the very best sort of men for trappers and boatmen. We exchanged four of our men for four of his, as the latter are wanted at the Yellowstone. The country appears to Harris and to myself as if we had outrun the progress of vegetation, as from the boat we observed oaks scarcely in leaflets, whilst two hundred miles below, and indeed at a much less distance, we saw the same timber in nearly full leaf; flowers are also scarce. A single Wolf was seen by some one on deck. Nothing can be possibly keener than the senses of hearing and sight, as well as of smell, in the Antelope. Not one was ever known to jump up close to a hunter; and the very motion of the grasses, as these are wafted by the wind, will keep them awake and on the alert. Immediately upon the breaking up of the ice about the Mandan Village, three Buffaloes were seen floating down on a large cake; they were seen by Mr.

¹ Heart River, the stream which falls into the Missouri near the town of Mandan, about opposite Bismarck, N. Dak. Here the river is now bridged by the Northern Pacific Railroad, which crosses the Missouri from Bismarck, and follows up Heart River for some distance. — E. C

Primeau from his post, and again from Fort Pierre. How much further the poor beasts travelled, no one can tell. It happens not infrequently, when the river is entirely closed in with ice, that some hundreds of Buffaloes attempt to cross; their aggregate enormous weight forces the ice to break, and the whole of the gang are drowned, as it is impossible for these animals to climb over the surrounding sharp edges of the ice. We have seen not less than three nests of White-headed Eagles this day. We are fast ashore about sixteen miles below the Mandan Villages, and will, in all probability, reach there to-morrow morning at an early hour. It is raining yet, and the day has been a most unpleasant one.

June 7, Wednesday. We had a vile night of rain, and wind from the northeast, which is still going on, and likely to continue the whole of this blessed day. Yesterday, when we had a white frost, ice was found in the kettles of Mr. Kipp's barges. We reached Fort Clark¹ and the Mandan Villages at half-past seven this morning. Great guns were fired from the fort and from the "Omega," as our captain took the guns from the "Trapper" at Fort Pierre. The site of this fort appears a good one, though it is placed considerably below the Mandan Village. We saw some small spots cultivated, where corn, pumpkins, and beans are grown. The fort and village are situated on the high bank, rising somewhat to the elevation of a hill. The Mandan mud huts are very far from looking poetical, although Mr. Catlin has tried to render them so by placing them in regular rows, and all of the same size and form, which is by no means the case. But different travellers have different eyes! We saw more Indians than at any

¹ "Fort Clark came in sight, with a background of the blue prairie hills, and with the gay American banner waving from the flag-staff. . . . The fort is built on a smaller scale, on a plan similar to that of all the other trading posts or forts of the company. Immediately behind the fort there were, in the prairie, seventy leather tents of the Crows." (Prince of Wied, p. 171.)

Fort Clark stood on the right bank of the Missouri, and thus across the river from the original Fort Mandan built by Lewis and Clark in the fall of 1804. Maximilian has much to say of it and of Mr. Kipp.

previous time since leaving St. Louis; and it is possible that there are a hundred huts, made of mud, all looking like so many potato winter-houses in the Eastern States. As soon as we were near the shore, every article that could conveniently be carried off was placed under lock and key, and our division door was made fast, as well as those of our own rooms. Even the axes and poles were put by. Our captain told us that last year they stole his cap and his shot-pouch and horn, and that it was through the interference of the first chief that he recovered his cap and horn; but that a squaw had his leather belt, and would not give it up. The appearance of these poor, miserable devils, as we approached the shore, was wretched enough. There they stood in the pelting rain and keen wind, covered with Buffalo robes, red blankets, and the like, some partially and most curiously besmeared with mud; and as they came on board, and we shook hands with each of them, I felt a clamminess that rendered the ceremony most repulsive. Their legs and naked feet were covered with mud. They looked at me with apparent curiosity, perhaps on account of my beard, which produced the same effect at Fort Pierre. They all looked very poor; and our captain says they are the *ne plus ultra* of thieves. It is said there are nearly three thousand men, women, and children that, during winter, cram themselves into these miserable hovels. Harris and I walked to the fort about nine o'clock. The walking was rascally, passing through mud and water the whole way. The yard of the fort itself was as bad. We entered Mr. Chardon's own room, crawled up a crazy ladder, and in a low garret I had the great pleasure of seeing alive the Swift or Kit Fox which he has given to me. It ran swiftly from one corner to another, and, when approached, growled somewhat in the manner of a common Fox. Mr. Chardon told me that good care would be taken of it until our return, that it would be chained to render it more gentle, and that I would find it an easy matter to take

it along. I sincerely hope so. Seeing a remarkably fine skin of a large Cross Fox¹ which I wished to buy, it was handed over to me. After this, Mr. Chardon asked one of the Indians to take us into the village, and particularly to show us the "Medicine Lodge." We followed our guide through mud and mire, even into the Lodge. We found this to be, in general terms, like all the other lodges, only larger, measuring twenty-three yards in diameter, with a large squarish aperture in the centre of the roof, some six or seven feet long by about four wide. We had entered this curiosity shop by pushing aside a wet Elk skin stretched on four sticks. Looking around, I saw a number of calabashes, eight or ten Otter skulls, two very large Buffalo skulls with the horns on, evidently of great age, and some sticks and other magical implements with which none but a "Great Medicine Man" is acquainted. During my survey there sat, crouched down on his haunches, an Indian wrapped in a dirty blanket, with only his filthy head peeping out. Our guide spoke to him; but he stirred not. Again, at the foot of one of the posts that support the central portion of this great room, lay a parcel that I took for a bundle of Buffalo robes; but it moved presently, and from beneath it half arose the emaciated body of a poor blind Indian, whose skin was quite shrivelled; and our guide made us signs that he was about to die. We all shook both hands with him; and he pressed our hands closely and with evident satisfaction. He had his pipe and tobacco pouch by him, and soon lay down again. We left this abode of mysteries, as I was anxious to see the interior of one of the common huts around; and again our guide led us through mud and mire to his own lodge, which we entered in the same way as we had done the other. All

¹ This Fox was probably the cross variety of the Long-tailed Prairie Fox, *Vulpes macrourus* of Baird, Stansbury's Exped. Great Salt Lake, June, 1852, p. 309; *Vulpes utah* of Aud. and Bach. Quad. N. Am. iii., 1853, p. 255, pl. 151 (originally published by them in Proc. Acad. Philad., July, 1852, p. 114). — E. C.

these lodges have a sort of portico that leads to the door, and on the tops of most of them I observed Buffalo skulls. This lodge contained the whole family of our guide—several women and children, and another man, perhaps a son-in-law or a brother. All these, except the man, were on the outer edge of the lodge, crouching on the ground, some suckling children; and at nearly equal distances apart were placed berths, raised about two feet above the ground, made of leather, and with square apertures for the sleepers or occupants to enter. The man of whom I have spoken was lying down in one of these, which was all open in front. I walked up to him, and, after disturbing his happy slumbers, shook hands with him; he made signs for me to sit down; and after Harris and I had done so, he rose, squatted himself near us, and, getting out a large spoon made of boiled Buffalo horn, handed it to a young girl, who brought a great rounded wooden bowl filled with pemmican, mixed with corn and some other stuff. I ate a mouthful or so of it, and found it quite palatable; and Harris and the rest then ate of it also. Bell was absent; we had seen nothing of him since we left the boat. This lodge, as well as the other, was dirty with water and mud; but I am told that in dry weather they are kept cleaner, and much cleaning do they need, most truly. A round, shallow hole was dug in the centre for the fire; and from the roof descended over this a chain, by the aid of which they do their cooking, the utensil being attached to the chain when wanted. As we returned towards the fort, I gave our guide a piece of tobacco, and he appeared well pleased. He followed us on board, and as he peeped in my room, and saw the dried and stuffed specimens we have, he evinced a slight degree of curiosity. Our captain, Mr. Chardon, and our men have been busily engaged in putting ashore that portion of the cargo designed for this fort, which in general appearance might be called a poor miniature representa-

tion of Fort Pierre. The whole country around was overgrown with "Lamb's quarters" (*Chenopodium album*), which I have no doubt, if boiled, would take the place of spinach in this wild and, to my eyes, miserable country, the poetry of which lies in the imagination of those writers who have described the "velvety prairies" and "enchanted castles" (of mud), so common where we now are. We observed a considerable difference in the color of these Indians, who, by the way, are almost all Riccarces; many appeared, and in fact are, redder than others; they are lank, rather tall, and very alert, but, as I have said before, all look poor and dirty. After dinner we went up the muddy bank again to look at the corn-fields, as the small patches that are meanly cultivated are called. We found poor, sickly looking corn about two inches high, that had been represented to us this morning as full six inches high. We followed the prairie, a very extensive one, to the hills, and there found a deep ravine, sufficiently impregnated with saline matter to answer the purpose of salt water for the Indians to boil their corn and pemmican, clear and clean; but they, as well as the whites at the fort, resort to the muddy Missouri for their drinking water, the only fresh water at hand. Not a drop of spirituous liquor has been brought to this place for the last two years; and there can be no doubt that on this account the Indians have become more peaceable than heretofore, though now and then a white man is murdered, and many horses are stolen. As we walked over the plain, we saw heaps of earth thrown up to cover the poor Mandans who died of the small-pox. These mounds in many instances appear to contain the remains of several bodies and, perched on the top, lies, pretty generally, the rotting skull of a Buffalo. Indeed, the skulls of the Buffaloes seem as if a kind of relation to these most absurdly superstitious and ignorant beings. I could not hear a word of the young Grizzly Bear of which Mr. Chardon had spoken to me. He gave me his Buffalo

head-dress and other trifles — as he was pleased to call them; all of which will prove more or less interesting and curious to you when they reach Minniesland. He presented Squires with a good hunting shirt and a few other things, and to all of us, presented moccasins. We collected a few round cacti;¹ and I saw several birds that looked much the worse for the cold and wet weather we have had these last few days. Our boat has been thronged with Indians ever since we have tied to the shore; and it is with considerable difficulty and care that we can stop them from intruding into our rooms when we are there. We found many portions of skulls lying on the ground, which, perhaps, did at one period form the circles of them spoken of by Catlin. All around the village is filthy beyond description. Our captain tells us that no matter what weather we may have to-morrow, he will start at daylight, even if he can only go across the river, to get rid of these wolfish-looking vagabonds of Indians. I sincerely hope that we may have a fair day and a long run, so that the air around us may once more be pure and fresh from the hand of Nature. After the Riccarees had taken possession of this Mandan Village, the remains of that once powerful tribe removed about three miles up the river, and there have now fifteen or twenty huts, containing, of course, only that number of families. During the worst periods of the epidemic which swept over this village with such fury, many became maniacs, rushed to the Missouri, leaped into its turbid waters, and were seen no more. Mr. Primeau, wife, and children, as well as another half-breed, have gone to the fort, and are to remain there till further orders. The fort is in a poor condition, roofs leaking, etc. Whilst at the fort this afternoon, I was greatly surprised to see a tall, athletic Indian thrashing

¹ No doubt the *Mammillaria vivipara*, a small globose species, quite different from the common *Opuntia* or prickly pear of the Missouri region.
— E. C.

the dirty rascals about Mr. Chardon's door most severely; but I found on inquiry that he was called "the soldier,"¹ and that he had authority to do so whenever the Indians intruded or congregated in the manner this *canaille* had done. After a while the same tall fellow came on board with his long stick, and immediately began belaboring the fellows on the lower guards; the latter ran off over the planks, and scrambled up the muddy banks as if so many affrighted Buffaloes. Since then we have been comparatively quiet; but I hope they will all go off, as the captain is going to put the boat from the shore, to the full length of our spars. The wind has shifted to the northward, and the atmosphere has been so chilled that a House Swallow was caught, benumbed with cold, and brought to me by our captain. Harris, Bell, and I saw a Cliff Swallow take refuge on board; but this was not caught. We have seen Say's Flycatcher, the Ground Finch, Cow Buntings, and a few other birds. One of the agents arrived this afternoon from the Gros Ventre, or Minnetaree Village, about twelve miles above us. He is represented as a remarkably brave man, and he relates some strange adventures of his prowess. Several *great warriors* have condescended to shake me by the hand; their very touch is disgusting — it will indeed be a deliverance to get rid of all this "Indian poetry." We are, nevertheless, to take a few to the Yellowstone. Alexis has his wife, who is, in fact, a good-looking young woman; an old patroon, Provost, takes one of his daughters along; and we have, besides, several red-skinned single gentlemen. We were assured that the northern parts of the hills, that form a complete curtain to the vast prairie on which we have walked this afternoon, are still adorned with patches of snow that fell there during last winter. It is now nine o'clock, but before I go to rest

¹ The individual so designated was an important functionary in these villages, whose authority corresponded with that of our "chief of police," and was seldom if ever disputed. — E. C.

I cannot resist giving you a description of the curious exhibition that we have had on board, from a numerous lot of Indians of the first class, say some forty or fifty. They ranged themselves along the sides of the large cabin, squatting on the floor. Coffee had been prepared for the whole party, and hard sea-biscuit likewise. The coffee was first given to each of them, and afterwards the biscuits, and I had the honor of handing the latter to the row on one side of the boat; a box of tobacco was opened and laid on the table. The man who came from the Gros Ventres this afternoon proved to be an excellent interpreter; and after the captain had delivered his speech to him, he spoke loudly to the group, and explained the purport of the captain's speech. They grunted their approbation frequently, and were, no doubt, pleased. Two individuals (Indians) made their appearance highly decorated, with epaulets on the shoulders, red clay on blue uniforms, three cocks' plumes in their head-dress, rich moccasins, leggings, etc. These are men who, though in the employ of the Opposition company, act truly as friends; but who, meantime, being called "Braves," never grunted, bowed, or shook hands with any of us. Supper over and the tobacco distributed, the whole body arose simultaneously, and each and every one of these dirty wretches we had all to shake by the hand. The two braves sat still until all the rest had gone ashore, and then retired as majestically as they had entered, not even shaking hands with our good-humored captain. I am told that this performance takes place once every year, on the passing of the Company's boats. I need not say that the coffee and the two biscuits apiece were gobbled down in less than no time. The tobacco, which averaged about two pounds to each man, was hid in their robes or blankets for future use. Two of the Indians, who must have been of the highest order, and who distributed the "rank weed," were nearly naked; one had on only a breech-clout and one legging, the other

was in no better case. They are now all ashore except one or more who are going with us to the Yellowstone; and I will now go to my rest. Though I have said "Good-night," I have arisen almost immediately, and I must write on, for we have other scenes going on both among the trappers below and some of the people above. Many Indians, squaws as well as men, are bartering and trading, and keep up such a babble that Harris and I find sleep impossible; needless to say, the squaws who are on board are of the lowest grade of morality.

June 8, Thursday. This morning was fair and cold, as you see by the range of the thermometer, 37° to 56°. We started at a very early hour, and breakfasted before five, on account of the village of Gros Ventres, where our captain had to stop. We passed a few lodges belonging to the tribe of the poor Mandans, about all that remained. I only counted eight, but am told there are twelve. The village of the Gros Ventres (Minnetarees) has been cut off from the bank of the river by an enormous sand-bar, now overgrown with willows and brush, and we could only see the American flag flying in the cool breeze. Two miles above this, however, we saw an increasing body of Indians, for the prairie was sprinkled with small parties, on horse and on foot. The first who arrived fired a salute of small guns, and we responded with our big gun. They had an abundance of dogs harnessed to take wood back to the village, and their yells and fighting were severe upon our ears. Some forty or more of the distinguished blackguards came on board; and we had to close our doors as we did yesterday. After a short period they were feasted as last evening; and speeches, coffee, and tobacco, as well as some gunpowder, were given them, which they took away in packs, to be divided afterward. We took one more passenger, and lost our interpreter, who is a trader with the Minnetarees. The latter are by no means as fine-looking a set of men as those we have seen before,

and I observed none of that whiteness of skin among them. There were numbers of men, women, and children. We saw a crippled and evidently tame Wolf, and two Indians, following us on the top of the hills. We saw two Swans on a bar, and a female Elk, with her young fawn, for a few minutes. I wished that we had been ashore, as I know full well that the mother would not leave her young; and the mother killed, the young one would have been easily caught alive. We are now stopping for the night, and our men are cutting wood. We have done this, I believe, four times to-day, and have run upward of sixty miles. At the last wood-cutting place, a young leveret was started by the men, and after a short race, the poor thing squatted, and was killed by the stroke of a stick. It proved to be the young of *Lepus townsendii* [*L. campestris*], large enough to have left the mother, and weighing rather more than a pound. It is a very beautiful specimen. The eyes are very large, and the iris pure amber color. Its hair is tightly, but beautifully curled. Its measurements are as follows [omitted]. Bell will make a fine skin of it to-morrow morning. We have had all sorts of stories related to us; but Mr. Kipp, who has been in the country for twenty-two years, is evidently a person of truth, and I expect a good deal of information from him. Our captain told us that on a previous voyage some Indians asked him if, "when the great Medicine" (meaning the steamer) "was tired, he gave it whiskey." Mr. Sire laughed, and told them he did. "How much?" was the query. "A barrelful, to be sure!" The poor wretches at first actually believed him, and went off contented, but were naturally angry at being undeceived on a later occasion. I have now some hope of finding a young of the Antelope alive at Fort Union, as Mr. Kipp left one there about ten days ago. I am now going to bed, though our axemen and "charettes" are still going; and I hope I may not be

called up to-morrow morning, to be ready for breakfast at half-past four. Harris and Bell went off with Alexis. Bell fired at a bird, and a large Wolf immediately made its appearance. This is always the case in this country; when you shoot an animal and hide yourself, you may see, in less than half an hour, from ten to thirty of these hungry rascals around the carcass, and have fine fun shooting at them. We have had a windy day, but a good run on the whole. I hope to-morrow may prove propitious, and that we shall reach Fort Union in five more days.

June 9, Friday. Thermometer 42°, 75°, 66°. We had a heavy white frost last night, but we have had a fine, pleasant day on the whole, and to me a most interesting one. We passed the Little Missouri¹ (the real one) about ten this morning. It is a handsome stream, that runs all the way from the Black Hills, one of the main spurs of the mighty Rocky Mountains. We saw three Elks swimming across it, and the number of this fine species of Deer that are about us now is almost inconceivable. We have heard of burning springs, which we intend to examine on our way down. We started a Goose from the shore that had evidently young ones; she swam off, beating the water with wings half extended, until nearly one hundred yards off. A shot from a rifle was fired at her,

¹ "It rises to the west of the Black Mts., across the northern extremity of which it finds a narrow, rapid passage along high perpendicular banks, then seeks the Missouri in a northeasterly direction, through a broken country with highlands bare of timber, and the low grounds particularly supplied with cottonwood, elm, small ash, box, alder, and an undergrowth of willow, red-wood, red-berry, and choke-cherry. . . . It enters the Missouri with a bold current, and is 134 yards wide, but its greatest depth is two feet and a half, which, joined to its rapidity and its sand-bars, makes the navigation difficult except for canoes." ("Lewis and Clark," ed. 1893, pp. 267, 268.)

"We came to a green spot at the mouth of the Little Missouri, which is reckoned to be 1670 miles from the mouth of the great Missouri. The chain of blue hills, with the same singular forms as we had seen before, appeared on the other side of this river." ("Travels in North America," Prince of Wied, p. 182.)

and happily missed the poor thing; she afterwards lowered her neck, sank her body, and with the tip of the bill only above water, kept swimming away from us till out of sight. Afterwards one of the trappers shot at two Geese with two young ones. We landed at four o'clock, and Harris and Bell shot some Bay-winged Buntings and *Emberiza pallida*, whilst Sprague and I went up to the top of the hills, bounding the beautiful prairie, by which we had stopped to repair something about the engine. We gathered some handsome lupines, of two different species, and many other curious plants. From this elevated spot we could see the wilderness to an immense distance; the Missouri looked as if only a brook, and our steamer a very small one indeed. At this juncture we saw two men running along the shore upwards, and I supposed they had seen an Elk or something else, of which they were in pursuit. Meantime, gazing around, we saw a large lake, where we are told that Ducks, Geese, and Swans breed in great numbers; this we intend also to visit when we come down. At this moment I heard the report of a gun from the point where the men had been seen, and when we reached the steamboat, we were told that a Buffalo had been killed. From the deck I saw a man swimming round the animal; he got on its side, and floated down the stream with it. The captain sent a parcel of men with a rope; the swimmer fastened this round the neck of the Buffalo, and with his assistance, for he now swam all the way, the poor beast was brought alongside; and as the tackle had been previously fixed, it was hauled up on the fore deck. Sprague took its measurements with me, which are as follows: length from nose to root of tail, 8 feet; height of fore shoulder to hoof, 4 ft. 9½ in.; height at the rump to hoof, 4 ft. 2 in. The head was cut off, as well as one fore and one hind foot. The head is so full of symmetry, and so beautiful, that I shall have a drawing of it to-morrow,

as well as careful ones of the feet. Whilst the butchers were at work, I was highly interested to see one of our Indians cutting out the milk-bag of the cow and eating it, quite fresh and raw, in pieces somewhat larger than a hen's egg. One of the stomachs was partially washed in a bucket of water, and an Indian swallowed a large portion of this. Mr. Chardon brought the remainder on the upper deck and ate it uncleaned. I had a piece well cleaned and tasted it; to my utter astonishment, it was very good, but the idea was repulsive to me; besides which, I am not a meat-eater, as you know, except when other provisions fail. The animal was in good condition; and the whole carcass was cut up and dispersed among the men below, reserving the nicer portions for the cabin. This was accomplished with great rapidity; the blood was washed away in a trice, and half an hour afterwards no one would have known that a Buffalo had been dressed on deck. We now met with a somewhat disagreeable accident; in starting and backing off the boat, our yawl was run beneath the boat; this strained it, and sprung one of the planks so much that, when we landed on the opposite side of the river, we had to haul it on shore, and turn it over for examination; it was afterwards taken to the fore-castle to undergo repairs to-morrow, as it is often needed. Whilst cutting wood was going on, we went ashore. Bell shot at two Buffaloes out of eight, and killed both; he would also have shot a Wolf, had he had more bullets. Harris saw, and shot at, an Elk; but he knows little about still hunting, and thereby lost a good chance. A negro fire-tender went off with his rifle and shot two of Townsend's Hares. One was cut in two by his ball, and he left it on the ground; the other was shot near the rump, and I have it now hanging before me; and, let me tell you, that I never before saw so beautiful an animal of the same family. My drawing will be a good one; it is a fine specimen, an old male. I have been

hearing much of the prevalence of scurvy, from living so constantly on dried flesh, also about the small-pox, which destroyed such numbers of the Indians. Among the Mandans, Riccarées, and Gros Ventres, hundreds died in 1837, only a few surviving; and the Assiniboins were nearly exterminated. Indeed it is said that in the various attacks of this scourge 52,000 Indians have perished. This last visitation of the dread disease has never before been related by a traveller,¹ and I will write more of it when at Fort Union. It is now twenty minutes to midnight; and, with walking and excitement of one kind or another, I am ready for bed. Alexis and another hunter will be off in an hour on a hunt.

June 10, Saturday. I rose at half-past three this morning. It was clear and balmy; our men were cutting wood, and we went off shooting. We saw a female Elk that was loath to leave the neighborhood; and Bell shot a Sharp-tailed Grouse, which we ate at our supper and found pretty good, though sadly out of season. As we were returning to the boat, Alexis and his companion went off after Buffaloes that we saw grazing peaceably on the bank near the river. Whilst they were shooting at the Buffaloes, and almost simultaneously, the fawn of the female Elk was seen lying asleep under the bank. It rose as we approached, and Bell shot at it, but missed; and with its dam it went briskly off. It was quite small, looking almost red, and was beautifully spotted with light marks of the color of the Virginia Deer's fawn. I would have given five dollars for it, as I saw it skipping over the prairie. At this moment Alexis came running, and told the captain they had killed two Buffaloes; and almost all the men went off at once with ropes, to bring the poor animals on board, according to custom. One,

¹ At this time the account of the Prince of Wied had not been published in English; that translation appeared December, 1843, two years after the German edition.

however, had been already dressed. The other had its head cut off, and the men were tugging at the rope, hauling the beast along over the grass. Mr. Chardon was seated on it; until, when near the boat, the rope gave way, and the bull rolled over into a shallow ravine. It was soon on board, however, and quickly skinned and cut up. The two hunters had been absent three-quarters of an hour. At the report of the guns, two Wolves made their appearance, and no doubt fed at leisure on the offal left from the first Buffalo. Harris saw a gang of Elks, consisting of between thirty and forty. We have passed a good number of Wild Geese with goslings; the Geese were shot at, notwithstanding my remonstrances on account of the young, but fortunately all escaped. We passed some beautiful scenery when about the middle of the "Bend," and almost opposite had the pleasure of seeing five Mountain Rams, or Bighorns, on the summit of a hill. I looked at them through the telescope; they stood perfectly still for some minutes, then went out of sight, and then again were in view. One of them had very large horns; the rest appeared somewhat smaller. Our captain told us that he had seen them at, or very near by, the same place last season, on his way up. We saw many very curious cliffs, but not one answering the drawings engraved for Catlin's work. We passed Knife River,¹ *Rivière aux Couteaux*, and stopped for a short time to take in wood. Harris killed a Sparrow Hawk, and saw several Red-shafted Woodpeckers. Bell was then engaged in saving the head of the Buffalo cow, of which I made a drawing, and Sprague an outline, notwithstanding the horrible motion of our boat. We passed safely

¹ This is the Little Knife, or Upper Knife River, to be carefully distinguished from that Knife River at the mouth of which were the Minnetaree villages. It falls into the Missouri from the north, in Mountrail Co., 55 miles above the mouth of the Little Missouri. This is probably the stream named Goat-pen Creek by Lewis and Clark: see p. 274 of the edition of 1893.—E. C.

a dangerous chain of rocks extending across the river; we also passed White River;¹ both the streams I have mentioned are insignificant. The weather was warm, and became cloudy, and it is now raining smartly. We have, however, a good quantity of excellent wood, and have made a good run, say sixty miles. We saw what we supposed to be three Grizzly Bears, but could not be sure. We saw on the prairie ahead of us some Indians, and as we neared them, found them to be Assiniboins. There were about ten altogether, men, squaws, and children. The boat was stopped, and a smart-looking, though small-statured man came on board. He had eight plugs of tobacco given him, and was asked to go off; but he talked a vast deal, and wanted powder and ball. He was finally got rid of. During his visit, our Gros Ventre chief and our Sioux were both in my own cabin. The first having killed three of that tribe and scalped them, and the Sioux having a similar record, they had no wish to meet. A few miles above this we stopped to cut wood. Bell and Harris went on shore; and we got a White Wolf, so old and so poor that we threw it overboard. Meantime a fawn Elk was observed crossing the river, coming toward our shore; it was shot at twice, but missed; it swam to the shore, but under such a steep bank that it could not get up. Alexis, who was told of this, ran down the river bank, reached it, and fastened his suspenders around its neck, but could not get it up the bank. Bell had returned, and went to his assistance, but all in vain; the little thing was very strong, and floundered and struggled till it broke the tie, and swam swiftly with the current down the river, and was lost. A slight rope would have secured it to us. This was almost the same spot where the captain caught one alive last season with the yawl; and we could have performed the same

¹ Or White Earth River of some maps, a comparatively small stream, eighteen and one half miles above the mouth of Little Knife River. — E. C.

feat easily, had not the yawl been on deck undergoing repairs. We pushed off, and very soon saw more Indians on the shore, also Assiniboins. They had crossed the "Bend" below us, and had brought some trifles to trade with us; but our captain passed on, and the poor wretches sat and looked at the "Great Medicine" in astonishment. Shortly after this, we saw a Wolf attempting to climb a very steep bank of clay; he fell down thrice, but at last reached the top and disappeared at once. On the opposite shore another Wolf was lying down on a sand-bar, like a dog, and might readily have been taken for one. We have stopped for the night at nine o'clock; and I now have done my day's putting-up of memoranda and sketches, intending to enlarge upon much after I return home. I forgot to say that last evening we saw a large herd of Buffaloes, with many calves among them; they were grazing quietly on a fine bit of prairie, and we were actually opposite to them and within two hundred yards before they appeared to notice us. They stared, and then started at a handsome canter, suddenly wheeled round, stopped, closed up their ranks, and then passed over a slight knoll, producing a beautiful picturesque view. Another thing I forgot to speak of is a place not far below the Little Missouri, where Mr. Kipp assured us we should find the remains of a petrified forest, which we hope to see later.

June 11, Sunday. This day has been tolerably fine, though windy. We have seen an abundance of game, a great number of Elks, common Virginian Deer, Mountain Rams in two places, and a fine flock of Sharp-tailed Grouse, that, when they flew off from the ground near us, looked very much like large Meadow Larks. They were on a prairie bordering a large patch of Artemisia, which in the distance presents the appearance of acres of cabbages. We have seen many Wolves and some Buffaloes. One young bull stood on the brink of a bluff, looking at the boat steadfastly for full five minutes; and as

we neared the spot, he waved his tail, and moved off briskly. On another occasion, a young bull that had just landed at the foot of a very steep bluff was slaughtered without difficulty; two shots were fired at it, and the poor thing was killed by a rifle bullet. I was sorry, for we did not stop for it, and its happy life was needlessly ended. I saw near that spot a large Hawk, and also a very small *Tamias*, or Ground Squirrel. Harris saw a Spermophile, of what species none of us could tell. We have seen many Elks swimming the river, and they look almost the size of a well-grown mule. They stared at us, were fired at, at an enormous distance, it is true, and yet stood still. These animals are abundant beyond belief hereabouts. We have seen much remarkably handsome scenery, but nothing at all comparing with Catlin's descriptions; his book must, after all, be altogether a humbug. Poor devil! I pity him from the bottom of my soul; had he studied, and kept up to the old French proverb that says, "*Bon renommé vaut mieux que ceinture doré,*" he might have become an "honest man" — the quintessence of God's works. We did hope to have reached L'Eau Bourbeux (the Muddy River¹) this evening, but we are now fast ashore, about six miles below it, about the same distance that we have been told we were ever since shortly after dinner. We have had one event: our boat caught fire, and burned for a few moments near the stern, the effects of the large, hot cinders coming from the chimney; but it was almost immediately put out, thank God! Any inattention, with about 10,000 lbs. of powder on board, might have resulted in a sad accident. We have decided to write a short letter of thanks to our truly gentlemanly captain, and to present him with a handsome six-barrelled

¹ Present name of the stream which flows into the Missouri from the north, in Buford Co. This is the last considerable affluent below the mouth of the Yellowstone, and the one which Lewis and Clark called White Earth River, by mistake. See last note. — E. C.

pistol, the only thing we have that may prove of service to him, although I hope he may never need it. Sprague drew four figures of the Buffalo's foot; and Bell and I have packed the whole of our skins. We ran to-day all round the compass, touching every point. The following is a copy of the letter to Captain Sire, signed by all of us.

FORT UNION, MOUTH OF YELLOWSTONE,
UPPER MISSOURI, *June 11th, 1843.*

DEAR SIR,— We cannot part with you previous to your return to St. Louis, without offering to you our best wishes, and our thanks for your great courtesy, assuring you how highly we appreciate, and feel grateful for, your uniform kindness and gentlemanly deportment to each and all of us. We are most happy to add that our passage to the Yellowstone River has been devoid of any material accident, which we can only attribute to the great regularity and constant care with which you have discharged your arduous duties in the difficult navigation of the river.

We regret that it is not in our power, at this moment, to offer you a suitable token of our esteem, but hope you will confer on us the favor of accepting at our hands a six-barrelled, silver-mounted pistol, which we sincerely hope and trust you may never have occasion to use in defence of your person. We beg you to consider us,

Your well-wishers and friends, etc.,

Fort Union, June 12, Monday. We had a cloudy and showery day, and a high wind besides. We saw many Wild Geese and Ducks with their young. We took in wood at two places, but shot nothing. I saw a Wolf giving chase, or driving away four Ravens from a sand-bar; but the finest sight of all took place shortly before we came to the mouth of the Yellowstone, and that was no less than twenty-two Mountain Rams and Ewes mixed, and amid them one young one only. We came in sight of the fort at five o'clock, and reached it at seven. We passed the Opposition fort three miles below this; their flags were hoisted, and ours also. We were saluted from

Fort Union, and we fired guns in return, six in number. The moment we had arrived, the gentlemen of the fort came down on horseback, and appeared quite a cavalcade. I was introduced to Mr. Culbertson and others, and, of course, the introduction went the rounds. We walked to the fort and drank some first-rate port wine, and returned to the boat at half-past nine o'clock. Our captain was pleased with the letter and the pistol. Our trip to the this place has been the quickest on record, though our boat is the slowest that ever undertook to reach the Yellowstone. Including all stoppages and detentions, we have made the trip in forty-eight days and seven hours from St. Louis. We left St. Louis April 25th, at noon; reaching Fort Union June 12th, at seven in the evening.

June 13, Tuesday. We had a remarkably busy day on board and on shore, but spent much of our time writing letters. I wrote home at great length to John Bachman, N. Berthoud, and Gideon B. Smith. We walked to the fort once and back again, and dined on board with our captain and the gentlemen of the fort. We took a ride also in an old wagon, somewhat at the risk of our necks, for we travelled too fast for the nature of what I was told was the road. We slept on board the "Omega," probably for the last time.

We have been in a complete state of excitement unloading the boat, reloading her with a new cargo, and we were all packing and arranging our effects, as well as writing letters. After dinner our belongings were taken to the landing of the fort in a large keel-boat, with the last of the cargo. The room which we are to occupy during our stay at this place is rather small and low, with only one window, on the west side. However, we shall manage well enough, I dare say, for the few weeks we are to be here. This afternoon I had a good deal of conversation with Mr. Culbertson, and found him well disposed to do all he can for us; and no one can ask for more politeness

than is shown us. Our captain having invited us to remain with him to-night, we have done so, and will breakfast with him to-morrow morning. It is his intention to leave as early as he can settle his business here. All the trappers are gone to the fort, and in a few weeks will be dispersed over different and distant parts of the wilderness. The filth they had left below has been scraped and washed off, as well indeed as the whole boat, of which there was need enough. I have copied this journal and send it to St. Louis by our good captain; also one box of skins, one pair Elk horns, and one bundle of Wolf and other skins.

June 14, Wednesday. At six this morning all hands rose early; the residue of the cargo for St. Louis was placed on board. Our captain told us time was up, and we all started for the fort on foot, quite a short distance. Having deposited our guns there, Bell, Squires, and I walked off to the wooding-place, where our captain was to remain a good while, and it was there we should bid him adieu. We found this walk one of the worst, the very worst, upon which we ever trod; full of wild rose-bushes, tangled and matted with vines, burs, and thorns of all sorts, and encumbered by thousands of pieces of driftwood, some decayed, some sunk in the earth, while others were entangled with the innumerable roots exposed by floods and rains. We saw nothing but a few Ravens. When nearly half way, we heard the trampling of galloping horses, and loud hallooings, which we found to proceed from the wagon of which we have spoken, which, loaded with men, passed us at a speed one would have thought impossible over such ground. Soon after we had a heavy shower of rain, but reached the boat in good order. Harris and Sprague, who had followed us, came afterwards. I was pretty hot, and rather tired. The boat took on wood for half an hour after we arrived; then the captain shook us all by the hand most heartily, and we bade him God speed.

I parted from him really with sorrow, for I have found him all I could wish during the whole passage; and his position is no sinecure, to say naught of the rabble under his control. All the wood-cutters who remained walked off by the road; and we went back in the wagon over a bad piece of ground — much easier, however, than returning on foot. As we reached the prairies, we travelled faster, and passed by the late garden of the fort, which had been abandoned on account of the thieving of the men attached to the Opposition Company, at Fort Mortimer. Harris caught a handsome snake, now in spirits. We saw Lazuli Finches and several other sorts of small birds. Upon reaching the fort, from which many great guns were fired as salutes to the steamer, which were loudly returned, I was amused at the terror the firing occasioned to the squaws and their children, who had arrived in great numbers the previous evening; they howled, fell down on the earth, or ran in every direction. All the dogs started off, equally frightened, and made for the distant hills. Dinner not being ready, three of us took a walk, and saw a good number of *Tamias* holes, many cacti of two sorts, and some plants hitherto uncollected by us. We saw a few Arctic Ground Finches and two Wolves. After dinner Mr. Culbertson told us that if a Wolf made its appearance on the prairie near the fort, he would give it chase on horseback, and bring it to us, alive or dead; and he was as good as his word. It was so handsomely executed, that I will relate the whole affair. When I saw the Wolf (a white one), it was about a quarter of a mile off, alternately standing and trotting; the horses were about one-half the distance off. A man was started to drive these in; and I thought the coursers never would reach the fort, much less become equipped so as to overhaul the Wolf. We were all standing on the platform of the fort, with our heads only above the palisades; and I

was so fidgety that I ran down twice to tell the hunters that the Wolf was making off. Mr. Culbertson, however, told me he would see it did not make off; and in a few moments he rode out of the fort, gun in hand, dressed only in shirt and breeches. He threw his cap off within a few yards, and suddenly went off with the swiftness of a jockey bent on winning a race. The Wolf trotted on, and ever and anon stopped to gaze at the rider and the horse; till, finding out the meaning (too late, alas! for him), he galloped off with all his might; but the horse was too swift for the poor cur, as we saw the rider gaining ground rapidly. Mr. Culbertson fired his gun off as a signal, I was told, that the Wolf would be brought in; and the horse, one would think, must have been of the same opinion, for although the Wolf had now reached the hills, and turned into a small ravine, the moment it had entered it, the horse dashed after, the sound of the gun came on the ear, the Wolf was picked up by Mr. Culbertson without dismounting, hardly slackening his pace, and thrown across the saddle. The rider returned as swiftly as he had gone, wet through with a smart shower that had fallen meantime; and the poor Wolf was placed at my disposal. The time taken from the start to the return in the yard did not exceed twenty minutes, possibly something less. Two other men who had started at the same time rode very swiftly also, and skirted the hills to prevent the Wolf's escape; and one of them brought in Mr. C.'s gun, which he had thrown on the ground as he picked up the Wolf to place it on the saddle. The beast was not quite dead when it arrived, and its jaws told of its dying agonies; it scratched one of Mr. C.'s fingers sorely; but we are assured that such things so often occur that nothing is thought of it.

And now a kind of sham Buffalo hunt was proposed, accompanied by a bet of a suit of clothes, to be given to the rider who would load and fire the greatest number of

shots in a given distance. The horses were mounted as another Wolf was seen trotting off towards the hills, and Mr. Culbertson again told us he would bring it in. This time, however, he was mistaken; the Wolf was too far off to be overtaken, and it reached the hill-tops, made its way through a deep ravine full of large rocks, and was then given up. Mr. Culbertson was seen coming down without his quarry. He joined the riders, started with his gun empty, loaded in a trice, and fired the first shot; then the three riders came on at full speed, loading and firing first on one side, then on the other of the horse, as if after Buffaloes. Mr. C. fired eleven times before he reached the fort, and within less than half a mile's run; the others fired once less, each. We were all delighted to see these feats. No one was thrown off, though the bridles hung loose, and the horses were under full gallop all the time. Mr. Culbertson's mare, which is of the full Blackfoot Indian breed, is about five years old, and could not be bought for four hundred dollars. I should like to see some of the best English hunting gentlemen hunt in the like manner. We are assured that after dusk, or as soon as the gates of the fort are shut, the Wolves come near enough to be killed from the platform, as these beasts oftentimes come to the trough where the hogs are fed daily. We have seen no less than eight this day from the fort, moving as leisurely as if a hundred miles off. A heavy shower put off running a race; but we are to have a regular Buffalo hunt, where I must act only as a spectator; for, alas! I am now too near seventy to run and load whilst going at full gallop. Two gentlemen arrived this evening from the Crow Indian Nation; they crossed to our side of the river, and were introduced at once. One is Mr. Chouteau, son of Auguste Chouteau, and the other a Scotchman, Mr. James Murray, at whose father's farm, on the Tweed, we all stopped on our return from the Highlands of Scotland. They told us that the snow and

ice was yet three feet deep near the mountains, and an abundance over the whole of the mountains themselves. They say they have made a good collection of robes, but that Beavers are very scarce. This day has been spent altogether in talking, sight-seeing, and enjoyment. Our room was small, dark, and dirty, and crammed with our effects. Mr. Culbertson saw this, and told me that tomorrow he would remove us to a larger, quieter, and better one. I was glad to hear this, as it would have been very difficult to draw, write, or work in; and yet it is the very room where the Prince de Neuwied resided for two months, with his secretary and bird-preserved. The evening was cloudy and cold; we had had several showers of rain since our bath in the bushes this morning, and I felt somewhat fatigued. Harris and I made our beds up; Squires fixed some Buffalo robes, of which nine had been given us, on a long old bedstead, never knowing it had been the couch of a foreign prince;¹ Bell and Sprague settled themselves opposite to us on more Buffalo skins, and night closed in. But although we had lain down, it was impossible for us to sleep; for above us was a drunken man affected with a *goutre*, and not only was his voice rough and loud, but his words were continuous. His oaths, both in French and English, were better fitted for the Five Points in New York, or St. Giles of London, than anywhere among Christians. He roared, laughed like a maniac, and damned himself and the whole creation. I thought that time would quiet him, but, no! for now clarionets, fiddles, and a drum were heard in the dining-room, where indeed they had been playing at different times during the afternoon, and our friend above began swearing at this as if quite fresh. We had retired for the night; but an invitation was sent us to join the party in the dining-room. Squires was up in a moment, and returned to say that a ball was on foot, and that "all

¹ Maximilian, Prince of Wied.

the beauty and fashion" would be skipping about in less than no time. There was no alternative; we all got up, and in a short time were amid the *beau monde* of these parts. Several squaws, attired in their best, were present, with all the guests, *engagés*, clerks, etc. Mr. Culbertson played the fiddle very fairly; Mr. Guèpe the clarinet, and Mr. Chouteau the drum, as if brought up in the army of the great Napoleon. Cotillions and reels were danced with much energy and apparent enjoyment, and the company dispersed about one o'clock. We retired for the second time, and now occurred a dispute between the drunkard and another man; but, notwithstanding this, I was so wearied that I fell asleep.

June 15, Thursday. We all rose late, as one might expect; the weather was quite cool for the season, and it was cloudy besides. We did nothing else than move our effects to an upstairs room. The Mackinaw boats arrived at the fort about noon, and were unloaded in a precious short time; and all hands being called forth, the empty boats themselves were dragged to a ravine, turned over, and prepared for calking previous to their next voyage up or down, as the case might be. The gentlemen from these boats gave me a fine pair of Deer's horns; and to Mr. Culbertson a young Gray Wolf, and also a young Badger, which they had brought in. It snarled and snapped, and sometimes grunted not unlike a small pig, but did not bite. It moved somewhat slowly, and its body looked flattish all the time; the head has all the markings of an adult, though it is a young of the present spring. Bell and Harris hunted a good while, but procured only a Lazuli Finch and a few other birds. Bell skinned the Wolf, and we put its hide in the barrel with the head of the Buffalo cow, etc. I showed the plates of the quadrupeds to many persons, and I hope with success, as they were pleased and promised me much. To-morrow morning a man called Black Harris

is to go off after Antelopes for me; and the hunters for the men of the fort and themselves; and perhaps some of the young men may go with one or both parties. I heard many stories about Wolves; particularly I was interested in one told by Mr. Kipp, who assured us he had caught upwards of one hundred with baited fish-hooks. Many other tales were told us; but I shall not forget them, so will not write them down here, but wait till hereafter. After shooting at a mark with a bow made of Elk horn, Mr. Kipp presented it to me. We saw several Wolves, but none close to the fort. Both the common Crow and Raven are found here; Bell killed one of the former.

June 16, Friday. The weather was cool this morning, with the wind due east. I drew the young Gray Wolf, and Sprague made an outline of it. Bell, Provost, Alexis, and Black Harris went over the river to try to procure Antelopes; Bell and Alexis returned to dinner without any game, although they had seen dozens of the animals wanted, and also some Common Deer. The two others, who travelled much farther, returned at dusk with empty stomachs and a young fawn of the Common Deer. Harris and I took a long walk after my drawing was well towards completion, and shot a few birds. The Buffalo, old and young, are fond of rolling on the ground in the manner of horses, and turn quite over; this is done not only to clean themselves, but also to rub off the loose old coat of hair and wool that hangs about their body like so many large, dirty rags. Those about the fort are gentle, but will not allow a person to touch their bodies, not even the young calves of the last spring. Our young Badger is quite fond of lying on his back, and then sleeps. His general appearance and gait remind me of certain species of Armadillo. There was a good deal of talking and jarring about the fort; some five or six men came from the Opposition Company, and would have been roughly handled had they

not cleared off at the beginning of trouble. Arrangements were made for loading the Mackinaw barges, and it is intended that they shall depart for St. Louis, leaving on Sunday morning. We shall all be glad when these boats with their men are gone, as we are now full to the brim. Harris has a new batch of patients, and enjoys the work of physician.

June 17, Saturday. Warm and fair, with the river rising fast. The young fawn was hung up, and I drew it. By dinner-time Sprague had well prepared the Gray Wolf, and I put him to work at the fawn. Bell went shooting, and brought five or six good birds. The song of the Lazuli Finch so much resembles that of the Indigo Bird that it would be difficult to distinguish them by the note alone. They keep indifferently among the low bushes and high trees. He also brought a few specimens of *Spermophilus hoodii* of Richardson,¹ of which the measurements were taken. Wolves often retreat into holes made by the sinking of the earth near ravines, burrowing in different directions at the bottoms of these. I sent Provost early this morning to the Opposition fort, to inquire whether Mr. Cutting had written letters about us, and also to see a fine Kit Fox, brought in one of their boats from the Yellowstone. Much has been done in the way of loading the Mackinaw boats. Bell has skinned the young Wolf, and Sprague will perhaps finish preparing the fawn. The hunters who went out yesterday morning have returned, and brought back a quantity of fresh Buffalo meat. Squires brought many fragments of a petrified tree. No Antelopes were shot, and I feel uneasy on this score. Provost returned and told me Mr. Cutting's men with the letters had not arrived, but that they were expected hourly. The Kit Fox

¹ This is a synonym of *Spermophilus tridecem-lineatus*, the Thirteen-lined, or Federation Spermophile, the variety that is found about Fort Union being *S. t. pallidus*. — E. C.

had been suffocated to death by some dozens of bundles of Buffalo robes falling on it, while attached to a ladder, and had been thrown out and eaten by the Wolves or the dogs. This evening, quite late, I shot a fine large Gray Wolf. I sincerely hope to see some Antelopes to-morrow, as well as other animals.

June 18, Sunday. This day has been a beautiful, as well as a prosperous one to us. At daylight Provost and Alexis went off hunting across the river. Immediately after an early breakfast, Mr. Murray and three Mackinaw boats started for St. Louis. After the boats were fairly out of sight, and the six-pounders had been twice fired, and the great flag floated in the stiff southwesterly breeze, four other hunters went off over the river, and Squires was one of them. I took a walk with Mr. Culbertson and Mr. Chardon, to look at some old, decaying, and simply constructed coffins, placed on trees about ten feet above ground, for the purpose of finding out in what manner, and when it would be best for us to take away the skulls, some six or seven in number, all Assiniboin Indians. It was decided that we would do so at dusk, or nearly at dark. My two companions assured me that they never had walked so far from the fort unarmed as on this occasion, and said that even a *single* Indian with a gun and a bow might have attacked us; but if several were together, they would pay no attention to us, as that might be construed to mean war. This is a good lesson, however, and one I shall not forget. About ten o'clock Alexis came to me and said that he had killed two male Antelopes, and Provost one Deer, and that he must have a cart to bring the whole in. This was arranged in a few minutes; and Harris and I went across the river on a ferry flat, taking with us a cart and a most excellent mule. Alexis' wife went across also to gather gooseberries. The cart being made ready, we mounted it, I sitting down, and Harris standing up. We took an old abandoned road,

filled with fallen timber and bushes innumerable; but Alexis proved to be an excellent driver, and the mule the most active and the strongest I ever saw. We joggled on through thick and thin for about two miles, when we reached a prairie covered with large bushes of *Artemisia* (called here "Herbe Sainte"), and presently, cutting down a slope, came to where lay our Antelope, a young male, and the skin of the Deer, while its carcass hung on a tree. These were placed in the cart, and we proceeded across the prairie for the other Antelope, which had been tied by the horns to a large bush of *Artemisia*, being alive when Alexis left it; but it was now dead and stiff. I looked at its eyes at once. This was a fine old male with its coat half shed. I was sorry enough it was dead. We placed it by its relation in the cart, jumped in, and off we went at a good round trot, not returning to the road, but across the prairie and immediately under the clay hills where the Antelope go after they have fed in the prairie below from early dawn until about eight o'clock; there are of course exceptions to the contrary. Part of the way we travelled between ponds made by the melting of the snows, and having on them a few Ducks and a Black Tern, all of which no doubt breed here. After we had passed the last pond, we saw three Antelopes several hundred yards to the lee of us; the moment they perceived us Alexis said they would be off; and so they were, scampering towards the hills until out of sight. We now entered the woods, and almost immediately Harris saw the head of a Deer about fifty yards distant. Alexis, who had only a rifle, would have shot him from the cart, had the mule stood still; but as this was not the case, Alexis jumped down, took a long, deliberate aim, the gun went off, and the Deer fell dead in its tracks. It proved to be a doe with very large milk-bags, and doubtless her fawn or fawns were in the vicinity; but Alexis could not find them in the dense bush. He and Harris dragged her to the

cart, where I stood holding the mule. We reached the ferry, where the boat had awaited our return, placed the cart on board without touching the game; and, on landing at the fort, the good mule pulled it up the steep bank into the yard. We now had two Antelopes and two Deer that had been killed before noon. Immediately after dinner, the head of the old male was cut off, and I went to work outlining it; first small, with the camera, and then by squares. Bell was engaged in skinning both the bodies; but I felt vexed that he had carelessly suffered the Gray Wolf to be thrown into the river. I spoke to him on the subject of never losing a specimen till we were quite sure it would not be needed; and I feel well assured he is so honest a man and so good a worker that what I said will last for all time. While looking at the Deer shot this day, Harris and I thought that their tails were very long, and that the animals themselves were very much larger than those we have to the eastward; and we all concluded to have more killed, and examine and measure closely, as this one may be an exception. It was unfortunate we did not speak of this an hour sooner, as two Deer had been killed on this side the river by a hunter belonging to the fort; but Mr. Culbertson assured me that we should have enough of them in a few days. I am told that the Rocky Mountain Rams lost most of their young during the hard frosts of the early spring; for, like those of the common sheep, the lambs are born as early as the 1st of March, and hence their comparative scarcity. Harris and Bell have shot a handsome White Wolf, a female, from the ramparts; having both fired together, it is not known which shot was the fatal one. Bell wounded another in the leg, as there were several marauders about; but the rascal made off.

June 19, Monday. It began raining early this morning; by "early," I mean fully two hours before daylight. The first news I heard was from Mr. Chardon, who told

me he had left a Wolf feeding out of the pig's trough, which is immediately under the side of the fort. The next was from Mr. Larpenteur,¹ who opens the gates when the bell rings at sunrise, who told us he saw seven Wolves within thirty yards, or less, of the fort. I have told him since, with Mr. Chardon's permission, to call upon us before he opens these mighty portals, whenever he espies Wolves from the gallery above, and I hope that to-morrow morning we may shoot one or more of these bold marauders. Sprague has been drawing all day, and I a good part of it; and it has been so chilly and cold that we have had fires in several parts of the fort. Bell and Harris have gone shooting this afternoon, and have not yet returned. Bell cleaned the Wolf shot last night, and the two Antelopes; old Provost boiled brine, and the whole of them are now in pickle. There are some notions that two kinds of Deer are found hereabouts, one quite small, the other quite large; but of this I have no proof at present. The weather was too bad for Alexis to go hunting. Young Mr. McKenzie and a companion went across the river, but returned soon afterwards, having seen nothing but one Grizzly Bear. The water is either at a stand, or falling a little. — *Later.* Harris and Bell have returned, and, to my delight and utter astonishment, have brought two new birds: one a Lark,² small and beautiful; the other like our common Golden-winged Woodpecker, but with a red mark instead of a black one along the lower mandible running backward.³ I am quite

¹ Charles Larpenteur, whose MS. autobiography I possess. — E. C.

² This is the first intimation we have of the discovery of the Missouri Titlark, which Audubon dedicated to Mr. Sprague under the name of *Alauda spragueii*, B. of Am. vii., 1844, p. 334, pl. 486. It is now well known as *Anthus (Neocorys) spraguei*. — E. C.

³ Here is the original indication of the curious Flicker of the Upper Missouri region, which Audubon named *Picus ayresii*, B. of Am. vii., 1844, p. 348, pl. 494, after W. O. Ayres. It is the *Colaptes hybridus* of Baird, and the *C. aurato-mexicanus* of Hartlaub; in which the specific characters of the

amazed at the differences of opinion respecting the shedding — or not shedding — of the horns of the Antelope;¹ and this must be looked to with the greatest severity, for if these animals *do* shed their horns, they are no longer *Antelopes*. We are about having quite a ball in honor of Mr. Chardon, who leaves shortly for the Blackfoot Fort.

June 20, Tuesday. It rained nearly all night; and though the ball was given, I saw nothing of it, and heard but little, for I went to bed and to sleep. Sprague finished the drawing of the old male Antelope, and I mine, taking besides the measurements, etc., which I give here. . . . Bell has skinned the head and put it in pickle. The weather was bad, yet old Provost, Alexis, and Mr. Bonaventure, a good hunter and a first-rate shot, went over the river to hunt. They returned, however, without anything, though they saw three or four Deer, and a Wolf almost black, with very long hair, which Provost followed for more than a mile, but uselessly, as the rascal outwitted him after all. Harris and Bell are gone too, and I hope they will bring some more specimens of Sprague's Lark and the new Golden-winged Woodpecker.

To fill the time on this dreary day, I asked Mr. Chardon to come up to our room and give us an account of the small-pox among the Indians, especially among the Mandans and Riccarees, and he related as follows: Early in the month of July, 1837, the steamer "Assiniboin" arrived at Fort Clark with many cases of small-pox on board.

Golden-winged and Red-shafted Flickers are mixed and obscured in every conceivable degree. We presently find Audubon puzzled by the curious birds, whose peculiarities have never been satisfactorily explained. — E. C.

¹ The fact that the *Antilocapra americana* does shed its horns was not satisfactorily established till several years after 1843. It was first brought to the notice of naturalists by Dr. C. A. Canfield of California, April 10, 1858, and soon afterward became generally known. (See Proc. Zoöl. Soc. Lond. 1865, p. 718, and 1866, p. 105.) Thereupon it became evident that, as Audubon says, these animals are not true Antelopes, and the family *Antilocapride* was established for their reception. On the whole subject see article in Encycl. Amer. i., 1883, pp. 237-242, figs. 1-5. — E. C.

Mr. Chardon, having a young son on the boat, went thirty miles to meet her, and took his son away. The pestilence, however, had many victims on the steamboat, and seemed destined to find many more among the helpless tribes of the wilderness. An Indian stole the blanket of one of the steamboat's watchmen (who lay at the point of death, if not already dead), wrapped himself in it, and carried it off, unaware of the disease that was to cost him his life, and that of many of his tribe—thousands, indeed. Mr. Chardon offered a reward immediately for the return of the blanket, as well as a new one in its stead, and promised that no punishment should be inflicted. But the robber was a great chief; through shame, or some other motive, he never came forward, and, before many days, was a corpse. Most of the Riccarees and Mandans were some eighty miles in the prairies, hunting Buffaloes and saving meat for the winter. Mr. Chardon despatched an express to acquaint them all of the awful calamity, enjoining them to keep far off, for that death would await them in their villages. They sent word in return, that their corn was suffering for want of work, that they were not afraid, and would return; the danger to them, poor things, seemed fabulous, and doubtless they thought other reasons existed, for which this was an excuse. Mr. Chardon sent the man back again, and told them their crop of corn was nothing compared to their lives; but Indians are Indians, and, in spite of all entreaties, they moved *en masse*, to confront the awful catastrophe that was about to follow. When they reached the villages, they thought the whites had saved the Riccarees, and put the plague on them alone (they were Mandans). Moreover, they thought, and said, that the whites had a preventive medicine, which the whites would not give them. Again and again it was explained to them that this was not the case, but all to no purpose; the small-pox had taken such a hold upon the poor Indians, and in such

malignant form, that they died oftentimes within the rising and setting of a day's sun. They died by hundreds daily; their bodies were thrown down beneath the high bluff, and soon produced a stench beyond description. Men shot their wives and children, and afterwards, driving several balls in their guns, would place the muzzle in their mouths, and, touching the trigger with their feet, blow their brains out. About this time Mr. Chardon was informed that one of the young Mandan chiefs was bent on shooting him, believing he had brought the pestilence upon the Indians. One of Mr. Chardon's clerks heard of this plot, and begged him to remain in the store; at first Mr. Chardon did not place any faith in the tale, but later was compelled to do so, and followed his clerk's advice. The young chief, a short time afterwards, fell a victim to this fearful malady; but probably others would have taken his life had it not been for one of those strange incidents which come, we know not why, nor can we explain them. A number of the chiefs came that day to confer with Mr. Chardon, and while they were talking angrily with him, he sitting with his arms on a table between them, a Dove, being pursued by a Hawk, flew in through the open door, and sat panting and worn out on Mr. Chardon's arm for more than a minute, when it flew off. The Indians, who were quite numerous, clustered about him, and asked him what the bird came to him for? After a moment's thought, he told them that the bird had been sent by the white men, his friends, to see if it was true that the Mandans had killed him, and that it must return with the answer as soon as possible; he added he had told the Dove to say that the Mandans were his friends, and would never kill him, but would do all they could for him. The superstitious redmen believed this story implicitly; thenceforth they looked on Mr. Chardon as one of the Great Spirit's sons, and believed he alone could help them. Little, however, could be done; the small-pox

continued its fearful ravages, and the Indians grew fewer and fewer day by day. For a long time the Riccarees did not suffer; the Mandans became more and more astounded at this, and became exasperated against both whites and Indians. The disease was of the most virulent type, so that within a few hours after death the bodies were a mass of rotteness. Men killed themselves, to die a nobler death than that brought by the dreaded plague. One young warrior sent his wife to dig his grave; and she went, of course, for no Indian woman dares disobey her lord. The grave was dug, and the warrior, dressed in his most superb apparel, with lance and shield in hand, walked towards it singing his own death song, and, finding the grave finished, threw down all his garments and arms, and leaped into it, drawing his knife as he did so, and cutting his body almost asunder. This done, the earth was thrown over him, the grave filled up, and the woman returned to her lodge to live with her children, perhaps only another day. A great chief, who had been a constant friend to the whites, having caught the pest, and being almost at the last extremity, dressed himself in his fineries, mounted his war-steed, and, fevered and in agony, rode among the villages, speaking against the whites, urging the young warriors to charge upon them and destroy them all. The harangue over, he went home, and died not many hours afterward. The exposure and exertion brought on great pains, and one of the men from the fort went to him with something that gave him temporary relief; before he died, he acknowledged his error in trying to create trouble between the whites and Indians, and it was his wish to be buried in front of the gate of the fort, with all his trophies around and above his body; the promise was given him that this should be done, and he died in the belief that the white man, as he trod on his grave, would see that he was humbled before him, and would forgive him. Two young men, just sick-

ening with the disease, began to talk of the dreadful death that awaited them, and resolved not to wait for the natural close of the malady, the effects of which they had seen among their friends and relatives. One said the knife was the surest and swiftest weapon to carry into effect their proposed self-destruction; the other contended that placing an arrow in the throat and forcing it into the lungs was preferable. After a long debate they calmly rose, and each adopted his own method; in an instant the knife was driven into the heart of one, the arrow into the throat of the other, and they fell dead almost at the same instant. Another story was of an extremely handsome and powerful Indian who lost an only son, a beautiful boy, upon whom all his hopes and affections were placed. The loss proved too much for him; he called his wife, and, after telling her what a faithful husband he had been, said to her, "Why should we live? all we cared for is taken from us, and why not at once join our child in the land of the Great Spirit?" She consented; in an instant he shot her dead on the spot, reloaded his gun, put the muzzle in his mouth, touched the trigger, and fell back dead. On the same day another curious incident occurred; a young man, covered with the eruption, and apparently on the eve of death, managed to get to a deep puddle of mire or mud, threw himself in it, and rolled over and over as a Buffalo is wont to do. The sun was scorching hot, and the poor fellow got out of the mire covered with a coating of clay fully half an inch thick and laid himself down; the sun's heat soon dried the clay, so as to render it like unburnt bricks, and as he walked or crawled along towards the village, the mud drying and falling from him, taking the skin with it, and leaving the flesh raw and bleeding, he was in agony, and besought those who passed to kill him; but, strange to say, after enduring tortures, the fever left him, he recovered, and is still living, though badly scarred. Many ran to the river, in the delirium of the

burning fever, plunged in the stream, and rose no more. The whites in the fort, as well as the Riccarees, took the disease after all. The Indians, with few exceptions, died, and three of the whites. The latter had no food in the way of bread, flour, sugar, or coffee, and they had to go stealthily by night to steal small pumpkins, about the size of a man's fist, to subsist upon—and this amid a large number of wild, raving, mad Indians, who swore revenge against them all the while. This is a mere sketch of the terrible scourge which virtually annihilated two powerful tribes of Indians, and of the trials of the traders attached to the Fur Companies on these wild prairies, and I can tell you of many more equally strange. The mortality, as taken down by Major Mitchell, was estimated by that gentleman at 150,000 Indians, including those from the tribes of the Riccarees, Mandans, Sioux, and Blackfeet. The small-pox was in the very fort from which I am now writing this account, and its ravages here were as awful as elsewhere. Mr. Chardon had the disease, and was left for dead; but one of his clerks saw signs of life, and forced him to drink a quantity of hot whiskey mixed with water and nutmeg; he fell into a sound sleep, and his recovery began from that hour. He says that with him the pains began in the small of the back, and on the back part of his head, and were intense. He concluded by assuring us all that the small-pox had never been known in the civilized world, as it had been among the poor Mandans and other Indians. Only *twenty-seven* Mandans were left to tell the tale; they have now augmented to ten or twelve lodges in the six years that have nearly elapsed since the pestilence.¹

¹ That the account given by Audubon is not exaggerated may be seen from the two accounts following; the first from Lewis and Clark, the second from the Prince of Wied:—

“The ancient Maha village had once consisted of 300 cabins, but was burnt about four years ago (1800), soon after the small-pox had destroyed four hundred men, and a proportion of women and children. . . . The

Harris and Bell came back bringing several small birds, among which three or four proved to be a Blackbird¹

accounts we have had of the effects of the small-pox are most distressing; . . . when these warriors saw their strength wasting before a malady which they could not resist, their frenzy was extreme; they burnt their village, and many of them put to death their wives and children, to save them from so cruel an affliction, and that they might go together to some better country."

"New Orleans, June 6, 1838. We have from the trading posts on the western frontier of Missouri the most frightful accounts of the ravages of small-pox among the Indians. . . . The number of victims within a few months is estimated at 30,000, and the pestilence is still spreading. . . . The small-pox was communicated to the Indians by a person who was on board the steamboat which went last summer to the mouth of the Yellowstone, to convey both the government presents for the Indians, and the goods for the barter trade of the fur-dealers. . . . The officers gave notice of it to the Indians, and exerted themselves to the utmost to prevent any intercourse between them and the vessel; but this was a vain attempt. . . . The disease first broke out about the 15th of June, 1837, in the village of the Mandans, from which it spread in all directions with unexampled fury. . . . Among the remotest tribes of the Assiniboins from fifty to one hundred died daily. . . . The ravages of the disorder were most frightful among the Mandans. That once powerful tribe was exterminated, with the exception of thirty persons. Their neighbors, the Gros Ventres and the Riccarees, were out on a hunting excursion at the time the disorder broke out, so that it did not reach them till a month later; yet half the tribe were destroyed by October 1. Very few of those who were attacked recovered. . . . Many put an end to their lives with knives or muskets, or by precipitating themselves from the summit of the rock near the settlement. The prairie all around is a vast field of death, covered with unburied corpses. The Gros Ventres and the Riccarees, lately amounting to 4,000 souls, were reduced to less than one half. The Assiniboins, 9,000 in number, are nearly exterminated. They, as well as the Crows and Blackfeet, endeavored to fly in all directions; but the disease pursued them. . . . The accounts of the Blackfeet are awful. The inmates of above 1,000 of their tents are already swept away. No language can picture the scene of desolation which the country presents. The above does not complete the terrible intelligence which we receive. . . . According to the most recent accounts, the number of Indians who have been swept away by the small-pox, on the Western frontier of the United States, amounts to more than 60,000."

¹ *Quiscalus breverii* of Audubon, B. of Am. vii., 1844, p. 345, pl. 492, now known as *Scolecophagus cyanocephalus*. It was new to our fauna when thus dedicated by Audubon to his friend Dr. Thomas M. Brewer of Boston, but had already been described by Wagler from Mexico as *Psarocolius cyanocephalus*. It is an abundant bird in the West, where it replaces its near ally, *Scolecophagus carolinus*.—E. C.

nearly allied to the Rusty Grackle, but with evidently a much shorter and straighter bill. Its measurements will be given, of course. The weather is still lowering and cold, and it rains at intervals. We are now out of specimens of quadrupeds to draw from. Our gentlemen seem to remember the ball of last night, and I doubt not will go early to bed, as I shall.

June 21, Wednesday. Cloudy and lowering weather; however, Provost went off over the river, before daylight, and shot a Deer, of what kind we do not know; he returned about noon, very hungry. The mud was dreadful in the bottoms. Bell and young McKenzie went off after breakfast, but brought nothing but a Sharp-tailed Grouse, though McKenzie shot two Wolves. The one Harris shot last night proved to be an old female not worth keeping; her companions had seamed her jaws, for in this part of the world Wolves feed upon Wolves, and no mistake. This evening I hauled the beast under the ramparts, cut her body open, and had a stake driven quite fast through it, to hold it as a bait. Harris and Bell are this moment on the lookout for the rascals. Wolves here not only eat their own kind, but are the most mischievous animals in the country; they eat the young Buffalo calves, the young Antelopes, and the young of the Bighorn on all occasions, besides Hares of different sorts, etc. Buffaloes never scrape the snow with their feet, but with their noses, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, even by Mr. Catlin. Bell brought home the hind parts, the head, and one forefoot of a new species of small Hare.¹

We are told these Hares are very plentiful, and yet this is the first specimen we have seen, and sorry am I

¹ This is no doubt the *Lepus artemisia* of Bachman, Journ. Philad. Acad. viii., 1839, p. 94, later described and figured by Aud. and Bach., Quad. N. Am. ii., 1851, p. 272, pl. 88. It is now generally rated as a subspecies of the common Cottontail, *L. sylvaticus*. Compare also *L. nuttalli*, Aud. and Bach. ii., 1851, p. 300, pl. 94. — E. C.

that it amounts to no specimen at all. Harris and I walked several miles, but killed nothing; we found the nest of a Sparrow-hawk, and Harris, assisted by my shoulders, reached the nest, and drew out two eggs. Sprague went across the hills eastward, and was fortunate enough to shoot a superb specimen of the Arctic Bluebird. This evening, Mr. Culbertson having told me the Rabbits, such as Bell had brought, were plentiful on the road to the steamboat landing, Harris, Bell, and I walked there; but although we were very cautious, we saw none, and only procured a Black-headed Grosbeak, which was shot whilst singing delightfully. To-morrow morning Mr. Chardon leaves us in the keel-boat for the Black-foot Fort, and Mr. Kipp will leave for the Crows early next week.

June 22, Thursday. We rose very late this morning, with the exception of Provost, who went out shooting quite early; but he saw nothing fit for his rifle. All was bustle after breakfast, as Mr. Chardon's boat was loading, the rigging being put in order, the men moving their effects, etc., and a number of squaws, the wives of the men, were moving to and fro for hours before the ultimate departure of the boat, which is called the "Bee." The cargo being arranged, thirty men went on board, including the commander, friend Chardon, thirteen squaws, and a number of children, all more or less half-breeds. The flag of Fort Union was hoisted, the four-pounder run out of the front gate, and by eleven o'clock all was ready. The keel-boat had a brass swivel on her bows, and fired first, then off went the larger gun, and many an Antelope and Deer were doubtless frightened at the report that echoed through the hills far and near. We bid adieu to our good friend Chardon; and his numerous and willing crew, taking the cordelle to their shoulders, moved the boat against a strong current in good style. Harris and Bell had gone shooting and returned with several birds, among which

was a female Red-patched Woodpecker,¹ and a Lazuli Finch. Dinner over, I went off with young McKenzie after Hares; found none, but started a Grizzly Bear from her lair. Owen McKenzie followed the Bear and I continued after Hares; he saw no more of Bruin, and I not a Hare, and we both returned to the fort after a tramp of three hours. As I was walking over the prairie, I found an Indian's skull (an Assiniboin) and put it in my game pouch. Provost made a whistle to imitate the noise made by the fawns at this season, which is used to great advantage to decoy the female Deer; shortly afterward Mr. Bonaventure returned, and a cart was sent off at once to bring in a doe which he had killed below. This species of Deer is much larger than the one we have in Virginia, but perhaps no more so than those in Maine; and as yet we cannot tell whether it may, or may not, prove a distinct species. We took all its measurements, and Bell and Provost are now skinning it. Its gross weight is 140 lbs., which I think is heavier than any doe I have seen before. The animal is very poor and evidently has fawns in the woods. The little new Lark that I have named after Sprague has almost all the habits of the Skylark of Europe. Whilst looking anxiously after it, on the ground where we supposed it to be singing, we discovered it was high over our heads, and that sometimes it went too high for us to see it at all. We have not yet been able to discover its nest. Bell is of opinion that the Red-collared Ground Finch² has its nest in the deserted holes of the Ground Squirrel,

¹ This is the same hybrid Woodpecker which has been already noted on p. 14. — E. C.

² That is, the Chestnut-collared Longspur, *Calcarius ornatus*, which Mr. Bell was mistaken in supposing to breed in holes of the Ground Squirrels, or Spermophiles, as it nests on the open ground, like Sprague's Lark, McCown's Longspur, and most other small birds of the Western plains. But the surmise regarding the nesting of Say's Flycatcher is correct. This is a near relative of the common Pewit Flycatcher, *S. phæbe*, and its nesting places are similar. — E. C.

and we intend to investigate this. He also believes that Say's Flycatcher builds in rocky caverns or fissures, as he found the nest of a bird in some such place, after having wounded one of this species, which retired into the fissures of the rock, which he examined in pursuit of the wounded bird. The nest had no eggs; we are going to pay it a visit. Bell was busy most of the day skinning birds, and Sprague drew a beautiful plant. I found a number of wild roses in bloom, quite sweet-scented, though single, and of a very pale rose-color.

June 23, Friday. We have had a fine, warm day. The hunters of Buffaloes started before daylight, and Squires accompanied them; they are not expected back till some-time to-morrow. Provost went across the river with them, and with the assistance of his bleating whistle, brought several does round him, and a good many Wolves. He killed two does, drew them to a tree, and hung his coat near them while he returned for help to bring them to the fort. The hunters have a belief that a garment hung near game freshly killed will keep the Wolves at bay for a time; but there are exceptions to all rules, as when he returned with the cart, a dozen hungry rascals of Wolves had completely devoured one doe and all but one ham of the other; this he brought to the fort. The does at this season, on hearing the "bleat," run to the spot, supposing, no doubt, that the Wolves have attacked their fawns, and in rushing to the rescue, run towards the hunter, who despatches them without much trouble, unless the woods are thickly overgrown with bushes and brush, when more difficulty is experienced in seeing them, although one may hear them close by; but it is a cruel, deceitful, and un-sportsmanlike method, of which I can never avail myself, and which I try to discountenance. Bell was busy all day with skins, and Sprague with flowers, which he delineates finely. Mr. Kipp presented me with a complete

dress of a Blackfoot warrior, ornamented with many tufts of Indian hair from scalps, and also with a saddle. After dinner, Harris, who felt poorly all morning, was better, and we went to pay a visit at the Opposition fort. We started in a wagon with an old horse called Peter, which stands fire like a stump. In going, we found we could approach the birds with comparative ease, and we had the good fortune to shoot three of the new Larks. I killed two, and Harris one. When this species starts from the ground, they fly in a succession of undulations, which renders aim at them quite difficult; after this, and in the same manner, they elevate themselves to some considerable height, as if about to sing, and presently pitch towards the ground, where they run prettily, and at times stand still and quite erect for a few minutes; we hope to discover their nests soon. Young Meadow Larks, Red-shafted Woodpeckers, and the Red-cheeked ditto,¹ are abundant. We reached Fort Mortimer in due time; passed first between several sulky, half-starved looking Indians, and came to the gate, where we were received by the "bourgeois,"² a young man by the name of Collins, from Hopkinsville, Ky. We found the place in a most miserable condition, and about to be carried away by the falling in of the banks on account of the great rise of water in the Yellowstone, that has actually dammed the Missouri. The current ran directly across, and the banks gave way at such a rate that the men had been obliged already to tear up the front of the fort and remove it to the rear. To-morrow they are to remove the houses themselves, should they stand the coming night, which appeared to me somewhat dubious. We

¹ This passage shows that Audubon observed individuals of the hybrid Woodpecker which he considered identical with *Colaptes cafer*, and also others which he regarded as belonging to the supposed new species — his *C. ayresii*. — E. C.

² The usual title or designation of the chief trader or person in charge of any establishment of a fur company. — E. C.

saw a large athletic man who has crossed the mountains twice to the Pacific; he is a Philadelphian, named Wallis, who had been a cook at Fort Union four years, but who had finally deserted, lived for a time with the Crows, and then joined the Opposition. These persons were very polite to us, and invited us to remain and take supper with them; but as I knew they were short of provisions, I would not impose myself upon them, and so, with thanks for their hospitality, we excused ourselves and returned to Fort Union. As we were in search of birds, we saw a small, whitish-colored Wolf trotting across the prairie, which hereabouts is very extensive and looks well, though the soil is poor. We put Peter to a trot and gained on the Wolf, which did not see us until we were about one hundred yards off; he stopped suddenly, and then went off at a canter. Harris gave the whip to Peter, and off we went, evidently gaining rapidly on the beast, when it saw an Indian in its road; taking fright, it dashed to one side, and was soon lost in a ravine. We congratulated ourselves, on reaching the fort, that we had such good fortune as to be able to sup and sleep here, instead of at Fort Mortimer. Bell had taken a walk and brought in a few birds. The prairie is covered with cacti, and Harris and I suffered by them; my feet were badly pricked by the thorns, which penetrated my boots at the junction of the soles with the upper leathers. I have to-day heard several strange stories about Grizzly Bears, all of which I must have corroborated before I fully accept them. The Otters and Musk-rats of this part of the country are smaller than in the States; the first is the worst enemy that the Beaver has.

June 24, Saturday. Bell killed a small Wolf last night, and Harris wounded another. This morning Provost started at daylight, and Bell followed him; but they returned without game. After breakfast Harris went off on horseback, and brought in a Sharp-tailed Grouse. He saw only one

Deer, species not identified. Sprague and I went off last, but brought in nothing new. This afternoon I thought would be a fair opportunity to examine the manners of Sprague's Lark on the wing. Bell drove Peter for me, and I killed four Larks; we then watched the flight of several. The male rises by constant undulations to a great height, say one hundred yards or more; and whilst singing its sweet-sounding notes, beats its wings, poised in the air like a Hawk, without rising at this time; after which, and after each burst of singing, it sails in divers directions, forming three quarters of a circle or thereabouts, then rises again, and again sings; the intervals between the singing are longer than those which the song occupies, and at times the bird remains so long in the air as to render it quite fatiguing to follow it with the eye. Sprague thought one he watched yesterday remained in the air about one hour. Bell and Harris watched one for more than half an hour, and this afternoon I gazed upon one, whilst Bell timed it, for thirty-six minutes. We continued on to Fort Mortimer to see its condition, were received as kindly as yesterday, and saw the same persons. It was four o'clock, and the men were all at dinner, having been obliged to wait until this time because they had no meat in the fort, and their hunters had returned only one hour and a half before. We found that the river had fallen about fourteen inches since last evening, and the men would not remove for the present. On our way homeward Bell shot a fifth Lark, and when we reached the ravine I cut out of a tree-stump the nest of an Arctic Bluebird, with six eggs in it, of almost the same size and color as those of the common Bluebird. Sprague had brought a female of his Lark, and her nest containing five eggs; the measurements of these two species I will write out to-morrow. Our Buffalo hunters are not yet returned, and I think that Squires will feel pretty well fatigued when he reaches the fort. Mr. Culbertson presented me with a pair

of stirrups, and a most splendid Blackfoot crupper for my saddle. The day has been warm and clear. We caught seven catfish at the river near the fort, and most excellent eating they are, though quite small when compared with the monsters of this species on the Missouri below.

June 25, Sunday. This day has been warm and the wind high, at first from the south, but this afternoon from the north. Little or nothing has been done in the way of procuring birds or game, except that Harris and Mr. Denig brought in several Arkansas Flycatchers. Not a word from the hunters, and therefore they must have gone far before they met Buffaloes. A few more catfish have been caught, and they are truly excellent.

June 26, Monday. The hunters returned this afternoon about three o'clock; *i. e.*, Squires and McKenzie; but the carts did not reach the fort till after I had gone to bed. They have killed three Antelopes, three bull Buffaloes, and one Townsend's Hare, but the last was lost through carelessness, and I am sorry for it. The men had eaten one of the Antelopes, and the two others are fine males; Bell skinned one, and saved the head and the fore-legs of the other. One of them had the tips of the horns as much crooked inwardly (backwards) as the horns of the European Chamois usually are. This afternoon early Provost brought in a Deer of the large kind, and this also was skinned. After this Harris and Bell went off and brought in several Lazuli Finches, and a black Prairie Lark Finch of the species brought from the Columbia by Townsend and Nuttall. We caught several catfish and a very curious sturgeon, of which Sprague took an outline with the camera, and I here give the measurements. . . . It had run on the shore, and was caught by one of the men. I made a bargain this morning with the hunter Bonaventure Le Brun to procure me ten Bighorns, at \$10.00 apiece, or the same price for any number he may get.

Mr. Culbertson lent him old Peter, the horse, and I wrote a *petit billet* to Mr. John Collins, to ask him to have them ferried across the river, as our boat was away on a wood-cutting expedition. As Le Brun did not return, of course he was taken across, and may, perhaps, come back this evening, or early to-morrow morning, with something worth having. At this moment Bell has shot a Wolf from the ramparts, and sadly crippled another, but it made off somehow.

June 27, Tuesday. This morning was quite cool, and the wind from the north. After breakfast Bell and Owen McKenzie went off on horseback on this side of the river, to see how far off the Buffaloes are, and they may probably bring home some game. Sprague and I have been drawing all day yesterday and most of to-day. Provost has been making whistles to call the Deer; later he, Harris, and I, walked to the hills to procure the black root plant which is said to be the best antidote for the bite of the rattlesnake. We found the root and dug one up, but the plant is not yet in bloom. The leaves are long and narrow, and the flowers are said to resemble the dwarf sunflower. Harris shot two of what he calls the Small Shore Lark, male and female; but beyond the size being a little smaller than those found at Labrador, I cannot discover any specific difference. From the top of the hills we saw a grand panorama of a most extensive wilderness, with Fort Union beneath us and far away, as well as the Yellowstone River, and the lake across the river. The hills across the Missouri appeared quite low, and we could see the high prairie beyond, forming the background. Bell and McKenzie returned, having shot a Wolf in a curious manner. On reaching the top of a hill they found themselves close to the Wolf. Bell's horse ran quite past it, but young McKenzie shot and broke one fore-leg, and it fell. Bell then gave his horse to McKenzie, jumped off, ran to the Wolf, and took hold of it by the tail, pulling it towards the horses;

but it got up and ran rapidly. Bell fired two shots in its back with a pistol without stopping it, then he ran as fast as he could, shot it in the side, and it fell. Bell says its tail was longer than usual, but it was not measured, and the Wolf was left on the prairie, as they had no means of bringing it in. They saw an Antelope, some Magpies, and a Swift Fox, but no Buffaloes, though they were fifteen miles from the fort. They ran a Long-tailed Deer, and describe its movements precisely as do Lewis and Clark.¹ Between every three or four short leaps came the long leap of fully twenty-five feet, if not more. The Kit or Swift Fox which they saw stood by a bunch of wormwood, and whilst looking at the hunters, was seen to brush off the flies with his paws.

I am now going to take this book to Lewis Squires and ask him to write in it his account of the Buffalo hunt.

(The following is in Mr. Squires' handwriting:)

"By Mr. Audubon's desire I will relate the adventures that befell me in my first Buffalo hunt, and I am in hopes that among the rubbish a trifle, at least, may be obtained which may be of use or interest to him. On the morning of Friday, the 23d, before daylight, I was up, and in a short time young McKenzie made his appearance. A few minutes sufficed to saddle our horses, and be in readiness for our contemplated hunt. We were accompanied by Mr. Bonaventure the younger, one of the hunters of the fort, and two carts to bring in whatever kind of meat might be procured. We were ferried across the river in a flatboat, and thence took our departure for the Buffalo country. We passed through a wooded bottom for about one mile, and then over a level prairie for about one mile and a half, when we commenced the ascent of the bluffs that bound the western side of the Missouri valley; our

¹ "The black-tailed deer never runs at full speed, but bounds with every foot from the ground at the same time, like the mule-deer." ("Lewis and Clark," ed. 1893.)

course then lay over an undulating prairie, quite rough, and steep hills with small ravines between, and over dry beds of streams that are made by the spring and fall freshets. Occasionally we were favored with a level prairie never exceeding two miles in extent. When the carts overtook us, we exchanged our horses for them, and sat on Buffalo robes on the bottom, our horses following on behind us. As we neared the place where the Buffaloes had been killed on the previous hunt, Bonaventure rode alone to the top of a hill to discover, if possible, their whereabouts; but to our disappointment nothing living was to be seen. We continued on our way watching closely, ahead, right and left. Three o'clock came and as yet nothing had been killed; as none of us had eaten anything since the night before, our appetites admonished us that it was time to pay attention to them. McKenzie and Bonaventure began to look about for Antelopes; but before any were 'comeatable,' I fell asleep, and was awakened by the report of a gun. Before we, in the carts, arrived at the spot from whence this report proceeded, the hunters had killed, skinned, and nearly cleaned the game, which was a fine male Antelope. I regretted exceedingly I was not awake when it was killed, as I might have saved the skin for Mr. Audubon, as well as the head, but I was too late. It was now about five o'clock, and one may well imagine I was *somewhat* hungry. Owen McKenzie commenced eating the raw liver, and offered me a piece. What others can eat, I felt assured I could at least taste. I accordingly took it and ate quite a piece of it; to my utter astonishment, I found it not only palatable but very good; this experience goes far to convince me that our prejudices make things appear more disgusting than fact proves them to be. Our Antelope cut up and in the cart, we proceeded on our 'winding way,' and scarcely had we left the spot where the entrails of the animal remained, before the Wolves and Ravens commenced coming from all

quarters, and from places where a minute before there was not a sign of one. We had not proceeded three hundred yards at the utmost, before eight Wolves were about the spot, and others approaching. On our way, both going and returning, we saw a cactus of a conical shape, having a light straw-colored, double flower, differing materially from the flower of the flat cactus, which is quite common; had I had any means of bringing one in, I would most gladly have done so, but I could not depend on the carts, and as they are rather unpleasant companions, I preferred awaiting another opportunity, which I hope may come in a few days. We shot a young of Townsend's Hare, about seven or eight steps from us, with about a dozen shot; I took good care of it until I left the cart on my return to the fort, but when the carts arrived it had carelessly been lost. This I regretted very much, as Mr. Audubon wanted it. It was nearly sunset when Bonaventure discovered a Buffalo bull, so we concluded to encamp for the night, and run the Buffaloes in the morning. We accordingly selected a spot near a pond of water, which in spring and fall is quite a large lake, and near which there was abundance of good pasture; our horses were soon unsaddled and hopped, a good fire blazing, and some of the Antelope meat roasting on sticks before it. As soon as a bit was done, we commenced operations, and it was soon gone 'the way of all flesh.' I never before ate meat without salt or pepper, and until then never fully appreciated these two *luxuries*, as they now seemed, nor can any one, until deprived of them, and seated on a prairie as we were, or in some similar situation. On the opposite side of the lake we saw a Grizzly Bear, but he was unapproachable. After smoking our pipes we rolled ourselves in our robes, with our saddles for pillows, and were soon lost in a sound, sweet sleep. During the night I was awakened by a crunching sound; the fire had died down, and I sat up and looking about perceived a

Wolf quietly feeding on the remains of our supper. One of the men awoke at the same time and fired at the Wolf, but without effect, and the fellow fled; we neither saw nor heard more of him during the night. By daylight we were all up, and as our horses had not wandered far, it was the work of a few minutes to catch and saddle them. We rode three or four miles before we discovered anything, but at last saw a group of three Buffaloes some miles from us. We pushed on, and soon neared them; before arriving at their feeding-ground, we saw, scattered about, immense quantities of pumice-stone, in detached pieces of all sizes; several of the hills appeared to be composed wholly of it. As we approached within two hundred yards of the Buffaloes they started, and away went the hunters after them. My first intention of being merely a looker-on continued up to this moment, but it was impossible to resist following; almost unconsciously I commenced urging my horse after them, and was soon rushing up hills and through ravines; but my horse gave out, and disappointment and anger followed, as McKenzie and Bonaventure succeeded in killing two, and wounding a third, which escaped. As soon as they had finished them, they commenced skinning and cutting up one, which was soon in the cart, the offal and useless meat being left on the ground. Again the Wolves made their appearance as we were leaving; they seemed shy, but Owen McKenzie succeeded in killing one, which was old and useless. The other Buffalo was soon skinned and in the cart. In the meantime McKenzie and I started on horseback for water. The man who had charge of the keg had let it all run out, and most fortunately none of us had wanted water until now. We rode to a pond, the water of which was very salt and warm, but we had to drink this or none; we did so, filled our flasks for the rest of the party, and a few minutes afterward rejoined them. We started again for more meat to complete our load. I observed, as we approached the Buf-

faloes, that they stood gazing at us with their heads erect, lashing their sides with their tails ; as soon as they discovered what we were at, with the quickness of thought they wheeled, and with the most surprising speed, for an animal apparently so clumsy and awkward, flew before us. I could hardly imagine that these enormous animals could move so quickly, or realize that their speed was as great as it proved to be ; and I doubt if in this country one horse in ten can be found that will keep up with them. We rode five or six miles before we discovered any more. At last we saw a single bull, and while approaching him we started two others ; slowly we wended our way towards them until within a hundred yards, when away they went. I had now begun to enter into the spirit of the chase, and off I started, full speed, down a rough hill in swift pursuit ; at the bottom of the hill was a ditch about eight feet wide ; the horse cleared this safely. I continued, leading the others by some distance, and rapidly approaching the Buffaloes. At this prospect of success my feelings can better be imagined than described. I kept the lead of the others till within thirty or forty yards of the Buffaloes, when I began making preparations to fire as soon as I was sufficiently near ; imagine, if possible, my disappointment when I discovered that now, when all my hopes of success were raised to the highest pitch, I was fated to meet a reverse as mortifying as success would have been gratifying. My horse failed, and slackened his pace, despite every effort of mine to urge him on ; the other hunters rushed by me at full speed, and my horse stopped altogether. I saw the others fire ; the animal swerved a little, but still kept on. After breathing my horse a while, I succeeded in starting him up again, followed after them, and came up in time to fire one shot ere the animal was brought down. I think that I never saw an eye so ferocious in expression as that of the wounded Buffalo ; rolling wildly in its socket, inflamed as the eye was, it had the

most frightful appearance that can be imagined; and in fact, the picture presented by the Buffalo as a whole is quite beyond my powers of description. The fierce eyes, blood streaming from his sides, mouth, and nostrils, he was the wildest, most unearthly-looking thing it ever fell to my lot to gaze upon. His sufferings were short; he was soon cut up and placed in the cart, and we retraced our steps homeward. Whilst proceeding towards our camping-ground for the night, two Antelopes were killed, and placed on our carts. Whenever we approached these animals they were very curious to see what we were; they would run, first to the right, and then to the left, then suddenly run straight towards us until within gun-shot, or nearly so. The horse attracted their attention more than the rider, and if a slight elevation or bush was between us, they were easily killed. As soon as their curiosity was gratified they would turn and run, but it was not difficult to shoot before this occurred. When they turned they would fly over the prairie for about a mile, when they would again stop and look at us. During the day we suffered very much for want of water, and drank anything that had the appearance of it, and most of the water, in fact all of it, was either impregnated with salt, sulphur, or magnesia — most disgusting stuff at any other time, but drinkable now. The worst of all was some rain-water that we were obliged to drink, first placing our handkerchiefs over the cup to strain it, and keep the worms out of our mouths. I drank it, and right glad was I to get even this. We rode about five miles to where we encamped for the night, near a little pond of water. In a few minutes we had a good fire of Buffalo dung to drive away mosquitoes that were in clouds about us. The water had taken away our appetites completely, and we went to bed without eating any supper. Our horses and beds were arranged as on the previous evening. McKenzie and I intended starting for the fort early in the morning. We saw a great many Magpies, Cur-

lews, Plovers, Doves, and numbers of Antelopes. About daylight I awoke and roused McKenzie; a man had gone for the horses, but after a search of two hours returned without finding them; all the party now went off except one man and myself, and all returned without success except Bonaventure, who found an old horse that had been lost since April last. He was despatched on this to the fort to get other horses, as we had concluded that ours were either lost or stolen. As soon as he had gone, one of the men started again in search of the runaways, and in a short time returned with them. McKenzie and I soon rode off. We saw two Grizzly Bears at the lake again. Our homeward road we made much shorter by cutting off several turns; we overtook Bonaventure about four miles from our encampment, and passed him. We rode forty miles to the fort in a trifle over six hours. We had travelled in all about one hundred and twenty miles. Bonaventure arrived two hours after we did, and the carts came in the evening."

Wednesday, June 28. This is an account of Squires' Buffalo hunt, his first one, which he has kindly written in my journal and which I hope some day to publish. This morning was very cloudy, and we had some rain, but from ten o'clock until this moment the weather has been beautiful. Harris shot a handsome though rather small Wolf; I have made a large drawing, and Sprague a fine diminished one, of the rascal. The first news we had this morning was that the ferry flat had been stolen last night, probably by the deserters from the fort who have had the wish to return to St. Louis. Some person outside of the fort threw a large stone at an Indian woman, and her husband fired in the dark, but no one could be found on searching. There is much trouble and discomfort to the managers of such an establishment as this. Provost went shooting, but saw nothing. Young McKenzie and another man were sent to find the scow, but in vain. On their re-

turn they said a hunter from Fort Mortimer had brought a Bighorn, and skinned it, and that he would let me have it if I wished. I sent Bell and Squires, and they brought the skin in. It proves to be that of an old female in the act of shedding her winter coat, and I found that she was covered with abundance of downy wool like the Antelopes under similar circumstances. Mr. Larpenteur caught five small catfish, which we ate at breakfast. After dinner Le Brun returned home, but brought only the skin of a young female of the White-tailed Deer, and I was surprised to see that it had the germ of a horn about one inch long; the skin was quite red, and it is saved. A young Elk was brought in good condition, as the hunters here know how to save skins properly; it was too young, however, to take measurements. The horns were in velvet about six inches long. When one sees the powerful bones and muscles of this young animal, one cannot fail to think of the great strength of the creature when mature, and its ability to bear with ease the enormous antlers with which its head is surmounted. The flesh of the Antelope is not comparable with that of the Deer, being dry and usually tough. It is very rarely indeed that a fat Antelope is killed. Bell has been very busy in skinning small birds and animals. We procured a young Red-shafted Woodpecker, killed by an Indian boy with a bow and arrow. Mr. Kipp's "Mack-inaw" was launched this evening, and sent across the river with men to relieve the charcoal-burners; she returned immediately and we expect that Mr. Kipp's crew will go off to-morrow about twelve. I was told a curious anecdote connected with a Grizzly Bear, that I will write down; it is as follows: One of the *engagés* of the Company was forced to run away, having killed an Indian woman, and made his way to the Crow Fort, three hundred miles up the Yellowstone River. When he arrived there he was in sad plight, having his own squaw and one or two children along, who had all suffered greatly with hunger,

thirst, and exposure. They were received at the fort, but in a short time, less than a week afterwards, he again ran off with his family, and on foot. The discovery was soon made, and two men were sent after him; but he eluded their vigilance by keeping close in ravines, etc. The men returned, and two others with an Indian were despatched on a second search, and after much travel saw the man and his family on an island, where he had taken refuge from his pursuers. The Buffalo-hide canoe in which he had attempted to cross the river was upset, and it was with difficulty that he saved his wife and children. They were now unable to escape, and when talking as to the best way to secure their return to the fort, the soldiers saw him walk to the body of a dead Buffalo lying on the shore of the island, with the evident intention of procuring some of it for food. As he stooped to cut off a portion, to his utter horror he saw a small Grizzly Bear crawl out from the carcass. It attacked him fiercely, and so suddenly that he was unable to defend himself; the Bear lacerated his face, arms, and the upper part of his body in a frightful manner, and would have killed him, had not the Indian raised his gun and fired at the Bear, wounding him severely, while a second shot killed him. The *engagé* was too much hurt to make further effort to escape, and one of the Company's boats passing soon after, he and his family were taken back to the fort, where he was kept to await his trial.

June 29, Thursday. It rained hard during the night, but at dawn Provost went shooting and returned to dinner, having shot a doe, which was skinned and the meat saved. He saw a Grouse within a few feet of him, but did not shoot, as he had only a rifle. Bell and I took a long walk, and shot several birds. We both were surprised to find a flock of Cliff Swallows endeavoring to build nests beneath the ledges of a clay bank. Watching the moment when several had alighted against

the bank, I fired, and killed three. Previous to this, as I was walking along a ravine, a White Wolf ran past within fifteen or twenty paces of me, but I had only very small shot, and did not care to wound where I could not kill. The fellow went off at a limping gallop, and Bell after it, squatting whenever the Wolf stopped to look at him; but at last the rascal lost himself in a deep ravine, and a few minutes after we saw him emerge from the shrubs some distance off, and go across the prairie towards the river. Bell saw two others afterwards, and if ever there was a country where Wolves are surpassingly abundant, it is the one we now are in. Wolves are in the habit of often lying down on the prairies, where they form quite a bed, working at bones the while. We found a nest of the Prairie Lark, with four eggs. We saw Arctic Bluebirds, Say's Flycatcher and Lazuli Finches. Say's Flycatcher has a note almost like the common Pewee. They fly over the prairies like Hawks, looking for grasshoppers, upon which they pounce, and if they lose sight of them, they try again at another place. We returned home to dinner, and after this a discussion arose connected with the Red-shafted Woodpecker. We determined to go and procure one of the young, and finding that these have pale-yellow shafts, instead of deep orange-red, such as the old birds have, the matter was tested and settled according to my statement. Harris and I went off after the doe killed this morning, and killed another, but as I have now skins enough, the measurements only were taken, and the head cut off, which I intend drawing to-morrow. Harris shot also a Grouse, and a Woodpecker that will prove a *Canadensis*; he killed the male also, but could not find it, and we found seven young Red-shafted Woodpeckers in one nest. I killed a female Meadow Lark, the first seen in this country by us. Provost told me (and he is a respectable man) that, during the breeding season of the Mountain Ram, the battering of the horns is often heard as far

as a mile away, and that at such times they are approached with comparative ease; and there is no doubt that it is during such encounters that the horns are broken and twisted as I have seen them, and not by leaping from high places and falling on their horns, as poetical travellers have asserted. The fact is that when these animals leap from any height they alight firmly on all their four feet. At this season the young are always very difficult to catch, and I have not yet seen one of them. Harris, Bell, and young McKenzie are going Bighorn hunting to-morrow, and I hope they will be successful; I, alas! am no longer young and alert enough for the expedition. We find the mosquitoes very troublesome, and very numerous.

June 30, Friday. The weather was dark, with the wind at the northwest, and looked so like rain that the hunters did not start as they had proposed. Sprague, Harris, and Bell went out, however, after small game. I began drawing at five this morning, and worked almost without cessation till after three, when, becoming fatigued for want of practice, I took a short walk, regretting I could no longer draw twelve or fourteen hours without a pause or thought of weariness. It is now raining quite hard. Mr. Larpenteur went after a large tree to make a ferry-boat, and the new skiff was begun this morning. I sent Provost to Fort Mortimer to see if any one had arrived from below; he found a man had done so last evening and brought letters to Mr. Collins, requesting him to do all he can for us. He also reported that a party of Sioux had had a battle with the Gros Ventres, and had killed three of the latter and a white man who lived with them as a blacksmith. The Gros Ventres, on the other hand, had killed eight of the Sioux and put them to flight. The blacksmith killed two Sioux, and the enemies cut off one leg and one arm, scalped him, and left the mangled body behind them. It is said there is now no person living who can recollect the manner in which the bitter enmity of these two nations

originated. The Yellowstone River is again rising fast, and Mr. Kipp will have tough times before he reaches Fort Alexander, which was built by Mr. Alexander Culbertson, our present host, and the Company had it honored by his name. When a herd of Buffaloes is chased, although the bulls themselves run very swiftly off, their speed is not to be compared to that of the cows and yearlings; for these latter are seen in a few minutes to leave the bulls behind them, and as cows and young Buffaloes are preferable to the old males, when the hunters are well mounted they pursue the cows and young ones invariably. Last winter Buffaloes were extremely abundant close to this fort, so much so that while the people were engaged in bringing hay in carts, the Buffaloes during the night came close in, and picked up every wisp that was dropped. An attempt to secure them alive was made by strewing hay in such a manner as to render the bait more and more plentiful near the old fort, which is distant about two hundred yards, and which was once the property of Mr. Sublette and Co.; but as the hogs and common cattle belonging to the fort are put up there regularly at sunset, the Buffaloes ate the hay to the very gates, but would not enter the enclosure, probably on account of the different smells issuing therefrom. At this period large herds slept in front of the fort, but just before dawn would remove across the hills about one mile distant, and return towards night. An attempt was made to shoot them with a cannon — a four-pounder; three were killed and several wounded. Still the Buffaloes came to their sleeping ground at evening, and many were killed during the season. I saw the head of one Mr. Culbertson shot, and the animal must have been of unusual size.

July 1, Saturday. It was still raining when I got up, but a few minutes later the sun was shining through one of our windows, and the wind being at northwest we anticipated a fine day. The ground was extremely wet and

muddy, but Harris and Bell went off on horseback, and returned a few minutes after noon. They brought some birds and had killed a rascally Wolf. Bell found the nest of the Arkansas Flycatcher. The nest and eggs, as well as the manners, of this bird resemble in many ways those of our King-bird. The nest was in an elm, twenty or twenty-five feet above the ground, and he saw another in a similar situation. Mr. Culbertson and I walked to the Pilot Knob with a spy-glass, to look at the present condition of Fort Mortimer. This afternoon Squires, Provost, and I walked there, and were kindly received as usual. We found all the people encamped two hundred yards from the river, as they had been obliged to move from the tumbling fort during the rain of last night. Whilst we were there a trapper came in with a horse and told us the following: This man and four others left that fort on the 1st of April last on an expedition after Beavers. They were captured by a party of about four hundred Sioux, who took them prisoners and kept him one day and a half, after which he was released, but his companions were kept prisoners. He crossed the river and found a horse belonging to the Indians, stole it, and reached the fort at last. He looked miserable indeed, almost without a rag of clothing, long hair, filthy beyond description, and having only one very keen, bright eye, which looked as if he was both proud and brave. He had subsisted for the last eleven days on pomme blanche and the thick leaves of the cactus, which he roasted to get rid of the thorns or spines, and thus had fared most miserably; for, previous to the capture of himself and his companions, he had upset his bull canoe and lost his rifle, which to a trapper is, next to life, his dependence. When he was asked if he would have some dinner, he said that he had forgotten the word, but would try the taste of meat again. Mr. Collins was very polite to me, and promised me a hunter for the whole of next week, expressly to

shoot Bighorns. I hope this promise may be better kept than that of Mr. Chardon, who told me that should he have one killed within forty miles he would send Alexis back with it at once. We heard some had been killed, but this may not be true; at any rate, men are men all over the world, and a broken promise is not unheard-of. This evening Mr. Culbertson presented me with a splendid dress, as well as one to Harris and one to Bell, and promised one to Sprague, which I have no doubt he will have. Harris and Sprague went off to procure Woodpeckers' nests, and brought the most curious set of five birds that I ever saw, and which I think will puzzle all the naturalists in the world. The first was found near the nest, of which Sprague shot the female, a light-colored Red-shafted Woodpecker. It proved to be of the same color, but had the rudiments of black stripes on the cheeks. Next, Sprague shot an adult yellow-winged male, with the markings principally such as are found in the Eastern States. Harris then shot a young Red-shafted, just fledged, with a black stripe on the cheek. His next shot was a light-colored Red-shafted male, with black cheeks, and another still, a yellow Red-shafted with a red cheek.¹ After all this Mr. Culbertson proposed to run a sham Buffalo hunt again. He, Harris, and Squires started on good horses, went about a mile, and returned full tilt, firing and cracking. Squires fired four times and missed once. Harris did not shoot at all; but Mr. Culbertson fired eleven times, starting at the onset with an empty gun, snapped three times, and reached the fort with his gun loaded. A more wonderful rider I never saw.

July 2, Sunday. The weather was cool and pleasant this morning, with no mosquitoes, which indeed — plentiful and troublesome as they are — Provost tells me are

¹ The above is a very good example of the way these Woodpeckers vary in color, presenting a case which, as Audubon justly observes, is a "puzzle to all the naturalists in the world." See note, p. 14. — E. C.

more scarce this season than he ever knew them thus far up the Missouri. Sprague finished his drawing of the doe's head about dinner-time, and it looks well. After dinner he went after the puzzling Woodpeckers, and brought three, all different from each other. Mr. Culbertson, his squaw wife, and I rode to Fort Mortimer, accompanied by young McKenzie, and found Mr. Collins quite ill. We saw the hunters of that fort, and they promised to supply me with Bighorns, at ten dollars apiece in the flesh, and also some Black-tailed Deer, and perhaps a Grizzly Bear. This evening they came to the fort for old Peter and a mule, to bring in their game; and may success attend them! When we returned, Harris started off with Mr. Culbertson and his wife to see the condition of Mr. Collins, to whom he administered some remedies. Harris had an accident that was near being of a serious nature; as he was getting into the wagon, thinking that a man had hold of the reins, which was not the case, his foot was caught between the axle-tree and the wagon, he was thrown down on his arm and side, and hurt to some extent; fortunately he escaped without serious injury, and does not complain much this evening, as he has gone on the ramparts to shoot a Wolf. Sprague saw a Wolf in a hole a few yards from the fort, but said not a word of it till after dinner, when Bell and Harris went there and shot it through the head. It was a poor, miserable, crippled old beast, that could not get out of the hole, which is not more than three or four feet deep. After breakfast we had a hunt after Hares or Rabbits, and Harris saw two of them, but was so near he did not care to shoot at them. Whilst Harris and Mr. Culbertson went off to see Mr. Collins, Mr. Denig and I walked off with a bag and instruments, to take off the head of a three-years-dead Indian chief, called the White Cow. Mr. Denig got upon my shoulders and into the branches near the coffin, which stood about ten feet above ground.

The coffin was lowered, or rather tumbled, down, and the cover was soon hammered off; to my surprise, the feet were placed on the pillow, instead of the head, which lay at the foot of the coffin — if a long box may so be called. Worms innumerable were all about it; the feet were naked, shrunk, and dried up. The head had still the hair on, but was twisted off in a moment, under jaw and all. The body had been first wrapped up in a Buffalo skin without hair, and then in another robe with the hair on, as usual; after this the dead man had been enveloped in an American flag, and over this a superb scarlet blanket. We left all on the ground but the head. Squires, Mr. Denig and young Owen McKenzie went afterwards to try to replace the coffin and contents in the tree, but in vain; the whole affair fell to the ground, and there it lies; but I intend to-morrow to have it covered with earth. The history of this man is short, and I had it from Mr. Larpenteur, who was in the fort at the time of his decease, or self-committed death. He was a good friend to the whites, and knew how to procure many Buffalo robes for them; he was also a famous orator, and never failed to harangue his people on all occasions. He was, however, consumptive, and finding himself about to die, he sent his squaw for water, took an arrow from his quiver, and thrusting it into his heart, expired, and was found dead when his squaw returned to the lodge. He was "buried" in the above-mentioned tree by the orders of Mr. McKenzie, who then commanded this fort. Mr. Culbertson drove me so fast, and Harris so much faster, over this rough ground, that I feel quite stiff. I must not forget to say that we had another sham Buffalo chase over the prairie in front of the fort, the riders being Squires, young McKenzie, and Mr. Culbertson; and I was glad and proud to see that Squires, though so inexperienced a hunter, managed to shoot five shots within the mile, McKenzie eleven, and Mr. Culbertson eight. Harris killed an old

Wolf, which he thought was larger and fatter than any killed previously. It was very large, but on examination it was found to be poor and without teeth in the upper jaw.

July 3, Monday. We have had a warm night and day; after breakfast we all six crossed the river in the newly built skiff, and went off in divers directions. Provost and I looked thoroughly through the brushwood, and walked fully six miles from the fort; we saw three Deer, but so far were they that it was useless to shoot. Deer-shooting on the prairies is all hazard; sometimes the animals come tripping along within ten yards of you, and at other times not nearer can you get than one hundred and fifty yards, which was the case this day. The others killed nothing of note, and crossed the river back to the fort two hours at least before us; and we shot and bawled out for nearly an hour, before the skiff was sent for us. I took a swim, found the water very pleasant, and was refreshed by my bath. The Bighorn hunters returned this afternoon with a Bighorn, a female, and also a female Black-tailed Deer. I paid them \$15 for the two, and they are to start again to-morrow evening, or the next day.

July 4, Tuesday. Although we had some fireworks going on last evening, after I had laid myself down for the night, the anniversary of the Independence of the United States has been almost the quietest I have ever spent, as far as my recollection goes. I was drawing the whole day, and Sprague was engaged in the same manner, painting a likeness of Mr. Culbertson. Harris and Bell went off to try and procure a buck of the Long White-tailed Deer, and returned after dinner much fatigued and hungry enough. Bell had shot at a Deer and wounded it very severely; the poor thing ran on, but soon lay down, for the blood and froth were gushing out of its mouth. Bell saw the buck lying down, and not being an experienced

hunter, thought it was dead, and instead of shooting it again, went back to call Harris; when they returned, the Deer was gone, and although they saw it again and again, the Deer outwitted them, and, as I have said, they returned weary, with no Deer. After dinner I spoke to Mr. Culbertson on the subject, and he told me that the Deer could probably be found, but that most likely the Wolves would devour it. He prepared to send young McKenzie with both my friends; the horses were soon saddled, and the three were off at a gallop. The poor buck's carcass was found, but several Wolves and Turkey Buzzards had fared well upon it; the vertebræ only were left, with a few bits of skin and portions of the horns in velvet. These trophies were all that they brought home. It was a superb and very large animal, and I am very sorry for the loss of it, as I am anxious to draw the head of one of such a size as they represent this to have been. They ran after a Wolf, which gave them leg bail. Meanwhile Squires and Provost started with the skiff in a cart to go up the river two miles, cross, and camp on the opposite shore. The weather became very gloomy and chill. In talking with Mr. Culbertson he told me that no wise man would ever follow a Buffalo bull immediately in his track, even in a hunt, and that no one well initiated would ever run after Buffaloes between the herd and another hunter, as the latter bears on the former ever and anon, and places him in imminent danger. Buffalo cows rarely, if ever, turn on the assailant, but bulls oftentimes will, and are so dangerous that many a fine hunter has been gored and killed, as well as his horse.

July 5, Wednesday. It rained the whole of last night and the weather has been bad all day. I am at the Big-horn's head, and Sprague at Mr. Culbertson. Provost and Squires returned drenched and hungry, before dinner. They had seen several Deer, and fresh tracks of a large Grizzly Bear. They had waded through mud and water

enough for one day, and were well fatigued. Harris and Bell both shot at Wolves from the ramparts, and as these things are of such common occurrence I will say no more about them, unless we are in want of one of these beasts. Harris and I went over to see Mr. Collins, who is much better; his hunters had not returned. We found the men there mostly engaged in playing cards and backgammon. The large patches of rose bushes are now in full bloom, and they are so full of sweet fragrance that the air is perfumed by them. The weather looks clear towards the north, and I expect a fine to-morrow. Old Provost has been telling me much of interest about the Beavers, once so plentiful, but now very scarce. It takes about seventy Beaver skins to make a pack of a hundred pounds; in a good market this pack is worth five hundred dollars, and in fortunate seasons a trapper sometimes made the large sum of four thousand dollars. Formerly, when Beavers were abundant, companies were sent with as many as thirty and forty men, each with from eight to a dozen traps, and two horses. When at a propitious spot, they erected a camp, and every man sought his own game; the skins alone were brought to the camp, where a certain number of men always remained to stretch and dry them.

July 6, Thursday. The weather has been pleasant, with the wind at northwest, and the prairies will dry a good deal. After breakfast Harris, Bell, and McKenzie went off on horseback. They saw a Red Fox of the country,¹ which is different from those of the States; they chased it, and though it ran slowly at first, the moment it saw the hunters at full gallop, it ran swiftly from them. McKenzie shot with a rifle and missed it. They saw fresh tracks of the small Hare, but not any of the animals themselves. After dinner I worked at Mr. Culbertson's

¹ *Vulpes utah* of Aud. and Bach., Quad. N. Am. iii., 1853, p. 255, pl. 151, or *V. macrourus* of Baird, as already noted. This is the Western variety of the common Red Fox, now usually called *Vulpes fulvus macrourus*. — E. C.

head and dress, and by evening had the portrait nearly finished. At four o'clock Harris, Bell, and Sprague went across the river in the skiff; Sprague to take a view of the fort, the others to hunt. Harris and Bell shot twice at a buck, and killed it, though only one buckshot entered the thigh. Whilst we were sitting at the back gate of the fort, we saw a parcel of Indians coming towards the place, yelling and singing what Mr. Culbertson told me was the song of the scalp dance; we saw through the telescope that they were fourteen in number, with their faces painted black, and that it was a detachment of a war party. When within a hundred yards they all stopped, as if awaiting an invitation; we did not hurry as to this, and they seated themselves on the ground and looked at us, while Mr. Culbertson sent Mr. Denig to ask them to come in by the front gate of the fort, and put them in the Indian house, a sort of camp for the fellows. They all looked miserably poor, filthy beyond description, and their black faces and foully smelling Buffalo robes made them appear to me like so many devils. The leader, who was well known to be a famous rascal, and was painted red, was a tall, well-formed man. The party had only three poor guns, and a few had coarse, common lances; every man had a knife, and the leader was armed with a stick in which were inserted three blades of butcher's-knives; a blow from this weapon would doubtless kill a man. Some of the squaws of the fort, having found that they were Assiniboins, went to meet them; they took one of these, and painted her face black, as a sign of friendship. Most of these mighty warriors had a lump of fresh Buffalo meat slung on his back, which was all traded for by Mr. Larpenteur, who gave them in exchange some dried meat, not worth the notice of Harris's dog, and some tobacco. The report of their expedition is as follows: Their party at first consisted of nearly fifty; they travelled several hundred miles in search of Blackfeet, and

having discovered a small troop of them, they hid till the next morning, when at daylight (this is always the time they prefer for an attack) they rushed upon the enemy, surprised them, killed one at the onset, and the rest took to flight, leaving guns, horses, shields, lances, etc., on the ground. The Assiniboins took several guns and seven horses, and the scalp of the dead Indian. It happened that the man they killed had some time ago killed the father of their chief, and he was full of joy. After eating and resting awhile, they followed the trail of the Blackfeet, hoping to again surprise them; but not seeing them, they separated into small parties, and it is one of these parties that is now with us. The chief, to show his pride and delight at killing his enemy, has borrowed a drum; and the company have nearly ever since been yelling, singing, and beating that beastly tambour. Boucher-ville came to me, and told me that if the swamp over the river was sufficiently dried by to-morrow morning, he would come early with a companion for two horses, and would go after Bighorns. He returned this afternoon from a Buffalo hunt and had killed six. These six animals, all bulls, will suffice for Fort Mortimer only three days. A rascally Indian had stolen his gun and Bighorn bow; the gun he said he could easily replace, but the loss of the bow he regretted exceedingly.

July 7, Friday. This morning the dirty Indians, who could have washed had they so minded, were beating the tambour and singing their miserable scalp song, until Mr. Culbertson ordered the drum taken away, and gave them more tobacco and some vermilion to bedaub their faces. They were permitted to remain about the fort the remainder of the day, and the night coming they will again be sheltered; but they must depart to-morrow morning. After breakfast Sprague worked on the view of the fort. I went on with the portrait of Mr. Culbertson, who is about as bad a sitter as his wife, whose

portrait is very successful, notwithstanding her extreme restlessness. After dinner Harris, Bell, and I started on foot, and walked about four miles from the fort; the day was hot, and horseflies and mosquitoes pretty abundant, but we trudged on, though we saw nothing; we had gone after Rabbits, the tracks of which had been seen previously. We walked immediately near the foot of the clay hills which run from about a mile from and above the fort to the Lord knows where. We first passed one ravine where we saw some very curious sandstone formations, coming straight out horizontally from the clay banks between which we were passing; others lay loose and detached; they had fallen down, or had been washed out some time or other. All were compressed in such a manner that the usual form was an oval somewhat depressed in the centre; but, to give you some idea of these formations, I will send you a rough sketch. Those in the banks extended from five to seven feet, and the largest one on the ground measured a little less than ten feet. Bell thought they would make good sharpening-stones, but I considered them too soft. They were all smooth, and the grain was alike in all. We passed two much depressed and very broken ravines, and at last reached the Rabbit ground. Whilst looking at the wild scenery around, and the clay hills on the other side of the Missouri opposite the fort, I thought that if all these were granite, the formation and general appearance would resemble the country of Labrador, though the grandeur and sublimity of the latter far surpass anything that I have seen since I left them forever. I must not forget to say that on our way we passed through some grasses with bearded shafts, so sharp that they penetrated our moccasins and entered our feet and ankles, and in the shade of a stumpy ash-tree we took off our moccasins and drew the spines out. The Lazuli Finches and Arctic Bluebirds sang in our view; but though we beat all the clumps of

low bushes where the Rabbits must go in, whether during night or day, we did not start one. We saw a Wolf which ran close by, reached the brow of the hill, and kept where he could watch our every motion; this they do on all possible occasions. We were all very warm, so we rested awhile, and ate some service-berries, which I found good; the gooseberries were small and green, and almost choked Harris with their sharp acidity. On our return, as we were descending the first deep ravine, a Raven flew off close by; it was so near Bell that he had no time to shoot. I followed it and although loaded with No. 6 shot, I drew my trigger and the bird fell dead; only one shot had touched it, but that had passed through the lungs. After we reached the prairie I shot a Meadow Lark, but lost it, as we had unfortunately not taken Bragg (Harris's dog). We saw a patch of wood called in these regions a "Point;" we walked towards it for the purpose of shooting Deer. I was sent to the lower end, Bell took one side, and Harris the other, and the hound we had with us was sent in; no Deer there, however, and we made for the fort, which we reached hot and thirsty enough after our long walk. As soon as I was cooled I took a good swim. I think the Indians hereabouts poor swimmers; they beat the water with their arms, attempting to "nage à la brasse;" but, alas! it is too bad to mention. I am told, however, that there are no good specimens to judge from at the fort, so this is not much of an opinion. It is strange how very scarce snakes of every description are, as well as insects, except mosquitoes and horseflies. Young McKenzie had been sent to seek for the lost ferry-boat, but returned without success; the new one is expected to be put in the water to-morrow evening. Squires and Provost had the skiff carried overland three miles, and they crossed the river in it with the intention to remain hunting until Sunday night.

July 8, Saturday. Mr. Culbertson told me this morn-

ing that last spring early, during a snow-storm, he and Mr. Larpenteur were out in an Indian lodge close by the fort, when they heard the mares which had young colts making much noise; and that on going out they saw a single Wolf that had thrown down one of the colts, and was about doing the same with another. They both made towards the spot with their pistols; and, fearing that the Wolf might kill both the colts, fired before reaching the spot, when too far off to take aim. Master Wolf ran off, but both colts bear evidence of his teeth to this day. When I came down this morning early, I was delighted to see the dirty and rascally Indians walking off to their lodge on the other side of the hills, and before many days they will be at their camp enjoying their merriment (rough and senseless as it seems to me), yelling out their scalp song, and dancing. Now this dance, to commemorate the death of an enemy, is a mere bending and slackening of the body, and patting of the ground with both feet at once, in very tolerable time with their music. Our squaws yesterday joined them in this exemplary ceremony; one was blackened, and all the others painted with vermilion. The art of painting in any color is to mix the color desired with grease of one sort or another; and when well done, it will stick on for a day or two, if not longer. Indians are not equal to the whites in the art of dyeing Porcupine quills; their ingredients are altogether too simple and natural to equal the knowledge of chemicals. Mr. Denig dyed a good quantity to-day for Mrs. Culbertson; he boiled water in a tin kettle with the quills put in when the water boiled, to remove the oil attached naturally to them; next they were thoroughly washed, and fresh water boiled, wherein he placed the color wanted, and boiled the whole for a few minutes, when he looked at them to judge of the color, and so continued until all were dyed. Red, yellow, green, and black quills were the result of his labors. A good deal of vegetable acid is

necessary for this purpose, as minerals, so they say here, will not answer. I drew at Mr. Culbertson's portrait till he was tired enough; his wife — a pure Indian — is much interested in my work. Bell and Sprague, after some long talk with Harris about geological matters, of which valuable science he knows a good deal, went off to seek a Wolf's hole that Sprague had seen some days before, but of which, with his usual reticence, he had not spoken. Sprague returned with a specimen of rattle-snake root, which he has already drawn. Bell saw a Wolf munching a bone, approached it and shot at it. The Wolf had been wounded before and ran off slowly, and Bell after it. Mr. Culbertson and I saw the race; Bell gained on the Wolf until within thirty steps when he fired again; the Wolf ran some distance further, and then fell; but Bell was now exhausted by the heat, which was intense, and left the animal where it lay without attempting to skin it. Squires and Provost returned this afternoon about three o'clock, but the first alone had killed a doe. It was the first one he had ever shot, and he placed seven buckshot in her body. Owen went off one way, and Harris and Bell another, but brought in nothing. Provost went off to the Opposition camp, and when he returned told me that a Porcupine was there, and would be kept until I saw it; so Harris drove me over, at the usual breakneck pace, and I bought the animal. Mr. Collins is yet poorly, their hunters have not returned, and they are destitute of everything, not having even a medicine chest. We told him to send a man back with us, which he did, and we sent him some medicine, rice, and two bottles of claret. The weather has been much cooler and pleasanter than yesterday.

July 9, Sunday. I drew at a Wolf's head, and Sprague worked at a view of the fort for Mr. Culbertson. I also worked on Mr. Culbertson's portrait about an hour. I then worked at the Porcupine, which is an animal such as

I never saw or Bell either. Its measurements are: from nose to anterior canthus of the eye, $1\frac{5}{8}$ in., posterior ditto, $2\frac{1}{8}$; conch of ear, $3\frac{1}{2}$; distances from eyes posteriorly, $2\frac{1}{4}$; fore feet stretched beyond nose, $3\frac{1}{2}$; length of head around, $4\frac{1}{8}$; nose to root of tail, $18\frac{1}{2}$; length of tail vertebræ, $6\frac{3}{8}$; to end of hair, $7\frac{3}{4}$; hind claws when stretched equal to end of tail; greatest breadth of palm, $1\frac{1}{4}$; of sole, $1\frac{3}{8}$; outward width of tail at base, $3\frac{5}{8}$; depth of ditto, $3\frac{1}{8}$; length of palm, $1\frac{1}{2}$; ditto of sole, $1\frac{7}{8}$; height at shoulder, 11; at rump, $10\frac{1}{4}$; longest hair on the back, $8\frac{7}{8}$; breadth between ears, $2\frac{1}{4}$; from nostril to split of upper lip, $\frac{3}{4}$; upper incisors, $\frac{5}{8}$; lower ditto, $\frac{3}{4}$; tongue quite smooth; weight 11 lbs. The habits of this animal are somewhat different from those of the Canadian Porcupine. The one of this country often goes in crevices or holes, and young McKenzie caught one in a Wolf's den, along with the old Wolf and seven young; they climb trees, however.

Provost tells me that Wolves are oftentimes destroyed by wild horses, which he has seen run at the Wolves head down, and when at a proper distance take them by the middle of the back with their teeth, and throw them several feet in the air, after which they stamp upon their bodies with the fore feet until quite dead. I have a bad blister on the heel of my right foot, and cannot walk without considerable pain.

July 10, Monday. Squires, Owen, McKenzie, and Provost, with a mule, a cart, and Peter the horse, went off at seven this morning for Antelopes. Bell did not feel well enough to go with them, and was unable to eat his usual meal, but I made him some good gruel, and he is better now. This afternoon Harris went off on horseback after Rabbits, and he will, I hope, have success. The day has been fine, and cool compared with others. I took a walk, and made a drawing of the beautiful sugar-loaf cactus; it does not open its blossoms until after the middle of the day, and closes immediately on being placed in the shade.

July 11, Tuesday. Harris returned about ten o'clock last night, but saw no Hares; how we are to procure any is more than I can tell. Mr. Culbertson says that it was dangerous for Harris to go so far as he did alone up the country, and he must not try it again. The hunters returned this afternoon, but brought only one buck, which is, however, beautiful, and the horns in velvet so remarkable that I can hardly wait for daylight to begin drawing it. I have taken all the measurements of this perfect animal; it was shot by old Provost. Mr. Culbertson — whose portrait is nearly finished — his wife, and I took a ride to look at some grass for hay, and found it beautiful and plentiful. We saw two Wolves, a common one and a prairie one. Bell is better. Sprague has drawn another cactus; Provost and I have now skinned the buck, and it hangs in the ice-house; the head, however, is untouched.

July 12, Wednesday. I rose before three, and began at once to draw the buck's head. Bell assisted me to place it in the position I wanted, and as he felt somewhat better, while I drew, he finished the skin of the Porcupine; so that is saved. Sprague continued his painting of the fort. Just after dinner a Wolf was seen leisurely walking within one hundred yards of the fort. Bell took the repeating rifle, went on the ramparts, fired, and missed it. Mr. Culbertson sent word to young Owen McKenzie to get a horse and give it chase. All was ready in a few minutes, and off went the young fellow after the beast. I left my drawing long enough to see the pursuit, and was surprised to see that the Wolf did not start off on a gallop till his pursuer was within one hundred yards or so of him, and who then gained rapidly. Suddenly the old sinner turned, and the horse went past him some little distance. As soon as he could be turned about McKenzie closed upon him, his gun flashed twice; but now he was almost *à bon touchant*, the gun went off — the Wolf was dead. I walked out to meet Owen with the beast; it was very poor, very old, and good



AUDUBON.

From the pencil sketch by Isaac Sprague, 1842. In the possession of the Sprague family,
Wellesley Hills, Mass.

for nothing as a specimen. Harris, who had shot at one last night in the late twilight, had killed it, but was not aware of it till I found the villain this morning. It had evidently been dragged at by its brothers, who, however, had not torn it. Provost went over to the other fort to find out where the Buffaloes are most abundant, and did not return till late, so did no hunting. A young dog of this country's breed ate up all the berries collected by Mrs. Culbertson, and her lord had it killed for our supper this evening. The poor thing was stuck with a knife in the throat, after which it was placed over a hot fire outside of the fort, singed, and the hair scraped off, as I myself have treated Raccoons and Opossums. Then the animal was boiled, and I intend to taste one mouthful of it, for I cannot say that just now I should relish an entire meal from such peculiar fare. There are men, however, who much prefer the flesh to Buffalo meat, or even venison. An ox was broken to work this day, and worked far better than I expected. I finished at last Mr. Culbertson's portrait, and it now hangs in a frame. He and his wife are much pleased with it, and I am heartily glad they are, for in conscience I am not; however, it is all I could do, especially with a man who is never in the same position for one whole minute; so no more can be expected. The dog was duly cooked and brought into Mr. Culbertson's room; he served it out to Squires, Mr. Denig, and myself, and I was astonished when I tasted it. With great care and some repugnance I put a very small piece in my mouth; but no sooner had the taste touched my palate than I changed my dislike to liking, and found this victim of the canine order most excellent, and made a good meal, finding it fully equal to any meat I ever tasted. Old Provost had told me he preferred it to any meat, and his subsequent actions proved the truth of his words. We are having some music this evening, and Harris alone is absent, being at his favorite evening occupation, namely, shooting at Wolves from the ramparts.

July 13, Thursday. This has been a cloudy and a sultry day. Sprague finished his drawing and I mine. After dinner Mr. Culbertson, Squires, and myself went off nine miles over the prairies to look at the "meadows," as they are called, where Mr. Culbertson has heretofore cut his winter crop of hay, but we found it indifferent compared with that above the fort. We saw Sharp-tailed Grouse, and what we thought a new species of Lark, which we shot at no less than ten times before it was killed by Mr. Culbertson, but not found. I caught one of its young, but it proved to be only the Shore Lark. Before we reached the meadows we saw a flock of fifteen or twenty Bob-o-link, *Emberiza orizivora*, and on our return shot one of them (a male) on the wing. It is the first seen since we left St. Louis. We reached the meadows at last, and tied our nag to a tree, with the privilege of feeding. Mr. Culbertson and Squires went in the "meadows," and I walked round the so-called patch. I shot seven Arkansas Flycatchers on the wing. After an hour's walking, my companions returned, but had seen nothing except the fresh tracks of a Grizzly Bear. I shot at one of the White-rumped Hawks, of which I have several times spoken, but although it dropped its quarry and flew very wildly afterwards, it went out of my sight. We found the beds of Elks and their fresh dung, but saw none of these animals. I have forgotten to say that immediately after breakfast this morning I drove with Squires to Fort Mortimer, and asked Mr. Collins to let me have his hunter, Boucherville, to go after Mountain Rams for me, which he promised to do. In the afternoon he sent a man over to ask for some flour, which Mr. Culbertson sent him. They are there in the utmost state of destitution, almost of starvation, awaiting the arrival of the hunters like so many famished Wolves. Harris and Bell went across the river and shot a Wolf under the river bank, and afterwards a Duck, but saw nothing else. But during their absence we have had a fine opportunity of

witnessing the agility and extreme strength of a year-old Buffalo bull belonging to the fort. Our cook, who is an old Spaniard, threw his lasso over the Buffalo's horns, and all the men in the fort at the time, hauled and pulled the beast about, trying to get him close to a post. He kicked, pulled, leaped sideways, and up and down, snorting and pawing until he broke loose, and ran, as if quite wild, about the enclosure. He was tied again and again, without any success, and at last got out of the fort, but was soon retaken, the rope being thrown round his horns, and he was brought to the main post of the Buffalo-robe press. There he was brought to a standstill, at the risk of breaking his neck, and the last remnant of his winter coat was removed by main strength, which was the object for which the poor animal had undergone all this trouble. After Harris returned to the fort he saw six Sharp-tailed Grouse. At this season this species have no particular spot where you may rely upon finding them, and at times they fly through the woods, and for a great distance, too, where they alight on trees; when, unless you accidentally see them, you pass by without their moving. After we passed Fort Mortimer on our return we saw coming from the banks of the river no less than eighteen Wolves, which altogether did not cover a space of more than three or four yards, they were so crowded. Among them were two Prairie Wolves. Had we had a good running horse some could have been shot; but old Peter is long past his running days. The Wolves had evidently been feeding on some carcass along the banks, and all moved very slowly. Mr. Culbertson gave me a grand pair of leather breeches and a very handsome knife-case, all manufactured by the Blackfeet Indians.

July 14, Friday. Thermometer 70°-95°. Young McKenzie went off after Antelopes across the river alone, but saw only one, which he could not get near. After breakfast Harris, Squires, and I started after birds of all

sorts, with the wagon, and proceeded about six miles on the road we had travelled yesterday. We met the hunter from Fort Mortimer going for Bighorns for me, and Mr. Culbertson lent him a horse and a mule. We caught two young of the Shore Lark, killed seven of Sprague's Lark, but by bad management lost two, either from the wagon, my hat, or Harris's pockets. The weather was exceedingly hot. We hunted for Grouse in the wormwood bushes, and after despairing of finding any, we started up three from the plain, and they flew not many yards to the river. We got out of the wagon and pushed for them; one rose, and Harris shot it, though it flew some yards before he picked it up. He started another, and just as he was about to fire, his gunlock caught on his coat, and off went Mr. Grouse, over and through the woods until out of sight, and we returned slowly home. We saw ten Wolves this morning. After dinner we had a curious sight. Squires put on my Indian dress. McKenzie put on one of Mr. Culbertson's, Mrs. Culbertson put on her own *superb* dress, and the cook's wife put on the one Mrs. Culbertson had given me. Squires and Owen were painted in an awful manner by Mrs. Culbertson, the *Ladies* had their hair loose, and flying in the breeze, and then all mounted on horses with Indian saddles and trappings. Mrs. Culbertson and her maid rode astride like men, and all rode a furious race, under whip the whole way, for more than one mile on the prairie; and how amazed would have been any European lady, or some of our modern belles who boast their equestrian skill, at seeing the magnificent riding of this Indian princess — for that is Mrs. Culbertson's rank — and her servant. Mr. Culbertson rode with them, the horses running as if wild, with these extraordinary Indian riders, Mrs. Culbertson's magnificent black hair floating like a banner behind her. As to the men (for two others had joined Squires and McKenzie), I cannot compare them to anything in the whole creation. They ran like wild crea-

tures of unearthly compound. Hither and thither they dashed, and when the whole party had crossed the ravine below, they saw a fine Wolf and gave the whip to their horses, and though the Wolf cut to right and left Owen shot at him with an arrow and missed, but Mr. Culbertson gave it chase, overtook it, his gun flashed, and the Wolf lay dead. They then ascended the hills and away they went, with our princess and her faithful attendant in the van, and by and by the group returned to the camp, running full speed till they entered the fort, and all this in the intense heat of this July afternoon. Mrs. Culbertson, herself a wonderful rider, possessed of both strength and grace in a marked degree, assured me that Squires was equal to any man in the country as a rider, and I saw for myself that he managed his horse as well as any of the party, and I was pleased to see him in his dress, ornaments, etc., looking, however, I must confess, after Mrs. Culbertson's painting his face, like a being from the infernal regions. Mr. Culbertson presented Harris with a superb dress of the Blackfoot Indians, and also with a Buffalo bull's head, for which Harris had in turn presented him with a gun-barrel of the short kind, and well fitted to shoot Buffaloes. Harris shot a very young one of Townsend's Hare, Mr. Denig gave Bell a Mouse, which, although it resembles *Mus leucopus* greatly, is much larger, and has a short, thick, round tail, somewhat blunted.

July 15, Saturday. We were all up pretty early, for we propose going up the Yellowstone with a wagon, and the skiff on a cart, should we wish to cross. After breakfast all of us except Sprague, who did not wish to go, were ready, and along with two extra men, the wagon, and the cart, we crossed the Missouri at the fort, and at nine were fairly under way — Harris, Bell, Mr. Culbertson, and myself in the wagon, Squires, Provost, and Owen on horseback. We travelled rather slowly, until we had crossed the point, and headed the ponds on the prairie that run at

the foot of the hills opposite. We saw one Grouse, but it could not be started, though Harris searched for it. We ran the wagon into a rut, but got out unhurt; however, I decided to walk for a while, and did so for about two miles, to the turning point of the hills. The wheels of our vehicle were very shackling, and had to be somewhat repaired, and though I expected they would fall to pieces, in some manner or other we proceeded on. We saw several Antelopes, some on the prairie which we now travelled on, and many more on the tops of the hills, bounding westward. We stopped to water the horses at a saline spring, where I saw that Buffaloes, Antelopes, and other animals come to allay their thirst, and repose on the grassy margin. The water was too hot for us to drink, and we awaited the arrival of the cart, when we all took a good drink of the river water we had brought with us. After waiting for nearly an hour to allow the horses to bait and cool themselves, for it was very warm, we proceeded on, until we came to another watering-place, a river, in fact, which during spring overflows its banks, but now has only pools of water here and there. We soaked our wheels again, and again drank ourselves. Squires, Provost, and Owen had left sometime before us, but were not out of our sight, when we started, and as we had been, and were yet, travelling a good track, we soon caught up with them. We shot a common Red-winged Starling, and heard the notes of what was supposed to be a new bird by my companions, but which to my ears was nothing more than the Short-billed Marsh Wren of Nuttall. We reached our camping-place, say perhaps twenty miles' distance, by four o'clock, and all things were unloaded, the horses put to grass, and two or three of the party went in "the point" above, to shoot something for supper. I was hungry myself, and taking the Red-wing and the fishing-line, I went to the river close by, and had the good fortune to catch four fine catfish, when, my bait giving out, I was obliged to desist,

as I found that these catfish will not take parts of their own kind as food. Provost had taken a bath, and rowed the skiff (which we had brought this whole distance on the cart, dragged by a mule) along with two men, across the river to seek for game on the point opposite our encampment. They returned, however, without having shot anything, and my four catfish were all the fresh provisions that we had, and ten of us partook of them with biscuit, coffee, and claret. Dusk coming on, the tent was pitched, and preparations to rest made. Some chose one spot and some another, and after a while we were settled. Mr. Culbertson and I lay together on the outside of the tent, and all the party were more or less drowsy. About this time we saw a large black cloud rising in the west; it was heavy and lowering, and about ten o'clock, when most of us were pretty nearly sound asleep, the distant thunder was heard, the wind rose to a gale, and the rain began falling in torrents. All were on foot in a few moments, and considerable confusion ensued. Our guns, all loaded with balls, were hurriedly placed under the tent, our beds also, and we all crawled in, in the space of a very few minutes. The wind blew so hard that Harris was obliged to hold the flappers of the tent with both hands, and sat in the water a considerable time to do this. Old Provost alone did not come in, he sat under the shelving bank of the river, and kept dry. After the gale was over, he calmly lay down in front of the tent on the saturated ground, and was soon asleep. During the gale, our fire, which we had built to keep off the myriads of mosquitoes, blew in every direction, and we had to watch the embers to keep them from burning the tent. After all was over, we snuggled ourselves the best way we could in our small tent and under the wagon, and slept soundly till daylight. Mr. Culbertson had fixed himself pretty well, but on arising at daylight to smoke his pipe, Squires immediately crept into his comfortable corner, and snored there till the

day was well begun. Mr. Culbertson had my knees for a pillow, and also my hat, I believe, for in the morning, although the first were not hurt, the latter was sadly out of shape in all parts. We had nothing for our breakfast except some vile coffee, and about three quarters of a sea-biscuit, which was soon settled among us. The men, poor fellows, had nothing at all. Provost had seen two Deer, but had had no shot, so of course we were in a quandary, but it is now —

July 16, Sunday. The weather pleasant with a fine breeze from the westward, and all eyes were bent upon the hills and prairie, which is here of great breadth, to spy if possible some object that might be killed and eaten. Presently a Wolf was seen, and Owen went after it, and it was not until he had disappeared below the first low range of hills, and Owen also, that the latter came within shot of the rascal, which dodged in all sorts of manners; but Owen would not give up, and after shooting more than once, he killed the beast. A man had followed him to help bring in the Wolf, and when near the river he saw a Buffalo, about two miles off, grazing peaceably, as he perhaps thought, safe in his own dominions; but, alas! white hunters had fixed their eyes upon him, and from that moment his doom was pronounced. Mr. Culbertson threw down his hat, bound his head with a handkerchief, his saddle was on his mare, he was mounted and off and away at a swift gallop, more quickly than I can describe, not towards the Buffalo, but towards the place where Owen had killed the Wolf. The man brought the Wolf on old Peter, and Owen, who was returning to the camp, heard the signal gun fired by Mr. Culbertson, and at once altered his course; his mare was evidently a little heated and blown by the Wolf chase, but both hunters went after the Buffalo, slowly at first, to rest Owen's steed, but soon, when getting within running distance, they gave whip, overhauled the Bison, and shot at it twice with balls; this

halted the animal; the hunters had no more balls, and now loaded with pebbles, with which the poor beast was finally killed. The wagon had been sent from the camp. Harris, Bell, and Squires mounted on horseback, and travelled to the scene of action. They met Mr. Culbertson returning to camp, and he told Bell the Buffalo was a superb one, and had better be skinned. A man was sent to assist in the skinning who had been preparing the Wolf which was now cooking, as we had expected to dine upon its flesh; but when Mr. Culbertson returned, covered with blood and looking like a wild Indian, it was decided to throw it away; so I cut out the liver, and old Provost and I went fishing and caught eighteen catfish. I hooked two tortoises, but put them back in the river. I took a good swim, which refreshed me much, and I came to dinner with a fine appetite. This meal consisted wholly of fish, and we were all fairly satisfied. Before long the flesh of the Buffalo reached the camp, as well as the hide. The animal was very fat, and we have meat for some days. It was now decided that Squires, Provost, and Basil (one of the men) should proceed down the river to the Charbonneau, and there try their luck at Otters and Beavers, and the rest of us, with the cart, would make our way back to the fort. All was arranged, and at half-past three this afternoon we were travelling towards Fort Union. But hours previous to this, and before our scanty dinner, Owen had seen another bull, and Harris and Bell joined us in the hunt. The bull was shot at by McKenzie, who stopped its career, but as friend Harris pursued it with two of the hunters and finished it I was about to return, and thought sport over for the day. However, at this stage of the proceedings Owen discovered another bull making his way slowly over the prairie towards us. I was the only one who had balls, and would gladly have claimed the privilege of running him, but fearing I might make out badly on my slower steed, and so lose meat which we really needed, I

handed my gun and balls to Owen McKenzie, and Bell and I went to an eminence to view the chase. Owen approached the bull, which continued to advance, and was now less than a quarter of a mile distant; either it did not see, or did not heed him, and they came directly towards each other, until they were about seventy or eighty yards apart, when the Buffalo started at a good run, and Owen's mare, which had already had two hard runs this morning, had great difficulty in preserving her distance. Owen, perceiving this, breathed her a minute, and then applying the whip was soon within shooting distance, and fired a shot which visibly checked the progress of the bull, and enabled Owen to soon be alongside of him, when the contents of the second barrel were discharged into the lungs, passing through the shoulder blade. This brought him to a stand. Bell and I now started at full speed, and as soon as we were within speaking distance, called to Owen not to shoot again. The bull did not appear to be much exhausted, but he was so stiffened by the shot on the shoulder that he could not turn quickly, and taking advantage of this we approached him; as we came near he worked himself slowly round to face us, and then made a lunge at us; we then stopped on one side and commenced discharging our pistols with little or no effect, except to increase his fury with every shot. His appearance was now one to inspire terror had we not felt satisfied of our ability to avoid him. However, even so, I came very near being overtaken by him. Through my own imprudence, I placed myself directly in front of him, and as he advanced I fired at his head, and then ran *ahead* of him, instead of veering to one side, not supposing that he was able to overtake me; but turning my head over my shoulder, I saw to my horror, Mr. Bull within three feet of me, prepared to give me a taste of his horns. The next instant I turned sharply off, and the Buffalo being unable to turn quickly enough to follow me, Bell took the gun from

Owen and shot him directly behind the shoulder blade. He tottered for a moment, with an increased jet of blood from the mouth and nostrils, fell forward on his horns, then rolled over on his side, and was dead. He was a very old animal, in poor case, and only part of him was worth taking to the fort. Provost, Squires, and Basil were left at the camp preparing for their departure after Otter and Beaver as decided. We left them eight or nine catfish and a quantity of meat, of which they took care to secure the best, namely the boss or hump. On our homeward way we saw several Antelopes, some quite in the prairie, others far away on the hills, but all of them on the alert. Owen tried unsuccessfully to approach several of them at different times. At one place where two were seen he dismounted, and went round a small hill (for these animals when startled or suddenly alarmed always make to these places), and we hoped would have had a shot; but alas! no! One of the Antelopes ran off to the top of another hill, and the other stood looking at him, and us perhaps, till Owen (who had been re-mounted) galloped off towards us. My surprise was great when I saw the other Antelope following him at a good pace (but not by bounds or leaps, as I had been told by a former traveller they sometimes did), until it either smelt him, or found out he was no friend, and turning round galloped speedily off to join the one on the lookout. We saw seven or eight Grouse, and Bell killed one on the ground. We saw a Sand-hill Crane about two years old, looking quite majestic in a grassy bottom, but it flew away before we were near enough to get a shot. We passed a fine pond or small lake, but no bird was there. We saw several parcels of Ducks in sundry places, all of which no doubt had young near. When we turned the corner of the great prairie we found Owen's mare close by us. She had run away while he was after Antelopes. We tied her to a log to be ready for him when he should reach the spot. He

had to walk about three miles before he did this. However, to one as young and alert as Owen, such things are nothing. Once they were not to me. We saw more Antelope at a distance, here called "Cabris," and after a while we reached the wood near the river, and finding abundance of service-berries, we all got out to break branches of these plants, Mr. Culbertson alone remaining in the wagon; he pushed on for the landing. We walked after him munching our berries, which we found very good, and reached the landing as the sun was going down behind the hills. Young McKenzie was already there, having cut across the point. We decided on crossing the river ourselves, and leaving all behind us except our guns. We took to the ferry-boat, cordelled it up the river for a while, then took to the nearest sand-bar, and leaping into the mud and water, hauled the heavy boat, Bell and Harris steering and poling the while. I had pulled off my shoes and socks, and when we reached the shore walked up to the fort barefooted, and made my feet quite sore again; but we have had a rest and a good supper, and I am writing in Mr. Culbertson's room, thinking over all God's blessings on this delightful day.

July 17, Monday. A beautiful day, with a west wind. Sprague, who is very industrious at all times, drew some flowers, and I have been busy both writing and drawing. In the afternoon Bell went after Rabbits, but saw one only, which he could not get, and Sprague walked to the hills about two miles off, but could not see any portion of the Yellowstone River, which Mr. Catlin has given in his view, as if he had been in a balloon some thousands of feet above the earth. Two men arrived last evening by land from Fort Pierre, and brought a letter, but no news of any importance; one is a cook as well as a hunter, the other named Wolff, a German, and a tinsmith by trade, though now a trapper.

July 18, Tuesday. When I went to bed last night the

mosquitoes were so numerous downstairs that I took my bed under my arm and went to a room above, where I slept well. On going down this morning, I found two other persons from Fort Pierre, and Mr. Culbertson very busy reading and writing letters. Immediately after breakfast young McKenzie and another man were despatched on mules, with a letter for Mr. Kipp, and Owen expects to overtake the boat in three or four days. An Indian arrived with a stolen squaw, both Assiniboins; and I am told such things are of frequent occurrence among these sons of nature. Mr. Culbertson proposed that we should take a ride to see the mowers, and Harris and I joined him. We found the men at work, among them one called Bernard Adams, of Charleston, S. C., who knew the Bachmans quite well, and who had read the whole of the "Biographies of Birds." Leaving the men, we entered a ravine in search of plants, etc., and having started an Owl, which I took for the barred one, I left my horse and went in search of it, but could not see it, and hearing a new note soon saw a bird not to be mistaken, and killed it, when it proved, as I expected, to be the Rock Wren; then I shot another sitting by the mouth of a hole. The bird did not fly off; Mr. Culbertson watched it closely, but when the hole was demolished no bird was to be found. Harris saw a Shrike, but of what species he could not tell, and he also found some Rock Wrens in another ravine. We returned to the fort and promised to visit the place this afternoon, which we have done, and procured three more Wrens, and killed the Owl, which proves to be precisely the resemblance of the Northern specimen of the Great Horned Owl, which we published under another name. The Rock Wren, which might as well be called the Ground Wren, builds its nest in holes, and now the young are well able to fly, and we procured one in the act. In two instances we saw these birds enter a hole here, and an investigation showed a

passage or communication, and on my pointing out a hole to Bell where one had entered, he pushed his arm in and touched the little fellow, but it escaped by running up his arm and away it flew. Black clouds now arose in the west, and we moved homewards. Harris and Bell went to the mowers to get a drink of water, and we reached home without getting wet, though it rained violently for some time, and the weather is much cooler. Not a word yet from Provost and Squires.

July 19, Wednesday. Squires and Provost returned early this morning, and again I give the former my journal that I may have the account of the hunt in his own words. "As Mr. Audubon has said, he left Provost, Basil, and myself making ready for our voyage down the Yellowstone. The party for the fort were far in the blue distance ere we bid adieu to our camping-ground. We had wished the return party a pleasant ride and safe arrival at the fort as they left us, looking forward to a good supper, and what I *now* call a comfortable bed. We seated ourselves around some boiled Buffalo hump, which, as has been before said, we took good care to appropriate to ourselves according to the established rule of this country, which is, 'When you can, take the best,' and we had done so in this case, more to our satisfaction than to that of the hunters. Our meal finished, we packed everything we had in the skiff, and were soon on our way down the Yellowstone, happy as could be; Provost acting pilot, Basil oarsman, and your humble servant seated on a Buffalo robe, quietly smoking, and looking on the things around. We found the general appearance of the Yellowstone much like the Missouri, but with a stronger current, and the water more muddy. After a voyage of two hours Charbonneau River made its appearance, issuing from a clump of willows; the mouth of this river we found to be about ten feet wide, and so shallow that we were obliged to push our boat over the slippery mud for

about forty feet. This passed, we entered a pond formed by the contraction of the mouth and the collection of mud and sticks thereabouts, the pond so formed being six or eight feet deep, and about fifty feet wide, extending about a mile up the river, which is very crooked indeed. For about half a mile from the Yellowstone the shore is lined with willows, beyond which is a level prairie, and on the shores of the stream just beyond the willows are a few scattered trees. About a quarter of a mile from the mouth of the river, we discovered what we were in search of, the Beaver lodge. To measure it was impossible, as it was not perfect, in the first place, in the next it was so muddy that we could not get ashore, but as well as I can I will describe it. The lodge is what is called the summer lodge; it was comprised wholly of brush, willow chiefly, with a single hole for the entrance and exit of the Beaver. The pile resembled, as much as anything to which I can compare it, a brush heap about six feet high, and about ten or fifteen feet base, and standing seven or eight feet from the water. There were a few Beaver tracks about, which gave us some encouragement. We proceeded to our camping-ground on the edge of the prairie; here we landed all our baggage; while Basil made a fire, Provost and I started to set our traps—the two extremes of hunters, the skilful old one, and the ignorant pupil; but I was soon initiated in the art of setting Beaver traps, and to the uninitiated let me say, ‘*First*, find your game, *then* catch it,’ if you can. The first we did, the latter we tried to do. We proceeded to the place where the greatest number of tracks were seen, and commenced operations. At the place where the path enters the water, and about four inches beneath the surface, a level place is made in the mud, upon which the trap is placed, the chain is then fastened to a stake which is firmly driven in the ground under water. The end of a willow twig is then chewed and dipped in the ‘Medi-

cine Horn,' which contains the bait; this consists of castoreum mixed with spices; a quantity is collected on the chewed end of the twig, the stick is then placed or stuck in the mud on the edge of the water, leaving the part with the bait about two inches above the surface and in front of the trap; on each side the bait and about six inches from it, two dried twigs are placed in the ground; this done, all's done, and we are ready for the visit of Monsieur Castor. We set two traps, and returned to our camp, where we had supper, then pitched our tent and soon were sound asleep, but before we were asleep we heard a Beaver dive, and slap his tail, which sounded like the falling of a round stone in the water; here was encouragement again. In the morning (Monday) we examined our traps and found — nothing. We did not therefore disturb the traps, but examined farther up the river, where we discovered other tracks and resolved to set our traps there, as Provost concluded that there was but one Beaver, and that a male. We returned to camp and made a good breakfast on Buffalo meat and coffee, *sans* salt, *sans* pepper, *sans* sugar, *sans* anything else of any kind. After breakfast Provost shot a doe. In the afternoon we removed one trap, Basil and I gathered some wild-gooseberries which I stewed for supper, and made a sauce, which, though *rather acid*, was very good with our meat. The next morning, after again examining our traps and finding nothing, we decided to raise camp, which was accordingly done; everything was packed in the skiff, and we proceeded to the mouth of the river. The water had fallen so much since we had entered, as to oblige us to strip, jump in the mud, and haul the skiff over; rich and rare was the job; the mud was about half thigh deep, and a kind of greasy, sticky, black stuff, with a something about it so very peculiar as to be *rather* unpleasant; however, we did not mind much, and at last got into the Yellowstone, scraped and washed the mud off, and encamped

on a prairie about one hundred yards below the Charbonneau. It was near sunset; Provost commenced fishing; we joined him, and in half an hour we caught sixteen catfish, quite large ones. During the day Provost started to the Mauvaises Terres to hunt Bighorns, but returned unsuccessful. He baited his traps for the last time. During his absence thunder clouds were observed rising all around us; we stretched our tent, removed everything inside it, ate our supper of meat and coffee, and then went to bed. It rained some part of the night, but not enough to wet through the tent. The next morning (Tuesday) at daylight, Provost started to examine his traps, while we at the camp put everything in the boat, and sat down to await his return, when we proceeded on our voyage down the Yellowstone to Fort Mortimer, and from thence by land to Fort Union. Nothing of any interest occurred except that we saw two does, one young and one buck of the Bighorns; I fired at the buck which was on a high cliff about a hundred and fifty yards from us; I fired above it to allow for the falling of the ball, but the gun shot so well as to carry where I aimed. The animal was a very large buck; Provost says one of the largest he had seen. As soon as I fired he started and ran along the side of the hill which looked almost perpendicular, and I was much astonished, not only at the feat, but at the surprising quickness with which he moved along, with no apparent foothold. We reached Fort Mortimer about seven o'clock; I left Basil and Provost with the skiff, and I started for Fort Union on foot to send a cart for them. On my way I met Mr. Audubon about to pay a visit to Fort Mortimer; I found all well, despatched the cart, changed my clothes, and feel none the worse for my five days' camping, and quite ready for a dance I hear we are to have to-night."

This morning as I walked to Fort Mortimer, meeting Squires as he has said, well and happy as a Lark, I was

surprised to see a good number of horses saddled, and packed in different ways, and I hastened on to find what might be the matter. When I entered the miserable house in which Mr. Collins sleeps and spends his time when not occupied out of doors, he told me thirteen men and seven squaws were about to start for the lakes, thirty-five miles off, to kill Buffaloes and dry their meat, as the last his hunters brought in was already putrid. I saw the cavalcade depart in an E. N. E. direction, remained a while, and then walked back. Mr. Collins promised me half a dozen balls from young animals. Provost was discomfited and crestfallen at the failure of the Beaver hunt; he brought half a doe and about a dozen fine catfish. Mr. Culbertson and I are going to see the mowers, and to-morrow we start on a grand Buffalo hunt, and hope for Antelopes, Wolves, and Foxes.

July 20, Thursday. We were up early, and had our breakfast shortly after four o'clock, and before eight had left the landing of the fort, and were fairly under way for the prairies. Our equipment was much the same as before, except that we had two carts this time. Mr. C. drove Harris, Bell, and myself, and the others rode on the carts and led the hunting horses, or runners, as they are called here. I observed a Rabbit running across the road, and saw some flowers different from any I had ever seen. After we had crossed a bottom prairie, we ascended between the high and rough ravines until we were on the rolling grounds of the plains. The fort showed well from this point, and we also saw a good number of Antelopes, and some young ones. These small things run even faster than the old ones. As we neared the Fox River some one espied four Buffaloes, and Mr. C., taking the telescope, showed them to me, lying on the ground. Our heads and carts were soon turned towards them, and we travelled within half a mile of them, concealed by a ridge or hill which separated them from us. The wind was favorable,

and we moved on slowly round the hill, the hunters being now mounted. Harris and Bell had their hats on, but Owen and Mr. Culbertson had their heads bound with handkerchiefs. With the rest of the party I crawled on the ridge, and saw the bulls running away, but in a direction favorable for us to see the chase. On the word of command the horses were let loose, and away went the hunters, who soon were seen to gain on the game; two bulls ran together and Mr. C. and Bell followed after them, and presently one after another of the hunters followed them. Mr. C. shot first, and his bull stopped at the fire, walked towards where I was, and halted about sixty yards from me. His nose was within a few inches of the ground; the blood poured from his mouth, nose, and side, his tail hung down, but his legs looked as firm as ever, but in less than two minutes the poor beast fell on his side, and lay quite dead. Bell and Mr. Culbertson went after the second. Harris took the third, and Squires the fourth. Bell's shot took effect in the buttock, and Mr. Culbertson shot, placing his ball a few inches above or below Bell's; after this Mr. Culbertson ran no more. At this moment Squires's horse threw him over his head, fully ten feet; he fell on his powder-horn and was severely bruised; he cried to Harris to catch his horse, and was on his legs at once, but felt sick for a few minutes. Harris, who was as cool as a cucumber, neared his bull, shot it through the lungs, and it fell dead on the spot. Bell was now seen in full pursuit of his game, and Harris joined Squires, and followed the fourth, which, however, was soon out of my sight. I saw Bell shooting two or three times, and I heard the firing of Squires and perhaps Harris, but the weather was hot, and being afraid of injuring their horses, they let the fourth bull make his escape. Bell's bull fell on his knees, got up again, and rushed on Bell, and was shot again. The animal stood a minute with his tail partially elevated, and then fell dead;

through some mishap Bell had no knife with him, so did not bring the tongue, as is customary. Mr. Culbertson walked towards the first bull and I joined him. It was a fine animal about seven years old; Harris's and Bell's were younger. The first was fat, and was soon skinned and cut up for meat. Mr. Culbertson insisted on calling it my bull, so I cut off the brush of the tail and placed it in my hat-band. We then walked towards Harris, who was seated on his bull, and the same ceremony took place, and while they were cutting the animal up for meat, Bell, who said he thought his bull was about three quarters of a mile distant, went off with me to see it; we walked at least a mile and a half, and at last came to it. It was a poor one, and the tongue and tail were all we took away, and we rejoined the party, who had already started the cart with Mr. Pike, who was told to fall to the rear, and reach the fort before sundown; this he could do readily, as we were not more than six miles distant. Mr. Culbertson broke open the head of "my" bull, and ate part of the brains raw, and yet warm, and so did many of the others, even Squires. The very sight of this turned my stomach, but I am told that were I to hunt Buffalo one year, I should like it "even better than dog meat." Mr. Pike did not reach the fort till the next morning about ten, I will say *en passant*. We continued our route, passing over the same road on which we had come, and about midway between the Missouri and Yellowstone Rivers. We saw more Antelopes, but not one Wolf; these rascals are never abundant where game is scarce, but where game is, there too are the Wolves. When we had travelled about ten miles further we saw seven Buffaloes grazing on a hill, but as the sun was about one hour high, we drove to one side of the road where there was a pond of water, and there stopped for the night; while the hunters were soon mounted, and with Squires they went off, leaving the men to arrange the camp. I crossed the pond,

and having ascended the opposite bank, saw the bulls grazing as leisurely as usual. The hunters near them, they started down the hill, and the chase immediately began. One broke from the rest and was followed by Mr. C. who shot it, and then abandoned the hunt, his horse being much fatigued. I now counted ten shots, but all was out of my sight, and I seated myself near a Fox hole, longing for him. The hunters returned in time; Bell and Harris had killed one, but Squires had no luck, owing to his being unable to continue the chase on account of the injury he had received from his fall. We had a good supper, having brought abundance of eatables and drinkables. The tent was pitched; I put up my mosquito-bar under the wagon, and there slept very soundly till sunrise. Harris and Bell wedged together under another bar, Mr. C. went into the tent, and Squires, who is tough and likes to rough it with the hunters, slept on a Buffalo hide somewhere with Moncrévier, one of the most skilful of the hunters. The horses were all hopped and turned to grass; they, however, went off too far, and had to be sent after, but I heard nothing of all this. As there is no wood on the prairies proper, our fire was made of Buffalo dung, which is so abundant that one meets these deposits at every few feet and in all directions.

July 21, Friday. We were up at sunrise, and had our coffee, after which Lafleur a mulatto, Harris, and Bell went off after Antelopes, for we cared no more about bulls; where the cows are, we cannot tell. Cows run faster than bulls, yearlings faster than cows, and calves faster than any of these. Squires felt sore, and his side was very black, so we took our guns and went after Black-breasted Lark Buntings, of which we saw many, but could not near them. I found a nest of them, however, with five eggs. The nest is planted in the ground, deep enough to sink the edges of it. It is formed of dried fine grasses and roots, without any lining of hair or wool. By and by

we saw Harris sitting on a high hill about one mile off, and joined him; he said the bulls they had killed last evening were close by, and I offered to go and see the bones, for I expected that the Wolves had devoured it during the night. We travelled on, and Squires returned to the camp. After about two miles of walking against a delightful strong breeze, we reached the animals; Ravens or Buzzards had worked at the eyes, but only one Wolf, apparently, had been there. They were bloated, and smelt quite unpleasant. We returned to the camp and saw a Wolf cross our path, and an Antelope looking at us. We determined to stop and try to bring him to us; I lay on my back and threw my legs up, kicking first one and then the other foot, and sure enough the Antelope walked towards us, slowly and carefully, however. In about twenty minutes he had come two or three hundred yards; he was a superb male, and I looked at him for some minutes; when about sixty yards off I could see his eyes, and being loaded with buck-shot pulled the trigger without rising from my awkward position. Off he went; Harris fired, but he only ran the faster for some hundred yards, when he turned, looked at us again, and was off. When we reached camp we found Bell there; he had shot three times at Antelopes without killing; Lafleur had also returned, and had broken the foreleg of one, but an Antelope can run fast enough with three legs, and he saw no more of it. We now broke camp, arranged the horses and turned our heads towards the Missouri, and in four and three-quarter hours reached the landing. On entering the wood we again broke branches of service-berries, and carried a great quantity over the river. I much enjoyed the trip; we had our supper, and soon to bed in our hot room, where Sprague says the thermometer has been at 99° most of the day. I noticed it was warm when walking. I must not forget to notice some things which happened on our return. First, as we came near Fox River,

we thought of the horns of our bulls, and Mr. Culbertson, who knows the country like a book, drove us first to Bell's, who knocked the horns off, then to Harris's, which was served in the same manner; this bull had been eaten entirely except the head, and a good portion of mine had been devoured also; it lay immediately under "Audubon's Bluff" (the name Mr. Culbertson gave the ridge on which I stood to see the chase), and we could see it when nearly a mile distant. Bell's horns were the handsomest and largest, mine next best, and Harris's the smallest, but we are all contented. Mr. Culbertson tells me that Harris and Bell have done wonders, for persons who have never shot at Buffaloes from on horseback. Harris had a fall too, during his second chase, and was bruised in the manner of Squires, but not so badly. I have but little doubt that Squires killed his bull, as he says he shot it three times, and Mr. Culbertson's must have died also. What a terrible destruction of life, as it were for nothing, or next to it, as the tongues only were brought in, and the flesh of these fine animals was left to beasts and birds of prey, or to rot on the spots where they fell. The prairies are literally *covered* with the skulls of the victims, and the roads the Buffalo make in crossing the prairies have all the appearance of heavy wagon tracks. We saw young Golden Eagles, Ravens, and Buzzards. I found the Short-billed Marsh Wren quite abundant, and in such localities as it is found eastward. The Black-breasted Prairie-bunting flies much like a Lark, hovering while singing, and sweeping round and round, over and above its female while she sits on the eggs on the prairie below. I saw only one Gadwall Duck; these birds are found in abundance on the plains where water and rushes are to be found. Alas! alas! eighteen Assiniboins have reached the fort this evening in two groups; they are better-looking than those previously seen by us.

July 22, Saturday. Thermometer 99°–102°. This day has been the hottest of the season, and we all felt the influence of this densely oppressive atmosphere, not a breath of air stirring. Immediately after breakfast Provost and Lafleur went across the river in search of Antelopes, and we remained looking at the Indians, all Assiniboins, and very dirty. When and where Mr. Catlin saw these Indians as he has represented them, dressed in magnificent attire, with all sorts of extravagant accoutrements, is more than I can divine, or Mr. Culbertson tell me. The evening was so hot and sultry that Mr. C. and I went into the river, which is now very low, and remained in the water over an hour. A dozen catfish were caught in the main channel, and we have had a good supper from part of them. Finding the weather so warm I have had my bed brought out on the gallery below, and so has Squires. The Indians are, as usual, shut *out* of the fort, all the horses, young Buffaloes, etc., shut *in*; and much refreshed by my bath, I say God bless you, and good-night.

July 23, Sunday. Thermometer 84°. I had a very pleasant night, and no mosquitoes, as the breeze rose a little before I lay down; and I anticipated a heavy thunder storm, but we had only a few drops of rain. About one o'clock Harris was called to see one of the Indians, who was bleeding at the nose profusely, and I too went to see the poor devil. He had bled quite enough, and Harris stopped his nostrils with cotton, put cold water on his neck and head—God knows when they had felt it before—and the bleeding stopped. These dirty fellows had made a large fire between the walls of the fort, but outside the inner gates, and it was a wonder that the whole establishment was not destroyed by fire. Before sunrise they were pounding at the gate to be allowed to enter, but, of course, this was not permitted. When the sun had fairly risen, some one came and told me the hill-tops were covered with Indians, probably Blackfeet. I

walked to the back gate, and the number had dwindled, or the account been greatly exaggerated, for there seemed only fifty or sixty, and when, later, they were counted, there were found to be exactly seventy. They remained a long time on the hill, and sent a youth to ask for whiskey. But whiskey there is none for them, and very little for any one. By and by they came down the hill leading four horses, and armed principally with bows and arrows, spears, tomahawks, and a few guns. They have proved to be a party of Crees from the British dominions on the Saskatchewan River, and have been fifteen days in travelling here. They had seen few Buffaloes, and were hungry and thirsty enough. They assured Mr. Culbertson that the Hudson's Bay Company supplied them all with abundance of spirituous liquors, and as the white traders on the Missouri had none for them, they would hereafter travel with the English. Now ought not this subject to be brought before the press in our country and forwarded to England? If our Congress will not allow our traders to sell whiskey or rum to the Indians, why should not the British follow the same rule? Surely the British, who are so anxious about the emancipation of the blacks, might as well take care of the souls and bodies of the redskins. After a long talk and smoking of pipes, tobacco, flints, powder, gun-screws and vermilion were placed before their great chief (who is tattooed and has a most rascally look), who examined everything minutely, counting over the packets of vermilion; more tobacco was added, a file, and a piece of white cotton with which to adorn his head; then he walked off, followed by his son, and the whole posse left the fort. They passed by the garden, pulled up a few squash vines and some turnips, and tore down a few of the pickets on their way elsewhere. We all turned to, and picked a quantity of peas, which with a fine roast pig, made us a capital dinner. After this, seeing the Assiniboins loitering

about the fort, we had some tobacco put up as a target, and many arrows were sent to enter the prize, but I never saw Indians — usually so skilful with their bows — shoot worse in my life. Presently some one cried there were Buffaloes on the hill, and going to see we found that four bulls were on the highest ridge standing still. The horses being got in the yard, the guns were gathered, saddles placed, and the riders mounted, Mr. C., Harris, and Bell; Squires declined going, not having recovered from his fall, Mr. C. led his followers round the hills by the ravines, and approached the bulls quite near, when the affrighted cattle ran down the hills and over the broken grounds, out of our sight, followed by the hunters. When I see game chased by Mr. Culbertson, I feel confident of its being killed, and in less than one hour he had killed two bulls, Harris and Bell each one. Thus these poor animals which two hours before were tranquilly feeding are now dead; short work this. Harris and Bell remained on the hills to watch the Wolves, and carts being ordered, Mr. C. and I went off on horseback to the second one he had killed. We found it entire, and I began to operate upon it at once; after making what measurements and investigations I desired, I saved the head, the tail, and a large piece of the silky skin from the rump. The meat of three of the bulls was brought to the fort, the fourth was left to rot on the ground. Mr. C. cut his finger severely, but paid no attention to that; I, however, tore a strip off my shirt and bound it up for him. It is so hot I am going to sleep on the gallery again; the thermometer this evening is 89°.

July 24, Monday. I had a fine sleep last night, and this morning early a slight sprinkling of rain somewhat refreshed the earth. After breakfast we talked of going to see if Mr. Culbertson's bull had been injured by the Wolves. Mr. C., Harris, and I went off to the spot by a roundabout way, and when we reached the animal it was

somewhat swollen, but untouched, but we made up our minds to have it weighed, *coute qui coute*. Harris proposed to remain and watch it, looking for Hares meantime, but saw none. The Wolves must be migratory at this season, or so starved out that they have gone elsewhere, as we now see but few. We returned first to the fort, and mustered three men and Bell, for Sprague would not go, being busy drawing a plant, and finding the heat almost insupportable. We carried all the necessary implements, and found Harris quite ready to drink some claret and water which we took for him. To cut up so large a bull, and one now with so dreadful an odor, was no joke; but with the will follows the success, and in about one hour the poor beast had been measured and weighed, and we were once more *en route* for the fort. This bull measured as follows: from end of nose to root of tail, 131 inches; height at shoulder, 67 inches; at rump, 57 inches; tail vertebræ, 15½ inches, hair in length beyond it 11 inches. We weighed the whole animal by cutting it in parts and then by addition found that this Buffalo, which was an old bull, weighed 1777 lbs. *avoir-dupois*. The flesh was all tainted, and was therefore left for the beasts of prey. Our road was over high hills, and presented to our searching eyes a great extent of broken ground, and here and there groups of Buffaloes grazing. This afternoon we are going to bring in the skeleton of Mr. Culbertson's second bull. I lost the head of my first bull because I forgot to tell Mrs. Culbertson that I wished to save it, and the princess had its skull broken open to enjoy its brains. Handsome, and really courteous and refined in many ways, I cannot reconcile to myself the fact that she partakes of raw animal food with such evident relish. Before our departure, in came six half-breeds, belonging, or attached to Fort Mortimer; and understanding that they were first-rate hunters, I offered them ten dollars in goods for each Bighorn up to eight

or ten in number. They have promised to go to-morrow, but, alas! the half-breeds are so uncertain I cannot tell whether they will move a step or not. Mrs. Culbertson, who has great pride in her pure Indian blood, told me with scorn that "all such no-color fellows are lazy." We were delayed in starting by a very heavy gale of wind and hard rain, which cooled the weather considerably; but we finally got off in the wagon, the cart with three mules following, to bring in the skeleton of the Buffalo which Mr. Culbertson had killed; but we were defeated, for some Wolves had been to it, dragged it about twenty-five feet, and gnawed the ends of the ribs and the backbone. The head of Harris's bull was brought in, but it was smaller; the horns alone were pretty good, and they were given to Sprague. On our return Mrs. Culbertson was good enough to give me six young Mallards, which she had caught by swimming after them in the Missouri; she is a most expert and graceful swimmer, besides being capable of remaining under water a long time; all the Blackfoot Indians excel in swimming and take great pride in the accomplishment. We found three of the Assiniboins had remained, one of whom wanted to carry off a squaw, and probably a couple of horses too. He strutted about the fort in such a manner that we watched him pretty closely. Mr. Culbertson took his gun, and a six-barrelled pistol in his pocket; I, my double-barrelled gun, and we stood at the back gate. The fellow had a spear made of a cut-and-thrust sword, planted in a good stick covered with red cloth, and this he never put down at any time; but no more, indeed, do any Indians, who carry all their goods and chattels forever about their persons. The three gentlemen, however, went off about dusk, and took the road to Fort Mortimer, where six half-breeds from the Northeast brought to Fort Mortimer eleven head of cattle, and came to pay a visit to their friends here. All these men know Provost, and have

inquired for him. I feel somewhat uneasy about Provost and La Fleur, who have now been gone four full days. The prairie is wet and damp, so I must sleep indoors. The bull we cut up was not a fat one; I think in good condition it would have weighed 2000 lbs.

July 25, Tuesday. We were all rather lazy this morning, but about dinner-time Owen and his man arrived, and told us they had reached Mr. Kipp and his boat at the crossings within about half a mile of Fort Alexander; that his men were all broken down with drawing the cordelle through mud and water, and that they had lost a white horse, which, however, Owen saw on his way, and on the morning of his start from this fort. About the same time he shot a large Porcupine, and killed four bulls and one cow to feed upon, as well as three rattlesnakes. They saw a large number of Buffalo cows, and we are going after them to-morrow morning bright and early. About two hours later Provost and La Fleur, about whom I had felt some uneasiness, came to the landing, and brought the heads and skins attached to two female Antelopes. Both had been killed by one shot from La Fleur, and his ball broke the leg of a third. Provost was made quite sick by the salt water he had drunk; he killed one doe, on which they fed as well as on the flesh of the "Cabris." Whilst following the Mauvaises Terres (broken lands), they saw about twenty Bighorns, and had not the horse on which Provost rode been frightened at the sight of a monstrous buck of these animals, he would have shot it down within twenty yards. They saw from fifteen to twenty Buffalo cows, and we hope some of the hunters will come up with them to-morrow. I have been drawing the head of one of these beautiful female Antelopes; but their horns puzzle me, and all of us; they seem to me as if they were *new* horns, soft and short; time, however, will prove whether they shed them or not. Our preparations are already made for preserving the

skins of the Antelopes, and Sprague is making an outline which I hope will be finished before the muscles of the head begin to soften. Not a word from the six hunters who promised to go after Bighorns on the Yellowstone.

July 26, Wednesday. We were all on foot before day-break and had our breakfast by an early hour, and left on our trip for Buffalo cows. The wagon was sent across by hauling it through the east channel, which is now quite low, and across the sand-bars, which now reach seven-eighths of the distance across the river. We crossed in the skiff, and walked to the ferry-boat — I barefooted, as well as Mr. Culbertson; others wore boots or moccasins, but my feet have been tender of late, and this is the best cure. Whilst looking about for sticks to support our mosquito bars, I saw a Rabbit standing before me, within a few steps, but I was loaded with balls, and should have torn the poor thing so badly that it would have been useless as a specimen, so let it live. We left the ferry before six, and went on as usual. We saw two Antelopes on entering the bottom prairie, but they had the wind of us, and scampered off to the hills. We saw two Grouse, one of which Bell killed, and we found it very good this evening for our supper. Twelve bulls were seen, but we paid no attention to them. We saw a fine large Hawk, apparently the size of a Red-tailed Hawk, but with the whole head white. It had alighted on a clay hill or bank, but, on being approached, flew off to another, was pursued and again flew away, so that we could not procure it, but I have no doubt that it is a species not yet described. We now crossed Blackfoot River, and saw great numbers of Antelopes. Their play and tricks are curious; I watched many of the groups a long time, and will not soon forget them. At last, seeing we should have no meat for supper, and being a party of nine, it was determined that the first animal seen should be run down and killed. We soon saw a bull, and all agreed to give every

chance possible to Squires. Mr. C., Owen, and Squires started, and Harris followed without a gun, to see the chase. The bull was wounded twice by Squires, but no blood came from the mouth, and now all three shot at it, but the bull was not apparently hurt seriously; he became more and more furious, and began charging upon them. Unfortunately, Squires ran between the bull and a ravine quite close to the animal, and it suddenly turned on him; his horse became frightened and jumped into the ravine, the bull followed, and now Squires lost his balance; however, he threw his gun down, and fortunately clung to the mane of his horse and recovered his seat. The horse got away and saved his life, for, from what Mr. C. told me, had he fallen, the bull would have killed him in a few minutes, and no assistance could be afforded him, as Mr. C. and Owen had, at that moment, empty guns. Squires told us all; he had never been so bewildered and terrified before. The bull kept on running, and was shot at perhaps twenty times, for when he fell he had *twelve balls* in his side, and had been shot twice in the head. Another bull was now seen close by us, and Owen killed it after four shots. Whilst we were cutting up this one, La Fleur and some one else went to the other, which was found to be very poor, and, at this season smelling very rank and disagreeable. A few of the best pieces were cut away, and, as usual, the hunters ate the liver and fat quite raw, like Wolves, and we were now on the move again. Presently we saw seven animals coming towards us, and with the glass discovered there were six bulls and one cow. The hunters mounted in quick time, and away after the cow, which Owen killed very soon. To my surprise the bulls did not leave her, but stood about one hundred yards from the hunters, who were cutting her in pieces; the best parts were taken for dried meat. Had we not been so many, the bulls would, in all probability, have charged upon the butchers, but after a time

they went off at a slow canter. At this moment Harris and I were going towards the party thus engaged, when a Swift Fox started from a hole under the feet of Harris' horse. I was loaded with balls, and he also; he gave chase and gained upon the beautiful animal with remarkable quickness. Bell saw this, and joined Harris, whilst I walked towards the butchering party. The Fox was overtaken by Harris, who took aim at it several times, but could not get sight on him, and the little fellow doubled and cut about in such a manner that it escaped into a ravine, and was seen no more. Now who will tell me that no animal can compete with this Fox in speed, when Harris, mounted on an Indian horse, overtook it in a few minutes? We were now in sight of a large band of cows and bulls, but the sun was low, and we left them to make our way to the camping-place, which we reached just before the setting of the sun. We found plenty of water, and a delightful spot, where we were all soon at work unsaddling our horses and mules, bringing wood for fires, and picking service-berries, which we found in great quantities and very good. We were thirty miles from Fort Union, close to the three Mamelles, but must have travelled near fifty, searching for and running down the game. All slept well, some outside and others inside the tent, after our good supper. We had a clear, bright day, with the wind from the westward.

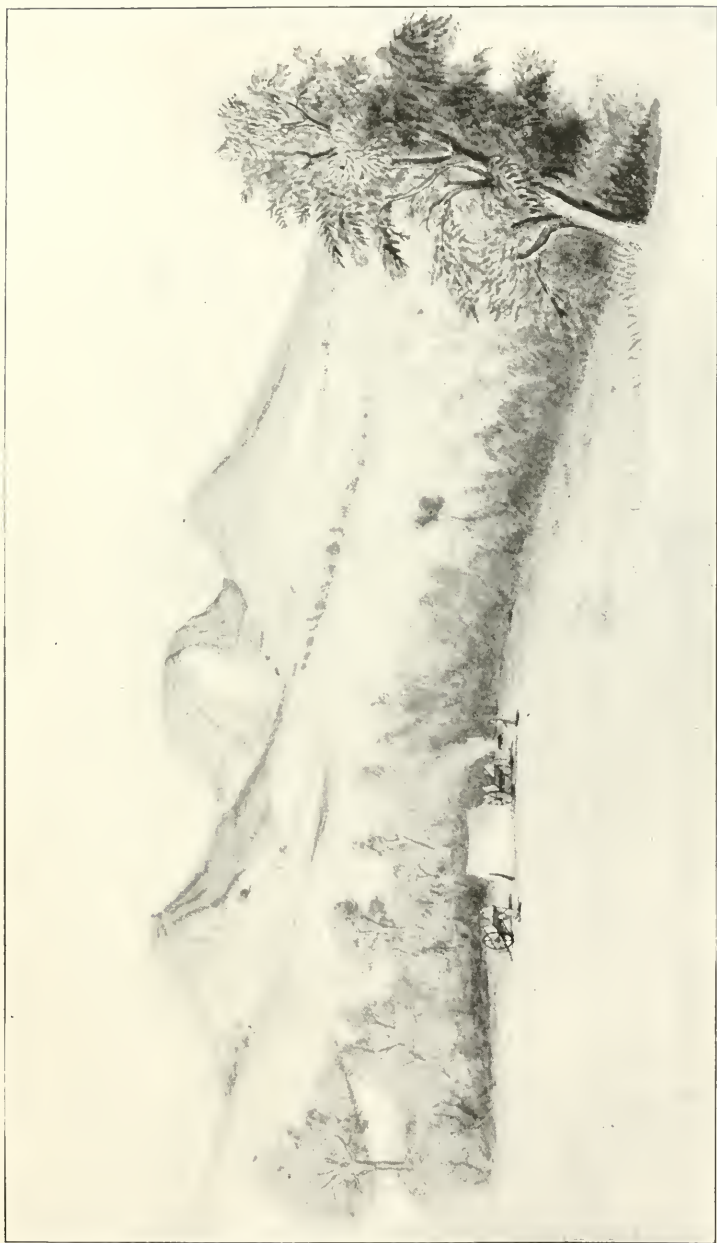
July 27, Thursday. This morning was beautiful, the birds singing all around us, and after our early breakfast, Harris, with La Fleur and Mr. Culbertson, walked to the top of the highest of the three Mamelles; Bell went to skinning the birds shot yesterday,¹ among which was a

¹ Among the "birds shot yesterday," July 26, when Audubon was too full of his Buffalo hunt to notice them in his Journal, were two, a male and a female, killed by Mr. Bell, which turned out to be new to science. For these were no other than Baird's Bunting, *Emberiza bairdii* of Audubon, B. Amer. vii., 1844, p. 359, pl. 500. Audubon there says it was "during one of our Buffalo hunts, on the 26th July, 1843," and adds: "I have named this

large Titmouse of the Eastern States, while I walked off a short distance, and made a sketch of the camp and the three Mamelles. I hope to see a fair picture from this, painted by Victor, this next winter, God willing. During the night the bulls were heard bellowing, and the Wolves howling, all around us. Bell had seen evidences of Grizzly Bears close by, but we saw none of the animals. An Antelope was heard snorting early this morning, and seen for a while, but La Fleur could not get it. The snorting of the Antelope is more like a whistling, sneezing sound, than like the long, clear snorting of our common Deer, and it is also very frequently repeated, say every few minutes, when in sight of an object of which the animal does not yet know the nature; for the moment it is assured of danger, it bounds three or four times like a sheep, and then either trots off or gallops like a horse. On the return of the gentlemen from the eminence, from which they had seen nothing but a Hawk, and heard the notes of the Rock Wren, the horses were gathered, and preparations made to go in search of cows. I took my gun and walked off ahead, and on ascending the first hill saw an Antelope, which, at first sight, I thought was an Indian. It stood still, gazing at me about five hundred yards off; I never stirred, and presently it walked towards me; I lay down and lowered my rifle; the animal could not now see my body; I showed it my feet a few times, at intervals. Presently I saw it coming full trot towards me; I cocked my gun, loaded with buck-shot in one bar-

species after my young friend Spencer F. Baird, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania." Special interest attaches to this case; for the bird was not only the first one ever dedicated to Baird, but the last one ever named, described, and figured by Audubon; and the plate of it completes the series of exactly 500 plates which the octavo edition of the "Birds of America" contains. This bird became the *Centronyx bairdii* of Baird, the *Passerculus bairdi* of Coues, and the *Ammodramus bairdi* of some other ornithologists. See "Birds of the Colorado Valley," i., 1878, p. 630. One of Audubon's specimens shot this day is catalogued in Baird's Birds of N. Am., 1858, p. 441. — E. C.

rel and ball in the other. He came within thirty yards of me and stopped suddenly, then turned broadside towards me. I could see his very eyes, his beautiful form, and his fine horns, for it was a buck. I pulled one trigger — it snapped, the animal moved not; I pulled the other, snapped again, and away the Antelope bounded, and ran swiftly from me. I put on fresh caps, and saw it stop after going a few hundred yards, and presently it came towards me again, but not within one hundred and fifty yards, when seeing that it would not come nearer I pulled the trigger with the ball; off it went, and so did the Antelope, which this time went quite out of my sight. I returned to camp and found all ready for a move. Owen went up a hill to reconnoitre for Antelopes and cows; seeing one of the former he crept after it. Bell followed, and at this moment a Hare leaped from the path before us, and stopped within twenty paces. Harris was not loaded with shot, and I only with buck-shot; however, I fired and killed it; it proved to be a large female, and after measuring, we skinned it, and I put on a label "Townsend's Hare, killed a few miles from the three Mamelles, July 27, 1843." After travelling for a good while, Owen, who kept ahead of us, made signs from the top of a high hill that Buffaloes were in sight. This signal is made by walking the rider's horse backwards and forwards several times. We hurried on towards him, and when we reached the place, he pointed to the spot where he had seen them, and said they were travelling fast, being a band of both cows and bulls. The hunters were mounted at once, and on account of Squires' soreness I begged him not to run; so he drove me in the wagon as fast as possible over hills, through plains and ravines of all descriptions, at a pace beyond belief. From time to time we saw the hunters, and once or twice the Buffaloes, which were going towards the fort. At last we reached an eminence from which we saw both the



CAMP AT THE THREE MAMELLES.

FROM A DRAWING BY AUDUBON, HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

game and the hunters approaching the cattle, preparatory to beginning the chase. It seems there is no etiquette among Buffalo hunters, and this proved a great disappointment to friend Harris, who was as anxious to kill a cow, as he had been to kill a bull. Off went the whole group, but the country was not as advantageous to the pursuers, as to the pursued. The cows separated from the bulls, the latter making their way towards us, and six of them passed within one hundred yards of where I stood; we let them pass, knowing well how savage they are at these times, and turned our eyes again to the hunters. I saw Mr. C. pursuing one cow, Owen another, and Bell a third. Owen shot one and mortally wounded it; it walked up on a hill and stood there for some minutes before falling. Owen killed a second close by the one Mr. C. had now killed, Bell's dropped dead in quite another direction, nearly one mile off. Two bulls we saw coming directly towards us, so La Fleur and I went under cover of the hill to await their approach, and they came within sixty yards of us. I gave La Fleur the choice of shooting first, as he had a rifle; he shot and missed; they turned and ran in an opposite direction, so that I, who had gone some little distance beyond La Fleur, had no chance, and I was sorry enough for my politeness. Owen had shot a third cow, which went part way up a hill, fell, and kicked violently; she, however, rose and again fell, and kept kicking with all her legs in the air. Squires now drove to her, and I walked, followed by Moncrévier, a hunter; seeing Mr. C. and Harris on the bottom below we made signs for them to come up, and they fortunately did, and by galloping to Squires probably saved that young man from more danger; for though I cried to him at the top of my voice, the wind prevented him from hearing me; he now stopped, however, not far from a badly broken piece of ground over which had he driven at his usual speed, which I doubt not he would have attempted,

some accident must have befallen him. Harris and Mr. C. rode up to the cow, which expired at that moment. The cow Mr. C. had killed was much the largest, and we left a cart and two men to cut up this, and the first two Owen had killed, and went to the place where the first lay, to have it skinned for me. Bell joined us soon, bringing a tongue with him, and he immediately began operations on the cow, which proved a fine one, and I have the measurements as follows: "Buffalo Cow, killed by Mr. Alexander Culbertson, July 27, 1843. Nose to root of tail, 96 inches. Height at shoulder, 60; at rump, 55½. Length of tail vertebræ, 13; to end of hair, 25; from brisket to bottom of feet, 21½; nose to anterior canthus, 10½; between horns at root, 11⅜; between tops of ditto, 17⅛; between nostrils, 2¼; length of ditto, 2½; height of nose, 3⅛; nose to opening of ear, 20; ear from opening to tip, 5; longest hair on head, 14 inches; from angle of mouth to end of under lip, 3½." Whilst we were at this, Owen and Pike were hacking at their cow. After awhile all was ready for departure, and we made for the "coupe" at two o'clock, and expected to have found water to enable us to water our horses, for we had yet some gallons of the Missouri water for our own use. We found the road to the "coupe," which was seen for many, many miles. The same general appearance of country shows throughout the whole of these dreary prairies; up one hill and down on the other side, then across a plain with ravines of more or less depth. About two miles west of the "coupe," Owen and others went in search of water, but in vain; and we have had to cross the "coupe" and travel fully two miles east of it, when we came to a mere puddle, sufficient however, for the night, and we stopped. The carts with the meat, and our effects, arrived after a while; the meat was spread on the grass, the horses and mules hopped and let go, to drink and feed. All hands collected Buffalo dung for fuel, for not a bush was in sight,

and we soon had a large fire. In the winter season this prairie fuel is too wet to burn, and oftentimes the hunters have to eat their meat raw, or go without their supper. Ours was cooked however; I made mine chiefly from the liver, as did Harris; others ate boiled or roasted meat as they preferred. The tent was pitched, and I made a bed for Mr. C. and myself, and guns, etc., were all under cover; the evening was cool, the wind fresh, and no mosquitoes. We had seen plenty of Antelopes; I shot at one twenty yards from the wagon with small shot. Harris killed a Wolf, but we have seen very few, and now I will wish you all good-night; God bless you!

July 28, Friday. This morning was cold enough for a frost, but we all slept soundly until daylight, and about half-past three we were called for breakfast. The horses had all gone but four, and, as usual, Owen was despatched for them. The horses were brought back, our coffee swallowed, and we were off, Mr. C. and I, in the wagon. We saw few Antelopes, no Buffalo, and reached the ferry opposite the fort at half-past seven. We found all well, and about eleven Assiniboins, all young men, headed by the son of a great chief called "Le mangeur d'hommes" (the man-eater). The poor wretched Indian whom Harris had worked over, died yesterday morning, and was buried at once. I had actually felt chilly riding in the wagon, and much enjoyed a breakfast Mrs. Culbertson had kindly provided for me. We had passed over some very rough roads, and at breakneck speed, but I did not feel stiff as I expected, though somewhat sore, and a good night's rest is all I need. This afternoon the cow's skin and head, and the Hare arrived, and have been preserved. A half-breed well known to Provost has been here to make a bargain with me about Bighorns, Grizzly Bear, etc., and will see what he and his two sons can do; but I have little or no confidence in these gentry. I was told this afternoon that at Mouse River, about two hundred

miles north of this, there are eight hundred carts in one gang, and four hundred in another, with an adequate number of half-breeds and Indians, killing Buffalo and drying their meat for winter provisions, and that the animals are there in millions. When Buffalo bulls are shot from a distance of sixty or seventy yards, they rarely charge on the hunter, and Mr. Culbertson has killed as many as nine bulls from the same spot, when unseen by these terrible beasts. Beavers, when shot swimming, and killed, sink at once to the bottom, but their bodies rise again in from twenty to thirty minutes. Hunters, who frequently shoot and kill them by moonlight, return in the morning from their camping-places, and find them on the margins of the shores where they had shot. Otters do the same, but remain under water for an hour or more.

July 29, Saturday. Cool and pleasant. About one hour after daylight Harris, Bell, and two others, crossed the river, and went in search of Rabbits, but all returned without success. Harris, after breakfast, went off on this side, saw none, but killed a young Raven. During the course of the forenoon he and Bell went off again, and brought home an old and young of the Sharp-tailed Grouse. This afternoon they brought in a Loggerhead Shrike and two Rock Wrens. Bell skinned all these. Sprague made a handsome sketch of the five young Buffaloes belonging to the fort. This evening Moncrévier and Owen went on the other side of the river, but saw nothing. We collected berries of the dwarf cherries of this part, and I bottled some service-berries to carry home.

July 30, Sunday. Weather cool and pleasant. After breakfast we despatched La Fleur and Provost after Antelopes and Bighorns. We then went off and had a battue for Rabbits, and although we were nine in number, and all beat the rose bushes and willows for several hundred yards, not one did we see, although their traces were apparent in several places. We saw tracks of a young Grizzly Bear

near the river shore. After a good dinner of Buffalo meat, green peas, and a pudding, Mr. C., Owen, Mr. Pike, and I went off to Fort Mortimer. We had an arrival of five squaws, half-breeds, and a gentleman of the same order, who came to see our fort and our ladies. The princess went out to meet them covered with a fine shawl, and the visitors followed her to her own room. These ladies spoke both the French and Cree languages. At Fort Mortimer we found the hunters from the north, who had returned last evening and told me they had seen nothing. I fear that all my former opinions of the half-breeds are likely to be realized, and that they are all more *au fait* at telling lies, than anything else; and I expect now that we shall have to make a regular turn-out ourselves, to kill both Grizzly Bears and Bighorns. As we were riding along not far from this fort, Mr. Culbertson fired off the gun given him by Harris, and it blew off the stock, lock, and breech, and it was a wonder it did not kill him, or me, as I was sitting by his side. After we had been at home about one hour, we were all called out of a sudden by the news that the *Horse Guards* were coming, full gallop, driving the whole of their charge before them. We saw the horses, and the cloud of dust that they raised on the prairies, and presently, when the Guards reached the gates, they told us that they had seen a party of Indians, which occasioned their hurried return. It is now more than one hour since I wrote this, and the Indians are now in sight, and we think they were frightened by three or four squaws who had left the fort in search of "pommés blanches." Sprague has collected a few seeds, but I intend to have some time devoted to this purpose before we leave on our passage downwards. This evening five Indians arrived, among whom is the brother of the man who died a few days ago; he brought a horse, and an Elk skin, which I bought, and he now considers himself a rich man. He reported Buffaloes very near, and to-morrow morning the hunters will

be after them. When Buffaloes are about to lie down, they draw all their four feet together slowly, and balancing the body for a moment, bend their fore legs, and fall on their knees first, and the hind ones follow. In young animals, some of which we have here, the effect produced on their tender skin is directly seen, as callous round patches without hair are found; after the animal is about one year old, these are seen no more. I am told that Wolves have not been known to attack men and horses in these parts, but they do attack mules and colts, always making choice of the fattest. We scarcely see one now-a-days about the fort, and yet two miles from here, at Fort Mortimer, Mr. Collins tells me it is impossible to sleep, on account of their howlings at night. When Assiniboin Indians lose a relative by death, they go and cry under the box which contains the body, which is placed in a tree, cut their legs and different parts of the body, and moan miserably for hours at a time. This performance has been gone through with by the brother of the Indian who died here.

July 31, Monday. Weather rather warmer. Mr. Larpenteur went after Rabbits, saw none, but found a horse, which was brought home this afternoon. Mr. C., Harris, Bell, and Owen went after Buffaloes over the hills, saw none, so that all this day has been disappointment to us. Owen caught a *Spermophilus hoodii*. The brother of the dead Indian, who gashed his legs fearfully this morning, went off with his wife and children and six others, who had come here to beg. One of them had for a *letter of recommendation* one of the advertisements of the steamer "Trapper," which will be kept by his chief for time immemorial to serve as a pass for begging. He received from us ammunition and tobacco. Sprague collected seeds this morning, and this afternoon copied my sketch of the three Mamelles. Towards sunset I intend to go myself after Rabbits, along the margins of the bushes and the shore.

We have returned from my search after Rabbits; Harris and I each shot one. We saw five Wild Geese. Harris lost his snuff-box, which he valued, and which I fear will never be found. Squires to-day proposed to me to let him remain here this winter to procure birds and quadrupeds, and I would have said "yes" at once, did he understand either or both these subjects, or could draw; but as he does not, it would be useless.

August 1, Tuesday. The weather fine, and warmer than yesterday. We sent off four Indians after Rabbits, but as we foolishly gave them powder and shot, they returned without any very soon, having, of course, hidden the ammunition. After breakfast Mr. C. had a horse put in the cart, and three squaws went off after "pommes blanches," and Sprague and I followed in the wagon, driven by Owen. These women carried sticks pointed at one end, and blunt at the other, and I was perfectly astonished at the dexterity and rapidity with which they worked. They place the pointed end within six inches of the plant, where the stem enters the earth, and bear down upon the other end with all their weight and move about to the right and left of the plant until the point of the stick is thrust in the ground to the depth of about seven inches, when acting upon it in the manner of a lever, the plant is fairly thrown out, and the root procured. Sprague and I, who had taken with us an instrument resembling a very narrow hoe, and a spade, having rather despised the simple instruments of the squaws, soon found out that these damsels could dig six or seven, and in some cases a dozen, to our *one*. We collected some seeds of these plants as well as those of some others, and walked fully six miles, which has rendered my feet quite tender again. Owen told me that he had seen, on his late journey up the Yellowstone, Grouse, both old and young, with a black breast and with a broad tail; they were usually near the margin of a wood. What they are I cannot tell, but he and Bell

are going after them to-morrow morning. Just after dinner Provost and La Fleur returned with two male Antelopes, skinned, one of them a remarkably large buck, the other less in size, both skins in capital order. We have taken the measurements of the head of the larger. The timber for our boat has been hauling across the sand-bar ever since daylight, and of course the work will proceed pretty fast. The weather is delightful, and at night, indeed, quite cool enough. I spoke to Sprague last night about remaining here next winter, as he had mentioned his wish to do so to Bell some time ago, but he was very undecided. My regrets that I promised you all so faithfully that I would return this fall are beyond description. I am, as years go, an old man, but I do not feel old, and there is so much of interest here that I forget oftentimes that I am not as young as Owen.

August 2, Wednesday. Bell and Owen started on their tour up the Yellowstone¹ after Cocks of the Plain [Sage Grouse, *Centrocercus urophasianus*]. Provost and Moncrévier went in the timber below after Deer, but saw none. We had an arrival of six Chippeway Indians, and afterwards about a dozen Assiniboins. Both these parties were better dressed, and looked better off than any previous groups that we have seen at this fort. They brought some few robes to barter, and the traffic was carried on by Mr. Larpenteur in his little shop, through a wicket. On the arrival of the Assiniboins, who were headed by an old man, one of the Chippeways discovered a horse, which he at once not only claimed, but tied; he threw down his new blanket on the ground, and was leading off the horse, when the other Indian caught hold of it, and said that he had fairly bought it, etc. The Chippeway now gave him his gun, powder, and ball, as well as his *looking-glass*, the most prized of all his possessions, and the Assiniboin, now apparently satisfied, gave up the horse, which was led away by the new (or old)

¹ See Bell's account of the trip, page 176.

owner. We thought the matter was ended, but Mr. Culbertson told us that either the horse or the Chippeway would be caught and brought back. The latter had mounted a fine horse which he had brought with him, and was leading the other away, when presently a gun was heard out of the fort, and Mr. C. ran to tell us that the horse of the Chippeway had been shot, and that the rider was running as fast as he could to Fort Mortimer. Upon going out we found the horse standing still, and the man running; we went to the poor animal, and found that the ball had passed through the thigh, and entered the belly. The poor horse was trembling like an aspen; he at last moved, walked about, and went to the river, where he died. Now it is curious that it was not the same Assiniboin who had sold the horse that had shot, but another of their party; and we understand that it was on account of an old grudge against the Chippeway, who, by the way, was a surly-looking rascal. The Assiniboins brought eight or ten horses and colts, and a number of dogs. One of the colts had a necklace of "pommés blanches," at the end of which hung a handful of Buffalo calves' hoofs, not more than $\frac{3}{4}$ inch long, and taken from the calves before birth, when the mothers had been killed. Harris and I took a ride in the wagon over the Mauvaises Terres above the fort, in search of petrified wood, but though we found many specimens, they were of such indifferent quality that we brought home but one. On returning we followed a Wolf path, of which there are hundreds through the surrounding hills, all leading to the fort. It is curious to see how well they understand the best and shortest roads. From what had happened, we anticipated a row among the Indians, but all seemed quiet. Mr. C. gave us a good account of Fort McKenzie. I have been examining the fawn of the Long-tailed Deer of this country, belonging to old Baptiste; the man feeds it regularly, and the fawn follows him everywhere. It will race backwards and for-

wards over the prairie back of the fort, for a mile or more, running at the very top of its speed; suddenly it will make for the gate, rush through and overwhelm Baptiste with caresses, as if it had actually lost him for some time. If Baptiste lies on the ground pretending to sleep, the fawn pushes with its nose, and licks his face as a dog would, till he awakens.

August 3, Thursday. We observed yesterday that the atmosphere was thick, and indicated the first appearance of the close of summer, which here is brief. The nights and mornings have already become cool, and summer clothes will not be needed much longer, except occasionally. Harris and Sprague went to the hills so much encrusted with shells. We have had some talk about going to meet Bell and Owen, but the distance is too great, and Mr. C. told me he was not acquainted with the road beyond the first twenty-five or thirty miles. We have had a slight shower, and Mr. C. and I walked across the bar to see the progress of the boat. The horse that died near the river was hauled across to the sand-bar, and will make good catfish bate for our fishers. This morning we had another visitation of Indians, seven in number; they were very dirty, wrapped in disgusting Buffalo robes, and were not allowed inside the inner gate, on account of their filthy condition.

August 4, Friday. We were all under way this morning at half-past five, on a Buffalo hunt, that is to say, the residue of us, Harris and I, for Bell was away with Owen, and Squires with Provost after Bighorns, and Sprague at Fort Mortimer. Tobacco and matches had been forgotten, and that detained us for half an hour; but at last we started in good order, with only one cart following us, which carried Pike and Moncrévier. We saw, after we had travelled ten miles, some Buffalo bulls; some alone, others in groups of four or five, a few Antelopes, but more shy than ever before. I was surprised to see how careless the bulls were

of us, as some actually gave us chances to approach them within a hundred yards, looking steadfastly, as if not caring a bit for us. At last we saw one lying down immediately in our road, and determined to give him a chance for his life. Mr. C. had a white horse, a runaway, in which he placed a good deal of confidence; he mounted it, and we looked after him. The bull did not start till Mr. C. was within a hundred yards, and then at a gentle and slow gallop. The horse galloped too, but only at the same rate. Mr. C. thrashed him until his hands were sore, for he had no whip, the bull went off without even a shot being fired, and the horse is now looked upon as forever disgraced. About two miles farther another bull was observed lying down in our way, and it was concluded to run him with the white horse, accompanied, however, by Harris. The chase took place, and the bull was killed by Harris, but the white horse is now scorned by every one. A few pieces of meat, the tongue, tail, and head, were all that was taken from this very large bull. We soon saw that the weather was becoming cloudy, and we were anxious to reach a camping-place; but we continued to cross ranges of hills, and hoped to see a large herd of Buffaloes. The weather was hot "out of mind," and we continued till, reaching a fine hill, we saw in a beautiful valley below us seventy to eighty head, feeding peacefully in groups and singly, as might happen. The bulls were mixed in with the cows, and we saw one or two calves. Many bulls were at various distances from the main group, but as we advanced towards them they galloped off and joined the others. When the chase began it was curious to see how much swifter the cows were than the bulls, and how soon they divided themselves into parties of seven or eight, exerting themselves to escape from their murderous pursuers. All in vain, however; off went the guns and down went the cows, or stood bleeding through the nose, mouth, or bullet holes. Mr. C. killed three, and Harris

one in about half an hour. We had quite enough, and the slaughter was ended. We had driven up to the nearest fallen cow, and approached close to her, and found that she was not dead, but trying to rise to her feet. I cannot bear to see an animal suffer unnecessarily, so begged one of the men to take my knife and stab her to the heart, which was done. The animals were cut up and skinned, with considerable fatigue. To skin bulls and cows and cut up their bodies is no joke, even to such as are constantly in the habit of doing it. Whilst Mr. Culbertson and the rest had gone to cut up another at some distance, I remained on guard to save the meat from the Wolves, but none came before my companions returned. We found the last cow quite dead. As we were busy about her the rain fell in torrents, and I found my blanket *capote* of great service. It was now nearly sundown, and we made up our minds to camp close by, although there was no water for our horses, neither any wood. Harris and I began collecting Buffalo-dung from all around, whilst the others attended to various other affairs. The meat was all unloaded and spread on the ground, the horses made fast, the fire burned freely, pieces of liver were soon cooked and devoured, coffee drunk in abundance, and we went to rest.

August 5, Saturday. It rained in the night; but this morning the weather was cool, wind at northwest, and cloudy, but not menacing rain. We made through the road we had come yesterday, and on our way Harris shot a young of the Swift Fox, which we could have caught alive had we not been afraid of running into some hole. We saw only a few bulls and Antelopes, and some Wolves. The white horse, which had gone out as a *hunter*, returned as a *pack-horse*, loaded with the entire flesh of a Buffalo cow; and our two mules drew three more and the heads of all four. This morning at daylight, when we were called to drink our coffee, there was a Buffalo feeding within twenty steps of our tent, and it moved slowly towards the hills as

we busied ourselves making preparations for our departure. We reached the fort at noon; Squires, Provost, and La Fleur had returned; they had wounded a Bighorn, but had lost it. Owen and Bell returned this afternoon; they had seen no Cocks of the plains, but brought the skin of a female Elk, a Porcupine, and a young White-headed Eagle. Provost tells me that Buffaloes become so very poor during hard winters, when the snows cover the ground to the depth of two or three feet, that they lose their hair, become covered with scabs, on which the Magpies feed, and the poor beasts die by hundreds. One can hardly conceive how it happens, notwithstanding these many deaths and the immense numbers that are murdered almost daily on these boundless wastes called prairies, besides the hosts that are drowned in the freshets, and the hundreds of young calves who die in early spring, so many are yet to be found. Daily we see so many that we hardly notice them more than the cattle in our pastures about our homes. But this cannot last; even now there is a perceptible difference in the size of the herds, and before many years the Buffalo, like the Great Auk, will have disappeared; surely this should not be permitted. Bell has been relating his adventures, our boat is going on, and I wish I had a couple of Bighorns. God bless you all.

August 6, Sunday. I very nearly lost the skin of the Swift Fox, for Harris supposed the animal rotten with the great heat, which caused it to have an odor almost insupportable, and threw it on the roof of the gallery. Bell was so tired he did not look at it, so I took it down, skinned it, and with the assistance of Squires put the coat into pickle, where I daresay it will keep well enough. The weather is thick, and looks like a thunderstorm. Bell, having awaked refreshed by his night's rest, has given me the measurements of the Elk and the Porcupine. Provost has put the skin of the former in pickle, and has gone to Fort Mortimer to see Boucherville and others, to try if they

would go after Bighorn to-morrow morning. This afternoon we had an arrival of Indians, the same who were here about two weeks ago. They had been to Fort Clark, and report that a battle had taken place between the Crees and Gros Ventres, and that the latter had lost. Antelopes often die from the severity of the winter weather, and are found dead and shockingly poor, even in the immediate vicinity of the forts. These animals are caught in pens in the manner of Buffaloes, and are despatched with clubs, principally by the squaws. In 1840, during the winter, and when the snow was deep on the prairies and in the ravines by having drifted there, Mr. Laidlow, then at Fort Union, caught four Antelopes by following them on horseback and forcing them into these drifts, which were in places ten or twelve feet deep. They were brought home on a sleigh, and let loose about the rooms. They were so very gentle that they permitted the children to handle them, although being loose they could have kept from them. They were removed to the carpenter's shop, and there one broke its neck by leaping over a turning-lathe. The others were all killed in some such way, for they became very wild, and jumped, kicked, etc., till all were dead. Very young Buffaloes have been caught in the same way, by the same gentleman, assisted by Le Brun and four Indians, and thirteen of these he took down the river, when they became somewhat tamed. The Antelopes cannot be tamed except when caught young, and then they can rarely be raised. Mr. Wm. Sublette, of St. Louis, had one however, a female, which grew to maturity, and was so gentle that it would go all over his house, mounting and descending steps, and even going on the roof of the house. It was alive when I first reached St. Louis, but I was not aware of it, and before I left, it was killed by an Elk belonging to the same gentleman. Provost returned, and said that Boucherville would go with him and La Fleur to-morrow morning early, *but I doubt it.*

August 7, Monday. Provost, Bell, and La Fleur started after breakfast, having waited nearly four hours for Boucherville. They left at seven, and the Indians were curious to know where they were bound, and looked at them with more interest than we all liked. At about nine, we saw Boucherville, accompanied by five men, all mounted, and they were surprised that Provost had not waited for them, or rather that he had left so early. I gave them a bottle of whiskey, and they started under the whip, and must have overtaken the first party in about two hours. To-day has been warmer than any day we have had for two weeks. Sprague has been collecting seeds, and Harris and I searching for stones with impressions of leaves and fern; we found several. Mr. Denig says the Assiniboins killed a Black Bear on White Earth River, about sixty miles from the mouth; they are occasionally killed there, but it is a rare occurrence. Mr. Denig saw the skin of a Bear at their camp last winter, and a Raccoon was also killed on the Cheyenne River by the Sioux, who knew not what to make of it. Mr. Culbertson has given me the following account of a skirmish which took place at Fort McKenzie in the Blackfoot country, which I copy from his manuscript.

“August 28, 1834. At the break of day we were aroused from our beds by the report of an enemy being in sight. This unexpected news created naturally a confusion among us all; never was a set of unfortunate beings so surprised as we were. By the time that the alarm had spread through the fort, we were surrounded by the enemy, who proved to be Assiniboins, headed by the chief Gauché (the Antelope). The number, as near as we could judge, was about four hundred. Their first attack was upon a few lodges of Piegans, who were encamped at the fort. They also, being taken by surprise, could not escape. We exerted ourselves, however, to save as many as we could, by getting them into the fort. But the foolish

squaws, when they started from their lodges, each took a load of old saddles and skins, which they threw in the door, and stopped it so completely that they could not get in, and here the enemy massacred several. In the mean time our men were firing with muskets and shot-guns. Unfortunately for us, we could not use our cannon, as there were a great many Piegans standing between us and the enemy; this prevented us from firing a telling shot on them at once. The engagement continued nearly an hour, when the enemy, finding their men drop very fast, retreated to the bluffs, half a mile distant; there they stood making signs for us to come on, and give them an equal chance on the prairie. Although our force was much weaker than theirs, we determined to give them a trial. At the same time we despatched an expert runner to an encampment of Piegans for a reinforcement. We mounted our horses, and proceeded to the field of battle, which was a perfect level, where there was no chance to get behind a tree, or anything else, to keep off a ball. We commenced our fire at two hundred yards, but soon lessened the distance to one hundred. Here we kept up a constant fire for two hours, when, our horses getting fatigued, we concluded to await the arrival of our reinforcements. As yet none of us were killed or badly wounded, and nothing lost but one horse, which was shot under one of our men named Bourbon. Of the enemy we cannot tell how many were killed, for as fast as they fell they were carried off the field. After the arrival of our reinforcements, which consisted of one hundred and fifty mounted Piegans, we charged and fought again for another two hours, and drove them across the Maria River, where they took another stand; and here Mr. Mitchell's horse was shot under him and he was wounded. In this engagement the enemy had a decided advantage over us, as they were concealed in the bushes, while we were in the open prairie. However, we succeeded in making them retreat from this place back on to a high

prairie, but they suddenly rushed upon us and compelled us to retreat across the Maria. Then they had us in their power; but for some reason, either lack of courage or knowledge, they did not avail themselves of their opportunity. They could have killed a great many of us when we rushed into the water, which was almost deep enough to swim our horses; they were close upon us, but we succeeded in crossing before they fired. This foolish move came near being attended with fatal consequences, which we were aware of, but our efforts to stop it were unsuccessful. We, however, did not retreat far before we turned upon them again, with the determination of driving them to the mountains, in which we succeeded. By this time it was so dark that we could see no more, and we concluded to return. During the day we lost seven killed, and twenty wounded. Two of our dead the enemy had scalped. It is impossible to tell how many of the enemy were killed, but their loss must have been much greater than ours, as they had little ammunition, and at the last none. Our Indians took two bodies and burned them, after scalping them. The Indians who were with us in this skirmish deserve but little credit for their bravery, for in every close engagement the whites, who were comparatively few, always were in advance of them. This, however, had one good effect, for it removed the idea they had of our being cowards, and made them believe we were unusually brave. Had it not been for the assistance we gave the Piegans they would have been cut off, for I never saw Indians behave more bravely than the enemy this day; and had they been well supplied with powder and ball they would have done much more execution. But necessity compelled them to spare their ammunition, as they had come a long way, and they must save enough to enable them to return home. And on our side had we been positive they were enemies, even after they had surprised us in the manner they did, we could have killed many of them

at first, but thinking that they were a band of Indians coming with this ceremony to trade (which is not uncommon) we did not fire upon them till the balls and arrows came whistling about our heads; then only was the word given, 'Fire!' Had they been bold enough at the onset to have rushed into the fort, we could have done nothing but suffer death under their tomahawks."

Mr. Denig gave me the following "Bear Story," as he heard it from the parties concerned: "In the year 1835 two men set out from a trading-post at the head of the Cheyenne, and in the neighborhood of the Black Hills, to trap Beaver; their names were Michel Carrière and Bernard Le Brun. Carrière was a man about seventy years old, and had passed most of his life in the Indian country, in this dangerous occupation of trapping. One evening as they were setting their traps along the banks of a stream tributary to the Cheyenne, somewhat wooded by bushes and cottonwood trees, their ears were suddenly saluted by a growl, and in a moment a large she Bear rushed upon them. Le Brun, being a young and active man, immediately picked up his gun, and shot the Bear through the bowels. Carrière also fired, but missed. The Bear then pursued them, but as they ran for their lives, their legs did them good service; they escaped through the bushes, and the Bear lost sight of them. They had concluded the Bear had given up the chase, and were again engaged in setting their traps, when Carrière, who was a short distance from Le Brun, went through a small thicket with a trap and came directly in front of the huge, wounded beast, which, with one spring, bounded upon him and tore him in an awful manner. With one stroke of the paw on his face and forehead he cut his nose in two, and one of the claws reached inward nearly to the brain at the root of the nose; the same stroke tore out his right eye and most of the flesh from that side of his face. His arm and side were *literally torn to pieces*, and the Bear, after handling him in

this gentle manner for two or three minutes, threw him upwards about six feet, when he lodged, to all appearance dead, in the fork of a tree. Le Brun, hearing the noise, ran to his assistance, and again shot the Bear and killed it. He then brought what he at first thought was the dead body of his friend to the ground. Little appearance of a human being was left to the poor man, but Le Brun found life was not wholly extinct. He made a *travaille* and carried him by short stages to the nearest trading-post, where the wounded man slowly recovered, but was, of course, the most mutilated-looking being imaginable. Carrière, in telling the story, says that he fully believes it to have been the Holy Virgin that lifted him up and placed him in the fork of the tree, and thus preserved his life. The Bear is stated to have been as large as a common ox, and must have weighed, therefore, not far from 1500 lbs." Mr. Denig adds that he saw the man about a year after the accident, and some of the wounds were, even then, not healed. Carrière fully recovered, however, lived a few years, and was killed by the Blackfeet near Fort Union.

When Bell was fixing his traps on his horse this morning, I was amused to see Provost and La Fleur laughing outright at him, as he first put on a Buffalo robe under his saddle, a blanket over it, and over that his mosquito bar and his rain protector. These old hunters could not understand why he needed all these things to be comfortable; then, besides, he took a sack of ship-biscuit. Provost took only an old blanket, a few pounds of dried meat, and his tin cup, and rode off in his shirt and dirty breeches. La Fleur was worse off still, for he took no blanket, and said he could borrow Provost's tin cup; but he, being a most temperate man, carried the bottle of whiskey to mix with the brackish water found in the Mauvaises Terres, among which they have to travel till their return. Harris and I contemplated going to a quarry from which the stones of the powder magazine were brought, but it

became too late for us to start in time to see much, and the wrong horses were brought us, being both *runners*; we went, however, across the river after Rabbits. Harris killed a Red-checked Woodpecker and shot at a Rabbit, which he missed. We had a sort of show by Moncrévier which was funny, and well performed; he has much versatility, great powers of mimicry, and is a far better actor than many who have made names for themselves in that line. Jean Baptiste told me the following: "About twelve years ago when Mr. McKenzie was the superintendent of this fort, at the season when green peas were plenty and good, Baptiste was sent to the garden about half a mile off, to gather a quantity. He was occupied doing this, when, at the end of a row, to his astonishment, he saw a very large Bear gathering peas also. Baptiste dropped his tin bucket, ran back to the fort as fast as possible, and told Mr. McKenzie, who immediately summoned several other men with guns; they mounted their horses, rode off, and killed the Bear; but, alas! Mr. Bruin had emptied the bucket of peas."

August 8, Tuesday. Another sultry day. Immediately after breakfast Mr. Larpenteur drove Harris and myself in search of geological specimens, but we found none worth having. We killed a *Spermophilus hoodii*, which, although fatally wounded, entered its hole, and Harris had to draw it out by the hind legs. We saw a family of Rock Wrens, and killed four of them. I killed two at one shot; one of the others must have gone in a hole, for though we saw it fall we could not find it. Another, after being shot, found its way under a flat stone, and was there picked up, quite dead, Mr. Larpenteur accidentally turning the stone up. We saw signs of Antelopes and of Hares (Townsend), and rolled a large rock from the top of a high hill. The notes of the Rock Wren are a prolonged cree-è-è-è. On our return home we heard that Boucherville and his five hunters had returned with nothing for me, and they had not met

Bell and his companions. We were told also that a few minutes after our departure the roarings and bellowings of Buffalo were heard across the river, and that Owen and two men had been despatched with a cart to kill three fat cows but *no more*; so my remonstrances about useless slaughter have not been wholly unheeded. Harris was sorry he had missed going, and so was I, as both of us could have done so. The milk of the Buffalo cow is truly good and finely tasted, but the bag is never large as in our common cattle, and this is probably a provision of nature to render the cows more capable to run off, and escape from their pursuers. Bell, Provost, and La Fleur returned just before dinner; they had seen no Bighorns, and only brought the flesh of two Deer killed by La Fleur, and a young Magpie. This afternoon Provost skinned a calf that was found by one of the cows that Owen killed; it was *very* young, only a few hours old, but large, and I have taken its measurements. It is looked upon as a phenomenon, as no Buffalo cow calves at this season. The calving time is from about the 1st of February to the last of May. Owen went six miles from the fort before he saw the cattle; there were more than three hundred in number, and Harris and I regretted the more we had not gone, but had been fruitlessly hunting for stones. It is curious that while Harris was searching for Rabbits early this morning, he heard the bellowing of the bulls, and thought first it was the growling of a Grizzly Bear, and then that it was the fort bulls, so he mentioned it to no one. To-morrow evening La Fleur and two men will go after Bighorns again, and they are not to return before they have killed one male, at least. This evening we went a-fishing across the river, and caught ten good catfish of the upper Missouri species, the sweetest and best fish of the sort that I have eaten in any part of the country. Our boat is going on well, and looks pretty to boot. Her name will be the "Union," in consequence of the united exertions of my companions to do all that

could be done, on this costly expedition. The young Buffaloes now about the fort have begun shedding their red coats, the latter-colored hair dropping off in patches about the size of the palm of my hand, and the new hair is dark brownish black.

August 9, Wednesday. The weather is cool and we are looking for rain. Squires, Provost, and La Fleur went off this morning after an early breakfast, across the river for Bighorns with orders not to return without some of these wild animals, which reside in the most inaccessible portions of the broken and lofty clay hills and stones that exist in this region of the country; they never resort to the low lands except when moving from one spot to another; they swim rivers well, as do Antelopes. I have scarcely done anything but write this day, and my memorandum books are now crowded with sketches, measurements, and descriptions. We have nine Indians, all Assiniboins, among whom *five* are chiefs. These nine Indians fed for three days on the flesh of only a single Swan; they saw no Buffaloes, though they report large herds about their village, fully two hundred miles from here. This evening I caught about one dozen catfish, and shot a *Spermophilus hoodii*, an old female, which had her pouches distended and filled with the seeds of the wild sunflower of this region. I am going to follow one of their holes and describe the same.

August 10, Thursday. Bell and I took a walk after Rabbits, but saw none. The nine Indians, having received their presents, went off with apparent reluctance, for when you begin to give them, the more they seem to demand. The horseguards brought in another *Spermophilus hoodii*; after dinner we are going to examine one of their burrows. We have been, and have returned; the three burrows which we dug were as follows: straight downward for three or four inches, and gradually becoming deeper in an oblique slant, to the depth of eight or nine inches, but not more, and none of these holes ex-

tended more than six or seven feet beyond this. I was disappointed at not finding nests, or rooms for stores. Although I have said much about Buffalo running, and butchering in general, I have not given the particular manner in which the latter is performed by the hunters of this country, — I mean the white hunters, — and I will now try to do so. The moment that the Buffalo is dead, three or four hunters, their faces and hands often covered with gunpowder, and with pipes lighted, place the animal on its belly, and by drawing out each fore and hind leg, fix the body so that it cannot fall down again; an incision is made near the root of the tail, immediately above the root in fact, and the skin cut to the neck, and taken off in the roughest manner imaginable, downwards and on both sides at the same time. The knives are going in all directions, and many wounds occur to the hands and fingers, but are rarely attended to at this time. The pipe of one man has perhaps given out, and with his bloody hands he takes the one of his nearest companion, who has his own hands equally bloody. Now one breaks in the skull of the bull, and with bloody fingers draws out the hot brains and swallows them with peculiar zest; another has now reached the liver, and is gobbling down enormous pieces of it; whilst, perhaps, a third, who has come to the paunch, is feeding luxuriously on some — to me — disgusting-looking offal. But the main business proceeds. The flesh is taken off from the sides of the boss, or hump bones, from where these bones begin to the very neck, and the hump itself is thus destroyed. The hunters give the name of “hump” to the mere bones when slightly covered by flesh; and it is cooked, and very good when fat, young, and well broiled. The pieces of flesh taken from the sides of these bones are called *filets*, and are the best portion of the animal when properly cooked. The fore-quarters, or shoulders, are taken off, as well as the hind ones, and the sides, covered by a thin portion of flesh

called the *depouille*, are taken out. Then the ribs are broken off at the vertebræ, as well as the boss bones. The marrow-bones, which are those of the fore and hind legs only, are cut out last. The feet usually remain attached to these; the paunch is stripped of its covering of layers of fat, the head and the backbone are left to the Wolves, the pipes are all emptied, the hands, faces, and clothes all bloody, and now a glass of grog is often enjoyed, as the stripping off the skins and flesh of three or four animals is truly very hard work. In some cases when no water was near, our supper was cooked without our being washed, and it was not until we had travelled several miles the next morning that we had any opportunity of cleaning ourselves; and yet, despite everything, we are all hungry, eat heartily, and sleep soundly. When the wind is high and the Buffaloes run towards it, the hunter's guns very often snap, and it is during their exertions to replenish their pans, that the powder flies and sticks to the moisture every moment accumulating on their faces; but nothing stops these daring and usually powerful men, who the moment the chase is ended, leap from their horses, let them graze, and begin their butcher-like work.

August 11, Friday. The weather has been cold and windy, and the day has passed in comparative idleness with me. Squires returned this afternoon alone, having left Provost and La Fleur behind. They have seen only two Bighorns, a female and her young. It was concluded that, if our boat was finished by Tuesday next, we would leave on Wednesday morning, but I am by no means assured of this, and Harris was quite startled at the very idea. Our boat, though forty feet long, is, I fear, too small. *Nous verrons!* Some few preparations for packing have been made, but Owen, Harris, and Bell are going out early to-morrow morning to hunt Buffaloes, and when they return we will talk matters over. The activity of Buffaloes is almost beyond belief; they can climb

the steep defiles of the Mauvaises Terres in hundreds of places where men cannot follow them, and it is a fine sight to see a large gang of them proceeding along these defiles four or five hundred feet above the level of the bottoms, and from which pathway if one of the number makes a mis-step or accidentally slips, he goes down rolling over and over, and breaks his neck ere the level ground is reached. Bell and Owen saw a bull about three years old that leaped a ravine filled with mud and water, at least twenty feet wide; it reached the middle at the first bound, and at the second was mounted on the opposite bank, from which it kept on bounding, till it gained the top of quite a high hill. Mr. Culbertson tells me that these animals can endure hunger in a most extraordinary manner. He says that a large bull was seen on a spot half way down a precipice, where it had slid, and from which it could not climb upwards, and either could not or would not descend; at any rate, it did not leave the position in which it found itself. The party who saw it returned to the fort, and, on their way back on the *twenty-fifth* day after, they passed the hill, and saw the bull standing there. The thing that troubles them most is crossing rivers on the ice; their hoofs slip from side to side, they become frightened, and stretch their four legs apart to support the body, and in such situations the Indians and white hunters easily approach, and stab them to the heart, or cut the hamstrings, when they become an easy prey. When in large gangs those in the centre are supported by those on the outposts, and if the stream is not large, reach the shore and readily escape. Indians of different tribes hunt the Buffalo in different ways; some hunt on horseback, and use arrows altogether; they are rarely expert in reloading the gun in the close race. Others hunt on foot, using guns, arrows, or both. Others follow with patient perseverance, and kill them also. But I will give you the manner pursued by the

Mandans. Twenty to fifty men start, as the occasion suits, each provided with two horses, one of which is a pack-horse, the other fit for the chase. They have quivers with from twenty to fifty arrows, according to the wealth of the hunter. They ride the pack horse bare-back, and travel on, till they see the game, when they leave the pack-horse, and leap on the hunter, and start at full speed and soon find themselves amid the Buffaloes, on the flanks of the herd, and on both sides. When within a few yards the arrow is sent, they shoot at a Buffalo somewhat ahead of them, and send the arrow in an oblique manner, so as to pass through the lights. If the blood rushes out of the nose and mouth the animal is fatally wounded, and they shoot at it no more; if not, a second, and perhaps a third arrow, is sent before this happens. The Buffaloes on starting carry the tail close in between the legs, but when wounded they switch it about, especially if they wish to fight, and then the hunter's horse shies off and lets the mad animal breathe awhile. If shot through the heart, they occasionally fall dead on the instant; sometimes, if not hit in the right place, a dozen arrows will not stop them. When wounded and mad they turn suddenly round upon the hunter, and rush upon him in such a quick and furious manner that if horse and rider are not both on the alert, the former is overtaken, hooked and overthrown, the hunter pitched off, trampled and gored to death. Although the Buffalo is such a large animal, and to all appearance a clumsy one, it can turn with the quickness of thought, and when once enraged, will rarely give up the chase until avenged for the wound it has received. If, however, the hunter is expert, and the horse fleet, they outrun the bull, and it returns to the herd. Usually the greater number of the gang is killed, but it very rarely happens that some of them do not escape. This however is not the case when the animal is pounded, especially by the Gros Ventres, Black

Feet, and Assiniboins. These pounds are called "parks," and the Buffaloes are made to enter them in the following manner: The park is sometimes round and sometimes square, this depending much on the ground where it is put up; at the end of the park is what is called a *precipice* of some fifteen feet or less, as may be found. It is approached by a funnel-shaped passage, which like the park itself is strongly built of logs, brushwood, and pickets, and when all is ready a young man, very swift of foot, starts at daylight covered over with a Buffalo robe and wearing a Buffalo head-dress. The moment he sees the herd to be taken, he bellows like a young calf, and makes his way slowly towards the contracted part of the funnel, imitating the cry of the calf, at frequent intervals. The Buffaloes advance after the decoy; about a dozen mounted hunters are yelling and galloping behind them, and along both flanks of the herd, forcing them by these means to enter the mouth of the funnel. Women and children are placed behind the fences of the funnel to frighten the cattle, and as soon as the young man who acts as decoy feels assured that the game is in a fair way to follow to the bank or "precipice," he runs or leaps down the bank, over the barricade, and either rests, or joins in the fray. The poor Buffaloes, usually headed by a large bull, proceed, leap down the bank in haste and confusion, the Indians all yelling and pursuing till every bull, cow, and calf is impounded. Although this is done at all seasons, it is more general in October or November, when the hides are good and salable. Now the warriors are all assembled by the pen, calumets are lighted, and the chief smokes to the Great Spirit, the four points of the compass, and lastly to the Buffaloes. The pipe is passed from mouth to mouth in succession, and as soon as this ceremony is ended, the destruction commences. Guns shoot, arrows fly in all directions, and the hunters being on the outside of the enclosure, destroy the whole

gang, before they jump over to clean and skin the murdered herd. Even the children shoot small, short arrows to assist in the destruction. It happens sometimes however, that the leader of the herd will be restless at the sight of the precipices, and if the fence is weak will break through it, and all his fellows follow him, and escape. The same thing sometimes takes place in the pen, for so full does this become occasionally that the animals touch each other, and as they cannot move, the very weight against the fence of the pen is quite enough to break it through; the smallest aperture is sufficient, for in a few minutes it becomes wide, and all the beasts are seen scampering over the prairies, leaving the poor Indians starving and discomfited. Mr. Kipp told me that while travelling from Lake Travers to the Mandans, in the month of August, he rode in a heavily laden cart for six successive days through masses of Buffaloes, which divided for the cart, allowing it to pass without opposition. He has seen the immense prairie back of Fort Clark look black to the tops of the hills, though the ground was covered with snow, so crowded was it with these animals; and the masses probably extended much further. In fact it is *impossible to describe or even conceive* the vast multitudes of these animals that exist even now, and feed on these ocean-like prairies.

August 12, Saturday. Harris, Bell, and Owen went after Buffaloes; killed six cows and brought them home. Weather cloudy, and rainy at times. Provost returned with La Fleur this afternoon, had nothing, but had seen a Grizzly Bear. The "Union" was launched this evening and packing, etc., is going on. I gave a memorandum to Jean Baptiste Moncrévier of the animals I wish him to procure for me.

August 13, Sunday. A most beautiful day. About dinner time I had a young Badger brought to me dead; I bought it, and gave in payment two pounds of sugar. The

body of these animals is broader than high, the neck is powerfully strong, as well as the fore-arms, and strongly clawed fore-feet. It weighed $8\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Its measurements were all taken. When the pursuer gets between a Badger and its hole, the animal's hair rises, and it at once shows fight. A half-breed hunter told Provost, who has just returned from Fort Mortimer, that he was anxious to go down the river with me, but I know the man and hardly care to have him. If I decide to take him Mr. Culbertson, to whom I spoke of the matter, told me my only plan was to pay him by the piece for what he killed and brought on board, and that in case he did not turn out well between this place and Fort Clark, to leave him there; so I have sent word to him to this effect by Provost this afternoon. Bell is skinning the Badger, Sprague finishing the map of the river made by Squires, and the latter is writing. The half-breed has been here, and the following is our agreement: "It is understood that François Détaillé will go with me, John J. Audubon, and to secure for me the following quadrupeds — if possible — for which he will receive the prices here mentioned, payable at Fort Union, Fort Clark, or Fort Pierre, as may best suit him.

For each Bighorn male	\$10.00
For a large Grizzly Bear	20.00
For a large male Elk	6.00
For a Black-tailed Deer, male or female	6.00
For Red Foxes	3.00
For small Gray Foxes	3.00
For Badgers	2.00
For large Porcupine	2.00

Independent of which I agree to furnish him with his passage and food, he to work as a hand on board. Whatever he kills for food will be settled when he leaves us, or, as he says, when he meets the Opposition boat com-

ing up to Fort Mortimer." He will also accompany us in our hunt after Bighorns, which I shall undertake, notwithstanding Mr. Culbertson and Squires, who have been to the Mauvaises Terres, both try to dissuade me from what they fear will prove over-fatiguing; but though my strength is not what it was twenty years ago, I am yet equal to much, and my eyesight far keener than that of many a younger man, though that too tells me I am no longer a youth. . . .

The only idea I can give in *writing* of what are called the "Mauvaises Terres" would be to place some thousands of loaves of sugar of different sizes, from quite small and low, to large and high, all irregularly truncated at top, and placed somewhat apart from each other. No one who has not seen these places can form any idea of these resorts of the Rocky Mountain Rams, or the difficulty of approaching them, putting aside their extreme wildness and their marvellous activity. They form paths around these broken-headed cones (that are from three to fifteen hundred feet high), and run round them at full speed on a track that, to the eye of the hunter, does not appear to be more than a few inches wide, but which is, in fact, from a foot to eighteen inches in width. In some places there are piles of earth from eight to ten feet high, or even more, the tops of which form platforms of a hard and shelly rocky substance, where the Bighorn is often seen looking on the hunter far below, and standing immovable, as if a statue. No one can imagine how they reach these places, and that too with their young, even when the latter are quite small. Hunters say that the young are usually born in such places, the mothers going there to save the helpless little one from the Wolves, which, after men, seem to be their greatest destroyers. The Mauvaises Terres are mostly formed of grayish white clay, very sparsely covered with small patches of thin grass, on which the Bighorns feed, but which, to

all appearance, is a very scanty supply, and there, and there only, they feed, as not one has ever been seen on the bottom or prairie land further than the foot of these most extraordinary hills. In wet weather, no man can climb any of them, and at such times they are greasy, muddy, sliding grounds. Oftentimes when a Bighorn is seen on a hill-top, the hunter has to ramble about for three or four miles before he can approach within gunshot of the game, and if the Bighorn ever sees his enemy, pursuit is useless. The tops of some of these hills, and in some cases whole hills about thirty feet high, are composed of a conglomerated mass of stones, sand, and clay, with earth of various sorts, fused together, and having a brick-like appearance. In this mass pumice-stone of various shapes and sizes is to be found. The whole is evidently the effect of volcanic action. The bases of some of these hills cover an area of twenty acres or more, and the hills rise to the height of three or four hundred feet, sometimes even to eight hundred or a thousand; so high can the hunter ascend that the surrounding country is far, far beneath him. The strata are of different colored clays, coal, etc., and an earth impregnated with a salt which appears to have been formed by internal fire or heat, the earth or stones of which I have first spoken in this account, lava, sulphur, salts of various kinds, oxides and sulphates of iron; and in the sand at the tops of some of the highest hills I have found marine shells, but so soft and crumbling as to fall apart the instant they were exposed to the air. I spent some time over various lumps of sand, hoping to find some perfect ones that would be hard enough to carry back to St. Louis; but 't was "love's labor lost," and I regretted exceedingly that only a few fragments could be gathered. I found globular and oval shaped stones, very heavy, apparently composed mostly of iron, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds; numbers of petrified stumps from one to three feet in diameter; the

Mauvaises Terres abound with them; they are to be found in all parts from the valleys to the tops of the hills, and appear to be principally of cedar. On the sides of the hills, at various heights, are shelves of rock or stone projecting out from two to six, eight, or even ten feet, and generally square, or nearly so; these are the favorite resorts of the Bighorns during the heat of the day, and either here or on the tops of the highest hills they are to be found. Between the hills there is generally quite a growth of cedar, but mostly stunted and crowded close together, with very large stumps, and between the stumps quite a good display of grass; on the summits, in some *few* places, there are table-lands, varying from an area of one to ten or fifteen acres; these are covered with a short, dry, wiry grass, and immense quantities of flat leaved cactus, the spines of which often warn the hunter of their proximity, and the hostility existing between them and his feet. These plains are not more easily travelled than the hillsides, as every step may lead the hunter into a bed of these pests of the prairies. In the valleys between the hills are ravines, some of which are not more than ten or fifteen feet wide, while their depth is beyond the reach of the eye. Others vary in depth from ten to fifty feet, while some make one giddy to look in; they are also of various widths, the widest perhaps a hundred feet. The edges, at times, are lined with bushes, mostly wild cherry; occasionally Buffaloes make paths across them, but this is rare. The only safe way to pass is to follow the ravine to the head, which is usually at the foot of some hill, and go round. These ravines are mostly between every two hills, although like every general rule there are variations and occasionally places where three or more hills make only one ravine. These small ravines all connect with some larger one, the size of which is in proportion to its tributaries. The large one runs to the river, or the water is carried off by a subterra-

nean channel. In these valleys, and sometimes on the tops of the hills, are holes, called "sink holes;" these are formed by the water running in a small hole and working away the earth beneath the surface, leaving a crust incapable of supporting the weight of a man; and if an unfortunate steps on this crust, he soon finds himself in rather an unpleasant predicament. This is one of the dangers that attend the hunter in these lands; these holes eventually form a ravine such as I have before spoken of. Through these hills it is almost impossible to travel with a horse, though it is sometimes done by careful management, and a correct knowledge of the country. The sides of the hills are very steep, covered with the earth and stones of which I have spoken, all of which are quite loose on the surface; occasionally a bunch of wormwood here and there seems to assist the daring hunter; for it is no light task to follow the Bighorns through these lands, and the pursuit is attended with much danger, as the least slip at times would send one headlong into the ravines below. On the sides of these high hills the water has washed away the earth, leaving caves of various sizes; and, in fact, in some places all manner of fantastic forms are made by the same process. Occasionally in the valleys are found isolated cones or domes, destitute of vegetation, naked and barren. Throughout the Mauvaises Terres there are springs of water impregnated with salt, sulphur, magnesia, and many other salts of all kinds. Such is the water the hunter is compelled to drink, and were it not that it is as cold as ice it would be almost impossible to swallow it. As it is, many of these waters operate as cathartics or emetics; this is one of the most disagreeable attendants of hunting in these lands. Moreover, venomous snakes of many kinds are also found here. I saw myself only one copperhead, and a common garter-snake. Notwithstanding the rough nature of the country, the Buffaloes have paths running in all directions,

and leading from the prairies to the river. The hunter sometimes, after toiling for an hour or two up the side of one of these hills, trying to reach the top in hopes that when there he will have for a short distance at least, either a level place or good path to walk on, finds to his disappointment that he has secured a point that only affords a place scarcely large enough to stand on, and he has the trouble of descending, perhaps to renew his disappointment in the same way, again and again, such is the deceptive character of the country. I was thus deceived time and again, while in search of Bighorns. If the hill does not terminate in a point it is connected with another hill, by a ridge so narrow that nothing but a Bighorn can walk on it. This is the country that the Mountain Ram inhabits, and if, from this imperfect description, any information can be derived, I shall be more than repaid for the trouble I have had in these tiresome hills. Whether my theory be correct or incorrect, it is this: These hills were at first composed of the clays that I have mentioned, mingled with an immense quantity of combustible material, such as coal, sulphur, bitumen, etc.; these have been destroyed by fire, or (at least the greater part) by volcanic action, as to this day, on the Black Hills and in the hills near where I have been, fire still exists; and from the immense quantities of pumice-stone and melted ores found among the hills, even were there no fire now to be seen, no one could doubt that it had, at some date or other, been there; as soon as this process had ceased, the rains washed out the loose material, and carried it to the rivers, leaving the more solid parts as we now find them; the action of water to this day continues. As I have said, the Bighorns are very fond of resorting to the shelves, or ledges, on the sides of the hills, during the heat of the day, when these places are shaded; here they lie, but are aroused instantly upon the least appearance of danger, and, as soon as they have dis-

covered the cause of alarm, away they go, over hill and ravine, occasionally stopping to look round, and when ascending the steepest hill, there is no apparent diminution of their speed. They will ascend and descend places, when thus alarmed, so inaccessible that it is almost impossible to conceive how, and where, they find a foothold. When observed before they see the hunter, or while they are looking about when first alarmed, are the only opportunities the hunter has to shoot them; for, as soon as they start there is no hope, as to follow and find them is a task not easily accomplished, for where or how far they go when thus on the alert, heaven only knows, as but few hunters have ever attempted a chase. At all times they have to be approached with the greatest caution, as the least thing renders them on the *qui vive*. When not found on these shelves, they are seen on the tops of the most inaccessible and highest hills, looking down on the hunters, apparently conscious of their security, or else lying down tranquilly in some sunny spot quite out of reach. As I have observed before, the only times that these animals can be shot are when on these ledges, or when moving from one point to another. Sometimes they move only a few hundred yards, but it will take the hunter several hours to approach near enough for a shot, so long are the *détours* he is compelled to make. I have been thus baffled two or three times. The less difficult hills are found cut up by paths made by these animals; these are generally about eighteen inches wide. These animals appear to be quite as agile as the European Chamois, leaping down precipices, across ravines, and running up and down almost perpendicular hills. The only places I could find that seemed to afford food for them, was between the cedars, as I have before mentioned; but the places where they are most frequently found are barren, and without the least vestige of vegetation. From the character of the lands where these animals are found,

their own shyness, watchfulness, and agility, it is readily seen what the hunter must endure, and what difficulties he must undergo to near these "Wild Goats." It is one constant time of toil, anxiety, fatigue, and danger. Such the country! Such the animal! Such the hunting!

August 16. Started from Fort Union at 12 M. in the Mackinaw barge "Union." Shot five young Ducks. Camped at the foot of a high bluff. Good supper of Chickens and Ducks.

Thursday, 17th. Started early. Saw three Bighorns, some Antelopes, and many Deer, fully twenty; one Wolf, twenty-two Swans, many Ducks. Stopped a short time on a bar. Mr. Culbertson shot a female Elk, and I killed two bulls. Camped at Buffalo Bluff, where we found Bear tracks.

Friday, 18th. Fine. Bell shot a superb male Elk. The two bulls untouched since killed. Stopped to make an oar, when I caught four catfish. "Kayac" is the French Missourian's name for Buffalo Bluffs, original French for Moose; in Assiniboin "Tah-Tah," in Blackfoot "Sick-e-chi-choo," in Sioux "Tah-Tah." Fifteen to twenty female Elks drinking, tried to approach them, but they broke and ran off to the willows and disappeared. We landed and pursued them. Bell shot at one, but did not find it, though it was badly wounded. These animals are at times unwary, but at others vigilant, suspicious, and well aware of the coming of their enemies.

Saturday, 19th. Wolves howling, and bulls roaring, just like the long continued roll of a hundred drums. Saw large gangs of Buffaloes walking along the river. Headed Knife River one and a half miles. Fresh signs of Indians, burning wood embers, etc. I knocked a cow down with two balls, and Mr. Culbertson killed her. Abundance of Bear tracks. Saw a great number of bushes bearing the berries of which Mrs. Culbertson has given me a necklace. Herds of Buffaloes on the prairies. Mr. Cul-

bertson killed another cow, and in going to see it I had a severe fall over a partially sunken log. Bell killed a doe and wounded the fawn.

Sunday, 20th. *Tamias quadrivittatus* runs up trees; abundance of them in the ravine, and Harris killed one. Bell wounded an Antelope. Thousands upon thousands of Buffaloes; the roaring of these animals resembles the grunting of hogs, with a rolling sound from the throat. Mr. C. killed two cows, Sprague killed one bull, and I made two sketches of it after death. The men killed a cow, and the bull would not leave her although shot four times. Stopped by the high winds all this day. Suffered much from my fall.

Monday, 21st. Buffaloes all over the bars and prairies, and many swimming; the roaring can be heard for miles. The wind stopped us again at eight o'clock; breakfasted near the tracks of Bears surrounded by hundreds of Buffaloes. We left our safe anchorage and good hunting-grounds too soon; the wind blew high, and we were obliged to land again on the opposite shore, where the gale has proved very annoying. Bear tracks led us to search for those animals, but in vain. Collected seeds. Shot at a Rabbit, but have done nothing. Saw many young and old Ducks, — Black Mallards and Gadwalls. I shot a bull and broke his thigh, and then shot at him thirteen times before killing. Camped at the same place.

Tuesday, 22d. Left early and travelled about twelve miles. Went hunting Elks. Mr. Culbertson killed a Deer, and he and Squires brought the meat in on their backs. I saw nothing, but heard shots which I thought were from Harris. I ran for upwards of a mile to look for him, hallooing the whole distance, but saw nothing of him. Sent three men who hallooted also, but came back without further intelligence. Bell shot a female Elk and brought in part of the meat. We walked to the Little Missouri and shot the fourth bull this trip. We saw many Ducks.

In the afternoon we started again, and went below the Little Missouri, returned to the bull and took his horns, etc. Coming back to the boat Sprague saw a Bear; we went towards the spot; the fellow had turned under the high bank and was killed in a few seconds. Mr. Culbertson shot it first through the neck, Bell and I in the body.

Wednesday, 23d. Provost skinned the Bear. No Prairie-Dogs caught. The wind high and cold. Later two Prairie-Dogs were shot; their notes resemble precisely those of the Arkansas Flycatcher. Left this afternoon and travelled about ten miles. Saw another Bear and closely observed its movements. We saw several drowned Buffaloes, and were passed by Wolves and Passenger Pigeons. Camped in a bad place under a sky with every appearance of rain.

Thursday, 24th. A bad night of wind, very cloudy; left early, as the wind lulled and it became calm. Passed "L'Ours qui danse," travelled about twenty miles, when we were again stopped by the wind. Hunted, but found nothing. The fat of our Bear gave us seven bottles of oil. We heard what some thought to be guns, but I believed it to be the falling of the banks. Then the Wolves howled so curiously that it was supposed they were Indian dogs. We went to bed all prepared for action in case of an attack; pistols, knives, etc., but I slept very well, though rather cold.

Friday, 25th. Fair, but foggy, so we did not start early. I found some curious stones with impressions of shells. It was quite calm, and we passed the two Riccaree winter villages. Many Eagles and Peregrine Falcons. Shot another bull. Passed the Gros Ventre village at noon; no game about the place. "La Main Gauche," an Assiniboin chief of great renown, left seventy warriors killed and thirty wounded on the prairie opposite, the year following the small-pox. The Gros Ventres are a courageous tribe. Reached the Mandan village; hundreds of Indians swam to us with handkerchiefs tied on their heads like turbans.

Our old friend "Four Bears" met us on the shore; I gave him eight pounds of tobacco. He came on board and went down with us to Fort Clark, which we reached at four o'clock. Mr. Culbertson and Squires rode out to the Gros Ventre village with "Four Bears" after dark, and returned about eleven; they met with another chief who curiously enough was called "The Iron Bear."

Saturday, 26th. Fine, but a cold, penetrating wind. Started early and landed to breakfast. A canoe passed us with two men from the Opposition. We were stopped by the wind for four hours, but started again at three; passed the Butte Quarré at a quarter past five, followed now by the canoe, as the two fellows are afraid of Indians, and want to come on board our boat; we have not room for them, but will let them travel with us. Landed for the night, and walked to the top of one of the buttes from which we had a fine and very extensive view. Saw a herd of Buffaloes, which we approached, but by accident did not kill a cow. Harris, whom we thought far off, shot too soon and Moncrévier and the rest of us lost our chances. We heard Elks whistling, and saw many Swans. The canoe men camped close to us.

Sunday, 27th. Started early in company with the canoe. Saw four Wolves and six bulls, the latter to our sorrow in a compact group and therefore difficult to attack. They are poor at this season, and the meat very rank, but yet are fresh meat. The wind continued high, but we landed in the weeds assisted by the canoe men, as we saw a gang of cows. We lost them almost immediately though we saw their *wet tracks* and followed them for over a mile, but then gave up the chase. On returning to the river we missed the boat, as she had been removed to a better landing below; so we had quite a search for her. Mrs. Culbertson worked at the *parflèche* with Golden Eagle feathers; she had killed the bird herself. Stopped by the wind at noon. Walked off and saw Buffaloes, but

the wind was adverse. Bell and Harris, however, killed a cow, a single one, that had been wounded, whether by shot or by an arrow no one can tell. We saw a bull on a sand-bar; the poor fool took to the water and swam so as to meet us. We shot at him about a dozen times, I shot him through one eye, Bell, Harris, and Sprague about the head, and yet the animal made for our boat and came so close that Mr. Culbertson touched him with a pole, when he turned off and swam across the river, but acted as if wild or crazy; he ran on a sand-bar, and at last swam again to the opposite shore, in my opinion to die, but Mr. Culbertson says he may live for a month. We landed in a good harbor on the east side about an hour before sundown. Moncrévier caught a catfish that weighed sixteen pounds, a fine fish, though the smaller ones are better eating.

Monday, 28th. A gale all night and this morning also. We are in a good place for hunting, and I hope to have more to say anon. The men returned and told us of many Bear tracks, and four of us started off. Such a walk I do not remember; it was awful — mire, willows, vines, holes, fallen logs; we returned much fatigued and having seen nothing. The wind blowing fiercely.

Tuesday, 29th. Heavy wind all night. Bad dreams about my own Lucy. Walked some distance along the shores and caught many catfish. Two Deer on the other shore. Cut a cotton-tree to fasten to the boat to break the force of the waves. The weather has become sultry. Beavers during the winter oftentimes come down amid the ice, but enter any small stream they meet with at once. Apple River, or Creek, was formerly a good place for them, as well as Cannon Ball River. Saw a Musk-rat this morning swimming by our barge. Slept on a muddy bar with abundance of mosquitoes.

Wednesday, 30th. Started at daylight. Mr. Culbertson and I went off to the prairies over the most infernal ground I ever saw, but we reached the high prairies by

dint of industry, through swamps and mire. We saw two bulls, two calves, and one cow; we killed the cow and the larger calf, a beautiful young bull; returned to the boat through the most abominable swamp I ever travelled through, and reached the boat at one o'clock, thirsty and hungry enough. Bell and all the men went after the meat and the skin of the young bull. I shot the cow, but missed the calf by shooting above it. We started later and made about ten miles before sunset.

Thursday, 31st. Started early; fine and calm. Saw large flocks of Ducks, Geese, and Swans; also four Wolves. Passed Mr. Primeau's winter trading-house; reached Cannon Ball River at half-past twelve. No game; water good-tasted, but warm. Dinner on shore. Saw a Rock Wren on the bluffs here. Saw the prairie on fire, and signs of Indians on both sides. Weather cloudy and hot. Reached Beaver Creek. Provost went after Beavers, but found none. Caught fourteen catfish. Saw a wonderful example of the power of the Buffalo in working through the heavy, miry bottom lands.

Friday, September 1. Hard rain most of the night, and uncomfortably hot. Left our encampment at eight o'clock. Saw Buffaloes and landed, but on approaching them found only bulls; so returned empty-handed to the boat, and started anew. We landed for the night on a large sand-bar connected with the mainland, and saw a large gang of Buffaloes, and Mr. Culbertson and a man went off; they shot at two cows and killed one, but lost her, as she fell in the river and floated down stream, and it was dusk. A heavy cloud arose in the west, thunder was heard, yet the moon and stars shone brightly. After midnight rain came on. The mosquitoes are far too abundant for comfort.

Saturday, September 2. Fine but windy. Went about ten miles and stopped, for the gale was so severe. No fresh meat on board. Saw eight Wolves, four white ones.

Walked six miles on the prairies, but saw only three bulls. The wind has risen to a gale. Saw abundance of Black-breasted Prairie Larks, and a pond with Black Ducks. Returned to the pond after dinner and killed four Ducks.

Sunday, 3d. Beautiful, calm, and cold. Left early and at noon put ashore to kill a bull, having no fresh meat on board. He took the wind and ran off. Touched on a bar, and I went overboard to assist in pushing off and found the water very pleasant, for our cold morning had turned into a hot day. Harris shot a Prairie Wolf. At half-past four saw ten or twelve Buffaloes. Mr. Culbertson, Bell, a canoe man, and I, went after them; the cattle took to the river, and we went in pursuit; the other canoe man landed, and ran along the shore, but could not head them. He shot, however, and as the cattle reached the bank we gave them a volley, but uselessly, and are again under way. Bell and Mr. C. were well mired and greatly exhausted in consequence. No meat for another day. Stopped for the night at the mouth of the Moreau River. Wild Pigeons, Sandpipers, but no fish.

Monday, 4th. Cool night. Wind rose early, but a fine morning. Stopped by the wind at eleven. Mr. Culbertson, Bell, and Moncrévier gone shooting. Many signs of Elk, etc., and flocks of Wild Pigeons. A bad place for hunting, but good for safety. Found Beaver tracks, and small trees cut down by them. Provost followed the bank and found their lodge, which he says is an old one. It is at present a mass of sticks of different sizes matted together, and fresh tracks are all around it. To dig them out would have proved impossible, and we hope to catch them in traps to-night. Beavers often feed on berries when they can reach them, especially Buffalo berries [*Shepherdia argentea*]. Mr. Culbertson killed a buck, and we have sent men to bring it entire. The Beavers in this lodge are not residents, but vagrant Beavers. The buck was brought in; it is of the same kind as at Fort



CAMP ON THE MISSOURI.

FROM A DRAWING BY ISAAC SPRAGUE.

Union, having a longer tail, we think, than the kind found East. Its horns were very small, but it is skinned and in brine. We removed our camp about a hundred yards lower down, but the place as regards wood is very bad. Provost and I went to set traps for Beaver; he first cut two dry sticks eight or nine feet long; we reached the river by passing through the tangled woods; he then pulled off his breeches and waded about with a pole to find the depth of the water, and having found a fit spot he dug away the mud in the shape of a half circle, placed a bit of willow branch at the bottom and put the trap on that. He had two small willow sticks in his mouth; he split an end of one, dipped it in his horn of castoreum, or "medicine," as he calls his stuff, and left on the end of it a good mass of it, which was placed in front of the jaws of the trap next the shore; he then made the chain of the trap secure, stuck in a few untrimmed branches on each side, and there the business ended. The second one was arranged in the same way, except that there was no bit of willow under it. Beavers when caught in shallow water are often attacked by the Otter, and in doing this the latter sometimes lose their own lives, as they are very frequently caught in the other trap placed close by. Mr. Culbertson and Bell returned without having shot, although we heard one report whilst setting the traps. Elks are very numerous here, but the bushes crack and make so much noise that they hear the hunters and fly before them. Bell shot five Pigeons at once. Harris and Squires are both poorly, having eaten too indulgently of Buffalo brains. We are going to move six or seven hundred yards lower down, to spend the night in a more sheltered place. I hope I may have a large Beaver to-morrow.

Tuesday, 5th. At daylight, after some discussion about Beaver lodges, Harris, Bell, Provost, and I, with two men, went to the traps — nothing caught. We now had the lodge demolished outwardly, namely, all the sticks removed,

under which was found a hole about two and a half feet in diameter, through which Harris, Bell, and Moncrévier (who had followed us) entered, but found nothing within, as the Beaver had gone to the river. Harris saw it, and also the people at the boat. I secured some large specimens of the cuttings used to build the lodge, and a pocketful of the chips. Before Beavers fell the tree they long for, they cut down all the small twigs and saplings around. The chips are cut above and below, and then split off by the animal; the felled trees lay about us in every direction. We left our camp at half-past five; I again examined the lodge, which was not finished, though about six feet in diameter. We saw a Pigeon Hawk giving chase to a Spotted Sandpiper on the wing. When the Hawk was about to seize the little fellow it dove under water and escaped. This was repeated five or six times; to my great surprise and pleasure, the Hawk was obliged to relinquish the prey. As the wind blew high, we landed to take breakfast, on a fine beach, portions of which appeared as if paved by the hand of man. The canoe men killed a very poor cow, which had been wounded, and so left alone. The wind fell suddenly, and we proceeded on our route till noon, when it rose, and we stopped again. Mr. Culbertson went hunting, and returned having killed a young buck Elk. Dined, and walked after the meat and skin, and took the measurements. Returning, saw two Elks driven to the hills by Mr. Culbertson and Bell. Met Harris, and started a monstrous buck Elk from its couch in a bunch of willows; shot at it while running about eighty yards off, but it was not touched. Meantime Provost had heard us from our dinner camp; loading his rifle he came within ten paces, when his gun snapped. We yet hope to get this fine animal. Harris found a Dove's nest with one young one, and an egg just cracked by the bird inside; the nest was on the ground. Curious all this at this late late season, and in a woody part of the country. Saw a Bat.

Wednesday, 6th. Wind blowing harder. Ransacked the point and banks both below and above, but saw only two Wolves; one a dark gray, the largest I have yet seen. Harris shot a young of the Sharp-tailed Grouse; Bell, three Pigeons; Provost went off to the second point below, about four miles, after Elks; Sprague found another nest of Doves on the ground, with very small young. The common Bluebird was seen, also a Whip-poor-will and a Night-Hawk. Wind high and from the south.

Thursday, 7th. About eleven o'clock last night the wind shifted *suddenly* to northwest, and blew so violently that we all left the boat in a hurry. Mrs. Culbertson, with her child in her arms, made for the willows, and had a shelter for her babe in a few minutes. Our guns and ammunition were brought on shore, as we were afraid of our boat sinking. We returned on board after a while; but I could not sleep, the motion making me very sea-sick; I went back to the shore and lay down after mending our fire. It rained hard for about two hours; the sky then became clear, and the wind wholly subsided, so I went again to the boat and slept till eight o'clock. A second gale now arose; the sky grew dark; we removed our boat to a more secure position, but I fear we are here for another day. Bell shot a *Caprimulgus*,¹ so small that I have no doubt it is the one found on the Rocky Mountains by Nuttall, after whom I have named it. These birds are now travelling south. Mr. Culbertson and I walked up the highest hills of the prairie, but saw nothing. The river has suddenly risen two feet, the water rises now at the rate of eight inches in two and a half hours, and the wind has somewhat moderated. The little Whip-poor-will proves an old male, but it is now in moult. Left our camp at five, and went down rapidly to an island four miles below. Mr. Culbertson, Bell, Harris, and Provost went off to look for Elks, but I

¹ Nuttall's Poor-will, now known as *Phalacroptilus nuttalli*, which has a two-syllabled note, rendered "oh-will" in the text beyond. — E. C.

fear fruitlessly, as I see no tracks, nor do I find any of their beds. About ten o'clock Harris called me to hear the notes of the new Whip-poor-will; we heard two at once, and the sound was thus: "Oh-will, oh-will," repeated often and quickly, as in our common species. The night was beautiful, but cold.

Friday, 8th. Cloudy and remarkably cold; the river has risen $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet since yesterday, and the water is muddy and thick. Started early. The effect of sudden rises in this river is wonderful upon the sand-bars, which are no sooner covered by a foot or so of water than they at once break up, causing very high waves to run, through which no small boat could pass without imminent danger. The swells are felt for many feet as if small waves at sea. Appearances of rain. The current very strong; but we reached Fort Pierre at half-past five, and found all well.

Saturday, 9th. Rain all night. Breakfasted at the fort. Exchanged our boat for a larger one. Orders found here obliged Mr. Culbertson to leave us and go to the Platte River establishment, much to my regret.

Sunday, 10th. Very cloudy. Mr. Culbertson gave me a *parflèche*¹ which had been presented to him by "L'Ours de Fer," the Sioux chief. It is very curiously painted, and is a record of a victory of the Sioux over their enemies, the Gros Ventres. Two rows of horses with Indians dressed in full war rig are rushing onwards; small black marks everywhere represent the horse tracks; round green marks are shields thrown away by the enemy in their flight, and red spots on the horses, like wafers, denote wounds.

Monday, 11th. Cloudy; the men at work fitting up our new boat. Rained nearly all day, and the wind shifted to every point of the compass. Nothing done.

¹ A *parflèche* is a hide, usually a Buffalo bull's, denuded of hair, dressed and stretched to the desired shape. All articles made from this hide are also called *parflèche*, such as wallets, pouches, etc.

Tuesday, 12th. Partially clear this morning early, but rained by ten o'clock. Nothing done.

Wednesday, 13th. Rainy again. Many birds were seen moving southwest. Our boat is getting into travelling shape. I did several drawings of objects in and about the fort.

Thursday, 14th. Cloudy and threatening. Mr. Laidlow making ready to leave for Fort Union, and ourselves for our trip down the river. Mr. Laidlow left at half-past eleven, and we started at two this afternoon; landed at the farm belonging to the fort, and procured a few potatoes, some corn, and a pig.

Friday, 15th. A foggy morning. Reached Fort George. Mr. Illingsworth left at half-past ten. Wind ahead, and we were obliged to stop on this account at two. Fresh signs of both Indians and Buffaloes, but nothing killed.

Saturday, 16th. Windy till near daylight. Started early; passed Ebbett's new island. Bell heard Parrakeets. The day was perfectly calm. Found *Arvicola pennsylvanica*. Landed at the Great Bend for Black-tailed Deer and wood. Have seen nothing worthy our attention. Squires put up a board at our old camp the "Six Trees," which I hope to see again. The Deer are lying down, and we shall not go out to hunt again till near sunset. The note of the Meadow Lark here is now unheard. I saw fully two hundred flying due south. Collected a good deal of the Yucca plant.

Sunday, 17th. We had a hard gale last night with rain for about an hour. This morning was beautiful; we started early, but only ran for two hours, when we were forced to stop by the wind, which blew a gale. Provost saw fresh signs of Indians, and we were told that there were a few lodges at the bottom of the Bend, about two miles below us. The wind is north and quite cold, and the contrast between to-day and yesterday is great. Went shooting, and killed three Sharp-tailed Grouse. Left our camp about three o'clock as the wind abated. Saw ten or twelve

Antelopes on the prairie where the Grouse were. We camped about a mile from the spot where we landed in May last, at the end of the Great Bend. The evening calm and beautiful.

Monday, 18th. The weather cloudy and somewhat windy. Started early; saw a Fish Hawk, two Gulls, two White-headed Eagles and abundance of Golden Plovers. The Sharp-tailed Grouse feeds on rose-berries and the seeds of the wild sunflower and grasshoppers. Stopped at twenty minutes past nine, the wind was so high, and warmed some coffee. Many dead Buffaloes are in the ravines and on the prairies. Harris, Bell, and Sprague went hunting, but had no show with such a wind. Sprague outlined a curious hill. The wind finally shifted, and then lulled down. Saw Say's Flycatcher, with a Grosbeak. Saw two of the common Titlark. Left again at two, with a better prospect. Landed at sunset on the west side. Signs of Indians. Wolves howling, and found one dead on the shore, but too far gone to be skinned; I was sorry, as it was a beautiful gray one. These animals feed on wild plums in great quantities. Tried to shoot some Doves for my Fox and Badger, but without success. Pea-vines very scarce.

Tuesday, 19th. Dark and drizzly. Did not start until six. Reached Cedar Island, and landed for wood to use on the boat. Bell went off hunting. Wind north. Found no fit trees and left. Passed the burning cliffs and got on a bar. The weather fine, and wind behind us. Wolves will even eat the frogs found along the shores of this river. Saw five, all gray. At three o'clock we were obliged to stop on account of the wind, under a poor point. No game.

Wednesday, 20th. Wind very high. Tracks of Wild Cats along the shore. The motion of the boat is so great it makes me sea-sick. Sprague saw a Sharp-tailed Grouse. We left at half-past twelve. Saw immense numbers of

Pin-tailed Ducks, but could not get near them. Stopped on an island to procure pea-vines for my young Deer, and found plenty. Our camp of last night was only two miles and a half below White River. Ran on a bar and were delayed nearly half an hour. Shot two Blue-winged Teal. Camped opposite Bijou's Hill.

Thursday, 21st. Wind and rain most of the night. Started early. Weather cloudy and cold. Landed to examine Burnt Hills, and again on an island for pea-vines. Fresh signs of Indians. Saw many Antelopes and Mule Deer. At twelve saw a bull on one side of the river, and in a few moments after a herd of ten cattle on the other side. Landed, and Squires, Harris, Bell, and Provost have gone to try to procure fresh meat; these are the first Buffaloes seen since we left Fort Pierre. The hunters only killed one bull; no cows among eleven bulls, and this is strange at this season. Saw three more bulls in a ravine. Stopped to camp at the lower end of great Cedar Island at five o'clock. Fresh signs of Buffaloes and Deer. We cut some timber for oars. Rain set in early in the evening, and it rained hard all night.

Friday, 22d. Raining; left at a quarter past eight, with the wind ahead. Distant thunder. Everything wet and dirty after a very uncomfortable night. We went down the river about a mile, when we were forced to come to on the opposite side by the wind and the rain. Played cards for a couple of hours. No chance to cook or get hot coffee, on account of the heavy storm. We dropped down a few miles and finally camped till next day in the mud, but managed to make a roaring fire. Wolves in numbers howling all about us, and Owls hooting also. Still raining heavily. We played cards till nine o'clock to kill time. Our boat a quagmire.

Saturday, 23d. A cloudy morning; we left at six o'clock. Five Wolves were on a sand-bar very near us. Saw Red-shafted Woodpeckers, and two House Swallows. Have

made a good run of about sixty miles. At four this afternoon we took in three men of the steamer "New Haven" belonging to the Opposition, which was fast on the bar, eight miles below. We reached Ponca Island and landed for the night. At dusk the steamer came up, and landed above us, and we found Messrs. Cutting and Taylor, and I had the gratification of a letter from Victor and Johnny, of July 22d.

Sunday, 24th. Cloudy, windy, and cold. Both the steamer and ourselves left as soon as we could see. Saw a Wolf on a bar, and a large flock of White Pelicans, which we took at first for a keel-boat. Passed the Poncas, L'Eau qui Court, Manuel, and Basil rivers by ten o'clock.¹ Landed just below Basil River, stopped by wind. Hunted and shot one Raven, one Turkey Buzzard, and four Wood-ducks. Ripe plums abound, and there are garfish in the creek. Found feathers of the Wild Turkey. Signs of Indians, Elks, and Deer. Provost and the men made four new oars. Went to bed early.

Monday, 25th. Blowing hard all night, and began raining before day. Cold, wet, and misty. Started at a quarter past ten, passed Bonhomme Island at four, and landed for the night at five, fifteen miles below.

Tuesday, 26th. Cold and cloudy; started early. Shot a Pelican. Passed Jack's River at eleven. Abundance of Wild Geese. Bell killed a young White Pelican. Weather fairer but coldish. Sprague killed a Goose, but it was lost. Camped a few miles above the Vermilion River. Harris saw Raccoon tracks on Basil River.

Wednesday, 27th. Cloudy but calm. Many Wood-ducks, and saw Raccoon tracks again this morning. Passed the Vermilion River at half-past seven. My Badger got out of his cage last night, and we had to light a candle to secure it. We reached the Fort of Vermilion at twelve, and met

¹ Niobrara River; for which, and for others here named, see the previous note, date of May 20.

with a kind reception from Mr. Pascal. Previous to this we met a barge going up, owned and commanded by Mr. Tybell, and found our good hunter Michaux. He asked me to take him down, and I promised him \$20 per month to St. Louis. We bought two barrels of superb potatoes, two of corn, and a good fat cow. For the corn and potatoes I paid no less than \$16.00.

Thursday, 28th. A beautiful morning, and we left at eight. The young man who brought me the calf at Fort George has married a squaw, a handsome girl, and she is here with him. Antelopes are found about twenty-five miles from this fort, but not frequently. Landed fifteen miles below on Elk Point. Cut up and salted the cow. Provost and I went hunting, and saw three female Elks, but the order was to shoot only bucks; a large one started below us, jumped into the river, and swam across, carrying his horns flat down and spread on each side of his back; the neck looked to me about the size of a flour-barrel. Harris killed a hen Turkey, and Bell and the others saw plenty but did not shoot, as Elks were the order of the day. I cannot eat beef after being fed on Buffaloes. I am getting an old man, for this evening I missed my footing on getting into the boat, and bruised my knee and my elbow, but at seventy and over I cannot have the spring of seventeen.

Friday, 29th. Rained most of the night, and it is raining and blowing at present. Crossed the river and have encamped at the mouth of the Iowa River,¹ the boundary line of the Sioux and Omahas. Harris shot a Wolf. My knee too sore to allow me to walk. Stormy all day.

Saturday, 30th. Hard rain all night, the water rose four

¹ On the south side of the Missouri, in present Nebraska, a short distance above the mouth of the Big Sioux. This small stream is Roloje Creek of Lewis and Clark, Ayoway River of Nicollet, appearing by error as "Norway" and "Nioway" Creek on General Land Office maps. — E. C.

inches. Found a new species of large bean in the Wild Turkey. Mosquitoes rather troublesome. The sun shining by eight o'clock, and we hope for a good dry day. Whip-poor-wills heard last night, and Night-hawks seen flying. Saw a Long-tailed Squirrel that ran on the shore at the cry of our Badger. Michaux had the boat landed to bring on a superb set of Elk-horns that he secured last week. Abundance of Geese and Ducks. Weather clouding over again, and at two we were struck by a heavy gale of wind, and were obliged to land on the weather shore; the wind continued heavy, and the motion of the boat was too much for me, so I slipped on shore and with Michaux made a good camp, where we rolled ourselves in our blankets and slept soundly.

Sunday, October 1. The wind changed, and lulled before morning, so we left at a quarter past six. The skies looked rather better, nevertheless we had several showers. Passed the [Big] Sioux River at twenty minutes past eleven. Heard a Pileated Woodpecker, and saw Fish Crows. Geese very abundant. Landed below the Sioux River to shoot Turkeys, having seen a large male on the bluffs. Bell killed a hen, and Harris two young birds; these will keep us going some days. Stopped again by the wind opposite Floyd's grave; started again and ran about four miles, when we were obliged to land in a rascally place at twelve o'clock. Had hail and rain at intervals. Camped at the mouth of the Omaha River, six miles from the village. The wild Geese are innumerable. The wind has ceased and stars are shining.

Monday, 2d. Beautiful but *cold*. The water has risen nine inches, and we travel well. Started early. Stopped at eight by the wind at a vile place, but plenty of Jerusalem artichokes, which we tried and found very good. Started again at three, and made a good run till sundown, when we found a fair camping-place and made our supper from excellent young Geese.

Tuesday, 3d. A beautiful, calm morning; we started early. Saw three Deer on the bank. A Prairie Wolf travelled on the shore beside us for a long time before he found a place to get up on the prairie. Plenty of Sand-hill Cranes were seen as we passed the Little Sioux River. Saw three more Deer, another Wolf, two Swans, several Pelicans, and abundance of Geese and Ducks. Passed Soldier River at two o'clock. We were caught by a snag that scraped and tore us a little. Had we been two feet nearer, it would have ruined our barge. We passed through a very swift cut-off, most difficult of entrance. We have run eighty-two miles and encamped at the mouth of the cut-off, near the old bluffs. Killed two Mallards; the Geese and Ducks are abundant beyond description. Brag, Harris' dog, stole and hid all the meat that had been cooked for our supper.

Wednesday, 4th. Cloudy and coldish. Left early and can't find my pocket knife, which I fear I have lost. We were stopped by the wind at Cabané Bluffs, about twenty miles above Fort Croghan; we all hunted, with only fair results. Saw some hazel bushes, and some black walnuts. Wind-bound till night, and nothing done.

Thursday, 5th. Blew hard all night, but a clear and beautiful sunrise. Started early, but stopped by the wind at eight. Bell, Harris, and Squires have started off for Fort Croghan. As there was every appearance of rain we left at three and reached the fort about half-past four. Found all well, and were most kindly received. We were presented with some green corn, and had a quantity of bread made, also bought thirteen eggs from an Indian for twenty-five cents. Honey bees are found here, and do well, but none are seen above this place. I had an unexpected slide on the bank, as it had rained this afternoon; and Squires had also one at twelve in the night, when he and Harris with Sprague came to the boat after having played whist up to that hour.

Friday, 6th. Some rain and thunder last night. A tolerable day. Breakfast at the camp, and left at half-past eight. Our man Michaux was passed over to the officer's boat, to steer them down to Fort Leavenworth, where they are ordered, but we are to keep in company, and he is to cook for us at night. The whole station here is broken up, and Captain Burgwin¹ leaves in a few hours by land with the dragoons, horses, etc. Stopped at Belle Vue at nine, and had a kind reception; bought 6 lbs. coffee, 13 eggs, 2 lbs. butter, and some black pepper. Abundance of Indians, of four different nations. Major Miller, the agent, is a good man for this place. Left again at eleven. A fine day. Passed the Platte and its hundreds of snags, at a quarter past one, and stopped for the men to dine. The stream quite full, and we saw some squaws on the bar, the village was in sight. Killed two Pelicans, but only got one. Encamped about thirty miles below Fort Croghan. Lieutenant Carleton supped with us, and we had a rubber of whist.

Saturday, 7th. Fine night, and fine morning. Started too early, while yet dark, and got on a bar. Passed McPherson's, the first house in the State of Missouri, at eight o'clock. Bell skinned the young of *Fringilla harrisi*. Lieutenant Carleton came on board to breakfast with us—a fine companion and a perfect gentleman. Indian war-whoops were heard by him and his men whilst embarking this morning after we left. We encamped at the mouth of Nishnebotana, a fine, clear stream. Went to the house of Mr. Beaumont, who has a pretty wife. We made a fine run of sixty or seventy miles.

Sunday, 8th. Cloudy, started early, and had rain by eight o'clock. Stopped twice by the storm, and played cards to relieve the dulness. Started at noon, and ran till half-past four. The wind blowing hard we stopped at a good place for our encampment. Presented a plate

¹ J. H. K. Burgwin. See a previous note, date of May 10.

of the quadrupeds to Lieut. James Henry Carleton,² and he gave me a fine Black Bear skin, and has promised me a set of Elk horns. Stopped on the east side of the river in the evening. Saw a remarkably large flock of Geese passing southward.

Monday, 9th. Beautiful and calm; started early. Bell shot a Gray Squirrel, which was divided and given to my Fox and my Badger. Squires, Carleton, Harris, Bell, and Sprague walked across the Bend to the Black Snake Hills, and killed six Gray Squirrels, four Parakeets, and two Partridges. Bought butter, eggs, and some whiskey for the men; exchanged knives with the lieutenant. Started and ran twelve miles to a good camp on the Indian side.

Tuesday, 10th. Beautiful morning, rather windy; started early. Great flocks of Geese and Pelicans; killed two of the latter. Reached Fort Leavenworth at four, and, as usual everywhere, received most kindly treatment and reception from Major Morton. Lieutenant Carleton gave me the Elk horns. Wrote to John Bachman, Gideon B. Smith, and a long letter home.

Wednesday, 11th. Received a most welcome present of melons, chickens, bread, and butter from the generous major. Lieutenant Carleton came to see me off, and we parted reluctantly. Left at half-past six; weather calm and beautiful. Game scarce, paw-paws plentiful. Stopped at Madame Chouteau's, where I bought three pumpkins. Stopped at Liberty Landing and delivered the letters of Laidlow to Black Harris. Reached Independence Landing at sundown; have run sixty miles. Found no letters. Steamer "Lebanon" passed upwards at half-past eight.

Thursday, 12th. Beautiful and calm; stopped and bought eggs, etc., at a Mr. Shivers', from Kentucky. Ran

¹ Of Maine; in 1843 a second lieutenant of the First Dragoons. He rose during the Civil War to be lieutenant-colonel of the Fourth Cavalry, and Brevet Major-General of Volunteers; died Jan. 7, 1873.

well to Lexington, where we again stopped for provisions; ran sixty miles to-day.

Friday, 13th. Heavy white frost, and very foggy. Started early and ran well. Tried to buy butter at several places, but in vain. At Greenville bought coffee. Abundance of Geese and White Pelicans; many Sandhill Cranes. Harris killed a Wood-duck. Passed Grand River; stopped at New Brunswick, where we bought excellent beef at $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents a pound, but very inferior to Buffalo. Camped at a deserted wood yard, after running between sixty and seventy miles.

Saturday, 14th. A windy night, and after eight days' good run, I fear we shall be delayed to-day. Stopped by a high wind at twelve o'clock. We ran ashore, and I undertook to push the boat afloat, and undressing for the purpose got so deep in the mud that I had to spend a much longer time than I desired in very cold water. Visited two farm houses, and bought chickens, eggs, and butter; very little of this last. At one place we procured corn bread. The squatter visited our boat, and we camped near him. He seemed a good man; was from North Carolina, and had a fine family. Michaux killed two Hutchins' Geese,¹ the first I ever saw in the flesh. Ran about twenty miles; steamer "Lebanon" passed us going downwards, one hour before sunset. Turkeys and Long-tailed Squirrels very abundant.

Sunday, 15th. Cold, foggy, and cloudy; started early. Passed Chariton River and village, and Glasgow; bought bread, and oats for my Deer. Abundance of Geese and Ducks. Passed Arrow Rock at eleven. Passed Boonesville, the finest country on this river; Rocheport, with high, rocky cliffs; six miles below which we encamped, having run sixty miles.

Monday, 16th. Beautiful autumnal morning, a heavy white frost and no wind. Started early, before six. The

¹ *Branta hutchinsi.*

current very strong. Passed Nashville, Marion, and steamer "Lexington" going up. Jefferson City at twelve. Passed the Osage River and saw twenty-four Deer opposite Smith Landing; camped at sundown, and found Giraud, the "strong man." Ran sixty-one miles. Met the steamer "Satan," badly steered. Abundance of Geese and Ducks everywhere.

Tuesday, 17th. Calm and very foggy. Started early and floated a good deal with the strong current. Saw two Deer. The fog cleared off by nine o'clock. Passed the Gasconade River at half-past nine. Landed at Pinckney to buy bread, etc. Buffaloes have been seen mired, and unable to defend themselves, and the Wolves actually eating their noses while they struggled, but were eventually killed by the Wolves. Passed Washington and encamped below it at sundown; a good run.

Wednesday, 18th. Fine and calm; started very early. Passed Mount Pleasant. Landed at St. Charles to purchase bread, etc. Provost became extremely drunk, and went off by land to St. Louis. Passed the Charbonnière River, and encamped about one mile below. The steamer "Tobacco Plant" landed on the shore opposite. Bell and Harris killed a number of Gray Squirrels.

Thursday, 19th. A heavy white frost, foggy, but calm. We started early, the steamer after us. Forced by the fog to stop on a bar, but reached St. Louis at three in the afternoon. Unloaded and sent all the things to Nicholas Berthoud's warehouse. Wrote home.

Left St. Louis October 22, in steamer "Nautilus" for Cincinnati.

Reached home at 3 P. M., November 6th, 1843, and thank God, found all my family quite well.¹

¹ Audubon's daughter-in-law, Mrs. V. G. Audubon, writes: "He returned on the 6th of November, 1843. It was a bright day, and the whole family, with his old friend Captain Cummings, were on the piazza waiting for the carriage to come from Harlem [then the only way of reaching New York by

[COPIED FROM BELL'S JOURNAL.¹]

"*August 2.* Started at half-past seven this morning; saw several Yellow-legs (Godwits), and some young Blue-winged Teal in the pond in the first prairie. Shot two Curlews; saw two very fine male Elks; they were lying down quite near us, under a bank where they got the wind of us. The Sharp-tailed Grouse are first-rate eating now, as they feed entirely on grasshoppers, and berries of different kinds. Owen climbed a tree to a White-headed Eagle's nest, and drove a young one out, which fell to the ground and was caught alive, and brought to the fort. Is it not very remarkable that Eagles of this species should have their young in the nest at this late season, when in the Floridas I have shot them of the same size in February? Shot at a Wolf, which being wounded, went off about one hundred yards, and yelled like a dog; a very remarkable instance, as all we have killed or wounded, and they have been many, rarely make any sound, and if they do it is simply a snapping at their pursuer. As we went up the Missouri on the 7th instant, I found numbers of Cliff Swallow's nests, with the old ones feeding their young. This is also very late and uncommon at this season. Saw a Peregrine Falcon feeding its young. La Fleur shot two bucks of the White-tailed Deer with two shots, and the meat, which we brought home, proved fat and good. Saw Beaver tracks, and young Green-winged Teals. We saw hills impregnated with sulphur and coal, some of them

rail]. There were two roads, and hearing wheels, some ran one way and some another, each hoping to be the first to see him; but he had left the carriage at the top of the hill, and came on foot straight down the steepest part, so that those who remained on the piazza had his first kiss. He kissed his sons as well as the ladies of the party. He had on a green blanket coat with fur collar and cuffs; his hair and beard were very long, and he made a fine and striking appearance. In this dress his son John painted his portrait."

¹ See page 126.



MRS. AUDUBON, 1854.

FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.

on fire, and now and then portions of them gave way, by hundreds of tons at a time. In one place I saw a vein of coal on fire; we were following a path close to the foot of a high hill, and at a turn as we looked ahead, we found the way suddenly blocked by the earth falling down from above us, and looking up saw a line of coal, or other dark substance; it was about two feet thick, and about seventy-five feet from the bottom and forty from the top. It was burning very slowly, and in several places, for about fifty yards, emitting whitish smoke, something like sulphur when burning, and turning the earth or rock above, quite red, or of a brick color. It would undermine the earth above, which then fell in large masses, and this was the cause of the obstruction in the path before us. It must have been burning for a long time, as it had already burned some distance along the hill, and hundreds of tons of earth had fallen. In some places I saw banks of clay twenty feet high, quite red, hard in some parts, and in others very scaly and soft, even crumbling to pieces. Where the fire was burning, the clay was red, varying from one to three feet in thickness; no appearance of coal presented itself where the fire had passed along and was extinguished, but very distinct above the fire, and I have no doubt there is a small quantity of sulphur mixed with this coal, or whatever the substance may be. In another place a short distance from these hills, and in a ravine, I also saw some red stones which looked very much as if the corners of a house which had once been there still remained, with the remnants of two sides yet straight. These stones varied from six to twenty inches in thickness, and many of them were square and about eighteen or twenty feet high; we had not time to remain and examine and measure as carefully as I should have liked to do."

EXTRACTS from Mr. Culbertson's Journal, kept at Fort McKenzie, Blackfeet Indian Country in 1834.¹

"*Friday, June 13.* Blood Indians started this morning to go to war against the Crows. They had not left long, when the 'Old Bull's Backfat's' son, with his sister, brother, and brother-in-law, returned to the fort, saying they must go back to the camp. After I had given them tobacco and ammunition they all started, but did not get more than two miles from the fort before they were all killed by the Crows, except one, who by some means leaped on one of the Crow horses and fled to the fort. The squaw no doubt was taken prisoner, as in the evening I went out and found the bodies of her husband and brother, but she was not there. On Saturday, the 14th, I went out and brought in the bodies, and had them decently interred. The young man who had escaped was only slightly wounded, and started again for the camp with three Gros Ventres.

"*Tuesday, 24th.* We were all surprised this evening at the arrival of the squaw who had been taken prisoner, and who had been carried to the Crow village where she was kept tied every night until the one in which she made her escape. During the previous day having it in contemplation to escape, she took the precaution of hiding a knife under her garment of skins, but most unfortunately she went out with one of the Crow squaws, and in stooping, the knife fell out; this was reported, and as a punishment she was stripped of every particle of clothing, and when night came was not tied, as it was not imagined she would leave the cover of the tent. However, she decided nothing should keep her from availing herself of the only

¹ These extracts, as well as the descriptions by Mr. Denig and Mr. Culbertson, of Forts Union and McKenzie, which follow, are in Audubon's writing, at the end of one of the Missouri River journals, and are given as descriptions of the life and habitations of those early western pioneers and fur-traders.

opportunity she might ever have; she started with *absolutely no covering of any kind*, and in this plight she travelled across the prairies, almost without stopping to rest, and with little food, for *four days and three nights*; unfortunately the weather was unusually cold for the season, as well as wet. She arrived at the fort in a most wretched and pitiable condition, but greatly to the joy and consolation of her relations and friends. She said that after her arrival at the Crow village, they made her dance with the scalps of her brother and husband tied to her hair, and clothed in the bloody shirt of the latter. On Wednesday, 25th, a band of four hundred Crows arrived with the intention of taking the fort by stratagem if they could get the opportunity; but they failed in this, as I would not allow one of them inside the fort, or to come within firing distance of their arms. They used every artifice in their power to persuade me to let in a few of them to smoke the pipe of peace, assuring me that their intentions were good, and that they loved the white people. Finding all this of no avail, they brought their best horses to give to me, for which they did not wish to receive anything more than the privilege of letting some of them come in; but all this was in vain, as I was well aware of their treacherous intentions. I divided my men in the two bastions, with orders to fire upon the first one that might approach during the night, and warned them of my having given such orders, telling them that I did not wish to strike the first blow, but that if they commenced they would go off with small numbers, and sore hearts. There was an American with them who now told me of their intentions, and that they were determined to take the fort. I sent them word by him that we were ready for them if they thought themselves able to do so, and to come and try; but when they saw our cannon pointed towards them, they were not so anxious to make a rush. On the 26th the Crows made another

attempt to get in, but after a long and persuasive talk they found that it would not do. They then crossed the river and came on the high bank opposite to the fort, and fired upon us, and while some of them were yet crossing the river I let loose a cannon ball among them, which, if it did no harm, made them move at a quick pace, and after a while they all went off, leaving us without food of any sort; but fortunately on Monday the 30th, a party of Blood Indians came in from the Crows with fifteen horses and considerable meat. The Crows had taken all our horses shortly before, and promised to return them in a few days if I would let them in. I was also informed that they had even brought pack-horses to carry off the goods from the fort after having accomplished the destruction of the building and the massacre of ourselves."

From these extracts the nature of the Indians of these regions may be exemplified a thousand times better, *because true*, than by all the trashy stuff written and published by Mr. Catlin.

DESCRIPTION OF FORT UNION

By EDWIN T. DENIG. JULY 30, 1843

"FORT UNION, the principal and handsomest trading-post on the Missouri River, is situated on the north side, about six and a half miles above the mouth of the Yellowstone River; the country around it is beautiful, and well chosen for an establishment of the kind. The front of the fort is but a few steps, say twenty-five, from the bank of the Missouri. Behind the fort is a prairie with an agreeable ascent to the commencement of the bluffs, about one and a half miles in width, and two in length, surrounded at the

borders with high hills, or bluffs. Above and below, at the distance of two hundred yards commence the points, or bottoms, of the Missouri, which contain great quantities of cottonwood, ash, and elm, supplying the fort with fuel, boat and building timber. The fort itself was begun in the fall of 1829, under the superintendence of Kenneth McKenzie, Esq., an enterprising and enlightened Scotchman, and now a well known and successful merchant in St. Louis. As the immense deal of work about such an undertaking had but few men to accomplish it, it was not wholly completed till after the expiration of *four years*, and indeed since then has been greatly improved by the other gentlemen who subsequently took charge of the fort. The plan of the fort is laid nearly due north and south, fronting 220 feet and running back 240 feet. This space is enclosed by pickets or palisades of twenty feet high, made of large hewn cottonwood, and founded upon stone. The pickets are fitted into an open framework in the inside, of sufficient strength to counterbalance their weight, and sustained by braces in the form of an **X**, which reaches in the inside from the pickets to the frame, so as to make the whole completely solid and secure, from either storm or attack. On the southwest and northeast corners, are bastions, built entirely out of stone, and measuring 24 feet square, over 30 feet high, and the wall three feet thick; this is whitewashed. Around the tops of the second stories are balconies with railings, which serve for observatories, and from the tops of the roofs are two flag-staffs 25 feet high, on which wave the proud Eagle of America. Two weathercocks, one a Buffalo bull, the other an Eagle, complete the outsides. In the interior of the northeast bastion are placed opposite their port-holes one three-pounder iron cannon and one brass swivel, both mounted, and usually kept loaded, together with a dozen muskets in case of a sudden attack from the Indians. Balls, cartridges, and other ammunition are always in readi-

ness for the use of the same. The contents of the south-east bastion are similar to those of the other, with the exception of the cannon, having but one small swivel. These and other preparations render the place impregnable to any force without, not furnished with artillery. The principal building in the establishment, and that of the gentleman in charge, or Bourgeois, is now occupied by Mr. Culbertson, one of the partners of the Company. It is 78 feet front by 24 feet depth, and a story and a half high. The front has a very imposing appearance, being neatly weather-boarded, and painted white, and with green window-shutters; it is roofed with shingle, painted red to preserve the wood. In the roof in front are four dormer windows, which serve to give light to the attic. The piazza in front adds much to the comfort and appearance, the posts are all turned, and painted white. It serves as a pleasant retreat from the heat of the day, and is a refreshing place to sleep at night when mosquitoes are plenty. Mr. Audubon, the naturalist, now here upon scientific researches, together with his secretary, Mr. Squires, prefer this hard bed to the more luxurious comforts of feathers and sheets. The interior of this building is handsomely papered and ornamented with portraits and pictures, and portioned off in the following manner. Mr. Culbertson has the principal room, which is large, commodious, and well-furnished; from it he has a view of all that passes within the fort. Next to this is the office, which is devoted exclusively to the business of the Company, which is immense. This department is now under my supervision (viz., E. T. Denig). These two rooms occupy about one-half the building. In the middle is a hall, eight feet wide, which separates these rooms from the other part. In this is the mess-room, which is nearly equal in size to that of Mr. Culbertson. Here the Bourgeois, taking his seat at the head of the table, attends to its honors, and serves out the *luxuries* this wilderness

produces to his visitors and clerks, who are seated in their proper order and rank. The mechanics of the fort eat at the second table. Adjoining this room is the residence of Mr. Denig. In the upper story are at present located Mr. Audubon and his suite. Here from the pencils of Mr. Audubon and Mr. Sprague emanate the splendid paintings and drawings of animals and plants, which are the admiration of all; and the Indians regard them as marvellous, and almost to be worshipped. In the room next to this is always kept a selection of saddlery and harness, in readiness for rides of pleasure, or for those rendered necessary for the protection of the horses which are kept on the prairie, and which suffer from frequent depredations on the part of the Indians, which it is the duty of the men at the fort to ward off as far as possible. The next apartment is the tailor's shop, so placed as to be out of the way of the Indian visitors as much as possible, who, were it at all easy of access, would steal some of the goods which it is necessary to have always on hand. So much for the principal house. On the east side of the fort, extending north and south, is a building, on range, all under one roof, 127 ft. long by 25 ft. deep, and used for the following purposes. A small room at the north end for stores and luggage; then the retail store, in which is kept a fair supply of merchandise, and where all white persons buy or sell. The prices of all goods are fixed by a tariff or stationary value, so that no bargaining or cheating is allowed; this department is now in charge of Mr. Larpenteur. Adjoining this is the wholesale warehouse, in which is kept the principal stock of goods intended for the extensive trade; this room is 57 ft. in length. Next is a small room for the storage of meat and other supplies. At the end is the press room, where all robes, furs, and peltries are stored. The dimensions extend to the top of the roof inside, which roof is perfectly waterproof. It will contain from 2800 to 3000 packs of Buf-

falo robes. All this range is very strongly put together, weather-boarded outside, and lined with plank within. It has also cellar and garret. Opposite this, on the other side of the fort enclosure, is a similar range of buildings 119 ft. long by 21 ft. wide, perhaps not quite so strongly built, but sufficiently so to suit all purposes. The height of the building is in proportion to that of the pickets; it is one large story high, and shingle-roofed. This is partitioned off into six different apartments of nearly equal size. The first two are appropriated to the use of the clerks who may be stationed at the post. The next is the residence of the hunters, and the remaining three the dwellings of the men in the employ of the Company. An ice-house 24 by 21 ft. is detached from this range, and is well filled with ice during the winter, which supply generally lasts till fall. Here is put all fresh meat in the hot weather, and the fort in the summer season is usually provisioned for ten days. The kitchen is behind the Bourgeois' house on the north side, and about two steps from the end of the hall, — so situated for convenience in carrying in the cooked victuals to the mess-room. Two or three cooks are usually employed therein, at busy times more. The inside frame-work of the fort, which sustains the pickets, forms all around a space about eight feet wide described by the braces or **X**, and about fifteen feet high. A balcony is built on the top of this, having the summit of the **X** for its basis, and is formed of sawed plank nailed to cross beams from one brace to another. This balcony affords a pleasant walk all round the inside of the fort, within five feet of the top of the pickets; from here also is a good view of the surrounding neighborhood, and it is well calculated for a place of defence. It is a favorite place from which to shoot Wolves after nightfall, and for standing guard in time of danger. The openings that would necessarily follow from such a construction, under the gallery, are fitted in some places with small

huts or houses. Behind the kitchen there are five of such houses, leaving at the same time plenty of space between them and the other buildings. The first of these is a stable for Buffalo calves, which are annually raised here, being caught during the severe storms of winter; the second a hen-house, well lined, plastered, and filled with chickens; third, a very pleasant room intended as an artist's work-room, fourth, a cooper's shop, and then the milk house and dairy. Several houses of the same kind and construction are also built on the west and south sides; one contains coal for the blacksmith, and ten stables, in all 117 ft. long, and 10 ft. wide, with space enough to quarter fifty horses. These are very useful, as the Company have always a number of horses and cattle here. These buildings, it will be understood, do not interfere with the Area or Parade of the fort, and are hardly noticed by a casual observer, but occupy the space under the balcony that would otherwise be useless and void. Fifty more of the same kind could be put up without intruding upon any portion of the fort used for other purposes. On the front side, and west of the gate, is a house 50 by 21 feet, which, being divided into two parts, one half opening into the fort, is used as a blacksmith's, gunsmith's, and tinner's shop; the other part is used as a reception-room for Indians, and opens into the passage, which is made by the double gate. There are two large outside gates to the fort, one each in the middle of the front and rear, and upon the top of the front one is a painting of a treaty of peace between the Indians and whites executed by J. B. Moncrévier, Esq. These gates are 12 ft. wide, and 14 ft. high. At the front there is an inside gate of the same size at the inner end of the Indian reception room, which shuts a passage from the outside gate of 32 ft. in length, and the same width as the gate; the passage is formed of pickets. The outside gate can be left open, and the inside one closed, which permits the

Indians to enter the reception room without their having any communication with the fort. Into this room are brought all trading and war parties, until such time as their business is ascertained; there is also behind this room a trade shop, and leading into it a window through which the Indians usually trade, being secure from rain or accident; there is also another window through the pickets to the outside of the fort, which is used in trading when the Indians are troublesome, or too numerous. The Powder Magazine is perhaps the best piece of work, as regards strength and security, that could be devised for a fort like this. The dimensions are 25 by 18 ft. ; it is built out of stone, which is a variety of limestone with a considerable quantity of sand in its composition. The walls are 4 ft. thick at the base, and increasing with the curve of the arch become gradually thicker as they rise, so that near the top they are about 6 ft. in thickness. The inside presents a complete semicircular arch, which is covered on the top with stones and gravel to the depth of 18 inches. The whole is covered with a shingle roof through which fire may burn yet with no danger to the powder within. There are two doors, one on the outside, the other a few feet within; the outer one is covered with tin. There are several other small buildings under the balcony, which are used for harness, tool-houses, meat, etc. The space behind the warehouse between that and the pickets, being free from buildings, affords a good horse yard, and some shelter to the horses in bad weather. The area of the fort within the fronts of the houses is 189 ft. long, and 141 ft. wide. In the centre of this arises a flag-staff 63 ft. high. This is surrounded at the base by a railing and panel work in an octagonal form, enclosing a portion of ground 12 ft. in diameter, in which are planted lettuce, radishes, and cress, and which presents at the same time a useful and handsome appearance. By the side of this stands a mounted four-pounder iron can-

non. This flag-staff is the glory of the fort, for on high, seen from far and wide, floats the Star Spangled Banner, an immense flag which once belonged to the United States Navy, and gives the certainty of security from dangers, rest to the weary traveller, peace and plenty to the fatigued and hungry, whose eyes are gladdened by the sight of it on arriving from the long and perilous voyages usual in this far western wild. It is customary on the arrivals and departures of the Bourgeois, or of the boats of gentlemen of note, to raise the flag, and by the firing of the cannon show them a welcome, or wish them a safe arrival at their point of destination. When interest and affection are as circumscribed as here, they must necessarily be more intense, and partings are more regretted, being accompanied by dangers to the departing friends, and meetings more cordial, those dangers having been surmounted. The casualties of the country are common to all, and felt the more by the handful, who, far from civilization, friends, or kindred, are associated in those risks and excitements which accrue from a life among savages. About two hundred feet east of Fort Union is an enclosure about 150 ft. square, which is used for hay and other purposes. Two hundred and fifty good cart-loads of hay are procured during the summer and stacked up in this place for winter use of horses and cattle, the winter being so severe and long, and snow so deep that little food is to be found for them on the prairies at that season. There are, at present, in this place thirty head of cattle, forty horses, besides colts, and a goodly number of hogs. A garden on a small scale is attached to the 'old fort' as it is called, which supplies the table with peas, turnips, radishes, lettuce, beets, onions, etc. The large garden, half a mile off and below the fort, contains one and a half acres, and produces most plentiful and excellent crops of potatoes, corn, and every kind of vegetable, but has not been worked this year. In the summer

of 1838, Mr. Culbertson had from it 520 bushels of potatoes, and as many other vegetables as he required for the use of the fort. Rainy seasons prove most favorable in this climate for vegetation, but they rarely occur. It is indeed pleasant to know that the enterprising men who commenced, and have continued with untiring perseverance, the enlargement of the Indian trade, and labored hard for the subordination, if not civilization, of the Indians, should occasionally sit down under their own vine and fig-tree, and enjoy at least the semblance of living like their more quiet, though not more useful brothers in the United States."

FORT MCKENZIE

By ALEXANDER CULBERTSON, Esq. AUGUST 7, 1843

"THE American Fur Company, whose untiring perseverance and enterprise have excited the wonder and admiration of many people, both in this and other countries, and who have already acquired a well-earned fame for their labors among the aborigines of this wilderness, and who are now an example of the energy of the American people, had, until the year 1832, no stations among the Blackfeet, Piegans, Blood Indians, or Gros Ventres de Prairie, these tribes being so hostile and bloodthirsty as to make the trading, or the erecting of a fort among them too dangerous to be attempted. At last, however, these dangers and difficulties were undertaken, commenced, and surmounted, and Fort McKenzie was erected in the very heart of these tribes. The fort was begun in 1832, under the superintendence of David D. Mitchell, then one of the clerks of the Company, now U. S. Superintendent of Indian Affairs. The fort was completed by me, Alexander Culbertson, then a clerk of the Company, now one of the

partners. During the first year, owing to the exigencies of the occasion, a temporary, though substantial fort was erected, which, however, served to protect the daring few who undertook and accomplished the perilous task. To those who are quietly sitting by their firesides in the heart of civilized life, enjoying all its luxuries, pleasures, and comforts, and who are far removed from the prairie land and the red men, the situation of this party can hardly be pictured. They were surrounded by dangers of all kinds, but more especially from the tribes of Indians before mentioned. Two thousand lodges of Blackfeet were near them, waiting only until an opportunity should offer to satisfy their thirst for blood, to fall upon and kill them. Apart from this tribe the others were loitering around them for the same purpose; add to this, privations, fatigues, hardships, and personal ills which have to be encountered in a country like this. All, however, was met courageously; undaunted by appearances, unintimidated by threats, not unmanned by hardships and fatigues, they pushed ahead, completed the fort, and at last accomplished their object of establishing a trade with the tribes above mentioned; and they now enjoy a comparative peace, and are living upon fairly friendly terms with their late most violent enemies. During the following year another fort was commenced and completed, and retained its former name of Fort McKenzie, being named after Kenneth McKenzie, Esq., one of the partners of the Company. The fort is situated on the north side of the Missouri, about six miles above the mouth of the Maria, and about forty miles below the 'Great Falls' of the Missouri, on a beautiful prairie, about fifteen feet above the highest-water mark, and about 225 feet from the river. The prairie rises gradually from the water's edge to the hills in the rear, about half a mile from the river. It is about a mile long, terminating at a 'côte qui trompe de l'eau' on the lower end, and in a point at the upper end,

formerly heavily covered with timber, but now entirely destitute. Opposite the fort is a high perpendicular bank of black clay, rising from the river to the height of 150 feet; from this all that takes place within the walls of the fort can be seen, which would seem to have rendered the placing of the fort in such a position extremely injudicious. But not through carelessness was this done; it is simply the *sole place* in this section of country, near the river, where a fort can be built, as the land is so rough and uneven as to render the erection of a fort at any other spot *impossible*. From this bank little or no danger is apprehended, as the river is about one hundred yards wide, and a ball fired by the Indians from this height, and at this distance, with the weapons that they have, would be incapable of doing any execution. Timber in this country has become very scarce; points which a few years ago were covered with heavy forests of the different kinds of wood of the district have by some law of nature become entirely destitute, especially a point below the island called by the voyageurs the 'Grand Isle' (which is situated at the commencement of the Mauvaises Terres), where it has dwindled to a few scattering cottonwoods and box elders; and this is the only wood now to be found in this section of the country between 'Grand Isle' and the 'Great Falls' of the Missouri. It is with the greatest difficulty and economy that from the little wood to be found the fort is supplied with the necessary fuel; this is dealt out as a ration, allowing a certain quantity to each room, sufficient, however, to do the cooking, and warm the inmates. *At all times*, except when serving the ration, the wood is kept closely locked. This is one of the privations of the country, and, indeed the country affords very little which adds to the comfort of the trader who makes these wilds his home, except such as can be procured from the wild animals. Three sides of the fort are built of pickets of hewn cottonwood,

squared, placed close together, eighteen feet long, planted three feet deep in the earth, leaving fifteen feet above ground. The pickets are connected at the top by a strong piece pinned to them. The fourth side, facing the northeast, is built of pickets framed in wooden sills lying in the ground, similar to those at Fort Union. The fort is two hundred feet square, ranging north and south and facing south. On the northeast and southwest corners are bastions built of cottonwood timber, ball proof, rising about eight feet above the pickets, twenty feet square and divided into two stories. In each bastion is a cannon, loaded muskets, cartridges, balls, and every requisite necessary to prevent and repel any attack that may take place, and which is hourly expected, from the surrounding tribes of Indians. In each bastion are port and loop holes for the cannon and muskets, and these command the four sides of pickets, and an extensive range over the prairie. Along the rear line of pickets, and about twenty-five feet from them, is the principal range of buildings in the fort. These are occupied by the Bourgeois, clerks, and interpreters. It is divided into three apartments; the principal room, with every comfort that this dreary place affords, belongs to the Bourgeois and is twenty feet square; and here, to partially remove the *ennui* of dull times, is a library of such books as time and opportunity have permitted the dwellers in the fort to collect; this is at the command of those who choose to 'drive dull care away,' and contains a little of everything, science, history, poetry, and fiction. Adjoining this room is a hall or passage eight feet wide, running from front to rear of the building, with a door opening into the Bourgeois's room, another opening into the clerk's room; the clerk's room is also used as a mess-room and is the same size as that of the Bourgeois. Adjoining the clerk's room is the one belonging to the interpreters; it is twenty-four by twenty feet and is also used as a council room, and reception room for

the chiefs that may arrive at the fort. *The chiefs only* are admitted within the walls; not that any danger is apprehended now from them, but to prevent any trouble that might possibly occur were numbers permitted to enter. The house is of cottonwood logs, with a plank roof covered with earth, chimneys of mud, two windows and doors in the Bourgeois's room, one each in the other rooms. The interior is ceiled and walled with plank. In the Bourgeois's room are two doors made of pine plank which was sawed in the Rocky Mountains. The house is 75 by 20 ft. Most of the buildings in the fort are made in a similar manner. Above the three rooms described is a garret extending the whole length of the building. About three feet back of this edifice is the kitchen, a neat building twenty feet square, in which everything belonging to this most important and useful apartment is to be found, always in good order, clean and bright, as it is the imperative duty of the cook, or person in charge, to have all connected with this department in perfect order. From this room *all* persons are excluded, unless duty or business requires them to be there. Adjoining this, on the same line north, is a house of the same dimensions as the kitchen, which is used for salting and preserving tongues, one of the delicacies of the civilized world; when not thus used it answers the purpose of a wash-house. In these buildings are bedrooms occupied by the persons having charge of these departments. Extending along the west line of pickets, and about three feet from them, leaving a space between the range and the Bourgeois's house is a line of buildings divided in four apartments; one used for a blacksmith's and tinner's shop, another for a carpenter's shop, one for the tailor, and the other for the men. In the square formed by the pickets and ends of the Bourgeois's and men's houses, is a yard for sawing timber, a quantity of which is necessarily required about the fort. A house running from the south bastion to the passage,

twenty-four feet square, is used as a reception room for war and trading parties; a door leads from this to the passage formed by the double gates, thereby cutting off all communication with the interior of the fort. In this room all parties are received by the interpreter, who is always ready to smoke and talk with the Indians. Next to this room is a passage formed by the double gates, and two parallel lines of pickets extending inwards, making the passage about thirty feet long and twelve wide; at the ends are two large gates, about twelve feet wide and the same height. Opposite the room last described is a similar one 20 by 15 ft., in which the Indians bring their robes to trade. Next this is a trade store, where are kept goods, trinkets, etc., to be traded with the Indians. The trading is done through a window or wicket two feet square, and a foot thick, strongly hinged to the picket; this opening is at the command of the trader, who can open or close it, as the Indians may appear friendly or otherwise, thereby completely cutting off, if necessary, all communication between the Indians and the trade store; and it is through this opening *only* that trade is carried on. Next this is a room twenty-four feet square, where all goods obtained from the Indians are placed as soon as the trade is finished; and adjoining the trade shop is a room, between it and the pickets, about ten feet square, with a window and door opening into the trade shop, with a chimney, fireplace, and stove used only for warming the trader when off duty, or when awaiting the arrival of Indians. Along the east line of pickets, and about forty feet from them, is another range of buildings, about a hundred feet long and twenty deep, divided into five apartments. The first three are for storing packs of robes, furs, peltries, etc., and will hold eighteen hundred packs of robes; the fourth room is a retail store, 15 by 20 ft., in which is always a good assortment of stores, the prices fixed by a regular tariff, so no cheating is possible. All whites buy and sell

here. Fifth, is the wholesale warehouse, in which are boxes, bales, and all goods kept in quantity till required. Within a few feet of this, and northeast, is the meat house, twenty-four feet square, in which all meat traded from the Indians is kept till needed for use. Near the meat house south is a powder magazine, a hole dug in the ground ten feet square, walled with timber to the surface, covered with a timber roof four feet above the surface in the centre, and this is covered to the depth of three feet with earth; in the roof is an outer door three feet square, opening upon another of the same size; this is so arranged that in case of fire the whole can be covered in a few minutes, and rendered fire-proof. In the southeast corner is a large barn, 60 by 50 ft., capable of containing sufficient hay for all the cattle and horses during the long, cold, tedious winters of this country. Adjoining is a range of large and warm stables for the horses of the fort, and some extra ones if required, providing them with a good shelter from the piercing cold and severe storms. Extending from the stables is a range of small buildings used for keeping saddlery, harness, boat-rigging, tools, etc., thereby providing 'a place for everything,' and it is required that everything shall be in its place. Over this is a gallery extending along this line of pickets, answering the purposes of a promenade, observatory, guard station, and place of defence. In the southeast corner in front of the barn is a yard 30 by 60 ft., used for receiving carts, wagons, wood, and so forth. At the end of the yard in the rear of the dry-goods warehouse is an ice house, that will contain nearly forty loads of ice; meat placed here will keep several days in the heat of summer, and thus save the hunter from a daily ride over the burning prairies. The stock belonging to the fort consists of thirty to forty horses, ten or twelve cattle, and a number of hogs. Fort McKenzie boasts of one of the most splendid Durham bulls that can be found in the United States or Territories. The area in

front of the buildings is about a hundred feet square; from the centre rises a flag-staff fifty feet high; from this wave the glorious folds of the starry banner of our native land, made more beautiful by its situation in the dreary wilderness around it. The wanderer, as he sees the bright folds from afar, hails them with gladness, as it means for him a place of safety. No sight is more welcome to the voyageur, the hunter, or the trapper. That flag cheers all who claim it as theirs, and it protects all, white men or red. Here in the wilderness all fly to it for refuge, and depend on it for security. Upon the arrival or departure of the Bourgeois, men of note, or arrival and departure of the boats, the flag is raised, and salutes fired. Here, where but few are gathered together, undying attachments are formed, a unanimity of feeling exists, to be found perhaps only in similar situations. When the hour of parting comes it is with regret, for amid the common dangers, so well known, none know when the meeting again will be, and when the hour of meeting comes, the joy is honest and unfeigned that the dangers are safely surmounted. Such is Fort McKenzie, such are its inmates. Removed as they are from civilization and its pleasures, home and friends, they find in each other friends and brothers: friends that forsake not in the hour of danger, but cling through all changes; brothers in feeling and action, and 'though there be many, in heart they are one.'

EPISODES

E P I S O D E S ¹

THESE Episodes were introduced in the letterpress of the first three volumes of the "Ornithological Biographies," but are not in the octavo edition of the "Birds of America," and I believe no entire reprint of them has been made before. So far as possible they have been arranged chronologically.

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| <p>Louisville, in Kentucky. 1808.
 The Ohio. 1810.
 Fishing in the Ohio. 1810.
 A Wild Horse. 1811.
 Breaking up of the Ice. 1811.
 The Prairie. 1812.
 The Regulators.
 The Earthquake. 1812.
 The Hurricane. 1814.
 Colonel Boone. 1815.
 Natchez in 1820.
 The Lost Portfolio. 1820.
 The Original Painter. 1821.
 The Cougar. 1821.
 The Runaway. 1821.
 A Tough Walk for a Youth. 1822.
 Hospitality in the Woods. 1822.
 Niagara. 1824.
 Meadville. 1824.
 The Burning of the Forests. 1824.
 A Long Calm at Sea. 1826.
 Still Becalmed. 1826.
 Great Egg Harbor. 1829.
 The Great Pine Swamp. 1829.
 The Lost One. 1832.
 The Live-Oakers. 1832.
 Spring Garden. 1832.
 Death of a Pirate. 1832.
 Wreckers of Florida. 1832.
 St. John's River, in Florida. 1832.</p> | <p>The Florida Keys, No. 1. 1832.
 The Florida Keys, No. 2. 1832.
 The Turtlers. 1832.
 The Form of the Waters. 1833.
 Journey in New Brunswick and Maine. 1833.
 A Moose Hunt. 1833.
 Labrador. 1833.
 The Eggers of Labrador. 1833.
 The Squatters of Labrador. 1833.
 Cod-Fishing. 1833.
 A Ball in Newfoundland. 1833.
 The Bay of Fundy. 1833.
 A Flood.
 The Squatters of the Mississippi.
 Improvements in the Navigation of the Mississippi.
 Kentucky Sports.
 The Traveller and the Pole-cat.
 Deer-Hunting.
 The Eccentric Naturalist.
 Scipio and the Bear.
 A Kentucky Barbecue.
 A Raccoon Hunt in Kentucky.
 The Pitting of Wolves.
 The Opossum.
 A Maple-Sugar Camp.
 The White Perch.
 The American Sun-Perch.
 My Style of drawing Birds.</p> |
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¹ One episode has been added,—"My Style of drawing Birds,"—and three have been omitted, that on Bewick being in the "Journal of England and France," and the others not of general interest.

EPISODES

LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE in Kentucky has always been a favorite place of mine. The beauty of its situation on the banks of *La Belle Rivière*, just at the commencement of the famed rapids, commonly called the Falls of the Ohio, had attracted my notice, and when I removed to it, immediately after my marriage, I found it more agreeable than ever. The prospect from the town is such that it would please even the eye of a Swiss. It extends along the river for seven or eight miles, and is bounded on the opposite side by a fine range of low mountains, known by the name of the Silver Hills. The rumbling sound of the waters as they tumble over the rock-paved bed of the rapids is at all times soothing to the ear. Fish and game are abundant. But, above all, the generous hospitality of the inhabitants, and the urbanity of their manners, had induced me to fix upon it as a place of residence; and I did so with the more pleasure when I found that my wife was as much gratified as myself by the kind attentions which were shown to us, utter strangers as we were, on our arrival.

No sooner had we landed, and made known our intention of remaining, than we were introduced to the principal inhabitants of the place and its vicinity, although we had not brought a single letter of introduction, and could not but see, from their unremitting kindness, that the Virginian spirit of hospitality displayed itself in all the

words and actions of our newly formed friends. I wish here to name those persons who so unexpectedly came forward to render our stay among them agreeable, but feel at a loss with whom to begin, so equally deserving are they of our gratitude. The Croghans, the Clarks (our great traveller included), the Berthouds, the Galts, the Maupins, the Tarascons, the Beals, and the Booths, form but a small portion of the long list which I could give. The matrons acted like mothers to my wife, the daughters proved agreeable associates, and the husbands and sons were friends and companions to me. If I absented myself on business, or otherwise, for any length of time, my wife was removed to the hospitable abode of some friend in the neighborhood until my return, and then, kind reader, I was several times obliged to spend a week or more with these good people before they could be prevailed upon to let us return to our own residence. We lived for two years at Louisville, where we enjoyed many of the best pleasures which this life can afford; and whenever we have since chanced to pass that way, we have found the kindness of our former friends unimpaired.

During my residence at Louisville, much of my time was employed in my ever favorite pursuits. I drew and noted the habits of everything which I procured, and my collection was daily augmenting, as every individual who carried a gun always sent me such birds or quadrupeds as he thought might prove useful to me. My portfolios already contained upwards of two hundred drawings. Dr. W. C. Galt being a botanist, was often consulted by me, as well as his friend, Dr. Ferguson. Mr. Gilly drew beautifully, and was fond of my pursuits. So was my friend, and now relative, N. Berthoud. As I have already said, our time was spent in the most agreeable manner, through the hospitable friendship of our acquaintance.

One fair morning I was surprised by the sudden entrance into our counting-room of Mr. Alexander Wilson,

the celebrated author of the "American Ornithology," of whose existence I had never until that moment been apprised. This happened in March, 1810. How well do I remember him, as he walked up to me! His long, rather hooked nose, the keenness of his eyes, and his prominent cheek bones, stamped his countenance with a peculiar character. His dress, too, was of a kind not usually seen in that part of the country, — a short coat, trousers, and a waistcoat of gray cloth. His stature was not above the middle size. He had two volumes under his arm, and as he approached the table at which I was working, I thought I discovered something like astonishment in his countenance. He, however, immediately proceeded to disclose the object of his visit, which was to procure subscriptions for his work. He opened his books, explained the nature of his occupations, and requested my patronage.

I felt surprised and gratified at the sight of his volumes, turned over a few of the plates, and had already taken a pen to write my name in his favor, when my partner, rather abruptly, said to me in French, "My dear Audubon, what induces you to subscribe to this work? Your drawings are certainly far better, and again, you must know as much of the habits of American birds as this gentlemen." Whether Mr. Wilson understood French or not, or if the suddenness with which I paused disappointed him, I cannot tell; but I clearly perceived he was not pleased. Vanity and the encomiums of my friend prevented me from subscribing. Mr. Wilson asked me if I had many drawings of birds. I rose, took down a large portfolio, laid it on the table, and showed him, as I would show you, kind reader, or any other person fond of such subjects, the whole of the contents, with the same patience with which he had shown me his own engravings.

His surprise appeared great, as he told me he never had the most distant idea that any other individual than himself had been engaged in forming such a collection. He

asked me if it was my intention to publish, and when I answered in the negative, his surprise seemed to increase. And, truly, such was not my intention; for until long after, when I meet the Prince of Musignano in Philadelphia, I had not the least idea of presenting the fruits of my labors to the world. Mr. Wilson now examined my drawings with care, asked if I should have any objections to lending him a few during his stay, to which I replied that I had none; he then bade me good-morning, not, however, until I had made an arrangement to explore the woods in the vicinity with him, and had promised to procure for him some birds of which I had drawings in my collection, but which he had never seen.

It happened that he lodged in the same house with us, but his retired habits, I thought, exhibited either a strong feeling of discontent or a decided melancholy. The Scotch airs which he played sweetly on his flute made me melancholy too, and I felt for him. I presented him to my wife and friends, and seeing that he was all enthusiasm, exerted myself as much as was in my power to procure for him the specimens which he wanted. We hunted together, and obtained birds which he had never before seen; but, reader, I did not subscribe to his work, for, even at that time, my collection was greater than his. Thinking that perhaps he might be pleased to publish the results of my researches, I offered them to him, merely on condition that what I had drawn, or might afterwards draw and send to him, should be mentioned in his work as coming from my pencil. I, at the same time, offered to open a correspondence with him, which I thought might prove beneficial to us both. He made no reply to either proposal, and before many days had elapsed, left Louisville, on his way to New Orleans, little knowing how much his talents were appreciated in our little town, at least by myself and my friends.

Some time elapsed, during which I never heard of him,

or of his work. At length, having occasion to go to Philadelphia, I, immediately after my arrival there, inquired for him, and paid him a visit. He was then drawing a White-headed Eagle. He received me with civility, and took me to the exhibition rooms of Rembrandt Peale, the artist, who had then portrayed Napoleon crossing the Alps. Mr. Wilson spoke not of birds nor drawings. Feeling, as I was forced to do, that my company was not agreeable, I parted from him; and after that I never saw him again. But judge of my astonishment sometime after, when, on reading the thirty-ninth page of the ninth volume of "American Ornithology," I found in it the following paragraph: —

"*March 23, 1810.* I bade adieu to Louisville, to which place I had four letters of recommendation, and was taught to expect much of everything there; but neither received one act of civility from those to whom I was recommended, one subscriber nor one new bird; though I delivered my letters, ransacked the woods repeatedly, and visited all the characters likely to subscribe. Science or literature has not one friend in this place."

THE OHIO

WHEN my wife, my eldest son (then an infant), and myself were returning from Pennsylvania to Kentucky, we found it expedient, the waters being unusually low, to provide ourselves with a *skiff*, to enable us to proceed to our abode at Henderson. I purchased a large, commodious, and light boat of that denomination. We procured a mattress, and our friends furnished us with ready prepared viands. We had two stout negro rowers, and in this trim we left the village of Shippingport, in expectation of reaching the place of our destination in a very few days.

It was in the month of October. The autumnal tints already decorated the shores of that queen of rivers, the Ohio. Every tree was hung with long and flowing festoons of different species of vines, many loaded with clustered fruits of varied brilliancy, their rich bronzed carmine mingling beautifully with the yellow foliage, which now predominated over the yet green leaves, reflecting more lively tints from the clear stream than ever landscape painter portrayed, or poet imagined.

The days were yet warm. The sun had assumed the rich and glowing hue which at that season produces the singular phenomenon called there the "Indian Summer." The moon had rather passed the meridian of her grandeur. We glided down the river, meeting no other ripple of the water than that formed by the propulsion of our boat. Leisurely we moved along, gazing all day on the grandeur and beauty of the wild scenery around us.

Now and then a large catfish rose to the surface of the water, in pursuit of a shoal of fry, which, starting simultaneously from the liquid element like so many silver arrows, produced a shower of light, while the pursuer with open jaws seized the stragglers, and, with a splash of his tail, disappeared from our view. Other fishes we heard, uttering beneath our bark a rumbling noise, the strange sound of which we discovered to proceed from the white perch, for on casting our net from the bow, we caught several of that species, when the noise ceased for a time.

Nature, in her varied arrangements, seems to have felt a partiality towards this portion of our country. As the traveller ascends or descends the Ohio, he cannot help remarking that alternately, nearly the whole length of the river, the margin, on one side, is bounded by lofty hills and a rolling surface, while on the other, extensive plains of the richest alluvial land are seen as far as the eye can command the view. Islands of varied size and form

rise here and there from the bosom of the water, and the winding course of the stream frequently brings you to places where the idea of being on a river of great length changes to that of floating on a lake of moderate extent. Some of these islands are of considerable size and value; while others, small and insignificant, seem as if intended for contrast, and as serving to enhance the general interest of the scenery. These little islands are frequently overflowed during great freshets or floods, and receive at their heads prodigious heaps of drifted timber. We foresaw with great concern the alterations that cultivation would soon produce along those delightful banks.

As night came, sinking in darkness the broader portions of the river, our minds became affected by strong emotions, and wandered far beyond the present moments. The tinkling of bells told us that the cattle which bore them were gently roving from valley to valley in search of food, or returning to their distant homes. The hooting of the Great Owl, or the muffled noise of its wings, as it sailed smoothly over the stream, were matters of interest to us; so was the sound of the boatman's horn, as it came winding more and more softly from afar. When daylight returned, many songsters burst forth with echoing notes, more and more mellow to the listening ear. Here and there the lonely cabin of a squatter struck the eye, giving note of commencing civilization. The crossing of the stream by a Deer foretold how soon the hills would be covered with snow.

Many sluggish flatboats we overtook and passed; some laden with produce from the different head-waters of the small rivers that pour their tributary streams into the Ohio; others, of less dimensions, crowded with emigrants from distant parts, in search of a new home. Purer pleasures I never felt; nor have you, reader, I ween, unless indeed you have felt the like, and in such company.

The margins of the shores and of the river were, at this

season, amply supplied with game. A Wild Turkey, a Grouse, or a Blue-winged Teal, could be procured in a few moments; and we fared well, for, whenever we pleased we landed, struck up a fire, and provided as we were with the necessary utensils, procured a good repast.

Several of these happy days passed, and we neared our home, when, one evening, not far from Pigeon Creek (a small stream which runs into the Ohio from the State of Indiana), a loud and strange noise was heard, so like the yells of Indian warfare, that we pulled at our oars, and made for the opposite side as fast and as quietly a possible. The sounds increased, we imagined we heard cries of "murder;" and as we knew that some depredations had lately been committed in the country by dissatisfied parties of aborigines, we felt for a while extremely uncomfortable. Ere long, however, our minds became more calmed, and we plainly discovered that the singular uproar was produced by an enthusiastic set of Methodists, who had wandered thus far out of the common way for the purpose of holding one of their annual camp-meetings, under the shade of a beech forest. Without meeting with any other interruption, we reached Henderson, distant from Shippingport, by water, about two hundred miles.

When I think of these times,¹ and call back to my mind the grandeur and beauty of those almost uninhabited shores; when I picture to myself the dense and lofty summits of the forests, that everywhere spread along the hills and overhung the margins of the stream, unmolested by the axe of the settler; when I know how dearly purchased the safe navigation of that river has been, by the blood of many worthy Virginians; when I see that no longer any aborigines are to be found there, and that the vast herds of Elk, Deer, and Buffaloes which once pastured on these hills, and in these valleys, making for themselves great roads to the several salt-springs, have ceased

¹ This was in 1810 or 1811.

to exist; when I reflect that all this grand portion of our Union, instead of being in a state of nature, is now more or less covered with villages, farms, and towns, where the din of hammers and machinery is constantly heard; that the woods are fast disappearing under the axe by day, and the fire by night; that hundreds of steamboats are gliding to and fro, over the whole length of the majestic river, forcing commerce to take root and to prosper at every spot; when I see the surplus population of Europe coming to assist in the destruction of the forest, and transplanting civilization into its darkest recesses; when I remember that these extraordinary changes have all taken place in the short period of twenty years, I pause, wonder, and although I know all to be fact, can scarcely believe its reality.

Whether these changes are for the better or for the worse, I shall not pretend to say; but in whatever way my conclusions may incline, I feel with regret that there are on record no satisfactory accounts of the state of that portion of the country, from the time when our people first settled in it. This has not been because no one in America is able to accomplish such an undertaking. Our Irvings and our Coopers have proved themselves fully competent for the task. It has more probably been because the changes have succeeded each other with such rapidity as almost to rival the movements of their pens. However, it is not too late yet; and I sincerely hope that either or both of them will ere long furnish the generations to come with those delightful descriptions which they are so well qualified to give, of the original state of a country that has been so rapidly forced to change her form and attire under the influence of increasing population. Yes, I hope to read, ere I close my earthly career, accounts from those delightful writers of the progress of civilization in our Western Country. They will speak of the Clarks, the Croghans, the Boones, and many other men

of great and daring enterprise. They will analyze, as it were, into each component part, the country as it once existed, and will render the picture, as it ought to be, immortal.

FISHING IN THE OHIO

It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret that I recall to my mind the many pleasant days I have spent on the shores of the Ohio. The visions of former years crowd on my view, as I picture to myself the fertile soil and genial atmosphere of our great western garden, Kentucky, and view the placid waters of the fair stream that flows along its western boundary. Methinks I am now on the banks of the noble river. Twenty years of my life have returned to me; my sinews are strong, and the "bowspring of my spirit is not slack;" bright visions of the future float before me, as I sit on a grassy bank, gazing on the glittering waters. Around me are dense forests of lofty trees and thickly tangled undergrowth, amid which are heard the songs of feathered choristers, and from whose boughs hang clusters of glowing fruits and beautiful flowers. Reader, I am very happy. But now the dream has vanished, and here I am in the British Athens, penning an episode for my Ornithological Biography, and having before me sundry well-thumbed and weather-beaten folios, from which I expect to be able to extract some interesting particulars respecting the methods employed in those days in catching catfish.

But before entering on my subject I will present you with a brief description of the place of my residence on the banks of the Ohio. When I first landed at Henderson in Kentucky, my family, like the village, was quite small. The latter consisted of six or eight houses, the former of my wife, myself, and a young child. Few as

the houses were, we fortunately found one empty. It was a log *cabin*, not a log *house*; but as better could not be had, we were pleased. Well, then, we were located. The country around was thinly peopled, and all purchasable provisions rather scarce; but our neighbors were friendly, and we had brought with us flour and bacon-hams. Our pleasures were those of young people not long married, and full of life and merriment; a single smile from our infant was, I assure you, more valued by us than all the treasure of a modern Cræsus would have been. The woods were amply stocked with game, the river with fish; and now and then the hoarded sweets of the industrious bees were brought from some hollow tree to our little table. Our child's cradle was our richest piece of furniture, our guns and fishing-lines our most serviceable implements, for although we began to cultivate a garden, the rankness of the soil kept the seeds we planted far beneath the tall weeds that sprung up the first year. I had then a partner, a "man of business," and there was also with me a Kentucky youth, who much preferred the sports of the forest and river to either day-book or ledger. He was naturally, as I may say, a good woodsman, hunter, and angler, and, like me, thought chiefly of procuring supplies of fish and fowl. To the task accordingly we directed all our energies.

Quantity as well as quality was an object with us, and although we well knew that three species of catfish existed in the Ohio, and that all were sufficiently good, we were not sure as to the best method of securing them. We determined, however, to work on a large scale, and immediately commenced making a famous "trot-line." Now, reader, as you may probably know nothing about this engine, I shall describe it to you.

A trot-line is one of considerable length and thickness, both qualities, however, varying according to the extent of water, and the size of the fish you expect to catch. As

the Ohio, at Henderson, is rather more than half a mile in breadth, and as catfishes weigh from one to an hundred pounds, we manufactured a line which measured about two hundred yards in length, as thick as the little finger of some fair one yet in her teens, and as white as the damsel's finger well could be, for it was wholly of Kentucky cotton, just, let me tell you, because that substance stands the water better than either hemp or flax. The main line finished, we made a hundred smaller ones, about five feet in length, to each of which we fastened a capital hook of Kirby and Co.'s manufacture. Now for the bait!

It was the month of May. Nature had brought abroad myriads of living beings; they covered the earth, glided through the water, and swarmed in the air. The catfish is a voracious creature, not at all nice in feeding, but one who, like the Vulture, contents himself with carrion when nothing better can be had. A few experiments proved to us that, of the dainties with which we tried to allure them to our hooks, they gave a decided preference, at that season, to *live toads*. These animals were very abundant about Henderson. They ramble or feed, whether by instinct or reason, during early or late twilight more than at any other time, especially after a shower, and are unable to bear the heat of the sun's rays for several hours before and after noon. We have a good number of these crawling things in America, particularly in the western and southern parts of the Union, and are very well supplied with frogs, snakes, lizards, and even crocodiles, which we call alligators; but there is enough of food for them all, and we generally suffer them to creep about, to leap or to flounder as they please, or in accordance with the habits which have been given them by the great Conductor of all.

During the month of May, and indeed until autumn, we found an abundant supply of toads. Many "fine ladies,"

no doubt, would have swooned, or at least screamed and gone into hysterics, had they seen one of our baskets filled with these animals, all alive and plump. Fortunately we had no tragedy queen or sentimental spinster at Henderson. Our Kentucky ladies mind their own affairs, and seldom meddle with those of others farther than to do all they can for their comfort. The toads, collected one by one, and brought home in baskets, were deposited in a barrel for use. And now that night is over, and as it is the first trial we are going to give our trot-line, just watch our movements from that high bank beside the stream. There sit down under the large cotton-wood tree. You are in no danger of catching cold at this season.

My assistant follows me with a gaff hook, while I carry the paddle of our canoe; a boy bears on his back a hundred toads as good as ever hopped. Our line—oh, I forgot to inform you that we had set it last night, but without the small ones you now see on my arm. Fastening one end to yon sycamore, we paddled our canoe, with the rest nicely coiled in the stern, and soon reached its extremity, when I threw over the side the heavy stone fastened to it as a sinker. All this was done that it might be thoroughly soaked, and without kinks or snarls in the morning. Now, you observe, we launch our light bark, the toads in the basket are placed next to my feet in the bow; I have the small lines across my knees already looped at the end. Nat, with the paddle, and assisted by the current, keeps the stern of our boat directly down stream; and David fixes by the skin of the back and hind parts, the living bait to the hook. I hold the main line all the while, and now, having fixed one linelet to it, over goes the latter. Can you see the poor toad kicking and flouncing in the water? “No?”—well, I do. You observe at length that all the lines, one after another, have been fixed, baited, and dropped. We now return swiftly to the shore.

“What a delightful thing is fishing!” have I more than once heard some knowing angler exclaim, who, with “the patience of Job,” stands or slowly moves along some rivulet twenty feet wide, and three or four feet deep, with a sham fly to allure a trout, which, when at length caught, weighs half a pound. Reader, I never had such patience. Although I have waited ten years, and yet see only three-fourths of the “Birds of America” engraved, although some of the drawings of that work were patiently made so long ago as 1805, and although I have to wait with patience two years more before I see the end of it, I never could hold a line or a rod for many minutes, unless I had — not a “nibble” but a hearty bite, and could throw the fish at once over my head on the ground. No, no — if I fish for trout, I must soon give up, or catch as I have done in Pennsylvania’s Lehigh, or the streams of Maine, fifty or more in a couple of hours. But the trot-line is in the river, and there *it* may patiently wait, until I visit it towards night. Now I take up my gun and note-book, and accompanied by my dog, intend to ramble through the woods until breakfast. Who knows but I may shoot a turkey or a deer? It is barely four o’clock, and see what delightful mornings we have at this season in Kentucky!

Evening has returned. The heavens have already opened their twinkling eyes, although the orb of day has yet scarcely withdrawn itself from our view. How calm is the air! The nocturnal insects and quadrupeds are abroad; the Bear is moving through the dark cane-brake, the land Crows are flying towards their roosts, their aquatic brethren towards the interior of the forests, the Squirrel is barking his adieu, and the Barred Owl glides silently and swiftly from his retreat to seize upon the gay and noisy animal. The boat is pushed off from the shore; the main line is in my hands; now it shakes, surely some fish have been hooked. Hand over hand I proceed to the

first hook. Nothing there! but now I feel several jerks, stronger and more frequent than before. Several hooks I pass; but see, what a fine catfish is twisting round and round the little line to which he is fast! Nat, look to your gaff—hook him close to the tail. Keep it up, my dear fellow!—there now, we have him. More are on, and we proceed. When we have reached the end many goodly fishes are lying in the bottom of our skiff. New bait has been put on, and, as we return, I congratulate myself and my companions on the success of our efforts; for there lies fish enough for ourselves and our neighbors.

A trot-line at this period was perfectly safe at Henderson, should I have allowed it to remain for weeks at a time. The navigation was mostly performed by flat-bottomed boats, which during calm nights floated in the middle current of the river, so that the people on board could not observe the fish that had been hooked. Not a single steamer had as yet ever gone down the Ohio; now and then, it is true, a barge or a keel-boat was propelled by poles and oars, but the nature of the river is such at that place, that these boats when ascending were obliged to keep near the Indiana shore, until above the landing of the village (below which I always fixed my lines), when they pulled across the stream.

Several species or varieties of catfish are found in the Ohio, namely, the Blue, the White, and the Mud Cats, which differ considerably in their form and color, as well as in their habits. The Mud Cat is the best, although it seldom attains so great a size as the rest. The Blue Cat is the coarsest, but when not exceeding from four to six pounds it affords tolerable eating. The White Cat is preferable to the last, but not so common; and the Yellow Mud Cat is the best and rarest. Of the Blue kind some have been caught that weighed a hundred pounds. Such fish, however, are looked upon as monsters.

The form in all the varieties inclines to the conical, the head being disproportionately large, while the body tapers away to the root of the tail. The eyes, which are small, are placed far apart, and situated as it were on the top of the forehead, but laterally. Their mouth is wide and armed with numerous small and very sharp teeth, while it is defended by single-sided spines, which, when the fish is in the agonies of death, stand out at right angles, and are so firmly fixed as sometimes to break before you can loosen them. The catfish has also feelers of proportionate length, apparently intended to guide its motions over the bottom, whilst its eyes are watching the objects passing above.

Trot-lines cannot be used with much success unless during the middle stages of the water. When very low, it is too clear, and the fish, although extremely voracious, will rarely risk its life for a toad. When the waters are rising rapidly, your trot-lines are likely to be carried away by one of the numerous trees that float in the stream. A "happy medium" is therefore best.

When the waters are rising fast and have become muddy, a single line is used for catching catfish. It is fastened to the elastic branch of some willow several feet above the water, and must be twenty or thirty feet in length. The entrails of a Wild Turkey, or a piece of fresh venison furnish good bait; and if, when you visit your line the next morning after you have set it, the water has not risen too much, the swinging of the willow indicates that a fish has been hooked, and you have only to haul the prize ashore.

One evening I saw that the river was rising at a great rate, although it was still within its banks. I knew that the white perch were running, that is, ascending the river from the sea, and, anxious to have a tasting of that fine fish, I baited a line with a crayfish, and fastened it to the bough of a tree. Next morning as I pulled in the

line, it felt as if fast at the bottom, yet on drawing it slowly I found that it came. Presently I felt a strong pull, the line slipped through my fingers, and next instant a large catfish leaped out of the water. I played it for a while until it became exhausted, when I drew it ashore. It had swallowed the hook, and I cut off the line close to its head. Then passing a stick through one of the gills, I and a servant tugged the fish home. On cutting it open, we, to our surprise, found in its stomach a fine white perch, dead, but not in the least injured. The perch had been lightly hooked, and the catfish, after swallowing it, had been hooked in the stomach, so that, although the instrument was small, the torture caused by it no doubt tended to disable the catfish. The perch we ate, and the cat, which was fine, we divided into four parts, and distributed among our neighbors. My most worthy friend and relative, Nicholas Berthoud, Esq., who formerly resided at Shippingport in Kentucky, but now in New York, a better fisher than whom I never knew, once placed a trot-line in the basin below "Tarascon's Mills," at the foot of the Rapids of the Ohio. I cannot recollect the bait which was used; but on taking up the line we obtained a remarkably fine catfish, in which was found the greater part of a sucking pig.

I may here add that I have introduced a figure of the catfish in Plate XXXI. of the first volume of my illustrations, in which I have represented the White-headed Eagle.

A WILD HORSE

WHILE residing at Henderson in Kentucky, I became acquainted with a gentleman who had just returned from the country in the neighborhood of the headwaters of the Arkansas River, where he had purchased

a newly caught "Wild Horse," a descendant of some of the horses originally brought from Spain, and set at liberty in the vast prairies of the Mexican lands. The animal was by no means handsome; he had a large head, with a considerable prominence in its frontal region, his thick and unkempt mane hung along his neck to the breast, and his tail, too scanty to be called flowing, almost reached the ground. But his chest was broad, his legs clean and sinewy, and his eyes and nostrils indicated spirit, vigor, and endurance. He had never been shod, and although he had been ridden hard, and had performed a long journey, his black hoofs had suffered no damage. His color inclined to bay, the legs of a deeper tint, and gradually darkening below until they became nearly black. I inquired what might be the value of such an animal among the Osage Indians, and was answered that, the horse being only four years old, he had given for him, with the tree and the buffalo-tug fastened to his head, articles equivalent to about thirty-five dollars. The gentleman added that he had never mounted a better horse, and had very little doubt that, if well fed, he could carry a man of ordinary weight from thirty-five to forty miles a day for a month, as he had travelled at that rate upon him, without giving him any other food than the grass of the prairies, or the canes of the bottom lands, until he had crossed the Mississippi at Natchez, when he fed him with corn. Having no farther use for him, now that he had ended his journey, he said he was anxious to sell him, and thought he might prove a good hunting-horse for me, as his gaits were easy, and he stood fire as well as any charger he had seen. Having some need of a horse possessed of qualities similar to those represented as belonging to the one in question, I asked if I might be allowed to try him. "Try him, sir, and welcome; nay, if you will agree to feed him and take care of him, you may keep him for a month if you choose." So I had the horse taken to the stable and fed.

About two hours afterwards, I took my gun, mounted the prairie nag, and went to the woods. I was not long in finding him very sensible to the spur, and as I observed that he moved with great ease, both to himself and his rider, I thought of leaping over a log several feet in diameter, to judge how far he might prove serviceable in deer-driving or bear-hunting. So I gave him the reins, and pressed my legs to his belly without using the spur, on which, as if aware that I wished to try his mettle, he bounded off, and cleared the log as lightly as an elk. I turned him, and made him leap the same log several times, which he did with equal ease, so that I was satisfied of his ability to clear any impediment in the woods. I next determined to try his strength, for which purpose I took him to a swamp, which I knew was muddy and tough. He entered it with his nose close to the water, as if to judge of its depth, at which I was well pleased, as he thus evinced due caution. I then rode through the swamp in different directions, and found him prompt, decided, and unflinching. Can he swim well? thought I, — for there are horses, which, although excellent, cannot swim at all, but will now and then lie on their side, as if contented to float with the current, when the rider must either swim and drag them to the shore, or abandon them. To the Ohio then I went, and rode into the water. He made off obliquely against the current, his head well raised above the surface, his nostrils expanded, his breathing free, and without any of the grunting noise emitted by many horses on such occasions. I turned him down the stream, then directly against it, and finding him quite to my mind, I returned to the shore, on reaching which he stopped of his own accord, spread his legs, and almost shook me off my seat. After this, I put him to a gallop, and returning home through the woods, shot from the saddle a Turkey-cock, which he afterwards approached as if he had been trained to the sport, and enabled me to take it up without dismounting.

As soon as I reached the house of Dr. Rankin, where I then resided, I sent word to the owner of the horse that I should be glad to see him. When he came, I asked him what price he would take; he said, fifty dollars in silver was the lowest. So I paid the money, took a bill of sale, and became master of the horse. The doctor, who was an excellent judge, said smiling to me, "Mr. Audubon, when you are tired of him, I will refund you the fifty dollars, for depend upon it he is a capital horse." The mane was trimmed, but the tail left untouched; the doctor had him shod "all round," and for several weeks he was ridden by my wife, who was highly pleased with him.

Business requiring that I should go to Philadelphia, Barro (he was so named after his former owner) was put up for ten days, and well tended. The time of my departure having arrived, I mounted him, and set off at the rate of four miles an hour—but here I must give you the line of my journey, that you may, if you please, follow my course on some such map as that of Tanner's. From Henderson through Russellville, Nashville, and Knoxville, Abingdon in Virginia, the Natural Bridge, Harrisonburg, Winchester, and Harper's Ferry, Frederick, and Lancaster, to Philadelphia. There I remained four days, after which I returned by way of Pittsburgh, Wheeling, Zanesville, Chillicothe, Lexington, and Louisville, to Henderson. But the nature of my business was such as to make me deviate considerably from the main roads, and I computed the whole distance at nearly two thousand miles, the post roads being rather more than sixteen hundred. I travelled not less than forty miles a day, and it was allowed by the doctor that my horse was in as good condition on my return as when I set out. Such a journey on a single horse may seem somewhat marvellous in the eyes of a European; but in these days almost every merchant had to perform the like, some from all parts of

the western country, even from St. Louis on the Missouri, although the travellers not unfrequently, on their return, sold their horses at Baltimore, Philadelphia, or Pittsburg, at which latter place they took boat. My wife rode on a single horse from Henderson to Philadelphia, travelling at the same rate. The country was then comparatively new; few coaches travelled, and in fact the roads were scarcely fit for carriages. About twenty days were considered necessary for performing a journey on horseback from Louisville to Philadelphia, whereas now the same distance may be travelled in six or seven days,¹ or even sometimes less, this depending on the height of the water in the Ohio.

It may not be uninteresting to you to know the treatment which the horse received on those journeys. I rose every morning before day, cleaned my horse, pressed his back with my hand, to see if it had been galled, and placed on it a small blanket folded double, in such a manner that when the saddle was put on, half of the cloth was turned over it. The surcingle, beneath which the saddlebags were placed, confined the blanket to the seat, and to the pad behind was fastened the great coat or cloak, tightly rolled up. The bridle had a snaffle bit; a breastplate was buckled in front to each skirt, to render the seat secure during an ascent; but my horse required no crupper, his shoulders being high and well-formed. On starting he trotted off at the rate of four miles an hour, which he continued. I usually travelled from fifteen to twenty miles before breakfast, and after the first hour allowed my horse to drink as much as he would. When I halted for breakfast, I generally stopped two hours, cleaned the horse, and gave him as much corn-blades as he could eat. I then rode on until within half an hour of sunset, when I watered him well, poured a bucket of cold water over his back, had his skin well rubbed, his feet examined and

¹ This was written in 1835.

cleaned. The rack was filled with blades, the trough with corn, a good-sized pumpkin or some hen's-eggs, whenever they could be procured, were thrown in, and if oats were to be had, half a bushel of them was given in preference to corn, which is apt to heat some horses. In the morning, the nearly empty trough and rack afforded sufficient evidence of the state of his health.

I had not ridden him many days before he became so attached to me that on coming to some limpid stream in which I had a mind to bathe, I could leave him at liberty to graze, and he would not drink if told not to do so. He was ever sure-footed, and in such continual good spirits that now and then, when a Turkey happened to rise from a dusting-place before me, the mere inclination of my body forward was enough to bring him to a smart canter, which he would continue until the bird left the road for the woods, when he never failed to resume his usual trot. On my way homeward I met at the crossings of the Juniata River a gentleman from New Orleans, whose name is Vincent Nolte.¹ He was mounted on a superb horse, for which he had paid three hundred dollars, and a servant on horseback led another as a change. I was then

¹ Vincent Nolte, in "Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres," gives an account of his meeting on this occasion with Audubon, part of which is as follows: "About ten o'clock I arrived at a small inn, close by the falls of the Juniata River. The landlady showed me into a room and said I perhaps would not mind taking my meal with a strange gentleman, who was already there. This personage struck me as an odd fish. He was sitting at a table before the fire, with a Madras handkerchief wound around his head, exactly in the style of the French mariners of a seaport town. . . . He showed himself to be an original throughout, but admitted he was a Frenchman by birth, and a native of La Rochelle. However, he had come in his early youth to Louisiana, had grown up in the sea-service, and had gradually become a thorough American. This man, who afterwards won for himself so great a name in natural history, particularly in ornithology, was Audubon." It is needless to say that the personal history of Audubon as here given is entirely erroneous; but as the meeting was in 1811, and the book written *from memory* in 1854, Mr. Nolte must be pardoned for his misstatements, which were doubtless unintentional.

an utter stranger to him, and as I approached and praised his horse, he not very courteously observed that he wished I had as good a one. Finding that he was going to Bedford to spend the night, I asked him at what hour he would get there. "Just soon enough to have some trout ready for our supper, provided you will join when you get there." I almost imagined that Barro understood our conversation; he pricked up his ears, and lengthened his pace, on which Mr. Nolte caracoled his horse, and then put him to a quick trot; but all in vain, for I reached the hotel nearly a quarter of an hour before him, ordered the trout, saw to the putting away of my good horse, and stood at the door ready to welcome my companion. From that day Vincent Nolte has been a friend to me. It was from him I received letters of introduction to the Rathbones of Liverpool, for which I shall ever be grateful to him. We rode together as far as Shippingport, where my worthy friend Nicholas Berthoud, Esq., resided, and on parting with me he repeated what he had many times said before, that he never had seen so serviceable a creature as Barro.

If I recollect rightly, I gave a short verbal account of this journey, and of the good qualities of my horse, to my learned friend J. Skinner, Esq., of Baltimore, who, I believe, has noticed them in his excellent *Sporting Magazine*. We agreed that the importation of horses of this kind from the Western prairies might improve our breeds generally; and judging from those which I have seen, I am inclined to think that some of them may prove fit for the course. A few days after reaching Henderson, I parted with Barro, not without regret, for a hundred and twenty dollars.

BREAKING UP OF THE ICE

WHILE proceeding up the Mississippi above its junction with the Ohio,¹ I found to my great mortification that its navigation was obstructed by ice. The chief conductor of my bark, who was a French Canadian, was therefore desired to take us to a place suitable for winter quarters, which he accordingly did, bringing us into a great bend of the river called Tawapatee Bottom. The waters were unusually low, the thermometer indicated excessive cold, the earth all around was covered with snow, dark clouds were spread over the heavens, and as all appearances were unfavorable to the hope of a speedy prosecution of our voyage, we quietly set to work. Our bark, which was a large keel-boat, was moored close to the shore, the cargo was conveyed to the woods, large trees were felled over the water, and were so disposed as to keep off the pressure of the floating masses of ice. In less than two days, our stores, baggage, and ammunition were deposited in a great heap under one of the magnificent trees of which the forest was here composed, our sails were spread over all, and a complete camp was formed in the wilderness. Everything around us seemed dreary and dismal, and had we not been endowed with the faculty of deriving pleasure from the examination of nature, we should have made up our minds to pass the time in a state similar to that of Bears during their time of hibernation. We soon found employment, however, for the woods were full of game; and Deer, Turkeys, Raccoons, and Opossums might be seen even around our camp; while on the ice that now covered the broad stream rested flocks of Swans, to sur-

¹ This was on the journey made by Audubon and his partner, Ferdinand Rozier, from Louisville to St. Geneviève, then in Upper Louisiana. They left Louisville in the autumn of 1810, and Audubon returned in the spring of 1811.

prise which the hungry Wolves were at times seen to make energetic but unsuccessful efforts. It was curious to see the snow-white birds all lying flat on the ice, but keenly intent on watching the motions of their insidious enemies, until the latter advanced within the distance of a few hundred yards, when the Swans, sounding their trumpet-notes of alarm, would all rise, spread out their broad wings, and after running some yards and battering the ice until the noise was echoed like thunder through the woods, rose exultingly into the air, leaving their pursuers to devise other schemes for gratifying their craving appetites.

The nights being extremely cold, we constantly kept up a large fire, formed of the best wood. Fine trees of ash and hickory were felled, cut up into logs of convenient size, and rolled into a pile, on the top of which, with the aid of twigs, a fire was kindled. There were about fifteen of us, some hunters, others trappers, and all more or less accustomed to living in the woods. At night, when all had returned from their hunting grounds, some successful and others empty-handed, they presented a picture in the strong glare of the huge fire that illuminated the forest, which it might prove interesting to you to see, were it copied by a bold hand on canvas. Over a space of thirty yards or more, the snow was scraped away, and piled up into a circular wall, which protected us from the cold blast. Our cooking utensils formed no mean display, and before a week had elapsed, Venison, Turkeys, and Raccoons hung on the branches in profusion. Fish, too, and that of excellent quality, often graced our board, having been obtained by breaking holes in the ice of the lakes. It was observed that the Opossums issued at night from holes in the banks of the river, to which they returned about daybreak; and having thus discovered their retreat, we captured many of them by means of snares.

At the end of a fortnight our bread failed, and two of the

party were directed to proceed across the bend, towards a village on the western bank of the Mississippi, in quest of that commodity; for although we had a kind of substitute for it in the dry white flesh of the breast of the wild Turkey, bread is bread after all, and more indispensable to civilized man than any other article of food. The expedition left the camp early one morning; one of the party boasted much of his knowledge of woods, while the other said nothing, but followed. They walked on all day, and returned next morning to the camp with empty wallets. The next attempt, however, succeeded, and they brought on a sledge a barrel of flour, and some potatoes. After a while we were joined by many Indians, the observation of whose manners afforded us much amusement.

Six weeks were spent in Tawapatee Bottom. The waters had kept continually sinking, and our boat lay on her side high and dry. On both sides of the stream, the ice had broken into heaps, forming huge walls. Our pilot visited the river daily, to see what prospect there might be of a change. One night, while, excepting himself, all were sound asleep, he suddenly roused us with loud cries of "The ice is breaking! Get up, get up! Down to the boat, lads! Bring out your axes! Hurry on, or we may lose her! Here, let us have a torch!" Starting up as if we had been attacked by a band of savages, we ran pell-mell to the bank. The ice was indeed breaking up; it split with reports like those of heavy artillery, and as the water had suddenly risen from an overflow of the Ohio, the two streams seemed to rush against each other with violence; in consequence of which the congealed mass was broken into large fragments, some of which rose nearly erect here and there, and again fell with thundering crash, as the wounded whale, when in the agonies of death, springs up with furious force and again plunges into the foaming waters. To our surprise the weather, which in the evening had been calm and frosty, had become wet and blowy. The water

gushed from the fissures formed in the ice, and the prospect was extremely dismal. When day dawned, a spectacle strange and fearful presented itself: the whole mass of water was violently agitated, its covering was broken into small fragments, and although not a foot of space was without ice, not a step could the most daring have ventured to make upon it. Our boat was in imminent danger, for the trees which had been placed to guard it from the ice were cut or broken into pieces, and were thrust against her. It was impossible to move her; but our pilot ordered every man to bring down great bunches of cane, which were lashed along her sides; and before these were destroyed by the ice, she was afloat and riding above it. While we were gazing on the scene a tremendous crash was heard, which seemed to have taken place about a mile below, when suddenly the great dam of ice gave way. The current of the Mississippi had forced its way against that of the Ohio, and in less than four hours we witnessed the complete breaking up of the ice.

During that winter the ice was so thick on the Mississippi that, opposite St. Louis, horses and heavy wagons crossed the river. Many boats had been detained in the same manner as our own, so that provisions and other necessary articles had become very scarce, and sold at a high price. This was the winter of 1810-11.

THE PRAIRIE

ON my return from the Upper Mississippi I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies which, in that portion of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine; all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of Nature. My knapsack, my gun,

and my dog were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

My march was of long duration; I saw the sun sinking below the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met with that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian trace, and as darkness overshadowed the prairie I felt some desire to reach at least a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The Night Hawks were skimming over and around me, attracted by the buzzing wings of the beetles which form their food, and the distant howling of wolves gave me some hope that I should soon arrive at the skirts of some woodlands.

I did so, and almost at the same instant, a firelight attracting my eye, I moved towards it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken: I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presenting myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night. Her voice was gruff, and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool, and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian, resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and two or three Raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not. Accustomed to the habits of Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the

approach of civilized strangers (a circumstance which in some countries is considered as evincing the apathy of their character), I addressed him in French, a language not infrequently partially known to the people in that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was that an hour before this, as he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a Raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the cord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry, I inquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many large untanned Bear and Buffalo hides lay piled in a corner. I drew a fine time-piece from my breast, and told the woman that it was late, and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by an immediate sight of it. I took off the gold chain that secured it, from around my neck, and presented it to her; she was all ecstasy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain round her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her. Thoughtless, and as I fancied myself in so retired a spot secure, I paid little attention to her talk or her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite.

The Indian rose from his seat, as if in extreme suffering. He passed and repassed me several times, and once pinched me on the side so violently that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him. His eye met mine, but his look was so forbidding that it

struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher-knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced it, and again taking his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances, whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards us.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever enemies I might have, he was not of their number.

I asked the woman for my watch, wound it up, and under pretence of wishing to see how the weather might probably be on the morrow, took up my gun, and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut gave a favorable report of my observations. I took a few Bear skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, lay down, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eye I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English) was in the house. The mother — for so she proved to be — bade them speak less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which it required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently. He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed

on me, and raised towards the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation. The Indian exchanged a last glance with me.

The lads had eaten and drunk themselves into such a condition that I already looked upon them as *hors de combat*; and the frequent visits of the whiskey bottle to the ugly mouth of their dam, I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend take a large carving-knife, and go to the grindstone to whet its edge; I saw her pour the water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous instrument, until the cold sweat covered every part of my body, in despite of my determination to defend myself to the last. Her task finished, she walked to her reeling sons, and said: "There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill yon — —, and then for the watch."

I turned, cocked my gun-locks silently, touched my faithful companion, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life. The moment was fast approaching, and that night might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my rescue. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of despatching me, whilst her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot; but she was not to be punished thus. The door was suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounced up on my feet, and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment. The tale was told in a minute. The drunken sons were secured, and the woman, in spite of her defence and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that, as he could not sleep

for pain, he would watch over us. You may suppose we slept much less than we talked. The two strangers gave me an account of their once having been themselves in a somewhat similar situation. Day came, fair and rosy, and with it the punishment of our captives.

They were now quite sobered. Their feet were unbound, but their arms were still securely tied. We marched them into the woods off the road, and having used them as Regulators were wont to use such delinquents, we set fire to the cabin, gave all the skins and implements to the young Indian warrior, and proceeded, well pleased, towards the settlements.

During upwards of twenty-five years, when my wanderings extended to all parts of our country, this was the only time at which my life was in danger from my fellow-creatures. Indeed, so little risk do travellers run in the United States that no one born there ever dreams of any to be encountered on the road; and I can only account for this occurrence by supposing that the inhabitants of the cabin were not Americans.

Will you believe, good-natured reader, that not many miles from the place where this adventure happened, and where fifteen years ago, no habitation belonging to civilized man was expected, and very few ever seen, large roads are now laid out, cultivation has converted the woods into fertile fields, taverns have been erected, and much of what we Americans call comfort is to be met with? So fast does improvement proceed in our abundant and free country.¹

¹ This incident occurred during Audubon's return trip to St. Geneviève in the early spring of 1812.

THE REGULATORS

THE population of many parts of America is derived from the refuse of every other country. I hope I shall elsewhere prove to you, kind reader, that even in this we have reason to feel a certain degree of pride, as we often see our worst denizens becoming gradually freed from error, and at length changing to useful and respectable citizens. The most depraved of these emigrants are forced to retreat farther and farther from the society of the virtuous, the restraints imposed by whom they find incompatible with their habits and the gratification of their unbridled passions. On the extreme verge of civilization, however, their evil propensities find more free scope, and the dread of punishments for their deeds, or the infliction of that punishment, are the only means that prove effectual in reforming them.

In those remote parts, no sooner is it discovered that an individual has conducted himself in a notoriously vicious manner, or has committed some outrage upon society, than a conclave of the honest citizens takes place, for the purpose of investigating the case, with a rigor without which no good result could be expected. These honest citizens, selected from among the most respectable persons in the district, and vested with power suited to the necessity of preserving order on the frontiers, are named Regulators. The accused person is arrested, his conduct laid open, and if he is found guilty of a first crime, he is warned to leave the country, and go farther from society, within an appointed time. Should the individual prove so callous as to disregard the sentence, and remain in the same neighborhood, to commit new crimes, then woe be to him; for the Regulators, after proving him guilty a second time, pass and execute a sentence which, if not enough to make him perish under the infliction, is

at least forever impressed upon his memory. The punishment inflicted is usually a severe castigation, and the destruction by fire of his cabin. Sometimes, in cases of reiterated theft or murder, death is considered necessary; and, in some instances, delinquents of the worst species have been shot, after which their heads have been stuck on poles, to deter others from following their example. I shall give you an account of one of these desperadoes, as I received it from a person who had been instrumental in bringing him to punishment.

The name of Mason is still familiar to many of the navigators of the Lower Ohio and Mississippi. By dint of industry in bad deeds, he became a notorious horse-stealer, formed a line of worthless associates from the eastern part of Virginia (a State greatly celebrated for its fine breed of horses) to New Orleans, and had a settlement on Wolf Island, not far from the confluence of the Ohio and Mississippi, from which he issued to stop the flatboats, and rifle them of such provisions and other articles as he and his party needed. His depredations became the talk of the whole Western country; and to pass Wolf Island was not less to be dreaded than to anchor under the walls of Algiers. The horses, the negroes, and the cargoes, his gang carried off and sold. At last, a body of Regulators undertook, at great peril, and for the sake of the country, to bring the villain to punishment.

Mason was as cunning and watchful as he was active and daring. Many of his haunts were successively found out and searched, but the numerous spies in his employ enabled him to escape in time. One day, however, as he was riding a beautiful horse in the woods he was met by one of the Regulators, who immediately recognized him, but passed him as if an utter stranger. Mason, not dreaming of danger, pursued his way leisurely, as if he had met no one. But he was dogged by the Regulator, and in such a manner as proved fatal to him. At dusk, Mason, having

reached the lowest part of a ravine, no doubt well known to him, hobbled (tied together the fore-legs of) his stolen horse, to enable it to feed during the night without chance of straying far, and concealed himself in a hollow log to spend the night. The plan was good, but proved his ruin.

The Regulator, who knew every hill and hollow of the woods, marked the place and the log with the eye of an experienced hunter, and as he remarked that Mason was most efficiently armed, he galloped off to the nearest house where he knew he should find assistance. This was easily procured, and the party proceeded to the spot. Mason, on being attacked, defended himself with desperate valor; and as it proved impossible to secure him alive he was brought to the ground with a rifle ball. His head was cut off, and stuck on the end of a broken branch of a tree, by the nearest road to the place where the affray happened. The gang soon dispersed, in consequence of the loss of their leader, and this infliction of merited punishment proved beneficial in deterring others from following a similar predatory life.

The punishment by castigation is performed in the following manner. The individual convicted of an offence is led to some remote part of the woods, under the escort of some forty or fifty Regulators. When arrived at the chosen spot, the criminal is made fast to a tree, and a few of the Regulators remain with him, while the rest scour the forest to assure themselves that no strangers are within reach, after which they form an extensive ring, arranging themselves on their horses, well armed with rifles and pistols, at equal distances and in each other's sight. At a given signal that "all's ready," those about the culprit, having provided themselves with young twigs of hickory, administer the number of lashes prescribed by the sentence, untie the sufferer, and order him to leave the country immediately.

One of these castigations, which took place more within my personal knowledge, was performed on a fellow who was neither a thief nor a murderer, but who had misbehaved otherwise sufficiently to bring himself under the sentence with mitigation. He was taken to a place where nettles were known to grow in great luxuriance, completely stripped and so lashed with them that, although not materially hurt, he took it as a hint not to be neglected, left the country, and was never again heard of by any of the party concerned.

Probably at the moment when I am copying these notes respecting the early laws of our frontier people, few or no Regulating Parties exist, the terrible examples that were made having impressed upon the new settlers a salutary dread, which restrains them from the commission of flagrant crimes.

THE EARTHQUAKE

TRAVELLING through the Barrens of Kentucky (of which I shall give you an account elsewhere) in the month of November, I was jogging on one afternoon, when I remarked a sudden and strange darkness rising from the western horizon. Accustomed to our heavy storms of thunder and rain I took no more notice of it, as I thought the speed of my horse might enable me to get under shelter of the roof of an acquaintance, who lived not far distant, before it should come up. I had proceeded about a mile, when I heard what I imagined to be the distant rumbling of a violent tornado, on which I spurred my steed, with a wish to gallop as fast as possible to a place of shelter; but it would not do, the animal knew better than I what was forthcoming, and instead of going faster, so nearly stopped that I remarked he placed one foot after another on the ground, with as much precaution



AUDUBON, 1839.

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as if walking on a smooth sheet of ice. I thought he had suddenly foundered, and, speaking to him, was on the point of dismounting and leading him, when he all of a sudden fell a-groaning piteously, hung his head, spread out his four legs, as if to save himself from falling, and stood stock still, continuing to groan. I thought my horse was about to die, and would have sprung from his back had a minute more elapsed, but at that instant all the shrubs and trees began to move from their very roots, the ground rose and fell in successive furrows, like the ruffled waters of a lake, and I became bewildered in my ideas, as I too plainly discovered that all this awful commotion in nature was the result of an earthquake.

I had never witnessed anything of the kind before, although, like every other person, I knew of earthquakes by description. But what is description compared with the reality? Who can tell of the sensations which I experienced when I found myself rocking as it were on my horse, and with him moved to and fro like a child in a cradle, with the most imminent danger around, and expecting the ground every moment to open and present to my eye such an abyss as might engulf myself and all around me? The fearful convulsion, however, lasted only a few minutes, and the heavens again brightened as quickly as they had become obscured; my horse brought his feet to their natural position, raised his head, and galloped off as if loose and frolicking without a rider.

I was not, however, without great apprehension respecting my family, from which I was yet many miles distant, fearful that where they were the shock might have caused greater havoc than I had witnessed. I gave the bridle to my steed, and was glad to see him appear as anxious to get home as myself. The pace at which he galloped accomplished this sooner than I had expected, and I found with much pleasure that hardly any greater harm had taken place than the apprehension excited for my own safety.

Shock succeeded shock almost every day or night for several weeks, diminishing, however, so gradually as to dwindle away into mere vibrations of the earth. Strange to say, I for one became so accustomed to the feeling as rather to enjoy the fears manifested by others. I never can forget the effects of one of the slighter shocks which took place when I was at a friend's house, where I had gone to enjoy the merriment that, in our Western country, attends a wedding. The ceremony being performed, supper over, and the fiddles tuned, dancing became the order of the moment. This was merrily followed up to a late hour, when the party retired to rest. We were in what is called, with great propriety, a *log-house*, one of large dimensions, and solidly constructed. The owner was a physician, and in one corner were not only his lancets, tourniquets, amputating knives, and other sanguinary apparatus, but all the drugs which he employed for the relief of his patients, arranged in jars and phials of different sizes. These had some days before had a narrow escape from destruction, but had been fortunately preserved by closing the doors of the cases in which they were contained.

As I have said, we had all retired to rest, some to dream of sighs or smiles, some to sink into oblivion. Morning was fast approaching, when the rumbling noise that precedes the earthquake, began so loudly as to waken and alarm the whole party, and drive them out of bed in the greatest consternation. The scene which ensued it is impossible for me to describe, and it would require the humorous pencil of Cruikshank to do justice to it. Fear knows no restraint. Every person, young and old, filled with alarm at the creaking of the log-house, and apprehending instant destruction, rushed wildly out to the grass enclosure fronting the building. The full moon was slowly descending from her throne, covered at times by clouds that rolled heavily along, as if to conceal from her view the scenes of terror which prevailed on the earth below.

On the grass-plat we all met, in such condition as rendered it next to impossible to discriminate any of the party, all huddled together in a state of great dishabille. The earth waved like a field of corn before the breeze; the birds left their perches, and flew about, not knowing whither; and the doctor, recollecting the danger of his gallipots, ran to his shop room, to prevent their dancing off the shelves to the floor. Never for a moment did he think of closing the doors, but, spreading his arms, jumped about the front of the cases, pushing back here and there the falling jars; with so little success, however, that before the shock was over he had lost nearly all he possessed.

The shock at length ceased, and the frightened women now sensible of their undress, fled to their several apartments. The earthquake produced more serious consequences in other places. Near New Madrid and for some distance on the Mississippi, the earth was rent asunder in several places, one or two islands sunk forever, and the inhabitants fled in dismay towards the eastern shore.

THE HURRICANE

VARIOUS portions of our country have at different periods suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten. Having witnessed one of these awful phenomena, in all its grandeur, I shall attempt to describe it for your sake, kind reader, and for your sake only; the recollection of that astonishing revolution of the ethereal element even now bringing with it so disagreeable a sensation that I feel as if about to be affected by a sudden stoppage of the circulation of my blood.

I had left the village of Shawanee, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought not warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were, for once at least in the course of my life, entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when on a sudden I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had overspread the country, and I for some time expected an earthquake; but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked towards the southwest, where I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively towards the direction from which the wind blew, I saw to my great astonishment that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and, unable to stand against the blast, were falling

into pieces. First the branches were broken off with a crackling noise; then went the upper parts of the massy trunks; and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety the hurricane was passing opposite the place where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which at that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale; others suddenly snapped across; and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air was whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and on passing disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins which marked the path of the tempest. This space was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers strewed in the sand and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and, as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest, produced a feeling in my mind which it were impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over, although millions of twigs and small branches that had been brought from a great distance were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They even floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphurous odor was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sus-

tained no material injury, until nature at length resumed her wonted aspect. For some moments I felt undetermined whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it. I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle, to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house, I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my astonishment, I was told there had been very little wind in the neighborhood, although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effects of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log houses, we were told, had been overturned and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles. Another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree. But, as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I shall not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself with saying that much damage was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briars and bushes, thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding district. I have crossed the path of the storm at a distance of a hundred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and again, four hundred miles farther off, in the State of

Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summits of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all these different parts it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth.

COLONEL BOONE

DANIEL BOONE, or, as he was usually called in the Western country, Colonel Boone, happened to spend a night with me under the same roof, more than twenty years ago. We had returned from a shooting excursion, in the course of which his extraordinary skill in the management of the rifle had been fully displayed. On retiring to the room appropriated to that remarkable individual and myself for the night, I felt anxious to know more of his exploits and adventures than I did, and accordingly took the liberty of proposing numerous questions to him. The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the western forests approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb; his countenance gave indication of his great courage, enterprise, and perseverance; and when he spoke, the very motion of his lips brought the impression that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true. I undressed, whilst he merely took off his hunting shirt, and arranged a few folds of blankets on the floor, choosing rather to lie there, as he observed, than on the softest bed. When we had both disposed of ourselves, each after his own fashion, he related to me the following account of his powers of memory, which I lay before you, kind reader, in his own words, hoping that the simplicity of his style may prove interesting to you.

“I was once,” said he, “on a hunting expedition on the banks of the Green River, when the lower parts of this State (Kentucky) were still in the hands of nature, and none but the sons of the soil were looked upon as its lawful proprietors. We Virginians had for some time been waging a war of intrusion upon them, and I, amongst the rest, rambled through the woods in pursuit of their race as I now would follow the tracks of any ravenous animal. The Indians outwitted me one dark night, and I was as unexpectedly as suddenly made a prisoner by them. The trick had been managed with great skill; for no sooner had I extinguished the fire of my camp, and laid me down to rest, in full security as I thought, than I felt myself seized by an indistinguishable number of hands, and was immediately pinioned, as if about to be led to the scaffold for execution. To have attempted to be refractory would have proved useless and dangerous to my life; and I suffered myself to be removed from my camp to theirs, a few miles distant, without uttering even a word of complaint. You are aware, I dare say, that to act in this manner was the best policy, as you understand that, by so doing, I proved to the Indians at once that I was born and bred as fearless of death as any of themselves.

“When we reached the camp, great rejoicings were exhibited. Two squaws and a few papposes appeared particularly delighted at the sight of me, and I was assured, by very unequivocal gestures and words, that, on the morrow, the mortal enemy of the Red-skins would cease to live. I never opened my lips, but was busy contriving some scheme which might enable me to give the rascals the slip before dawn. The women immediately fell a-searching about my hunting-shirt for whatever they might think valuable, and, fortunately for me, soon found my flask filled with *monongahela* (that is, reader, strong whiskey). A terrific grin was exhibited on their murder-

ous countenances, while my heart throbbed with joy at the anticipation of their intoxication. The crew immediately began to beat their bellies and sing, as they passed the bottle from mouth to mouth. How often did I wish the flask ten times its size, and filled with aqua-fortis! I observed that the squaws drank more freely than the warriors, and again my spirits were about to be depressed, when the report of a gun was heard at a distance. The Indians all jumped on their feet. The singing and drinking were both brought to a stand, and I saw, with inexpressible joy, the men walk off to some distance and talk to the squaws. I knew that they were consulting about me, and I foresaw that in a few moments the warriors would go to discover the cause of the gun having been fired so near their camp. I expected that the squaws would be left to guard me. Well, sir, it was just so. They returned; the men took up their guns and walked away. The squaws sat down again, and in less than five minutes had my bottle up to their dirty mouths, gurgling down their throats the remains of the whiskey.

“With what pleasure did I see them becoming more and more drunk, until the liquor took such hold of them that it was quite impossible for these women to be of any service. They tumbled down, rolled about, and began to snore: when I, having no other chance of freeing myself from the cords that fastened me, rolled over and over towards the fire, and, after a short time, burned them asunder. I rose on my feet, stretched my stiffened sinews, snatched up my rifle, and, for once in my life, spared that of Indians. I now recollect how desirous I once or twice felt to lay open the skulls of the wretches with my tomahawk; but when I again thought upon killing beings unprepared and unable to defend themselves, it looked like murder without need, and I gave up the idea.

“But, sir, I felt determined to mark the spot, and walking to a thrifty ash sapling, I cut out of it three large

chips, and ran off. I soon reached the river, soon crossed it, and threw myself deep into the cane-brakes, imitating the tracks of an Indian with my feet, so that no chance might be left for those from whom I had escaped to overtake me.

"It is now nearly twenty years since this happened, and more than five since I left the Whites' settlements, which I might probably never have visited again had I not been called on as a witness in a law-suit that was pending in Kentucky, and which I really believe would never have been settled had I not come forward and established the beginning of a certain boundary line. This is the story, sir.

"Mr. — moved from Old Virginia into Kentucky, and having a large tract granted to him in the new State, laid claim to a certain parcel of land adjoining Green River, and, as chance would have it, took for one of his corners the very ash-tree on which I had made my mark, and finished his survey of some thousands of acres, beginning, as it is expressed in the deed, 'at an Ash marked by three distinct notches of the tomahawk of a white man.'

"The tree had grown much, and the bark had covered the marks; but, somehow or other, Mr. — heard from some one all that I have already said to you, and thinking that I might remember the spot alluded to in the deed, but which was no longer discoverable, wrote for me to come and try at least to find the place or the tree. His letter mentioned that all my expenses should be paid, and not caring much about once more going back to Kentucky, I started and met Mr. —. After some conversation, the affair with the Indians came to my recollection. I considered for a while, and began to think that after all I could find the very spot, as well as the tree, if it was yet standing.

"Mr. — and I mounted our horses, and off we went to the Green River Bottoms. After some difficulties, for you must be aware, sir, that great changes have taken place in those woods, I found at last the spot where I

had crossed the river, and, waiting for the moon to rise, made for the course in which I thought the ash-tree grew. On approaching the place, I felt as if the Indians were there still, and as if I was still a prisoner among them. Mr. — and I camped near what I conceived the spot, and waited until the return of day.

“At the rising of the sun I was on foot, and, after a good deal of musing, thought that an ash-tree then in sight must be the very one on which I had made my mark. I felt as if there could be no doubt of it, and mentioned my thought to Mr. —. ‘Well, Colonel Boone,’ said he, ‘if you think so, I hope it may prove true, but we must have some witnesses; do you stay here about, and I will go and bring some of the settlers whom I know.’ I agreed. Mr. — trotted off, and I, to pass the time, rambled about to see if a Deer was still living in the land. But ah! sir, what a wonderful difference thirty years makes in the country! Why, at the time when I was caught by the Indians, you would not have walked out in any direction for more than a mile without shooting a buck or a Bear. There were then thousands of Buffaloes on the hills in Kentucky; the land looked as if it never would become poor; and to hunt in those days was a pleasure indeed. But when I was left to myself on the banks of Green River, I dare say for the last time in my life, a few *signs* only of Deer were to be seen, and as to a Deer itself, I saw none.

“Mr. — returned, accompanied by three gentlemen. They looked upon me as if I had been Washington himself, and walked to the ash-tree, which I now called my own, as if in quest of a long-lost treasure. I took an axe from one of them, and cut a few chips off the bark. Still no signs were to be seen. So I cut again until I thought it was time to be cautious, and I scraped and worked away with my butcher knife until I *did* come to where my tomahawk had left an impression in the wood. We

now went regularly to work, and scraped at the tree with care, until three hacks as plain as any three notches ever were, could be seen. Mr. — and the other gentlemen were astonished, and, I must allow, I was as much surprised as pleased myself. I made affidavit of this remarkable occurrence in presence of these gentlemen. Mr. — gained his cause. I left Green River forever, and came to where we now are; and, sir, I wish you a good night."

I trust, kind reader, that when I again make my appearance with another volume of *Ornithological Biography*, I shall not have to search in vain for the impression which I have made, but shall have the satisfaction of finding its traces still unobliterated. I now withdraw, and, in the words of the noted wanderer of the Western wilds, "wish you a good night."

NATCHEZ IN 1820

ONE clear, frosty morning in December I approached in my flatboat the city of Natchez. The shores were crowded with boats of various kinds, laden with the produce of the Western country; and there was a bustle about them such as you might see at a general fair, each person being intent on securing the advantage of a good market. Yet the scene was far from being altogether pleasing, for I was yet "under the hill;" but on removing from the Lower Town I beheld the cliffs on which the city, properly so called, has been built. Vultures unnumbered flew close along the ground on expanded pinions, searching for food; large pines and superb magnolias here and there raised their evergreen tops towards the skies; while on the opposite shores of the Mississippi vast alluvial beds stretched along, and the view terminated with the dense forest. Steamers moved rapidly on the broad waters of the great stream; the sunbeams fell with a

peculiarly pleasant effect on the distant objects; and as I watched the motions of the White-headed Eagle while pursuing the Fishing Hawk, I thought of the wonderful ways of that Power to whom I too owe my existence.

Before reaching the land I had observed that several saw-mills were placed on ditches or narrow canals, along which the water rushed from the inner swamps towards the river, and by which the timber is conveyed to the shore; and, on inquiring afterwards, I found that one of those temporary establishments had produced a net profit of upwards of six thousand dollars in a single season.

There is much romantic scenery about Natchez. The Lower Town forms a most remarkable contrast with the Upper; for in the former the houses were not regularly built, being generally dwellings formed of the abandoned flatboats, placed in rows, as if with the view of forming a long street. The inhabitants formed a medley which it is beyond my power to describe; hundreds of laden carts and other vehicles jogged along the declivity between the two towns; but when, by a very rude causeway, I gained the summit, I was relieved by the sight of an avenue of those beautiful trees called here the Pride of China. In the Upper Town I found the streets all laid off at right angles to each other, and tolerably well lined with buildings constructed with painted bricks or boards.

The agricultural richness of the surrounding country was shown by the heaps of cotton bales and other produce that encumbered the streets. The churches, however, did not please me; but as if to make up for this, I found myself unexpectedly accosted by my relative, Mr. Berthoud, who presented me with letters from my wife and sons. These circumstances put me in high spirits, and we proceeded towards the best hotel in the place, that of Mr. Garnier. The house, which was built on the Spanish plan, and of great size, was surrounded by large verandas overlooking a fine garden, and stood at a considerable distance

from any other. At this period the city of Natchez had a population not exceeding three thousand individuals. I have not visited it often since, but I have no doubt that, like all the other towns in the western district of our country, it has greatly increased. It possessed a bank, and the mail arrived there thrice in the week from all parts of the Union.

The first circumstance that strikes a stranger is the mildness of the temperature. Several vegetables as pleasing to the eye as agreeable to the palate, and which are seldom seen in our Eastern markets before May, were here already in perfection. The Pewee Fly-catcher had chosen the neighborhood of the city for its winter quarters, and our deservedly famed Mocking-bird sang and danced gratis to every passer by. I was surprised to see the immense number of Vultures that strode along the streets or slumbered on the roofs. The country for many miles inland is gently undulated. Cotton is produced abundantly, and wealth and happiness have taken up their abode under most of the planters' roofs, beneath which the wearied traveller or the poor wanderer in search of a resting-place is sure to meet with comfort and relief. Game is abundant, and the free Indians were wont in those days to furnish the markets with ample supplies of vension and Wild Turkey. The Mississippi, which bathes the foot of the hill some hundred feet below the town, supplies the inhabitants with fish of various kinds. The greatest deficiency is that of water, which for common purposes is dragged on sledges or wheels from the river, while that used for drinking is collected in tanks from the roofs, and becomes very scarce during protracted droughts. Until of late years the orange-tree bore fruit in the open air; but, owing to the great change that has taken place in the temperature, severe though transient frosts occasionally occur, which now prevent this plant from coming to perfection in the open air.

The remains of an old Spanish fort are still to be seen at a short distance from the city. If I am correctly informed, about two years previous to this visit of mine a large portion of the hill near it gave way, sank about a hundred feet, and carried many of the houses of the Lower Town into the river. This, it would appear, was occasioned by the quicksand running springs that flow beneath the strata of mixed pebbles and clay of which the hill is composed. The part that has subsided presents the appearance of a basin or bowl, and is used as a depot for the refuse of the town, on which the Vultures feed when they can get nothing better. There it was that I saw a White-headed Eagle chase one of those filthy birds, knock it down, and feast on the entrails of a horse which the Carrion Crow had partly swallowed.

I did not meet at Natchez many individuals fond of ornithological pursuits, but the hospitality with which I was received was such as I am not likely to forget. Mr. Garnier subsequently proved an excellent friend to me, as you may find elsewhere recorded. Of another individual, whose kindness to me is indelibly impressed on my heart, I would say a few words, although he was such a man as Fénelon alone could describe. Charles Carré was of French origin, the son of a nobleman of the old régime. His acquirements and the benevolence of his disposition were such that when I first met him I could not help looking upon him as another Mentor. Although his few remaining locks were gray, his countenance still expressed the gayety and buoyant feelings of youth. He had the best religious principles; for his heart and his purse were ever open to the poor. Under his guidance it was that I visited the whole neighborhood of Natchez; for he was acquainted with all its history, from the period at which it had first come under the power of the Spaniards to that of their expulsion from the country, its possession by the French, and subsequently by ourselves. He was also well

versed in the Indian languages, spoke French with the greatest purity, and was a religious poet. Many a pleasant hour have I spent in his company; but alas! he has gone the way of all the earth!

THE LOST PORTFOLIO

WHILE I was at Natchez, on the 31st of December, 1820, my kind friend, Nicholas Berthoud, Esq., proposed to me to accompany him in his keel-boat to New Orleans. At one o'clock the steam-boat "Columbus" hauled off from the landing and took our bark in tow. The steamer was soon ploughing along at full speed, and little else engaged our minds than the thought of our soon arriving at the emporium of the commerce of the Mississippi. Towards evening, however, several inquiries were made respecting particular portions of the luggage, among which ought to have been one of my portfolios, containing a number of drawings made by me while gliding down the Ohio and Mississippi from Cincinnati to Natchez, and of which some were to me peculiarly valuable, being of birds previously unfigured, and perhaps undescribed. The portfolio was nowhere to be found, and I recollected that I had brought it under my arm to the margin of the stream, and there left it to the care of one of my friend's servants, who, in the hurry of our departure, had neglected to take it on board. Besides the drawings of birds, there was in this collection a sketch in black chalk to which I always felt greatly attached while from home. It is true the features which it represented were indelibly engraved in my heart; but the portrait of her to whom I owe so much of the happiness that I have enjoyed was not the less dear to me. When I thought during the following night of the loss I had sustained in consequence of my

own negligence, imagined the possible fate of the collection, and saw it in the hands of one of the numerous boatmen lounging along the shores, who might paste the drawings to the walls of his cabin, nail them to the steering-oars of his flatboat, or distribute them among his fellows, I felt little less vexed than I did some years before when the rats, as you know, devoured a much larger collection.

It was useless to fret myself, and so I began to devise a scheme for recovering the drawings. I wrote to Mr. Garnier and my venerable friend Charles Carré. Mr. Berthoud also wrote to a mercantile acquaintance. The letters were forwarded to Natchez from the first landing-place at which we stopped, and in the course of time we reached the great eddy running by the levee, or artificial embankment, at New Orleans. But before I present you with the answers to the letters sent to our acquaintances at Natchez, allow me to offer a statement of our adventures upon the Mississippi.

After leaving the eddy at Natchez, we passed a long file of exquisitely beautiful bluffs. At the end of twenty hours we reached Bayou Sara, where we found two brigs at anchor, several steamers, and a number of flatboats, the place being of considerable mercantile importance. Here the "Columbus" left us to shift for ourselves, her commander being anxious to get to Baton Rouge by a certain hour, in order to secure a good cargo of cotton. We now proceeded along the great stream, sometimes floating and sometimes rowing. The shores gradually became lower and flatter, orange-trees began to make their appearance around the dwellings of the wealthy planters, and the verdure along the banks assumed a brighter tint. The thermometer stood at 68° in the shade at noon; Butterflies fluttered among the flowers, of which many were in full blow; and we expected to have seen Alligators half awake floating on the numberless logs

that accompanied us in our slow progress. The eddies were covered with Ducks of various kinds, more especially with the beautiful species that breeds by preference on the great sycamores that every now and then present themselves along our southern waters. Baton Rouge is a very handsome place, but at present I have no time to describe it. Levees now began to stretch along the river, and wherever there was a sharp point on the shore, negroes were there amusing themselves by raising shrimps, and now and then a catfish, with scooping-nets.

The river increased in breadth and depth, and the sawyers and planters, logs so called, diminished in number the nearer we drew towards the famed city. At every bend we found the plantations increased, and now the whole country on both sides became so level and destitute of trees along the water's edge that we could see over the points before us, and observe the great stream stretching along for miles. Within the levees the land is much lower than the surface of the river when the water is high; but at this time we could see over the levee from the deck of our boat only the upper windows of the planters' houses, or the tops of the trees about them, and the melancholy-looking cypresses covered with Spanish moss forming the background. Persons rode along the levees at full speed; Pelicans, Gulls, Vultures, and Carrion Crows sailed over the stream, and at times there came from the shore a breeze laden with the delicious perfume of the orange-trees, which were covered with blossoms and golden fruits.

Having passed Bayou Lafourche, our boat was brought to on account of the wind, which blew with violence. We landed, and presently made our way to the swamps, where we shot a number of those beautiful birds called Boat-tailed Grakles. The Mocking-birds on the fence stakes saluted us with so much courtesy and with such delightful strains that we could not think of injuring

them; but we thought it no harm to shoot a whole covey of Partridges. In the swamps we met with warblers of various kinds, lively and beautiful, waiting in these their winter retreats for the moment when Boreas should retire to his icy home, and the gentle gales of the South should waft them toward their breeding-places in the North. Thousands of Swallows flew about us, the Cat-birds mewed in answer to their chatterings, the Cardinal Grosbeak elevated his glowing crest as he stood perched on the magnolia branch, the soft notes of the Doves echoed among the woods, nature smiled upon us, and we were happy.

On the fourth of January we stopped at Bonnet Carré, where I entered a house to ask some questions about birds. I was received by a venerable French gentleman, whom I found in charge of about a dozen children of both sexes, and who was delighted to hear that I was a student of nature. He was well acquainted with my old friend Charles Carré, and must, I thought, be a good man, for he said he never suffered any of his pupils to rob a bird of her eggs or young, although, said he with a smile, "they are welcome to peep at them and love them." The boys at once surrounded me, and from them I received satisfactory answers to most of my queries respecting birds.

The 6th of January was so cold that the thermometer fell to 30°, and we had seen ice on the running-boards of our keel-boat. This was quite unlooked for, and we felt uncomfortable; but before the middle of the day, all nature was again in full play. Several beautiful steamers passed us. The vegetation seemed not to have suffered from the frost; green peas, artichokes, and other vegetables were in prime condition. This reminds me that on one of my late journeys I ate green peas in December in the Floridas, and had them once a week at least in my course over the whole of the Union, until I found myself and my family feeding on the same vegetable more than

a hundred miles to the north of the St. John's River in New Brunswick.

Early on the 7th, thousands of tall spars, called masts by the mariners, came in sight; and as we drew nearer, we saw the port filled with ships of many nations, each bearing the flag of its country. At length we reached the levee, and found ourselves once more at New Orleans. In a short time my companions dispersed, and I commenced a search for something that might tend to compensate me for the loss of my drawings.

On the 16th of March following, I had the gratification of receiving a letter from Mr. A. P. Bodley, of Natchez, informing me that my portfolio had been found and deposited at the office of the "Mississippi Republican," whence an order from me would liberate it. Through the kindness of Mr. Garnier, I received it on the 5th of April. So very generous had been the finder of it, that when I carefully examined the drawings in succession, I found them all present and uninjured, save one, which had probably been kept by way of commission.

THE ORIGINAL PAINTER

As I was lounging one fair and very warm morning on the levee at New Orleans, I chanced to observe a gentleman whose dress and other accompaniments greatly attracted my attention. I wheeled about, and followed him for a short space, when, judging by everything about him that he was a true original, I accosted him.

But here, kind reader, let me give you some idea of his exterior. His head was covered by a straw hat, the brim of which might cope with those worn by the fair sex in 1830; his neck was exposed to the weather; the broad frill of a shirt, then fashionable, flapped about his breast,

whilst an extraordinary collar, carefully arranged, fell over the top of his coat. The latter was of a light green color, harmonizing well with a pair of flowing yellow nankeen trousers, and a pink waistcoat, from the bosom of which, amidst a large bunch of the splendid flowers of the magnolia, protruded part of a young Alligator, which seemed more anxious to glide through the muddy waters of some retired swamp than to spend its life swinging to and fro among folds of the finest lawn. The gentleman held in one hand a cage full of richly-plumed Nonpareils, whilst in the other he sported a silk umbrella, on which I could plainly read, "Stolen from I," these words being painted in large white characters. He walked as if conscious of his own importance — that is, with a good deal of pomposity, singing, "My love is but a lassie yet," and that with such thorough imitation of the Scotch emphasis that had not his physiognomy brought to my mind a denial of his being from "within a mile of Edinburgh," I should have put him down in my journal for a true Scot. But no: his tournure, nay, the very shape of his visage, pronounced him an American from the farthest parts of our eastern Atlantic shores.

All this raised my curiosity to such a height that I accosted him with, "Pray, sir, will you allow me to examine the birds you have in that cage?" The gentleman stopped, straightened his body, almost closed his left eye, then spread his legs apart, and, with a look altogether quizzical, answered, "Birds, sir; did you say birds?" I nodded, and he continued, "What the devil do you know about birds, sir?"

Reader, this answer brought a blush into my face. I felt as if caught in a trap; for I was struck by the force of the gentleman's question — which, by the way, was not much in discordance with a not unusual mode of granting an answer in the United States. Sure enough, thought I, little or perhaps nothing do I know of the nature of

those beautiful denizens of the air; but the next moment vanity gave me a pinch, and urged me to conceive that I knew at least as much about birds as the august personage in my presence. "Sir," replied I, "I am a student of Nature, and admire her works, from the noblest figure of man to the crawling reptile which you have in your bosom." — "Ah!" replied he, "a-a-a naturalist, I presume!" — "Just so, my good sir," was my answer. The gentleman gave me the cage; and I observed, from the corner of one of my eyes, that his were cunningly inspecting my face. I examined the pretty Finches as long as I wished, returned the cage, made a low bow, and was about to proceed on my walk, when this odd sort of being asked me a question quite accordant with my desire of knowing more of him: "Will you come with me, sir? If you will, you shall see some more curious birds, some of which are from different parts of the world. I keep quite a collection." I assured him I should feel gratified, and accompanied him to his lodgings.

We entered a long room, where, to my surprise, the first objects that attracted my attention were a large easel with a full-length unfinished portrait upon it, a table with palettes and pencils, and a number of pictures of various sizes placed along the walls. Several cages containing birds were hung near the windows, and two young gentlemen were busily engaged in copying some finished portraits. I was delighted with all I saw. Each picture spoke for itself: the drawing, the coloring, the handling, the composition, and the keeping — all proved, that, whoever was the artist, he certainly was possessed of superior talents.

I did not know if my companion was the painter of the picture, but, as we say in America, I strongly guessed, and, without waiting any longer, paid him the compliments which I thought he fairly deserved. "Ay," said he, "the world is pleased with my work. I wish I were so

too; but time and industry are required, as well as talents, to make a good artist. If you will examine the birds, I'll to my labor." So saying, the artist took up his palette, and was searching for a rest-stick; but not finding the one with which he usually supported his hand, he drew the rod of a gun, and was about to sit, when he suddenly threw down his implements on the table, and, taking the gun, walked to me and asked if "I had ever seen a percussion-lock." I had not, for that improvement was not yet in vogue. He not only explained the superiority of the lock in question, but undertook to prove that it was capable of acting effectually under water. The bell was rung, a flat basin of water was produced, the gun was charged with powder, and the lock fairly immersed. The report terrified the birds, causing them to beat against the gilded walls of their prisons. I remarked this to the artist. He replied, "The devil take the birds!—more of them in the market; why, sir, I wish to show you that I am a marksman as well as a painter." The easel was cleared of the large picture, rolled to the further end of the room, and placed against the wall. The gun was loaded in a trice, and the painter, counting ten steps from the easel, and taking aim at the supporting-pin on the left, fired. The bullet struck the head of the wooden pin fairly, and sent the splinters in all directions. "A bad shot, sir," said this extraordinary person. "The ball ought to have driven the pin farther into the hole, but it struck on one side; I'll try at the hole itself." After reloading his piece, the artist took aim again, and fired. The bullet this time had accomplished its object, for it had passed through the aperture and hit the wall behind. "Mr. —, ring the bell and close the windows," said the painter, and, turning to me, continued, "Sir, I will show you the *ne plus ultra* of shooting." I was quite amazed, and yet so delighted that I bowed my assent. A servant having appeared, a lighted candle was ordered. When it

arrived, the artist placed it in a proper position, and retiring some yards, put out the light with a bullet, in the manner which I have elsewhere in this volume described. When light was restored, I observed the uneasiness of the poor little Alligator, as it strove to effect its escape from the artist's waistcoat. I mentioned this to him. "True, true," he replied. "I had quite forgot the reptile; he shall have a dram;" and unbuttoning his vest, unclasped a small chain, and placed the Alligator in the basin of water on the table.

Perfectly satisfied with the acquaintance which I had formed with this renowned artist, I wished to withdraw, fearing I might inconvenience him by my presence. But my time was not yet come. He bade me sit down, and paying no more attention to the young pupils in the room than if they had been a couple of cabbages, said, "If you have leisure and will stay awhile, I will show you how I paint, and will relate to you an incident of my life which will prove to you how sadly situated an artist is at times." In full expectation that more eccentricities were to be witnessed, or that the story would prove a valuable one, even to a naturalist, who is seldom a painter, I seated myself at his side, and observed with interest how adroitly he transferred the colors from his glistening palette to the canvas before him. I was about to compliment him on his facility of touch, when he spoke as follows:—

"This is, sir, or, I ought to say rather, this will be the portrait of one of our best navy officers—a man as brave as Cæsar, and as good a sailor as ever walked the deck of a seventy-four. Do you paint, sir?" I replied, "Not yet."—"Not yet! what do you mean?"—"I mean what I say: I intend to paint as soon as I can draw better than I do at present."—"Good," said he; "you are quite right. To draw is the first object; but, sir, if you should ever paint, and paint portraits, you will often meet with difficulties. For instance, the brave Commodore of whom this is the

portrait, although an excellent man at everything else, is the worst sitter I ever saw; and the incident I promised to relate to you, as one curious enough, is connected with his bad mode of sitting. Sir, I forgot to ask if you would take any refreshment—a glass of wine, or—” I assured him I needed nothing more than his agreeable company, and he proceeded. “Well, sir, the first morning that the Commodore came to sit, he was in full uniform, and with his sword at his side. After a few moments of conversation, and when all was ready on my part, I bade him ascend this *throne*, place himself in the attitude which I contemplated, and assume an air becoming an officer of the navy. He mounted, placed himself as I had desired, but merely looked at me as if I had been a block of stone. I waited a few minutes, when, observing no change on his placid countenance, I ran the chalk over the canvas to form a rough outline. This done, I looked up to his face again, and opened a conversation which I thought would warm his warlike nature; but in vain. I waited and waited, talked and talked, until, my patience—sir, you must know I am not overburdened with phlegm—being almost run out, I rose, threw my palette and brushes on the floor, stamped, walking to and fro about the room, and vociferated such calumnies against our navy that I startled the good Commodore. He still looked at me with a placid countenance, and, as he has told me since, thought I had lost my senses. But I observed him all the while, and, fully as determined to carry my point as he would be to carry off an enemy’s ship, I gave my oaths additional emphasis, addressed him as a representative of the navy, and, steering somewhat clear of personal insult, played off my batteries against the craft. The Commodore walked up to me, placed his hand on the hilt of his sword, and told me, in a resolute manner, that if I intended to insult the navy, he would instantly cut off my ears. His features exhibited all the spirit and animation

of his noble nature, and as I had now succeeded in rousing the lion, I judged it time to retreat. So, changing my tone, I begged his pardon, and told him he now looked precisely as I wished to represent him. He laughed, and, returning to his seat, assumed a bold countenance. And now, sir, see the picture!"

At some future period I may present you with other instances of the odd ways in which this admired artist gave animation to his sitters. For the present, kind reader, we shall leave him finishing the Commodore, while we return to our proper studies.

THE COUGAR

THERE is an extensive swamp in the section of the State of Mississippi which lies partly in the Choctaw territory. It commences at the borders of the Mississippi, at no great distance from a Chickasaw village situated near the mouth of a creek known by the name of Vanconnah, and partly inundated by the swellings of several large bayous, the principal of which, crossing the swamp in its whole extent, discharges its waters not far from the mouth of the Yazoo River. This famous bayou is called False River. The swamp of which I am speaking follows the windings of the Yazoo, until the latter branches off to the northeast, and at this point forms the stream named Cold Water River, below which the Yazoo receives the draining of another bayou inclining towards the northwest and intersecting that known by the name of False River at a short distance from the place where the latter receives the waters of the Mississippi. This tedious account of the situation of the swamp is given with the view of pointing it out to all students of nature who may happen to go that way, and whom I would earnestly urge to visit its interior, as it abounds in rare and

interesting productions, — birds, quadrupeds, and reptiles, as well as molluscous animals, many of which, I am persuaded, have never been described.

In the course of one of my rambles, I chanced to meet with a squatter's cabin on the banks of the Cold Water River. In the owner of this hut, like most of those adventurous settlers in the uncultivated tracts of our frontier districts, I found a person well versed in the chase, and acquainted with the habits of some of the larger species of quadrupeds and birds. As he who is desirous of instruction ought not to disdain listening to any one who has knowledge to communicate, however humble may be his lot, or however limited his talents, I entered the squatter's cabin, and immediately opened a conversation with him respecting the situation of the swamp, and its natural productions. He told me he thought it the very place I ought to visit, spoke of the game which it contained, and pointed to some Bear and Deer skins, adding that the individuals to which they had belonged formed but a small portion of the number of those animals which he had shot within it. My heart swelled with delight, and on asking if he would accompany me through the great morass, and allow me to become an inmate of his humble but hospitable mansion, I was gratified to find that he cordially assented to all my proposals. So I immediately unstrapped my drawing materials, laid up my gun, and sat down to partake of the homely but wholesome fare intended for the supper of the squatter, his wife, and his two sons.

The quietness of the evening seemed in perfect accordance with the gentle demeanor of the family. The wife and children, I more than once thought, seemed to look upon me as a strange sort of person, going about, as I told them I was, in search of birds and plants; and were I here to relate the many questions which they put to me in return for those I addressed to them, the catalogue

would occupy several pages. The husband, a native of Connecticut, had heard of the existence of such men as myself, both in our own country and abroad, and seemed greatly pleased to have me under his roof. Supper over, I asked my kind host what had induced him to remove to this wild and solitary spot. "The people are growing too numerous now to thrive in New England," was his answer. I thought of the state of some parts of Europe, and calculating the denseness of their population compared with that of New England, exclaimed to myself, "How much more difficult must it be for men to thrive in those populous countries!" The conversation then changed, and the squatter, his sons and myself, spoke of hunting and fishing until at length, tired, we laid ourselves down on pallets of Bear skins, and reposed in peace on the floor of the only apartment of which the hut consisted.

Day dawned, and the squatter's call to his hogs, which, being almost in a wild state, were suffered to seek the greater portion of their food in the woods, awakened me. Being ready dressed I was not long in joining him. The hogs and their young came grunting at the well known call of their owner, who threw them a few ears of corn, and counted them, but told me that for some weeks their number had been greatly diminished by the ravages committed upon them by a large *Panther*, by which name the Cougar is designated in America, and that the ravenous animal did not content himself with the flesh of his pigs, but now and then carried off one of his calves, notwithstanding the many attempts he had made to shoot it. The *Painter*, as he sometimes called it, had on several occasions robbed him of a dead Deer; and to these exploits the squatter added several remarkable feats of audacity which it had performed, to give me an idea of the formidable character of the beast. Delighted by his description, I offered to assist him in destroying the enemy, at

which he was highly pleased, but assured me that unless some of his neighbors should join us with their dogs and his own, the attempt would prove fruitless. Soon after, mounting a horse, he went off to his neighbors several of whom lived at a distance of some miles, and appointed a day of meeting.

The hunters, accordingly, made their appearance, one fine morning, at the door of the cabin, just as the sun was emerging from beneath the horizon. They were five in number, and fully equipped for the chase, being mounted on horses which in some parts of Europe might appear sorry nags, but which in strength, speed, and bottom, are better fitted for pursuing a Cougar or a Bear through woods and morasses than any in that country. A pack of large, ugly curs were already engaged in making acquaintance with those of the squatter. He and myself mounted his two best horses, whilst his sons were bestriding others of inferior quality.

Few words were uttered by the party until we had reached the edge of the swamp, where it was agreed that all should disperse and seek for the fresh track of the Painter, it being previously settled that the discoverer should blow his horn, and remain on the spot, until the rest should join him. In less than an hour, the sound of the horn was clearly heard, and, sticking close to the squatter, off we went through the thick woods, guided only by the now and then repeated call of the distant huntsmen. We soon reached the spot, and in a short time the rest of the party came up. The best dog was sent forward to track the Cougar, and in a few moments the whole pack were observed diligently trailing, and bearing in their course for the interior of the Swamp. The rifles were immediately put in trim, and the party followed the dogs, at separate distances, but in sight of each other, determined to shoot at no other game than the Panther.

The dogs soon began to mouth, and suddenly quickened their pace. My companion concluded that the beast was on the ground, and putting our horses to a gentle gallop, we followed the curs, guided by their voices. The noise of the dogs increased, when, all of a sudden their mode of barking became altered, and the squatter, urging me to push on, told me that the beast was *treed*, by which he meant that it had got upon some low branch of a large tree to rest for a few moments, and that should we not succeed in shooting him when thus situated, we might expect a long chase of it. As we approached the spot, we all by degrees united into a body, but on seeing the dogs at the foot of a large tree, separated again, and galloped off to surround it.

Each hunter now moved with caution, holding his gun ready, and allowing the bridle to dangle on the neck of his horse, as it advanced slowly towards the dogs. A shot from one of the party was heard, on which the Cougar was seen to leap to the ground, and bound off with such velocity as to show that he was very unwilling to stand our fire longer. The dogs set off in pursuit with great eagerness and a deafening cry. The hunter who had fired came up and said that his ball had hit the monster, and had probably broken one of his fore-legs near the shoulder, the only place at which he could aim. A slight trail of blood was discovered on the ground, but the curs proceeded at such a rate that we merely noticed this, and put spurs to our horses, which galloped on towards the centre of the Swamp. One bayou was crossed, then another still larger and more muddy; but the dogs were brushing forward, and as the horses began to pant at a furious rate, we judged it expedient to leave them and advance on foot. These determined hunters knew that the Cougar being wounded, would shortly ascend another tree, where in all probability he would remain for a considerable time, and that it would be easy

to follow the track of the dogs. We dismounted, took off the saddles and bridles, set the bells attached to the horses' necks at liberty to jingle, hobbled the animals, and left them to shift for themselves.

Now, kind reader, follow the group marching through the swamp, crossing muddy pools, and making the best of their way over fallen trees and amongst the tangled rushes that now and then covered acres of ground. If you are a hunter yourself, all this will appear nothing to you; but if crowded assemblies of "beauty and fashion," or the quiet enjoyment of your "pleasure grounds" alone delight you, I must mend my pen before I attempt to give you an idea of the pleasure felt on such an expedition.

After marching for a couple of hours, we again heard the dogs. Each of us pressed forward, elated at the thought of terminating the career of the Cougar. Some of the dogs were heard whining, although the greater number barked vehemently. We felt assured that the Cougar was treed, and that he would rest for some time to recover from his fatigue. As we came up to the dogs, we discovered the ferocious animal lying across a large branch, close to the trunk of a cotton-wood tree. His broad breast lay towards us; his eyes were at one time bent on us and again on the dogs beneath and around him; one of his fore-legs hung loosely by his side, and he lay crouched, with his ears lowered close to his head, as if he thought he might remain undiscovered. Three balls were fired at him, at a given signal, on which he sprang a few feet from the branch, and tumbled headlong to the ground. Attacked on all sides by the enraged curs, the infuriated Cougar fought with desperate valor; but the squatter, advancing in front of the party, and almost in the midst of the dogs, shot him immediately behind and beneath the left shoulder. The Cougar writhed for a moment in agony, and in another lay dead.

The sun was now sinking in the west. Two of the hunters separated from the rest to procure venison, whilst the squatter's sons were ordered to make the best of their way home, to be ready to feed the hogs in the morning. The rest of the party agreed to camp on the spot. The Cougar was despoiled of its skin, and its carcass left to the hungry dogs. Whilst engaged in preparing our camp, we heard the report of a gun, and soon after one of our hunters returned with a small Deer. A fire was lighted, and each hunter displayed his *ponc* of bread, along with a flask of whiskey. The deer was skinned in a trice, and slices placed on sticks before the fire. These materials afforded us an excellent meal, and as the night grew darker, stories and songs went round, until my companions, fatigued, laid themselves down, close under the smoke of the fire, and soon fell asleep.

I walked for some minutes round the camp, to contemplate the beauties of that nature from which I have certainly derived my greatest pleasures. I thought of the occurrences of the day, and glancing my eye around, remarked the singular effects produced by the phosphorescent qualities of the large decayed trunks which lay in all directions around me. How easy, I thought, would it be for the confused and agitated mind of a person bewildered in a swamp like this, to imagine in each of these luminous masses some wondrous and fearful being, the very sight of which might make the hair stand erect on his head. The thought of being myself placed in such a predicament burst over my mind, and I hastened to join my companions, beside whom I laid me down and slept, assured that no enemy could approach us without first rousing the dogs, which were growling in fierce dispute over the remains of the Cougar.

At daybreak we left our camp, the squatter bearing on his shoulder the skin of the late destroyer of his stock, and retraced our steps until we found our horses, which

had not strayed far from the place where we had left them. These we soon saddled, and jogging along, in a direct course, guided by the sun, congratulating each other on the destruction of so formidable a neighbor as the Panther had been, we soon arrived at my host's cabin. The five neighbors partook of such refreshment as the house could afford, and dispersing, returned to their homes, leaving me to follow my favorite pursuits.

THE RUNAWAY

NEVER shall I forget the impression made on my mind by the *rencontre* which forms the subject of this article, and I even doubt if the relation of it will not excite in that of my reader emotions of varied character.

Late in the afternoon of one of those sultry days which render the atmosphere of the Louisiana swamps pregnant with baneful effluvia, I directed my course towards my distant home, laden with a pack, consisting of five or six Wood Ibises, and a heavy gun, the weight of which, even in those days, when my natural powers were unimpaired, prevented me from moving with much speed. Reaching the banks of a miry bayou, only a few yards in breadth, but of which I could not ascertain the depth, on account of the muddiness of its waters, I thought it might be dangerous to wade through it with my burden, for which reason, throwing to the opposite side each of my heavy birds in succession, together with my gun, powder-flask, and shot-bag, and drawing my hunting-knife from its scabbard, to defend myself, if need should be, against Alligators, I entered the water, followed by my faithful dog. As I advanced carefully, and slowly, "Plato" swam around me, enjoying the refreshing influence of the liquid element that cooled his fatigued and heated frame.

The water deepened, as did the mire of its bed; but with a stroke or two I gained the shore.

Scarcely had I stood erect on the opposite bank, when my dog ran to me, exhibiting marks of terror; his eyes seeming ready to burst from their sockets, and his mouth grinning with the expression of hatred, while his feelings found vent in a stifled growl. Thinking that all this was produced by the scent of a Wolf or Bear, I stooped to take up my gun, when a stentorian voice commanded me to "stand still, or die!" Such a *qui vive* in these woods was as unexpected as it was rare. I instantly raised and cocked my gun; and although I did not yet perceive the individual who had thus issued so peremptory a mandate, I felt determined to combat with him for the free passage of the grounds. Presently a tall, firmly built negro emerged from the bushy underwood, where until that moment he must have been crouched, and in a louder voice repeated his injunction. Had I pressed a trigger, his life would have instantly terminated; but observing that the gun which he aimed at my breast, was a wretched, rusty piece, from which fire could not readily be produced, I felt little fear, and therefore did not judge it necessary to proceed at once to extremities. I laid my gun at my side, tapped my dog quietly, and asked the man what he wanted.

My forbearance, and the stranger's long habit of submission, produced the most powerful effect on his mind. "Master," said he, "I am a runaway; I might perhaps shoot you down; but God forbids it, for I feel just now as if I saw him ready to pass his judgment against me for such a foul deed, and I ask mercy at your hands. For God's sake, do not kill me, master!" "And why," answered I, "have you left your quarters, where certainly you must have fared better than in these unwholesome swamps?" "Master, my story is a short, but a sorrowful one. My camp is close by, and, as I know you cannot reach home this night, if you will follow me there, depend upon *my honor* you shall

be safe until the morning, when I will carry your birds, if you choose, to the great road."

The large, intelligent eyes of the negro, the complacency of his manners, and the tones of his voice, I thought invited me to venture; and as I felt that I was at least his equal, while moreover, I had my dog to second me, I answered that I would *follow him*. He observed the emphasis laid on the words, the meaning of which he seemed to understand so thoroughly that, turning to me, he said, "There, master, take my butcher's knife, while I throw away the flint and priming from my gun!" Reader, I felt confounded: this was too much for me: I refused the knife, and told him to keep his piece ready, in case we might accidentally meet a Cougar or a Bear.

Generosity exists everywhere. The greatest monarch acknowledges its impulse, and all around him, from the lowliest menial to the proud nobles that encircle his throne, at times experience that overpowering sentiment. I offered to shake hands with the runaway. "Master," said he, "I beg you thanks," and with this he gave me a squeeze that alike impressed me with the goodness of his heart and his great physical strength. From that moment we proceeded through the woods together. My dog smelt at him several times, but as he heard me speak in my usual tone of voice, he soon left us and rambled around as long as my whistle was unused. As we proceeded, I observed that he was guiding me towards the setting of the sun, and quite contrary to my homeward course. I remarked this to him, when he with the greatest simplicity replied, "Merely for our security."

After trudging along for some distance, and crossing several bayous, at all of which he threw his gun and knife to the opposite bank, and stood still until I had got over, we came to the borders of an immense cane-brake, from which I had, on former occasions, driven and killed several Deer. We entered, as I had frequently done before, now

erect, then on "all fours." He regularly led the way, divided here and there the tangled stalks, and, whenever we reached a fallen tree, assisted me in getting over it, with all possible care. I saw that he was a perfect Indian in his knowledge of the woods, for he kept a direct course as precisely as any "Red-skin" I ever travelled with. All of a sudden he emitted a loud shriek, not unlike that of an Owl, which so surprised me, that I once more instantly levelled my gun. "No harm, master, I only give notice to my wife and children I am coming." A tremulous answer of the same nature gently echoed through the tree tops. The runaway's lips separated with an expression of gentleness and delight, when his beautiful set of ivory teeth seemed to smile through the dusk of evening that was thickening around us. "Master," said he, "my wife, though black, is as beautiful to me as the President's wife is to him; she is my queen, and I look on our young ones as so many princes; but you shall see them all, for here they are, thank God."

There, in the heart of the cane-brake, I found a regular camp. A small fire was lighted, and on its embers lay gridling some large slices of venison. A lad nine or ten years old was blowing the ashes from some fine sweet potatoes. Various articles of household furniture were carefully disposed around, and a large pallet of Bear and Deer skins, seemed to be the resting-place of the whole family. The wife raised not her eyes towards mine, and the little ones, three in number, retired into a corner, like so many discomfited Raccoons; but the Runaway, bold, and apparently happy, spoke to them in such cheering words, that at once one and all seemed to regard me as one sent by Providence to relieve them from all their troubles. My clothes were hung up by them to dry, and the negro asked if he might clean and grease my gun, which I permitted him to do, while the wife threw a large piece of Deer's flesh to my dog, which the children were already caressing.

Only think of my situation, reader! Here I was, ten miles at least from home, and four or five from the nearest plantation, in the camp of runaway slaves, and quite at their mercy. My eyes involuntarily followed their motions, but as I thought I perceived in them a strong desire to make me their confidant and friend, I gradually relinquished all suspicions. The venison and potatoes looked quite tempting, and by this time I was in a condition to relish much less savory fare; so, on being humbly asked to divide the viands before us, I partook of as hearty a meal as I had ever done in my life.

Supper over, the fire was completely extinguished, and a small lighted pine-knot placed in a hollowed calabash. Seeing that both the husband and the wife were desirous of communicating something to me, I at once and fearlessly desired them to unburden their minds, when the Runaway told me a tale of which the following is the substance.

About eighteen months before, a planter, residing not very far off, having met with some losses, was obliged to expose his slaves at a public sale. The value of his negroes was well known, and on the appointed day the auctioneer laid them out in small lots, or offered them singly, in the manner which he judged most advantageous to their owner. The Runaway, who was well known as being the most valuable next to his wife, was put up by himself for sale, and brought an immoderate price. For his wife, who came next, and alone, eight hundred dollars were bidden and paid down. Then the children were exposed, and, on account of their breed, brought high prices. The rest of the slaves went off at rates corresponding to their qualifications.

The Runaway chanced to be bought by the overseer of the plantation; the wife was bought by an individual residing about a hundred miles off, and the children went to different places along the river. The heart of the husband

and father failed him under this dire calamity. For a while he pined in sorrow under his new master; but having marked down in his memory the names of the different persons who had purchased each dear portion of his family, he feigned illness, if indeed, he whose affections had been so grievously blasted could be said to feign it, refrained from food for several days, and was little regarded by the overseer, who felt himself disappointed in what he had considered a bargain.

On a stormy night, when the elements raged with all the fury of a hurricane, the poor negro made his escape, and being well acquainted with all the neighboring swamps, at once made directly for the cane-brake in the centre of which I found his camp. A few nights afterwards he gained the abode of his wife, and the very next after their meeting, he led her away. The children, one after another, he succeeded in stealing, until at last the whole of the objects of his love were under his care.

To provide for five individuals was no easy task in those wilds, which after the first notice was given of the wonderful disappearance of this extraordinary family, were daily ransacked by armed planters. Necessity, it is said, will bring the Wolf from the forest. The Runaway seems to have well understood the maxim, for under the cover of night he approached his first master's plantation, where he had ever been treated with the greatest kindness. The house-servants knew him too well not to aid him to the best of their power, and at the approach of each morning he returned to his camp with an ample supply of provisions. One day, while in search of wild fruits, he found a Bear dead before the muzzle of a gun that had been set for the purpose. Both articles he carried to his home. His friends at the plantation managed to supply him with some ammunition, and on damp and cloudy days he first ventured to hunt around his camp. Possessed of courage and activity, he gradually became more careless, and rambled

farther in search of game. It was on one of his excursions that I met him, and he assured me the noise which I made in passing the bayou had caused him to lose the chance of killing a fine Deer, "although," said he, "my old musket misses fire sadly too often."

The Runaways, after disclosing their secret to me, both rose from their seat, with eyes full of tears. "Good master, for God's sake, do something for us and our children," they sobbed forth with one accord. Their little ones lay sound asleep in the fearlessness of their innocence. Who could have heard such a tale without emotion? I promised them my most cordial assistance. They both sat up that night to watch my repose, and I slept close to their urchins, as if on a bed of the softest down.

Day broke so fair, so pure, and so gladdening that I told them such heavenly appearances were ominous of good, and that I scarcely doubted of obtaining their full pardon. I desired them to take their children with them, and promised to accompany them to the plantation of their first master. They gladly obeyed. My Ibises were hung round their camp, and, as a memento of my having been there, I notched several trees; after which I bade adieu, perhaps for the last time, to that cane-brake. We soon reached the plantation, the owner of which, with whom I was well acquainted, received me with all the generous kindness of a Louisiana planter. Ere an hour had elapsed, the Runaway and his family were looked upon as his own. He afterwards repurchased them from their owners, and treated them with his former kindness; so that they were rendered as happy as slaves generally are in that country, and continued to cherish that attachment to each other which had led to their adventures. Since this event happened, it has, I have been informed, become illegal to separate slave families without their consent.

A TOUGH WALK FOR A YOUTH

ABOUT twelve years ago I was conveyed, along with my son Victor, from Bayou Sara to the mouth of the Ohio, on board the steamer "Magnet," commanded by Mr. McKnight, to whom I here again offer my best thanks for his attentions. The very sight of the waters of that beautiful river filled me with joy as we approached the little village of Trinity, where we were landed along with several other passengers, the water being too low to enable the vessel to proceed to Louisville. No horses could be procured, and as I was anxious to continue my journey without delay, I consigned my effects to the care of the tavern-keeper, who engaged to have them forwarded by the first opportunity. My son, who was not fourteen, with all the ardor of youth, considered himself able to accomplish, on foot, the long journey which we contemplated. Two of the passengers evinced a desire to accompany us, "provided," said the tallest and stoutest of them, "the lad can keep up. My business," he continued, "is urgent, and I shall push for Frankfort pretty fast." Dinner, to which we had contributed some fish from the river, being over, my boy and I took a ramble along the shores of Cash Creek, on which, some years before, I had been detained several weeks by ice. We slept at the tavern, and next morning prepared for our journey, and were joined by our companions, although it was past twelve before we crossed the creek.

One of our fellow-travellers, named Rose, who was a delicate and gentlemanly person, acknowledged that he was not a good walker, and said he was glad that my son was with us, as he might be able to keep up with the lively youth. The other, a burly personage, at once pushed forwards. We walked in Indian file along the narrow track cut through the canes, passed a wood-yard, and



VICTOR GIFFORD AUDUBON.

PAINTED BY AUDUBON ABOUT 1823.

entered the burnt forest, in which we met with so many logs and briars that we judged it better to make for the river, the course of which we followed over a bed of pebbles, my son sometimes ahead, and again falling back, until we reached America, a village having a fine situation, but with a shallow approach to the shore. Here we halted at the best house, as every traveller ought to do, whether pedestrian or equestrian, for he is there sure of being well treated, and will not have to pay more than in an inferior place. Now we constituted Mr. Rose purser. We had walked twelve miles over rugged paths and pebbly shores, and soon proceeded along the edge of the river. Seven tough miles ended, we found a house near the bank, and in it we determined to pass the night. The first person we met with was a woman picking cotton in a small field. On asking her if we might stay in her cabin for the night, she answered we might, and hoped we could make shift with the fare on which she and her husband lived. While she went to the house to prepare supper, I took my son and Mr. Rose to the water, knowing how much we should be refreshed by a bath. Our fellow-traveller refused, and stretched himself on a bench by the door. The sun was setting; thousands of Robins were flying southward in the calm and clear air; the Ohio was spread before us smooth as a mirror, and into its waters we leaped with pleasure. In a short time the good man of the hut called us to supper, and in a trice we were at his heels. He was a tall, raw-boned fellow, with an honest, bronzed face. After our frugal meal we all four lay down on a large bed, spread on the floor, while the good people went up to a loft.

The woodsman, having, agreeably to our instructions, roused us at daybreak, told us that about seven miles farther we should meet with a breakfast much better than the last supper we had. He refused any pecuniary compensation, but accepted from me a knife. So we again started. My dear boy appeared very weak at first, but

soon recovered, and our stout companion, whom I shall call S., evidently showed symptoms of lassitude. On arriving at the cabin of a lazy man, blessed with an industrious wife and six healthy children, all of whom labored for his support, we were welcomed by the woman, whose motions and language indicated her right to belong to a much higher class. Better breakfast I never ate; the bread was made of new corn, ground on a tin grater by the beautiful hands of our blue-eyed hostess; the chickens had been prepared by one of her lovely daughters; some good coffee was added, and my son had fresh milk. The good woman, who now held a babe to her bosom, seemed pleased to see how heartily we all ate; the children went to work, and the lazy husband went to the door to smoke a corn-cob pipe. A dollar was put into the ruddy hand of the chubby urchin, and we bade its mother farewell. Again we trudged along the beach, but after a while betook ourselves to the woods. My son became faint. Dear boy! never can I forget how he lay exhausted on a log, large tears rolling down his cheeks. I bathed his temples, spoke soothingly to him, and chancing to see a fine Turkey Cock run close by, directed his attention to it, when, as if suddenly refreshed, he got up and ran a few yards towards the bird. From that moment he seemed to acquire new vigor, and at length we reached Wilcox's, where we stopped for the night. We were reluctantly received at the house, and had little attention paid to us, but we had a meal and went to bed.

The sun rose in all its splendor, and the Ohio reflected its ruddy beams. A finer view of that river can scarcely be obtained than that from the house which we were leaving. Two miles through intricate woods brought us to Belgrade, and having passed Fort Massacre, we halted and took breakfast. S. gave us to understand that the want of roads made travelling very unpleasant; he was not, he added, in the habit of "skulking through the bushes, or tramping over stony bars in the full sunshine;" but how

else he had travelled was not explained. Mr. Rose kept up about as well as Victor, and I now led the way. Towards sunset we reached the shores of the river, opposite the mouth of the Cumberland. On a hill, the property of a Major B., we found a house, and a solitary woman, wretchedly poor, but very kind. She assured us that if we could not cross the river, she would give us food and shelter for the night, but said that, as the moon was up, she could get us put over when her skiff came back. Hungry and fatigued, we laid us down on the brown grass, waiting either a scanty meal or the skiff that was to convey us across the river. I had already grated the corn for our supper, run down the chickens, and made a fire, when a cry of "Boat coming!" roused us all. We crossed half of the Ohio, walked over Cumberland Isle, and after a short ferry found ourselves in Kentucky, the native land of my beloved sons. I was now within a few miles of the spot where, some years before, I had a horse killed under me by lightning.

It is unnecessary to detain you with a long narrative, and state every occurrence till we reached the banks of Green River. We had left Trinity at twelve o'clock of the 15th of October, and on the morning of the 18th four travellers, descending a hill, were admiring the reflection of the sun's rays on the forest-margined horizon. The frost, which lay thick on the ground and the fences, glittered in the sheen, and dissolved away; all nature seemed beautiful in its calm repose; but the pleasure which I felt in gazing on the scene was damped by the fatigue of my son, who now limped like a lamed Turkey, although, as the rest of the party were not much better off, he smiled, straightened himself, and strove to keep up with us. Poor S. was panting many yards behind, and was talking of purchasing a horse. We had now, however, a tolerably good road, and in the evening got to a house, where I inquired if we could have a supper and beds. When I came out, Victor was

asleep on the grass, Mr. Rose looking at his sore toes, and S. just finishing a jug of monongahela. Here we resolved that, instead of going by Henderson, we should take a cut across to the right, and make direct for Smith's Ferry, by way of Highland Lick Creek.

Next day we trudged along, but nothing very remarkable occurred excepting that we saw a fine black Wolf, quite tame and gentle, the owner of which refused a hundred dollars for it. Mr. Rose, who was an engineer, and a man of taste, amused us with his flageolet, and frequently spoke of his wife, his children, and his fireside, which increased my good opinion of him. At an orchard we filled our pockets with October peaches, and when we came to Trade Water River we found it quite low. The acorns were already drifted on its shallows, and the Wood Ducks were running about picking them up. Passing a flat bottom, we saw a large Buffalo Lick. Where now are the bulls which erst scraped its earth away, bellowing forth their love or their anger?

Good Mr. Rose's feet became sorer and sorer each succeeding day; Mr. S. at length nearly gave up; my son had grown brisker. The 20th was cloudy, and we dreaded rain, as we knew the country to be flat and clayey. In Union County, we came to a large opening, and found the house of a justice, who led us kindly to the main road, and accompanied us for a mile, giving us excellent descriptions of brooks, woods, and barrens; notwithstanding which we should have been much puzzled, had not a neighbor on horseback engaged to show us the way. The rain now fell in torrents and rendered us very uncomfortable, but at length we reached Highland Lick, where we stumbled on a cabin, the door of which we thrust open, overturning a chair that had been placed behind it. On a dirty bed lay a man, a table with a journal or perhaps a ledger before him, a small cask in a corner near him, a brass pistol on a nail over his head, and a long Spanish dagger by his

side. He rose and asked what was wanted. "The way to a better place, the road to Suggs's." "Follow the road, and you'll get to his house in about five miles!" My party were waiting for me, warming themselves by the fires of the salt-kettles. The being I had seen was an overseer. By and by we crossed a creek; the country was hilly, clayey, and slippery; Mr. S. was cursing, Rose limped like a lame Duck, but Victor kept up like a veteran.

Another day, kind reader, and I shall for a while shut my journal. The morning of the 21st was beautiful; we had slept comfortably at Suggs's, and we soon found ourselves on pleasant barrens, with an agreeable road. Rose and S. were so nearly knocked up that they proposed to us to go on without them. We halted and talked a few minutes on the subject, when our companions stated their resolution to proceed at a slower pace. So we bade them adieu. I asked my son how he felt; he laughed and quickened his steps; and in a short time our former associates were left out of sight. In about two hours we were seated in the Green River Ferry-boat, with our legs hanging in the water. At Smith's Ferry this stream looks like a deep lake; and the thick cane on its banks, the large overhanging willows, and its dark, green waters, never fail to form a fine picture, more especially in the calm of an autumnal evening. Mr. Smith gave us a good supper, sparkling cider, and a comfortable bed. It was arranged that he should drive us to Louisville in his dearborn; and so ended our walk of two hundred and fifty miles. Should you wish to accompany us during the remainder of our journey I have only to refer you to the article "Hospitality in the Woods."

HOSPITALITY IN THE WOODS

HOSPITALITY is a virtue the exercise of which, although always agreeable to the stranger, is not always duly appreciated. The traveller who has acquired celebrity is not unfrequently received with a species of hospitality which is much alloyed by the obvious attention of the host to his own interest; and the favor conferred upon the stranger must have less weight when it comes mingled with almost interminable questions as to his perilous adventures. Another receives hospitality at the hands of persons who, possessed of all the comforts of life, receive the way-worn wanderer with pomposity, lead him from one part of their spacious mansion to another, and bidding him good-night, leave him to amuse himself in his solitary apartment, because he is thought unfit to be presented to a party of friends. A third stumbles on a congenial spirit, who receives him with open arms, offers him servants, horses, perhaps even his purse, to enable him to pursue his journey, and parts from him with regret. In all these cases the traveller feels more or less under obligation, and is accordingly grateful. But, kind reader, the hospitality received from the inhabitant of the forest, who can offer only the shelter of his humble roof and the refreshment of his homely fare, remains more deeply impressed on the memory of the bewildered traveller than any other. This kind of hospitality I have myself frequently experienced in our woods, and now proceed to relate an instance of it.

I had walked several hundred miles, accompanied by my son, then a stripling, and, coming upon a clear stream, observed a house on the opposite shore. We crossed in a canoe, and finding that we had arrived at a tavern, determined upon spending the night there. As we were both greatly fatigued, I made an arrangement with our host to be

conveyed in a light Jersey wagon a distance of a hundred miles, the period of our departure to be determined by the rising of the moon. Fair Cynthia, with her shorn beams, peeped over the forest about two hours before dawn, and our conductor, provided with a long twig of hickory, took his station in the fore-part of the wagon. Off we went at a round trot, dancing in the cart like peas in a sieve. The road, which was just wide enough to allow us to pass, was full of deep ruts, and covered here and there with trunks and stumps, over all which we were hurried. Our conductor, Mr. Flint, the landlord of the tavern, boasting of his perfect knowledge of the country, undertook to drive us by a short cut, and we willingly confided ourselves to his management. So we jogged along, now and then deviating to double the fallen timber. Day commenced with promise of fine weather, but several nights of white frost having occurred, a change was expected. To our sorrow, the change took place long before we got to the road again. The rain fell in torrents; the thunder bellowed; the lightning blazed. It was now evening, but the storm had brought perfect night, black and dismal. Our cart had no cover. Cold and wet, we sat silent and melancholy, with no better expectation than that of passing the night under the little shelter the cart could afford us.

To stop was considered worse than to proceed. So we gave the reins to the horses, with some faint hope that they would drag us out of our forlorn state. Of a sudden the steeds altered their course, and soon after we perceived the glimmer of a faint light in the distance, and almost at the same moment heard the barking of dogs. Our horses stopped by a high fence and fell a-neighing, while I hallooted at such a rate that an answer was speedily obtained. The next moment a flaming pine torch crossed the gloom, and advanced to the spot where we stood. The negro boy who bore it, without waiting to question

us, enjoined us to follow the fence, and said that Master had sent him to show the strangers to the house. We proceeded, much relieved, and soon reached the gate of a little yard, in which a small cabin was perceived.

A tall, fine-looking young man stood in the open door, and desired us get out of the cart and walk in. We did so, when the following conversation took place. "A bad night this, strangers; how came you to be along the fence? You certainly must have lost your way, for there is no public road within twenty miles." "Ay," answered Mr. Flint, "sure enough we lost our way; but, thank God! we have got to a house; and thank *you* for your reception." "Reception!" replied the woodsman; "no very great thing after all; you are all here safe, and that's enough. Eliza," turning to his wife, "see about some victuals for the strangers, and you, Jupiter," addressing the negro lad, "bring some wood and mend the fire. Eliza, call the boys up, and treat the strangers the best way you can. Come, gentlemen, pull off your wet clothes, and draw to the fire. Eliza, bring some socks and a shirt or two."

For my part, kind reader, knowing my countrymen as I do, I was not much struck at all this; but my son, who had scarcely reached the age of thirteen, drew near to me, and observed how pleasant it was to have met with such good people. Mr. Flint bore a hand in getting his horses put under a shed. The young wife was already stirring with so much liveliness that to have doubted for a moment that all she did was a pleasure to her would have been impossible. Two negro lads made their appearance, looked at us for a moment, and going out, called the dogs. Soon after the cries of the poultry informed us that good cheer was at hand. Jupiter brought more wood, the blaze of which illumined the cottage. Mr. Flint and our host returned, and we already began to feel the comforts of hospitality. The woodsman remarked that it was a pity we had not chanced to come that day

three weeks; "for," said he, "it was our wedding-day, and father gave us a good house-warming, and you might have fared better; but, however, if you can eat bacon and eggs, and a broiled chicken, you shall have that. I have no whiskey in the house, but father has some capital cider, and I'll go over and bring a keg of it." I asked how far off his father lived. "Only three miles, sir, and I'll be back before Eliza has cooked your supper." Off he went accordingly, and the next moment the galloping of his horse was heard. The rain fell in torrents, and now I also became struck with the kindness of our host.

To all appearance the united ages of the pair under whose roof we had found shelter did not exceed two score. Their means seemed barely sufficient to render them comfortable, but the generosity of their young hearts had no limits. The cabin was new. The logs of which it was formed were all of the tulip-tree, and were nicely pared. Every part was beautifully clean. Even the coarse slabs of wood that formed the floor looked as if newly washed and dried. Sundry gowns and petticoats of substantial homespun hung from the logs that formed one of the sides of the cabin, while the other was covered with articles of male attire. A large spinning-wheel, with rolls of wool and cotton, occupied one corner. In another was a small cupboard, containing the little stock of new dishes, cups, plates, and tin pans. The table was small also, but quite new, and as bright as polished walnut could be. The only bed that I saw was of domestic manufacture, and the counterpane proved how expert the young wife was at spinning and weaving. A fine rifle ornamented the chimney-piece. The fireplace was of such dimensions that it looked as if it had been purposely constructed for holding the numerous progeny expected to result from the happy union.

The black boy was engaged in grinding some coffee. Bread was prepared by the fair hands of the bride, and placed on a flat board in front of the fire. The bacon and eggs already murmured and spluttered in the frying-pan, and a pair of chickens puffed and swelled on a grid-iron over the embers, in front of the hearth. The cloth was laid, and everything arranged, when the clattering of hoofs announced the return of the husband. In he came, bearing a two-gallon keg of cider. His eyes sparkled with pleasure as he said, "Only think, Eliza; father wanted to rob us of the strangers, and was for coming here to ask them to his own house, just as if we could not give them enough ourselves; but here's the drink. Come, gentlemen, sit down and help yourselves." We did so, and I, to enjoy the repast, took a chair of the husband's making, in preference to one of those called *Windsor*, of which there were six in the cabin. This chair was bottomed with a piece of Deer's skin tightly stretched, and afforded a very comfortable seat.

The wife now resumed her spinning, and the husband filled a jug with the sparkling cider, and, seated by the blazing fire, was drying his clothes. The happiness he enjoyed beamed from his eye, as at my request he proceeded to give us an account of his affairs and prospects, which he did in the following words: "I shall be twenty-two next Christmas-day," said our host. "My father came from Virginia when young, and settled on the large tract of land where he yet lives, and where with hard working he has done well. There were nine children of us. Most of them are married and settled in the neighborhood. The old man has divided his lands among some of us, and bought others for the rest. The land where I am he gave me two years ago, and a finer piece is not easily to be found. I have cleared a couple of fields, and planted an orchard. Father gave me a stock of cattle, some hogs, and four horses, with two negro

boys. I camped here for most of the time when clearing and planting; and when about to marry the young woman you see at the wheel, father helped me in raising this hut. My wife, as luck would have it, had a negro also, and we have begun the world as well off as most folks, and, the Lord willing, may — But, gentlemen, you don't eat; do help yourselves. Eliza, maybe the strangers would like some milk." The wife stopped her work, and kindly asked if we preferred sweet or sour milk; for you must know, reader, that sour milk is by some of our farmers considered a treat. Both sorts were produced, but, for my part, I chose to stick to the cider.

Supper over, we all neared the fire, and engaged in conversation. At length our kind host addressed his wife as follows: "Eliza, the gentlemen would like to lie down, I guess. What sort of bed can you fix for them?" Eliza looked up with a smile, and said: "Why, Willy, we will divide the bedding, and arrange half on the floor, on which we can sleep very well, and the gentlemen will have the best we can spare them." To this arrangement I immediately objected, and proposed lying on a blanket by the fire; but neither Willy nor Eliza would listen. So they arranged a part of their bedding on the floor, on which, after some debate, we at length settled. The negroes were sent to their own cabin, the young couple went to bed, and Mr. Flint lulled us all asleep with a long story intended to show us how passing strange it was that he should have lost his way.

"Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and so forth. But Aurora soon turned her off. Mr. Speed, our host, rose, went to the door, and returning assured us that the weather was too bad for us to attempt proceeding. I really believe he was heartily glad of it; but anxious to continue our journey, I desired Mr. Flint to see about his horses. Eliza by this time was up too, and I observed her whispering to her husband, when he immediately said

aloud, "To be sure, the gentlemen will eat breakfast before they go, and I will show them the way to the road." Excuses were of no avail. Breakfast was prepared and eaten. The weather brightened a little, and by nine we were under way. Willy, on horseback, headed us. In a few hours our cart arrived at a road, by following which we at length got to the main one, and parted from our woodsman with the greater regret that he would accept nothing from any of us. On the contrary, telling Mr. Flint, with a smile, that he hoped he might some time again follow the longest track for a short cut, he bade us adieu, and trotted back to his fair Eliza and his happy home.

NIAGARA

AFTER wandering on some of our great lakes for many months, I bent my course towards the celebrated Falls of Niagara, being desirous of taking a sketch of them. This was not my first visit to them, and I hoped it should not be the last.

Artists (I know not if I can be called one) too often imagine that what they produce must be excellent, and with that foolish idea go on spoiling much paper and canvas, when their time might have been better employed in a different manner. But, digressions aside, I directed my steps towards the Falls of Niagara, with the view of representing them on paper, for the amusement of my family.

Returning as I then was from a tedious journey, and possessing little more than some drawings of rare birds and plants, I reached the tavern at Niagara Falls in such plight as might have deterred many an individual from obtruding himself upon a circle of well-clad and perhaps well-bred society. Months had passed since the last of my linen had been taken from my body, and used to clean

that useful companion, my gun. I was in fact covered just like one of the poorer class of Indians, and was rendered even more disagreeable to the eye of civilized man by not having, like them, plucked my beard, or trimmed my hair in any way. Had Hogarth been living, and there when I arrived, he could not have found a fitter subject for a Robinson Crusoe. My beard covered my neck in front, my hair fell much lower at my back, the leather dress which I wore had for months stood in need of repair, a large knife hung at my side, a rusty tin-box containing my drawings and colors, and wrapped up in a worn-out blanket that had served me for a bed, was buckled to my shoulders. To every one I must have seemed immersed in the depths of poverty, perhaps of despair. Nevertheless, as I cared little about my appearance during those happy rambles, I pushed into the sitting-room, unstrapped my little burden, and asked how soon breakfast would be ready.

In America, no person is ever refused entrance to the inns, at least far from cities. We know too well how many poor creatures are forced to make their way from other countries in search of employment or to seek uncultivated land, and we are ever ready to let them have what they may call for. No one knew who I was, and the landlord, looking at me with an eye of close scrutiny, answered that breakfast would be on the table as soon as the company should come down from their rooms. I approached this important personage, told him of my avocations, and convinced him that he might feel safe as to remuneration. From this moment I was, with him at least, on equal footing with every other person in his house. He talked a good deal of the many artists who had visited the Falls that season, from different parts, and offered to assist me by giving such accommodations as I might require to finish the drawings I had in contemplation. He left me, and as I looked about the room I saw

several views of the Falls, by which I was so disgusted that I suddenly came to my better senses. "What!" thought I, "have I come here to mimic nature in her grandest enterprise, and add *my* caricature of one of the wonders of the world to those which I here see? No; I give up the vain attempt. I shall look on these mighty cataracts and imprint them, where alone they can be represented — on my mind!"

Had I taken a view, I might as well have given you what might be termed a regular account of the form, the height, the tremendous roar of these Falls; might have spoken of people perilling their lives by going between the rock and the sheet of water, calculated the density of the atmosphere in that strange position, related wondrous tales of Indians and their canoes having been precipitated the whole depth — might have told of the narrow, rapid, and rockbound river that leads the waters of the Erie into those of Ontario, remarking *en passant* the Devil's Hole and sundry other places or objects. But, supposing you had been there, my description would prove useless, and quite as puny as my intended view would have been for my family; and should you not have seen them, and are fond of contemplating the more magnificent of the Creator's works, go to Niagara, reader; for all the pictures you may see, all the descriptions you may read, of these mighty Falls, can only produce in your mind the faint glimmer of a glow-worm compared with the overpowering glory of the meridian sun.

I breakfasted amid a crowd of strangers, who gazed and laughed at me, paid my bill, rambled about and admired the Falls for a while, saw several young gentlemen *sketching on cards* the mighty mass of foaming waters, and walked to Buffalo, where I purchased new apparel and sheared my beard. I then enjoyed civilized life as much as, a month before, I had enjoyed the wildest solitudes and the darkest recesses of mountain and forest.

MEADVILLE

THE incidents that occur in the life of a student of nature are not all of the agreeable kind; in proof of which I shall present you, good reader, with an extract from one of my journals.

My money was one day stolen from me, by a person who perhaps imagined that to a naturalist it was of little importance. This happened on the shores of Upper Canada. The affair was as unexpected as it well could be, and as adroitly managed as if it had been planned and executed in Cheapside. To have repined when the thing could not be helped would certes not have been acting manfully. I therefore told my companion to keep a good heart, for I felt satisfied that Providence had some relief in store for us. The whole amount of cash left with two individuals fifteen hundred miles from home was just seven dollars and a half. Our passage across the lake had fortunately been paid for. We embarked and soon got to the entrance of Presque Isle Harbor, but could not pass the bar, on account of a violent gale which came on as we approached it. The anchor was dropped, and we remained on board during the night, feeling at times very disagreeable, under the idea of having taken so little care of our money. How long we might have remained at anchor I cannot tell, had not that Providence on whom I have never ceased to rely come to our aid. Through some means to me quite unknown, Captain Judd, of the U. S. Navy, then probably commandant at Presque Isle, sent a gig with six men to our relief. It was on the 29th of August, 1824, and never shall I forget that morning. My drawings were put into the boat with the greatest care. We shifted into it, and seated ourselves according to directions politely given us. Our brave fellows pulled hard, and every moment brought us nearer to the American shore. I leaped upon

it with elated heart. My drawings were safely landed, and for anything else I cared little at the moment. I searched in vain for the officer of our navy, to whom I still feel grateful, and gave one of our dollars to the sailors to drink the "freedom of the waters;" after which we betook ourselves to a humble inn to procure bread and milk, and consider how we were to proceed.

Our plans were soon settled, for to proceed was decidedly the best. Our luggage was rather heavy, so we hired a cart to take it to Meadville, for which we offered five dollars. This sum was accepted, and we set off. The country through which we passed might have proved favorable to our pursuits, had it not rained nearly the whole day. At night we alighted and put up at a house belonging to our conductor's father. It was Sunday night. The good folks had not yet returned from a distant meeting-house, the grandmother of our driver being the only individual about the premises. We found her a cheerful dame, who bestirred herself as actively as age would permit, got up a blazing fire to dry our wet clothes, and put as much bread and milk on the table as might have sufficed for several besides ourselves.

Being fatigued by the jolting of the cart, we asked for a place in which to rest, and were shown into a room in which were several beds. We told the good woman that I should paint her portrait next morning for the sake of her children. My companion and myself were quickly in bed, and soon asleep, in which state we should probably have remained till morning, had we not been awakened by a light, which we found to be carried by three young damsels, who, having observed where we lay, blew it out, and got into a bed opposite to ours. As we had not spoken, it is probable the girls supposed us sound asleep, and we heard them say how delighted they would be to have their portraits taken, as well as that of their grandmother. My heart silently met their desire, and we fell

asleep without further disturbance. In our backwoods it is frequently the case that one room suffices for all the members of a family.

Day dawned, and as we were dressing we discovered that we were alone in the apartment, the good country girls having dressed in silence, and left us before we had awakened. We joined the family and were kindly greeted. No sooner had I made known my intentions as to the portraits than the young folks disappeared, and soon after returned attired in their Sunday clothes. The black chalk was at work in a few minutes, to their great delight, and as the fumes of the breakfast that was meantime preparing reached my sensitive nose, I worked with redoubled ardor. The sketches were soon finished, and soon too was the breakfast over. I played a few airs on my flageolet, while our guide was putting the horses to the cart, and by ten o'clock we were once more under way towards Meadville. Never shall I forget Maxon Randell and his hospitable family. My companion was as pleased as myself, and as the weather was now beautiful we enjoyed our journey with all that happy thoughtlessness best suited to our character. The country now became covered with heavy timber, principally evergreens, the pines and the cucumber trees loaded with brilliant fruits, and the spruces throwing a shade over the land in good keeping for a mellow picture. The lateness of the crops was the only disagreeable circumstance that struck us; hay was yet standing, probably, however, a second crop; the peaches were quite small and green, and a few persons here and there, as we passed the different farms, were reaping oats. At length we came in sight of French Creek, and soon after reached Meadville. Here we paid the five dollars promised to our conductor, who instantly faced about, and applying the whip to his nags, bade us adieu, and set off.

We had now only one hundred and fifty cents. No time was to be lost. We put our baggage and ourselves under

the roof of a tavern keeper known by the name of J. E. Smith, at the sign of the Traveller's Rest, and soon after took a walk to survey the little village that was to be laid under contribution for our further support. Its appearance was rather dull, but, thanks to God, I have never despaired while rambling thus for the sole purpose of admiring his grand and beautiful works. I had opened the case that contained my drawings, and putting my portfolio under my arm, and a few good credentials in my pocket, walked up Main Street, looking to the right and left, examining the different *heads* which occurred, until I fixed my eyes on a gentleman in a store who looked as if he might want a sketch. I begged him to allow me to sit down. This granted, I remained purposely silent until he very soon asked me what was "*in that portfolio.*" These three words sounded well, and without waiting another instant, I opened it to his view. This was a Hollander, who complimented me much on the execution of the drawings of birds and flowers in my portfolio. Showing him a sketch of the best friend I have in the world at present, I asked him if he would like one in the same style of himself. He not only answered in the affirmative, but assured me that he would exert himself in procuring as many more customers as he could. I thanked him, be assured, kind reader; and having fixed upon the next morning for drawing the sketch, I returned to the Traveller's Rest, with a hope that tomorrow might prove propitious. Supper was ready, and as in America we generally have but one sort of *table d'hôte*, we sat down, when, every individual looking upon me as a missionary priest, on account of my hair, which in those days flowed loosely on my shoulders, I was asked to say grace, which I did with a fervent spirit.

Daylight returned. I visited the groves and woods around with my companion, returned, breakfasted, and went to the store, where, notwithstanding my ardent desire to begin my task, it was ten o'clock before the sitter was ready. But, reader, allow me to describe the *artist's room*.

See me ascending a crazy flight of steps, from the back part of a store room into a large garret extending over the store and counting room, and mark me looking round to see how the light could be stopped from obtruding on me through no less than four windows facing each other at right angles. Then follow me scrutinizing the corners, and finding in one a cat nursing her young among a heap of rags intended for the paper mill. Two hogsheads filled with oats, a parcel of Dutch toys carelessly thrown on the floor, a large drum and a bassoon in another part, fur caps hanging along the wall, and the portable bed of the merchant's clerk swinging like a hammock near the centre, together with some rolls of sole leather, made up the picture. I saw all this at a glance, and closing the extra windows with blankets, I soon procured a *painter's light*.

A young gentleman sat to try my skill. I finished his phiz, which was approved of. The merchant then took the chair, and I had the good fortune to please him also. The room became crowded with the gentry of the village. Some laughed, while others expressed their wonder; but my work went on, notwithstanding the observations which were made. My sitter invited me to spend the evening with him, which I did, and joined him in some music on the flute and violin. I returned to my companion with great pleasure, and you may judge how much that pleasure was increased when I found that he also had made two sketches. Having written a page or two of our journals, we retired to rest.

The following day was spent much in the same manner. I felt highly gratified that from under my gray coat my talents had made their way, and I was pleased to discover that industry and moderate abilities prove at least as valuable as first-rate talents without the former of these qualities. We left Meadville on foot, having forwarded our baggage by wagon. Our hearts were light, our pockets replenished, and we walked in two days to Pittsburgh, as happy as circumstances permitted us to be.

THE BURNING OF THE FORESTS.

WITH what pleasure have I seated myself by the blazing fire of some lonely cabin, when, faint with fatigue, and chilled with the piercing blast, I had forced my way to it through the drifted snows that covered the face of the country as with a mantle. The affectionate mother is hushing her dear babe to repose, while a group of sturdy children surround their father, who has just returned from the chase, and deposited on the rough flooring of his hut the varied game which he has procured. The great back-log, that with some difficulty has been rolled into the ample chimney, urged, as it were, by lighted pieces of pine, sends forth a blaze of light over the happy family. The dogs of the hunter are already licking away the trickling waters of the thawing icicles that sparkle over their shaggy coats, and the comfort-loving cat is busied in passing her furry paws over each ear, or with her rough tongue smoothing her glossy coat.

How delightful to me has it been when, kindly received and hospitably treated under such a roof, by persons whose means were as scanty as their generosity was great, I have entered into conversation with them respecting subjects of interest to me, and received gratifying information. When the humble but plentiful repast was ended, the mother would take from the shelf the Book of books, and mildly request the attention of her family, while the father read aloud a chapter. Then to Heaven would ascend their humble prayers, and a good-night would be bidden to all friends far and near. How comfortably have I laid my wearied frame on the Buffalo hide, and covered me with the furry skin of some huge Bear! How pleasing have been my dreams of home and happiness, as I there lay, secure from danger and sheltered from the inclemency of the weather.

I recollect that once while in the State of Maine, I passed such a night as I have described. Next morning the face of nature was obscured by the heavy rains that fell in torrents, and my generous host begged me to remain, in such pressing terms that I was well content to accept his offer. Breakfast over, the business of the day commenced; the spinning-wheels went round, and the boys employed themselves, one in searching for knowledge, another in attempting to solve some ticklish arithmetical problem. In a corner lay the dogs, dreaming of plunder, while close to the ashes stood grimalkin, seriously purring in concert with the wheels. The hunter and I seated ourselves each on a stool, while the matron looked after her domestic arrangements.

"Puss," quoth the dame, "get away; you told me last night of this day's rain, and I fear you may now give us worse news with tricky paws." Puss accordingly went off, leaped on a bed, and rolling herself in a ball, composed herself for a comfortable nap. I asked the husband what his wife meant by what she had just said. "The good woman," said he, "has some curious notions at times, and she believes, I think, in the ways of animals of all kinds. Now, her talk to the cat refers to the fires of the woods around us, and although they have happened long ago, she fears them quite as much as ever, and, indeed, she and I and all of us have good reason to dread them, as they have brought us many calamities." Having read of the great fires to which my host alluded, and frequently observed with sorrow the mournful state of the forests, I felt anxious to know something of the causes by which these direful effects had been produced. I therefore requested him to give me an account of the events resulting from those fires which he had witnessed. Willingly he at once went on, nearly as follows:—

"About twenty-five years ago the larch, or hackmatack, trees were nearly all killed by insects. This took place in

what hereabouts is called the 'black soft growth' land, that is, the spruce, pine, and all other firs. The destruction of the trees was effected by the insects cutting the leaves, and you must know that, although other trees are not killed by the loss of their leaves, the evergreens always are. Some few years after this destruction of the larch, the same insects attacked the spruces, pines, and other firs, in such a manner that, before half a dozen years were over, they began to fall, and, tumbling in all directions, they covered the whole country with matted masses. You may suppose that when partially dried or seasoned, they would prove capital fuel, as well as supplies for the devouring flames, which accidentally, or perhaps by intention, afterwards raged over the country, and continued burning at intervals for years, in many places stopping all communication by the roads; the resinous nature of the firs being of course best fitted to insure and keep up the burning of the deep beds of dry leaves or of the other trees." Here I begged him to give me some idea of the form of the insects which had caused such havoc.

"The insects," said he, "were, in their caterpillar form, about three quarters of an inch in length, and as green as the leaves of the trees they fed on, when they committed their ravages. I must tell you also that, in most of the places over which the fire passed, a new growth of wood has already sprung up, of what we lumberers call hard wood, which consists of all other sorts but pine or fir; and I have always remarked that wherever the first natural growth of a forest is destroyed, either by the axe, the hurricane, or the fire, there springs up spontaneously another of quite a different kind." I again stopped my host to inquire if he knew the method or nature of the first kindling of the fires.

"Why, sir," said he, "there are different opinions about this. Many believe that the Indians did it, either to be the better able to kill the game, or to punish their

enemies the Pale-faces. My opinion, however, is different; and I derive it from my experience in the woods as a lumberer. I have always thought that the fires began by the accidental fall of a dry trunk against another, when their rubbing together, especially as many of them are covered with resin, would produce fire. The dry leaves on the ground are at once kindled, next the twigs and branches, when nothing but the intervention of the Almighty could stop the progress of the fire.

“In some instances, owing to the wind, the destructive element approached the dwellings of the inhabitants of the woods so rapidly that it was difficult for them to escape. In some parts, indeed, hundreds of families were obliged to flee from their homes, leaving all they had behind them, and here and there some of the affrighted fugitives were burnt alive.”

At this moment a rush of wind came down the chimney, blowing the blaze of the fire towards the room. The wife and daughter, imagining for a moment that the woods were again on fire, made for the door, but the husband explaining the cause of their terror, they resumed their work.

“Poor things,” said the lumberer, “I dare say that what I have told you brings sad recollections to the minds of my wife and eldest daughter, who, with myself, had to fly from our home, at the time of the great fires.” I felt so interested in his relation of the causes of the burnings that I asked him to describe to me the particulars of his misfortunes at the time. “If Prudence and Polly,” said he, looking towards his wife and daughter, “will promise to sit still should another puff of smoke come down the chimney, I will do so.” The good-natured smile with which he made this remark elicited a return from the women and he proceeded: —

“It is a difficult thing, sir, to describe, but I will do my best to make your time pass pleasantly. We were sound asleep one night in a cabin about a hundred miles from

this, when, about two hours before day, the snorting of the horses and lowing of the cattle which I had ranging in the woods suddenly awakened us. I took yon rifle and went to the door, to see what beast had caused the hubbub, when I was struck by the glare of light reflected on all the trees before me, as far as I could see through the woods. My horses were leaping about, snorting loudly, and the cattle ran among them with their tails raised straight over their backs. On going to the back of the house, I plainly heard the crackling made by the burning brushwood, and saw the flames coming towards us in a far extended line. I ran to the house, told my wife to dress herself and the child as quick as possible, and take the little money we had, while I managed to catch and saddle the two best horses. All this was done in a very short time, for I guessed that every moment was precious to us.

“We then mounted, and made off from the fire. My wife, who is an excellent rider, stuck close to me; my daughter, who was then a small child, I took in one arm. When making off as I said, I looked back and saw that the frightful blaze was close upon us, and had already laid hold of the house. By good luck, there was a horn attached to my hunting-clothes, and I blew it, to bring after us, if possible, the remainder of my live stock, as well as the dogs. The cattle followed for a while; but, before an hour had elapsed, they all ran as if mad through the woods, and that, sir, was the last of them. My dogs, too, although at other times extremely tractable, ran after the Deer that in bodies sprung before us, as if fully aware of the death that was so rapidly approaching.

“We heard blasts from the horns of our neighbors as we proceeded, and knew that they were in the same predicament. Intent on striving to the utmost to preserve our lives, I thought of a large lake some miles off, which might possibly check the flames; and, urging my wife to

whip up her horse, we set off at full speed, making the best way we could over the fallen trees and brush-heaps, which lay like so many articles placed on purpose to keep up the terrific fires that advanced with a broad front upon us.

“By this time we could feel the heat; and we were afraid that our horses would drop every instant. A singular kind of breeze was passing over our heads, and the glare of the atmosphere shone over the daylight. I was sensible of a slight faintness, and my wife looked pale. The heat had produced such a flush in the child’s face that when she turned towards either of us, our grief and perplexity were greatly increased. Ten miles, you know, are soon gone over on swift horses; but, notwithstanding this, when we reached the borders of the lake, covered with sweat and quite exhausted, our hearts failed us. The heat of the smoke was insufferable, and sheets of blazing fire flew over us in a manner beyond belief. We reached the shores, however, coasted the lake for a while, and got round to the lee side. There we gave up our horses, which we never saw again. Down among the rushes we plunged by the edge of the water, and laid ourselves flat, to wait the chance of escaping from being burnt or devoured. The water refreshed us, and we enjoyed the coolness.

“On went the fire, rushing and crashing through the woods. Such a sight may we never see! The heavens, themselves, I thought were frightened, for all above us was a red glare mixed with clouds of smoke, rolling and sweeping away. Our bodies were cool enough, but our heads were scorching, and the child, who now seemed to understand the matter, cried so as nearly to break our hearts.

“The day passed on, and we became hungry. Many wild beasts came plunging into the water beside us, and others swam across to our side and stood still. Although

faint and weary, I managed to shoot a Porcupine, and we all tasted its flesh. The night passed, I cannot tell you how. Smouldering fires covered the ground, and trees stood like pillars of fire, or fell across each other. The stifling and sickening smoke still rushed over us, and the burnt cinders and ashes fell thick about us. How we got through that night I really cannot tell, for about some of it I remember nothing." Here the hunter paused, and took breath. The recital of his adventure seemed to have exhausted him. His wife proposed that we should have a bowl of milk, and the daughter having handed it to us, we each took a draught.

"Now," said he, "I will proceed. Towards morning, although the heat did not abate, the smoke became less, and blasts of fresh air sometimes made their way to us. When morning came, all was calm, but a dismal smoke still filled the air, and the smell seemed worse than ever. We were now cooled enough, and shivered as if in an ague fit; so we removed from the water, and went up to a burning log, where we warmed ourselves. What was to become of us, I did not know. My wife hugged the child to her breast, and wept bitterly; but God had preserved us through the worst of the danger, and the flames had gone past, so I thought it would be both ungrateful to him and unmanly to despair now. Hunger once more pressed upon us, but this was easily remedied. Several Deer were still standing in the water, up to the head, and I shot one of them. Some of its flesh was soon roasted; and after eating it we felt wonderfully strengthened.

"By this time the blaze of the fire was beyond our sight, although the ground was still burning in many places, and it was dangerous to go among the burnt trees. After resting awhile, and trimming ourselves, we prepared to commence our march. Taking up the child, I led the way over the hot ground and rocks; and, after two weary days and nights, during which we shifted in the best

manner we could, we at last reached the 'hard woods' which had been free of the fire. Soon after we came to a house, where we were kindly treated for a while. Since then, sir, I have worked hard and constantly as a lumberer; but, thanks be to God, here we are safe, sound, and happy!"

A LONG CALM AT SEA

ON the 17th of May, 1826, I left New Orleans on board the ship "Delos," commanded by Joseph Hatch, Esq., of Kennebunk, bound for Liverpool. The steamer "Hercules," which towed the ship, left us several miles outside of the Balize, about ten hours after our departure; but there was not a breath of wind, the waters were smoother than the prairies of the Opelousas, and notwithstanding our great display of canvas, we lay like a dead whale, floating at the mercy of the currents. The weather was uncommonly fair, and the heat excessive; and in this helpless state we continued for many days. About the end of a week we had lost sight of the Balize, although I was assured by the commander that all this while the ship had rarely answered the helm. The sailors whistled for wind, and raised their hands in all directions, anxious as they were to feel some motion in the air; but all to no purpose; it was a dead calm, and we concluded that "Æolus" had agreed with "Neptune" to detain us, until our patience should be fairly tried, or our sport exhausted; for sport we certainly had, both on board and around the ship. I doubt if I can better contribute to your amusement at present than by giving you a short account of the occurrences that took place during this sleepy fit of the being on whom we depended for our progress toward merry England.

Vast numbers of beautiful Dolphins glided by the side of the vessel, glancing like burnished gold through the day, and gleaming like meteors by night. The captain and his mates were expert at alluring them with baited hooks, and not less so at piercing them with five-pronged instruments, which they called grains; and I was delighted with the sport, because it afforded me an opportunity of observing and noting some of the habits of this beautiful fish, as well as several other kinds.

On being hooked, the Dolphin flounces vigorously, shoots off with great impetuosity to the very end of the line, when, being suddenly checked, it often rises perpendicularly several feet out of the water, shakes itself violently in the air, gets disentangled, and thus escapes. But when well secured, it is held in play for a while by the experienced fisher, soon becomes exhausted, and is hauled on board. Some persons prefer pulling them in at once, but they seldom succeed, as the force with which the fish shakes itself on being raised out of the water is generally sufficient to enable it to extricate itself. Dolphins move in shoals, varying from four or five to twenty or more, hunting in packs in the waters, as Wolves pursue their prey on land. The object of their pursuit is generally the Flying-fish, now and then the Bonita; and when nothing better can be had, they will follow the little Rudder-fish, and seize it immediately under the stern of the ship. The Flying-fishes after having escaped for a while by dint of their great velocity, on being again approached by the Dolphin, emerge from the waters, and spreading their broad wing-like fins, sail through the air and disperse in all directions, like a covey of timid Partridges before the rapacious Falcon. Some pursue a direct course, others diverge on either side; but in a short time they all drop into their natural element. While they are travelling in the air, their keen and hungry pursuer, like a greyhound, follows in their wake,

and performing a succession of leaps, many feet in extent, rapidly gains upon the quarry, which is often seized just as it falls into the sea.

Dolphins manifest a very remarkable sympathy with each other. The moment one of them is hooked or grained, those in company make up to it, and remain around until the unfortunate fish is pulled on board, when they generally move off together, seldom biting at anything thrown out to them. This, however, is the case only with the larger individuals, which keep apart from the young, in the same manner as is observed in several species of birds; for when the smaller Dolphins are in large shoals, they all remain under the bows of a ship, and bite in succession at any sort of line, as if determined to see what has become of their lost companions, in consequence of which they are often all caught.

You must not suppose that the Dolphin is without its enemies. Who, in this world, man or fish, has not enough of them? Often it conceives itself on the very eve of swallowing a fish, which, after all, is nothing but a piece of lead, with a few feathers fastened to it, to make it look like a Flying-fish, when it is seized and severed in two by the insidious *Balacouda*, which I have once seen to carry off by means of its sharp teeth, the better part of a Dolphin that was hooked, and already hoisted to the surface of the water.

The Dolphins caught in the Gulf of Mexico during this calm were suspected to be poisonous; and to ascertain whether this was really the case, our cook, who was an African negro, never boiled or fried one without placing beside it a dollar. If the silver was not tarnished by the time the Dolphin was ready for the table, the fish was presented to the passengers, with an assurance that it was perfectly good. But as not a single individual of the hundred that we caught had the property of converting silver into copper, I suspect that our African sage was no magician.

One morning, that of the 22d of June, the weather sultry, I was surprised on getting out of my hammock, which was slung on deck, to find the water all around swarming with Dolphins, which were sporting in great glee. The sailors assured me that this was a certain "token of wind," and, as they watched the movements of the fishes, added, "ay, and of a fair breeze too." I caught several Dolphins in the course of an hour, after which scarcely any remained about the ship. Not a breath of air came to our relief all that day, no, nor even the next. The sailors were in despair, and I should probably have become despondent also, had not my spirits been excited by finding a very large Dolphin on my hook. When I had hauled it on board, I found it to be the largest I had ever caught. It was a magnificent creature. See how it quivers in the agonies of death! its tail flaps the hard deck, producing a sound like the rapid roll of a drum. How beautiful the changes of its colors! Now it is blue, now green, silvery, golden, and burnished copper! Now it presents a blaze of all the hues of the rainbow intermingled; but, alack! it is dead, and the play of its colors is no longer seen. It has settled into the deep calm that has paralyzed the energies of the blustering winds, and smoothed down the proud waves of the ocean.

The best bait for the Dolphin is a long strip of Shark's flesh. I think it generally prefers this to the semblance of the Flying-fish, which indeed it does not often seize unless when the ship is under way, and it is made to rise to the surface. There are times, however, when hunger and the absence of their usual food will induce the Dolphins to dash at any sort of bait; and I have seen some caught by means of a piece of white linen fastened to a hook. Their appetite is as keen as that of the Vulture, and whenever a good opportunity occurs, they gorge themselves to such a degree that they become an easy

prey to their enemies the Balacouda and the Bottle-nosed Porpoise. One that had been grained while lazily swimming immediately under the stern of our ship, was found to have its stomach completely crammed with Flying-fish, all regularly disposed side by side, with their tails downwards — by which I mean to say that the Dolphin always *swallows its prey tail-foremost*. They looked in fact like so many salted Herrings packed in a box, and were to the number of twenty-two, each six or seven inches in length.

The usual length of the Dolphins caught in the Gulf of Mexico is about three feet, and I saw none that exceeded four feet two inches. The weight of one of the latter size was only eighteen pounds; for this fish is extremely narrow in proportion to its length, although rather deep in its form. When just caught, the upper fin, which reaches from the forehead to within a short distance of the tail, is of a fine dark blue. The upper part of the body in its whole length is azure, and the lower parts are of a golden hue, mottled irregularly with deep-blue spots. It seems that they at times enter very shallow water, as in the course of my last voyage along the Florida coast, some were caught in a seine, along with their kinsman the "Cavalier," of which I shall speak elsewhere.

The flesh of the Dolphin is rather firm, very white, and lies in flakes when cooked. The first caught are generally eaten with great pleasure, but when served many days in succession, they become insipid. It is not, as an article of food, equal to the Balacouda, which is perhaps as good as any fish caught in the waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

STILL BECALMED

ON the 4th of June, we were still in the same plight, although the currents of the Gulf had borne us to a great distance from the place where, as I have informed you, we had amused ourselves with catching Dolphins. These currents are certainly very singular, for they carried us hither and thither, at one time rendering us apprehensive of drifting on the coast of Florida, at another threatening to send us to Cuba. Sometimes a slight motion in the air revived our hopes, swelled our sails a little, and carried us through the smooth waters like a skater gliding on ice; but in a few hours it was again a dead calm.

One day several small birds, after alighting on the spars, betook themselves to the deck. One of them, a female Rice Bunting, drew our attention more particularly, for, a few moments after her arrival, there came down, as if in her wake, a beautiful Peregrine Falcon. The plunderer hovered about for a while, then stationed himself on the end of one of the yard-arms, and suddenly pouncing on the little gleaner of the meadows, clutched her and carried her off in exultation. But, reader, mark the date, and judge besides of my astonishment when I saw the Falcon feeding on the Finch while on wing, precisely with the same ease and composure as the Mississippi Kite might show while devouring high in air a Red-throated Lizard, swept from one of the magnificent trees of the Louisiana woods.

There was a favorite pet on board belonging to our captain, and which was nothing more nor less than the female companion of a cock — in other words, a common hen. Some liked her because she now and then dropped a fresh egg — a rare article at sea, even on board the "Delos;" others, because she exhibited a pleasing sim-

plicity of character; others again, because, when they had pushed her overboard, it gave them pleasure to see the poor thing in terror strike with her feet, and strive to reach her floating home, which she would never have accomplished, however, had it not been for the humane interference of our captain, Mr. Joseph Hatch, of Kennebunk. Kind, good-hearted man! when, several weeks after, the same pet hen accidentally flew overboard, as we were scudding along at a furious rate, I thought I saw a tear stand in his eye, as she floated panting in our wake. But as yet we are becalmed, and heartily displeased at old "Æolus" for overlooking us.

One afternoon we caught two Sharks. In one of them, a female, about seven feet long, we found ten young ones, all alive, and quite capable of swimming, as we proved by experiment; for, on casting one of them into the sea, it immediately made off, as if it had been accustomed to shift for itself. Of another, that had been cut in two, the head half swam off out of our sight. The rest were cut in pieces, as was the old shark, as bait for the Dolphins, which I have already said are fond of such food.

Our captain, who was much intent on amusing me, informed me that the Rudder-fishes were plentiful astern, and immediately set to dressing hooks for the purpose of catching them. There was now some air above us, the cotton sheets aloft bulged out, the ship moved through the water, and the captain and I repaired to the cabin window. I was furnished with a fine hook, a thread line, and some small bits of bacon, as was the captain, and we dropped our bait among the myriads of delicate little fishes below. Up they came, one after another, so fast in succession that, according to my journal, we caught three hundred and seventy in about two hours. What a mess! and how delicious when roasted! If ever I am again becalmed in the Gulf of Mexico, I shall not forget

the Rudder-fish. The little things scarcely measured three inches in length; they were thin and deep in form, and afforded excellent eating. It was curious to see them keep to the lee of the rudder in a compact body; and so voracious were they that they actually leaped out of the water at the sight of the bait, as "sunnies" are occasionally wont to do in our rivers. But the very instant that the ship became still, they dispersed around her sides, and would no longer bite. I made a figure of one of them, as indeed I tried to do of every other species that occurred during this deathlike calm. Not one of these fishes did I ever see when crossing the Atlantic, although many kinds at times come close to the stern of any vessel in the great sea, and are called by the same name.

Another time we caught a fine Porpoise, which measured about two yards in length. This took place at night, when the light of the moon afforded me a clear view of the spot. The fish, contrary to custom, was grained, instead of being harpooned; but in such a way and so effectually, through the forehead, that it was thus held fast, and allowed to flounce and beat about the bows of the ship, until the person who had struck it gave the line holding the grains to the captain, slid down upon the bobstays with a rope, and after a while managed to secure it by the tail. Some of the crew then hoisted it on board. When it arrived on deck, it gave a deep groan, flapped with great force, and soon expired. On opening it next morning, eight hours after death, we found its intestines still warm. They were arranged in the same manner as those of a pig; the paunch contained several cuttle-fishes partially digested. The lower jaw extended beyond the upper about three-fourths of an inch, and both were furnished with a single row of conical teeth, about half an inch long, and just so far separated as to admit those of one jaw between the corresponding ones of the other. The animal might weigh about four hundred pounds; its

eyes were extremely small, its flesh was considered delicate by some on board; but in my opinion, if it be good, that of a large Alligator is equally so; and on neither do I intend to feast for some time. The captain told me that he had seen these Porpoises leap at times perpendicularly out of the water to the height of several feet, and that small boats have now and then been sunk by their falling into them when engaged with their sports.

During all this time flocks of Pigeons were crossing the Gulf, between Cuba and the Floridas; many a Rose-breasted Gull played around by day; Noddies alighted on the rigging by night; and now and then the Frigate bird was observed ranging high over head in the azure of the cloudless sky.

The directions of the currents were tried, and our captain, who had an extraordinary genius for mechanics, was frequently employed in turning powder-horns and other articles. So calm and sultry was the weather that we had a large awning spread, under which we took our meals and spent the night. At length we got so wearied of it that the very sailors, I thought, seemed disposed to leap overboard and swim to land. But at length, on the thirty-seventh day after our departure, a smart breeze overtook us. Presently there was an extraordinary bustle on board; about twelve the Tortugas light-house bore north of us, and in a few hours more we gained the Atlantic. Æolus had indeed awakened from his long sleep; and on the nineteenth day after leaving the Capes of Florida, I was landed at Liverpool.

GREAT EGG HARBOR

SOME years ago, after having spent the spring in observing the habits of the migratory Warblers and other land birds, which arrived in vast numbers in the vicinity of Camden in New Jersey, I prepared to visit the sea shores of that State, for the purpose of making myself acquainted with their feathered inhabitants. June had commenced, the weather was pleasant, and the country seemed to smile in the prospect of bright days and gentle gales. Fishermen-gunners passed daily between Philadelphia and the various small seaports, with Jersey wagons, laden with fish, fowls, and other provisions, or with such articles as were required by the families of those hardy boatmen; and I bargained with one of them to take myself and my baggage to Great Egg Harbor.

One afternoon, about sunset, the vehicle halted at my lodgings, and the conductor intimated that he was anxious to proceed as quickly as possible. A trunk, a couple of guns, and such other articles as are found necessary by persons whose pursuits are similar to mine, were immediately thrust into the wagon, and were followed by their owner. The conductor whistled to his steeds, and off we went at a round pace over the loose and deep sand that in almost every part of this State forms the basis of the roads. After a while we overtook a whole caravan of similar vehicles, moving in the same direction, and when we got near them our horses slackened their pace to a regular walk, the driver leaped from his seat, I followed his example, and we presently found ourselves in the midst of a group of merry wagoners, relating their adventures of the week, it being now Saturday night. One gave intimation of the number of "Sheep-heads" he had taken to town, another spoke of the Curlews which yet remained on the sands, and a third boasted of having



JOHN WOODHOUSE AUDUBON.

PAINTED BY AUDUBON ABOUT 1823.

gathered so many dozens of Marsh Hens' eggs. I inquired if the Fish Hawks were plentiful near Great Egg Harbor, and was answered by an elderly man, who with a laugh asked if I had ever seen the "Weak fish" along the coast without the bird in question. Not knowing the animal he had named, I confessed my ignorance, when the whole party burst into a loud laugh, in which, there being nothing better for it, I joined.

About midnight the caravan reached a half-way house, where we rested a while. Several roads diverged from this spot, and the wagons separated, one only keeping us company. The night was dark and gloomy, but the sand of the road indicated our course very distinctly. Suddenly the galloping of horses struck my ear, and on looking back we perceived that our wagon must in an instant be in imminent danger. The driver leaped off, and drew his steeds aside, barely in time to allow the runaways to pass without injuring us. Off they went at full speed, and not long after their owner came up panting, and informed us that they had suddenly taken fright at some noise proceeding from the woods, but hoped they would soon stop. Immediately after we heard a crack; then for a few moments all was silent; but the neighing of horses presently assured us that they had broken loose. On reaching the spot we found the wagon upset, and a few yards farther on were the horses, quietly browsing by the roadside.

The first dawn of morn in the Jerseys in the month of June is worthy of a better description than I can furnish, and therefore I shall only say that the moment the sunbeams blazed over the horizon, the loud and mellow notes of the Meadow Lark saluted our ears. On each side of the road were open woods, on the tallest trees of which I observed at intervals the nest of a Fish Hawk, far above which the white-breasted bird slowly winged its way, as it commenced its early journey to the sea, the odor of

which filled me with delight. In half an hour more we were in the centre of Great Egg Harbor.

There I had the good fortune to be received into the house of a thoroughbred fisherman-gunner, who, besides owning a comfortable cot only a few hundred yards from the shore, had an excellent woman for a wife, and a little daughter as playful as a kitten, though as wild as a Sea-Gull. In less than half an hour I was quite at home, and the rest of the day was spent in devotion.

Oysters, though reckoned out of season at this period, are as good as ever when fresh from their beds, and my first meal was of some as large and white as any I have eaten. The sight of them placed before me on a clean table, with an honest and industrious family in my company, never failed to afford more pleasure than the most sumptuous fare under different circumstances; and our conversation being simple and harmless, gayety shone in every face. As we became better acquainted, I had to answer several questions relative to the object of my visit. The good man rubbed his hands with joy, as I spoke of shooting and fishing, and of long excursions through the swamps and marshes around.

My host was then, and I hope still is, a tall, strong-boned, muscular man, of dark complexion, with eyes as keen as those of the Sea-Eagle. He was a tough walker, laughed at difficulties, and could pull an oar with any man. As to shooting, I have often doubted whether he or Mr. Egan, the worthy pilot of Indian Isle, was best; and rarely indeed have I seen either of them miss a shot.

At daybreak on Monday, I shouldered my double-barrelled gun, and my host carried with him a long fowling-piece, a pair of oars, and a pair of oyster-tongs, while the wife and daughter brought along a seine. The boat was good, the breeze gentle, and along the inlets we sailed for parts well known to my companions. To such naturalists as are qualified to observe many different objects

at the same time, Great Egg Harbor would probably afford as ample a field as any part of our coast, excepting the Florida Keys. Birds of many kinds are abundant, as are fishes and testaceous animals. The forests shelter many beautiful plants, and even on the driest sand-bar you may see insects of the most brilliant tints. Our principal object, however, was to procure certain birds known there by the name of Lawyers, and to accomplish this we entered and followed for several miles a winding inlet or bayou, which led us to the interior of a vast marsh, where after some search we found the birds and their nests. Our seine had been placed across the channel, and when we returned to it the tide had run out, and left in it a number of fine fish, some of which we cooked and ate on the spot. One, which I considered as a curiosity, was saved, and transmitted to Baron Cuvier. Our repast ended, the seine was spread out to dry, and we again betook ourselves to the marshes to pursue our researches until the return of the tide. Having collected enough to satisfy us, we took up our oars, and returned to the shore in front of the fisherman's house, where we dragged the seine several times with success.

In this manner I passed several weeks along those delightful and healthy shores, one day going to the woods, to search the swamps in which the Herons bred, passing another amid the joyous cries of the Marsh Hens, and on a third carrying slaughter among the White-breasted Sea-Gulls; by way of amusement sometimes hauling the fish called the Sheep's-head from an eddy along the shore, or watching the gay Terns as they danced in the air, or plunged into the waters to seize the tiny fry. Many a drawing I made at Great Egg Harbor, many a pleasant day I spent along its shores; and much pleasure would it give me once more to visit the good and happy family in whose house I resided there.

THE GREAT PINE SWAMP

I LEFT Philadelphia, at four of the morning, by the coach, with no other accoutrements than I knew to be absolutely necessary for the jaunt which I intended to make. These consisted of a wooden box, containing a small stock of linen, drawing-paper, my journal, colors, and pencils, together with twenty-five pounds of shot, some flints, the due quantum of cash, my gun *Tear-jacket*, and a heart as true to Nature as ever.

Our coaches are none of the best, nor do they move with the velocity of those of some other countries. It was eight, and a dark night, when I reached Mauch Chunk, now so celebrated in the Union for its rich coal-mines, and eighty-eight miles distant from Philadelphia. I had passed through a very diversified country, part of which was highly cultivated, while the rest was yet in a state of nature, and consequently much more agreeable to me. On alighting, I was shown to the traveller's room, and on asking for the landlord, saw coming towards me a fine-looking young man, to whom I made known my wishes. He spoke kindly, and offered to lodge and board me at a much lower rate than travellers who go there for the very simple pleasure of being dragged on the railway. In a word, I was fixed in four minutes, and that most comfortably.

No sooner had the approach of day been announced by the cocks of the little village, than I marched out with my gun and note-book, to judge for myself of the wealth of the country. After traversing much ground, and crossing many steep hills, I returned, if not wearied, at least much disappointed at the extraordinary scarcity of birds. So I bargained to be carried in a cart to the central parts of the Great Pine Swamp, and, although a heavy storm was rising, ordered my conductor to proceed. We winded

round many a mountain and at last crossed the highest. The storm had become tremendous, and we were thoroughly drenched, but, my resolution being fixed, the boy was obliged to continue his driving. Having already travelled about fifteen miles or so, we left the turnpike, and struck up a narrow and bad road, that seemed merely cut out to enable the people of the Swamp to receive the necessary supplies from the village which I had left. Some mistakes were made, and it was almost dark when a post directed us to the habitation of a Mr. Jediah Irish, to whom I had been recommended. We now rattled down a steep declivity, edged on one side by almost perpendicular rocks, and on the other by a noisy stream, which seemed grumbling at the approach of strangers. The ground was so overgrown by laurels and tall pines of different kinds that the whole presented only a mass of darkness.

At length we reached the house, the door of which was already opened, the sight of strangers being nothing uncommon in our woods, even in the most remote parts. On entering, I was presented with a chair, while my conductor was shown the way to the stable, and on expressing a wish that I should be permitted to remain in the house for some weeks, I was gratified by receiving the sanction of the good woman to my proposal, although her husband was then from home. As I immediately began to talk about the nature of the country, and inquired if birds were numerous in the neighborhood, Mrs. Irish, more *au fait* in household affairs than ornithology, sent for a nephew of her husband's, who soon made his appearance, and in whose favor I became at once prepossessed. He conversed like an educated person, saw that I was comfortably disposed of, and finally bade me good-night in such a tone as made me quite happy.

The storm had rolled away before the first beams of the morning sun shone brightly on the wet foliage, displaying

all its richness and beauty. My ears were greeted by the notes, always sweet and mellow, of the Wood Thrush and other songsters. Before I had gone many steps, the woods echoed to the report of my gun, and I picked from among the leaves a lovely *Sylvia*,¹ long sought for, but until then sought for in vain. I needed no more, and standing still for a while, I was soon convinced that the Great Pine Swamp harbored many other objects as valuable to me.

The young man joined me, bearing his rifle, and offered to accompany me through the woods, all of which he well knew. But I was anxious to transfer to paper the form and beauty of the little bird I had in my hand; and requesting him to break a twig of blooming laurel, we returned to the house, speaking of nothing else than the picturesque beauty of the country around.

A few days passed, during which I became acquainted with my hostess and her sweet children, and made occasional rambles, but spent the greater portion of my time in drawing. One morning, as I stood near the window of my room, I remarked a tall and powerful man alight from his horse, loose the girth of the saddle, raise the latter with one hand, pass the bridle over the head of the animal with the other, and move towards the house, while the horse betook himself to the little brook to drink. I heard some movements in the room below, and again the same tall person walked towards the mill and stores, a few hundred yards from the house. In America business is the first object in view at all times, and right it is that it should be so. Soon after my hostess entered my room, accompanied by the fine-looking woodsman, to whom, as Mr. Jediah Irish, I was introduced. Reader, to describe to you the qualities of that excellent man were vain; you should know him, as I do, to estimate the value of such men in our sequestered forests. He not only made me welcome, but promised all his assistance in forwarding my views.

¹ *Sylvia parus*, Hemlock Warbler; Ornith. Biog. vol. ii. page 205.

The long walks and long talks we have had together I can never forget, nor the many beautiful birds which we pursued, shot, and admired. The juicy venison, excellent Bear flesh, and delightful trout that daily formed my food, methinks I can still enjoy. And then, what pleasure I had in listening to him as he read his favorite poems of Burns, while my pencil was occupied in smoothing and softening the drawing of the bird before me! Was not this enough to recall to my mind the early impressions that had been made upon it by the description of the golden age, which I here found realized?

The Lehigh about this place forms numerous short turns between the mountains, and affords frequent falls, as well as below the falls deep pools, which render this stream a most valuable one for mills of any kind. Not many years before this date, my host was chosen by the agent of the Lehigh Coal Company, as their mill-wright, and manager for cutting down the fine trees which covered the mountains around. He was young, robust, active, industrious, and persevering. He marched to the spot where his abode now is, with some workmen, and by dint of hard labor first cleared the road mentioned above, and reached the river at the centre of a bend, where he fixed on erecting various mills. The pass here is so narrow that it looks as if formed by the bursting asunder of the mountain, both sides ascending abruptly, so that the place where the settlement was made is in many parts difficult of access, and the road then newly cut was only sufficient to permit men and horses to come to the spot where Jediah and his men were at work. So great, in fact, were the difficulties of access that, as he told me, pointing to a spot about one hundred and fifty feet above us, they for many months slipped from it their barrelled provisions, assisted by ropes, to their camp below. But no sooner was the first saw-mill erected than the axe-men began their devastations. Trees, one after another, were, and

are yet, constantly heard falling during the days; and in calm nights, the greedy mills told the sad tale that in a century the noble forests around should exist no more. Many mills were erected, many dams raised, in defiance of the impetuous Lehigh. One full third of the trees have already been culled, turned into boards, and floated as far as Philadelphia.

In such an undertaking the cutting of the trees is not all. They have afterwards to be hauled to the edge of the mountains bordering the river, launched into the stream, and led to the mills over many shallows and difficult places. Whilst I was in the Great Pine Swamp, I frequently visited one of the principal places for the launching of logs. To see them tumbling from such a height, touching here and there the rough angle of a projecting rock, bouncing from it with the elasticity of a foot-ball, and at last falling with an awful crash into the river, forms a sight interesting in the highest degree, but impossible for me to describe. Shall I tell you that I have seen masses of these logs heaped above each other to the number of five thousand? I may so tell you, for such I have seen. My friend Irish assured me that at some seasons, these piles consisted of a much greater number, the river becoming in those places completely choked up.

When *freshets* (or floods) take place, then is the time chosen for forwarding the logs to the different mills. This is called a *Frolic*. Jediah Irish, who is generally the leader, proceeds to the upper leap with his men, each provided with a strong wooden handspike, and a short-handled axe. They all take to the water, be it summer or winter, like so many Newfoundland spaniels. The logs are gradually detached, and, after a time, are seen floating down the dancing stream, here striking against a rock and whirling many times round, there suddenly checked in dozens by a shallow, over which they have to be forced with the handspikes. Now they arrive at the edge of a

dam, and are again pushed over. Certain numbers are left in each dam, and when the party has arrived at the last, which lies just where my friend Irish's camp was first formed, the drenched leader and his men, about sixty in number, make their way home, find there a healthful repast, and spend the evening and a portion of the night in dancing and frolicking, in their own simple manner, in the most perfect amity, seldom troubling themselves with the idea of the labor prepared for them on the morrow.

That morrow now come, one sounds a horn from the door of the store-house, at the call of which each returns to his work. The sawyers, the millers, the rafters, and raftsmen are all immediately busy. The mills are all going, and the logs, which a few months before were the supporters of broad and leafy tops, are now in the act of being split asunder. The boards are then launched into the stream, and rafts are formed of them for market.

During the months of summer and autumn, the Lehigh, a small river of itself, soon becomes extremely shallow, and to float the rafts would prove impossible, had not art managed to provide a supply of water for this express purpose. At the breast of the lower dam is a curiously constructed lock, which is opened at the approach of the rafts. They pass through this lock with the rapidity of lightning, propelled by the water that had been accumulated in the dam, and which is of itself generally sufficient to float them to Mauch Chunk, after which, entering regular canals, they find no other impediments, but are conveyed to their ultimate destination.

Before population had greatly advanced in this part of Pennsylvania, game of all description found within that range was extremely abundant. The Elk itself did not disdain to browse on the shoulders of the mountains near the Lehigh. Bears and the common Deer must have been plentiful, as, at the moment when I write, many of both are seen and killed by the resident hunters. The Wild

Turkey, the Pheasant, and the Grouse, are also tolerably abundant, and as to trout in the streams — ah, reader, if you are an angler, do go there and try for yourself. For my part, I can only say that I have been made weary with pulling up from the rivulets the sparkling fish, allured by the struggles of the common grasshopper.

A comical affair happened with the Bears, which I shall relate to you, good reader. A party of my friend Irish's raftsmen, returning from Mauch Chunk one afternoon, through sundry short-cuts over the mountains, at the season when the huckleberries are ripe and plentiful, were suddenly apprised of the proximity of some of these animals by their snuffing the air. No sooner was this perceived than, to the astonishment of the party, not fewer than eight Bears, I was told, made their appearance. Each man, being provided with his short-handled axe, faced about, and willingly came to the scratch; but the assailed soon proved the assailants, and with claw and tooth drove the men off in a twinkling. Down they all rushed from the mountain; the noise spread quickly; rifles were soon procured and shouldered; but when the spot was reached, no Bears were to be found; night forced the hunters back to their homes, and a laugh concluded the affair.

I spent six weeks in the Great Pine Forest — Swamp it cannot be called — where I made many a drawing. Wishing to leave Pennsylvania, and to follow the migratory flocks of our birds to the South, I bade adieu to the excellent wife and rosy children of my friend, and to his kind nephew. Jediah Irish, shouldering his heavy rifle, accompanied me, and trudging directly across the mountains, we arrived at Mauch Chunk in good time for dinner. Shall I ever have the pleasure of seeing that good, that generous man again? ¹

¹ Audubon and Mr. Irish met many times afterwards, the last being, I believe, in Philadelphia, on the eve of Audubon's departure for his Missouri River trip.

At Mauch Chunk, where we both spent the night, Mr. White, the civil engineer, visited me, and looked at the drawings which I had made in the Great Pine Forest. The news he gave me of my sons, then in Kentucky, made me still more anxious to move in their direction; and long before daybreak, I shook hands with the good man of the forest, and found myself moving towards the capital of Pennsylvania,¹ having as my sole companion a sharp, frosty breeze. Left to my thoughts, I felt amazed that such a place as the Great Pine Forest should be so little known to the Philadelphians, scarcely any of whom could direct me towards it. How much it is to be regretted, thought I, that the many young gentlemen who are there, so much at a loss how to employ their leisure days, should not visit these wild retreats, valuable as they are to the student of nature. How differently would they feel, if, instead of spending weeks in smoothing a useless bow, and walking out in full dress, intent on displaying the make of their legs, to some rendezvous where they may enjoy their wines, they were to occupy themselves in contemplating the rich profusion which nature has poured around them, or even in procuring some desiderated specimen for their Peale's Museum, once so valuable, and so finely arranged! But, alas, no! they are none of them aware of the richness of the Great Pine Swamp, nor are they likely to share the hospitality to be found there.

THE LOST ONE

A "LIVE-OAKER" employed on the St. John's River, in East Florida, left his cabin, situated on the banks of that stream, and, with his axe on his shoulder, proceeded towards the swamp in which he had several times before plied his trade of felling and squaring the giant trees

¹ Then Philadelphia.

that afford the most valuable timber for naval architecture and other purposes.

At the season which is the best for this kind of labor, heavy fogs not unfrequently cover the country, so as to render it difficult for one to see farther than thirty or forty yards in any direction. The woods, too, present so little variety that every tree seems the mere counterpart of every other; and the grass, when it has not been burnt, is so tall that a man of ordinary stature cannot see over it, whence it is necessary for him to proceed with great caution, lest he should unwittingly deviate from the ill-defined trail which he follows. To increase the difficulty, several trails often meet, in which case, unless the explorer be perfectly acquainted with the neighborhood, it would be well for him to lie down, and wait until the fog should disperse. Under such circumstances, the best woodsmen are not unfrequently bewildered for a while; and I well remember that such an occurrence happened to myself, at a time when I had imprudently ventured to pursue a wounded quadruped, which led me some distance from the track.

The live-oaker had been jogging onwards for several hours, and became aware that he must have travelled considerably more than the distance between his cabin and the "hummock" which he desired to reach. To his alarm, at the moment when the fog dispersed, he saw the sun at its meridian height, and could not recognize a single object around him.

Young, healthy, and active, he imagined he had walked with more than usual speed, and had passed the place to which he was bound. He accordingly turned his back upon the sun, and pursued a different route, guided by a small trail. Time passed, and the sun headed his course; he saw it gradually descend in the west; but all around him continued as if enveloped with mystery. The huge gray trees spread their giant boughs over him, the rank

grass extended on all sides, not a living being crossed his path; all was silent and still, and the scene was like a dull and dreary dream of the land of oblivion. He wandered like a forgotten ghost that had passed into the land of spirits, without yet meeting one of his kind with whom to hold converse.

The condition of a man lost in the woods is one of the most perplexing that could be imagined by a person who has not himself been in a like predicament. Every object he sees, he at first thinks he recognizes, and while his whole mind is bent on searching for more that may gradually lead to his extrication, he goes on committing greater errors the farther he proceeds. This was the case with the live-oaker. The sun was now setting with a fiery aspect, and by degrees it sunk in its full circular form, as if giving warning of a sultry morrow. Myriads of insects, delighted at its departure, now filled the air on buzzing wings. Each piping frog arose from the muddy pool in which it had concealed itself; the Squirrel retired to its hole, the Crow to its roost, and, far above, the harsh, croaking voice of the Heron announced that, full of anxiety, it was wending its way towards the miry interior of some distant swamp. Now the woods began to resound to the shrill cries of the Owl; and the breeze, as it swept among the columnar stems of the forest trees, came laden with heavy and chilling dews. Alas! no moon with her silvery light shone on the dreary scene, and the Lost One, wearied and vexed, laid himself down on the damp ground. Prayer is always consolatory to man in every difficulty or danger, and the woodsman fervently prayed to his Maker, wished his family a happier night than it was his lot to experience, and with a feverish anxiety waited the return of day.

You may imagine the length of that dull, cold, moonless night. With the dawn of day came the usual fogs of those latitudes. The poor man started on his feet, and

with a sorrowful heart, pursued a course which he thought might lead him to some familiar object, although, indeed, he scarcely knew what he was doing. No longer had he the trace of a track to guide him, and yet, as the sun rose, he calculated the many hours of daylight he had before him, and the farther he went, the faster he walked. But vain were all his hopes; that day was spent in fruitless endeavors to regain the path that led to his home, and when night again approached, the terror that had been gradually spreading over his mind, together with the nervous debility produced by fatigue, anxiety, and hunger, rendered him almost frantic. He told me that at this moment he beat his breast, tore his hair, and, had it not been for the piety with which his parents had in early life imbued his mind, and which had become habitual, would have cursed his existence. Famished as he now was, he laid himself on the ground, and fed on the weeds and grasses that grew around him. That night was spent in the greatest agony and terror. "I knew my situation," he said to me. "I was fully aware that unless Almighty God came to my assistance, I must perish in those uninhabited woods. I knew that I had walked more than fifty miles, although I had not met with a brook, from which I could quench my thirst, or even allay the burning heat of my parched lips and bloodshot eyes. I knew that if I should not meet with some stream I must die, for my axe was my only weapon, and although Deer and Bears now and then started within a few yards, or even feet of me, not one of them could I kill; and although I was in the midst of abundance, not a mouthful did I expect to procure, to satisfy the cravings of my empty stomach. Sir, may God preserve you from ever feeling as I did the whole of that day."

For several days after, no one can imagine the condition in which he was, for when he related to me this painful adventure, he assured me that he had lost all

recollection of what had happened. "God," he continued, "must have taken pity on me one day, for, as I ran wildly through those dreadful pine barrens, I met with a tortoise. I gazed upon it with amazement and delight, and, although I knew that were I to follow it undisturbed, it would lead me to some water, my hunger and thirst would not allow me to refrain from satisfying both, by eating its flesh, and drinking its blood. With one stroke of my axe the beast was cut in two, and in a few moments I had despatched all but the shell. Oh, sir, how much I thanked God, whose kindness had put the Tortoise in my way! I felt greatly renewed. I sat down at the foot of a pine, gazed on the heavens, thought of my poor wife and children, and again and again thanked my God for my life; for now I felt less distracted in mind, and more assured that before long I must recover my way, and get back to my home."

The Lost One remained and passed the night, at the foot of the same tree under which his repast had been made. Refreshed by a sound sleep, he started at dawn to resume his weary march. The sun rose bright, and he followed the direction of the shadows. Still the dreariness of the woods was the same, and he was on the point of giving up in despair, when he observed a Raccoon lying squatted in the grass. Raising his axe, he drove it with such violence through the helpless animal that it expired without a struggle. What he had done with the tortoise, he now did with the Raccoon, the greater part of which he actually devoured at one meal. With more comfortable feelings he then resumed his wanderings—his journey, I cannot say—for although in the possession of all his faculties, and in broad daylight, he was worse off than a lame man groping his way in the dark out of a dungeon, of which he knew not where the doors stood.

Days, one after another, passed—nay, weeks in succession. He fed now on cabbage-trees, then on frogs

and snakes. All that fell in his way was welcome and savory. Yet he became daily more emaciated, until at length he could scarcely crawl. Forty days had elapsed, by his own reckoning, when he at last reached the banks of the river. His clothes in tatters, his once bright axe dimmed with rust, his face begrimed with beard, his hair matted, and his feeble frame little better than a skeleton covered with parchment, there he laid himself down to die. Amid the perturbed dreams of his fevered fancy, he thought he heard the noise of oars far away on the silent river. He listened, but the sounds died away on his ear. It was, indeed, a dream, the last glimmer of expiring hope, and now the light of life was about to be quenched forever. But again the sound of oars woke him from his lethargy. He listened so eagerly that the hum of a fly could not have escaped his ear. They were, indeed, the measured beats of oars. And now, joy to the forlorn soul! the sound of human voices thrilled to his heart, and awoke the tumultuous pulses of returning hope. On his knees did the eye of God see that poor man by the broad, still stream that glittered in the sunbeams, and human eyes soon saw him too, for round that headland covered with tangled brushwood, boldly advances the little boat, propelled by its lusty rowers. The Lost One raises his feeble voice on high; it was a loud, shrill scream of joy and fear. The rowers pause, and look around. Another, but feebler scream, and they observe him. It comes, his heart flutters, his sight is dimmed, his brain reels, he gasps for breath. It comes—it has run upon the beach, and the Lost One is found.

This is no tale of fiction, but the relation of an actual occurrence, which might be embellished, no doubt, but which is better in the plain garb of truth. The notes by which I recorded it were written in the cabin of the once lost live-oaker, about four years after the painful incident occurred. His amiable wife, and loving children, were

present at the recital, and never shall I forget the tears that flowed from their eyes as they listened to it, albeit it had long been more familiar to them than a tale thrice told. Sincerely do I wish, good reader, that neither you nor I may ever elicit such sympathy by having undergone such sufferings, although no doubt, such sympathy would be a rich recompense for them.

It only remains for me to say that the distance between the cabin and the live-oak hummock to which the woodsman was bound, scarcely exceeded eight miles, while the part of the river where he was found was thirty-eight miles from his house. Calculating his daily wanderings at ten miles, we may believe they amounted in all to four hundred. He must therefore have rambled in a circuitous direction, which people generally do in such circumstances. Nothing but the great strength of his constitution, and the merciful aid of his Maker, could have supported him for so long a time.

THE LIVE-OAKERS

THE greater part of the forests of East Florida consist principally of what in that country are called "pine barrens." In these districts, the woods are rather thin, and the only trees that are seen in them are tall pines of indifferent quality, beneath which is a growth of rank grass, here and there mixed with low bushes, and sword-palmettoes. The soil is of a sandy nature, mostly flat, and consequently either covered with water during the rainy season, or parched in the summer or autumn, although you meet at times with ponds of stagnant water, where the cattle, which are abundant, allay their thirst, and around which resort the various kinds of game found in these wilds.

The traveller, who has pursued his course for many miles over the barrens, is suddenly delighted to see in the distance the appearance of a dark "hummock" of live-oaks and other trees, seeming as if they had been planted in the wilderness. As he approaches, the air feels cooler and more salubrious, the song of numerous birds delights his ear, the herbage assumes a more luxuriant appearance, the flowers become larger and brighter, and a grateful fragrance is diffused around. These objects contribute to refresh his mind, as much as the sight of the waters of some clear spring gliding among the undergrowth seems already to allay his thirst. Overhead festoons of innumerable vines, jessamines, and bignonias, link each tree with those around it, their slender stems being interlaced as if in mutual affection. No sooner, in the shade of these beautiful woods, has the traveller finished his mid-day repast than he perceives small parties of men lightly accoutred, and each bearing an axe, approaching towards his resting-place. They exchange the usual civilities, and immediately commence their labors, for they too have just finished their meal.

I think I see them proceeding to their work. Here two have stationed themselves on the opposite sides of the trunk of a noble and venerable live-oak. Their keen-edged and well-tempered axes seem to make no impression on it, so small are the chips that drop at each blow around the mossy and wide-spreading roots. There, one is ascending the stem of another, of which, in its fall, the arms have stuck among the tangled tops of the neighboring trees. See how cautiously he proceeds, barefooted, and with a handkerchief around his head. Now he has climbed to the height of about forty feet from the ground; he stops, and squaring himself with the trunk on which he so boldly stands, he wields with sinewy arms his trusty blade, the repeated blows of which, although the tree be as tough as it is large, will soon sever it in two. He has

changed sides, and his back is turned to you. The trunk now remains connected only by a thin strip of wood. He places his feet on the part which is lodged, and shakes it with all his might. Now swings the huge log under his leaps, now it suddenly gives way, and as it strikes upon the ground its echoes are repeated through the hummock, and every Wild Turkey within hearing utters his gobble of recognition. The wood-cutter however, remains collected and composed; but the next moment, he throws his axe to the ground, and, assisted by the nearest grape-vine, slides down and reaches the earth in an instant.

Several men approach and examine the prostrate trunk. They cut at both its extremities, and sound the whole of its bark, to enable them to judge if the tree has been attacked by the white rot. If such has unfortunately been the case, there, for a century or more, this huge log will remain until it gradually crumbles; but if not, and if it is free of injury or "wind-shakes," while there is no appearance of the sap having already ascended, and its pores are altogether sound, they proceed to take its measurement. Its shape ascertained, and the timber that is fit for use laid out by the aid of models, which, like fragments of the skeleton of a ship, show the forms and sizes required, the "hewers" commence their labors. Thus, reader, perhaps every known hummock in the Floridas is annually attacked, and so often does it happen that the white rot or some other disease has deteriorated the quality of the timber, that the woods may be seen strewn with trunks that have been found worthless, so that every year these valuable oaks are becoming scarcer. The destruction of the young trees of this species caused by the fall of the great trunks is of course immense, and as there are no artificial plantations of these trees in our country, before long a good-sized live-oak will be so valuable that its owner will exact an enormous price for it, even while it yet stands in the wood. In my opinion, formed on per-

sonal observation, live-oak hummocks are *not quite* so plentiful as they are represented to be, and of this I will give you *one* illustration.

On the 25th of February, 1832, I happened to be far up the St. John's River in East Florida, in the company of a person employed by our government in protecting the live-oaks of that section of the country, and who received a good salary for his trouble. While we were proceeding along one of the banks of that most singular stream, my companion pointed out some large hummocks of dark-leaved trees on the opposite side, which he said were entirely formed of live-oaks. I thought differently, and as our controversy on the subject became a little warm, I proposed that our men should row us to the place, where we might examine the leaves and timber, and so decide the point. We soon landed, but after inspecting the woods, not a single tree of the species did we find, although there were thousands of large "swamp-oaks." My companion acknowledged his mistake, and I continued to search for birds.

One dark evening as I was seated on the banks of this same river, considering what arrangements I should make for the night, as it began to rain in torrents, a man who happened to see me, came up and invited me to go to his cabin, which he said was not far off. I accepted his kind offer, and followed him to his humble dwelling. There I found his wife, several children, and a number of men, who, as my host told me, were, like himself, live-oakers. Supper was placed on a large table, and on being desired to join the party, I willingly assented, doing my best to diminish the contents of the tin pans and dishes set before the company by the active and agreeable housewife. We then talked of the country, its climate and productions, until a late hour, when we laid ourselves down on Bears' skins, and reposed till daybreak.

I longed to accompany these hardy woodcutters to the

hummock where they were engaged in preparing live-oak timber for a man-of-war. Provided with axes and guns, we left the house to the care of the wife and children, and proceeded for several miles through a pine-barren, such as I have attempted to describe. One fine Wild Turkey was shot, and when we arrived at the *shanty* put up near the hummock, we found another party of wood-cutters waiting our arrival, before eating their breakfast, already prepared by a negro man, to whom the Turkey was consigned to be roasted for part of that day's dinner.

Our repast was an excellent one, and vied with a Kentucky breakfast; beef, fish, potatoes, and other vegetables, were served up, with coffee in tin cups, and plenty of biscuit. Every man seemed hungry and happy, and the conversation assumed the most humorous character. The sun now rose above the trees, and all, excepting the cook, proceeded to the hummock, on which I had been gazing with great delight, as it promised rare sport. My host, I found, was the chief of the party; and although he also had an axe, he made no other use of it than for stripping here and there pieces of bark from certain trees which he considered of doubtful soundness. He was not only well versed in his profession, but generally intelligent, and from him I received the following account, which I noted at the time.

The men who are employed in cutting the live-oak, after having discovered a good hummock, build shanties of small logs, to retire to at night, and feed in by day. Their provisions consist of beef, pork, potatoes, biscuit, flour, rice and fish, together with excellent whiskey. They are mostly hale, strong, and active men, from the eastern parts of the Union, and receive excellent wages, according to their different abilities. Their labors are only of a few months' duration. Such hummocks as are found near navigable streams are first chosen, and when it is absolutely necessary, the timber is sometimes hauled

five or six miles to the nearest water-course, where, although it sinks, it can with comparative ease, be shipped to its destination. The best time for cutting the live-oak is considered to be from the first of December to the beginning of March, or while the sap is completely down. When the sap is flowing, the tree is "bloom," and more apt to be "shaken." The white-rot, which occurs so frequently in the live-oak, and is perceptible only by the best judges, consists of round spots, about an inch and a half in diameter, on the outside of the bark, through which, at that spot, a hard stick may be driven several inches, and generally follows the heart up or down the trunk of the tree. So deceiving are these spots and trees to persons unacquainted with this defect, that thousands of trees are cut, and afterwards abandoned. The great number of trees of this sort strewn in the woods would tend to make a stranger believe that there is much more good oak in the country than there really is; and perhaps, in reality, not more than one-fourth of the quantity usually reported, is to be procured.

The live-oakers generally revisit their distant homes in the Middle and Eastern Districts, where they spend the summer, returning to the Floridas at the approach of winter. Some, however, who have gone there with their families, remain for years in succession; although they suffer much from the climate, by which their once good constitutions are often greatly impaired. This was the case with the individual above mentioned, from whom I subsequently received much friendly assistance in my pursuits.

SPRING GARDEN

HAVING heard many wonderful accounts of a certain spring near the sources of the St. John's River in East Florida, I resolved to visit it, in order to judge for myself. On the 6th of January, 1832, I left the plantation of my friend John Bulow, accompanied by an amiable and accomplished Scotch gentleman, an engineer employed by the planters of those districts in erecting their sugar-house establishments. We were mounted on horses of the Indian breed, remarkable for their activity and strength, and were provided with guns and some provisions. The weather was pleasant, but not so our way, for no sooner had we left the "King's Road," which had been cut by the Spanish government for a goodly distance, than we entered a thicket of scrubby oaks, succeeded by a still denser mass of low palmettoes, which extended about three miles, and among the roots of which our nags had great difficulty in making good their footing. After this we entered the pine barrens, so extensively distributed in this portion of the Floridas. The sand seemed to be all sand and nothing but sand, and the palmettoes at times so covered the narrow Indian trail which we followed, that it required all the instinct or sagacity of ourselves and our horses to keep it. It seemed to us as if we were approaching the end of the world. The country was perfectly flat, and, so far as we could survey it, presented the same wild and scraggy aspect. My companion, who had travelled there before, assured me that, at particular seasons of the year, he had crossed the barrens when they were covered with water fully knee-deep, when, according to his expression, they "looked most awful;" and I readily believed him, as we now and then passed through muddy pools, which reached the saddlegirths of our horses. Here and there large tracts covered

with tall grasses, and resembling the prairies of the western wilds, opened to our view. Wherever the country happened to be sunk a little beneath the general level, it was covered with cypress trees, whose spreading arms were hung with a profusion of Spanish moss. The soil in such cases consisted of black mud, and was densely covered with bushes, chiefly of the Magnolia family.

We crossed in succession the heads of three branches of Haw Creek, of which the waters spread from a quarter to half a mile in breadth, and through which we made our way with extreme difficulty. While in the middle of one, my companion told me that once, when in the very spot where we then stood, his horse chanced to place his fore-feet on the back of a large alligator, which, not well pleased at being disturbed in his repose, suddenly raised his head, opened his monstrous jaws, and snapped off part of the lips of the affrighted pony. You may imagine the terror of the poor beast, which, however, after a few plunges, resumed its course, and succeeded in carrying its rider through in safety. As a reward for this achievement, it was ever after honored with the appellation of "Alligator."

We had now travelled about twenty miles, and, the sun having reached the zenith, we dismounted to partake of some refreshment. From a muddy pool we contrived to obtain enough of tolerably clear water to mix with the contents of a bottle, the like of which I would strongly recommend to every traveller in these swampy regions; our horses, too, found something to grind among the herbage that surrounded the little pool; but as little time was to be lost, we quickly remounted, and resumed our disagreeable journey, during which we had at no time proceeded at a rate exceeding two miles and a half in the hour.

All at once, however, a wonderful change took place: — the country became more elevated and undulating; the

timber was of a different nature, and consisted of red and live-oaks, magnolias, and several kinds of pine. Thousands of "Mole-hills," or the habitations of an animal here called "the Salamander," and "Gopher's burrows" presented themselves to the eye, and greatly annoyed our horses, which now and then sank to the depth of a foot, and stumbled at the risk of breaking their legs, and what we considered fully as valuable, our necks. We now saw beautiful lakes of the purest water, and passed along a green space, having a series of them on each side of us. These sheets of water became larger and more numerous the farther we advanced — some of them extending to a length of several miles, and having a depth of from two to twenty feet of clear water; but their shores being destitute of vegetation, we observed no birds near them. Many tortoises, however, were seen basking in the sun, and all, as we approached, plunged into the water. Not a trace of man did we observe during our journey, scarcely a bird, and not a single quadruped, not even a Rat; nor can one imagine a poorer and more desolate country than that which lies between the Halifax River, which we had left in the morning, and the undulating grounds at which we had now arrived.

But at length we perceived the tracks of living beings, and soon after saw the huts of Colonel Rees's negroes. Scarcely could ever African traveller have approached the city of Timbuctoo with more excited curiosity than we felt in approaching this plantation. Our Indian horses seemed to participate in our joy, and trotted at a smart rate towards the principal building, at the door of which we leaped from our saddles, just as the sun was withdrawing his ruddy light. Colonel Rees was at home, and received us with great kindness. Refreshments were immediately placed before us, and we spent the evening in agreeable conversation.

The next day I walked over the plantation, and exam-

ining the country around, found the soil of good quality, it having been reclaimed from swampy ground of a black color, rich, and very productive. The greater part of the cultivated land was on the borders of a lake, which communicates with others, leading to the St. John's River, distant about seven miles, and navigable so far by vessels not exceeding fifty or sixty tons. After breakfast, our amiable host showed us the way to the celebrated spring, the sight of which afforded me pleasure sufficient to counterbalance the tediousness of my journey.

This spring presents a circular basin, having a diameter of about sixty feet, from the centre of which the water is thrown up with great force, although it does not rise to a height of more than a few inches above the general level. A kind of whirlpool is formed, on the edges of which are deposited vast quantities of shells, with pieces of wood, gravel, and other substances, which have coalesced into solid masses, having a very curious appearance. The water is quite transparent, although of a dark color, but so impregnated with sulphur that it emits an odor which to me was highly nauseous. Its surface lies fifteen or twenty feet below the level of the woodland lakes in the neighborhood, and its depth, in the autumnal months, is about seventeen feet, when the water is lowest. In all the lakes, the same species of shell as those thrown up by the spring, occur in abundance, and it seems more than probable that it is formed of the water collected from them by infiltration, or forms the subterranean outlet of some of them. The lakes themselves are merely reservoirs, containing the residue of the waters which fall during the rainy seasons, and contributing to supply the waters of the St. John's River, with which they all seem to communicate by similar means. This spring pours its waters into "Rees's Lake," through a deep and broad channel called Spring Garden Creek. This channel is said to be in some places fully sixty feet deep, but

it becomes more shallow as you advance towards the entrance of the lake, at which you are surprised to find yourself on a mud-flat covered only by about fifteen inches of water, under which the depositions from the spring lie to a depth of four or five feet in the form of the softest mud, while under this again is a bed of fine white sand. When this mud is stirred up by the oars of your boat or otherwise, it appears of a dark-green color, and smells strongly of sulphur. At all times it sends up numerous bubbles of air, which probably consist of sulphuretted hydrogen gas.

The mouth of this curious spring is calculated to be two and a half feet square; and the velocity of its water, during the rainy season, is three feet per second. This would render the discharge per hour about 499,500 gallons. Colonel Rees showed us the remains of another spring of the same kind, which had dried up from some natural cause.

My companion, the engineer, having occupation for another day, I requested Colonel Rees to accompany me in his boat towards the river St. John's, which I was desirous of seeing, as well as the curious country in its neighborhood. He readily agreed, and after an early breakfast next morning, we set out, accompanied by two servants to manage the boat. As we crossed Rees's Lake, I observed that its northeastern shores were bounded by a deep swamp, covered by a rich growth of tall cypresses, while the opposite side presented large marshes and islands ornamented by pines, live-oaks, and orange-trees. With the exception of a very narrow channel, the creek was covered with *nymphææ*, and in its waters swam numerous Alligators, while Ibises, Gallinules, Anhingas, Coots, and Cormorants were seen pursuing their avocations on its surface or along its margins. Over our heads the Fish Hawks were sailing, and on the broken trees around we saw many of their nests.

We followed Spring Garden Creek for about two miles and a half, and passed a mud bar, before we entered "Dexter's Lake." The bar was stuck full of unios, in such profusion that each time the negroes thrust their hands into the mud they took up several. According to their report these shell-fish are quite unfit for food. In this lake the water had changed its hue, and assumed a dark chestnut color, although it was still transparent. The depth was very uniformly five feet, and the extent of the lake was about eight miles by three. Having crossed it we followed the creek, and soon saw the entrance of Woodruff's Lake, which empties its still darker waters into the St. John's River.

I here shot a pair of curious Ibises, which you will find described in my fourth volume, and landed on a small island covered with wild orange trees, the luxuriance and freshness of which were not less pleasing to the sight than the perfume of their flowers was to the smell. The group seemed to me like a rich bouquet formed by nature to afford consolation to the weary traveller, cast down by the dismal scenery of swamps and pools and rank grass around him. Under the shade of these beautiful ever-greens, and amidst the golden fruits that covered the ground, while the Humming-birds fluttered over our heads, we spread our cloth on the grass, and with a happy and thankful heart, I refreshed myself with the bountiful gifts of an ever-careful Providence. Colonel Rees informed me that this charming retreat was one of the numerous *terre incognitæ* of this region of lakes, and that it should henceforth bear the name of "Audubon's Isle."

In conclusion, let me inform you that the spring has been turned to good account by my generous host, Colonel Rees, who, aided by my amiable companion, the engineer, has directed its current so as to turn a mill, which suffices to grind the whole of his sugar-cane.

DEATH OF A PIRATE

IN the calm of a fine moonlight night, as I was admiring the beauty of the clear heavens, and the broad glare of light that glanced from the trembling surface of the waters around, the officer on watch came up and entered into conversation with me. He had been a turtler in other years, and a great hunter to boot, and although of humble birth and pretensions, energy and talent, aided by education, had raised him to a higher station. Such a man could not fail to be an agreeable companion, and we talked on various subjects, principally, you may be sure, birds and other natural productions. He told me he once had a disagreeable adventure, when looking out for game, in a certain cove on the shores of the Gulf of Mexico; and, on my expressing a desire to hear it, he willingly related to me the following particulars, which I give you, not, perhaps, precisely in his own words, but as nearly so as I can remember.

“Towards evening, one quiet summer day, I chanced to be paddling along a sandy shore, which I thought well fitted for my repose, being covered with tall grass, and as the sun was not many degrees above the horizon, I felt anxious to pitch my mosquito bar or net, and spend the night in this wilderness. The bellowing notes of thousands of bull-frogs in a neighboring swamp might lull me to rest, and I looked upon the flocks of Blackbirds that were assembling as sure companions in this secluded retreat.

“I proceeded up a little stream, to insure the safety of my canoe from any sudden storm, when, as I gladly advanced, a beautiful yawl came unexpectedly in view. Surprised at such a sight in a part of the country then scarcely known, I felt a sudden check in the circulation

of my blood. My paddle dropped from my hands, and fearfully indeed, as I picked it up, did I look towards the unknown boat. On reaching it, I saw its sides marked with stains of blood, and looking with anxiety over the gunwale, I perceived, to my horror, two human bodies covered with gore. Pirates or hostile Indians, I was persuaded, had perpetrated the foul deed, and my alarm naturally increased; my heart fluttered, stopped, and heaved with unusual tremors, and I looked towards the setting sun in consternation and despair. How long my reveries lasted I cannot tell; I can only recollect that I was roused from them by the distant groans of one apparently in mortal agony. I felt as if refreshed by the cold perspiration that oozed from every pore, and I reflected that though alone, I was well armed, and might hope for the protection of the Almighty.

“Humanity whispered to me that, if not surprised and disabled, I might render assistance to some sufferer, or even be the means of saving a useful life. Buoyed up by this thought, I urged my canoe on shore, and seizing it by the bow, pulled it at one spring high among the grass.

“The groans of the unfortunate person fell heavy on my ear as I cocked and reprimed my gun, and I felt determined to shoot the first that should rise from the grass. As I cautiously proceeded, a hand was raised over the weeds, and waved in the air in the most supplicating manner. I levelled my gun about a foot below it, when the next moment the head and breast of a man covered with blood were convulsively raised, and a faint hoarse voice asked me for mercy and help! A deathlike silence followed his fall to the ground. I surveyed every object around with eyes intent, and ears impressible by the slightest sound, for my situation that moment I thought as critical as any I had ever been in. The croaking of the frogs, and the last Blackbirds alighting on their roosts, were the only sounds or sights; and I now pro-

ceeded towards the object of my mingled alarm and commiseration.

“Alas! the poor being who lay prostrate at my feet was so weakened by loss of blood that I had nothing to fear from him. My first impulse was to run back to the water, and having done so, I returned with my cap filled to the brim. I felt at his heart, washed his face and breast, and rubbed his temples with the contents of a phial which I kept about me as an antidote for the bites of snakes. His features, seamed by the ravages of time, looked frightful and disgusting; but he had been a powerful man, as the breadth of his chest plainly showed. He groaned in the most appalling manner, as his breath struggled through the mass of blood that seemed to fill his throat. His dress plainly disclosed his occupation. A large pistol he had thrust into his bosom, a naked cutlass lay near him on the ground, a red silk handkerchief was bound over his projecting brows, and over a pair of loose trousers he wore fisherman’s boots. He was, in short, a pirate.

“My exertions were not in vain, for as I continued to bathe his temples he revived, his pulse resumed some strength, and I began to hope that he might perhaps survive the deep wounds he had received. Darkness, deep darkness, now enveloped us. I spoke of making a fire. ‘Oh! for mercy’s sake,’ he exclaimed, ‘don’t.’ Knowing, however, that under existing circumstances it was expedient for me to do so, I left him, went to his boat, and brought the rudder, the benches, and the oars, which with my hatchet I soon splintered. I then struck a light, and presently stood in the glare of a blazing fire. The pirate seemed struggling between terror and gratitude for my assistance; he desired me several times in half English and Spanish to put out the flames; but after I had given him a draught of strong spirits, he at length became more composed. I tried to stanch the blood that

flowed from the deep gashes in his shoulders and side. I expressed my regret that I had no food about me, but when I spoke of eating he sullenly waved his head.

“My situation was one of the most extraordinary that I have ever been placed in. I naturally turned my talk towards religious subjects, but, alas, the dying man hardly believed in the existence of a God. ‘Friend,’ said he, ‘for friend you seem to be, I have never studied the ways of Him of whom you talk. I am an outlaw, perhaps you will say a wretch—I have been for many years a pirate. The instructions of my parents were of no avail to me, for I have always believed that I was born to be a most cruel man. I now lie here, about to die in the weeds, because I long ago refused to listen to their many admonitions. Do not shudder when I tell you—these now useless hands murdered the mother whom they had embraced. I feel that I have deserved the pangs of the wretched death that hovers over me; and I am thankful that one of my kind will alone witness my last gaspings.’

“A fond but feeble hope that I might save his life, and perhaps assist in procuring his pardon, induced me to speak to him on the subject. ‘It is all in vain, friend—I have no objection to die—I am glad that the villains who wounded me were not my conquerors—I want no pardon from *any one*. Give me some water, and let me die alone.’ With the hope that I might learn from his conversation something that might lead to the capture of his guilty associates, I returned from the creek with another capful of water, nearly the whole of which I managed to introduce into his parched mouth, and begged him, for the sake of his future peace, to disclose his history to me. ‘It is impossible,’ said he; ‘there will not be time, the beatings of my heart tell me so. Long before day these sinewy limbs will be motionless. Nay, there will hardly be a drop of blood in my body; and that blood will only serve to make the grass grow. My

wounds are mortal, and I must and will die without what you call confession.'

"The moon rose in the east. The majesty of her placid beauty impressed me with reverence. I pointed towards her, and asked the pirate if he could not recognize God's features there. 'Friend, I see what you are driving at,' was his answer; 'you, like the rest of our enemies, feel the desire of murdering us all. Well — be it so. To die is, after all, nothing more than a jest; and were it not for the pain, no one, in my opinion, need care a jot about it. But, as you really have befriended me, I will tell you all that is proper.'

"Hoping his mind might take a useful turn, I again bathed his temples, and washed his lips with spirits. His sunk eyes seemed to dart fire at mine; a heavy and deep sigh swelled his chest, and struggled through his blood-choked throat, and he asked me to raise him for a little. I did so, when he addressed me somewhat as follows; for, as I have told you, his speech was a mixture of Spanish, French, and English, forming a jargon the like of which I had never heard before, and which I am utterly unable to imitate. However, I shall give you the substance of his declaration.

"'First, tell me how many bodies you found in the boat, and what sort of dresses they had on.' I mentioned their number and described their apparel. 'That's right,' said he; 'they are the bodies of the scoundrels who followed me in that infernal Yankee barge. Bold rascals they were, for when they found the water too shallow for their craft, they took to it, and waded after me. All my companions had been shot, and to lighten my own boat I flung them overboard; but as I lost time in this, the two ruffians caught hold of my gunwale, and struck on my head and body in such a manner that after I had disabled and killed them both in the boat, I was scarce able to move. The other villains carried off our schooner and

one of our boats, and perhaps ere now have hung all my companions whom they did not kill at the time. I have commanded my beautiful vessel many years, captured many ships, and sent many rascals to the devil. I always hated the Yankees, and only regret that I have not killed more of them. — I sailed from Matanzas. — I have often been in concert with others. I have money without counting, but it is buried where it will never be found, and it would be useless to tell you of it.' His throat filled with blood, his voice failed, the cold hand of death was laid on his brow; feebly and hurriedly he muttered, 'I am a dying man. Farewell!'

"Alas! it is painful to see death in any shape; in this it was horrible, for there was no hope. The rattling of his throat announced the moment of dissolution, and already did the body fall on my arms with a weight that was insupportable. I laid him on the ground. A mass of dark blood poured from his mouth; then came a frightful groan, the last breathing of that foul spirit; and what now lay at my feet in the wild desert? — a mangled mass of clay!

"The remainder of that night was passed in no enviable mood; but my feelings cannot be described. At dawn I dug a hole with the paddle of my canoe, rolled the body into it, and covered it. On reaching the boat I found several buzzards feeding on the bodies, which I in vain attempted to drag to the shore. I therefore covered them with mud and weeds, and launching my canoe, paddled from the cove with a secret joy for my escape, overshadowed with the gloom of mingled dread and abhorrence."

THE WRECKERS OF FLORIDA

LONG before I reached the lovely islets that border the southeastern shores of the Floridas, the accounts I had heard of "The Wreckers" had deeply prejudiced me against them. Often had I been informed of the cruel and cowardly methods which it was alleged they employed to allure vessels of all nations to the dreaded reefs, that they might plunder their cargoes, and rob their crews and passengers of their effects. I therefore could have little desire to meet with such men under any circumstances, much less to become liable to receive their aid; and with the name of Wreckers there were associated in my mind ideas of piratical depredations, barbarous usage, and even murder.

One fair afternoon, while I was standing on the polished deck of the United States revenue cutter, the "Marion," a sail hove in sight, bearing in an opposite course, and close-hauled to the wind. The gentle rake of her masts, as she rocked to and fro in the breeze, brought to my mind the wavings of the reeds on the fertile banks of the Mississippi. By and by the vessel, altering her course, approached us. The "Marion," like a sea-bird with extended wings, swept through the waters, gently inclining to either side, while the unknown vessel leaped as it were, from wave to wave, like the dolphin in eager pursuit of his prey. In a short time we were gliding side by side, and the commander of the strange schooner saluted our captain, who promptly returned the compliment. What a beautiful vessel! we all thought; how trim, how clean rigged, and how well manned! She swims like a duck; and now with a broad sheer, off she makes for the reefs a few miles under our lee. There, in that narrow passage, well known to her commander, she rolls, tumbles, and dances, like a giddy thing, her copper sheathing now gleaming and again disappearing under the waves. But the passage is thridded,

and now, hauling on the wind, she resumes her former course, and gradually recedes from the view. Reader, it was a Florida Wrecker.

When at the Tortugas, I paid a visit to several vessels of this kind, in company with my excellent friend Robert Day, Esq. We had observed the regularity and quickness of the men then employed at their arduous tasks, and as we approached the largest schooner, I admired her form, so well adapted to her occupation, her great breadth of beam, her light draught, the correctness of her water-line, the neatness of her painted sides, the smoothness of her well-greased masts, and the beauty of her rigging. We were welcomed on board with all the frankness of our native tars. Silence and order prevailed on her decks. The commander and the second officer led us into a spacious cabin, well-lighted, and furnished with every convenience for fifteen or more passengers. The former brought me his collection of marine shells, and whenever I pointed to one that I had not seen before, offered it with so much kindness that I found it necessary to be careful in expressing my admiration of any particular shell. He had also many eggs of rare birds, which were all handed over to me, with an assurance that before the month should expire, a new set could easily be procured; "for," said he, "we have much idle time on the reefs at this season." Dinner was served, and we partook of their fare, which consisted of fish, fowl, and other materials. These rovers, who were both from "down east," were stout, active men, cleanly and smart in their attire. In a short time we were all extremely social and merry. They thought my visit to the Tortugas, in quest of birds, was rather a "curious fancy;" but, notwithstanding, they expressed their pleasure while looking at some of my drawings, and offered their services in procuring specimens. Expeditions far and near were proposed, and on settling that one of them was to take place on the morrow, we parted friends.

Early next morning, several of these kind men accompanied me to a small Key called Booby Island, about ten miles distant from the lighthouse. Their boats were well-manned, and rowed with long and steady strokes, such as whalers and men-of-war's men are wont to draw. The captain sang, and at times, by way of frolic, ran a race with our own beautiful bark. The Booby Isle was soon reached, and our sport there was equal to any we had elsewhere. They were capital shots, had excellent guns, and knew more about Boobies and Noddies than nine-tenths of the best naturalists in the world. But what will you say when I tell you the Florida Wreckers are excellent at a Deer hunt, and that at certain seasons, "when business is slack," they are wont to land on some extensive Key, and in a few hours procure a supply of delicious venison.

Some days afterwards, the same party took me on an expedition in quest of sea shells. There we were all in water, at times to the waist, and now and then much deeper. Now they would dip, like ducks, and on emerging would hold up a beautiful shell. This occupation they seemed to enjoy above all others.

The duties of the "Marion," having been performed, intimation of our intended departure reached the Wreckers. An invitation was sent to me to go and see them on board their vessels, which I accepted. Their object on this occasion was to present me with some superb corals, shells, live Turtles of the Hawk-bill species, and a great quantity of eggs. Not a "picayune" would they receive in return, but putting some letters in my hands, requested me "to be so good as to put them in the mail at Charleston," adding that they were for their wives "down east." So anxious did they appear to be to do all they could for me, that they proposed to sail before the "Marion," and meet her under way, to give me some birds that were rare on the coast, and of which they knew the haunts. Circumstances connected with "the service" prevented this, however, and

with sincere regret, and a good portion of friendship, I bade these excellent fellows adieu. How different, thought I, is often the knowledge of things acquired by personal observation from that obtained by report!

I had never before seen Florida Wreckers, nor has it since been my fortune to fall in with any; but my good friend Dr. Benjamin Strobel, having furnished me with a graphic account of a few days which he spent with them, I shall present you with it in his own words: —

“On the 12th day of September, while lying in harbor at Indian Key, we were joined by five wrecking vessels. Their licenses having expired, it was necessary to go to Key West to renew them. We determined to accompany them the next morning; and here it will not be amiss for me to say a few words respecting these far-famed Wreckers, their captains and crews. From all that I had heard, I expected to see a parcel of dirty, pirate-looking vessels, officered and manned by a set of black-whiskered fellows, who carried murder in their very looks. I was agreeably surprised on discovering the vessels were fine large sloops and schooners, regular clippers, kept in first-rate order. The captains generally were jovial, good-natured sons of Neptune who manifested a disposition to be polite and hospitable, and to afford every facility to persons passing up and down the Reef. The crews were hearty, well-dressed and honest-looking men.

“On the 13th, at the appointed hour, we all set sail together; that is, the five Wreckers and the schooner ‘Jane.’ As our vessel was not noted for fast sailing, we accepted an invitation to go on board of a Wrecker. The fleet got under way about eight o’clock in the morning, the wind light but fair, the water smooth, the day fine. I can scarcely find words to express the pleasure and gratification which I this day experienced. The sea was of a beautiful, soft, pea-green color, smooth as a sheet of glass, and as transparent, its surface agitated only by our vessels

as they parted its bosom, or by the Pelican in pursuit of his prey, which rising for a considerable distance in the air, would suddenly plunge down with distended mandibles, and secure his food. The vessels of our little fleet with every sail set that could catch a breeze, and the white foam curling round the prows, glided silently along, like islands of flitting shadows, on an immovable sea of light. Several fathoms below the surface of the water, and under us, we saw great quantities of fish diving and sporting among the sea-grass, sponges, sea-feathers, and corals, with which the bottom was covered. On our right hand were the Florida Keys, which, as we made them in the distance, looked like specks upon the surface of the water, but as we neared them, rose to view as if by enchantment, clad in the richest livery of spring, each variety of color and hue rendered soft and delicate by a clear sky and a brilliant sun overhead. All was like a fairy scene; my heart leaped up in delighted admiration, and I could not but exclaim, in the language of Scott, —

‘ Those seas behold
Round thrice an hundred islands rolled.

The trade wind played round us with balmy and refreshing sweetness; and, to give life and animation to the scene, we had a contest for the mastery between all the vessels of the fleet, while a deep interest was excited in favor of this or that vessel, as she shot ahead, or fell astern.

“ About three o’clock in the afternoon, we arrived off the Bay of Honda. The wind being light and no prospect of reaching Key West that night, it was agreed that we should make a harbor here. We entered a beautiful basin, and came to anchor about four o’clock. Boats were got out, and several hunting parties formed. We landed, and were soon on the scent, some going in search of shells, others of birds. An Indian, who had been picked up somewhere along the coast by a Wrecker, and who was

employed as a hunter, was sent ashore in search of venison. Previous to his leaving the vessel, a rifle was loaded with a single ball and put into his hands. After an absence of several hours, he returned with two Deer, which he had killed at a single shot. He watched until they were both in range of his gun, side by side, when he fired and brought them down.

“All hands having returned, and the fruits of our excursion being collected, we had wherewithal to make an abundant supper. Most of the game was sent on board the largest vessel, where we proposed supping. Our vessels were all lying within hail of each other, and as soon as the moon arose, boats were seen passing from vessel to vessel, and all were busily and happily engaged in exchanging civilities. One could never have supposed that these men were professional rivals, so apparent was the good feeling that prevailed among them. About nine o'clock we started for supper; a number of persons had already collected, and as soon as we arrived on board the vessel, a German sailor, who played remarkably well on the violin, was summoned on the quarter-deck, when all hands, with a good will, cheerily danced to lively airs until supper was ready. The table was laid in the cabin, and groaned under its load of venison, Wild Ducks, Pigeons, Curlews, and fish. Toasting and singing succeeded the supper, and among other curious matters introduced, the following song was sung by the German fiddler, who accompanied his voice with his instrument. He is said to be the author of the song. I say nothing of the poetry, but merely give it as it came on my ear. It is certainly very characteristic: —

THE WRECKERS' SONG.

Come, ye good people, one and all,
Come listen to my song;
A few remarks I have to make,
Which won't be very long.

'T is of our vessel, stout and good
As ever yet was built of wood,
Along the reef where the breakers roar,
The Wreckers on the Florida shore !

Key Tavernier 's our rendezvous ;
At anchor there we lie,
And see the vessels in the Gulf,
Carelessly passing by.
When night comes on we dance and sing,
Whilst the current some vessel is floating in ;
When daylight comes, a ship 's on shore,
Among the rocks where the breakers roar.

When daylight dawns we 're under way,
And every sail is set,
And if the wind it should prove light,
Why, then our sails we wet.
To gain her first each eager strives,
To save the cargo and the people's lives,
Amongst the rocks where the breakers roar,
The Wreckers on the Florida shore.

When we get 'longside we find she 's bilged ;
We know well what to do,
Save the cargo that we can,
The sails and rigging too ;
Then down to Key West we soon will go,
When quickly our salvage we shall know ;
When everything it is fairly sold,
Our money down to us it is told.

Then one week's *cruise* we 'll have on shore,
Before we do sail again,
And drink success to the sailor lads
That are ploughing of the main.
And when you are passing by this way,
On the Florida reef should you chance to stray,
Why we will come to you on the shore,
Amongst the rocks where the breakers roar.

Great emphasis was laid upon particular words by the singer, who had a broad German accent. Between the

verses he played an interlude, remarking, 'Gentlemen, I makes dat myself.' The chorus was trolled by twenty or thirty voices, which, in the stillness of the night, produced no unpleasant effect."

ST. JOHN'S RIVER IN FLORIDA

SOON after landing at St. Augustine, in East Florida, I formed acquaintance with Dr. Simmons, Dr. Porcher, Judge Smith, the Misses Johnson, and other individuals, my intercourse with whom was as agreeable as beneficial to me. Lieutenant Constantine Smith, of the United States army, I found of a congenial spirit, as was the case with my amiable but since deceased friend, Dr. Bell of Dublin. Among the planters who extended their hospitality to me, I must particularly mention General Hernandez, and my esteemed friend John Bulow, Esq. To all these estimable individuals I offer my sincere thanks.

While in this part of the peninsula I followed my usual avocation, although with little success, it then being winter. I had letters from the Secretaries of the Navy and Treasury of the United States, to the commanding officers of vessels of war of the revenue service, directing them to afford me any assistance in their power; and the schooner "Spark" having come to St. Augustine, on her way to the St. John's River, I presented my credentials to her commander Lieutenant Piercy, who readily and with politeness received me and my assistants on board. We soon after set sail with a fair breeze. The strict attention to duty on board even this small vessel of war, afforded matter of surprise to me. Everything went on with the regularity of a chronometer: orders were given, answered to, and accomplished, before they had ceased to vibrate on the



TRINGA ALPINA, RED-BACKED SANDPIPER.

(Now *Pelidna alpina pacifica*.)

FROM THE UNPUBLISHED DRAWING BY J. J. AUDUBON, NOVEMBER 24, 1837.

ear. The neatness of the crew equalled the cleanliness of the white planks of the deck; the sails were in perfect condition; and, built as the "Spark" was, for swift sailing, on she went, gambolling from wave to wave.

I thought that, while thus sailing, no feeling but that of pleasure could exist in our breasts; but, alas! how fleeting are our enjoyments. When we were almost at the entrance of the river, the wind changed, the sky became clouded, and, before many minutes had elapsed, the little bark was lying to "like a Duck," as her commander expressed himself. It blew a hurricane—let it blow, reader. At break of day we were again at anchor within the bar of St. Augustine.

Our next attempt was successful. Not many hours after we had crossed the bar, we perceived the star-like glimmer of the light in the great lantern at the entrance of the St. John's River. This was before daylight; and, as the crossing of the sand-banks or bars, which occur at the mouths of all the streams of this peninsula is difficult, and can be accomplished only when the tide is up, one of the guns was fired as a signal for the government pilot. The good man, it seemed, was unwilling to leave his couch, but a second gun brought him in his canoc alongside. The depth of the channel was barely sufficient. My eyes, however, were not directed towards the waters, but on high, where flew some thousands of snowy Pelicans, which had fled affrighted from their resting-grounds. How beautifully they performed their broad gyrations, and how matchless, after a while, was the marshalling of their files, as they flew past us.

On the tide we proceeded apace. Myriads of Cormorants covered the face of the waters, and over it Fish-Crows innumerable were already arriving from their distant roosts. We landed at one place to search for the birds whose charming melodies had engaged our attention, and here and there some young Eagles we shot, to

add to our store of fresh provisions. The river did not seem to me equal in beauty to the fair Ohio; the shores were in many places low and swampy, to the great delight of the numberless Herons that moved along in gracefulness, and the grim Alligators that swam in sluggish sullenness. In going up a bayou, we caught a great number of the young of the latter for the purpose of making experiments upon them.

After sailing a considerable way, during which our commander and officers took the soundings, as well as the angles and bearings of every nook and crook of the sinuous stream, we anchored one evening at a distance of fully one hundred miles from the mouth of the river. The weather, although it was the 12th of February, was quite warm, the thermometer on board standing at 75° , and on shore at 90° . The fog was so thick that neither of the shores could be seen, and yet the river was not a mile in breadth. The "blind mosquitoes" covered every object, even in the cabin, and so wonderfully abundant were these tormentors that they more than once fairly extinguished the candles whilst I was writing my journal, which I closed in despair, crushing between the leaves more than a hundred of the little wretches. Bad as they are, however, these blind mosquitoes do not bite. As if purposely to render our situation doubly uncomfortable, there was an establishment for jerking beef on the nearer shores, to the windward of our vessel, from which the breeze came laden with no sweet odors.

In the morning when I arose, the country was still covered with thick fogs, so that although I could plainly hear the notes of the birds on shore, not an object could I see beyond the bowsprit, and the air was as close and sultry as on the previous evening. Guided by the scent of the jerkers' works we went on shore, where we found the vegetation already far advanced. The blossoms of the jessamine, ever pleasing, lay steeped in dew, the

humming bee was collecting her winter's store from the snowy flowers of the native orange; and the little warblers frisked along the twigs of the smilax. Now, amid the tall pines of the forest, the sun's rays began to force their way, and as the dense mists dissolved in the atmosphere, the bright luminary at length shone forth. We explored the woods around, guided by some friendly live-oakers who had pitched their camp in the vicinity. After a while the "Spark" again displayed her sails, and as she silently glided along, we spied a Seminole Indian approaching us in his canoe. The poor, dejected son of the woods, endowed with talents of the highest order, although rarely acknowledged by the proud usurpers of his native soil, has spent the night in fishing, and the morning in procuring the superb feathered game of the swampy thickets; and with both he comes to offer them for our acceptance. Alas! thou fallen one, descendant of an ancient line of freeborn hunters, would that I could restore to thee thy birthright, thy natural independence, the generous feelings that were once fostered in thy brave bosom. But the irrevocable deed is done, and I can merely admire the perfect symmetry of his frame, as he dexterously throws on our deck the Trout and Turkeys which he has captured. He receives a recompense, and without smile or bow, or acknowledgment of any kind, off he starts with the speed of an arrow from his own bow.

Alligators were extremely abundant, and the heads of the fishes which they had snapped off, lay floating around on the dark waters. A rifle bullet was now and then sent through the eye of one of the largest, which, with a tremendous splash of its tail, expired. One morning we saw a monstrous fellow lying on the shore. I was desirous of obtaining him to make an accurate drawing of his head, and accompanied by my assistant and two of the sailors, proceeded cautiously towards him. When within a few yards, one of us fired, and sent through his side an

ounce ball which tore open a hole large enough to receive a man's hand. He slowly raised his head, bent himself upwards, opened his huge jaws, swung his tail to and fro, rose on his legs, blew in a frightful manner, and fell to the earth. My assistant leaped on shore, and, contrary to my injunctions, caught hold of the animal's tail, when the alligator, awakening from its trance, with a last effort crawled slowly towards the water, and plunged heavily into it. Had he thought of once flourishing his tremendous weapon, there might have been an end of his assailant's life, but he fortunately went in peace to his grave, where we left him, as the water was too deep. The same morning, another of equal size was observed swimming directly for the bows of our vessel, attracted by the gentle rippling of the water there. One of the officers, who had watched him, fired, and scattered his brain through the air, when he tumbled and rolled at a fearful rate, blowing all the while most furiously. The river was bloody for yards around, but although the monster passed close by the vessel, we could not secure him, and after a while he sunk to the bottom.

Early one morning, I hired a boat and two men, with the view of returning to St. Augustine by a short-cut. Our baggage being placed on board, I bade adieu to the officers, and off we started. About four in the afternoon we arrived at the short-cut, forty miles distant from our point of departure, and where we had expected to procure a wagon, but were disappointed. So we laid our things on the bank, and leaving one of my assistants to look after them, I set out accompanied by the other and my Newfoundland dog. We had eighteen miles to go; and as the sun was only two hours high, we struck off at a good rate. Presently we entered a pine-barren. The country was as level as a floor; our path, although narrow, was well-beaten, having been used by the Seminole Indians for ages, and the weather was calm and beautiful. Now and

then a rivulet occurred, from which we quenched our thirst, while the magnolias and other flowering plants on its banks relieved the dull uniformity of the woods. When the path separated into two branches, both seemingly leading the same way, I would follow one, while my companion took the other, and unless we met again in a short time, one of us would go across the intervening forest.

The sun went down behind a cloud, and the southeast breeze that sprung up at this moment, sounded dolefully among the tall pines. Along the eastern horizon lay a bed of black vapor, which gradually rose, and soon covered the heavens. The air felt hot and oppressive, and we knew that a tempest was approaching. Plato was now our guide, the white spots on his coat being the only objects that we could discern amid the darkness, and as if aware of his utility in this respect, he kept a short way before us on the trail. Had we imagined ourselves more than a few miles from the town, we should have made a camp, and remained under its shelter for the night; but conceiving that the distance could not be great, we resolved to trudge along.

Large drops began to fall from the murky mass overhead; thick impenetrable darkness surrounded us, and to my dismay, the dog refused to proceed. Groping with my hands on the ground, I discovered that several trails branched out at the spot where he lay down; and when I had selected one, he went on. Vivid flashes of lightning streamed across the heavens, the wind increased to a gale, and the rain poured down upon us like a torrent. The water soon rose on the level ground so as almost to cover our feet, and we slowly advanced, fronting the tempest. Here and there a tall pine on fire presented a magnificent spectacle, illumining the trees around it, and surrounding them with a halo of dim light, abruptly bordered with the deep black of the night. At one time we passed through

a tangled thicket of low trees, at another crossed a stream flushed by the heavy rain, and again proceeded over the open barrens.

How long we thus, half lost, groped our way is more than I can tell you; but at length the tempest passed over, and suddenly the clear sky became spangled with stars. Soon after, we smelt the salt marshes, and walking directly towards them, like pointers advancing on a covey of partridges, we at last to our great joy descried the light of the beacon near St. Augustine. My dog began to run briskly around, having met with ground on which he had hunted before, and taking a direct course, led us to the great causeway that crosses the marshes at the back of the town. We refreshed ourselves with the produce of the first orange-tree that we met with, and in half an hour more arrived at our hotel. Drenched with rain, steaming with perspiration, and covered to the knees with mud, you may imagine what figures we cut in the eyes of the good people whom we found snugly enjoying themselves in the sitting-room. Next morning, Major Gates, who had received me with much kindness, sent a wagon with mules and two trusty soldiers for my companion and luggage.

THE FLORIDA KEYS

I

As the "Marion" neared the Inlet called "Indian Key," which is situated on the eastern coast of the peninsula of Florida, my heart swelled with uncontrollable delight. Our vessel once over the coral reef that everywhere stretches along the shore like a great wall reared by an army of giants, we found ourselves in safe anchoring grounds, within a few furlongs of the land. The next moment saw the oars of a boat propelling us towards the shore,

and in brief time we stood on the desired beach. With what delightful feelings did we gaze on the objects around us! — the gorgeous flowers, the singular and beautiful plants, the luxuriant trees. The balmy air which we breathed filled us with animation, so pure and salubrious did it seem to be. The birds which we saw were almost all new to us; their lovely forms appeared to be arrayed in more brilliant apparel than I had ever seen before, and as they fluttered in happy playfulness among the bushes, or glided over the light green waters, we longed to form a more intimate acquaintance with them.

Students of nature spend little time in introductions, especially when they present themselves to persons who feel an interest in their pursuits. This was the case with Mr. Thruston, the deputy collector of the island, who shook us all heartily by the hand, and in a trice had a boat manned, and at our service. Accompanied by him, his pilot and fishermen, off we went, and after a short pull landed on a large key. Few minutes had elapsed when shot after shot might be heard, and down came whirling through the air the objects of our desire. One thrust himself into the tangled groves that covered all but the beautiful coral beach that in a continued line bordered the island, while others gazed on the glowing and diversified hues of the curious inhabitants of the deep. I saw one of my party rush into the limpid element to seize on a crab, that, with claws extended upward, awaited his approach, as if determined not to give way. A loud voice called him back to the land, for sharks are as abundant along these shores as pebbles, and the hungry prowlers could not have found a more savory dinner.

The pilot, besides being a first-rate shot, possessed a most intimate acquaintance with the country. He had been a "conch diver," and no matter what number of fathoms measured the distance between the surface of the water and its craggy bottom, to seek for curious shells in

their retreat seemed to him more pastime than toil. Not a Cormorant or Pelican, a Flamingo, an Ibis, or Heron had ever in his days formed its nest without his having marked the spot; and as to the Keys to which the Doves are wont to resort, he was better acquainted with them than many fops are with the contents of their pockets. In a word, he positively knew every channel that led to these islands, and every cranny along their shores. For years his employment had been to hunt those singular animals called Sea-cows or Manatees, and he had conquered hundreds of them, "merely," as he said, because the flesh and hide bring "a fair price" at Havana. He never went anywhere to land without "Long Tom," which proved indeed to be a wonderful gun, and which made smart havoc when charged with "groceries" a term by which he designated the large shot he used. In like manner, he never paddled his light canoe without having by his side the trusty javelin with which he unerringly transfixed such fishes as he thought fit either for market or for his own use. In attacking Turtles, netting, or overturning them, I doubt if his equal ever lived on the Florida coast. No sooner was he made acquainted with my errand, than he freely offered his best services, and from that moment until I left Key West he was seldom out of my hearing.

While the young gentlemen who accompanied us were engaged in procuring plants, shells, and small birds, he tapped me on the shoulder, and with a smile said to me, "Come along, I'll show you something better worth your while." To the boat we betook ourselves, with the captain and only a pair of tars, for more he said would not answer. The yawl for a while was urged at a great rate, but as we approached a point, the oars were taken in, and the pilot alone sculling desired us to make ready, for in a few minutes we should have "rare sport." As we advanced, the more slowly did we move, and the most profound silence was maintained, until suddenly coming

almost in contact with a thick shrubbery of mangroves, we beheld, right before us, a multitude of Pelicans. A discharge of artillery seldom produced more effect; the dead, the dying, and the wounded, fell from the trees upon the water, while those unscathed flew screaming through the air in terror and dismay. "There," said he, "did not I tell you so; is it not rare sport?" The birds, one after another, were lodged under the gunwales, when the pilot desired the captain to order the lads to pull away. Within about half a mile we reached the extremity of the Key. "Pull away," cried the pilot, "never mind them on the wing, for those black rascals don't mind a little firing — now, boys, lay her close under the nests." And there we were with four hundred Cormorant's nests over our heads. The birds were sitting, and when we fired, the number that dropped as if dead, and plunged into the water was such, that I thought by some unaccountable means or other we had killed the whole colony. You would have smiled at the loud laugh and curious gestures of the pilot. "Gentlemen," said he, "almost a blank shot!" And so it was, for, on following the birds as one after another peeped up from the water, we found only a few unable to take to wing. "Now," said the pilot, "had you waited until *I had spoken* to the black villains, you might have killed a score or more of them." On inspection, we found that our shots had lodged in the tough dry twigs of which these birds form their nests, and that we had lost the more favorable opportunity of hitting them, by not waiting until they rose. "Never mind," said the pilot, "if you wish it, you may load *The Lady of the Green Mantle*¹ with them in less than a week. Stand still, my lads; and now, gentlemen, in ten minutes you and I will bring down a score of them." And so we did. As we rounded the island, a beautiful bird of the species called Peale's Egret came up, and was shot. We now landed, took in the rest of our party, and

¹ The name given by the wreckers and smugglers to the "Marion."

returned to Indian Key, where we arrived three hours before sunset.

The sailors and other individuals to whom my name and pursuits had become known, carried our birds to the pilot's house. His good wife had a room ready for me to draw in, and my assistant might have been seen busily engaged in skinning, while George Lehman was making a sketch of the lovely isle.

Time is ever precious to the student of nature. I placed several birds in their natural attitudes, and began to outline them. A dance had been prepared also, and no sooner was the sun lost to our eye, than males and females, including our captain and others from the vessel, were seen advancing gayly towards the house in full apparel. The birds were skinned, the sketch was on paper, and I told my young men to amuse themselves. As to myself, I could not join in the merriment, for, full of the remembrance of you, reader, and of the patrons of my work both in America and in Europe, I went on "grinding" — not on an organ, like the *Lady of Bras d'Or*, but on paper, to the finishing not merely of my outlines, but of my notes respecting the objects seen this day.

The room adjoining that in which I worked was soon filled. Two miserable fiddlers screwed their screeching, silken strings, — not an inch of catgut graced their instruments, — and the bouncing of brave lads and fair lasses shook the premises to the foundation. One with a slip came down heavily on the floor, and the burst of laughter that followed echoed over the isle. Diluted claret was handed round to cool the ladies, while a beverage of more potent energies warmed their partners. After supper our captain returned to the "*Marion*," and I, with my young men, slept in light swinging hammocks under the eaves of the piazza.

It was the end of April, when the nights were short, and the days therefore long. Anxious to turn every moment

to account, we were on board Mr. Thruston's boat at three next morning. Pursuing our way through the deep and tortuous channels that everywhere traverse the immense muddy soap-like flats that stretch from the outward Keys to the Main, we proceeded on our voyage of discovery. Here and there we met with great beds of floating seaweeds, which showed us that Turtles were abundant there, these masses being the refuse of their feeding. On talking to Mr. Thruston of the nature of these muddy flats, he mentioned that he had once been lost amongst their narrow channels for several days and nights, when in pursuit of some smugglers' boat, the owners of which were better acquainted with the place than the men who were along with him. Although in full sight of several of the Keys, as well as of the main land, he was unable to reach either until a heavy gale raised the water, when he sailed directly over the flats, and returned home almost exhausted with fatigue and hunger. His present pilot often alluded to the circumstance afterwards, ending with a great laugh, and asserting that had he "been there, the rascals would not have escaped."

Coming under a Key on which multitudes of Frigate Pelicans had begun to form their nests, we shot a good number of them, and observed their habits. The boastings of our pilot were here confirmed by the exploits which he performed with his long gun, and on several occasions he brought down a bird from a height of fully a hundred yards. The poor bird, unaware of the range of our artillery, sailed calmly along, so that it was not difficult for "Long Tom," or rather for his owner, to furnish us with as many as we required. The day was spent in this manner, and towards night we returned, laden with booty, to the hospitable home of the pilot.

The next morning was delightful. The gentle sea-breeze glided over the flowery isle, the horizon was clear, and all was silent, save the long breakers that rushed over

the distant reefs. As we were proceeding towards some Keys seldom visited by men, the sun rose from the bosom of the waters with a burst of glory that flashed on my soul the idea of that power which called into existence so magnificent an object. The moon, thin and pale, as if ashamed to show her feeble light, concealed herself in the dim west. The surface of the waters shone in its tremulous smoothness, and the deep blue of the clear heavens was pure as the world that lies beyond them. The Heron heavily flew towards the land, like a glutton retiring at daybreak, with well lined paunch, from the house of some wealthy patron of good cheer. The Night Heron and the Owl, fearful of day, with hurried flight sought safety in the recesses of the deepest swamps; while the Gulls and Terns, ever cheerful, gambolled over the water, exulting in the prospect of abundance. I also exulted in hope, my whole frame seemed to expand; and our sturdy crew showed by their merry faces that nature had charms for them too. How much of beauty and joy is lost to them who never view the rising sun, and of whose waking existence, the best half is nocturnal.

Twenty miles our men had to row before we reached "Sandy Island," and as on its level shores we all leaped, we plainly saw the southernmost cape of the Floridas. The flocks of birds that covered the shelly beaches, and those hovering overhead, so astonished us that we could for a while scarcely believe our eyes. The first volley procured a supply of food sufficient for two days' consumption. Such tales, you have already been told, are well enough at a distance from the place to which they refer; but you will doubtless be still more surprised when I tell you that our first fire among a crowd of the Great Godwits laid prostrate sixty-five of these birds. Rose-colored Curlews stalked gracefully beneath the mangroves. Purple Herons rose at almost every step we took, and each cactus supported the nest of a White Ibis. The air was darkened by

whistling wings, while, on the waters, floated Gallinules and other interesting birds. We formed a kind of shed with sticks and grass, the sailor cook commenced his labors, and ere long we supplied the deficiencies of our fatigued frames. The business of the day over, we secured ourselves from insects by means of mosquito-nets, and were lulled to rest by the cacklings of the beautiful Purple Gallinules!

In the morning we rose from our sandy beds, and —

THE FLORIDA KEYS

II

I LEFT you abruptly, perhaps uncivilly, reader, at the dawn of day, on Sandy Island, which lies just six miles from the extreme point of South Florida. I did so because I was amazed at the appearance of things around me, which in fact looked so different then from what they seemed at night, that it took some minutes' reflection to account for the change. When we laid ourselves down in the sand to sleep, the waters almost bathed our feet; when we opened our eyes in the morning, they were at an immense distance. Our boat lay on her side, looking not unlike a whale reposing on a mud bank. The birds in myriads were probing their exposed pasture-ground. There great flocks of Ibises fed apart from equally large collections of Godwits, and thousands of Herons gracefully paced along, ever and anon thrusting their javelin bills into the body of some unfortunate fish confined in a small pool of water. Of Fish-Crows, I could not estimate the number, but from the havoc they made among the crabs, I conjecture that these animals must have been scarce by the time of next ebb. Frigate Pelicans chased the Jager, which himself had just robbed a poor Gull of its prize, and all the Gallinules, ran with spread wings from the

mud-banks to the thickets of the island, so timorous had they become when they perceived us.

Surrounded as we were by so many objects that allured us, not one could we yet attain, so dangerous would it have been to venture on the mud; and our pilot, having assured us that nothing could be lost by waiting, spoke of our eating, and on this hint told us that he would take us to a part of the island where "our breakfast would be abundant although uncooked." Off we went, some of the sailors carrying baskets, others large tin pans and wooden vessels, such as they use for eating their meals in. Entering a thicket of about an acre in extent, we found on every bush several nests of the Ibis, each containing three large and beautiful eggs, and all hands fell to gathering. The birds gave way to us, and ere long we had a heap of eggs that promised delicious food. Nor did we stand long in expectation, for, kindling a fire, we soon prepared in one way or other enough to satisfy the cravings of our hungry maws. Breakfast ended, the pilot, looking at the gorgeous sunrise, said: "Gentlemen, prepare yourselves for fun; the tide is coming."

Over these enormous mud-flats, a foot or two of water is quite sufficient to drive all the birds ashore, even the tallest Heron or Flamingo, and the tide seems to flow at once over the whole expanse. Each of us, provided with a gun, posted himself behind a bush, and no sooner had the water forced the winged creatures to approach the shore than the work of destruction commenced. When it at length ceased, the collected mass of birds of different kinds looked not unlike a small haycock. Who could not with a little industry have helped himself to a few of their skins? Why, reader, surely no one as fond of these things as I am. Every one assisted in this, and even the sailors themselves tried their hand at the work.

Our pilot, good man, told us he was no hand at such occupations and would go after something else. So taking

"Long Tom" and his fishing-tackle, he marched off quietly along the shores. About an hour afterwards we saw him returning, when he looked quite exhausted, and on our inquiring the cause said, "There is a dewfish yonder, and a few balacoudas, but I am not able to bring them, or even to haul them here; please send the sailors after them." The fishes were accordingly brought, and as I had never seen a dewfish, I examined it closely, and took an outline of its form, which some days hence you may perhaps see. It exceeded a hundred pounds in weight, and afforded excellent eating. The balacouda is also a good fish, but at times a dangerous one, for, according to the pilot, on more than one occasion "some of these gentry" had followed him when waist-deep in the water, in pursuit of a more valuable prize, until in self-defence, he had to spear them, fearing that "the gentlemen" might at one dart cut off his legs, or some other nice bit, with which he was unwilling to part.

Having filled our cask from a fine well, long since dug in the sand of Cape Sable, either by Seminole Indians or pirates, no matter which, we left Sandy Isle about full tide, and proceeded homeward, giving a call here and there at different Keys, with the view of procuring rare birds, and also their nests and eggs. We had twenty miles to go, "as the birds fly," but the tortuosity of the channels rendered our course fully a third longer. The sun was descending fast, when a black cloud suddenly obscured the majestic orb. Our sails swelled by a breeze that was scarcely felt by us; and the pilot, requesting us to sit on the weather gunwale, told us that we were "going to get it." One sail was hauled in and secured, and the other was reefed, although the wind had not increased. A low murmuring noise was heard, and across the cloud that now rolled along in tumultuous masses shot vivid flashes of lightning. Our experienced guide steered directly across a flat towards the nearest land. The sailors passed their

quids from one cheek to the other, and our pilot having covered himself with his oil jacket, we followed his example. "Blow, sweet breeze," cried he at the tiller, and "we'll reach the land before the blast overtakes us, for, gentlemen, it is a furious cloud yon."

A furious cloud indeed was the one which now, like an eagle on outstretched wings, approached so swiftly that one might have deemed it in haste to destroy us. We were not more than a cable's length from the shore, when, with an imperative voice, the pilot calmly said to us, "Sit quite still, gentlemen, for I should not like to lose you overboard just now; the boat can't upset, my word for that, if you will but sit still — Here we have it!"

Reader, persons who have never witnessed a hurricane, such as not unfrequently desolates the sultry climates of the South, can scarcely form an idea of their terrific grandeur. One would think that, not content with laying waste all on land, it must needs sweep the waters of the shallows quite dry, to quench its thirst. No respite for an instant does it afford to the objects within the reach of its furious current. Like the scythe of the destroying angel, it cuts everything by the roots, as it were, with the careless ease of the experienced mower. Each of its revolving sweeps collects a heap that might be likened to the full-sheaf which the husbandman flings by his side. On it goes with a wildness and fury that are indescribable, and when at last its frightful blasts have ceased, Nature, weeping and disconsolate, is left bereaved of her beauteous offspring. In some instances, even a full century is required before, with all her powerful energies, she can repair her loss. The planter has not only lost his mansion, his crops, and his flocks, but he has to clear his lands anew, covered and entangled as they are with the trunks and branches of trees that are everywhere strewn. The bark, overtaken by the storm, is cast on the lee-shore, and if any are left to witness the fatal results, they are the "wreckers" alone,

who, with inward delight, gaze upon the melancholy spectacle.

Our light bark shivered like a leaf the instant the blast reached her sides. We thought she had gone over; but the next instant she was on the shore. And now in contemplation of the sublime and awful storm, I gazed around me. The waters drifted like snow; the tough mangroves hid their tops amid their roots, and the loud roaring of the waves driven among them blended with the howl of the tempest. It was not rain that fell; the masses of water flew in a horizontal direction, and where a part of my body was exposed I felt as if a smart blow had been given me on it. But enough — in half an hour it was over. The pure blue sky once more embellished the heavens, and although it was now quite night, we considered our situation a good one.

The crew and some of the party spent the night in the boat. The pilot, myself, and one of my assistants took to the heart of the mangroves, and having found high land, we made a fire as well as we could, spread a tarpauling, and fixing our insect bars over us, soon forgot in sleep the horrors that had surrounded us.

Next day the "Marion" proceeded on her cruise, and in a few more days, having anchored in another safe harbor, we visited other Keys, of which I will, with your leave, give you a short account.

The deputy-collector of Indian Isle gave me the use of his pilot for a few weeks, and I was the more gratified by this, that besides knowing him to be a good man, and a perfect sailor, I was now convinced that he possessed a great knowledge of the habits of birds, and could without loss of time lead me to their haunts. We were a hundred miles or so farther to the south. Gay May, like a playful babe, gambolled on the bosom of his mother Nature, and everything was replete with life and joy. The pilot had spoken to me of some birds which I was very desirous of

obtaining. One morning, therefore, we went in two boats to some distant isle, where they were said to breed. Our difficulties in reaching that Key might to some seem more imaginary than real, were I faithfully to describe them. Suffice it for me to tell you that after hauling our boats and pushing them with our hands, for upwards of nine miles, over the flats, we at last reached the deep channel that usually surrounds each of the mangrove islands. We were much exhausted by the labor and excessive heat, but we were now floating on deep water, and by resting a short while under the shade of some mangroves, we were soon refreshed by the breeze that gently blew from the Gulf. We further repaired our strength by taking some food; and I may as well tell you here that, during all the time I spent in that part of the Floridas, my party restricted themselves to fish and soaked biscuit, while our only and constant beverage was molasses and water. I found that in these warm latitudes, exposed as we constantly were to alternate heat and moisture, ardent spirits and more substantial food would prove dangerous to us. The officers, and those persons who from time to time kindly accompanied us, adopted the same regimen, and not an individual of us had ever to complain of so much as a headache.

But we were under the mangroves; at a great distance on one of the flats, the Heron which I have named *Ardea occidentalis*¹ was seen moving majestically in great numbers. The tide rose and drove them away, and as they came towards us, to alight and rest for a time on the tallest trees, we shot as many as I wished. I also took under my charge several of their young alive.

At another time we visited the "Mule Keys." There the prospect was in many respects dismal in the extreme. As I followed their shores, I saw bales of cotton floating in all the coves, while spars of every description lay on

¹ Plate cclxxxi., ed. 1827-1839; plate cclxviii., ed. 1843.

the beach, and far off on the reefs I could see the last remains of a lost ship, her dismantled hulk. Several schooners were around her ; they were wreckers. I turned me from the sight with a heavy heart. Indeed, as I slowly proceeded, I dreaded to meet the floating or cast-ashore bodies of some of the unfortunate crew. Our visit to the Mule Keys was in no way profitable, for besides meeting with but a few birds, in two or three instances I was, whilst swimming in the deep channel of a mangrove isle, much nearer a large shark than I wish ever to be again.

“ The service ” requiring all the attention, prudence, and activity of Captain Day and his gallant officers, another cruise took place, of which you will find some account in the sequel ; and while I rest a little on the deck of the “ Lady of the Green Mantle,” let me offer my humble thanks to the Being who has allowed me the pleasure of thus relating to you, kind reader, a small part of my adventures.

THE TURLERS

THE Tortugas are a group of islands lying about eighty miles from Key West, and the last of those that seem to defend the peninsula of the Floridas. They consist of five or six extremely low, uninhabitable banks, formed of shelly sand, and are resorted to principally by that class of men called wreckers and turlers. Between these islands are deep channels, which, although extremely intricate, are well known to those adventurers, as well as to the commanders of the revenue cutters, whose duties call them to that dangerous coast. The great coral reef, or wall, lies about eight miles from these inhospitable isles, in the direction of the Gulf, and on it many an ignorant or careless navigator has suffered shipwreck. The whole ground around them is densely covered with corals, sea-

fans, and other productions of the deep, amid which crawl innumerable testaceous animals, while shoals of curious and beautiful fishes fill the limpid waters above them. Turtles of different species resort to these banks, to deposit their eggs in the burning sand, and clouds of sea-fowl arrive every spring for the same purpose. These are followed by persons called "egggers," who, when their cargoes are completed, sail to distant markets, to exchange their ill-gotten ware for a portion of that gold on the acquisition of which all men seem bent.

The "Marion" having occasion to visit the Tortugas, I gladly embraced the opportunity of seeing those celebrated islets. A few hours before sunset the joyful cry of "Land!" announced our approach to them; but as the breeze was fresh, and the pilot was well acquainted with all the windings of the channels, we held on, and dropped anchor before twilight. If you have never seen the sun setting in those latitudes, I would recommend to you to make a voyage for the purpose, for I much doubt if, in any other portion of the world, the departure of the orb of day is accompanied with such gorgeous appearances. Look at the great red disk, increased to triple its ordinary dimensions! Now it has partially sunk beneath the distant line of waters, and with its still remaining half irradiates the whole heavens with a flood of golden light, purpling the far-off clouds that hover over the western horizon. A blaze of refulgent glory streams through the portals of the west, and the masses of vapor assume the semblance of mountains of molten gold. But the sun has now disappeared, and from the east slowly advances the gray curtain which night draws over the world.

The Night-hawk is flapping its noiseless wings in the gentle sea-breeze; the Terns, safely landed, have settled on their nests; the Frigate Pelicans are seen wending their way to distant mangroves; and the Brown Gannet, in search of a resting-place, has perched on the yard of the

vessel. Slowly advancing landward, their heads alone above the water, are observed the heavily laden Turtles, anxious to deposit their eggs in the well-known sands. On the surface of the gently rippling stream, I dimly see their broad forms, as they toil along, while at intervals may be heard their hurried breathings, indicative of suspicion and fear. The moon with her silvery light now illumines the scene, and the Turtle, having landed, slowly and laboriously drags her heavy body over the sand, her "flippers" being better adapted for motion in the water than on shore. Up the slope, however, she works her way; and see how industriously she removes the sand beneath her, casting it out on either side. Layer after layer she deposits her eggs, arranging them in the most careful manner, and with her hind paddles brings the sand over them. The business is accomplished, the spot is covered over, and with a joyful heart the Turtle swiftly retires towards the shore, and launches into the deep.

But the Tortugas are not the only breeding places of the Turtles; these animals, on the contrary, frequent many other Keys, as well as various parts of the coast of the mainland. There are four different species, which are known by the names of the *Green* Turtle, the *Hawk-billed* Turtle, the *Logger-head* Turtle, and the *Trunk* Turtle. The first is considered the best as an article of food, in which capacity it is well known to most epicures. It approaches the shores, and enters the bays, inlets, and rivers, early in the month of April, after having spent the winter in the deep waters. It deposits its eggs in convenient places, at two different times in May, and once again in June. The first deposit is the largest, and the last the least, the total quantity being, at an average, about two hundred and forty. The *Hawk-billed* Turtle, whose shell is so valuable as an article of commerce, being used for various purposes in the arts, is the next with respect to the quality of its flesh. It resorts to the outer Keys only,

where it deposits its eggs in two sets, first in July, and again in August, although it "crawls" the beaches of these Keys much earlier in the season, as if to look for a safe place. The average number of its eggs is about three hundred. The Logger-head visits the Tortugas in April, and lays from that period until late in June three sets of eggs, each set averaging one hundred and seventy. The Trunk Turtle, which is sometimes of an enormous size, and which has a pouch like a Pelican, reaches the shores latest. The shell and flesh are so soft that one may push his finger into them, almost as into a lump of butter. This species is therefore considered as the least valuable, and, indeed, is seldom eaten, unless by the Indians, who, ever alert when the Turtle season commences, first carry off the eggs, and afterwards catch the Turtles themselves. The average number of eggs which it lays in the season, in two sets, may be three hundred and fifty.

The Logger-head and the Trunk Turtles are the least cautious in choosing the places in which to deposit their eggs, whereas the two other species select the wildest and most secluded spots. The Green Turtle resorts either to the shores of the Main, between Cape Sable and Cape Florida, or enters Indian, Halifax, and other large rivers or inlets, from which it makes its retreat as speedily as possible, and betakes itself to the open sea. Great numbers, however, are killed by the turtlers and Indians, as well as by various species of carnivorous animals, as Cougars, Lynxes, Bears, and Wolves. The Hawk-bill, which is still more wary, and is always the most difficult to surprise, keeps to the sea-islands. All the species employ nearly the same method in depositing their eggs in the sand, and as I have several times observed them in the act, I am enabled to present you with a circumstantial account of it.

On first nearing the shores, and mostly on fine, calm, moonlight nights, the Turtle raises her head above the

water, being still distant thirty or forty yards from the beach, looks around her, and attentively examines the objects on the shore. Should she observe nothing likely to disturb her intended operations, she emits a loud hissing sound, by which such of her many enemies as are unaccustomed to it are startled, and so are apt to remove to another place, although unseen by her. Should she hear any noise, or perceive indications of danger, she instantly sinks, and goes off to a considerable distance; but should everything be quiet, she advances slowly towards the beach, crawls over it, her head raised to the full stretch of her neck, and when she has reached a place fitted for her purpose, she gazes all round in silence. Finding "all well" she proceeds to form a hole in the sand, which she effects by removing it from *under* her body with her *hind* flippers, scooping it out with so much dexterity that the sides seldom if ever fall in. The sand is raised alternately with each flipper, as with a large ladle, until it has accumulated behind her, when, supporting herself with her head and fore part on the ground fronting her body, she, with a spring from each flipper, sends the sand around her, scattering it to the distance of several feet. In this manner the hole is dug to the depth of eighteen inches, or sometimes more than two feet. This labor I have seen performed in the short period of nine minutes. The eggs are then dropped one by one, and disposed in regular layers, to the number of a hundred and fifty, or sometimes nearly two hundred. The whole time spent in this part of the operation may be about twenty minutes. She now scrapes the loose sand back over the eggs, and so levels and smooths the surface that few persons on seeing the spot could imagine anything had been done to it. This accomplished to her mind, she retreats to the water with all possible despatch, leaving the hatching of the eggs to the heat of the sand. When a Turtle, a Logger-head for example, is in the act

of dropping her eggs, she will not move, although one should go up to her, or even seat himself on her back, for it seems that at this moment she finds it necessary to proceed at all events, and is unable to intermit her labor. The moment it is finished, however, off she starts; nor would it then be possible for one, unless he were as strong as a Hercules, to turn her over and secure her.

To upset a Turtle on the shore, one is obliged to fall on his knees, and placing his shoulder behind her fore-arm, gradually raise her up by pushing with great force, and then with a jerk throw her over. Sometimes it requires the united strength of several men to accomplish this; and, if the Turtle should be of very great size, as often happens on that coast, even handspikes are employed. Some turtlers are so daring as to swim up to them while lying asleep on the surface of the water, and turn them over in their own element, when, however, a boat must be at hand, to enable them to secure their prize. Few Turtles can bite beyond the reach of their fore-legs, and few, when once turned over, can, without assistance, regain their natural position; but, notwithstanding this, their flippers are generally secured by ropes so as to render their escape impossible.

Persons who search for Turtles' eggs, are provided with a light stiff cane or a gun-rod, with which they go along the shores probing the sand near the tracks of the animals, which, however, cannot always be seen, on account of the winds and heavy rains that often obliterate them. The nests are discovered not only by men, but also by beasts of prey, and the eggs are collected, or destroyed on the spot, in great numbers, as on certain parts of the shores hundreds of Turtles are known to deposit their eggs within the space of a mile. They form a new hole each time they lay, and the second is generally dug near the first, as if the animal were quite unconscious of what had befallen it. It will readily be understood that the numerous eggs seen

in a Turtle on cutting it up, could not be all laid the same season. The whole number deposited by an individual in one summer may amount to four hundred, whereas, if the animal is caught on or near her nest, as I have witnessed, the remaining eggs, all small, without shells, and as it were threaded like so many large beads, exceed three thousand. In an instance where I found that number, the Turtle weighed nearly four hundred pounds. The young, soon after being hatched, and when yet scarcely larger than a dollar, scratch their way through their sandy covering, and immediately betake themselves to the water.

The food of the Green Turtle consists chiefly of marine plants, more especially the Grasswrack (*Zostera marina*) which they cut near the roots to procure the most tender and succulent parts. Their feeding-grounds, as I have elsewhere said, are easily discovered by floating masses of these plants on the flats, or along the shores to which they resort. The Hawk-billed species feeds on sea-weeds, crabs, various kinds of shell-fish and fishes; the Logger-head mostly on the fish of conch-shells of large size, which they are enabled, by means of their powerful beak, to crush to pieces with apparently as much ease as a man cracks a walnut. One which was brought on board the "Marion," and placed near the fluke of one of her anchors, made a deep indentation in that hammered piece of iron, which quite surprised me. The Trunk Turtle feeds on mollusca, fish, crustacea, sea urchins, and various marine plants.

All the species move through the water with surprising speed; but the Green and Hawk-billed, in particular, remind you, by their celerity and the ease of their motions, of the progress of a bird in the air. It is, therefore, no easy matter to strike one with a spear, and yet this is often done by an accomplished turtler.

While at Key West, and other islands on the coast, where I made the observations here presented to you, I

chanced to have need to purchase some Turtles, to feed my friends on board "The Lady of the Green Mantle"—not my friends her gallant officers, or the brave tars who formed her crew, for all of them had already been satiated with Turtle soup, but my friends the Herons, of which I had a goodly number alive in coops, intending to carry them to John Bachman of Charleston, and other persons for whom I ever feel a sincere regard. So I went to a "crawl" accompanied by Dr. Benjamin Strobel, to inquire about prices, when, to my surprise, I found that the smaller the Turtles above ten-pounds weight, the dearer they were, and that I could have purchased one of the Logger-head kind that weighed more than seven hundred pounds, for little more money than another of only thirty pounds. While I gazed on the large one, I thought of the soups the contents of its shell would have furnished for a "Lord Mayor's dinner," of the numerous eggs which its swollen body contained, and of the curious carriage which might be made of its shell—a car in which Venus herself might sail over the Caribbean Sea, provided her tender Doves lent their aid in drawing the divinity, and provided no shark or hurricane came to upset it. The turtler assured me that although the "great monster" was, in fact, better meat than any other of a less size, there was no disposing of it, unless, indeed, it had been in his power to have sent it to some very distant market. I would willingly have purchased it, but I knew that if killed, its flesh could not keep much longer than a day, and on that account I bought eight or ten small ones, which "my friends" really relished exceedingly, and which served to support them for a long time.

Turtles, such as I have spoken of, are caught in various ways on the coasts of the Floridas, or in estuaries and rivers. Some turlers are in the habit of setting great nets across the entrance of streams, so as to answer the purpose either at the flow or at the ebb of the waters.

These nets are formed of very large meshes, into which the Turtles partially enter, when, the more they attempt to extricate themselves, the more they get entangled. Others harpoon them in the usual manner; but in my estimation no method is equal to that employed by Mr. Egan, the pilot of Indian Isle.

That extraordinary turtler had an iron instrument which he called a *peg*, and which at each end had a point not unlike what nail-makers call a brad, it being four-cornered but flattish, and of a shape somewhat resembling the beak of an Ivory-billed Woodpecker, together with a neck and shoulder. Between the two shoulders of this instrument a fine tough-line, fifty or more fathoms in length, was fastened by one end being passed through a hole in the centre of the peg and the line itself was carefully coiled up, and placed in a convenient part of the canoe. One extremity of this peg enters a sheath of iron that loosely attaches it to a long wooden spear, until a Turtle has been pierced through the shell by the other extremity. He of the canoe paddles away as silently as possible whenever he spies a Turtle basking on the water, until he gets within a distance of ten or twelve yards, when he throws the spear so as to hit the animal about the place which an entomologist would choose, were it a large insect, for pinning it to a piece of cork. As soon as the Turtle is struck, the wooden handle separates from the peg, in consequence of the looseness of its attachment. The smart of the wound urges on the animal as if distracted, and it appears that the longer the peg remains in its shell, the more firmly fastened it is, so great a pressure is exercised upon it by the shell of the Turtle, which, being suffered to run like a whale, soon becomes fatigued, and is secured by hauling in the line with great care. In this manner, as the pilot informed me, eight hundred Green Turtles were caught by one man in twelve months.

Each turtler has his *crawl*, which is a square wooden building or pen formed of logs, which are so far separated as to allow the tide to pass freely through, and stand erect in the mud. The Turtles are placed in this enclosure, fed and kept there until sold. If the animals thus confined have not laid their eggs previous to their seizure, they drop them in the water, so that they are lost. The price of Green Turtles, when I was at Key West, was from four to six cents per pound.

The loves of the Turtles are conducted in the most extraordinary manner; but as the recital of them must prove out of place here, I shall pass them over. There is, however, a circumstance relating to their habits which I cannot omit, although I have it not from my own ocular evidence, but from report. When I was in the Floridas several of the turtlers assured me that any Turtle taken from the depositing ground, and carried on the deck of a vessel several hundred miles, would, if then let loose, certainly be met with at the same spot, either immediately after, or in the following breeding season. Should this prove true, and it certainly may, how much will be enhanced the belief of the student in the uniformity and solidity of Nature's arrangements, when he finds that the Turtle, like a migratory bird, returns to the same locality, with perhaps a delight similar to that experienced by the traveller, who, after visiting distant countries, once more returns to the bosom of his cherished family.

THE FORCE OF THE WATERS

THE men who are employed in cutting down the trees, and conveying the logs to the saw-mills or the places for shipping, are, in the State of Maine, called "lumberers." Their labors may be said to be continual. Before winter has commenced, and while the ground is yet uncovered

with a great depth of snow, they leave their homes to proceed to the interior of the pine forests, which in that part of the country are truly magnificent, and betake themselves to certain places already well known to them. Their provisions, axes, saws, and other necessary articles, together with provender for their cattle, are conveyed by oxen in heavy sledges. Almost at the commencement of their march, they are obliged to enter the woods, and they have frequently to cut a way for themselves for considerable spaces, as the ground is often covered with the decaying trunks of immense trees, which have fallen either from age, or in consequence of accidental burnings. These trunks, and the undergrowth which lies entangled in their tops render many places almost impassable even to men on foot. Over miry ponds they are sometimes forced to form causeways, this being, under all circumstances, the easiest mode of reaching the opposite side. Then, reader, is the time for witnessing the exertions of their fine large cattle. No rods do their drivers use to pain their flanks; no oaths or imprecations are ever heard to fall from the lips of these most industrious and temperate men, for in them, as in most of the inhabitants of our Eastern States, education and habit have tempered the passions, and reduced the moral constitution to a state of harmony. Nay, the sobriety that exists in many of the villages of Maine, I acknowledge, I have often considered as carried to excess, for on asking for brandy, rum, or whiskey, not a drop could I obtain, and it is probable there was an equal lack of spirituous liquors of every other kind. Now and then I saw some good old wines, but they were always drunk in careful moderation. But to return to the management of the oxen. Why, reader, the lumbermen speak to them as if they were rational beings. Few words seem to suffice, and their whole strength is applied to the labor, as if in gratitude to those who treat them with so much gentleness and humanity.

While present on more than one occasion at what Americans call "ploughing matches," which they have annually in many of the States, I have been highly gratified, and in particular at one, of which I have still a strong recollection, and which took place a few miles from the fair and hospitable city of Boston. There I saw fifty or more ploughs drawn by as many pairs of oxen, which performed their work with so much accuracy and regularity — without the infliction of whip or rod, but merely guided by the verbal mandates of the ploughmen — that I was perfectly astonished.

After surmounting all obstacles, the lumberers with their stock arrive at the spot which they have had in view, and immediately commence building a camp. The trees around soon fall under the blows of their axes, and before many days have elapsed a low habitation is reared and fitted within for the accommodation of their cattle, while their provender is secured on a kind of loft covered with broad shingles or boards. Then their own cabin is put up; rough bedsteads, manufactured on the spot, are fixed in the corners; a chimney composed of a frame of sticks plastered with mud leads away the smoke; the skins of Bears or Deer, with some blankets, form their bedding, and around the walls are hung their changes of homespun clothing, guns, and various necessaries of life. Many prefer spending the night on the sweet-scented hay and corn blades of their cattle, which are laid on the ground. All arranged within, the lumberers set their "dead falls," large "steel traps," and "spring guns," in suitable places round their camps, to procure some of the Bears that ever prowl around such establishments.

Now the heavy clouds of November, driven by the northern blasts, pour down the snow in feathery flakes. The winter has fairly set in, and seldom do the sun's gladdening rays fall on the wood-cutter's hut. In warm flannels his body is enveloped, the skin of a Raccoon covers his

head and brows, his Moose-skin leggings reach the girdle that secures them around his waist, while on broad moccasins, or snow-shoes, he stands from the earliest dawn until night, hacking away at majestic pines, that for a century past have embellished the forest. The fall of these valuable trees no longer resounds on the ground; and, as they tumble here and there nothing is heard but the rustling and cracking of their branches, their heavy trunks sinking into the deep snows. Thousands of large pines thus cut down every winter afford room for younger trees, which spring up profusely to supply the wants of man.

Weeks and weeks have elapsed; the earth's pure white covering has become thickly and firmly crusted by the increasing intensity of the cold, the fallen trees have all been sawn into measured logs, and the long repose of the oxen has fitted them for hauling them to the nearest frozen streams. The ice gradually becomes covered with the accumulating mass of timber, and, their task completed, the lumberers wait impatiently for the breaking up of the winter.

At this period they pass the time in hunting the Moose, the Deer, and the Bear, for the benefit of their wives and children; and as these men are most excellent woodsmen great havoc is made among the game. Many skins of Sables, Martens, and Musk-Rats they have procured during the intervals of their labor, or under night. The snows are now giving way, as the rains descend in torrents, and the lumberers collect their utensils, harness their cattle, and prepare for their return. This they accomplish in safety.

From being lumberers they now become millers, and with pleasure each applies the grating file to his saws. Many logs have already reached the dams on the swollen waters of the rushing streams, and the task commences, which is carried on through the summer, of cutting them up into boards.

The great heats of the dog-days have parched the ground ; every creek has become a shallow, except here and there where in a deep hole the salmon and the trout have found a retreat ; the sharp, slimy angles of multitudes of rocks project, as if to afford resting-places to the Wood-ducks and Herons that breed on the borders of these streams. Thousands of "saw-logs" remain in every pool, beneath and above each rapid or fall. The miller's dam has been emptied of its timber, and he must now resort to some expedient to procure a fresh supply.

It was my good fortune to witness the method employed for the purpose of collecting the logs that had not reached their destination, and I had the more pleasure that it was seen in company with my little family. I wish, for your sake, reader, that I could describe in an adequate manner the scene which I viewed ; but, although not so well qualified as I could wish, rely upon it that the desire which I feel to gratify you will induce me to use all my endeavors to give you an *idea* of it.

It was the month of September. At the upper extremity of Dennysville, which is itself a pretty village, are the saw-mills and ponds of the hospitable Judge Lincoln and other persons. The creek that conveys the logs to these ponds, and which bears the name of the village, is interrupted in its course by many rapids and narrow embanked gorges. One of the latter is situated about half a mile above the mill-dams, and is so rocky and rugged in its bottom and sides as to preclude the possibility of the trees passing along it at low water, while, as I conceived, it would have given no slight labor to an army of woodsmen or millers to move the thousands of large logs that had accumulated in it. They lay piled in confused heaps to a great height along an extent of several hundred yards, and were in some places so close as to have formed a kind of dam. Above the gorge there is a large natural reservoir, in which the head-waters of the creek settle, while only a small portion

of them ripples through the gorge below, during the later weeks of summer and in early autumn, when the streams are at their lowest.

At the *neck* of this basin the lumberers raised a temporary barrier with the refuse of their sawn logs. The boards were planted nearly upright, and supported at their tops by a strong tree extending from side to side of the creek, which might there be about forty feet in breadth. It was prevented from giving way under pressure of the rising waters by having strong abutments of wood laid against its centre, while the ends of these abutments were secured by wedges, which could be knocked off when necessary.

The temporary dam was now finished. Little or no water escaped through the barrier, and that in the creek above it rose in the course of three weeks to its top, which was about ten feet high, forming a sheet that extended upwards fully a mile from the dam. My family was invited early one morning to go and witness the extraordinary effect which would be produced by the breaking down of the barrier, and we all accompanied the lumberers to the place. Two of the men, on reaching it, threw off their jackets, tied handkerchiefs round their heads, and fastened to their bodies a long rope, the end of which was held by three or four others, who stood ready to drag their companions ashore, in case of danger or accident. The two operators, each bearing an axe, walked along the abutments, and at a given signal knocked out the wedges. A second blow from each sent off the abutments themselves, and the men, leaping with extreme dexterity from one cross log to another, sprung to the shore with almost the quickness of thought.

Scarcely had they effected their escape from the frightful peril which threatened them, when the mass of waters burst forth with a horrible uproar. All eyes were bent towards the huge heaps of logs in the gorge below. The tumultuous burst of the waters instantly swept away every object that

opposed their progress, and rushed in foaming waves among the timbers that everywhere blocked up the passage. Presently a slow, heavy motion was perceived in the mass of logs; one might have imagined that some mighty monster lay convulsively writhing beneath them, struggling with a fearful energy to extricate himself from the crushing weight. As the waters rose, this movement increased; the mass of timber extended in all directions, appearing to become more and more entangled each moment; the logs bounced against each other, thrusting aside, demersing, or raising into the air those with which they came in contact; it seemed as if they were waging a war of destruction, such as ancient authors describe the efforts of the Titans, the foamings of whose wrath might to the eye of the painter have been represented by the angry curlings of the waters, while the tremulous and rapid motions of the logs, which at times reared themselves almost perpendicularly, might by the poet have been taken for the shakings of the confounded and discomfited giants.

Now the rushing element filled up the gorge to its brim. The logs, once under way, rolled, reared, tossed, and tumbled amid the foam, as they were carried along. Many of the smaller trees broke across, from others great splinters were sent up, and all were in some degree seamed and scarred. Then in tumultuous majesty swept along the mingled wreck, the current being now increased to such a pitch that the logs, as they were dashed against the rocky shores, resounded like the report of distant artillery, or the angry rumblings of the thunder. Onward it rolls, the emblem of wreck and ruin, destruction and chaotic strife. It seemed to me as if I witnessed the rout of a vast army, surprised, overwhelmed, and overthrown. The roar of the cannon, the groans of the dying, and the shouts of the avengers were thundering through my brain, and amid the frightful confusion of the scene, there came over my spirit

a melancholy feeling, which had not entirely vanished at the end of many days.

In a few hours almost all the timber that had lain heaped in the rocky gorge, was floating in the great pond of the millers; and as we walked homeward we talked of the *Force of the Waters*.

JOURNEY IN NEW BRUNSWICK AND MAINE

THE morning after that which we had spent with Sir Archibald Campbell and his delightful family, saw us proceeding along the shores of the St. John River, in the British Province of New Brunswick. As we passed the Government House, our hearts bade its generous inmates adieu; and as we left Fredericton behind, the recollection of the many acts of kindness which we had received from its inhabitants came powerfully on our minds. Slowly advancing over the surface of the translucent stream, we still fancied our ears saluted by the melodies of the unrivalled band of the 43d Regiment. In short, with the remembrance of kindness experienced, the feeling of expectations gratified, the hope of adding to our knowledge, and the possession of health and vigor, we were luxuriating in happiness.

The "Favorite," the bark in which we were, contained not only my whole family, but nearly a score and a half of individuals of all descriptions, so that the crowded state of the cabin soon began to prove rather disagreeable. The boat itself was a mere scow, commanded by a person of rather uncouth aspect and rude manners. Two sorry nags he had fastened to the end of a long tow-line, on the nearer of which rode a negro youth, less than half clad, with a long switch in one hand, and the joined bridles in the other, striving with all his might to urge them on at

the rate of something more than two miles an hour. How fortunate it is for one to possess a little of the knowledge of a true traveller! Following the advice of a good and somewhat aged one, we had provided ourselves with a large basket, which was not altogether empty when we reached the end of our aquatic excursion. Here and there the shores of the river were delightful, the space between them and the undulating hills that bounded the prospect being highly cultivated, while now and then the abrupt and rocky banks assumed a most picturesque appearance. Although it was late in September, the mowers were still engaged in cutting the grass, and the gardens of the farmers showed patches of green peas. The apples were still green, and the vegetation in general reminded us that we were in a northern latitude.

Gradually and slowly we proceeded, until in the afternoon we landed to exchange our jaded horses. We saw a house on an eminence, with groups of people assembled round it, but there no dinner could be obtained, because, as the landlord told us, an election was going on. So the basket was had recourse to, and on the greensward we refreshed ourselves with its contents. This done, we returned to the scow, and resumed our stations. As usual in such cases, in every part of the world that I have visited, our second set of horses was worse than the first. However, on we went; to tell you how often the tow-line gave way would not be more amusing to you than it was annoying to us. Once our commander was in consequence plunged into the stream, but after some exertion he succeeded in regaining his gallant bark, when he consoled himself by giving utterance to a volley of blasphemies, which it would as ill become me to repeat, as it would be disagreeable to you to hear. We slept somewhere that night; it does not suit my views of travelling to tell you where.

Before day returned to smile on the "Favorite" we

proceeded. Some rapids we came to, when every one, glad to assist her, leaped on shore, and tugged *à la cordelle*. Some miles farther we passed a curious cataract, formed by the waters of the Pokioke. There Sambo led his steeds up the sides of a high bank, when, lo! the whole party came tumbling down, like so many hogsheads of tobacco rolled from a store-house to the banks of the Ohio. He at the steering oar hoped "the black rascal" had broken his neck, and congratulated himself in the same breath for the safety of the horses, which presently got on their feet. Sambo, however, alert as an Indian chief, leaped on the naked back of one, and showing his teeth, laughed at his master's curses. Shortly after this we found our boat very snugly secured on the top of a rock, midway in the stream, just opposite the mouth of Eel River.

Next day at noon, none injured, but all chop-fallen, we were landed at Woodstock village, yet in its infancy. After dining there we procured a cart, and an excellent driver, and proceeded along an execrable road to Houlton in Maine, glad enough, after all our mishaps, at finding ourselves in our own country. But before I bid farewell to the beautiful river of St. John, I must tell you that its navigation seldom exceeds eight months each year, the passage during the rest being performed on the ice, of which we were told that last season there was an unusual quantity, so much, indeed, as to accumulate, by being jammed at particular spots, to the height of nearly fifty feet above the ordinary level of the river, and that when it broke loose in spring, the crash was awful. All the low grounds along the river were suddenly flooded, and even the elevated plain on which Fredericton stands was covered to the depth of four feet. Fortunately, however, as on the greater streams of the Western and Southern Districts, such an occurrence seldom takes place.

Major Clarke, commander of the United States garri-

son, received us with remarkable kindness. The next day was spent in a long though fruitless ornithological excursion, for although we were accompanied by officers and men from the garrison, not a bird did any of our party procure that was of any use to us. We remained a few days, however, after which, hiring a cart, two horses, and a driver, we proceeded in the direction of Bangor.

Houlton is a neat village, consisting of some fifty houses. The fort is well situated, and commands a fine view of Mars' Hill, which is about thirteen miles distant. A custom-house has been erected here, the place being on the boundary line of the United States and the British Provinces. The road which was cut by the soldiers of this garrison, from Bangor to Houlton, through the forests, is at this moment a fine turnpike, of great breadth, almost straight in its whole length, and perhaps the best now in the Union. It was incomplete, however, for some miles, so that our travelling over that portion was slow and disagreeable. The rain, which fell in torrents, reduced the newly raised earth to a complete bed of mud, and at one time our horses became so completely mired that, had we not been extricated by two oxen, we must have spent the night near the spot. Jogging along at a very slow pace, we were overtaken by a gay wagoner, who had excellent horses, two of which a little "siller" induced him to join to ours, and we were taken to a tavern, at the "Cross Roads," where we spent the night in comfort. While supper was preparing, I made inquiries respecting birds, quadrupeds, and fishes, and was pleased to hear that many of these animals abounded in the neighborhood. Deer, Bears, Trout, and Grouse were quite plentiful, as was the Great Gray Owl.

When we resumed our journey next morning Nature displayed all her loveliness, and Autumn with her mellow tints, her glowing fruits, and her rich fields of corn, smiled in placid beauty. Many of the fields had not yet

been reaped, the fruits of the forests and orchards hung clustering around us, and as we came in view of the Penobscot River, our hearts thrilled with joy. Its broad transparent waters here spread out their unruffled surface, there danced along the rapids, while canoes filled with Indians glided swiftly in every direction, raising before them the timorous waterfowl that had already flocked in from the north. Mountains, which you well know are indispensable in a beautiful landscape, reared their majestic crests in the distance. The Canada Jay leaped gaily from branch to twig; the Kingfisher, as if vexed at being suddenly surprised, rattled loudly as it swiftly flew off; and the Fish Hawk and Eagle spread their broad wings over the waters. All around was beautiful, and we gazed on the scene with delight, as seated on a verdant bank, we refreshed our frames from our replenished stores. A few rare birds were procured here, and the rest of the road being level and firm, we trotted on at a good pace for several hours, the Penobscot keeping company with us.

Now we came to a deep creek, of which the bridge was undergoing repairs, and the people saw our vehicle approach with much surprise. They, however, assisted us with pleasure, by placing a few logs across, along which our horses one after the other were carefully led, and the cart afterwards carried. These good fellows were so averse to our recompensing them for their labor that after some altercation we were obliged absolutely to force what we deemed a suitable reward upon them.

Next day we continued our journey along the Penobscot, the country changing its aspect at every mile, and when we first descried Old Town, that village of saw-mills looked like an island covered with manufactories. The people here are noted for their industry and perseverance, and any one possessing a mill, and attending to his saws, and the floating of the timber into his dams, is

sure to obtain a competency in a few years. Speculations in land covered with pine, lying to the north of this place, are carried on to a great extent, and to discover a good tract of such ground many a miller of Old Town undertakes long journeys. Reader, with your leave, I will here introduce one of them.

Good luck brought us into acquaintance with Mr. Gillies, whom we happened to meet in the course of our travels, as he was returning from an exploring tour. About the first of August he formed a party of sixteen persons, each carrying a knapsack and an axe. Their provisions consisted of two hundred and fifty pounds of pilot bread, one hundred and fifty of salt pork, four of tea, two large loaves of sugar, and some salt. They embarked in light canoes twelve miles north of Bangor, and followed the Penobscot as far as Wassataquoik River, a branch leading to the northwest, until they reached the Seboois Lakes, the principal of which lie in a line, with short portages between them. Still proceeding northwest they navigated these lakes, and then turning west, carried their canoes to the great lake Baamchenungamook; thence north to Wallaghasquegantook Lake, then along a small stream to the upper Umsaskiss Pond, when they reached the Albagash River which leads into the St. John in about latitude 47°. Many portions of that country had not been visited before even by the Indians, who assured Mr. Gillies of this fact. They continued their travels down the St. John to the Grand Falls, where they met with a portage of half a mile, and having reached Meduxmekeag Creek, a little above Woodstock, the party walked to Houlton, having travelled twelve hundred miles, and described almost an oval over the country by the time they returned to Old Town, on the Penobscot.

While anxiously looking for "lumber-lands," they ascended the eminences around, then climbed the tallest trees, and by means of a good telescope, inspected the

pine woods in the distance. And such excellent judges are these persons of the value of the timber which they thus observe, when it is situated at a convenient distance from water, that they never afterwards forget the different spots at all worthy of their attention. They had observed only a few birds and quadrupeds, the latter principally Porcupines. The borders of the lakes and rivers afforded them fruits of various sorts, and abundance of cranberries, while the uplands yielded plenty of wild white onions, and a species of black plum. Some of the party continued their journey in canoes down the St. John, ascended Eel River, and the lake of the same name to Matanemheag River, due southwest of the St. John, and after a few portages fell into the Penobscot.

I had made arrangements to accompany Mr. Gillies on a journey of this kind, when I judged it would be more interesting as well as useful to me to visit the distant country of Labrador.

The road which we followed from Old Town to Bangor was literally covered with Penobscot Indians returning from market. On reaching the latter beautiful town, we found very comfortable lodging in an excellent hotel, and next day we proceeded by the mail to Boston.

A MOOSE HUNT

IN the spring of 1833 the Moose were remarkably abundant in the neighborhood of the Schoodiac Lakes; and, as the snow was so deep in the woods as to render it almost impossible for them to escape, many of them were caught. About the 1st of March, 1833, three of us set off on a hunt, provided with snow-shoes, guns, hatchets, and provisions for a fortnight. On the first day we went fifty miles, in a sledge, drawn by one horse, to the nearest

lake, where we stopped for the night, in the hut of an Indian named Lewis, of the Passamaquoddy tribe, who had abandoned the wandering life of his race, and turned his attention to farming and lumbering. Here we saw the operation of making snow-shoes, which requires more skill than one might imagine. The men generally make the bows to suit themselves, and the women weave in the threads, which are usually made of the skin of the Caribou Deer.

The next day we went on foot sixty-two miles farther, when a heavy rain-storm coming on, we were detained a whole day. The next morning we put on snow-shoes, and proceeded about thirteen miles, to the head of the Musquash Lake, where we found a camp, which had been erected by some lumberers in the winter; and here we established our headquarters. In the afternoon an Indian had driven a female Moose-deer, and two young ones of the preceding year, within a quarter of a mile of our camp, when he was obliged to shoot the old one. We undertook to procure the young alive, and after much exertion succeeded in getting one of them, and shut it up in the shed made for the oxen; but as the night was falling, we were compelled to leave the other in the woods. The dogs having killed two fine Deer that day, we feasted upon some of their flesh, and upon Moose, which certainly seemed to us the most savory meat we had ever eaten, although a keen appetite is very apt to warp one's judgment in such a case. After supper we laid ourselves down before the huge fire we had built up, and were soon satisfied that we had at last discovered the most comfortable mode of sleeping.

In the morning we started off on the track of a Moose, which had been driven from its haunt, or yard, by the Indians the day before; and although the snow was in general five feet deep, and in some places much deeper, we travelled three miles before we came to the spot where

the Moose had rested for the night. He had not left this place more than an hour, when we came to it. So we pushed on faster than before, trusting that ere long we should overtake him. We had proceeded about a mile and a half farther, when he took a sudden turn, which threw us off his track, and when we again found it, we saw that an Indian had taken it up, and gone in pursuit of the harassed animal. In a short time we heard the report of a gun, and immediately running up, we saw the Moose, standing in a thicket, wounded, when we brought him down. The animal finding himself too closely pursued, had turned upon the Indian, who fired, and instantly ran into the bushes to conceal himself. It was three years old, and consequently not nearly grown, although already about six feet and a half in height.

It is difficult to conceive how an animal could have gone at such a rate when the snow was so deep, with a thick crust at top. In one place, he had followed the course of a brook, over which the snow had sunk considerably on account of the higher temperature of the water, and we had an opportunity of seeing evidence of the great power which the species possess in leaping over objects that obstruct his way. There were places in which the snow had drifted to so great a height that you would have imagined it impossible for any animal to leap over it, and yet we found that he had done so at a single bound, without leaving the least trace. As I did not measure these snow-heaps, I cannot positively say how high they were, but I am well persuaded that some of them were ten feet.

We proceeded to skin and dress the Moose, and buried the flesh under the snow, where it will keep for weeks. On opening the animal we were surprised to see the great size of the heart and lungs, compared with the contents of the abdomen. The heart was certainly larger than that of any animal which I had seen. The head bears a great resemblance to that of a horse, but the "muffle" is more

than twice as large, and when the animal is irritated or frightened, it projects that part much farther than usual. It is stated in some descriptions of the Moose that he is short-winded and tender-footed, but he certainly is capable of long continued and very great exertion, and his feet, for anything that I have seen to the contrary, are as hard as those of any other quadruped. The young Moose was so exhausted and fretted that it offered no opposition to us as we led it to the camp; but in the middle of the night we were awakened by a great noise in the hovel, and found that as it had in some measure recovered from its terror and state of exhaustion, it began to think of getting home, and was now much enraged at finding itself so securely imprisoned. We were unable to do anything with it, for if we merely approached our hands to the openings of the hut, it would spring at us with the greatest fury, roaring and erecting its mane, in a manner that convinced us of the futility of all attempts to save it alive. We threw to it the skin of a Deer, which it tore to pieces in a moment. This individual was a yearling, and about six feet high. When we went to look for the other, which we had left in the woods, we found that he had "taken his back-track" or retraced his steps, and gone to the "beat," about a mile and a half distant, and which it may be interesting to describe.

At the approach of winter, parties of Moose-deer, from two to fifty in number, begin to lessen their range, and proceed slowly to the south side of some hill, where they feed within still narrower limits, as the snow begins to fall. When it accumulates on the ground, the snow, for a considerable space, is divided into well trodden, irregular paths, in which they keep, and browse upon the bushes at the sides, occasionally striking out a new path, so that, by the spring, many of those made at the beginning of winter are obliterated. A "yard" for half a dozen Moose, would probably contain about twenty acres.

A good hunter, although still a great way off, will not only perceive that there is a yard in the vicinity, but can tell the direction in which it lies, and even be pretty sure of the distance. It is by the marks on the trees that he discovers this circumstance; he finds the young maple, and especially the moose-wood and birch, with the bark gnawed off to the height of five or six feet on one side, and the twigs bitten, with the impression of the teeth left in such a manner, that the position of the animal when browsing on them, may be ascertained. Following the course indicated by these marks, the hunter gradually finds them more distinct and frequent, until at length he arrives at the yard; but there he finds no Moose, for long before he reaches the place, their extremely acute smell and hearing warn them of his approach, when they leave the yard, generally altogether, the strongest leading in one track, or in two or three parties. When pursued they usually separate, except the females, which keep with their young, and go before to break the track for them; nor will they leave them under any circumstances until brought down by their ruthless pursuers. The males, especially the old ones, being quite lean at this season, go off at great speed, and unless the snow is extremely deep, soon outstrip the hunters. They usually go in the direction of the wind, making many short turns to keep the scent, or to avoid some bad passage; and although they may sink to the bottom at every step, they cannot be overtaken in less than three or four days. The females, on the contrary, are remarkably fat, and it is not at all unfrequent to find in one of them a hundred pounds of raw tallow. But let us return to the young buck, which had regained the yard.

We found him still more untractable than the female we had left in the hovel; he had trodden down the snow for a small space around him, which he refused to leave, and would spring with great fury at any one who ap-

proached the spot too near; and as turning on snow-shoes is not an easy operation, we were content to let him alone, and try to find one in a better situation for capture, knowing that if we did eventually secure him, he would probably, in the struggle injure himself too much to live. I have good reason to believe that the only practicable mode of taking them uninjured, except when they are very young, is, when they are exhausted and completely defenceless, to bind them securely, and keep them so till they have become pacified, and convinced of the uselessness of any attempt at resistance. If allowed to exert themselves as they please, they almost always kill themselves, as we found by experience.

On the following day we again set out, and coming across the tracks of two young bucks, which had been started by the Indians, we pursued them, and in two or three miles, overtook them. As it was desirable to obtain them as near the camp as possible, we attempted to steer them that way. For a while we succeeded very well in our scheme, but at last one of them, after making many ineffectual attempts to get another way, turned upon his pursuer, who, finding himself not very safe, felt obliged to shoot him. His companion, who was a little more tractable, we drove on a short way, but as he had contrived to take many turnings, he could approach us on his back-track too swiftly, so that we were compelled to shoot him also. We "dressed" them, taking with us the tongues and muffles, which are considered the most delicate parts.

We had not walked more than a quarter of a mile, when we perceived some of the indications before mentioned, which we followed for half a mile, when we came across a yard, and going round it, we found where the Moose had left it, though we afterwards learned that we had missed a fine buck, which the dogs, however, discovered later. We soon overtook a female with a young one,

and were not long in sight of them when they stood at bay. It is really wonderful how soon they beat down a hard space in the snow to stand upon, when it is impossible for a dog to touch them, as they stamp so violently with their fore-feet that it is certain death to approach them. This Moose had only one calf with her, though the usual number is two, almost invariably a male and a female. We shot them with a ball through the brain.

The Moose bears a considerable resemblance to the horse in his conformation, and in his disposition a still greater, having much of the sagacity as well as viciousness of that animal. We had an opportunity of observing the wonderful acuteness of its hearing and smelling. As we were standing by one, he suddenly erected his ears, and put himself on the alert, evidently aware of the approach of some person. About ten minutes after, one of our party came up, who must have been at the time at least half a mile off, and the wind was from the Moose towards him.

This species of Deer feeds on the hemlock, cedar, fir, or pine, but will not touch the spruce. It also eats the twigs of the maple, birch, and soft shoots of other trees. In the autumn they may be enticed by imitating their peculiar cry, which is described as truly frightful. The hunter gets up into a tree, or conceals himself in some other secure place, and imitates this cry by means of a piece of birch-bark rolled up to give the proper tone. Presently he hears the Moose come dashing along, and when he gets near enough, takes a good aim, and soon despatches him. It is very unsafe to stand within reach of the animal, for he would certainly endeavor to demolish you.

A full-grown male Moose is said to measure nine feet in height, and with his immense branching antlers presents a truly formidable appearance. Like the Virginia Deer, and the male Caribou, they shed their horns every

year about the beginning of December. The first year their horns are not dropped in spring. When irritated the Moose makes a great grinding with his teeth, erects his mane, lays back his ears, and stamps with violence. When disturbed he makes a hideous whining noise, much in the manner of the Camel.

In that wild and secluded part of the country, seldom visited but by the Indians, the common Deer were without number, and it was with great difficulty that we kept the dogs with us, as they were continually meeting with "beats." In its habits that species greatly resembles the Moose. The Caribou has a very broad, flat foot, and can spread it on the snow to the fetlock, so as to be able to run on a crust scarcely hard enough to bear a dog. When the snow is soft, they keep in immense droves around the margins of the large lakes to which they betake themselves when pursued, the crust being much harder there than elsewhere. When it becomes more firm, they strike into the woods. As they possess such facility of running on snow, they do not require to make any yards, and consequently have no fixed place in the winter. The speed of this animal is not well known, but I am inclined to believe it much greater than that of the fleetest horse.

In our camp we saw great numbers of Crossbills, Grosbeaks, and various other small birds. Of the first of these were two species which were very tame, and alighted on our hut with the greatest familiarity. We caught five or six at once, under a snow-shoe. The Pine-Martin and Wild Cat were also very abundant.¹

¹ The "Moose Hunt" was communicated to me by my young friend, Thomas Lincoln, of Dennysville in Maine.

LABRADOR

WHEN I look back upon the many pleasant hours that I spent with the young gentlemen who composed my party, during our excursions along the coast of sterile and stormy Labrador, I think that a brief account of our employments may prove not altogether uninteresting to my readers.

We had purchased our stores at Boston, with the aid of my generous friend, Dr. Parkman of that city; but unfortunately many things necessary on an expedition like ours were omitted. At Eastport in Maine we therefore laid in these requisites. No traveller, let me say, ought to neglect anything that is calculated to insure the success of his undertaking, or to contribute to his personal comfort, when about to set out on a long and perhaps hazardous voyage. Very few opportunities of replenishing stores of provisions, clothing, or ammunition, occur in such a country as Labrador; and yet, we all placed too much confidence in the zeal and foresight of our purveyors at Eastport. We had abundance of ammunition, excellent bread, meat, and potatoes; but the butter was quite rancid, the oil only fit to grease our guns, the vinegar too liberally diluted with cider, the mustard and pepper deficient in due pungency. All this, however, was not discovered until it was too late to be remedied. Several of the young men were not clothed as hunters should be, and some of the guns were not so good as we could have wished. We were, however, fortunate with respect to our vessel, which was a notable sailer, did not leak, had a good crew, and was directed by a capital seaman.

The hold of the schooner was floored, and an entrance made to it from the cabin, so that in it we had a very good parlor, dining-room, drawing-room, library, etc., all those apartments, however, being comprised in one. An

extravagantly elongated deal table ranged along the centre; one of the party had slung his hammock at one end, and in its vicinity slept the cook and a lad who acted as armorer. The cabin was small; but being fitted in the usual manner with side berths, was used for a dormitory. It contained a small table and a stove, the latter of diminutive size, but smoky enough to discomfit a host. We had adopted in a great measure the clothing worn by the American fishermen on that coast, namely, thick blue cloth trousers, a comfortable waistcoat, and a pea-jacket of blanket. Our boots were large, round-toed, strong, and well studded with large nails to prevent sliding on the rocks. Worsted comforters, thick mittens, and round broad-brimmed hats, completed our dress, which was more picturesque than fashionable. As soon as we had an opportunity, the boots were exchanged for Esquimaux mounted moccasins of Seal-skin, impermeable to water, light, easy, and fastening at top about the middle of the thigh to straps, which when buckled over the hips secured them well. To complete our equipment, we had several good boats, one of which was extremely light and adapted for shallow water.

No sooner had we reached the coast and got into harbor, than we agreed to follow certain regulations intended for the general benefit. Every morning the cook was called before three o'clock. At half-past three, breakfast was on the table, and everybody equipped. The guns, ammunition, botanical boxes, and baskets for eggs or minerals were all in readiness. Our breakfast consisted of coffee, bread, and various other materials. At four, all except the cook, and one seaman, went off in different directions, not forgetting to carry with them a store of cooked provisions. Some betook themselves to the islands, others to the deep bays; the latter on landing wandered over the country till noon, when laying themselves down on the rich moss, or sitting on the gran-

ite rock, they would rest for an hour, eat their dinner, and talk of their successes or disappointments. I often regret that I did not take sketches of the curious groups formed by my young friends on such occasions, and when, after returning at night, all were engaged in measuring, weighing, comparing, and dissecting the birds we had procured; operations which were carried on with the aid of a number of candles thrust into the necks of bottles. Here one examined the flowers and leaves of a plant, there another explored the recesses of a Diver's gullet, while a third skinned a Gull or a Grouse. Nor was one journal forgotten. Arrangements were made for the morrow, and at twelve we left matters to the management of the cook, and retired to our roosts.

If the wind blew hard, all went on shore, and, excepting on a few remarkably rainy days, we continued our pursuits, much in the same manner during our stay in the country. The physical powers of the young men were considered in making our arrangements. Shattuck and Ingalls went together; the captain and Coolidge were fond of each other, the latter having also been an officer; Lincoln and my son being the strongest and most determined hunters, generally marched by themselves; and I went with one or other of the parties, according to circumstances, although it was by no means my custom to do so regularly, as I had abundance of work on hand in the vessel.

The return of my young companions and the sailors was always looked for with anxiety. On getting on board, they opened their budgets, and laid their contents on the deck, amid much merriment, those who had procured most specimens being laughed at by those who had obtained the rarest, and the former joking the latter in return. A substantial meal always awaited them, and fortunate we were in having a capital cook, although he was a little too fond of the bottle.

Our "Fourth of July" was kept sacred, and every Saturday night the toast of "wives and sweethearts" was the first given, "parents and friends" the last. Never was there a more merry set. Some with the violin and flute accompanied the voices of the rest, and few moments were spent in idleness. Before a month had elapsed, the spoils of many a fine bird hung around the hold; shrubs and flowers were in the press, and I had several drawings finished, some of which you have seen, and of which I hope you will ere long see the remainder. Large jars were filling apace with the bodies of rare birds, fishes, quadrupeds and reptiles, as well as molluscous animals. We had several pets too, Gulls, Cormorants, Guillemots, Puffins, Hawks, and a Raven. In some of the harbors, curious fishes were hooked in our sight, so clear was the water.

We found that camping out at night was extremely uncomfortable, on account of the annoyance caused by flies and mosquitoes, which attacked the hunters in swarms at all times, but more especially when they lay down, unless they enveloped themselves in thick smoke, which is not much more pleasant. Once when camping the weather became very bad, and the party was twenty miles distant from Whapatigan as night threw her mantle over the earth. The rain fell in torrents, the northeast wind blew furiously, and the air was extremely cold. The oars of the boats were fixed so as to support some blankets, and a small fire was with difficulty kindled, on the embers of which a scanty meal was cooked. How different from a camp on the shores of the Mississippi, where wood is abundant, and the air generally not lacking heat, where mosquitoes, although plentiful enough, are not accompanied by Caribou flies, and where the barkings of a joyful Squirrel, or the notes of the Barred Owl, that grave buffoon of our western woods, never fail to gladden the camper as he cuts to the right and left such branches and

canes as most easily supply materials for forming a lodging for the night. On the coast of Labrador there are no such things; granite and green moss are spread around, silence like that of the grave envelops all, and when night has closed the dreary scene from your sight, the Wolves, attracted by the scent of the remains of your scanty repast, gather around you. Cowards as they are they dare not venture on a charge; but their howlings effectually banish sleep. You must almost roast your feet to keep them warm, while your head and shoulders are chilled by the blast. When morning comes, she smiles not on you with rosy cheeks, but appears muffled in a gray mantle of cold mist, which shows you that there is no prospect of a fine day. The object of the expedition, which was to procure some Owls that had been observed there by day, was entirely frustrated. At early dawn the party rose stiffened and dispirited, and glad were they to betake themselves to their boats, and return to their floating home.

Before we left Labrador, several of my young friends began to feel the want of suitable clothing. The sailor's ever-tailoring system, was, believe me, fairly put to the test. Patches of various colors ornamented knees and elbows; our boots were worn out; our greasy garments and battered hats were in harmony with our tanned and weather-beaten faces; and, had you met with us, you might have taken us for a squad of wretched vagrants; but we were joyous in the expectation of a speedy return, and exulted at the thoughts of our success.

As the chill blast that precedes the winter's tempest thickened the fogs on the hills and ruffled the dark waters, each successive day saw us more anxious to leave the dreary wilderness of grim rocks and desolate moss-clad valleys. Unfavorable winds prevented us for a while from spreading our white sails; but at last one fair morning smiled on the wintry world, the "Ripley" was towed

from the harbor, her tackle trimmed, and as we bounded over the billows, we turned our eyes towards the wilds of Labrador, and heartily bade them farewell forever!

THE EGGERS OF LABRADOR

THE distinctive appellation of "eggers" is given to certain persons who follow, principally or exclusively, the avocation of procuring the eggs of wild birds, with the view of disposing of them at some distant port. Their great object is to plunder every nest, wherever they can find it, no matter where, and at whatever risk. They are the pest of the feathered tribes, and their brutal propensity to destroy the poor creatures after they have robbed them, is abundantly gratified whenever an opportunity presents itself.

Much had been said to me respecting these destructive pirates before I visited the coast of Labrador, but I could not entirely credit all their cruelties until I had actually witnessed their proceedings, which were such as to inspire no small degree of horror. But you shall judge for yourself.

See yon shallop, shyly sailing along; she sneaks like a thief wishing, as it were, to shun the very light of heaven. Under the lee of every rocky isle some one at the tiller steers her course. Were his trade an honest one, he would not think of hiding his back behind the terrific rocks that seem to have been placed there as a resort to the myriads of birds that annually visit this desolate region of the earth, for the purpose of rearing their young at a distance from all disturbers of their peace. How unlike the open, the bold, the honest mariner, whose face needs no mask, who scorns to skulk under any circumstances. The vessel herself is a shabby



AUDUBON, 1850.

FROM A DAGUERRETYPE. OWNED BY MRS. ELIZABETH BERTHOUD GRIMSHAW.

thing; her sails are patched with stolen pieces of better canvas, the owners of which have probably been stranded on some inhospitable coast, and have been plundered, perhaps murdered, by the wretches before us. Look at her again! Her sides are neither painted, nor even pitched; no, they are daubed over, plastered and patched with strips of Seal-skins laid along the seams. Her deck has never been washed or sanded; her hold — for no cabin has she — though at present empty, sends forth an odor pestilential as that of a charnel house. The crew, eight in number, lie sleeping at the foot of their tottering mast, regardless of the repairs needed in every part of her rigging. But see! she scuds along, and as I suspect her crew to be bent on the commission of some evil deed, let us follow her to the first harbor.

There rides the filthy thing! The afternoon is half over. Her crew have thrown their boat overboard, they enter and seat themselves, each with a rusty gun. One of them sculls the skiff towards an island for a century past the breeding-place of myriads of Guillemots, which are now to be laid under contribution. At the approach of the vile thieves, clouds of birds rise from the rock and fill the air around, wheeling and screaming over their enemies. Yet thousands remain in an erect posture, each covering its single egg, the hope of both parents. The reports of several muskets loaded with heavy shot are now heard, while several dead and wounded birds fall heavily on the rock, or into the water. Instantly all the sitting birds rise and fly off affrighted to their companions above, and hover in dismay over their assassins, who walk forward exultingly, and with their shouts mingling oaths and execrations. Look at them! See how they crush the chick within its shell, how they trample on every egg in their way with their huge and clumsy boots. Onward they go, and when they leave the isle, not an egg that they can find is left entire. The dead birds they

collect and carry to their boat. Now they have regained their filthy shallop; they strip the birds by a single jerk, of their feathery apparel while the flesh is yet warm, and throw them on some coals, where in a short time they are broiled. The rum is produced when the Guillemots are fit for eating, and after stuffing themselves with this oily fare, and enjoying the pleasure of beastly intoxication, over they tumble on the deck of their crazed craft, where they pass the short hours of night in turbid slumber.

The sun now rises above the snow-clad summit of the eastern mount. "Sweet is the breath of morn," even in this desolate land. The gay Bunting erects his white crest, and gives utterance to the joy he feels in the presence of his brooding mate. The Willow Grouse on the rock crows his challenge aloud. Each floweret chilled by the night air expands its pure petals. The gentle breeze shakes from the blades of grass the heavy dew-drops. On the Guillemot isle the birds have again settled, and now renew their loves. Startled by the light of day, one of the eggers springs to his feet and rouses his companions, who stare around them for a while, endeavoring to collect their senses. Mark them, as with clumsy fingers they clear their drowsy eyes! Slowly they rise on their feet. See how the filthy lubbers stretch out their arms, and yawn; you shrink back, for verily "that throat might frighten a shark."

But the master soon recollecting that so many eggs are worth a dollar or a crown, casts his eye towards the rock, marks the day in his memory and gives orders to depart. The light breeze enables them to reach another harbor a few miles distant, one which, like the last, lies concealed from the ocean by some other rocky isle. Arrived there, they re-act the scene of yesterday, crushing every egg they can find. For a week each night is passed in drunkenness and brawls, until, having reached the last breeding-place on the coast, they return, touch at every isle in

succession, shoot as many birds as they need, collect the fresh eggs, and lay in a cargo. At every step each ruffian picks up an egg so beautiful that any man with a feeling heart would pause to consider the motive which could induce him to carry it off. But nothing of this sort occurs to the egger, who gathers and gathers until he has swept the rock bare. The dollars alone chink in his sordid mind, and he assiduously plies the trade which no man would ply who had the talents and industry to procure subsistence by honorable means.

With a bark nearly half filled with fresh eggs they proceed to the principal rock, that on which they first landed. But what is their surprise when they find others there helping themselves as industriously as they can! In boiling rage they charge their guns and ply their oars. Landing on the rock they run up to the eggers, who, like themselves, are desperadoes. The first question is a discharge of musketry, the answer another. Now, man to man, they fight like tigers. One is carried to his boat with a fractured skull, another limps with a shot in his leg, and a third feels how many of his teeth have been driven through the hole in his cheek. At last, however, the quarrel is settled; the booty is to be equally divided; and now see them all drinking together. Oaths and curses and filthy jokes are all that you hear; but see, stuffed with food, and reeling with drink, down they drop one by one; groans and execrations from the wounded mingle with the snoring of the heavy sleepers. There let the brutes lie.

Again it is dawn, but no one stirs. The sun is high; one by one they open their heavy eyes, stretch their limbs, yawn, and raise themselves from the deck. But see, here comes a goodly company. A hundred honest fishermen, who for months past have fed on salt meat, have felt a desire to procure some eggs. Gallantly their boats advance, impelled by the regular pull of their long

oars. Each buoyant bark displays the flag of its nation. No weapons do they bring, nor anything that can be used as such save their oars and their fists. Cleanly clad in Sunday attire, they arrive at the desired spot, and at once prepare to ascend the rock. The eggers, now numbering a dozen, all armed with guns and bludgeons, bid defiance to the fishermen. A few angry words pass between the parties. One of the eggers, still under the influence of drink, pulls his trigger, and an unfortunate sailor is seen to reel in agony. Three loud cheers fill the air. All at once rush on the malefactors; a horrid fight ensues, the result of which is that every egger is left on the rock beaten and bruised. Too frequently the fishermen man their boats, row to the shallops, and break every egg in the hold.

The eggers of Labrador not only rob the birds in this cruel manner, but also the fishermen, whenever they can find an opportunity; and the quarrels they excite are numberless. While we were on the coast, none of our party ever ventured on any of the islands which these wretches call their own, without being well provided with means of defence. On one occasion, when I was present, we found two eggers at their work of destruction. I spoke to them respecting my visit, and offered them premiums for rare birds and some of their eggs; but although they made fair promises, not one of the gang ever came near the "Ripley."

These people gather all the eider-down they can find; yet so inconsiderate are they, that they kill every bird which comes in their way. The eggs of Gulls, Guillemots, and Ducks are searched for with care; and the Puffins and some other birds they massacre in vast numbers for the sake of their feathers. So constant and persevering are their depredations that these species, which, according to the accounts of the few settlers I saw in the country, were exceedingly abundant twenty years ago, have aban-

done their ancient breeding places, and removed much farther north in search of peaceful security. Scarcely, in fact, could I procure a young Guillemot before the eggers left the coast, nor was it until late in July that I succeeded, after the birds had laid three or four eggs each, instead of one, and when, nature having been exhausted, and the season nearly spent, thousands of these birds left the country without having accomplished the purpose for which they had visited it. This war of extermination cannot last many years more. The eggers themselves will be the first to repent the entire disappearance of the myriads of birds that made the coast of Labrador their summer residence, and unless they follow the persecuted tribes to the northward, they must renounce their trade.

THE SQUATTERS OF LABRADOR

Go where you will, if a shilling can there be procured, you may expect to meet with individuals in search of it.

In the course of last summer, I met with several persons, as well as families, whom I could not compare to anything else than what in America we understand by the appellation of "squatters." The methods they employed to accumulate property form the subject of the observations which I now lay before you.

Our schooner lay at anchor in a beautiful basin on the coast of Labrador, surrounded by uncouth granitic rocks, partially covered with stunted vegetation. While searching for birds and other objects I chanced one morning to direct my eye towards the pinnacle of a small island, separated from the mainland by a very narrow channel, and presently commenced inspecting it with my telescope. There I saw a man on his knees with clasped hands, and face inclined heavenwards. Before him was a small mon-

ument of unhewn stones, supporting a wooden cross. In a word, reader, the person whom I thus unexpectedly discovered was engaged in prayer. Such an incident in that desolate land was affecting, for there one seldom finds traces of human beings; and the aid of the Almighty, although necessary everywhere, seems there peculiarly required to enable them to procure the means of subsistence. My curiosity having been raised, I betook myself to my boat, landed on the rock, and scrambled to the place, where I found the man still on his knees. When his devotions were concluded, he bowed to me, and addressed me in very indifferent French. I asked him why he had chosen so dreary a spot for his prayers. "Because," answered he, "the sea lies before me, and from it I receive my spring and summer sustenance. When winter approaches, I pray fronting the mountains on the main, as at that period the Caribous come towards the shore, and I kill them, feed on their flesh, and form my bedding of their skins." I thought the answer reasonable, and as I longed to know more of him, followed him to his hut. It was low, and very small, formed of stones plastered with mud to a considerable thickness. The roof was composed of a sort of thatching made of weeds and moss. A large Dutch stove filled nearly one half the place; a small port-hole then stuffed with old rags, served at times instead of a window; the bed was a pile of Deer-skins; a bowl, a jug, and an iron pot were placed on a rude shelf; three old and rusty muskets, their locks fastened by thongs, stood in a corner; and his buckshot, powder, and flints, were tied up in bags of skin. Eight Esquimaux dogs yelled and leaped about us. The strong smell that emanated from them, together with the smoke and filth of the apartment, rendered my stay in it extremely disagreeable.

Being a native of France, the good man showed much politeness, and invited me to take some refreshment,

when, without waiting for my assent, he took up his bowl, and went off I knew not whither. No sooner had he and his strange dogs disappeared than I went out also, to breathe the pure air, and gaze on the wild and majestic scenery around. I was struck with the extraordinary luxuriance of the plants and grasses that had sprung up on the scanty soil in the little valley which the squatter had chosen for his home. Their stalks and broad blades reached my waist. June had come, and the flies, mosquitoes, and other insects filled the air, and were as troublesome to me as if I had been in a Florida swamp.

The squatter returned, but he was chop-fallen; nay, I thought his visage had assumed a cadaverous hue. Tears ran down his cheeks, and he told me that his barrel of *rum* had been stolen by the "egggers" or some fishermen. He said that he had been in the habit of hiding it in the bushes, to prevent its being carried away by those merciless thieves, who must have watched him in some of his frequent walks to the spot. "Now," said he, "I can expect none till next spring, and God knows what will become of me in the winter."

Pierre Jean Baptiste Michaux had resided in that part of the world for upwards of ten years. He had run away from the fishing-smack that had brought him from his fair native land, and expected to become rich some day by the sale of the furs, Seal-skins, eider-down, and other articles, which he collected yearly, and sold to the traders who regularly visited his dreary abode. He was of moderate stature, firmly framed, and as active as a Wild Cat. He told me that excepting the loss of his rum, he had never experienced any other cause of sorrow, and that he felt as "happy as a lord."

Before parting with this fortunate mortal, I inquired how his dogs managed to find sufficient food. "Why, sir, during spring and summer they ramble along the shores, where they meet with abundance of dead fish, and in win-

ter they eat the flesh of the Seals which I kill late in autumn, when these animals return from the north. As to myself, everything eatable is good, and when hard pushed, I relish the fare of my dogs, I assure you, as much as they do themselves."

Proceeding along the rugged indentations of the bay with my companions, I reached the settlement of another person, who, like the first, had come to Labrador with the view of making his fortune. We found him after many difficulties; but as our boats turned a long point jutting out into the bay, we were pleased to see several small schooners at anchor, and one lying near a sort of wharf. Several neat-looking houses enlivened the view, and on landing, we were kindly greeted with a polite welcome from a man who proved to be the owner of the establishment. For the rude simplicity of him of the rum-cask, we found here the manners and dress of a man of the world. A handsome fur cap covered his dark brow, his clothes were similar to our own, and his demeanor was that of a gentleman. On my giving my name to him, he shook me heartily by the hand, and on introducing each of my companions to him, he extended the like courtesy to them also. Then, to my astonishment, he addressed me as follows: "My dear sir, I have been expecting you these three weeks, having read *in the papers* your intention to visit Labrador; and some fishermen told me of your arrival at Little Natasquam. Gentlemen, walk in."

Having followed him to his neat and comfortable mansion, he introduced us to his wife and children. Of the latter there were six, all robust and rosy. The lady, although a native of the country, was of French extraction, handsome, and sufficiently accomplished to make an excellent companion to a gentleman. A smart girl brought us a luncheon, consisting of bread, cheese, and good port wine, to which, having rowed fourteen or fif-

teen miles that morning, we helped ourselves in a manner that seemed satisfactory to all parties. Our host gave us newspapers from different parts of the world, and showed us his small, but choice collection of books. He inquired after the health of the amiable Captain Bayfield of the Royal Navy, and the officers under him, and hoped they would give him a call.

Having refreshed ourselves, we walked out with him, when he pointed to a very small garden, where a few vegetables sprouted out, anxious to see the sun. Gazing on the desolate country around, I asked him how *he* had thus secluded himself from the world. For it he had no relish, and although he had received a liberal education, and had mixed with society, he never intended to return to it. "The country around," said he, "is all my own, much farther than you can see. No fees, no lawyers, no taxes are *here*. I do pretty much as I choose. My means are ample through my own industry. These vessels come here for Seal-skins, Seal-oil, and salmon, and give me in return all the necessaries, and indeed comforts, of the life I love to follow; and what else could *the world* afford me?" I spoke of the education of his children. "My wife and I teach them all that is *useful* for them to know, and is not that enough? My girls will marry their countrymen, my sons the daughters of my neighbors, and I hope all of them will live and die in the country!" I said no more, but by way of compensation for the trouble I had given him, purchased from his eldest child a beautiful Fox's skin.

Few birds, he said, came round him in summer, but in winter thousands of Ptarmigans were killed, as well as great numbers of Gulls. He had a great dislike to all fishermen and eggers, and I really believe was always glad to see the departure even of the hardy navigators who annually visited him for the sake of his salmon, Seal-skins, and oil. He had more than forty Esquimaux

dogs; and as I was caressing one of them he said, "Tell my brother-in-law at Bras d'Or, that we are all well here, and that, after visiting my wife's father, I will give him a call."

Now, reader, his wife's father resided at the distance of seventy miles down the coast, and, like himself, was a recluse. He of Bras d'Or, was at double that distance; but, when the snows of winter have thickly covered the country, the whole family, in sledges drawn by dogs, travel with ease, and pay their visits, or leave their cards. This good gentleman had already resided there more than twenty years. Should he ever read this article, I desire him to believe that I shall always be grateful to him and his wife for their hospitable welcome.

When our schooner, the "Ripley," arrived at Bras d'Or, I paid a visit to Mr. —, the brother-in-law, who lived in a house imported from Quebec, which fronted the strait of Belle Isle, and overlooked a small island, over which the eye reached the coast of Newfoundland, whenever it was the wind's pleasure to drive away the fogs that usually lay over both coasts. The gentleman and his wife, we were told, were both out on a walk, but would return in a very short time, which they in fact did, when we followed them into the house, which was yet unfinished. The usual immense Dutch stove formed a principal feature of the interior. The lady had once visited the metropolis of Canada, and seemed desirous of acting the part of a blue-stocking. Understanding that I knew something of the fine arts, she pointed to several of the vile prints hung on the bare walls, which she said were *elegant* Italian pictures, and continued her encomiums upon them, assuring me that she had purchased them from an Italian, who had come there with a trunk full of them. She had paid a shilling sterling for each, frame included. I could give no answer to the good lady on this subject, but I felt glad to find that she possessed a

feeling heart, for one of her children had caught a Siskin, and was tormenting the poor bird, when she rose from her seat, took the little fluttering thing from the boy, kissed it, and gently launched it into the air. This made me quite forget the tattle about the fine arts.

Some excellent milk was poured out for us in clean glasses. It was a pleasing sight, for not a cow had we yet seen in the country. The lady turned the conversation on music, and asked me if I played on any instrument. I answered that I did, but very indifferently. Her forte, she said, was music, of which she was indeed immoderately fond. Her instrument had been sent to Europe to be repaired, but would return that season, when the whole of her children would again perform many beautiful airs; for in fact anybody could use it with ease, as when she or the children felt fatigued, the servant played on it for them. Rather surprised at the extraordinary powers of this family of musicians, I asked what sort of an instrument it was, when she described it as follows: "Gentlemen, my instrument is large, longer than broad, and stands on four legs, like a table. At one end is a crooked handle, by turning which round, either fast or slow, I do assure you we make most excellent music." The lips of my young friends and companions instantly curled, but a glance from me as instantly recomposed their features. Telling the fair one that it must be a hand-organ she used, she laughingly said, "Ah, that is it; it is a hand-organ, but I had forgot the name, and for the life of me could not recollect it."

The husband had gone out to work, and was in the harbor calking an old schooner. He dined with me on board the "Ripley," and proved to be also an excellent fellow. Like his brother-in-law, he had seen much of the world, having sailed nearly round it; and, although no scholar like him, too, he was disgusted with it. He held his land on the same footing as his neighbors, caught

Seals without number, lived comfortably and happily, visited his father-in-law and the scholar, by the aid of his dogs, of which he kept a great pack, bartered or sold his commodities, as his relations did, and cared about nothing else in the world. Whenever the weather was fair, he walked with his dame over the moss-covered rocks of the neighborhood; and during winter killed Ptarmigans and Caribous, while his eldest son attended to the traps, and skinned the animals caught in them. He had the only horse that was to be found in that part of the country, as well as several cows; but, above all, he was kind to every one, and every one spoke well of him. The only disagreeable thing about his plantation or settlement, was a heap of fifteen hundred carcasses of skinned Seals, which, at the time when we visited the place, in the month of August, notwithstanding the coolness of the atmosphere, sent forth a stench that, according to the ideas of some naturalists, might have sufficed to attract all the Vultures in the United States.

During our stay at Bras d'Or, the kind-hearted and good Mrs. — daily sent us fresh milk and butter, for which we were denied the pleasure of making any return.

COD FISHING

ALTHOUGH I had seen, as I thought, abundance of fish along the coasts of the Floridas, the numbers which I found in Labrador quite astonished me. Should your surprise while reading the following statements be as great as mine was while observing the facts related, you will conclude, as I have often done, that Nature's means of providing small animals for the use of larger ones, and *vice versa*, are as ample as is the grandeur of that world which she has so curiously constructed.

The coast of Labrador is visited by European as well as American fishermen, all of whom are, I believe, entitled to claim portions of fishing-ground assigned to each nation by mutual understanding. For the present, however, I shall confine my observations to those of our own country, who, after all, are probably the most numerous. The citizens of Boston, and many others of our eastern seaports, are those who chiefly engage in this department of our commerce. Eastport in Maine sends out every year a goodly fleet of schooners and "pickaxes" to Labrador, to procure Cod, Mackerel, Halibut, and sometimes Herring, the latter being caught in the intermediate space. The vessels from that port, and others in Maine and Massachusetts, sail as soon as the warmth of spring has freed the gulf of ice, that is, from the beginning of May to that of June.

A vessel of one hundred tons or so is provided with a crew of twelve men, who are equally expert as sailors and fishers, and for every couple of these hardy tars, a Hampton boat is provided, which is lashed on the deck, or hung in stays. Their provision is simple, but of good quality, and it is very seldom that any spirits are allowed, beef, pork and biscuit with water being all they take with them. The men are supplied with warm clothing, waterproof oiled jackets and trousers, large boots, broad-brimmed hats with a round crown, and stout mittens, with a few shirts. The owner or captain furnishes them with lines, hooks, and nets, and also provides the bait best adapted to insure success. The hold of the vessel is filled with casks, of various dimensions, some containing salt, and others for the oil that may be procured.

The bait generally used at the beginning of the season consists of mussels salted for the purpose; but as soon as the capelings reach the coast they are substituted to save expense, and in many instances the flesh of Gannets and other sea-fowl is employed. The wages of fishermen

vary from sixteen to thirty dollars per month, according to the qualifications of the individual.

The labor of these men is excessively hard, for, unless on Sunday, their allowance of rest in the twenty-four hours seldom exceeds three. The cook is the only person who fares better in this respect, but he must also assist in curing the fish. He has breakfast, consisting of coffee, bread, and meat, ready for the captain and the whole crew, by three o'clock every morning, excepting Sunday. Each person carries with him his dinner ready cooked, which is commonly eaten on the fishing-grounds.

Thus, at three in the morning, the crew are prepared for their day's labor, and ready to betake themselves to their boats, each of which has two oars and lugsails. They all depart at once, and either by rowing or sailing, reach the banks to which the fishes are known to resort. The little squadron drop their anchors at short distances from each other, in a depth of from ten to twenty feet, and the business is immediately commenced. Each man has two lines, and each stands in one end of the boat, the middle of which is boarded off, to hold the fish. The baited lines have been dropped into the water, one on each side of the boat; their leads have reached the bottom, a fish has taken the hook, and after giving the line a slight jerk, the fisherman hauls up his prize with a continued pull, throws the fish athwart a small round bar of iron placed near his back, which forces open the mouth, while the weight of the body, however small the fish may be, tears out the hook. The bait is still good, and over the side the line again goes, to catch another fish, while that on the left is now drawn up, and the same course pursued. In this manner, a fisher busily plying at each end, the operation is continued until the boat is so laden that her gunwale is brought within a few inches of the surface, when they return to the vessel in harbor, seldom distant more than eight miles from the banks.

During the greater part of the day the fishermen have kept up a constant conversation, of which the topics are the pleasure of finding a good supply of cod, their domestic affairs, the political prospects of the nation, and other matters similarly connected. Now the repartee of one elicits a laugh from the other; this passes from man to man, and the whole flotilla enjoy the joke. The men of one boat strive to outdo those of the others in hauling up the greatest quantity of fish in a given time, and this forms another source of merriment. The boats are generally filled about the same time, and all return together.

Arrived at the vessel, each man employs a pole armed with a bent iron, resembling the prong of a hay-fork, with which he pierces the fish, and throws it with a jerk on deck, counting the number thus discharged with a loud voice. Each cargo is thus safely deposited, and the boats instantly return to the fishing-ground, when, after anchoring, the men eat their dinner, and begin anew. There, good reader, with your leave, I will let them pursue their avocations for a while, as I am anxious that you should witness what is doing on board the vessel.

The captain, four men, and the cook have, in the course of the morning, erected long tables fore and aft the main hatchway; they have taken to the shore most of the salt barrels, and have placed in a row their large empty casks, to receive the livers. The hold of the vessel is quite clear, except a corner where is a large heap of salt. And now the men, having dined precisely at twelve, are ready with their large knives. One begins with breaking off the head of the fish, a slight pull of the hand and a gash with the knife, effecting this in a moment. He slits up its belly, with one hand pushes it aside to his neighbor, then throws overboard the head, and begins to doctor another. The next man tears out the entrails, separates the liver, which he throws into a cask, and casts the rest overboard. A third person dexterously passes his knife beneath the

vertebræ of the fish, separates them from the flesh, heaves the latter through the hatchway, and the former into the water.

Now, if you will peep into the hold, you will see the last stage of the process, the salting and packing. Six experienced men generally manage to head, clean, bone, salt, and pack all the fish caught in the morning by the return of the boats with fresh cargoes, when all hands set to work, and clear the deck of the fish. Thus their labors continue till midnight, when they wash their faces and hands, put on clean clothes, hang their fishing apparel on the shrouds, and, betaking themselves to the forecastle, are soon in a sound sleep.

At three the next morning, comes the captain from his berth, rubbing his eyes, and in a loud voice calling, "All hands, ho!" Stiffened in limb, and but half awake, the crew quickly appear on the deck. Their fingers and hands are so cramped and swollen by pulling the lines that it is difficult for them to straighten even a thumb; but this matters little at present, for the cook, who had a good nap yesterday, has risen an hour before them, and prepared their coffee and eatables. Breakfast despatched, they exchange their clean clothes for the fishing apparel, and leap into their boats, which had been washed the previous night, and again the flotilla bounds to the fishing-grounds.

As there may not be less than one hundred schooners or pickaxes in the harbor, three hundred boats resort to the banks each day, and, as each boat may procure two thousand Cods per diem, when Saturday night comes about six hundred thousand fishes have been brought to the harbor. This having caused some scarcity on the fishing-grounds, and Sunday being somewhat of an idle day, the captain collects the salt ashore, and sets sail for some other convenient harbor, which he expects to reach long before sunset. If the weather be favorable, the men

get a good deal of rest during the voyage, and on Monday things go on as before.

I must not omit to tell you, reader, that, while proceeding from one harbor to another, the vessel has passed near a rock which is the breeding-place of myriads of Puffins. She has laid to for an hour or so, while part of the crew have landed, and collected a store of eggs, excellent as a substitute for cream, and not less so when hard boiled as food for the fishing-grounds. I may as well inform you also how these adventurous fellows distinguish the fresh eggs from the others. They fill up some large tubs with water, throw in a quantity of eggs, and allow them to remain a minute or so, when those which come to the surface are tossed overboard, and even those that manifest any upward tendency share the same treatment. All that remain at bottom, you may depend upon it, good reader, are perfectly sound, and not less palatable than any that you have ever eaten, or that your best guinea fowl has just dropped in your barn-yard. But let us return to the Codfish.

The fish already procured and salted is taken ashore at the new harbor by part of the crew, whom the captain has marked as the worst hands at fishing. There, on the bare rocks, or on elevated scaffolds of considerable extent, the salted Cod are laid side by side to dry in the sun. They are turned several times a day, and in the intervals the men bear a hand on board at clearing and stowing away the daily produce of the fishing-banks. Towards evening they return to the drying-grounds, and put up the fish in piles resembling so many hay-stacks, disposing those towards the top in such a manner that the rain cannot injure them, and placing a heavy stone on the summit to prevent their being thrown down should it blow hard during the night. You see, reader, that the life of a Labrador fisherman is not one of idleness.

The capelings have approached the shores, and in

myriads enter every basin and stream, to deposit their spawn, for now July is arrived. The Cods follow them as the bloodhound follows his prey, and their compact masses literally line the shores. The fishermen now adopt another method; they have brought with them long and deep seines, one end of which is by means of a line fastened to the shore, while the other is, in the usual manner, drawn out in a broad sweep, to inclose as great a space as possible, and hauled on shore by means of a capstan. Some of the men, in boats, support the corked part of the net, and beat the water to frighten the fishes within towards the land, while others, armed with poles, enter the water, hook the fishes, and fling them on the beach, the net being gradually drawn closer as the number of fish diminishes. What do you think, reader, as to the number of Cod secured in this manner in a single haul? Thirty, or thirty thousand? You may form some notion of the matter when I tell you that the young gentlemen of my party, while going along the shores, caught Codfish alive with their hands, and trout of many pounds' weight with a piece of twine and a mackerel-hook hung to their gun-rods; and that, if two of them walked knee-deep along the rocks, holding a handkerchief by the corners, they swept it full of capelings. Should you not trust me in this, I refer you to the fishermen themselves, or recommend you to go to Labrador, where you will give credit to the testimony of your eyes.

The seining of the Codfish, I believe, is not *quite* lawful, for a great proportion of the codlings which are dragged ashore at last are so small as to be considered useless; and, instead of being returned to the water, as they ought to be, are left on the shore, where they are ultimately eaten by Bears, Wolves, and Ravens. The fish taken along the coast, or on fishing stations only a few miles off, are of small dimensions; and I believe I am correct in saying that few of them weigh more than two pounds when per-

fectly cured, or exceed six when taken out of the water. The fish are liable to several diseases, and at times are annoyed by parasitic animals, which in a short time render them lean and unfit for use.

Some individuals, from laziness or other causes, fish with naked hooks, and thus frequently wound the Cod, without securing them; in consequence of which the shoals are driven away, to the detriment of the other fishers. Some carry their cargoes to other parts before drying them, while others dispose of them to agents from distant shores. Some have only a pickaxe of fifty tons, while others are owners of seven or eight vessels of equal or larger burden; but whatever be their means, should the season prove favorable, they are generally well repaid for their labor. I have known instances of men who, on their first voyage, ranked as "boys," and in ten years after were in independent circumstances, although they still continue to resort to the fishing; for, said they to me, "How could we be content to spend our time in idleness at home?" I know a person of this class who has carried on the trade for many years, and who has quite a little fleet of schooners, one of which, the largest and most beautifully built, has a cabin as neat and comfortable as any that I have ever seen in a vessel of the same size. This vessel took fish on board only when perfectly cured, or acted as pilot to the rest, and now and then would return home with an ample supply of halibut, or a cargo of prime mackerel. On another occasion, I will offer some remarks on the improvements which I think might be made in the Cod-fisheries of the coast of Labrador.

A BALL IN NEWFOUNDLAND

ON our return from the singularly wild and interesting country of Labrador, the "Ripley" sailed close along the northern coast of Newfoundland. The weather was mild and clear, and, while my young companions amused themselves on the deck with the music of various instruments, I gazed on the romantic scenery spread along the bold and often magnificent shores. Portions of the wilds appeared covered with a luxuriance of vegetable growth, far surpassing that of the regions which we had just left, and in some of the valleys I thought I saw trees of moderate size. The number of habitations increased apace, and many small vessels and boats danced on the waves of the coves which we passed. Here a precipitous shore looked like the section of a great mountain, of which the lost half had sunk into the depths of the sea, and the dashing of the waters along its base was such as to alarm the most daring seaman. The huge masses of broken rock impressed my mind with awe and reverence, as I thought of the power that still gave support to the gigantic fragments which everywhere hung, as if by magic, over the sea, awaiting, as it were, the proper moment to fall upon and crush the impious crew of some piratical vessel. There, again, gently swelling hills reared their heads towards the sky, as if desirous of existing within the influence of its azure purity; and I thought the bleatings of Reindeer came on my ear. Dark clouds of Curlews were seen winging their way towards the south, and thousands of Larks and Warblers were flitting through the air. The sight of these birds excited in me a wish that I also had wings to fly back to my country and friends.

Early one morning our vessel doubled the northern cape of the Bay of St. George, and, as the wind was light, the sight of that magnificent expanse of water, which extends

inward to the length of eighteen leagues, with a breadth of thirteen, gladdened the hearts of all on board. A long range of bold shores bordered it on one side, throwing a deep shadow over the water, which added greatly to the beauty of the scene. On the other side, the mild beams of the autumnal sun glittered on the water, and whitened the sails of the little barks that were sailing to and fro, like so many silvery Gulls. The welcome sight of cattle feeding in cultivated meadows, and of people at their avocations, consoled us for the labors which we had undergone, and the privations which we had suffered; and, as the "Ripley" steered her course into a snug harbor that suddenly opened to our view, the number of vessels that were anchored there, and a pretty village that presented itself increased our delight.

Although the sun was fast approaching the western horizon when our anchor was dropped, no sooner were the sails furled than we all went ashore. There appeared a kind of curious bustle among the people, as if they were anxious to know who we were; for our appearance, and that of our warlike looking schooner showed that we were not fishermen. As we bore our usual arms and hunting accoutrements, which were half Indian and half civilized, the individuals we met on shore manifested considerable suspicion, which our captain observing, he instantly made a signal, when the star-spangled banner glided to the mast-head, and saluted the flags of France and Britain in kindly greeting. We were welcomed and supplied with abundance of fresh provisions. Glad at once more standing on something like soil, we passed through the village, and walked round it, but as night was falling were quickly obliged to return to our floating home, where, after a hearty supper, we serenaded with repeated glees the peaceful inhabitants of the village.

At early dawn I was on deck admiring the scene of industry that presented itself. The harbor was already cov-

ered with fishing-boats employed in procuring mackerel, some of which we appropriated to ourselves. Signs of cultivation were observed on the slopes of the hills, the trees seemed of goodly size, a river made its way between two ranges of steep rocks, and here and there a group of Micmac Indians were searching along the shores for lobsters, crabs, and eels, all of which we found abundant and delicious. A canoe laden with Reindeer meat came alongside, paddled by a pair of athletic Indians, who exchanged their cargo for some of our stores. You would have been amused to see the manner in which these men, and their families on shore cooked the lobsters; they threw them alive into a great wood fire, and as soon as they were broiled devoured them, while yet so hot that none of us could have touched them. When properly cooled, I tasted these roasted lobsters, and found them infinitely better flavored than boiled ones. The country was represented as abounding in game. The temperature was higher by twenty degrees than that of Labrador, and yet I was told that the ice in the bay seldom broke up before the middle of May, and that few vessels attempted to go to Labrador before the 10th of June, when the cod-fishery at once commences.

One afternoon we were visited by a deputation from the inhabitants of the village, inviting our whole party to a ball which was to take place that night, and requesting us to take with us our musical instruments. We unanimously accepted the invitation, which had been made from friendly feelings; and finding that the deputies had a relish for "old Jamaica" we helped them pretty freely to some, which soon showed that it had lost nothing of its energies by having visited Labrador. At ten o'clock, the appointed hour, we landed, and were lighted to the dancing-hall by paper lanterns, one of us carrying a flute, another a violin, and I with a flageolet stuck into my waistcoat pocket.

The hall proved nothing else than the ground-floor of

a fisherman's house. We were presented to his wife, who, like her neighbors, was an adept in the piscatory art. She courtesied, not *à la* Taglioni, it is true, but with a modest assurance, which to me was quite as pleasing as the airiness with which the admired performer just mentioned might have paid her respects. The good woman was rather unprepared, and quite *en negligée*, as was the apartment, but full of activity, and anxious to arrange things in becoming style. In one hand she held a bunch of candles, in the other a lighted torch, and distributing the former at proper intervals along the walls, she applied the latter to them in succession. This done, she emptied the contents of a large tin vessel into a number of glasses, which were placed on a tea-tray on the only table in the room. The chimney, black and capacious, was embellished with coffee-pots, milk-jugs, cups and saucers, knives and forks, and all the paraphernalia necessary on so important an occasion. A set of primitive wooden stools and benches was placed around, for the reception of the belles of the village, some of whom now dropped in, flourishing in all the rosy fatness produced by an invigorating northern climate, and in decoration vying with the noblest Indian queen of the West. Their stays seemed ready to burst open, and their shoes were equally pressed. Around their necks, brilliant beads mingled with ebony tresses, and their naked arms might have inspired apprehension had they not been constantly employed in arranging flowing ribbons, gaudy flowers, and muslin flounces.

Now arrived one of the beaux, just returned from the fishing, who, knowing all, and being equally known, leaped without ceremony on the loose boards that formed a kind of loft overhead, where he soon exchanged his dripping apparel for a dress suited to the occasion, when he dropped upon the floor, and strutting up and down, bowed and scraped to the ladies, with as much ease, if not elegance, as a Bond Street highly scented exquisite. Others came

in by degrees, ready dressed, and music was called for. My son, by way of overture, played "Hail Columbia, happy land," then went on with "La Marsellaise," and ended with "God save the King." Being merely a spectator, I ensconced myself in a corner, by the side of an old European gentleman, whom I found an agreeable and well informed companion, to admire the decorum of the motley assemblage.

The dancers stood in array, little time having been spent in choosing partners, and a Canadian accompanying my son on his Cremona, mirth and joy soon abounded. Dancing is certainly one of the most healthful and innocent amusements; I have loved it a vast deal more than watching for the nibble of a trout, and I have sometimes thought the enjoyment of it softened my nature as much as the pale, pure light of the moon softens and beautifies a winter night. A maiden lady who sat at my side, and who was the only daughter of my talkative companion, relished my remarks on the subject so much that the next set saw her gracing the floor with her tutored feet.

At each pause of the musicians refreshments were handed round by the hostess and her son, and I was not a little surprised to see all the ladies, maids and matrons, swallow, like their sweethearts and husbands, a full glass of pure rum, with evident pleasure. I should perhaps have recollected that, in cold climates, a glass of ardent spirits is not productive of the same effects as in burning latitudes, and that refinement had not yet induced these healthy and robust dames to affect a delicacy foreign to their nature.

It was now late, and knowing how much I had to accomplish next day, I left the party and proceeded to the shore. My men were sound asleep in the boat, but in a few moments I was on board the "Ripley." My young friends arrived towards daylight, but many of the fishermen's sons and daughters kept up the dance, to the music of the Canadian, until after our breakfast was over.

THE BAY OF FUNDY

IT was in the month of May that I sailed in the United States revenue cutter, the "Swiftsure," engaged in a cruise in the Bay of Fundy. Our sails were quickly unfurled and spread out to the breeze. The vessel seemed to fly over the surface of the liquid element, as the sun rose in full splendor, while the clouds that floated here and there formed, with their glowing hues, a rich contrast with the pure azure of the heavens above us. We approached apace the island of Grand Menan, of which the stupendous cliffs gradually emerged from the deep with the majestic boldness of her noblest native chief. Soon our bark passed beneath its craggy head, covered with trees, which, on account of the height, seemed scarcely larger than shrubs. The prudent Raven spread her pinions, launched from the cliff, and flew away before us; the Golden Eagle, soaring aloft, moved majestically along in wide circles; the Guillemots sat on their eggs upon the shelving precipices, or plunging into the water, dived, and rose again at a great distance; the broad-breasted Eider Duck covered her eggs among the grassy tufts; on a naked rock the Seal lazily basked, its sleek sides glistening in the sunshine; while shoals of porpoises were swiftly gliding through the waters around us, showing by their gambols that, although doomed to the deep, their life was not devoid of pleasure. Far away stood the bold shores of Nova Scotia, gradually fading in the distance, of which the gray tints beautifully relieved the wing-like sails of many a fishing bark.

Cape after cape, forming eddies and counter currents far too terrific to be described by a landsman, we passed in succession, until we reached a deep cove, near the shores of White Head Island, which is divided from Grand Menan by a narrow strait, where we anchored se-

cure from every blast that could blow. In a short time we found ourselves under the roof of Captain Frankland, the sole owner of the isle, of which the surface contains about fifteen hundred acres. He received us all with politeness and gave us permission to seek out its treasures, which we immediately set about doing, for I was anxious to study the habits of certain Gulls that breed there in great numbers. As Captain Coolidge, our worthy commander, had assured me, we found them on their nests on almost every *tree* of a wood that covered several acres. What a treat, reader, was it to find birds of this kind lodged on fir-trees, and sitting comfortably on their eggs! Their loud cackling notes led us to their place of resort, and ere long we had satisfactorily observed their habits, and collected as many of themselves and their eggs as we considered sufficient. In our walks we noticed a Rat, the only quadruped found on the island, and observed abundance of gooseberries, currants, raspberries, strawberries, and huckleberries. Seating ourselves on the summit of the rocks, in view of the vast Atlantic, we spread out our stores, and refreshed ourselves with our simple fare.

Now we followed the objects of our pursuit through the tangled woods, now carefully picked our steps over the spongy grounds. The air was filled with the melodious concerts of birds, and all Nature seemed to smile in quiet enjoyment. We wandered about until the setting sun warned us to depart, when, returning to the house of the proprietor, we sat down to an excellent repast, and amused ourselves with relating anecdotes and forming arrangements for the morrow. Our captain complimented us on our success, when we reached the "Swiftsure," and in due time we betook ourselves to our hammocks.

The next morning, a strange sail appearing in the distance, preparations were instantly made to pay her commander a visit. The signal staff of White Head Island

displayed the British flag, while Captain Frankland and his men stood on the shore, and as we gave our sails to the wind, three hearty cheers filled the air, and were instantly responded to by us. The vessel was soon approached, but all was found right with her, and squaring our yards, onward we sped, cheerily bounding over the gay billows, until our captain sent us ashore at Eastport.

At another time my party was received on board the revenue cutter's tender, the "Fancy,"—a charming name for so beautiful a craft. We set sail towards evening. The cackling of the "old wives" that covered the bay filled me with delight, and thousands of Gulls and Cormorants seemed as if anxious to pilot us into Head Harbor Bay, where we anchored for the night. Leaping on the rugged shore, we made our way to the lighthouse, where we found Mr. Snelling, a good and honest Englishman from Devonshire. His family consisted of three wild-looking lasses, beautiful, like the most finished productions of nature. In his lighthouse snugly ensconced, he spent his days in peaceful forgetfulness of the world, subsisting principally on the fish of the bay.

When day broke, how delightful it was to see fair Nature open her graceful eyelids, and present herself arrayed in all that was richest and purest before her Creator. Ah, reader, how indelibly are such moments engraved on my soul! With what ardor have I at such times gazed around me, full of the desire of being enabled to comprehend all that I saw! How often have I longed to converse with the feathered inhabitants of the forest, all of which seemed then intent on offering up their thanks to the object of my own adoration! But the wish could not be gratified, although I now feel satisfied that I have enjoyed as much of the wonders and beauties of nature as it was proper for me to enjoy. The delightful trills of the Winter Wren rolled through the underwood, the Red Squirrel smacked time with his chops, the loud notes of

the Robin sounded clearly from the tops of the trees, the rosy Grosbeak nipped the tender blossoms of the maples, and high overhead the Loons passed in pairs, rapidly wending their way towards far distant shores. Would that I could have followed in their wake! The hour of our departure had come; and, as we sailed up the bay, our pilot, who had been fishing for cod, was taken on board. A few of his fish were roasted on a plank before the embers, and formed the principal part of our breakfast. The breeze was light, and it was not until afternoon that we arrived at Point Lepreaux Harbor, where every one, making choice of his course, went in search of curiosities and provender.

Now, reader, the little harbor in which, if you wish it, we shall suppose we still are, is renowned for a circumstance which I feel much inclined to endeavor to explain to you. Several species of Ducks, that in myriads cover the waters of the Bay of Fundy, are at times destroyed in this particular spot in a very singular manner. When July has come, all the water birds that are no longer capable of reproducing, remain like so many forlorn bachelors and old maids, to renew their plumage along the shores. At the period when these poor birds are unfit for flight, troops of Indians make their appearance in light bark canoes, paddled by their squaws and papooses. They form their flotilla into an extended curve, and drive before them the birds, not in silence, but with simultaneous horrific yells, at the same time beating the surface of the water with long poles and paddles. Terrified by the noise, the birds swim a long way before them, endeavoring to escape with all their might. The tide is high, every cove is filled, and into the one where we now are, thousands of Ducks are seen entering. The Indians have ceased to shout, and the canoes advance side by side. Time passes on, the tide swiftly recedes as it rose, and there are the birds left on the beach. See with what

pleasure each wild inhabitant of the forest seizes his stick, the squaws and younglings following with similar weapons! Look at them rushing on their prey, falling on the disabled birds, and smashing them with their cudgels, until all are destroyed! In this manner upwards of five hundred wild fowls have often been procured in a few hours.

Three pleasant days were spent at Point Lepreaux, when the "Fancy" spread her wings to the breeze. In one harbor we fished for shells with a capital dredge, and in another searched along the shore for eggs. The Passamaquoddy chief is seen gliding swiftly over the deep in his fragile bark. He has observed a porpoise breathing. Watch him, for now he is close upon the unsuspecting dolphin. He rises erect, aims his musket; smoke rises curling from the pan, and rushes from the iron tube, when soon after the report comes on the ear. Meantime the porpoise has suddenly turned back downwards, — it is dead. The body weighs a hundred pounds or more, but this to the tough-fibred son of the woods is nothing; he reaches it with his muscular arms, and at a single jerk, while with his legs he dexterously steadies the canoe, he throws it lengthwise at his feet. Amidst the highest waves of the Bay of Fundy, these feats are performed by the Indians during the whole of the season when the porpoises resort thither.

You have often, no doubt, heard of the extraordinary tides of this bay; so had I, but, like others, I was loath to believe the reports were strictly true. So I went to the pretty town of Windsor in Nova Scotia, to judge for myself. But let us leave the "Fancy" for a while, and imagine ourselves at Windsor. Late one day in August my companions and I were seated on the grassy and elevated bank of the river, about eighty feet or so above its bed, which was almost dry, and extended for nine miles below like a sandy wilderness. Many vessels lay on

the high banks taking in their lading of gypsum. We thought the appearance very singular, but we were too late to watch the tide that evening. Next morning we resumed our station, and soon perceived the water flowing towards us, and rising with a rapidity of which we had previously seen no example. We planted along the steep declivity of the bank a number of sticks, each three feet long, the base of one being placed on a level with the top of that below it, and when about half flow the tide reached their tops, one after another, rising three feet in ten minutes, or eighteen in the hour; and, at high water the surface was sixty-five feet above the bed of the river! On looking for the vessels which we had seen the preceding evening, we were told most of them were gone with the night tide.

But now we are again on board the "Fancy;" Mr. Claredge stands near the pilot, who sits next to the man at the helm. On we move swiftly for the breeze has freshened; many islands we pass in succession; the wind increases to a gale; with reefed sails we dash along, and now rapidly pass a heavily laden sloop gallantly running across our course with undiminished sail; when suddenly we see her upset. Staves and spars are floating around, and presently we observe three men scrambling up her sides, and seating themselves on the keel, where they make signals of distress to us. By this time we have run to a great distance; but Claredge, cool and prudent, as every seaman ought to be, has already issued his orders to the helmsman and crew, and now near the wind we gradually approach the sufferers. A line is thrown to them, and the next moment we are alongside the vessel. A fisher's boat, too, has noticed the disaster; and, with long strokes of her oars, advances, now rising on the curling wave, and now sinking out of sight. By our mutual efforts the men are brought on board, and the sloop is slowly towed into a safe harbor. An hour later my party

was safely landed at Eastport, where, on looking over the waters, and observing the dense masses of vapor that veiled the shores, we congratulated ourselves at having escaped from the Bay of Fundy.

A FLOOD

MANY of our larger streams, such as the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Illinois, the Arkansas, and the Red River, exhibit at certain seasons the most extensive overflowings of their waters, to which the name of *floods* is more appropriate than the term *freshets*, usually applied to the sudden risings of smaller streams. If we consider the vast extent of country through which an inland navigation is afforded by the never-failing supply of water furnished by these wonderful rivers, we cannot suppose them exceeded in magnitude by any other in the known world. It will easily be imagined what a wonderful spectacle must present itself to the eye of the traveller who for the first time views the enormous mass of waters, collected from the vast central regions of our continent, booming along, turbid and swollen to overflowing, in the broad channels of the Mississippi and Ohio, the latter of which has a course of more than a thousand miles, and the former of several thousands.

To give you some idea of a *Booming Flood* of these gigantic streams, it is necessary to state the causes which give rise to it. These are, the sudden melting of the snows on the mountains, and heavy rains continued for several weeks. When it happens that, during a severe winter, the Alleghany Mountains have been covered with snow to the depth of several feet, and the accumulated mass has remained unmelted for a length of time, the materials of a flood are thus prepared. It now and then

happens that the winter is hurried off by a sudden increase of temperature, when the accumulated snows melt away simultaneously over the whole country, and the southeasterly wind, which then usually blows, brings along with it a continued fall of heavy rain, which, mingling with the dissolving snow, deluges the alluvial portions of the western country, filling up the rivulets, ravines, creeks, and small rivers. These delivering their waters to the great streams, cause the latter not merely to rise to a surprising height, but to overflow their banks, wherever the land is low. On such occasions the Ohio itself presents a splendid, and at the same time, an appalling spectacle; but when its waters mingle with those of the Mississippi, then, kind reader, is the time to view an American flood in all its astonishing magnificence.

At the foot of the Falls of the Ohio, the water has been known to rise upwards of sixty feet above its lowest level. The river, at this point, has already run a course of nearly seven hundred miles from its origin at Pittsburgh in Pennsylvania, during which it has received the waters of its numberless tributaries, and overflowing all the bottom lands or valleys, has swept along the fences and dwellings which have been unable to resist its violence. I could relate hundreds of incidents which might prove to you the dreadful effects of such an inundation, and which have been witnessed by thousands besides myself. I have known, for example, of a cow swimming through a window, elevated at least seven feet from the ground, and sixty-two feet above low-water mark. The house was then surrounded by water from the Ohio, which runs in front of it, while the neighboring country was overflowed; yet, the family did not remove from it, but remained in its upper portion, having previously taken off the sashes of the lower windows, and opened the doors. But let us return to the Mississippi.

There the overflow is astonishing, for no sooner has the

water reached the upper part of the banks than it rushes out and overspreads the whole of the neighboring swamps, presenting an ocean overgrown with stupendous forest-trees. So sudden is the calamity that every individual, whether man or beast, has to exert his utmost ingenuity to enable him to escape from the dreaded element. The Indian quickly removes to the hills of the interior, the cattle and game swim to the different strips of land that remain uncovered in the midst of the flood, or attempt to force their way through the waters until they perish from fatigue. Along the banks of the river, the inhabitants have rafts ready made, on which they remove themselves, their cattle, and their provisions, and which they then fasten with ropes or grape-vines to the larger trees, while they contemplate the melancholy spectacle presented by the current, as it carries off their houses and wood-yards piece by piece. Some who have nothing to lose, and are usually known by the name of *squatters*, take this opportunity of traversing the woods in canoes, for the purpose of procuring game, and particularly the skins of animals, such as the Deer and Bear, which may be converted into money. They resort to the low ridges surrounded by the waters, and destroy thousands of Deer, merely for their skins, leaving the flesh to putrefy.

The river itself, rolling its swollen waters along, presents a spectacle of the most imposing nature. Although no large vessel, unless propelled by steam, can now make its way against the current, it is seen covered by boats, laden with produce, which, running out from all the smaller streams, float silently towards the city of New Orleans, their owners meanwhile not very well assured of finding a landing-place even there. The water is covered with yellow foam and pumice, the latter having floated from the Rocky Mountains of the Northwest. The eddies are larger and more powerful than ever. Here and there tracts of forest are observed undermined, the

trees gradually giving way, and falling into the stream. Cattle, horses, Bears, and Deer are seen at times attempting to swim across the impetuous mass of foaming and boiling water; whilst here and there a Vulture or an Eagle is observed perched on a bloated carcass, tearing it up in pieces, as regardless of the flood as on former occasions it would have been of the numerous sawyers and planters with which the surface of the river is covered when the water is low. Even the steamer is frequently distressed. The numberless trees and logs that float along break its paddles, and retard its progress. Besides, it is on such occasions difficult to procure fuel to maintain its fires; and it is only at very distant intervals that a wood-yard can be found which the water has not carried off.

Following the river in your canoe, you reach those parts of the shores that are protected against the overflowings of the waters, and are called *levees*. There you find the whole population of the district at work repairing and augmenting those artificial barriers, which are several feet above the level of the fields. Every person appears to dread the opening of a *crevasse*, by which the waters may rush into his fields. In spite of all exertions, however, the crevasse opens, the water bursts impetuously over the plantations, and lays waste the crops which so lately were blooming in all the luxuriance of spring. It opens up a new channel, which, for aught I know to the contrary, may carry its waters even to the Mexican Gulf.

I have floated on the Mississippi and Ohio when thus swollen, and have in different places visited the submerged lands of the interior, propelling a light canoe by the aid of a paddle. In this manner I have traversed immense portions of the country overflowed by the waters of these rivers, and particularly when floating over the Mississippi bottom-lands I have been struck with awe at the sight. Little or no current is met with, unless when the canoe passes over the bed of a bayou. All is silent and

melancholy, unless when the mournful bleating of the hemmed-in Deer reaches your ear, or the dismal scream of an Eagle or a Raven is heard, as the foul bird rises, disturbed by your approach, from the carcass on which it was allaying its craving appetite. Bears, Cougars, Lynxes, and all other quadrupeds that can ascend the trees are observed crouched among their top branches. Hungry in the midst of abundance, although they see floating around them the animals on which they usually prey, they dare not venture to swim to them. Fatigued by the exertions which they have made to reach the dry land, they will there stand the hunter's fire, as if to die by a ball were better than to perish amid the waste of waters. On occasions like this, all these animals are shot by hundreds.

Opposite the city of Natchez, which stands on a bluff bank of considerable elevation, the extent of inundated land is immense, the greater portion of the tract lying between the Mississippi and the Red River, which is more than thirty miles in breadth, being under water. The mail-bag has often been carried through the immersed forests, in a canoe, for even a greater distance, in order to be forwarded to Natchitoches.

But now, kind reader, observe this great flood gradually subsiding, and again see the mighty changes which it has effected. The waters have now been carried into the distant ocean. The earth is everywhere covered by a deep deposit of muddy loam, which in drying splits into deep and narrow chasms, presenting a reticulated appearance, and from which, as the weather becomes warmer, disagreeable, and at times noxious, exhalations arise, and fill the lower stratum of the atmosphere as with a dense fog. The banks of the river have almost everywhere been broken down in a greater or less degree. Large streams are now found to exist, where none were formerly to be seen, having forced their way in direct lines from the

upper parts of the bends. These are by the navigator called *short-cuts*. Some of them have proved large enough to produce a change in the navigation of the Mississippi. If I mistake not, one of these, known by the name of the *Grand Cut-off*, and only a few miles in length, has diverted the river from its natural course, and has shortened it by fifty miles. The upper parts of the islands present a bulwark consisting of an enormous mass of floated trees of all kinds, which have lodged there. Large sand-banks have been completely removed by the impetuous whirls of the waters, and have been deposited in other places. Some appear quite new to the eye of the navigator, who has to mark their situation and bearings in his log-book. The trees on the margins of the banks have in many parts given way. They are seen bending over the stream, like the grounded arms of an overwhelmed army of giants. Everywhere are heard the lamentations of the farmer and planter, whilst their servants and themselves are busily employed in repairing the damages occasioned by the floods. At one crevasse an old ship or two, dismantled for the purpose, are sunk, to obstruct the passage opened by the still rushing waters, while new earth is brought to fill up the chasms. The squatter is seen shouldering his rifle, and making his way through the morass, in search of his lost stock, to drive the survivors home, and save the skins of the drowned. New fences have everywhere to be formed; even new houses must be erected, to save which from a like disaster, the settler places them on an elevated platform supported by pillars made by the trunks of trees. The land must be ploughed anew, and if the season is not too far advanced, a crop of corn and potatoes may yet be raised. But the rich prospects of the planter are blasted. The traveller is impeded in his journey, the creeks and smaller streams having broken up their banks in a degree proportionate to their size. A bank of sand, which seems firm and secure, suddenly

gives way beneath the traveller's horse, and the next moment the animal has sunk in the quicksand, either to the chest in front, or over the crupper behind, leaving its master in a situation not to be envied.

Unlike the mountain torrents and small rivers of other parts of the world, the Mississippi rises but slowly during these floods, continuing for several weeks to increase at the rate of about an inch a day. When at its height, it undergoes little fluctuation for some days, and after this, subsides as slowly as it rose. The usual duration of a flood is from four to six weeks, although, on some occasions, it is protracted to two months.

Every one knows how largely the idea of floods and cataclysms enters into the speculations of the geologist. If the streamlets of the European continent afford illustrations of the formation of strata, how much more must the Mississippi, with its ever-shifting sand-banks, its crumbling shores, its enormous masses of drift timber, the source of future beds of coal, its extensive and varied alluvial deposits, and its mighty mass of waters rolling sullenly along, like the flood of eternity.

THE SQUATTERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI

ALTHOUGH every European traveller who has glided down the Mississippi, at the rate of ten miles an hour, has told his tale of the squatters, yet none has given any other account of them, than that they are "a sallow, sickly looking sort of miserable beings," living in swamps, and subsisting on pig-nuts, Indian-corn, and Bear's-flesh. It is obvious, however, that none but a person acquainted with their history, manners, and condition, can give any real information respecting them.

The individuals who become squatters, choose that sort

of life of their own free will. They mostly remove from other parts of the United States, after finding that land has become too high in price, and they are persons who, having a family of strong and hardy children, are anxious to enable them to provide for themselves. They have heard from good authorities that the country extending along the great streams of the West, is of all parts of the Union, the richest in its soil, the growth of its timber, and the abundance of its game; that, besides, the Mississippi is the great road to and from all the markets in the world; and that every vessel borne by its waters affords to settlers some chance of selling their commodities, or of exchanging them for others. To these recommendations is added another, of even greater weight with persons of the above denomination, namely, the prospect of being able to settle on land, and perhaps to hold it for a number of years, without purchase, rent or tax of any kind. How many thousands of individuals in all parts of the globe would gladly try their fortune with such prospects, I leave to you, reader, to determine.

As I am not disposed too highly to color the picture which I am about to submit to your inspection, instead of pitching on individuals who have removed from our eastern boundaries, and of whom certainly there are a good number, I shall introduce to you the members of a family from Virginia, first giving you an idea of their condition in that country, previous to their migration to the west. The land which they and their ancestors have possessed for a hundred years, having been constantly forced to produce crops of one kind or another, is now completely worn out. It exhibits only a superficial layer of red clay, cut up by deep ravines, through which much of the soil has been conveyed to some more fortunate neighbor, residing in a yet rich and beautiful valley. Their strenuous efforts to render it productive have failed. They dispose of everything too cumbrous or ex-

pensive for them to remove, retaining only a few horses, a servant or two, and such implements of husbandry and other articles as may be necessary on their journey, or useful when they arrive at the spot of their choice.

I think I see them at this moment harnessing their horses, and attaching them to their wagons, which are already filled with bedding, provisions, and the younger children, while on their outside are fastened spinning-wheels and looms, and a bucket filled with tar and tallow swings between the hind wheels. Several axes are secured to the bolster, and the feeding-trough of the horses contains pots, kettles, and pans. The servant, now become a driver, rides the near saddled horse, the wife is mounted on another, the worthy husband shoulders his gun, and his sons, clad in plain substantial homespun, drive the cattle ahead, and lead the procession, followed by the hounds and other dogs. Their day's journey is short, and not agreeable; the cattle, stubborn or wild, frequently leave the road for the woods, giving the travellers much trouble; the harness of the horses here and there gives way, and needs immediate repair; a basket, which has accidentally dropped, must be gone after, for nothing that they have can be spared; the roads are bad, and now and then all hands are called to push on the wagon, or prevent it from upsetting. Yet by sunset they have proceeded perhaps twenty miles. Rather fatigued, all assemble round the fire, which has been lighted, supper is prepared, and a camp being erected, there they pass the night.

Days and weeks, nay months, of unremitting toil, pass before they gain the end of their journey. They have crossed both the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama. They have been travelling from the beginning of May to that of September, and with heavy hearts they traverse the State of Mississippi. But now, arrived on the banks of the broad stream, they gaze in amazement on the dark

deep woods around them. Boats of various kinds they see gliding downwards with the current, while others slowly ascend against it. A few inquiries are made at the nearest dwelling, and assisted by the inhabitants with their boats, and canoes, they at once cross the Mississippi, and select their place of habitation.

The exhalations arising from the swamps and morasses around them have a powerful effect on these new settlers, but all are intent on preparing for the winter. A small patch of ground is cleared by the axe and the fire, a temporary cabin is erected, to each of the cattle is attached a jingling bell before it is let loose into the neighboring cane-brake, and the horses remain about the house, where they find sufficient food at that season. The first trading-boat that stops at their landing, enables them to provide themselves with some flour, fish-hooks, and ammunition, as well as other commodities. The looms are mounted, the spinning-wheels soon furnish some yarn, and in a few weeks the family throw off their ragged clothes, and array themselves in suits adapted to the climate. The father and sons meanwhile have sown turnips and other vegetables; and from some Kentucky flatboat, a supply of live poultry has been procured.

October tinges the leaves of the forest, the morning dews are heavy, the days hot, the nights chill, and the unacclimated family in a few days are attacked with ague. The lingering disease almost prostrates their whole faculties, and one seeing them at such a period might well call them sallow and sickly. Fortunately the unhealthy season soon passes over, and the hoar-frosts make their appearance. Gradually each individual recovers strength. The largest ash-trees are felled; their trunks are cut, split, and corded in front of the building; a large fire is lighted at night on the edge of the water, and soon a steamer calls to purchase the wood, and thus add to their comforts during the winter.

The first fruit of their industry imparts new courage to them; their exertions multiply, and when spring returns, the place has a cheerful look. Venison, Bear's-flesh, Wild Turkeys, Ducks and Geese, with now and then some fish, have served to keep up their strength, and now their enlarged field is planted with corn, potatoes, and pumpkins. Their stock of cattle, too, has augmented; the steamer, which now stops there as if by preference, buys a calf or a pig, together with the whole of their wood. Their store of provisions is renewed, and brighter rays of hope enliven their spirits.

Who is he of the settlers on the Mississippi that cannot realize some profit? Truly none who is industrious. When the autumnal months return, all are better prepared to encounter the ague which then prevails. Substantial food, suitable clothing, and abundant firing, repel its attacks; and before another twelvemonth has elapsed the family is naturalized. The sons have by this time discovered a swamp covered with excellent timber, and as they have seen many great rafts of saw logs, bound for the mills of New Orleans, floating past their dwelling, they resolve to try the success of a little enterprise. Their industry and prudence have already enhanced their credit. A few cross-saws are purchased, and some broad-wheeled "carry-logs" are made by themselves. Log after log, is hauled to the bank of the river, and in a short time their first raft is made on the shore, and loaded with cord-wood. When the next freshet sets it afloat, it is secured by long grape-vines or cables, until the proper time being arrived, the husband and sons embark on it, and float down the mighty stream.

After encountering many difficulties, they arrive in safety at New Orleans, where they dispose of their stock, the money obtained for which may be said to be all profit, supply themselves with such articles as may add to their convenience or comfort, and with light hearts procure a

passage on the upper deck of a steamer, at a very cheap rate, on account of the benefit of their labor in taking in wood or otherwise.

And now the vessel approaches their home. See the joyous mother and daughters as they stand on the bank! A store of vegetables lies around them, a large tub of fresh milk is at their feet, and in their hands are plates, filled with rolls of butter. As the steamer stops, three broad straw hats are waved from the upper deck, and soon husband and wife, brothers and sisters, are in each other's embrace. The boat carries off the provisions for which value has been left, and as the captain issues his orders for putting on the steam, the happy family enter their humble dwelling. The husband gives his bag of dollars to the wife, while the sons present some token of affection to the sisters. Surely, at such a moment, the squatters are richly repaid for all their labors.

Every successive year has increased their savings. They now possess a large stock of horses, cows, and hogs, with abundance of provisions, and domestic comfort of every kind. The daughters have been married to the sons of neighboring squatters, and have gained sisters to themselves by the marriage of their brothers. The government secures to the family the lands on which, twenty years before, they settled in poverty and sickness. Larger buildings are erected on piles, secure from the inundations; where a single cabin once stood, a neat village is now to be seen; warehouses, stores, and workshops increase the importance of the place. The squatters live respected, and in due time die regretted by all who knew them.

Thus are the vast frontiers of our country peopled, and thus does cultivation, year after year, extend over the western wilds. Time will no doubt be, when the great valley of the Mississippi, still covered with primeval forests interspersed with swamps, will smile with corn-fields

and orchards, while crowded cities will rise at intervals along its banks, and enlightened nations will rejoice in the bounties of Providence.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE NAVIGATION OF THE MISSISSIPPI

I HAVE so frequently spoken of the Mississippi that an account of the progress of navigation on that extraordinary stream may be interesting even to the student of nature. I shall commence with the year 1808, at which time a great portion of the western country, and the banks of the Mississippi River, from above the city of Natchez particularly, were little more than a waste, or to use words better suited to my feelings, remained in their natural state. To ascend the great stream against a powerful current, rendered still stronger wherever islands occurred, together with the thousands of sand-banks, as liable to changes and shiftings as the alluvial shores themselves, which at every deep curve or *bend* were seen giving way, as if crushed down by the weight of the great forests that everywhere reached to the very edge of the water, and falling and sinking in the muddy stream by acres at a time, was an adventure of no small difficulty and risk, and which was rendered more so by the innumerable logs, called *sawyers* and *planters*, that everywhere raised their heads above the water, as if bidding defiance to all intruders. Few white inhabitants had yet marched towards its shores, and these few were of a class little able to assist the navigator. Here and there a solitary encampment of native Indians might be seen, but its inmates were as likely to prove foes as friends, having from their birth been made keenly sensible of the encroachments of the white men upon their lands.

Such was then the nature of the Mississippi and its shores. That river was navigated, principally in the direction of the current, in small canoes, pirogues, keel-boats, some flatboats, and a few barges. The canoes and pirogues, being generally laden with furs from the different heads of streams that feed the great river, were of little worth after reaching the market of New Orleans, and seldom reascended, the owners making their way home through the woods, amidst innumerable difficulties. The flatboats were demolished and used as fire-wood. The keel-boats and barges were employed in conveying produce of different kinds besides furs, such as lead, flour, pork, and other articles. These returned laden with sugar, coffee, and dry goods suited for the markets of St. Geneviève and St. Louis on the upper Mississippi, or branched off and ascended the Ohio to the foot of the Falls near Louisville in Kentucky. But, reader, follow their movements, and judge for yourself of the fatigues, troubles, and risks of the men employed in that navigation. A keel-boat was generally manned by ten hands, principally Canadian French, and a patroon or master. These boats seldom carried more than from twenty to thirty tons. The barges frequently had forty or fifty men, with a patroon, and carried fifty or sixty tons. Both these kinds of vessels were provided with a mast, a square sail, and coils of cordage known by the name of *cordelles*. Each boat or barge carried its own provisions. We shall suppose one of these boats under way, and, having passed Natchez, entering upon what were the difficulties of their ascent. Wherever a point projected, so as to render the course or bend below it of some magnitude, there was an eddy, the returning current of which was sometimes as strong as that of the middle of the great stream. The bargemen therefore rowed up pretty close under the bank, and had merely to keep watch in the bow, lest the boat should run against a planter or sawyer. But the boat has reached the

point, and there the current is to all appearance of double strength, and right against it. The men, who have all rested a few minutes, are ordered to take their stations, and lay hold of their oars, for the river must be crossed, it being seldom possible to double such a point, and proceed along the same shore. The boat is crossing, its head slanting to the current, which is, however, too strong for the rowers, and when the other side of the river has been reached, it has drifted perhaps a quarter of a mile. The men are by this time exhausted, and, as we shall suppose it to be twelve o'clock, fasten the boat to the shore or to a tree. A small glass of whiskey is given to each, when they cook and eat their dinner, and after repairing their fatigue by an hour's repose, recommence their labors. The boat is again seen slowly advancing against the stream. It has reached the lower end of a large sand-bar, along the edge of which it is propelled by means of long poles, if the bottom be hard. Two men called bowsmen remain at the prow, to assist, in concert with the steersman, in managing the boat, and keeping its head right against the current. The rest place themselves on the land side of the footway of the vessel, put one end of their poles on the ground, the other against their shoulders, and push with all their might. As each of the men reaches the stern, he crosses to the other side, runs along it, and comes again to the landward side of the bow, when he recommences operations. The barge in the meantime is ascending at a rate not exceeding one mile in the hour.

The bar is at length passed, and as the shore in sight is straight on both sides of the river, and the current uniformly strong, the poles are laid aside, and the men being equally divided, those on the river side take to their oars, whilst those on the land side lay hold of the branches of willows, or other trees, and thus slowly propel the boat. Here and there however, the trunk of a fallen

tree, partly lying on the bank, and partly projecting beyond it, impedes their progress, and requires to be doubled. This is performed by striking it with the iron points of the poles and gaff-hooks. The sun is now quite low, and the barge is again secured in the best harbor within reach. The navigators cook their supper, and betake themselves to their blankets or Bear skins to rest, or perhaps light a large fire on the shore, under the smoke of which they repose, in order to avoid the persecutions of the myriads of mosquitoes which are found along the river during the whole summer. Perhaps, from dawn to sunset, the boat may have advanced fifteen miles. If so, it has done well. The next day, the wind proves favorable, the sail is set, the boat takes all advantages, and meeting with no accident, has ascended thirty miles, perhaps double that distance. The next day comes with a very different aspect. The wind is right ahead, the shores are without trees of any kind, and the canes on the bank are so thick and stout that not even the cordelles can be used. This occasions a halt. The time is not altogether lost, as most of the men, being provided with rifles, betake themselves to the woods, and search for the Deer, the Bears, or the Turkeys that are generally abundant there. Three days may pass before the wind changes, and the advantages gained on the previous fine day are forgotten. Again the boat proceeds, but in passing over a shallow place, runs on a log, swings with the current, but hangs fast, with her lee side almost under water. Now for the poles! All hands are on deck, bustling and pushing. At length, towards sunset, the boat is once more afloat, and is again taken to the shore, where the wearied crew pass another night.

I shall not continue this account of difficulties, it having already become painful in the extreme. I could tell you of the crew abandoning the boat and cargo, and of numberless accidents and perils; but be it enough to say that

advancing in this tardy manner, the boat that left New Orleans on the first of March often did not reach the Falls of the Ohio until the month of July, — nay, sometimes not until October; and after all this immense trouble, it brought only a few bags of coffee, and at most one hundred hogsheads of sugar. Such was the state of things in 1808. The number of barges at that period did not amount to more than twenty-five or thirty, and the largest probably did not exceed one hundred tons burden. To make the best of this fatiguing navigation, I may conclude by saying that a barge which came up in three months had done wonders, for, I believe, few voyages were performed in that time.

If I am not mistaken, the first steamboat that went down out of the Ohio to New Orleans was named the "Orleans," and, if I remember right, was commanded by Captain Ogden. This voyage, I believe, was performed in the spring of 1810. It was, as you may suppose, looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of enterprise. Soon after, another vessel came from Pittsburgh, and before many years elapsed, to see a vessel so propelled had become a common occurrence. In 1826, after a lapse of time that proved sufficient to double the population of the United States of America, the navigation of the Mississippi had so improved, both in respect to facility and quickness, that I know no better way of giving you an idea of it than by presenting you with an extract from a letter written by my eldest son, which was taken from the books of N. Berthoud, Esq., with whom he at that time resided.

"You ask me in your last letter for a list of the arrivals and departures here. I give you an abstract from our list of 1826, showing the number of boats which plied each year, their tonnage, the trips they performed, and the quantity of goods landed here from New Orleans and intermediate places: —

	Boats.	Tons.	Trips.	Tons.
1823, from Jan. 1 to Dec. 31,	42	7860	98	19,453
1824, " " " Nov. 25,	36	6393	118	20,291
1825, " " " Aug. 15,	42	7484	140	24,102
1826, " " " Dec. 31,	51	9386	182	28,914

The amount for the present year will be much greater than any of the above. The number of flatboats and keelboats is beyond calculation. The number of steamboats above the Falls I cannot say much about, except that one or two arrive at and leave Louisville every day. Their passage from Cincinnati is commonly fourteen or sixteen hours. The "Tecumseh," a boat which runs between this place and New Orleans, which is of 210 tons, arrived here on the 10th inst. in nine days, seven hours, from port to port; and the "Philadelphia," of 300 tons, made the passage in nine days, nine and a half hours, the computed distance being 1650 miles. These are the quickest trips made. There are now in operation on the waters west of the Alleghany Mountains 140 or 150 boats. We had last spring (1826) a very high freshet, which came four and a half feet deep in the counting-room. The rise was 57 feet 3 inches perpendicular."

All the steamboats of which this is an account did not perform voyages to New Orleans only, but to all points on the Mississippi, and other rivers which fall into it. I am certain that since the above date the number has increased, but to what extent I cannot at present say.

When steamboats first plied between Shippingport and New Orleans, the cabin passage was a hundred dollars, and a hundred and fifty dollars on the upward voyage. In 1829, I went down to Natchez from Shippingport for twenty-five dollars, and ascended from New Orleans on board the "Philadelphia," in the beginning of January, 1830, for sixty dollars, having taken two state-rooms for my wife and myself. On that voyage we met with a trifling accident, which protracted it to fourteen days, the

computed distance being, as mentioned above, 1650 miles, although the real distance is probably less. I do not remember to have spent a day without meeting with a steamboat, and some days we met several. I might here be tempted to give you a description of one of these steamers of the western waters, but the picture having been often drawn by abler hands, I shall desist.

KENTUCKY SPORTS

IT may not be amiss, kind reader, before I attempt to give you some idea of the pleasures experienced by the sportsmen of Kentucky, to introduce the subject with a slight description of that State.

Kentucky was formerly attached to Virginia, but in those days the Indians looked upon that portion of the western wilds as their own, and abandoned the district only when forced to do so, moving with disconsolate hearts farther into the recesses of the unexplored forests. Doubtless the richness of its soil, and the beauty of its borders, situated as they are along one of the most beautiful rivers in the world, contributed as much to attract the Old Virginians as the desire, so generally experienced in America, of spreading over the uncultivated tracts, and bringing into cultivation lands that have for unknown ages teemed with the wild luxuriance of untamed nature. The conquest of Kentucky was not performed without many difficulties. The warfare that long existed between the intruders and the Redskins was sanguinary and protracted; but the former at length made good their footing, and the latter drew off their shattered bands, dismayed by the mental superiority and indomitable courage of the white men.

This region was probably discovered by a daring hunter, the renowned Daniel Boone. The richness of its soil, its

magnificent forests, its numberless navigable streams, its salt springs and licks, its saltpetre caves, its coal strata, and the vast herds of Buffaloes and Deer that browsed on its hills and amidst its charming valleys, afforded ample inducements to the new settler, who pushed forward with a spirit far above that of the most undaunted tribes which for ages had been the sole possessors of the soil.

The Virginians thronged towards the Ohio. An axe, a couple of horses, and a heavy rifle, with store of ammunition, were all that were considered necessary for the equipments of the man, who, with his family, removed to the new State, assured that, in that land of exuberant fertility, he could not fail to provide amply for all his wants. To have witnessed the industry and perseverance of these emigrants must at once have proved the vigor of their minds. Regardless of the fatigue attending every movement which they made, they pushed through an unexplored region of dark and tangled forests, guiding themselves by the sun alone, and reposing at night on the bare ground. Numberless streams they had to cross on rafts, with their wives and children, their cattle and their luggage, often drifting to considerable distances before they could effect a landing on the opposite shores. Their cattle would often stray amid the rice pasturage of these shores, and occasion a delay of several days. To these troubles add the constantly impending danger of being murdered, while asleep in their encampments, by the prowling and ruthless Indians; while they had before them a distance of hundreds of miles to be traversed, before they could reach certain places of rendezvous called *Stations*. To encounter difficulties like these must have required energies of no ordinary kind; and the reward which these veteran settlers enjoy was doubtless well merited.

Some removed from the Atlantic shores to those of the Ohio in more comfort and security. They had their wagons, their negroes, and their families. Their way was



VICTOR GIFFORD AUDUBON, 1853.

cut through the woods by their own axemen, the day before their advance, and when night overtook them, the hunters attached to the party came to the place pitched upon for encamping, loaded with the dainties of which the forest yielded an abundant supply, the blazing light of a huge fire guiding their steps as they approached, and the sounds of merriment that saluted their ears assuring them that all was well. The flesh of the Buffalo, the Bear, and the Deer soon hung, in large and delicious steaks, in front of the embers; the cakes already prepared were deposited in their proper places, and under the rich drippings of the juicy roasts were quickly baked. The wagons contained the bedding, and whilst the horses which had drawn them were turned loose to feed on the luxuriant undergrowth of the woods — some perhaps hobbled, but the greater number merely with a light bell hung to their neck, to guide their owners in the morning to the spot where they might have rambled — the party were enjoying themselves after the fatigues of the day.

In anticipation all is pleasure; and these migrating bands feasted in joyous sociality, unapprehensive of any greater difficulties than those to be encountered in forcing their way through the pathless woods to the land of abundance; and although it took months to accomplish the journey, and a skirmish now and then took place between them and the Indians, who sometimes crept unperceived into their very camp, still did the Virginians cheerfully proceed towards the western horizon, until the various groups all reached the Ohio, when, struck with the beauty of that magnificent stream, they at once commenced the task of clearing land, for the purpose of establishing a permanent residence.

Others, perhaps encumbered with too much luggage, preferred descending the stream. They prepared *arks* pierced with port-holes, and glided on the gentle current, more annoyed, however, than those who marched by land

by the attacks of the Indians who watched their motions. Many travellers have described these boats, formerly called *arks*, but now named *flatboats*. But have they told you, kind reader, that in those times a boat thirty or forty feet in length, by ten or twelve in breadth, was considered a stupendous fabric; that this boat contained men, women and children, huddled together, with horses, cattle, hogs and poultry for their companions, while the remaining portion was crammed with vegetables and packages of seeds? The roof or deck of the boat was not unlike a farm-yard, being covered with hay, ploughs, carts, wagons, and various agricultural implements, together with numerous others, among which the spinning-wheels of the matrons were conspicuous. Even the sides of the floating-mass were loaded with the wheels of the different vehicles, which themselves lay on the roof. Have they told you that these boats contained the little all of each family of venturous emigrants, who, fearful of being discovered by the Indians under night moved in darkness, groping their way from one part to another of these floating habitations, denying themselves the comfort of fire or light, lest the foe that watched them from the shore should rush upon them and destroy them? Have they told you that this boat was used, after the tedious voyage was ended, as the first dwelling of these new settlers? No, kind reader, such things have not been related to you before. The travellers who have visited our country have had other objects in view.

I shall not describe the many massacres which took place among the different parties of white and red men, as the former moved down the Ohio; because I have never been very fond of battles, and indeed have always wished that the world were more peaceably inclined than it is; and shall merely add that, in one way or other, Kentucky was wrested from the original owners of the soil. Let us, therefore, turn our attention to the sports

still enjoyed in that now happy portion of the United States.

We have individuals in Kentucky, kind reader, that even there are considered wonderful adepts in the management of the rifle. To *drive a nail* is a common feat, not more thought off by the Kentuckians than to cut off a Wild Turkey's head, at a distance of a hundred yards. Others will *bark* off Squirrels one after another, until satisfied with the number procured. Some, less intent on destroying game, may be seen under night *snuffing a candle* at the distance of fifty yards, off-hand, without extinguishing it. I have been told that some have proved so expert and cool as to make choice of the eye of a foe at a wonderful distance, boasting beforehand of the sureness of their piece, which has afterwards been fully proved when the enemy's head has been examined!

Having resided some years in Kentucky, and having more than once been witness of rifle sport, I shall present you with the results of my observation, leaving you to judge how far rifle-shooting is understood in that State.

Several individuals who conceive themselves expert in the management of the gun are often seen to meet for the purpose of displaying their skill, and betting a trifling sum, put up a target, in the centre of which a common-sized nail is hammered for about two-thirds of its length. The marksmen make choice of what they consider a proper distance, which may be forty paces. Each man cleans the interior of his tube, which is called *wiping* it, places a ball in the palm of his hand, pouring as much powder from his horn upon it as will cover it. This quantity is supposed to be sufficient for any distance within a hundred yards. A shot which comes very close to the nail is considered as that of an indifferent marksman; the bending of the nail is, of course, somewhat better; but nothing less than hitting it right on the head is satisfactory. Well, kind reader, one out of three shots generally hits the nail,

and should the shooters amount to half a dozen, two nails are frequently needed before each can have a shot. Those who drive the nail have a further trial amongst themselves, and the two best shots out of these generally settle the affair, when all the sportsmen adjourn to some house, and spend an hour or two in friendly intercourse, appointing, before they part, a day for another trial. This is technically termed *driving the nail*.

Barking off Squirrels is delightful sport, and in my opinion requires a greater degree of accuracy than any other. I first witnessed this manner of procuring Squirrels whilst near the town of Frankfort. The performer was the celebrated Daniel Boone. We walked out together, and followed the rocky margins of the Kentucky River, until we reached a piece of flat land thickly covered with black walnuts, oaks, and hickories. As the general mast was a good one that year, Squirrels were seen gambolling on every tree around us. My companion, a stout, hale, and athletic man, dressed in a homespun hunting-shirt, bare-legged and moccasined, carried a long and heavy rifle, which, as he was loading it, he said had proved efficient in all his former undertakings, and which he hoped would not fail on this occasion, as he felt proud to show me his skill. The gun was wiped, the powder measured, the ball patched with six-hundred-thread linen, and the charge sent home with a hickory rod. We moved not a step from the place, for the Squirrels were so numerous that it was unnecessary to go after them. Boone pointed to one of these animals which had observed us, and was crouched on a branch about fifty paces distant, and bade me mark well the spot where the ball should hit. He raised his piece gradually, until the *bead* (that being the name given by the Kentuckians to the *sight*) of the barrel was brought to a line with the spot which he intended to hit. The whip-like report resounded through the woods and along the hills, in repeated echoes. Judge of my surprise when

I perceived that the ball had hit the piece of the bark immediately beneath the Squirrel, and shivered it into splinters, the concussion produced by which had killed the animal, and sent it whirling through the air, as if it had been blown up by the explosion of a powder magazine. Boone kept up his firing, and, before many hours had elapsed, we had procured as many Squirrels as we wished; for you must know, kind reader, that to load a rifle requires only a moment, and that if it is wiped once after each shot, it will do duty for hours. Since that first interview with our veteran Boone I have seen many other individuals perform the same feat.

The *snuffing of a candle* with a ball, I first had an opportunity of seeing near the banks of Green River, not far from a large Pigeon-roost to which I had previously made a visit. I heard many reports of guns during the early part of a dark night, and knowing them to be those of rifles, I went towards the spot to ascertain the cause. On reaching the place, I was welcomed by a dozen of tall stout men, who told me they were exercising, for the purpose of enabling them to shoot under night at the reflected light from the eyes of a Deer or Wolf, by torch-light, of which I shall give you an account somewhere else. A fire was blazing near, the smoke of which rose curling among the thick foliage of the trees. At a distance which rendered it scarcely distinguishable, stood a burning candle, as if intended for an offering to the goddess of night, but which in reality was only fifty yards from the spot on which we all stood. One man was within a few yards of it, to watch the effects of the shots, as well as to light the candle should it chance to go out, or to replace it should the shot cut it across. Each marksman shot in his turn. Some never hit either the snuff or the candle, and were congratulated with a loud laugh; while others actually snuffed the candle without putting it out, and were recompensed for their dexterity by numerous

hurrahs. One of them, who was particularly expert, was very fortunate, and snuffed the candle three times out of seven, whilst all the other shots either put out the candle or cut it immediately under the light.

Of the feats performed by the Kentuckians with the rifle, I could say more than might be expedient on the present occasion. In every thinly peopled portion of the State, it is rare to meet one without a gun of that description, as well as a tomahawk. By way of recreation, they often cut off a piece of the bark of a tree, make a target of it, using a little powder wetted with water or saliva, for the bull's-eye, and shoot into the mark all the balls they have about them, picking them out of the wood again.

After what I have said, you may easily imagine with what ease a Kentuckian procures game, or despatches an enemy, more especially when I tell you that every one in the State is accustomed to handle the rifle from the time when he is first able to shoulder it until near the close of his career. That murderous weapon is the means of procuring them subsistence during all their wild and extensive rambles, and is the source of their principal sports and pleasures.

THE TRAVELLER AND THE POLE-CAT

ON a journey from Louisville to Henderson in Kentucky, performed during very severe winter weather, in company with a foreigner, the initials of whose name are D. T., my companion, spying a beautiful animal, marked with black and pale yellow, and having a long and bushy tail, exclaimed, "Mr. Audubon, is not that a beautiful Squirrel?" "Yes," I answered, "and of a kind that will suffer you to approach it and lay hold of it, if you are well gloved." Mr. D. T., dismounting, took up a dry stick, and advanced towards the pretty animal, with his large cloak floating in

the breeze. I think I see him approach, and laying the stick gently across the body of the animal, try to secure it; and I can yet laugh almost as heartily as I did then, when I plainly saw the discomfiture of the traveller. The Pole-cat (for a true Pole-cat it was, the *Mephitis americana* of zoölogists) raised its fine bushy tail, and showered such a discharge of the fluid given him by nature as a defence that my friend, dismayed and infuriated, began to belabor the poor animal. The swiftness and good management of the Pole-cat, however, saved its bones, and as it made its retreat towards its hole, it kept up at every step a continued ejection, which fully convinced the gentleman that the pursuit of such Squirrels as these was at the best an unprofitable employment.

This was not all, however. I could not suffer his approach, nor could my horse; it was with difficulty he mounted his own; and we were forced to continue our journey far asunder, and he much to leeward. Nor did the matter end here. We could not proceed much farther that night; as, in the first place, it was nearly dark when we saw the Pole-cat, and as, in the second place, a heavy snow-storm began, and almost impeded our progress. We were forced to make for the first cabin we saw. Having asked and obtained permission to rest for the night, we dismounted and found ourselves amongst a crowd of men and women who had met for the purpose of *corn-shucking*.

To a European who has not visited the western parts of the United States, an explanation of this corn-shucking may not be unacceptable. Corn (or you may prefer calling it maize) is gathered in the husk, that is, by breaking each large ear from the stem. These ears are first thrown into heaps in the field, and afterwards carried in carts to the barn, or, as in this instance, and in such portions of Kentucky, to a shed made of the blades or long leaves that hang in graceful curves from the stalk, and which, when plucked and dried, are used instead of hay as food for

horses and cattle. The husk consists of several thick leaves rather longer than the corn-ear itself, and which secure it from the weather. It is quite a labor to detach these leaves from the ear when thousands of bushels of the corn are gathered and heaped together. For this purpose, however, and in the western country more especially, several neighboring families join alternately at each other's plantations, and assist in clearing away the husks, thus preparing the maize for the market or for domestic use.

The good people whom we met with at this hospitable house were on the point of going to the barn (the farmer here being in rather good condition) to work until towards the middle of the night. When we had stood the few stares to which strangers must accustom themselves, no matter where, even in a drawing-room, we approached the fire. What a shock for the whole party! The scent of the Polecat, that had been almost stifled on my companion's vestments by the cold of the evening air, now recovered its primitive strength. The cloak was put out of the house, but its owner could not well be used in the same way. The company, however, took to their heels, and there only remained a single black servant, who waited on us till supper was served.

I felt vexed with myself, as I saw the good traveller displeased. But he had so much good-breeding as to treat this important affair with great forbearance, and merely said he was sorry for his want of knowledge in zoölogy. The good gentleman, however, was not only deficient in zoölogical lore, but, fresh as he was from Europe, felt more than uneasy in this out-of-the-way house, and would have proceeded towards my own home that night, had I not at length succeeded in persuading him that he was in perfect security.

We were shown to bed. As I was almost a stranger to him, and he to me, he thought it a very awkward thing to be obliged to lie in the same bed with me, but afterwards

spoke of it as a happy circumstance, and requested that I should suffer him to be placed next the logs, thinking, no doubt, that there he should run no risk.

We started by break of day, taking with us the frozen cloak, and after passing a pleasant night in my own house, we parted. Some years after, I met my Kentucky companion in a far distant land, when he assured me that whenever the sun shone on his cloak or it was brought near a fire, the scent of the Pole-cat became so perceptible that he at last gave it to a poor monk in Italy.

The animal commonly known in America by the name of the Pole-cat is about a foot and a half in length, with a large bushy tail, nearly as long as the body. The color is generally brownish-black, with a large white patch on the back of the head; but there are many varieties of coloring, in some of which the broad white bands of the back are very conspicuous. The Pole-cat burrows, or forms a subterranean habitation among the roots of trees, or in rocky places. It feeds on birds, young Hares, Rats, Mice, and other animals, and commits great depredations on poultry. The most remarkable peculiarity of this animal is the power, alluded to above, of squirting for its defence a most nauseously scented fluid contained in a receptacle situated under the tail, which it can do to a distance of several yards. It does not, however, for this purpose sprinkle its tail with the fluid, as some allege, unless when extremely harassed by its enemies. The Pole-cat is frequently domesticated. The removal of the glands prevents the secretion of the nauseous fluid, and when thus improved, the animal becomes a great favorite, and performs the offices of the common cat with great dexterity.

DEER HUNTING

THE different modes of Deer hunting are probably too well understood, and too successfully practised in the United States; for, notwithstanding the almost incredible abundance of these beautiful animals in our forests and prairies, such havoc is carried on amongst them that, in a few centuries, they will probably be as scarce in America as the Great Bustard now is in Britain.

We have three modes of hunting Deer, each varying in some slight degree in the different States and districts. The first is termed *still hunting*, and is by far the most destructive. The second is called *fire-light hunting*, and is next in its exterminating effects. The third, which may be looked upon as a mere amusement, is named *driving*. Although many Deer are destroyed by this latter method, it is not by any means so pernicious as the others. These methods I shall describe separately.

Still hunting is followed as a kind of trade by most of our frontier-men. To be practised with success it requires great activity, an expert management of the rifle, and a thorough knowledge of the forest, together with an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the Deer, not only at different seasons of the year, but also at every hour of the day, as the hunters must be aware of the situations which the game prefers, and in which it is most likely to be found at any particular time. I might here present you with a full account of the habits of our Deer, were it not my intention to lay before you, at some future period, in the form of a distinct work, the observations which I have made on the various quadrupeds of our extensive territories.

Illustrations of any kind require to be presented in the best possible light. We shall therefore suppose that we are now about to follow the *true hunter*, as the "still

hunter" is also called, through the interior of the tangled woods, across morasses, ravines, and such places, where the game may prove more or less plentiful, even should none be found there in the first instance. We shall allow our hunter all the agility, patience, and care which his occupation requires, and will march in his rear, as if we were spies, watching all his motions.

His dress, you observe, consists of a leather hunting-shirt, and a pair of trousers of the same material. His feet are well moccasined; he wears a belt round his waist; his heavy rifle is resting on his brawny shoulder; on one side hangs his ball pouch, surmounted by the horn of an ancient Buffalo, once the terror of the herd, but now containing a pound of the best gunpowder; his butcher knife is scabbarded in the same strap; and behind is a tomahawk, the handle of which has been thrust through his girdle. He walks with so rapid a step that probably few men, beside ourselves, that is, myself and my kind reader, could follow him, unless for a short distance, in their anxiety to witness his ruthless deeds. He stops, looks to the flint of his gun, its priming, and the leather cover of the lock, then glances his eye towards the sky, to judge of the course most likely to lead him to the game.

The heavens are clear, the red glare of the morning sun gleams through the lower branches of the lofty trees, the dew hangs in pearly drops at the top of every leaf. Already has the emerald hue of the foliage been converted into the more glowing tints of our autumnal months. A slight frost appears on the fence-rails of his little corn-field. As he proceeds he looks to the dead foliage under his feet, in search of the well-known traces of a buck's hoof. Now he bends towards the ground, on which something has attracted his attention. See! he alters his course, increases his speed, and will soon reach the opposite hill. Now he moves with caution, stops at almost every tree, and peeps forward, as if already within shooting distance

of the game. He advances again, but how very slowly! He has reached the declivity, upon which the sun shines in all its growing splendor; but mark him! he takes the gun from his shoulder, has already thrown aside the leathern cover of the lock, and is wiping the edge of the flint with his tongue. Now he stands like a monumental figure, perhaps measuring the distance that lies between him and the game which he has in view. His rifle is slowly raised, the report follows, and he runs. Let us run also. Shall I speak to him, and ask him the result of this first essay? Assuredly, reader, for I know him well.

“Pray, friend, what have you killed?” for to say, “What have you shot at?” might imply the possibility of having missed, and so might hurt his feelings. “Nothing but a buck.” “And where is it?” “Oh, it has taken a jump or so, but I settled it, and will soon be with it. My ball struck, and must have gone through his heart.” We arrive at the spot where the animal had laid itself down among the grass in a thicket of grape-vines, sumach, and spruce bushes, where it intended to repose during the middle of the day. The place is covered with blood, the hoofs of the Deer have left deep prints in the ground, as it bounced in the agonies produced by its wound; but the blood that has gushed from its side discloses the course which it has taken. We soon reach the spot. There lies the buck, its tongue out, its eye dim, its breath exhausted; it is dead. The hunter draws his knife, cuts the buck’s throat almost asunder, and prepares to skin it. For this purpose he hangs it upon the branch of a tree. When the skin is removed, he cuts off the hams, and abandoning the rest of the carcass to the Wolves and Vultures, reloads his gun, flings the venison, enclosed by the skin, upon his back, secures it with a strap, and walks off in search of more game, well knowing that, in the immediate neighborhood, another at least is to be found.

Had the weather been warmer, the hunter would have

sought for the buck along the *shadowy* side of the hills. Had it been the spring season, he would have led us through some thick cane-brake, to the margin of some remote lake, where you would have seen the Deer immersed to his head in the water, to save his body from the tormenting attacks of mosquitoes. Had winter overspread the earth with a covering of snow, he would have searched the low, damp woods, where the mosses and lichens, on which at that period the Deer feeds, abound; the trees being generally crusted with them for several feet from the ground. At one time he might have marked the places where the Deer clears the velvet from his horns by rubbing them against the low stems of bushes, and where he frequently scrapes the earth with his fore-hoofs; at another he would have betaken himself to places where persimmons and crab-apples abound, as beneath these trees the Deer frequently stops to munch their fruits. During early spring our hunter would imitate the bleating of the doe, and thus frequently obtain both her and the fawn, or, like some tribes of Indians, he would prepare a Deer's head, placed on a stick, and creeping with it amongst the tall grass of the prairies, would decoy Deer in reach of his rifle. But, kind reader, you have seen enough of the *still hunter*. Let it suffice for me to add that by the mode pursued by him thousands of Deer are annually killed, many individuals shooting these animals merely for the skin, not caring for even the most valuable portions of the flesh, unless hunger, or a near market, induce them to carry off the hams.

The mode of destroying deer by *fire-light*, or, as it is named in some parts of the country, *forest-light*, never fails to produce a very singular feeling in him who witnesses it for the first time. There is something in it which at times appears awfully grand. At other times a certain degree of fear creeps over the mind, and even affects the physical powers of him who follows the hunter through the thick

undergrowth of our woods, having to leap his horse over hundreds of huge fallen trunks, at one time impeded by a straggling grape-vine crossing his path, at another squeezed between two stubborn saplings, whilst their twigs come smack in his face, as his companion has forced his way through them. Again, he now and then runs the risk of breaking his neck, by being suddenly pitched headlong on the ground, as his horse sinks into a hole covered over with moss. But I must proceed in a more regular manner, and leave you, kind reader, to judge whether such a mode of hunting would suit your taste or not.

The hunter has returned to his camp or his house, has rested and eaten of his game. He waits impatiently for the return of night. He has procured a quantity of pine knots filled with resinous matter, and has an old frying-pan, that, for aught I know to the contrary, may have been used by his great-grandmother, in which the pine-knots are to be placed when lighted. The horses stand saddled at the door. The hunter comes forth, his rifle slung on his shoulder, and springs upon one of them, while his son, or a servant, mounts the other with the frying-pan and the pine-knots. Thus accoutred, they proceed towards the interior of the forest. When they have arrived at the spot where the hunt is to begin, they strike fire with a flint and steel, and kindle the resinous wood. The person who carries the fire moves in the direction judged to be the best. The blaze illuminates the near objects, but the distant parts seem involved in deepest obscurity. The hunter who bears the gun keeps immediately in front, and after a while discovers before him two feeble lights, which are produced by the reflection of the pine-fire from the eyes of an animal of the Deer or Wolf kind. The animal stands quite still. To one unacquainted with this strange mode of hunting, the glare from its eyes might bring to his imagination some lost hobgoblin that had strayed from its usual haunts. The hunter, however, nowise intimidated,

approaches the object, sometimes so near as to discern its form, when, raising the rifle to his shoulder, he fires and kills it on the spot. He then dismounts, secures the skin and such portions of the flesh as he may want, in the manner already described, and continues his search through the greater part of the night, sometimes until the dawn of day, shooting from five to ten Deer, should these animals be plentiful. This kind of hunting proves fatal, not to the Deer alone, but also sometimes to Wolves, and now and then to a horse or cow, which may have straggled far into the woods.

Now, kind reader, prepare to mount a generous, full-blood Virginian hunter. See that your gun is in complete order, for hark to the sound of the bugle and horn, and the mingled clamor of a pack of harriers! Your friends are waiting for you, under the shade of the wood, and we must together go *driving* the light-footed Deer. The distance over which one has to travel is seldom felt when pleasure is anticipated as the result; so galloping we go pell-mell through the woods, to some well-known place where many a fine buck has drooped its antlers under the ball of the hunter's rifle. The servants, who are called the drivers, have already begun their search. Their voices are heard exciting the hounds, and unless we put spurs to our steeds, we may be too late at our stand, and thus lose the first opportunity of shooting the fleeting game as it passes by. Hark again! The dogs are in chase, the horn sounds louder and more clearly. Hurry, hurry on, or we shall be sadly behind!

Here we are at last! Dismount, fasten your horse to this tree, place yourself by the side of that large yellow poplar, and mind you do not shoot me! The Deer is fast approaching; I will to my own stand, and he who shoots him dead wins the prize.

The Deer is heard coming. It has inadvertently cracked a dead stick with its hoof, and the dogs are now so near

that it will pass in a moment. There it comes! How beautifully it bounds over the ground! What a splendid head of horns! How easy its attitudes, depending, as it seems to do, on its own swiftness for safety! All is in vain, however; a gun is fired, the animal plunges and doubles with incomparable speed. There he goes! He passes another stand, from which a second shot, better directed than the first, brings him to the ground. The dogs, the servants, the sportsmen are now rushing forward to the spot. The hunter who has shot it is congratulated on his skill or good luck, and the chase begins again in some other part of the woods.

A few lines of explanation may be required to convey a clear idea of this mode of hunting. Deer are fond of following and retracing paths which they have formerly pursued, and continue to do so even after they have been shot at more than once. These tracks are discovered by persons on horseback in the woods, or a Deer is observed crossing a road, a field, or a small stream. When this has been noticed twice, the deer may be shot from the places called *stands* by the sportsman, who is stationed there, and waits for it, a line of stands being generally formed so as to cross the path which the game will follow. The person who ascertains the usual pass of the game, or discovers the parts where the animal feeds or lies down during the day, gives intimation to his friends, who then prepare for the chase. The servants start the Deer with the hounds, and by good management generally succeed in making it run the course that will soonest bring it to its death. But, should the Deer be cautious, and take another course, the hunters, mounted on swift horses, gallop through the woods to intercept it, guided by the sound of the horns and the cry of the dogs, and frequently succeed in shooting it. This sport is extremely agreeable, and proves successful on almost every occasion.

Hoping that this account will be sufficient to induce you,

kind reader, to go *driving* in our western and southern woods, I now conclude my chapter on Deer Hunting by informing you that the species referred to above is the Virginia Deer, *Cervus virginianus*; and that, until I be able to present you with a full account of its habits and history, you may consult for information respecting it the excellent "Fauna Americana" of my esteemed friend Dr. Harlan, of Philadelphia.

THE ECCENTRIC NATURALIST

"WHAT an odd-looking fellow!" said I to myself, as, while walking by the river, I observed a man landing from a boat, with what I thought a bundle of dried clover on his back; "how the boatmen stare at him! sure he must be an original!" He ascended with a rapid step, and approaching me asked if I could point out the house in which Mr. Audubon resided. "Why, I am the man," said I, "and will gladly lead you to my dwelling."

The traveller rubbed his hands together with delight, and drawing a letter from his pocket handed it to me without any remark. I broke the seal and read as follows: "My dear Audubon, I send you an odd fish, which you may prove to be undescribed, and hope you will do so in your next letter. Believe, me always your friend B." With all the simplicity of a woodsman I asked the bearer where the odd fish was, when M. de T. (for, kind reader, the individual in my presence was none else than that renowned naturalist) smiled, rubbed his hands, and with the greatest good-humor said, "I am that odd fish I presume, Mr. Audubon." I felt confounded and blushed, but contrived to stammer an apology.

We soon reached the house, when I presented my learned guest to my family, and was ordering a servant to go to the boat for M. de T.'s luggage, when he told me he

had none but what he brought on his back. He then loosened the pack of weeds which had first drawn my attention. The ladies were a little surprised, but I checked their critical glances for the moment. The naturalist pulled off his shoes, and while engaged in drawing his stockings, not up, but down, in order to cover the holes about the heels, told us in the gayest mood imaginable that he had walked a great distance, and had only taken a passage on board the *ark*, to be put on this shore, and that he was sorry his apparel had suffered so much from his late journey. Clean clothes were offered, but he would not accept them, and it was with evident reluctance that he performed the lavations usual on such occasions before he sat down to dinner.

At table, however, his agreeable conversation made us all forget his singular appearance; and, indeed, it was only as we strolled together in the garden that his attire struck me as exceedingly remarkable. A long loose coat of yellow nankeen, much the worse for the many rubs it had got in its time, and stained all over with the juice of plants, hung loosely about him like a sac. A waistcoat of the same, with enormous pockets, and buttoned up to his chin, reached below over a pair of tight pantaloons, the lower parts of which were buttoned down to the ankles. His beard was as long as I have known my own to be during some of my peregrinations, and his lank black hair hung loosely over his shoulders. His forehead was so broad and prominent that any tyro in phrenology would instantly have pronounced it the residence of a mind of strong powers. His words impressed an assurance of rigid truth, and as he directed the conversation to the study of the natural sciences, I listened to him with as much delight as Telemachus could have listened to Mentor. He had come to visit me, he said, expressly for the purpose of seeing my drawings, having been told that my representations of birds were accompanied with those of shrubs and plants,

and he was desirous of knowing whether I might chance to have in my collection any with which he was unacquainted. I observed some degree of impatience in his request to be allowed at once to see what I had. We returned to the house, when I opened my portfolios and laid them before him.

He chanced to turn over the drawing of a plant quite new to him. After inspecting it closely, he shook his head, and told me no such plant existed in nature; for, kind reader, M. de T., although a highly scientific man, was suspicious to a fault, and believed such plants only to exist as he had himself seen, or such as, having been discovered of old, had, according to Father Malebranche's expression, acquired a "venerable beard." I told my guest that the plant was common in the immediate neighborhood, and that I should show it him on the morrow. "And why to-morrow, Mr. Audubon? Let us go now." We did so, and on reaching the bank of the river I pointed to the plant. M. de T., I thought, had gone mad. He plucked the plants one after another, danced, hugged me in his arms, and exultingly told me that he had got not merely a new species, but a new genus. When we returned home, the naturalist opened the bundle which he had brought on his back, and took out a journal rendered water-proof by means of a leather case, together with a small parcel of linen, examined the new plant, and wrote its description. The examination of my drawings then went on. You would be pleased, kind reader, to hear his criticisms, which were of the greatest advantage to me, for, being well acquainted with books as well as with nature, he was well fitted to give me advice.

It was summer, and the heat was so great that the windows were all open. The light of the candles attracted many insects, among which was observed a large species of *Scarabæus*. I caught one, and, aware of his inclination to believe only what he should himself see, I showed him

the insect, and assured him it was so strong that it would crawl on the table with the candlestick on its back. "I should like to see the experiment made, Mr. Audubon," he replied. It was accordingly made, and the insect moved about, dragging its burden so as to make the candlestick change its position as if by magic, until coming upon the edge of the table, it dropped on the floor, took to wing, and made its escape.

When it waxed late, I showed him to the apartment intended for him during his stay, and endeavored to render him comfortable, leaving him writing materials in abundance. I was indeed heartily glad to have a naturalist under my roof. We had all retired to rest. Every person I imagined was in deep slumber save myself, when of a sudden I heard a great uproar in the naturalist's room. I got up, reached the place in a few moments, and opened the door, when to my astonishment, I saw my guest running about the room naked, holding the handle of my favorite violin, the body of which he had battered to pieces against the walls in attempting to kill the bats which had entered by the open window, probably attracted by the insects flying around his candle. I stood amazed, but he continued jumping and running round and round, until he was fairly exhausted, when he begged me to procure one of the animals for him, as he felt convinced they belonged to "a new species." Although I was convinced of the contrary, I took up the bow of my demolished Cremona, and administering a smart tap to each of the bats as it came up, soon got specimens enough. The war ended, I again bade him good-night, but could not help observing the state of the room. It was strewn with plants, which it would seem he had arranged into groups, but which were now scattered about in confusion. "Never mind, Mr. Audubon," quoth the eccentric naturalist, "never mind, I'll soon arrange them again. I have the bats, and that's enough."

Some days passed, during which we followed our several occupations. M. de T. searched the woods for plants, and I for birds. He also followed the margins of the Ohio, and picked up many shells, which he greatly extolled. With us, I told him, they were gathered into heaps to be converted into lime. "Lime! Mr. Audubon; why, they are worth a guinea apiece in any part of Europe." One day, as I was returning from a hunt in a cane-brake, he observed that I was wet and splattered with mud, and desired me to show him the interior of one of these places, which he said he had never visited.

The cane, kind reader, formerly grew spontaneously over the greater portions of the State of Kentucky and other western districts of our Union, as well as in many farther south. Now, however, cultivation, the introduction of cattle and horses, and other circumstances connected with the progress of civilization, have greatly altered the face of the country, and reduced the cane within comparatively small limits. It attains a height of from twelve to thirty feet, and a diameter of from one to two inches, and grows in great patches resembling osier-holts, in which occur plants of all sizes. The plants frequently grow so close together, and in course of time become so tangled, as to present an almost impenetrable thicket. A portion of ground thus covered with canes is called a *cane-brake*.

If you picture to yourself one of these cane-brakes growing beneath the gigantic trees that form our western forests, interspersed with vines of many species, and numberless plants of every description, you may conceive how difficult it is for one to make his way through it, especially after a heavy shower of rain or a fall of sleet, when the traveller, in forcing his way through, shakes down upon himself such quantities of water as soon reduce him to a state of the utmost discomfort. The hunters often cut little paths through the thickets with their knives, but the usual mode

of passing through them is by pushing one's self backward, and wedging a way between the stems. To follow a Bear or a Cougar pursued by dogs through these brakes is a task the accomplishment of which may be imagined, but of the difficulties and dangers accompanying which I cannot easily give an adequate representation.

The canes generally grow on the richest soil, and are particularly plentiful along the margins of the great western rivers. Many of our new settlers are fond of forming farms in their immediate vicinity, as the plant is much relished by all kinds of cattle and horses, which feed upon it at all seasons, and again because these brakes are plentifully stocked with game of various kinds. It sometimes happens that the farmer clears a portion of the brake. This is done by cutting the stems — which are fistular and knotted, like those of other grasses — with a large knife or cutlass. They are afterwards placed in heaps, and when partially dried set fire to. The moisture contained between the joints is converted into steam, which causes the cane to burst with a smart report, and when a whole mass is crackling, the sounds resemble discharges of musketry. Indeed, I have been told that travellers floating down the rivers, and unacquainted with these circumstances, have been induced to pull their oars with redoubled vigor, apprehending the attack of a host of savages, ready to scalp every one of the party.

A day being fixed, we left home after an early breakfast, crossed the Ohio, and entered the woods. I had determined that my companion should view a cane-brake in all its perfection, and after leading him several miles in a direct course, came upon as fine a sample as existed in that part of the country. We entered, and for some time proceeded without much difficulty, as I led the way, and cut down the canes which were most likely to incommode him. The difficulties gradually increased, so that we were presently obliged to turn our backs to the foe, and push

ourselves on the best way we could. My companion stopped here and there to pick up a plant and examine it. After a while we chanced to come upon the top of a fallen tree, which so obstructed our passage that we were on the eve of going round, instead of thrusting ourselves through amongst the branches, when, from its bed in the centre of the tangled mass, forth rushed a Bear, with such force, and snuffing the air in so frightful a manner, that M. de T. became suddenly terror-struck, and, in his haste to escape, made a desperate attempt to run, but fell amongst the canes in such a way that he looked as if pinioned. Perceiving him jammed in between the stalks, and thoroughly frightened, I could not refrain from laughing at the ridiculous exhibition which he made. My gayety, however, was not very pleasing to the *savant*, who called out for aid, which was at once administered. Gladly would he have retraced his steps, but I was desirous that he should be able to describe a cane-brake, and enticed him to follow me by telling him that our worst difficulties were nearly over. We proceeded, for by this time the Bear was out of hearing.

The way became more and more tangled. I saw with delight that a heavy cloud, portentous of a thunder gust, was approaching. In the mean time, I kept my companion in such constant difficulties that he now panted, perspired, and seemed almost overcome by fatigue. The thunder began to rumble, and soon after a dash of heavy rain drenched us in a few minutes. The withered particles of leaves and bark attached to the canes stuck to our clothes. We received many scratches from briars, and now and then a switch from a nettle. M. de T. seriously inquired if we should ever get alive out of the horrible situation in which we were. I spoke of courage and patience, and told him I hoped we should soon get to the margin of the brake, which, however, I knew to be two miles distant. I made him rest, and gave him a mouthful of brandy from

my flask; after which, we proceeded on our slow and painful march. He threw away all his plants, emptied his pockets of the fungi, lichens, and mosses which he had thrust into them, and finding himself much lightened, went on for thirty or forty yards with a better grace. But, kind reader, enough—I led the naturalist first one way, then another, until I had nearly lost myself in the brake, although I was well acquainted with it, kept him tumbling and crawling on his hands and knees until long after mid-day, when we at length reached the edge of the river. I blew my horn, and soon showed my companion a boat coming to our rescue. We were ferried over, and on reaching the house, found more agreeable occupation in replenishing our empty coffers.

M. de T. remained with us for three weeks, and collected multitudes of plants, shells, bats, and fishes, but never again expressed a desire of visiting a cane-brake. We were perfectly reconciled to his oddities, and, finding him a most agreeable and intelligent companion, hoped that his sojourn might be of long duration. But, one evening when tea was prepared, and we expected him to join the family, he was nowhere to be found. His grasses and other valuables were all removed from his room. The night was spent in searching for him in the neighborhood. No eccentric naturalist could be discovered. Whether he had perished in a swamp, or had been devoured by a Bear or a Gar-fish, or had taken to his heels, were matters of conjecture; nor was it until some weeks after that a letter from him, thanking us for our attention, assured me of his safety.

SCIPIO AND THE BEAR

THE Black Bear (*Ursus americanus*), however clumsy in appearance, is active, vigilant, and persevering; possesses great strength, courage, and address; and undergoes with little injury the greatest fatigues and hardships in avoiding the pursuit of the hunter. Like the Deer, it changes its haunts with the seasons, and for the same reason, namely, the desire of obtaining suitable food, or of retiring to the more inaccessible parts, where it can pass the time in security, unobserved by man, the most dangerous of its enemies. During the spring months, it searches for food in the low rich alluvial lands that border the rivers, or by the margins of such inland lakes as, on account of their small size, are called by us ponds. There it procures abundance of succulent roots, and of the tender juicy stems of plants, upon which it chiefly feeds at that season. During the summer heat, it enters the gloomy swamps, passes much of its time in wallowing in the mud, like a hog, and contents itself with crayfish, roots, and nettles, now and then, when hard pressed by hunger, seizing on a young pig, or perhaps a sow, or even a calf. As soon as the different kinds of berries which grow on the mountains begin to ripen, the Bears betake themselves to the high grounds, followed by their cubs. In such retired parts of the country where there are no hilly grounds, it pays visits to the maize fields, which it ravages for a while. After this, the various species of nuts, acorns, grapes, and other forest fruits, that form what in the western country is called *mast*, attract its attention. The Bear is then seen rambling singly through the woods to gather this harvest, not forgetting meanwhile to rob every *Bee-tree* it meets with, Bears being, as you well know, expert at this operation. You also know that they are good climbers, and

may have been told, or at least may now be told, that the Black Bear now and then *houses* itself in the hollow trunks of the larger trees for weeks together, when it is said to suck its paws. You are probably not aware of a habit in which it indulges, and which, being curious, must be interesting to you.

At one season, the Black Bear may be seen examining the lower part of the trunk of a tree for several minutes with much attention, at the same time looking around, and snuffing the air, to assure itself that no enemy is near. It then raises itself on its hind-legs, approaches the trunk, embraces it with its fore-legs, and scratches the bark with its teeth and claws for several minutes in continuance. Its jaws clash against each other, until a mass of foam runs down on both sides of the mouth. After this it continues its rambles.

In various portions of our country, many of our woodsmen and hunters who have seen the Bear performing the singular operation just described, imagine that it does so for the purpose of leaving behind it an indication of its size and power. They measure the height at which the scratches are made, and in this manner can, in fact, form an estimate of the magnitude of the individual. My own opinion, however, is different. It seems to me that the Bear scratches the trees, not for the purpose of shewing its size or its strength, but merely for that of sharpening its teeth and claws, to enable it better to encounter a rival of its own species during the amatory season. The Wild Boar of Europe clashes its tusks and scrapes the earth with its feet, and the Deer rubs its antlers against the lower part of the stems of young trees or bushes, for the same purpose.

Being one night sleeping in the house of a friend, I was wakened by a negro servant bearing a light, who gave me a note, which he said his master had just received. I ran my eye over the paper, and found it to be a com-

munication from a neighbor, requesting my friend and myself to join him as soon as possible, and assist in killing some Bears at that moment engaged in destroying his corn. I was not long in dressing, you may be assured, and, on entering the parlor, found my friend equipped and only waiting for some bullets, which a negro was employed in casting. The overseer's horn was heard calling up the negroes from their different cabins. Some were already engaged in saddling our horses, whilst others were gathering all the cur-dogs of the plantation. All was bustle. Before half an hour had elapsed, four stout negro men, armed with axes and knives, and mounted on strong nags of their own (for you must know, kind reader, that many of our slaves rear horses, cattle, pigs, and poultry, which are exclusively their own property), were following us at a round gallop through the woods, as we made directly for the neighbor's plantation, a little more than five miles off.

The night was none of the most favorable, a drizzling rain rendering the atmosphere thick and rather sultry; but as we were well acquainted with the course, we soon reached the house, where the owner was waiting our arrival. There were now three of us armed with guns, half a dozen servants, and a good pack of dogs of all kinds. We jogged on towards the detached field in which the Bears were at work. The owner told us that for some days several of these animals had visited his corn, and that a negro who was sent every afternoon to see at what part of the enclosure they entered, had assured him there were at least five in the field that night. A plan of attack was formed: the bars at the usual gap of the fence were to be put down without noise; the men and dogs were to divide, and afterwards proceed so as to surround the Bears, when, at the sounding of our horns, every one was to charge towards the centre of the field, and shout as loudly as possible, which it was judged would so intimi-

date the animals as to induce them to seek refuge upon the dead trees with which the field was still partially covered.

The plan succeeded. The horns sounded, the horses galloped forward, the men shouted, the dogs barked and howled. The shrieks of the negroes were enough to frighten a legion of Bears, and those in the field took to flight, so that by the time we reached the centre they were heard hurrying towards the tops of the trees. Fires were immediately lighted by the negroes. The drizzling rain had ceased, the sky cleared, and the glare of the crackling fires proved of great assistance to us. The Bears had been so terrified that we now saw several of them crouched at the junction of the larger boughs with the trunks. Two were immediately shot down. They were cubs of no great size, and being already half dead, we left them to the dogs, which quickly despatched them.

We were anxious to procure as much sport as possible, and having observed one of the Bears, which from its size we conjectured to be the mother, ordered the negroes to cut down the tree on which it was perched, when it was intended the dogs should have a tug with it, while we should support them, and assist in preventing the Bear from escaping by wounding it in one of the hind-legs. The surrounding woods now echoed to the blows of the axemen. The tree was large and tough, having been girdled more than two years, and the operation of felling it seemed extremely tedious. However, it began to vibrate at each stroke; a few inches alone now supported it; and in a short time it came crashing to the ground, in so awful a manner that Bruin must doubtless have felt the shock as severe as we should feel a shake of the globe produced by the sudden collision of a comet.

The dogs rushed to the charge, and harassed the Bear on all sides. We had remounted, and now surrounded

the poor animal. As its life depended upon its courage and strength, it exercised both in the most energetic manner. Now and then it seized a dog, and killed him by a single stroke. At another time, a well administered blow of one of its fore-legs sent an assailant off yelping so piteously that he might be looked upon as *hors de combat*. A cur had daringly ventured to seize the Bear by the snout, and was seen hanging to it, covered with blood, whilst a dozen or more scrambled over its back. Now and then the infuriated animal was seen to cast a revengeful glance at some of the party, and we had already determined to despatch it, when, to our astonishment, it suddenly shook off all the dogs, and, before we could fire, charged upon one of the negroes, who was mounted on a pied horse. The Bear seized the steed with teeth and claws, and clung to its breast. The terrified horse snorted and plunged. The rider, an athletic young man, and a capital horseman, kept his seat, although only saddled on a sheep's-skin tightly girthed, and requested his master not to fire at the Bear. Notwithstanding his coolness and courage, our anxiety for his safety was raised to the highest pitch, especially when in a moment we saw rider and horse come to the ground together; but we were instantly relieved on witnessing the masterly manner in which Scipio despatched his adversary, by laying open his skull with a single well-directed blow of his axe, when a deep growl announced the death of the Bear, and the valorous negro sprung to his feet unhurt.

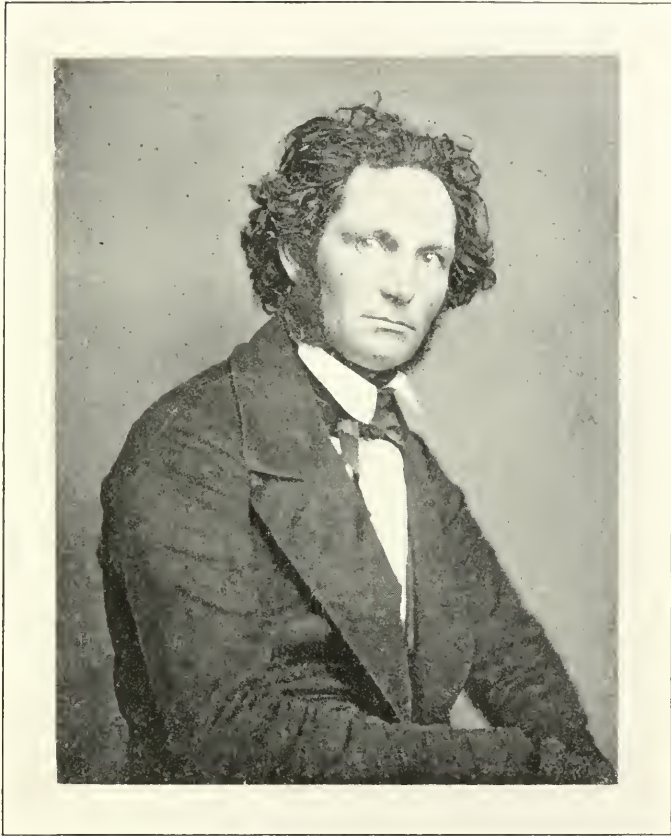
Day dawned, and we renewed our search. Two of the remaining Bears were soon discovered, lodged in a tree about a hundred yards from the spot where the last one had been overpowered. On approaching them in a circle, we found that they manifested no desire to come down, and we resolved to try *smoking*. We surrounded the tree with a pile of brushwood and large branches. The flames ascended and caught hold of the dry bark. At length the

tree assumed the appearance of a pillar of flame. The Bears mounted to the top branches. When they had reached the uppermost, they were seen to totter, and soon after, the branch cracking and snapping across, they came to the ground, bringing with them a mass of broken twigs. They were cubs, and the dogs soon worried them to death.

The party returned to the house in triumph. Scipio's horse, being severely wounded, was let loose in the field, to repair his strength by eating the corn. A cart was afterwards sent for the game. But before we had left the field, the horses, dogs, and Bears, together with the fires, had destroyed more corn within a few hours than the poor Bear and her cubs had during the whole of their visits.

A KENTUCKY BARBECUE

BEARGRASS CREEK, which is one of the many beautiful streams of the highly cultivated and happy State of Kentucky, meanders through a deeply shaded growth of majestic beechwoods, in which are interspersed various species of walnut, oak, elm, ash, and other trees, extending on either side of its course. The spot on which I witnessed the celebration of an anniversary of the glorious proclamation of our independence is situated on its banks near the city of Louisville. The woods spread their dense tufts towards the shores of the fair Ohio on the west, and over the gently rising grounds to the south and east. Every open spot forming a plantation was smiling in the luxuriance of a summer harvest. The farmer seemed to stand in admiration of the spectacle; the trees of his orchards bowed their branches, as if anxious to restore to their mother earth the fruit with which they were laden; the flocks leisurely ruminated as they lay on their grassy



JOHN WOODHOUSE AUDUBON, 1853.

beds; and the genial warmth of the season seemed inclined to favor their repose.

The free, single-hearted Kentuckian, bold, erect, and proud of his Virginian descent, had, as usual, made arrangements for celebrating the day of his country's independence. The whole neighborhood joined with one consent. No personal invitation was required where every one was welcomed by his neighbor, and from the governor to the guider of the plough, all met with light hearts and merry faces.

It was indeed a beautiful day; the bright sun rode in the clear blue heavens; the gentle breezes wafted around the odors of the gorgeous flowers; the little birds sang their sweetest songs in the woods, and the fluttering insects danced in the sunbeams. Columbia's sons and daughters seemed to have grown younger that morning. For a whole week or more many servants and some masters had been busily engaged in clearing an area. The undergrowth had been carefully cut down, the low boughs lopped off, and the grass alone, verdant and gay, remained to carpet the sylvan pavilion. Now the wagons were seen slowly moving along under their load of provisions which had been prepared for the common benefit. Each denizen had freely given his ox, his ham, his venison, his Turkeys and other fowls. Here were to be seen flagons of every beverage used in the country; "la belle rivière" had opened her finny stores, the melons of all sorts, peaches, plums, and pears, would have sufficed to stock a market. In a word, Kentucky, the land of abundance, had supplied a feast for her children. A purling stream gave its waters freely, while the grateful breezes cooled the air. Columns of smoke from the newly kindled fires rose above the trees; fifty cooks or more moved to and fro as they plied their trade; waiters of all qualities were disposing the dishes, the glasses and the punch-bowls, amid vases filled with rich wines. "Old Monongahela" filled many a barrel for the crowd.

And now the roasting viands perfume the air, and all appearances conspire to predict the speedy commencement of a banquet such as may suit the vigorous appetite of American woodsmen. Every steward is at his post ready to receive the joyous groups that at this moment begin to emerge from the dark recesses of the woods.

Each comely fair one, clad in pure white, is seen advancing under the protection of her sturdy lover, the neighing of their prancing steeds proclaiming how proud they are of their burden. The youthful riders leap from their seats, and the horses are speedily secured by twisting their bridles round a branch. As the youth of Kentucky lightly and gayly advanced towards the barbecue, they resembled a procession of nymphs and disguised divinities. Fathers and mothers smiled upon them as they followed the brilliant cortège. In a short time the ground was alive with merriment. A great wooden cannon bound with iron hoops was now crammed with home-made powder; fire was conveyed to it by means of a train, and as the explosion burst forth, thousands of hearty huzzas mingled with its echoes. From the most learned a good oration fell in proud and gladdening words on every ear, and although it probably did not equal the eloquence of a Clay, an Everett, a Webster, or a Preston, it served to remind every Kentuckian present of the glorious name, the patriotism, the courage, and the virtue of our immortal Washington. Fifes and drums sounded the march which had ever led him to glory; and as they changed to our celebrated "Yankee-Doodle," the air again rang with acclamations.

Now the stewards invited the assembled throngs to the feast. The fair led the van, and were first placed around the tables, which groaned under the profusion of the best productions of the country that had been heaped upon them. On each lovely nymph attended her gay beau, who in her chance or sidelong glances ever watched an opportunity of reading his happiness. How the viands dimin-

ished under the action of so many agents of destruction, I need not say, nor is it necessary that you should listen to the long recital. Many a national toast was offered and accepted, many speeches were delivered, and many essayed in amicable reply. The ladies then retired to booths that had been erected at a little distance, to which they were conducted by their partners, who returned to the table, and having thus cleared for action, recommenced a series of hearty rounds. However, as Kentuckians are neither slow nor long at their meals, all were in a few minutes replenished, and after a few more draughts from the bowl, they rejoined the ladies and prepared for the dance.

Double lines of a hundred fair ones extended along the ground in the most shady part of the woods, while here and there smaller groups awaited the merry trills of reels and cotillons. A burst of music from violins, clarionets, and bugles gave the welcome notice, and presently the whole assemblage seemed to be gracefully moving through the air. The "hunting-shirts" now joined in the dance, their fringed skirts keeping time with the gowns of the ladies, and the married people of either sex stepped in and mixed with their children. Every countenance beamed with joy, every heart leaped with gladness; no pride, no pomp, no affectation were there; their spirits brightened as they continued their exhilarating exercise, and care and sorrow were flung to the winds. During each interval of rest refreshments of all sorts were handed round, and while the fair one cooled her lips with the grateful juice of the melon, the hunter of Kentucky quenched his thirst with ample draughts of well-tempered punch.

I know, reader, that had you been with me on that day you would have richly enjoyed the sight of this national *fête champêtre*. You would have listened with pleasure to the ingenuous tale of the lover, the wise talk of the elder on the affairs of the State, the accounts of improvement in stock and utensils, and the hopes of continued prosperity

to the country at large, and to Kentucky in particular. You would have been pleased to see those who did not join in the dance shooting at distant marks with their heavy rifles, or watched how they showed off the superior speed of their high bred "Old Virginia" horses, while others recounted their hunting exploits, and at intervals made the woods ring with their bursts of laughter. With me the time sped like an arrow in its flight, and although more than twenty years have elapsed since I joined a Kentucky barbecue, my spirit is refreshed every Fourth of July by the recollection of that day's merriment.

But now the sun has declined, and the shades of evening creep over the scene. Large fires are lighted in the woods, casting the long shadows of the live columns far along the trodden ground, and flaring on the happy groups loath to separate. In the still, clear sky, begin to sparkle the distant lamps of heaven. One might have thought that Nature herself smiled on the joy of her children. Supper now appeared on the tables, and after all had again refreshed themselves, preparations were made for departure. The lover hurried for the steed of his fair one, the hunter seized the arm of his friend, families gathered into loving groups, and all returned in peace to their happy homes.

And now, reader, allow me also to take my leave, and wish you good-night, trusting that when I again appear with another volume,¹ you will be ready to welcome me with a cordial greeting.

A RACCOON HUNT IN KENTUCKY

THE Raccoon, which is a cunning and crafty animal, is found in all our woods, so that its name is familiar to every child in the Union. The propensity which it evinces to capture all kinds of birds accessible to it in its

¹ The last Episode in vol. ii. of the "Ornithological Biographies."

nightly prowlings, for the purpose of feasting on their flesh, induces me to endeavor to afford you some idea of the pleasure which our western hunters feel in procuring it. With your leave, then, reader, I will take you to a "Coon Hunt."

A few hours ago the sun went down far beyond the "far west." The woodland choristers have disappeared, the matron has cradled her babe, and betaken herself to the spinning-wheel; the woodsman, his sons, and "the stranger," are chatting before a blazing fire, making wise reflections on past events, and anticipating those that are to come. Autumn, sallow and sad, prepares to bow her head to the keen blast of approaching winter; the corn, though still on its stalk, has lost its blades; the woodpile is as large as the woodsman's cabin; the nights have become chill, and each new morn has effected a gradual change in the dews, which now crust the withered herbage with a coat of glittering white. The sky is still cloudless; a thousand twinkling stars reflect their light from the tranquil waters; all is silent and calm in the forest, save the nightly prowlers that roam in its recesses. In the cheerful cabin all is happiness; its inmates generously strive to contribute to the comfort of the stranger who has chanced to visit them; and, as Raccoons are abundant in the neighborhood, they propose a hunt. The offer is gladly accepted. The industrious woman leaves her wheel, for she has listened to her husband's talk; now she approaches the fire, takes up the board shovel, stirs the embers, produces a basket filled with sweet potatoes, arranges its contents side by side in front of the hearth, and covers them with hot ashes and glowing coals. All this she does because she "guesses" that hungry stomachs will be calling for food when the sport is over. Ah! reader, what "homely joys" there are in such scenes, and how you would enjoy them! The rich may produce a better, or a more sumptuous meal, but his feel-

ings can never be like those of the poor woodsman. Poor, I ought not to call him, for nature and industry bountifully supply all his wants; the woods and rivers produce his chief dainties, and his toils are his pleasures.

Now mark him! the bold Kentuckian is on his feet; his sons and the stranger prepare for the march. Horns and rifles are in requisition. The good man opens the wooden-hinged door, and sends forth a blast loud enough to scare a Wolf. The Raccoons scamper away from the corn-fields, break through the fences, and hie to the woods. The hunter has taken an axe from the wood-pile, and returning, assures us that the night is fine, and that we shall have rare sport. He blows through his rifle to ascertain that it is clear, examines his flint, and thrusts a feather into the touch-hole. To a leathern bag swung at his side is attached a powder-horn; his sheath-knife is there also; below hangs a narrow strip of homespun linen. He takes from his bag a bullet, pulls with his teeth the wooden stopper from his powder-horn, lays the ball on one hand, and with the other pours the powder upon it until it is just overtopped. Raising the horn to his mouth, he again closes it with the stopper, and restores it to its place. He introduces the powder into the tube; springs the box of his gun, greases the "patch" over with some melted tallow, or damps it; then places it on the honey-combed muzzle of his piece. The bullet is placed on the patch over the bore, and pressed with the handle of the knife, which now trims the edge of the linen. The elastic hickory rod, held with both hands, smoothly pushes the ball to its bed; once, twice, thrice has it rebounded. The rifle leaps as it were into the hunter's arms, the feather is drawn from the touch-hole, the powder fills the pan, which is closed. "Now I'm ready," cries the woodsman. His companions say the same. Hardly more than a minute has elapsed. I wish, reader, you had seen this fine fellow — but hark! the dogs are barking.

All is now bustle within and without; a servant lights a torch, and off we march to the woods. "Don't mind the boys, my dear sir," says the woodsman, "follow me close, for the ground is covered with logs, and the grapevines hang everywhere across. Toby, hold up the light, man, or we'll never see the gullies. Trail your gun, sir, as General Clark used to say—not so, but this way—that's it; now then, no danger, you see; no fear of snakes, poor things! They are stiff enough, I'll be bound. The dogs have treed one. Toby, you old fool, why don't you turn to the right?—not so much; there—go ahead, and give us light. What's that? Who's there? Ah, you young rascals! you've played us a trick, have you? It's all well enough, but now just keep behind, or I'll—" And, in fact, the boys, with eyes good enough to see in the dark, although not quite so well as an Owl's, had cut directly across the dogs, which had surprised a Raccoon on the ground, and bayed it until the lads knocked it on the head. "Seek him, boys!" cried the hunter. The dogs, putting their noses to the ground, pushed off at a good rate. "Master, they're making for the creek," says old Toby. On towards it therefore we push. What woods, to be sure! No gentleman's park this, I assure you, reader. We are now in a low flat; the soil thinly covers the hard clay; nothing but beech-trees hereabouts, unless now and then a maple. Hang the limbs! say I—hang the supple-jacks too—here I am, fast by the neck; cut it with your knife. My knee has had a tremendous rub against a log; now my foot is jammed between two roots; and here I stick. "Toby, come back; don't you know the stranger is not up to the woods? Halloo, Toby, Toby!" There I stood perfectly shackled, the hunter laughing heartily, and the lads glad of an opportunity of slipping off. Toby arrived, and held the torch near the ground, on which the hunter, cutting one of the roots with his hatchet, set me free. "Are you hurt, sir?"—"No,

not in the least." Off we start again. The boys had got up with the dogs, which were baying a Raccoon in a small puddle. We soon joined them with the light. "Now, stranger, watch and see!" The Raccoon was all but swimming, and yet had hold of the bottom of the pool with his feet. The glare of the lighted torch was doubtless distressing to him; his coat was ruffled, and his rounded tail seemed thrice its ordinary size; his eyes shone like emeralds; with foaming jaws he watched the dogs, ready to seize each by the snout if it came within reach. They kept him busy for several minutes; the water became thick with mud; his coat now hung dripping, and his draggled tail lay floating on the surface. His guttural growlings, in place of intimidating his assailants excited them the more; and they very unceremoniously closed upon him, curs as they were, and without the breeding of gentle dogs. One seized him by the rump, and tugged, but was soon forced to let go; another stuck to his side, but soon taking a better directed bite of his muzzle than another dog had just done of his tail, Coon made him yelp; and pitiful were the cries of luckless Tyke. The Raccoon would not let go, but in the mean time the other dogs seized him fast, and worried him to death, yet to the last he held by his antagonist's snout. Knocked on the head by an axe, he lay gasping his last breath, and the heaving of his chest was painful to see. The hunters stood gazing at him in the pool, while all around was by the flare of the torch rendered trebly dark and dismal. It was a good scene for a skilful painter.

We had now two Coons, whose furs were worth two quarters of a dollar, and whose bodies, which I must not forget, as Toby informed us, were worth two more. "What now?" I asked. "What now?" quoth the father; "why, go after more, to be sure." So we did, the dogs ahead, and I far behind. In a short time the curs treed another, and when we came up, we found them seated on

their haunches, looking upwards, and barking. The hunters now employed their axes, and sent the chips about at such a rate that one of them coming in contact with my cheek, marked it so that a week after several of my friends asked me where, in the name of wonder, I had got that black eye. At length the tree began to crack, and slowly leaning to one side, the heavy mass swung rustling through the air, and fell to the earth with a crash. It was not one Coon that was surprised here, but three—ay, three of them, one of which, more crafty than the rest, leaped fairly from the main top while the tree was staggering. The other two stuck to the hollow of a branch, from which they were soon driven by one of the dogs. Tyke and Lion, having nosed the cunning old one, scampered after him, not mouthing like the well-trained hounds of our southern Fox-hunters, but yelling like furies. The hunter's sons attacked those on the tree, while the woodsman and I, preceded by Toby, made after the other; and busy enough we all were. Our animal was of extraordinary size, and after some parley, a rifle-ball was sent through his brain. He reeled once only; next moment he lay dead. The rest were despatched by the axe and the club, for a shot in those days was too valuable to be spent when it could be saved. It could procure a Deer, and therefore was worth more than a Coon's skin.

Now, look at the moon! how full and clear has she risen on the Raccoon hunters! Now is the time for sport! Onward we go, one following the long shadow of his precursor. The twigs are no impediment, and we move at a brisker pace, as we return to the hills. What a hue and cry! here are the dogs. Overhead and all around, on the forks of each tree, the hunter's keen eye searches for something round, which is likely to prove a coiled-up Raccoon. There's one! Between me and the moon I spied the cunning thing crouched in silence. After tak-

ing aim, I raise my barrel ever so little, the trigger is pressed; down falls the Raccoon to the ground. Another and another are on the same tree. Off goes a bullet, then a second; and we secure the prey. "Let us go home, stranger," says the woodsman; and contented with our sport, towards his cabin we trudge. On arriving there, we find a cheerful fire. Toby stays without, prepares the game, stretches the skins on a frame of cane, and washes the bodies. The table is already set; the cake and the potatoes are all well done; four bowls of buttermilk are ranged in order, and now the hunters fall to.

The Raccoon is a cunning animal, and makes a pleasant pet. Monkey-like, it is quite dexterous in the use of its fore-feet, and it will amble after its master, in the manner of a Bear, and even follow him into the street. It is fond of eggs, but prefers them raw, and it matters not whether it be morning, noon, or night when it finds a dozen in the pheasant's nest, or one placed in your pocket to please him. He knows the habits of mussels better than most conchologists. Being an expert climber he ascends to the hole of the Woodpecker, and devours the young birds. He knows, too, how to watch the soft-shelled Turtle's crawl, and, better still, how to dig up her eggs. Now, by the edge of the pond, grimalkin-like, he lies seemingly asleep, until the Summer-Duck comes within reach. No negro knows better when the corn is juicy and pleasant to eat; and although Squirrels and Woodpeckers know this too, the Raccoon is found in the corn-field longer in the season than any of them, the havoc he commits there amounting to a tithe. His fur is good in winter, and many think his flesh good also; but for my part, I prefer a live Raccoon to a dead one; and should find more pleasure in hunting one than in eating him.

PITTING OF WOLVES

THERE seems to be a universal feeling of hostility among men against the Wolf, whose strength, agility, and cunning, which latter is scarcely inferior to that of his relative, Master Reynard, tend to render him an object of hatred, especially to the husbandman, on whose flocks he is ever apt to commit depredations. In America, where this animal was formerly abundant, and in many parts of which it still occurs in considerable numbers, it is not more mercifully dealt with than in other parts of the world. Traps and snares of all sorts are set for catching it, while dogs and horses are trained for hunting the Fox. The Wolf, however, unless in some way injured, being more powerful and perhaps better winded than the Fox, is rarely pursued with hounds or any other dogs in open chase; but as his depredations are at times extensive and highly injurious to the farmer, the greatest exertions have been used to exterminate his race. Few instances have occurred among us of any attack made by Wolves on man, and only one has come under my own notice.

Two young negroes who resided near the banks of the Ohio, in the lower part of the state of Kentucky, about twenty-three years ago, had sweethearts living on a plantation ten miles distant. After the labors of the day were over, they frequently visited the fair ladies of their choice, the nearest way to whose dwelling lay directly across a great cane-brake. As to the lover every moment is precious, they usually took this route to save time. Winter had commenced, cold, dark, and forbidding, and after sunset scarcely a glimpse of light or glow of warmth, one might imagine, could be found in that dreary swamp, excepting in the eyes and bosoms of the ardent youths, or the hungry Wolves that prowled about. The snow covered the earth, and rendered them more easy to be scented

from a distance by the famished beasts. Prudent in a certain degree, the young lovers carried their axes on their shoulders, and walked as briskly as the narrow path would allow. Some transient glimpses of light now and then met their eyes, but so faint were they that they believed them to be caused by their faces coming in contact with the slender reeds covered with snow. Suddenly, however, a long and frightful howl burst upon them, and they instantly knew that it proceeded from a troop of hungry, perhaps desperate Wolves. They stopped, and putting themselves in an attitude of defence, awaited the result. All around was dark, save a few feet of snow, and the silence of night was dismal. Nothing could be done to better their situation, and after standing a few minutes in expectation of an attack, they judged it best to resume their march; but no sooner had they replaced their axes on their shoulders and begun to move, than the foremost found himself assailed by several foes. His legs were held fast as if pressed by a powerful screw, and the torture inflicted by the fangs of the ravenous animal was for a moment excruciating. Several Wolves in the meantime sprung upon the breast of the other negro, and dragged him to the ground. Both struggled manfully against their foes; but in a short time one of them ceased to move, and the other, reduced in strength, and perhaps despairing of maintaining his ground, still more of aiding his unfortunate companion, sprung to the branch of a tree, and speedily gained a place of safety near the top. The next morning the mangled remains of his comrade lay scattered around on the snow, which was stained with blood. Three dead Wolves lay around, but the rest of the pack had disappeared, and Scipio, sliding to the ground, took up the axes, and made the best of his way home, to relate the sad adventure.

About two years after this occurrence, as I was travelling between Henderson and Vincennes, I chanced to stop

for the night at a farmer's house by the side of the road. After putting up my horse and refreshing myself, I entered into conversation with mine host, who asked if I should like to pay a visit to the Wolf-pits, which were about half a mile distant. Glad of the opportunity I accompanied him across the fields to the neighborhood of a deep wood, and soon saw the engines of destruction. He had three pits, within a few hundred yards of each other. They were about eight feet deep and broader at bottom, so as to render it impossible for the most active animal to escape from them. The aperture was covered with a revolving platform of twigs attached to a central axis. On either surface of the platform was fastened a large piece of putrid venison, with other matters by no means pleasing to my olfactory nerves, although no doubt attractive to the Wolves. My companion wished to visit them that evening, merely as he was in the habit of doing so daily, for the purpose of seeing that all was right. He said that Wolves were very abundant that autumn, and had killed nearly the whole of his sheep and one of his colts, but that he was now "paying them off in full;" and added that if I would tarry a few hours with him next morning, he would beyond a doubt show me some sport rarely seen in those parts. We retired to rest in due time, and were up with the dawn.

"I think," said my host, "that all's right, for I see the dogs are anxious to get away to the pits, and although they are nothing but curs, their noses are none the worse for that." As he took up his gun, an axe, and a large knife, the dogs began to howl and bark, and whisked around us, as if full of joy. When we reached the first pit, we found the bait all gone, and the platform much injured; but the animal that had been entrapped had scraped a subterranean passage for himself, and so escaped. On peeping into the next, he assured me that "three famous fellows were safe enough" in it. I also

peeped in and saw the Wolves, two black, and the other brindled, all of goodly size, sure enough. They lay flat on the earth, their ears laid close over the head, their eyes indicating fear more than anger. "But how are we to get them out?" "How, sir?" said the farmer; "why, by going down, to be sure, and hamstringing them." Being a novice in these matters, I begged to be merely a looker-on. "With all my heart," quoth the farmer; "stand here and look at me through the brush." Whereupon he glided down, taking with him his axe and knife, and leaving his rifle to my care. I was not a little surprised to see the cowardice of the Wolves. He pulled out successively their hind legs, and with a side stroke of the knife cut the principal tendon above the joint, exhibiting as little fear as if he had been marking lambs.

"Lo!" exclaimed the farmer, when he had got out, "we have forgotten the rope; I'll go after it." Off he went accordingly, with as much alacrity as any youngster could show. In a short time he returned out of breath, and wiping his forehead with the back of his hand—"Now for it." I was desired to raise and hold the platform on its central balance, whilst he, with all the dexterity of an Indian, threw a noose over the neck of one of the Wolves. We hauled it up motionless with fright, as if dead, its disabled legs swinging to and fro, its jaws wide open, and the gurgle in its throat alone indicating that it was alive. Letting him drop on the ground, the farmer loosened the rope by means of a stick, and left him to the dogs, all of which set upon him with great fury and soon worried him to death. The second was dealt with in the same manner; but the third, which was probably the oldest, as it was the blackest, showed some spirit the moment it was left loose to the mercy of the curs. This Wolf, which we afterwards found to be a female, scuffled along on its fore-legs at a surprising rate, giving a snap every now and then to the nearest dog, which went

off howling dismally, with a mouthful of skin torn from its side. And so well did the furious beast defend itself, that apprehensive of its escape, the farmer levelled his rifle at it, and shot it through the heart, on which the curs rushed upon it, and satiated their vengeance on the destroyer of their master's flock.

THE OPOSSUM

THIS singular animal is found more or less abundant in most parts of the Southern, Western, and Middle States of the Union. It is the *Didelphis virginiana* of Pennant, Harlan, and other authors who have given some accounts of its habits; but as none of them, so far as I know, have illustrated its propensity to dissimulate, and as I have had opportunities of observing its manners, I trust that a few particulars of its biography will prove amusing.

The Opossum is fond of secluding itself during the day, although it by no means confines its predatory rangings to the night. Like many other quadrupeds which feed principally on flesh, it is also both frugivorous and herbivorous, and, when very hard pressed by hunger, it seizes various kinds of insects and reptiles. Its gait, while travelling, and at a time when it supposes itself unobserved, is altogether ambling; in other words, it, like a young foal, moves the two legs of one side forward at once. The Newfoundland dog manifests a similar propensity. Having a constitution as hardy as that of the most northern animals, it stands the coldest weather, and does not hibernate, although its covering of fur and hair may be said to be comparatively scanty even during winter. The defect, however, seems to be compensated by a skin of considerable thickness, and a general subcutaneous layer of fat. Its movements are usually rather

slow, and as it walks or ambles along, its curious prehensile tail is carried just above the ground, its rounded ears are directed forward, and at almost every step its pointed nose is applied to the objects beneath it, in order to discover what sort of creatures may have crossed its path. Methinks I see one at this moment slowly and cautiously trudging over the melting snows by the side of an unfrequented pond, nosing as it goes for the fare its ravenous appetite prefers. Now it has come upon the fresh track of a Grouse or Hare, and it raises its snout and snuffs the keen air. At length it has decided on its course, and it speeds onward at the rate of a man's ordinary walk. It stops and seems at a loss in what direction to go, for the object of its pursuit has either taken a considerable leap or has cut backwards before the Opossum entered its track. It raises itself up, stands for a while on its hind feet, looks around, snuffs the air again, and then proceeds; but now, at the foot of a noble tree, it comes to a full stand. It walks round the base of the huge trunk, over the snow-covered roots, and among them finds an aperture which it at once enters. Several minutes elapse, when it re-appears, dragging along a Squirrel already deprived of life, with which in its mouth it begins to ascend the tree. Slowly it climbs. The first fork does not seem to suit it, for perhaps it thinks it might there be too openly exposed to the view of some wily foe; and so it proceeds, until it gains a cluster of branches intertwined with grapevines, and there composing itself, it twists its tail round one of the twigs, and with its sharp teeth demolishes the unlucky Squirrel, which it holds all the while with its fore-paws.

The pleasant days of spring have arrived, and the trees vigorously shoot forth their buds; but the Opossum is almost bare, and seems nearly exhausted by hunger. It visits the margins of creeks, and is pleased to see the young frogs, which afford it a tolerable repast. Gradually

the poke-berry and the nettle shoot up, and on their tender and juicy stems it gladly feeds. The matin calls of the Wild Turkey Cock delight the ear of the cunning creature, for it well knows that it will soon hear the female and trace her to her nest, when it will suck the eggs with delight. Travelling through the woods, perhaps on the ground, perhaps aloft, from tree to tree, it hears a cock crow, and its heart swells as it remembers the savory food on which it regaled itself last summer in the neighboring farm-yard. With great care, however, it advances, and at last conceals itself in the very hen-house.

Honest farmer! why did you kill so many Crows last winter? ay and Ravens too? Well, you have had your own way of it; but now hie to the village and procure a store of ammunition, clean your rusty gun, set your traps, and teach your lazy curs to watch the Opossum. There it comes. The sun is scarcely down, but the appetite of the prowler is keen; hear the screams of one of your best chickens that has been seized by him! The cunning beast is off with it, and nothing can now be done, unless you stand there to watch the Fox or the Owl, now exulting in the thought that you have killed their enemy and your own friend, the poor Crow. That precious hen under which you last week placed a dozen eggs or so is now deprived of them. The Opossum, notwithstanding her angry outcries and rufflings of feathers, has removed them one by one, and now look at the poor bird as she moves across your yard; if not mad, she is at least stupid, for she scratches here and there, calling to her chickens all the while. All this comes from your shooting Crows. Had you been more merciful or more prudent, the Opossum might have been kept within the woods, where it would have been satisfied with a Squirrel, a young Hare, the eggs of a Turkey, or the grapes that so profusely adorn the boughs of our forest trees. But I talk to you in vain.

There cannot be a better exemplification of maternal tenderness than the female Opossum. Just peep into that curious sack in which the young are concealed, each attached to a teat. The kind mother not only nourishes them with care, but preserves them from their enemies; she moves with them as the shark does with its progeny, and now, aloft on the tulip-tree, she hides among the thick foliage. By the end of two months they begin to shift for themselves; each has been taught its particular lesson, and must now practise it.

But suppose the farmer has surprised an Opossum in the act of killing one of his best fowls. His angry feelings urge him to kick the poor beast, which, conscious of its inability to resist, rolls off like a ball. The more the farmer rages, the more reluctant is the animal to manifest resentment; at last there it lies, not dead, but exhausted, its jaws open, its tongue extended, its eye dimmed; and there it would lie until the bottle-fly should come to deposit its eggs, did not its tormentor at length walk off. "Surely," says he to himself, "the beast must be dead." But no, reader, it is only "'possuming," and no sooner has its enemy withdrawn than it gradually gets on its legs, and once more makes for the woods.

Once, while descending the Mississippi, in a sluggish flat-bottomed boat, expressly for the purpose of studying those objects of nature more nearly connected with my favorite pursuits, I chanced to meet with two well-grown Opossums, and brought them alive to the "ark." The poor things were placed on the roof or deck, and were immediately assailed by the crew, when, following their natural instinct, they lay as if quite dead. An experiment was suggested, and both were thrown overboard. On striking the water, and for a few moments after, neither evinced the least disposition to move; but finding their situation desperate, they began to swim towards our uncouth rudder, which was formed of a long slender tree, extending from the middle of the boat thirty feet beyond

its stern. They both got upon it, were taken up, and afterwards let loose in their native woods.

In the year 1829, I was in a portion of lower Louisiana, where the Opossum abounds at all seasons, and having been asked by the President and the Secretary of the Zoölogical Society of London, to forward live animals of this species to them, I offered a price a little above the common, and soon found myself plentifully supplied, twenty-five having been brought to me. I found them excessively voracious, and not less cowardly. They were put into a large box, with a great quantity of food, and conveyed to a steamer bound for New Orleans. Two days afterwards, I went to that city, to see about sending them off to Europe; but, to my surprise, I found that the old males had destroyed the younger ones, and eaten off their heads, and that only sixteen remained alive. A separate box was purchased for each, and some time after they reached my friends, the Rathbones of Liverpool, who, with their usual attention, sent them off to London, where, on my return, I saw a good number of them in the Zoölogical Gardens.

This animal is fond of grapes, of which a species now bears its name. Persimmons are greedily eaten by it, and in severe weather I have observed it eating lichens. Fowls of every kind, and quadrupeds less powerful than itself, are also its habitual prey.

The flesh of the Opossum resembles that of a young pig, and would perhaps be as highly prized, were it not for the prejudice generally entertained against it. Some "very particular" persons, to my knowledge, have pronounced it excellent eating. After cleaning its body, suspend it for a whole week in the frosty air, for it is not eaten in summer; then place it on a heap of hot wood embers; sprinkle it when cooked with gunpowder; and now tell me, good reader, does it not equal the famed Canvas-back Duck? Should you visit any of our markets, you may see it there in company with the best game.

A MAPLE-SUGAR CAMP

WHILE advancing the best way I could through the magnificent woods that cover the undulating grounds in the vicinity of the Green River in Kentucky, I was overtaken by night. With slow and cautious steps I proceeded, feeling some doubt as to my course, when the moon came forth, as if purposely to afford me her friendly light. The air I thought was uncommonly keen, and the gentle breeze that now and then shook the tops of the tall trees more than once made me think of halting for the night, and forming a camp. At times I thought of the campaigns of my old friend, Daniel Boone, his strange adventures in these very woods, and the extraordinary walk which he performed to save his fellow creatures at Fort Massacre from the scalping knives of the irritated Indians.¹ Now and then a Raccoon or Opossum, causing the fallen leaves to rustle, made me pause for a moment; and thus I was forcing my way, thinking on many things dismal as well as pleasing, when the glimmer of a distant fire suddenly aroused me from my reveries, and inspired me with fresh animation. As I approached it, I observed forms of different kinds moving to and fro before it, like spectres; and ere long, bursts of laughter, shouts, and songs apprised me of some merry-making. I thought at first I had probably stumbled upon a camp meeting; but I soon perceived that the mirth proceeded from a band of sugar-makers. Every man, woman, and child stared as I passed them, but all were friendly, and, without more ceremony than was needful, I walked up to the fire, at which I found two or three old women, with their hus-

¹ "On the 16th [June, 1778], before sunrise, I departed in the most secret manner, and arrived at Boonesborough on the 20th, after a journey of 160 miles, during which I had but one meal." (Letter of Daniel Boone, who was then forty-three.)

bands, attending to the kettles. Their plain dresses of Kentucky homespun were far more pleasing to my sight than the ribboned turbans of city dames, or the powdered wigs and embroidered waistcoats of antique beaux. I was heartily welcomed, and supplied with a goodly pone of bread, a plate of molasses, and some sweet potatoes.

Fatigued with my long ramble, I lay down under the lee of the smoke, and soon fell into a sound sleep. When day returned, the frost lay thick around; but the party arose cheerful and invigorated, and after performing their orisons, resumed their labor. The scenery was most pleasing; the ground all round looked as if it had been cleared of underwood; the maples, straight and tall, seemed as if planted in rows; between them meandered several rills, which gently murmured as they hastened toward the larger stream; and as the sun dissolved the frozen dews the few feathered songsters joined the chorus of the woodsmen's daughters. Whenever a burst of laughter suddenly echoed through the woods, an Owl or Wild Turkey would respond to it, with a signal welcome to the young men of the party. With large ladles the sugar-makers stirred the thickening juice of the maple; pails of sap were collected from the trees and brought in by the young people, while here and there some sturdy fellow was seen first hacking a cut in a tree, and afterwards boring with an auger a hole, into which he introduced a piece of hollow cane, by which the sap was to be drained off. About half a dozen men had felled a noble yellow poplar, and sawed its great trunk into many pieces, which, after being split, they were scooping into troughs to be placed under the cane-cocks, to receive the maple juice.

Now, good reader, should you ever chance to travel through the maple grounds that lie near the banks of that lovely stream the Green River of Kentucky, either in January or in March, or through those on the broader

Monongahela in April; nay, should you find yourself by the limpid streamlets that roll down the declivities of the Pocano Mountains to join the Lehigh, and there meet with a sugar camp, take my advice and tarry for a while. If you be on foot or on horseback, and are thirsty, you can nowhere find a more wholesome or more agreeable beverage than the juice of the maple. A man when in the Floridas may drink molasses diffused in water; in Labrador he may drink what he can get; and at New York or Philadelphia he may drink what he chooses; but in the woods a draught from the sugar maple is delicious and most refreshing. How often, when travelling, have I quenched my thirst with the limpid juice of the receiving-troughs, from which I parted with regret; nay, even my horse, I have thought, seemed to desire to linger as long as he could.

But let me endeavor to describe to you the manner in which the sugar is obtained. The trees that yield it (*Acer saccharinum*) are found more or less abundantly in all parts of the United States from Louisiana to Maine, growing on elevated rich grounds. An incision is made into the trunk at a height of from two to six feet; a pipe of cane or of any other kind is thrust into the aperture, a trough is placed beneath and receives the juice, which trickles by drops, and is as limpid as the purest spring water. When all the trees of a certain space have been tapped, and the troughs filled, the people collect the juice, and pour it into large vessels. A camp has already been pitched in the midst of a grove; several iron boilers have been fixed on stone or brick supports, and the business proceeds with vigor. At times several neighboring families join, and enjoy the labor, as if it were a pastime, remaining out day and night for several weeks; for the troughs and kettles must be attended to from the moment when they are first put in requisition until the sugar is produced. The men and boys perform the most laborious

part of the business, but the women and girls are not less busy.

It takes ten gallons of sap to produce a pound of *fine-grained sugar*; but an inferior kind in lumps, called *cake sugar*, is obtained in greater quantity. When the season is far advanced, the juice will no longer grain by boiling, and only produces a syrup. I have seen maple sugar so good, that some months after it was manufactured it resembled candy; and well do I remember the time when it was an article of commerce throughout Kentucky, where, twenty-five or thirty years ago, it sold at from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $12\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound, according to its quality, and was daily purchased in the markets or stores.

Trees that have been thus bored rarely last many years; for the cuts and perforations made in their trunks injure their health, so that after some years of *weeping* they become sickly, exhibit monstrosities about their lower parts, gradually decay, and at length die. I have no doubt, however, that, with proper care, the same quantity of sap might be obtained with less injury to the trees; and it is now fully time that the farmers and land-owners should begin to look to the preservation of their sugar-maples.

THE WHITE PERCH AND THE FAVORITE BAIT

NO sooner have the overflowing waters of early spring subsided within their banks, and the temperature become pleasant, than the trees of our woods are seen to unfold their buds and blossoms, and the White Perch which during the winter has lived in the ocean, rushes up our streams, to seek the well-known haunts in which it last year deposited its spawn. With unabating vigor it ascends the turbulent current of the Mississippi, of which, however, the

waters are too muddy to suit its habits; and glad no doubt it is to enter one of the numberless tributaries whose limpid waters are poured into the mighty river. Of these subsidiary waters the Ohio is one in whose pure stream the White Perch seems to delight; and towards its head-springs the fish advance in numerous shoals, following the banks with easy progress. Over many a pebbly or gravelly bar does it seek its food. Here the crawling Mussel it crunches and devours; there, with the speed of an arrow, it darts upon the minnow; again, at the edge of a shelving rock, or by the side of a stone, it secures a cray-fish. No impure food will "the Growler" touch; therefore, reader, never make use of such to allure it, otherwise not only will your time be lost, but you will not enjoy the gratification of tasting this delicious fish. Should you have no experience in fishing for Perch I would recommend to you to watch the men you see on that shore, for they are excellent anglers.

Smooth are the waters, clear is the sky, and gently does the stream move — perhaps its velocity does not exceed a mile in the hour. Silence reigns around you. See, each fisher has a basket or calabash, containing many a live cray; and each line, as thick as a crowquill, measures scarce a furlong. At one end two Perch-hooks are so fastened that they cannot interfere with each other. A few inches beyond the reaching point of the farthest hook, the sinker, perhaps a quarter of a pound in weight, having a hole bored through its length, is passed upon the line, and there secured by a stout knot at its lower extremity. The other end of the line is fastened ashore. The tackle, you observe, is carefully coiled on the sand at the fisher's feet. Now on each hook he fixes a cray-fish, piercing the shell beneath the tail, and forcing the keen weapon to reach the very head of the suffering creature, while all its legs are left at liberty to move. Now each man, holding his line a yard or so from the hooks, whirls it several times overhead, and

sends it off to its full length directly across the stream. No sooner has it reached the gravelly bed than, gently urged by the current, it rolls over and over, until the line and the water follow the same direction. Before this, however, I see that several of the men have had a bite, and that by a short jerk they have hooked the fish. Hand over hand they haul in their lines. Poor Perch, it is useless labor for thee to flounce and splash in that manner, for no pity will be shown thee, and thou shalt be dashed on the sand, and left there to quiver in the agonies of death. The lines are within a few yards of being in. I see the fish gasping on its side. Ah! there are two on this line, both good; on most of the others there is one; but I see some of the lines have been robbed by some cunning inhabitant of the water. What beautiful fishes these Perches are! So silvery beneath, so deeply colored above! What a fine eye, too! But, friend, I cannot endure their gaspings. Pray put them on this short line, and place them in the water beside you, until you prepare to go home. In a few hours each fisher has obtained as many as he wishes. He rolls up his line, fastens five or six Perches on each side of his saddle, mounts his horse, and merrily wends his way.

In this manner the White Perch is caught along the sandy banks of the Ohio, from its mouth to its source. In many parts above Louisville some fishers prefer using the trot-line, which, however, ought to be placed upon, or very little above, the bottom of the stream. When this kind of line is employed, its hooks are more frequently baited with mussels than with cray-fish, the latter being, perhaps, not so easily procured there as farther down the stream. Great numbers of Perches are also caught in seines, especially during a transient rise of the water. Few persons fish for them with the pole, as they generally prefer following the edges of the sand-bars, next to deep water. Like all others of its tribe, the White Perch is fond of depositing its spawn on gravelly or sandy beds, but

rarely at a depth of less than four or five feet. These beds are round, and have an elevated margin formed of the sand removed from their centre, which is scooped out for two or three inches. The fish, although it generally remains for some days over its treasure, is by no means so careful of it as the little "Sunny," but starts off at the least appearance of danger. I have more than once taken considerable pleasure in floating over their beds, when the water was sufficiently clear to admit of my seeing both the fish and its place of deposit; but I observed that if the sun was shining, the very sight of the boat's shadow drove the Perches away. I am of opinion that most of them return to the sea about the beginning of November; but of this I am not certain.

The usual length of this fish, which on the Ohio is called the White Perch, and in the state of New York the Growler, is from fifteen to twenty inches. I have, however, seen some considerably larger. The weight varies from a pound and a half to four, and even six pounds. For the first six weeks of their arrival in fresh-water streams they are in season; the flesh is then white and firm, and affords excellent eating; but during the heats of summer they become poor, and are seldom very good. Now and then, in the latter days of September, I have eaten some that tasted as well as in spring. One of the most remarkable habits of this fish is that from which it has received the name of Growler. When poised in the water, close to the bottom of the boat, it emits a rough croaking noise, somewhat resembling a groan. Whenever this sound is heard under a boat, if the least disturbance is made by knocking on the gunwale or bottom, it at once ceases; but is renewed when everything is quiet. It is seldom heard, however, unless in fine, calm weather.

The White Perch bites at the hook with considerable care, and very frequently takes off the bait without being caught. Indeed, it requires a good deal of dexterity to

hook it, for if this is not done the first time it touches the bait, you rarely succeed afterward; and I have seen young hands at the game, who, in the course of a morning, seldom caught more than one or two, although they lost perhaps twenty crays. But now that I have afforded you some information respecting the habits of the White Perch, allow me to say a few words on the subject of its favorite bait.

The cray is certainly not a fish, although usually so styled; but as every one is acquainted with its form and nature, I shall not inflict on you any disquisition regarding it. It is a handsome crustaceous animal certainly, and its whole tribe I consider as dainties of the first order. To me "*Écrevisses*," whether of salt or fresh water, stripped of their coats and blended into a soup or a "Gombo," have always been most welcome. Boiled or roasted, too, they are excellent in my estimation, and mayhap in yours. The cray-fish, of which I here more particularly speak — for I shall not deprive them of their caudal appendage, lest, like a basha without his tail, they might seem of less consequence — are found most abundantly swimming, crawling at the bottom or on shore, or working at their muddy burrows, in all the southern parts of the Union. If I mistake not, we have two species at least, one more an inhabitant of rocky streamlets than the other, and that one by far the best, though the other is good too. Both species swim by means of rapid strokes of the tail, which propel them backwards to a considerable distance at each repetition. All that I regret concerning these animals is that they are absolutely little aquatic vultures — or, if you please, crustacea with vulturine habits — for they feed on everything impure that comes in their way, when they cannot obtain fresh aliment. However this may be, the crays somehow fall in with this sort of food, and any person may catch as many as he may wish, by fastening a piece of flesh to a line, allowing it to remain under water for a while, and

drawing it up with care, when, with the aid of a hand-net, he may bring it ashore with *a few!* But although this is a good method of procuring cray-fish, it answers only for those that live in running waters. The form of these is delicate, their color a light olive, and their motions in the water are very lively. The others are larger, of a dark, greenish brown, less active in the water than on land, although they are most truly amphibious. The first conceal themselves beneath shelving rocks, stones, or water-plants; the others form a deep burrow in the damp earth, depositing the materials drawn up as a man would do in digging a well. The manner in which they dispose of the mud you may see by glancing at the plate of the White Ibis, in my third volume of illustrations, where also you will find a tolerable portrait of one of these creatures.

According to the nature of the ground, the burrows of this cray-fish are more or less deep. Indeed, this also depends partly on the increasing dryness of the soil, when influenced by the heat of summer, as well as on the texture of the substratum. Thus, in some places, where the cray can reach the water after working a few inches, it rests contented during the day, but crawls out for food at night. Should it, however, be left dry, it renews its labors; and thus while one burrow may be only five or six inches deep, another may be two or three feet, and a third even more. They are easily procured when thus lodged in shallow holes; but when the burrow is deep, a thread is used, with a small piece of flesh fastened to it. The cray eagerly seizes the bait, and is gently drawn up, and thrown to a distance, when he becomes an easy prey. You have read of the method used by the White Ibis in procuring crays,¹ and I leave you to judge whether the bird or the

¹ This bird [the White Ibis], to procure the Cray-fish, walks with remarkable care to the mounds of mud which the latter throws up while forming its hole, and breaks up the upper part of the fabric, dropping the fragments into the deep cavity that has been made by the animal. Then

man is the best fisher. This species is most abundant round the borders of the stagnant lakes, bayous, or ponds of the Southern Districts; and I have seen them caught even in the streets of the suburbs of New Orleans, after a heavy shower. They become a great pest by perforating embankments of all sorts, and many are the maledictions that are uttered against them, both by millers and planters, nay, even by the overseers of the levees along the banks of the Mississippi. But they are curious creatures, formed no doubt for useful purposes, and as such they are worthy of your notice.

THE AMERICAN SUN PERCH

FEW of our smaller fresh-water fishes excel, either in beauty or in delicacy and flavor, the species which I have chosen as the subject of this article, and few afford more pleasure to young fishers. Although it occurs in all our streams, whether rapid or gentle, small or large, in the mill-dam overshadowed by tall forest trees, or in the open lake margined with reeds, you must never expect to find it in impure waters. Let the place be deep or shallow, broad or narrow, the water must be clear enough to allow the sun's rays to fall unimpaired on the rich coat of mail that covers the body of the Sunfish. Look at him as he poises himself under the lee of the protecting rock beneath our feet! See how steadily he maintains his position, and yet how many rapid motions of his fins are necessary to preserve it! Now another is by his side glowing with equal beauty, and poising itself by equally easy and grace-

the Ibis retires a single step, and patiently waits the result. The Cray-fish, incommoded by the load of earth, instantly sets to work anew, and at last reaches the entrance of its burrow; but the moment it comes in sight the Ibis seizes it with his bill. (The White Ibis, *Ibis Alba*, Plate CCXXII., Ornith. Biog., vol. iii, p. 176).

ful movements. The sun is shining, and under the lee of every stone, and sunk log, some of the little creatures are rising to the surface to enjoy the bright blaze, which enhances all their beauty. The golden hues of some parts of the body, blend with the green of the emerald, while the coral tints of the lower parts and the red of its sparkling eye, render our little favorite a perfect gem of the waters.

The rushing stream boils and gurgles as it forces its way over the obstacles presented by its bed, the craggy points, large stones and logs that are strewn along the bottom. Every one of these proves a place of rest, safety, and observation to the little things, whose eyes are ever anxiously watching their favorite prey as it passes. There an unfortunate moth, swept along by the current, labors in vain to extricate itself from the treacherous element; its body, indeed, at intervals, rises a little above the surface, but its broad wings, now wet and heavy, bear it down again to the water. The Sunfish has marked it, and as it passes his retreat, he darts towards it, with twenty of his fellows, all eager to seize the prize. The swiftest swallows it in a moment, and all immediately return to their lurking-places, where they fancy themselves secure. But, alas! the Sunfish is no more without enemies than the moth, or any other living creature. So has nature determined, evidently, to promote prudence and industry, without which none can reap the full advantage of life.

On the top of yon miller's dam stands boldly erect the ardent fisher. Up to the knees and regardless of the danger of his situation, he prepares his apparatus of destruction. A keen hook attached to his grass line is now hid within the body of a worm or grasshopper. With a knowing eye he marks one after another every surge of the water below. Observing the top of a rock scarcely covered, he sends his hook towards it with gentleness and certainty; the bait now floats and anon sinks; his reel slowly lengthens the line, which is suddenly tightened,

and he feels that a fish is secured. Now whirls the reel again; thrice has the fish tried its utmost strength and speed, but soon, panting and exhausted, it is seen floating for a moment on the surface. Nothing now is required but to bring it to hand, which done, the angler baits anew, and sends forth the treacherous morsel. For an hour or more he continues the agreeable occupation, drawing from the stream a fish at every short interval. To the willow twig fastened to his waist a hundred "Sunnies" are already attached. Suddenly the sky is overcast, and the crafty fisher, although aware that with a different hook and bait he might soon procure a fine eel or two, carefully wades to the shore, and homeward leisurely plods his way.

In this manner are the Sunfishes caught by the regular or "scientific" anglers, and a beautiful sight it is to see the ease and grace with which they allure the objects of their desire, whether in the open turbulence of the waters, or under the low boughs of the overhanging trees, where, in some deep hole, a swarm of the little creatures may be playing in fancied security. Rarely does his tackle become entangled, whilst, with incomparable dexterity, he draws one after another from the waters.

Thousands of individuals, however, there are, who, less curious in their mode of fishing, often procure as many "Sunnies" without allowing them to play for a moment. Look at these boys! One stands on the shore, while the others are on fallen trees that project over the stream. Their rods, as you perceive, are merely shoots of the hazel or hickory, their lines are simply twine, and their hooks none of the finest. One has a calabash filled with worms and grubs of many sorts, kept alive in damp earth, and another is supplied with a bottle containing half a gross of live "hoppers;" the third has no bait at all, but borrows from his nearest neighbor. Well, there they are, "three merry boys," whirling their rods in the air to

unroll their lines, on one of which, you observe, a cork is fastened, while on another is a bit of light wood, and on the third a grain or two of large shot, to draw it at once to a certain depth. Now their hooks are baited and all are ready. Each casts his line as he thinks best, after he has probed the depth of the stream with his rod, to enable him to place his buoy at the proper point. Bob, bob, goes the cork; down it moves; the bit of wood disappears, the leaded line tightens; in a moment up swing the "Sunnies," which, getting unhooked, are projected far among the grass, where they struggle in vain, until death ends their efforts. The hooks are now baited anew, and dropped into the water. The fish is abundant, the weather propitious and delightful, for it is now October; and so greedy have the "Sunnies" become of grasshoppers and grubs that dozens at once dash at the same bait. The lads, believe me, have now rare sport, and in an hour scarcely a fish remains in the hole. The happy children have caught, perhaps, some hundreds of delicious "pan-fish," to feed their parents and delight their little sisters. Surely their pleasure is fully as great as that experienced by the scientific angler.

I have known instances when the waters of a dam having been let out, for some reason better known to the miller than to myself, all the Sunfish have betaken themselves to one or two deep holes, as if to avoid being carried away from their favorite abode. There I have seen them in such multitudes that one could catch as many as he pleased with a pin-hook, fastened to any sort of line, and baited with any sort of worm or insect, or even with a piece of newly caught fish. Yet, and I am not able to account for it, all of a sudden, without apparent cause, they would cease to take, and no allurement whatever could entice them or the other fishes in the pool to seize the hook.

During high freshets, this species of Perch seldom bites

at anything; but you may procure them with a cast-net or a seine, provided you are well acquainted with the localities. On the contrary, when the waters are clear and low, every secluded hole, every eddy under the lee of a rock, every place sheltered by a raft of timber, will afford you amusement. In some parts of the Southern States, the negroes procure these fishes late in the autumn in shallow ponds or bayous, by wading through the water with caution, and placing at every few steps a wicker apparatus, not unlike a small barrel, open at both ends. The moment the fishes find themselves confined within the lower part of this, which is pressed to the bottom of the stream, their skipplings announce their capture, and the fisher secures his booty.

This species, the *Labrus auritus* of Linnæus, the *Pomotis vulgaris* of Cuvier, seldom exceeds five or six inches in length, but is rather deep in proportion. The usual size is from four to five inches, with a depth of from two to two and a half. They are not bony, and at all seasons afford delicate eating. Having observed a considerable change in their color in different parts of the United States, and in different streams, ponds, or lakes, I was led to think that this curious effect might be produced by the difference of color in the water. Thus the Sun-fish caught in the deep waters of Green River, in Kentucky, exhibit a depth of olive-brown quite different from the general tint of those caught in the colorless waters of the Ohio or Schuylkill; those of the reddish-colored waters of the bayous of the Louisiana swamps look as if covered with a coppery tarnish; and, lastly, those met with in streams that glide beneath cedars or other firs, have a pale and sallow complexion.

The Sun Perch, wherever found, seems to give a decided preference to sandy, gravelly, or rocky beds of streams, avoiding those of which the bottom is muddy. At the period of depositing their eggs this preference

is still more apparent. The little creature is then seen swimming rapidly over shallows, the bed of which is mostly formed of fine gravel, when after a time it is observed to poise itself and gradually sink to the bottom, where with its fin it pushes aside the sand to the extent of eight or ten inches, thus forming a circular cavity. In a few days a little ridge is thus raised around, and in the cleared area the roe is deposited. By wading carefully over the extent of the place, a person may count forty, fifty, or more of these beds, some within a few feet of each other, and some several yards apart. Instead of abandoning its spawn, as others of the family are wont to do, this little fish keeps guard over it with all the care of a sitting bird. You observe it poised over the bed, watching the objects around. Should the rotten leaf of a tree, a piece of wood, or any other substance, happen to be rolled over the border of the bed, the Sunfish carefully removes it, holding the obnoxious matter in its mouth, and dropping it over the margin. Having many times witnessed this act of prudence and cleanliness in the little sunny, and observed that at this period it will not seize on any kind of bait, I took it into my head one fair afternoon to make a few experiments for the purpose of judging how far its instinct or reason might induce it to act when disturbed or harassed.

Provided with a fine fishing-line, and such insects as I knew were relished by this fish, I reached a sand-bar covered by about one foot of water, where I had previously seen many deposits. Approaching the nearest to the shore with great care, I baited my hook with a living ground-worm, the greater part of which was left at liberty to writhe as it pleased, and, throwing the line up the stream, managed it so that at last it passed over the border of the nest, when I allowed it to remain on the bottom. The fish, I perceived, had marked me, and as the worm intruded on its premises, it swam to the farther

side, there poised itself for a few moments, then approached the worm, and carried it in its mouth over the side next to me, with a care and gentleness so very remarkable as to afford me much surprise. I repeated the experiment six or seven times, and always with the same result. Then changing the bait, I employed a young grasshopper, which I floated into the egg-bed. The insect was removed, as the worm had been, and two attempts to hook the fish proved unsuccessful. I now threw my line with the hook bare, and managed as before. The Sunny appeared quite alarmed. It swam to one side, then to another, in rapid succession, and seemed to entertain a fear that the removal of the suspicious object might prove extremely dangerous to it. Yet it gradually approached the hook, took it delicately up, and the next instant dropped it over the edge of the bed.

Reader, if you are one who, like me, have studied Nature with a desire to improve your mental faculties, and contemplate the wonderful phenomena that present themselves to the view at every step we take in her wide domain, you would have been struck, had you witnessed the actions of this little fish, as I was, with admiration of the Being who gave such instincts to so humble an object. I gazed in amazement at the little creature, and wondered that Nature had endowed it with such feelings and powers. The irrepressible desire of acquiring knowledge prompted me to continue the experiment; but with whatever dexterity I could in those days hook a fish, all my efforts proved abortive, not with this individual only, but with many others which I subjected to the same trials.

Satisfied that at this period the Sunfish was more than a match for me, I rolled up my line, and with the rod gave a rap on the water as nearly over the fish as I could.

The Sunny darted off to a distance of several yards, poised itself steadily, and as soon as my rod was raised

from the water, returned to its station. The effect of the blow on the water was now apparent, for I perceived that the fish was busily employed in smoothing the bed; but here ended my experiments on the Sunfish.

MY STYLE OF DRAWING BIRDS¹

WHEN, as a little lad, I first began my attempts at representing birds on paper, I was far from possessing much knowledge of their nature, and, like hundreds of others, when I had laid the effort aside, I was under the impression that it was a finished picture of a bird because it possessed some sort of a head and tail, and two sticks in lieu of legs; I never troubled myself with the thought that abutments were requisite to prevent it from falling either backward or forward, and oh! what bills and claws I did draw, to say nothing of a perfectly straight line for a back, and a tail stuck in anyhow, like an unshipped rudder.

Many persons besides my father saw my miserable attempts, and so many praised them to the skies that perhaps no one was ever nearer being completely wrecked than I by these mistaken, though affectionate words. My father, however, spoke very differently to me; he constantly impressed upon me that nothing in the world possessing life and animation was easy to imitate, and that as I grew older he hoped I would become more and more alive to this. He was so kind to me, and so deeply interested in my improvement that to have listened carelessly

¹ Audubon's drawings have been criticised for their *flatness*. Of this, Cuvier says: "It is difficult to give a true picture of a bird with the same effect of perspective as a landscape, and the lack of this is no defect in a work on Natural History. Naturalists prefer the real color of objects to those accidental tints which are the result of the varied reflections of light necessary to complete picturesque representations, but foreign and even injurious to scientific truth."

to his serious words would have been highly ungrateful. I listened less to others, more to him, and his words became my law.

The first collection of drawings I made were from European specimens, procured by my father or myself, and I still have them in my possession.¹ They were all represented *strictly ornithologically*, which means neither more nor less than in stiff, unmeaning profiles, such as are found in most works published to the present day. My next set was begun in America, and there, without my honored mentor, I betook myself to the drawing of specimens hung by a string tied to one foot, having a desire to show every portion, as the wings lay loosely spread, as well as the tail. In this manner I made some pretty fair signs for poulterers.

One day, while watching the habits of a pair of Pewees at Mill Grove, I looked so intently at their graceful attitudes that a thought struck my mind like a flash of light, that nothing, after all, could ever answer my enthusiastic desires to represent nature, except to copy her in her own way, alive and moving! Then I began again. On I went, forming, literally, hundreds of outlines of my favorites, the Pewees; how good or bad I cannot tell, but I fancied I had mounted a step on the high pinnacle before me. I continued for months together, simply outlining birds as I observed them, either alighted or on the wing, but could finish none of my sketches. I procured many individuals of different species, and laying them on the table or on the ground, tried to place them in such attitudes as I had sketched. But, alas! they were *dead*, to all intents and purposes, and neither wing, leg, nor tail could I place according to my wishes. A second thought came to my assistance; by means of threads I raised or lowered a head, wing, or tail, and by fastening the threads

¹ This was in 1838; they have since been destroyed by fire, or, at least, the greater number.

securely, I had something like life before me; yet much was wanting. When I saw the living birds, I felt the blood rush to my temples, and almost in despair spent about a month without drawing, but in deep thought, and daily in the company of the feathered inhabitants of dear Mill Grove.

I had drawn from the "manikin" whilst under David, and had obtained tolerable figures of our species through this means, so I cogitated how far a manikin of a bird would answer. I labored with wood, cork, and wires, and formed a grotesque figure, which I cannot describe in any other words than by saying that when set up it was a tolerable-looking Dodo. A friend roused my ire by laughing at it immoderately, and assuring me that if I wished to represent a tame gander it might do. I gave it a kick, broke it to atoms, walked off, and thought again.

Young as I was, my impatience to obtain my desire filled my brains with many plans. I not infrequently dreamed that I had made a new discovery; and long before day, one morning, I leaped out of bed fully persuaded that I had obtained my object. I ordered a horse to be saddled, mounted, and went off at a gallop towards the little village of Norristown, distant about five miles. When I arrived there not a door was open, for it was not yet daylight. Therefore I went to the river, took a bath, and, returning to the town, entered the first opened shop, inquired for wire of different sizes, bought some, leaped on my steed, and was soon again at Mill Grove. The wife of my tenant, I really believe, thought that I was mad, as, on offering me breakfast, I told her I only wanted my gun. I was off to the creek, and shot the first Kingfisher I met. I picked the bird up, carried it home by the bill, sent for the miller, and bade him bring me a piece of board of soft wood. When he returned he found me filing sharp points to some pieces of wire, and I proceeded to show him what I meant to do. I pierced the



OLD MILL AND MILLER'S COTTAGE AT MILL GROVE ON THE PERKIOMEN CREEK.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FROM W. H. WETHERILL, ESQ.

body of the fishing bird, and fixed it on the board; another wire passed above his upper mandible held the head in a pretty fair attitude, smaller ones fixed the feet according to my notions, and even common pins came to my assistance. The last wire proved a delightful elevator to the bird's tail, and at last — there stood before me the *real* Kingfisher.

Think not that my lack of breakfast was at all in my way. No, indeed! I outlined the bird, aided by compasses and my eyes, colored it, finished it, without a thought of hunger. My honest miller stood by the while, and was delighted to see me pleased. This was what I shall call my first drawing actually from nature, for even the eye of the Kingfisher was as if full of life whenever I pressed the lids aside with my finger.

In those happy days of my youth I was extremely fond of reading what I still call the delightful fables of La Fontaine. I had frequently perused the one entitled "*L'hirondelle et les petits oiseaux*," and thought much of the meaning imparted in the first line, which, if I now recollect rightly, goes on to say that "*Quiconque a beaucoup vu, peut avoir beaucoup retenu.*" To me this meant that, to study Nature was to ramble through her domains late and early, and if I observed all as I should, that the memory of what I saw would at least be of service to me.

"Early to bed, and early to rise," was another adage which I thought, and still think, of much value; 't is a pity that instead of being merely an adage it has not become a general law; I have followed it ever since I was a child, and am ever grateful for the hint it conveyed.

As I wandered, mostly bent on the study of birds, and with a wish to represent all those found in our woods, to the best of my powers, I gradually became acquainted with their forms and habits, and the use of my wires was improved by constant practice. Whenever I produced a better representation of any species the preceding one was

destroyed, and after a time I laid down what I was pleased to call a constitution of my manner of drawing birds, formed upon natural principles, which I will try to put briefly before you.

The gradual knowledge of the forms and habits of the birds of our country impressed me with the idea that each part of a family must possess a certain degree of affinity, distinguishable at sight in any one of them. The Pewees, which I knew by experience were positively Flycatchers, led me to the discovery that every bird truly of that genus, when standing, was usually in a passive attitude; that they sat uprightly, now and then glancing their eyes upwards or sideways, to watch the approach of their insect prey; that if in pursuit of this prey their movements through the air were, in each and all of that tribe, the same, etc., etc.

Gallinaceous birds I saw were possessed of movements and positions peculiar to them. Amongst the water-birds also I found characteristic manners. I observed that the Herons walked with elegance and stateliness, that, in fact, every family had some mark by which it could be known; and, after having collected many ideas and much material of this kind, I fairly began, in greater earnest than ever, the very collection of *Birds of America*, which is now being published.

The better I understood my subjects, the better I became able to represent them in what I hoped were natural positions. The bird once fixed with wires on squares, I studied as a lay figure before me, its nature, previously known to me as far as habits went, and its general form having been frequently observed. Now I could examine more thoroughly the bill, nostrils, eyes, legs, and claws, as well as the structure of the wings and tail; the very tongue was of importance to me, and I thought the more I understood all these particulars, the better representations I made of the originals.



AUDUBON.

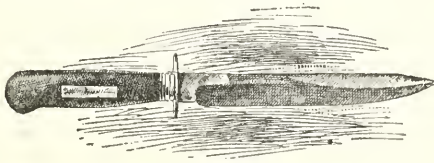
FROM A PENCIL SKETCH AFTER DEATH, BY JOHN WOODHOUSE AUDUBON.
January 28, 1851.

My drawings at first were made altogether in water-colors, but they wanted softness and a great deal of finish. For a long time I was much dispirited at this, particularly when vainly endeavoring to imitate birds of soft and downy plumage, such as that of most Owls, Pigeons, Hawks, and Herons. How this could be remedied required a new train of thought, or some so-called accident, and the latter came to my aid.

One day, after having finished a miniature portrait of the one dearest to me in all the world, a portion of the face was injured by a drop of water, which dried where it fell; and although I labored a great deal to repair the damage, the blur still remained. Recollecting that, when a pupil of David, I had drawn heads and figures in different colored chalks, I resorted to a piece of that material of the tint required for the part, applied the pigment, rubbed the place with a cork stump, and at once produced the desired effect.

My drawings of Owls and other birds of similar plumage were much improved by such applications; indeed, after a few years of patience, some of my attempts began almost to please me, and I have continued the same style ever since, and that now is for more than thirty years.

Whilst travelling in Europe as well as America, many persons have evinced the desire to draw birds in my manner, and I have always felt much pleasure in showing it to any one by whom I hoped ornithological delineations or portraitures would be improved.



BOWIE KNIFE.

Presented by Henry Carleton.

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American Academy of Arts and Sciences, Massachusetts.
November 10, 1830.

Royal Society of Edinburgh. March 5, 1831.

Royal Jennerian Society, London. July 15, 1836.

Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. November 19,
1836.

Western Academy of Natural Sciences, St. Louis, Mo.
April 17, 1843.

Natural History Society of Montreal. March 29, 1847.

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La Société Lucienne de Paris, dans sa séance du 6 Décembre 1835,
a admis M. Jean Adrien — au nombre de ses Correspondants

à donner le prix de son ouvrage
de Poésies
à M. de la Roche
à M. de la Roche
à M. de la Roche



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a Corresponding MEMBER of said INSTITUTION, hereby granting unto him all the Rights and Privileges appertaining to the same.

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For: Dolefulle President

Dr. Van Rensselaer M.D. Corresponding Secretary.

Arthur C. Vivian, Vice President

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un nombre de six membres Correspondans M. Audouin

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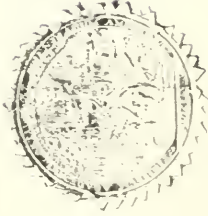
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And in Testimony thereof have affixed their
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Attest
of C. Gray.

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Ontario Historical Society of Quebec
INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER, 1831.



"For the preservation of records into the early History of Canada, for the recovering, preserving and publishing documents and useful information in the Natural, Civil and Literary History of British North America, and for the advancement of the Arts and Sciences in Canada."

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an Honorary Member of their Association, this Seventeenth

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FIT



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Patron The Earl of Egin

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*In testimony whereof, we, the Officers of the Society, have this Society meet-
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W. D. W. M. D. Corresponding Secretary

Edw. Audubon Secretary

Edw. Audubon Secretary

Edw. Audubon Secretary

Sir

I have the honor of acquainting you that you were on Thursday last elected a fellow of the Royal Society, in consequence of which the Statute requires your attendance for admission on or before the fourth Meeting from the day of your election, or within such further time as shall be granted by the Society or Council, upon cause shewed to either of them; otherwise your election will be void.

You will therefore be pleased to attend at eight of the clock in the evening on one of the following days, viz:

Thursday March 25th

Thursday April 1st

Thursday April 22nd

Thursday April 29th

I am

Sir

Your humble servant

Edward Sabine

Secretary

From the Apartments
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Somerset Place, Strand.
March 19th 1830

John J. Audubon Esq^r

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