

pressed with the wonderful character of those original drawings.

"Their exquisite beauty and life-likeness, and the feeling of life they gave me, I have preserved in my memory ; and the contrast between these impressions and those of the published works of Audubon is very marked. The great work recalls the feelings I then had, but by no means creates such emotions. The difference is as great as the difference between the living Audubon and his admirable picture by Cruikshank. I looked from him to his picture in that interview. It was the naturalist, and yet it was not. There was a venerable maturity in the original that had been gained since the features and the the spirit of the young and ardent enthusiast had been imprisoned by the artist. The picture expressed decidedly less than the living man who stood before me. It had more of youth and beauty and the prophecy of greatness, and less of the calm satisfaction of achievement ; the sense of riches gained, not for himself, but for the world, and less of all that makes a man venerable.

"I could sympathize with the manhood that looked out of the picture—I could find a certain equality between myself and the man whom Cruikshank had painted. I could have followed him like his dog, and carried his gun and blanket like a younger brother ; but before the man Audubon, who turned over the drawings, and related anecdotes of one and another, I could have knelt in devotion and thankfulness. He had done his work. He was a hero, created and approved by what he had accomplished, and I bowed my spirit before him and asked no endorsement of my hero-worship of Carlyle or the Catholic Church.

"When I left, I said to him, 'I have seen Audubon, and I am very thankful.'