

them at least, and as the old woman had undertaken the job on account of her sons being too far under the influence of bad whiskey, he had no doubt but the repulsive old wretch would be the target for his bullet. Just about this minute two other lonely and benighted travellers came into the shanty, when Audubon jumped up and explained the whole thing. He does not say what they did with those three miserable beings, but we may infer from his own words. He says: "We turned Regulators, and placed them beyond attempting anything of the kind again." Regulators then were what were afterwards called Vigilance Committees, and as Audubon says they placed them beyond doing anything of the kind again, there is no doubt they hung them to the nearest tree, or what was too good a death, shot them.

He was unable to publish his great work in America. In those days there were not artisans skilled in that class of work here. He had to visit Edinburgh, London, and Paris to find them, and the work was published in Europe, in parts, under his own or son's personal supervision. It took years to publish; and when complete the whole subscription was, I think, about £300. There were not many subscribers to the work—I believe about three hundred—and it cost Audubon £10,000 to produce it; but after all it will be seen that this, the greatest work of his life, and the greatest work on ornithology ever produced, left him after years of hard work, toil and poverty, in affluence for the rest of his days.

He made several visits to Europe during the time he was publishing the work, and many times he was reduced to the greatest straits for want of money to pay his artisans as they did the work. At such times he would paint a picture hurriedly and go out and sell it for just what he could get for it. Some of these works would to-day bring more hundreds than he received pounds for them.

Audubon's "Birds of America" is published in six volumes, five of plates—which are all life-size, and colored—and one of letter-press. Each volume is about twenty-four by thirty inches, and four or five inches thick; and a volume is as much as one can lift. There is one copy in the University of Toronto, another in a library in New York; the others are distributed amongst literary and scientific institutions on the two continents, few being owned by private individuals. The work is very valuable to-day, and I have never known of one being offered for sale. It comprises all the birds which were then known on this Northern continent, and as a work of art is acknowledged to have no equal in ornithological publications.

There are many things to be learned by this great work. To the lovers of bird life it is a rich treat to see and peruse it; it affords information

that cannot be had in the same compass in any other work. It also teaches us what a man of indomitable pluck and perseverance can do, and will do, to carry out that which he has a natural taste for; and lastly, it teaches us what a mistake we make when we take up a trade, profession or calling we do not like, and one we are unfitted for. Here was Audubon, a dead failure at every kind of business he ever engaged in—he failed time after time. All the capital he ever invested in business was like throwing a snowball into a river—gone forever. He lost thousands on thousands simply because he was following pursuits he was entirely unfitted for; but after all these misfortunes he succeeded in that great work which the Almighty made him for. He was a born naturalist, and it was by that he succeeded in giving to the world the greatest of all ornithological works, and gaining enough by its publication to enable him to live in comfort and luxury in his old days.

He had a beautiful residence on the Hudson, where he lived to a good old age, although during the last years of his life he was quite blind. He published some other works—one on animals, which is very fine—but the great work of his life was his "Birds of America."

✕ ROADS.

Strathroy, Sept. 11th, 1883.

### Fall Hatched Chickens.

A correspondent writes:—I wish to refer the readers of the POULTRY REVIEW to an article in the May number, on "Spring chickens," hatched in the Fall, and remind them that if they wish to enjoy the treat relished by the writer of that article, now is the time to prepare.

I have one hen with fourteen young chicks trailing after her, hatched out August 26th, result of a hidden nest of fifteen eggs; one egg had rolled out of the nest; the chick in it was fit to come out of the shell, but died, of course.

How is it that a hen which steals away its nest and sits on it on her own account, nearly always brings out every egg; whereas these we take such care of, and take the young chicks away as soon as they are hatched, wrap them in flannel and keep them warm till all are hatched out—this precaution being taken to prevent the mother treading on and killing them—on an average about one fourth the eggs do not hatch at all? It looks as if the hens knew more about hatching eggs than we do.

I have two more hens on thirteen eggs each, set September 1st, and hope to have plenty of spring chickens, or chickens which are as good as spring chickens, fit for the table in February, March and April next. Set your hens this month, or what is better, let them hatch themselves; feed the chickens well during the winter and you will be well repaid with nice young fowl for the table when most people, if they want them, have to kill old hens and roosters.