

throbbing engines and throbbing hearts. Our civilization has its foundation in terrific sacrifices, for all our material enjoyments—our systematic comforts, there are piles and piles of victims, one grade treading down another, and standing on it—from the pinnacle of privilege and pleasure, down to the depths of hopeless ignorance and ceaseless toil.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still slavery thou art a bitter draught," and, in my opinion, slavery to machinery is not the least bitter draught in the cup of servitude.

While waiting in the sitting parlour of the hotel, previous to supper, an elderly man of very marked appearance was my only companion. His face was oval, of beautiful contour; his white hair combed back from a forehead of noble height, his eye benignant, but piercing. His conversation—for we had conversation—was calm, intelligent, singularly correct and elegant in phraseology. I am not given to the superstition that you may know a remarkable man by his forehead or his nose, and yet I was impressed by this man. I had, one way or the other, an idea that he was *somebody*. We went together to the supper-room. He ate very slightly, and then left the table. A gentleman, who remained after him, asked me, "Do you know who that is?" "No," I replied; "but I have been peculiarly struck by him." "That," said my fellow-guest, "is Mr. Audubon." "What! Mr. Audubon, the celebrated American Ornithologist?" "The same." I spoke most sincerely, when I replied, "there is no man in the United States, whom I am more pleased to see than Mr. Audubon." On our return to the parlour, Mr. Audubon gratified us by shewing some magnificent prints of a grand new work, he is about to publish, on the Quadrupeds of America. It would be vain for me to try to give you, by description, an idea of the vigor and the life which appear in these drawings—the grace of their positions—and in many instances, the exquisite comery of their looks. When Mr. Audubon had kindly done all this, he set out to travel in the stage coach for hours in the night, through a deluge of rain, and roads compounded of mud and ice. Mr. Audubon is one of the most distinctive instances of the union of enthusiasm with patience,—of genius with labour. His devotion to his favourite pursuit has been as unremitting as it has been fervid: through travel, fatigue, danger, he has still preserved the glow of his soul and the tenor of his way. Years ago in England, Professor Wilson and other men of poetic fire, admired

the enthusiast of the woods, with his black hair, and his bold front—such was his character; it has not since changed;—true, his locks have grown hoary, and wrinkles have creased into his face; but his eye has not become dim, nor his natural force abated. With other attributes of genius he has its disinterestedness. By his first great work, he lost twenty-five thousand dollars; there is a smaller edition by which his friends hope this loss may be refunded. Yet, although pecuniary loss ought not, in this case as others, to be the fate of genius, to say nothing of toil and trouble, still what noble compensation in high thoughts and a living name! Such compensation, at least Mr. Audubon has; but the world should not make that his all. Have you ever read Professor Wilson's eloquent article on him in Blackwood? If not—read it.

The next morning, being considerably fatigued, I was late for the common breakfast, and with whom think you did I get mine? Why, with three judges of the Supreme Court, and a bar of the most eminent lawyers in the state, * and among the most eminent in the nation. They were here in special session on an exciting case of murder. I went with them into court; remained there all the forenoon, came out, dined, and then again returned. The matter, of course, will be to you scarcely worth relation, except that it was my first time of being present at a capital trial in America—and there may be some small interest in the vividness of new and contrasted impressions. Although in a country town, the court-room was more neat, more clean, and more comfortable than any that I have ever seen in Ireland or England. The judges went from their lodgings in the order of age, preceded by the sheriff, and took their seats gravely on the bench. Let me tell you, that, notwithstanding all my early associations, I did not miss the parade or the robes. Indeed, I think my feelings were more solemn without them.

There was something, indeed, that almost awed me into the spectacle of the three plain-dressed men, having a controlling influence over the life of a fellow creature, sustained in their authority by the free opinion of those around them, and the sense of justice; having no other grandeur than that which lies in learning, wisdom, integrity, and years. Nor was the audience less impressive to me, in its decorous silence, and submission—obedient to the pre-dominant sentiment of law, by which alone

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