

"'You have seen a poor old man,' said he, clasping my hand in his—and he was then only seventy years of age. He had measured life by what he had done, and he seemed to himself to be old.

"It is hard to confine one's self to dates and times when contemplating such a man as Audubon. He belongs to all time. He was born, but he can never die."

A few years before Audubon's death he exhibited in New York his wonderful collection of drawings, consisting of several thousands of animals and birds, all of which the naturalist had studied in their native homes, all drawn of the size of life by his own hand, and all represented with their natural foliage around them. A portion of this collection was exhibited in Edinburgh, and as Prof. Wilson has said of the same pictures, the spectator immediately imagined himself in the forest. The birds were all there,—“all were of the size of life, from the wren and the humming-bird to the wild turkey and the bird of Washington. But what signified the mere size? The colors were all of life too, bright as when borne in beaming beauty through the woods. There too were their attitudes and postures, infinite as they are assumed by the restless creatures, in motion or rest, in their glee and their gambols, their loves and their wars, singing, or caressing, or brooding, or preying, or tearing one another to pieces. The trees on which they sat or sported all true to nature, in bole, branch, spray, and leaf, the flowery shrubs and the ground flowers, the weeds and the very grass, all American—as were the atmosphere and the skies. It was a wild and poetical vision of the heart of the New World, inhabited as yet almost wholly by the lovely or noble creatures that “own not man's dominion.” It was, indeed, a rich and magnificent sight, such as we would not for a diadem have lost.”

“Surrounded” wrote Audubon in 1846, “by all the