

with no friends but those he had made within a few months, and not ready money enough in hand to bring out the first number proposed, and yet he entered confidently on this undertaking, which was to cost over a hundred thousand dollars, and with no pledge of help, but on the other hand discouragements on all sides, and from his best friends, of the hopelessness of such an undertaking.—MRS. AUDUBON.

## AUDUBON IN LONDON

"[LONDON], *September 20*.—Nearly three months since I touched one of the sheets of my dear book [his "*Journal*"] and I am quite ashamed of it, for I have had several interesting incidents to record, well deserving of relation, even in my poor humble style—a style much resembling my *painting in oil*. Now, nevertheless. I will recapitulate and note down as quickly as possible the primary ones.

"1. I removed the publication of my ornithological work from Edinburgh, to London; from Mr. Lizars to Mr. Robert Havell, No. 79 Newman street; because at Edinburgh it came on too slowly, and also because I can have it done better and cheaper in London.

"2. The King! My dear Book! Had my work presented to His Majesty 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, and permitted me to publish it under his particular patronage, approbation and protection; and became a subscriber on usual terms, not as kings usually do, but as a gentleman. And I look on such a deed as worthy of all kings in general."—*From the "Journals."*

## AUDUBON IN PARIS

"[PARIS], *September 8 [1828]*.—Went to pay my respects to Baron Cuvier and Geoffroy St.-Hilaire; found only the former at

home; he invited me to the Royal Institute, and I had just time to return home and reach it before the sitting of the Royal Académie des Sciences. I took my portfolio, and on entering, inquired for Cuvier, who very politely came to me, made the porter put my book on the table, and assigned me a seat of honor. The séance opened, and a tedious lecture was given on the vision of the mole. Mr. Swainson accompanied me. Baron Cuvier then arose, and announced us, and spoke of my work. It was shown and admired as usual, and Cuvier was requested to review it for the memoirs of the Academy. Cuvier asked me to leave my book. I did, and he commended it to the particular care of the librarians, who are to show it to any who desire to see it; he also said he would propose to the Academy to subscribe to it, and if so, it will be a good day's work.

"*September 9*.—Went to the Garden du Roi, where I met young Geoffroy [St.-Hilaire], who took me to a man who stuffs birds for the Prince D'Essling. He told me the Prince had a copy of my work (probably Wilson's or Selby's), and said he would subscribe if I would call on him to-morrow with him. After this I walked around the boulevards, looking at the strange things I saw there, thinking of my own strange life, and how wonderful my present situation in the land of my fathers and ancestors. From here I went to the Louvre, and as I was about to pass the gates of the Tuileries, a sentinel stopped me, saying no one could enter there with a *fur cap!* I went to another gate, and passed without challenge, and went to the Grand Gallery. There, among the Raphaels, and Correggios, Titians, Davids and thousands of others, I feasted my eyes and enlarged my knowledge. From there I made my way to the Institute de France, and by appointment presented my prospectus to the secretary of the library. There I met young Geoffroy, an amiable and learned young man, who examined my work, paid me every attention, and gave me a room to myself for the inspection of specimens and to write in. How very different from the public institutions in England, where instead of being bowed to, you have to bow to every one. The porters, clerks, and secretaries had all received orders to do everything I required and I was looked

rivers, across its lakes, along its coasts, and up the Mississippi, until I reached Bayou Sara, and leaping on shore, and traversing the magnolia forests, bounded towards thee, my dearest friend,—when the clock struck and suddenly called me to myself in the Royal Institute, patiently waiting for the Baron.

“The number of savants increased, and my watch and the clock told that the day was waning. I took a book and read, but it went into my mind, and left no impression. The savants increased more and more, and bye and bye among them my quick eye discerns the Baron. I had been asked fifty times if I were waiting for him, and had been advised to go to his house; but I sat and watched like a sentinel at his post. I heard his voice and his footstep, and at last saw him, warm, apparently fatigued, and yet extremely kindly, coming towards me, with a ‘My Dear Sir, I am sorry to know that you have waited so long here; I was in my cabinet; come with me.’ During all this talk, to which I bowed, and followed him, his hand was driving a pencil with great rapidity, and I discovered that he was actually engaged in making his report. I thought of La Fontaine’s ‘Fable of the Turtle and the Hare,’ and of many other things; and I was surprised that so great a man, who, of course, being great, must take care of each of his actions with a thousand times more care than a common individual, to prevent falls, when surrounded, as all great men are, by envy, cowardice, malice, and all other evil spirits, should leave to the last moment the writing of a report, to every word of which the ‘Forty of France’ would lend a critical ear. We were now in his cabinet; my enormous books lay before him, and I shifted swiftly the different plates that I had marked for examination. His pencil kept constantly moving; he turned and returned the sheets of his pamphlet with amazing accuracy, and noted as quickly as he saw all that he saw. We were both wet with perspiration. When this was done, he invited me to call on him to-morrow at half-past ten, and went off towards the council-room.

“September 23—I waited in Cuvier’s departmental section until past eleven, when he came in, as much in a hurry as ever, and yet as kind as ever, always the perfect gentleman. The report had been read, and the Institute, he said, had subscribed for one copy;

and he told me the report would appear in next Saturday’s ‘Globe.’ I called on M. Feuillet, principal librarian of the Institute, to inquire how I was to receive the subscription. He is a large, stout man, had on a hunting-cap, and began by assuring me that the Institute was in the habit of receiving a discount on all the works it takes. My upper lip curled, not with pleasure, but with a sneer, at such a request; and I told the gentleman that I never made discounts on a work which cost me a life of much trouble and too much expense ever to be remunerated; so the matter dropped.”—From the “Journals.”

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#### READERS' AND STUDENTS' NOTES

1. The great storehouse of information in respect to Audubon is his own autobiography. Of this work, one of the most interesting and instructive in the whole range of autobiographical writing, many editions have been printed, some of them unauthorized and more or less incomplete. The original edition entitled “*The Life of John James Audubon, the Naturalist, Edited by his Widow,*” issued first in 1867, is published in this country by G. P. Putnam’s Sons. (New York. \$1.75.)

2. A complete edition of Audubon’s autobiography is now to be obtained. “*Audubon and his Journals,*” by Maria R. Audubon, “with zoological and other notes by Eliot Coues, and with many portraits and other illustrations,” is a sumptuous work, worthy of the great name it commemorates, first published in 1897. (New York: Scribners. 2 vols., \$7.50.) Maria R. Audubon is the grand-daughter of J. J. Audubon.

upon with the greatest respect. I have now run the gauntlet of Europe, Lucy, and may be proud of two things—that I am considered the first ornithological painter and the first practical naturalist of America!"—*From the "Journals."*

## AUDUBON'S DISAPPOINTMENT IN FRANCE

"[PARIS], *September 15.*—France is poor indeed. This day I have attended the Royal Academy of Sciences and had my plates examined by about one hundred persons. 'Fine, very fine!' issued from many mouths; but they said also, 'what a work! What a price! Who can pay it?' I recollected that I had thirty subscribers at Manchester, and mentioned it. They stared, and seemed surprised; but acknowledged that England, the little island of England, alone was able to support poor Audubon. Some went so far as to say that had I been here four months ago, I should not have had even the Prince D'Essling for a subscriber. Poor France, thy fine climate, rich vineyards, and the wishes of the learned, avail nothing; thou art a destitute beggar and not the powerful friend thou were represented to me. Now it is that I plainly see how happy, or lucky, it was in me not to have come to France first; for if I had, my work would not now have had even a beginning. It would have perished like a flower in October; and I should have returned to my woods without the hope of leaving behind that eternal fame which my ambition, industry, and perseverance, long to enjoy. Not a subscriber, Lucy; no, not one!"—*From the "Journals."*

## AUDUBON AND CUVIER

"[PARIS], *September 15.*—I have also been again at Cuvier's to-day, to introduce Mr. Parker, to begin his portrait. You would like to hear more of Cuvier and his house. Well, we rang the bell, and a waiter came, and desired that we would wipe our feet; we needed it; for we were very muddy. This over, we followed the man upstairs and in the first room we entered I saw

a slight figure in black gliding out an opposite door like a sylph. It was Miss Cuvier, not quite ready to receive company. Off she flew like a dove before falcons. However, we followed our man, who every moment turned to us, and repeated, 'This way, gentlemen.' Then we passed through eight rooms filled with beds or books, and at last reached a sort of laboratory, the sanctum sanctorum of Cuvier; nothing there but books, the skeletons of animals and reptiles. Our conductor bid us sit, and left us to seek for the Baron. My eyes were occupied in the interval in examining the study of this great man, and my mind in reflecting on the wonders of his knowledge. All but order was about his books, and I concluded that he read and studied, and was not fond of books because he was the owner of them, as some great men seem to be whom I have known. Our conductor returned directly, and led us to another laboratory, where we found the Baron. Great men show politeness in a particular way; they receive you without much demonstration; a smile suffices to assure you that you are welcome, and keep about their avocations as if you were a member of the family."—*From the "Journals."*

## AUDUBON AND THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE

"[PARIS], *September 22 [1828].*—This was the grand day appointed by Baron Cuvier for reading his report on my work at the French Institute. The French Institute! By particular invitation of the Baron, I was at the Institute at half-past one, and no Baron there. I sat opposite the clock and counted the minutes one after another; but the clock, insensible to my impatience, moved regularly, and ticked the time just as if Audubon had never existed. I undertook to count the numerous volumes which filled the compartments of the library, but my eye became bewildered, and as it reached the distant center of the hall, rested on the figure of Voltaire! Poor Voltaire! Had he not his own share of troubles? how was he treated? Savants like shadows passed before me, nodded and proceeded to their seats, and resting their heads on their hands, looked for more knowledge in different memoirs. I, Lucy, began journeying to America, sailed up its