

when he proceeded to Edinburgh and exhibited there his four hundred paintings, "the hearts of all warmed toward Audubon," says Professor Wilson, "who were capable of conceiving the difficulties, dangers, and sacrifices that must have been encountered, endured, and overcome before genius could have embodied these, the glory of its innumerable triumphs." "The man himself," at this period writes the same eloquent author in another work, "is just what you would expect from his productions; full of fine enthusiasm and intelligence most interesting in his looks and manners, a perfect gentleman, and esteemed by all who know him for the simplicity and frankness of his nature."

His reception encouraged him to proceed immediately with his plans of publication. It was a vast undertaking which it would take probably sixteen years to accomplish, and when his first drawings were delivered to the engraver he had not a single subscriber. His friends pointed out the rashness of the project and urged him to abandon it. "But my heart was nerved," he exclaims, "and my reliance on that Power on whom all must depend brought bright anticipations of success." Leaving his work in the care of his engravers and agents, in the summer of 1825 he visited Paris; and received the homage of the most distinguished men of science in that capital. Humboldt too, whose gigantic intelligence rose above all others in central Europe, became his warm friend, and remained until his death a sympathizing correspondent.

The ensuing winter was passed in London, and in April, 1829, he returned to America to explore anew the woods of the middle and southern states. Accompanied by his wife he left New Orleans on the eighth of January, 1830, for New York, and on the twenty-fifth of April, just a year from the time of his departure, he was again in the Great Metropolis. Before the close of 1830, he had issued his first volume, containing one hundred plates, representing ninety-nine species of birds, every figure of the size and colors of life. The applause with which it was received was enthusiastic and universal. The Kings of England and France had placed their names at the head of his subscription list; he was made a fellow of the Royal Societies of London and Edinburgh; a member of the Natural History Society of Paris, and other celebrated institutions; and Cuvier, Swainson, and indeed the great ornithologists of every country, exhausted the words of panegyric in his praise.

On the first of August, 1831, Audubon arrived once more in New York, and having passed a few days with his friends there and in Philadelphia, proceeded to Washington, where the President and other principal officers of the government gave him letters of assistance and protection to be used all along the coasts and inland frontiers where there were collectors of revenue or military or naval forces. He had previously received similar letters from the king's ministers to the authorities of the British colonies.

The next winter and spring were passed in the Floridas and in Charleston; and early in the summer, bending his course northward to keep pace with the birds in their migrations, he arrived in Philadelphia, where he was joined by his family. The cholera was then spreading death and terror through the country, and on reaching Boston he was himself arrested by sickness and detained until the middle of August. "Although I have been happy in forming many valuable friendships in various parts of the world, all dearly cherished by me," he says, "the outpouring of kindness which I experienced in Boston far exceeded all that I have ever met with;" and he tells us, with characteristic enthusiasm, of his gratitude to the Appletons, Everetts, Quinceys, Pickerings, Parkmans, and other eminent gentlemen and scholars of that beautiful and hospitable city.

Proceeding at length upon his mission, he explored the forests of Maine and New Brunswick, and the shores of the Bay of Fundy, and chartering a vessel at Eastport, sailed for the gulf of St. Lawrence, the Magdalen Islands, and the coast of Labrador. Returning as the cold season approached, he visited Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and rejoining his family proceeded to Charleston, where he spent the winter, and in the spring, after nearly three years' travel and research, sailed a third time for England.

Among the warmest of his British friends, was always the congenial Wilson.—great as a poet, greater as a critic, and greatest of all as the author of the *Noctes Ambrosiæ*, which contain more wit and humor, more sound theology, philosophy, and politics, and bet-

ter and more various literature, than any other man now living has furnished in a single work. This almost universal genius, whose relish for the rod and gun and wild wood was scarcely less than that he felt for the best sippets of Ambrose, or the sharpest onslaught on the Whigs in Parliament, thoroughly appreciated and heartily loved our illustrious countryman, and in Blackwood's Magazine for January, 1835, he gives us the following admirable sketch of the visit he now made to Edinburgh:

*Concluded in our next.*

#### A GOOD IDEA.

Dr. Blake, in his "Farmer's every Day Book," after recommending every farmer to take a weekly, secular, agricultural, and a religious paper as well as to buy good books, occasionally, adds the following:—"An objection at once made that the expense cannot be endured; and possibly that there is no leisure for all this reading. As for the latter, a plump contradiction is interposed. There is time for it, and much besides. The pecuniary means are easily provided. Let every farmer appropriate the produce of half an acre—if he has a large farm, an acre, for literary purposes—for the education and mental improvement of his family. Let it be well tilled, well manured, and planted with potatoes, corn, cabbage, wheat oats, or whatever will give the best crop. Let it be understood, that the profits are not to be touched for anything else, and you may depend upon it, there will be no neglect of its supervision. No more will a weed be found upon it than upon a Macadam turnpike. The women of the family will watch its growth; the boys will keep their hoes as bright as swords and bayonets, in destroying whatever should be removed. The profits on this half acre will certainly be \$15. Here, then, in a district of six families, will be \$90 to be expended in mental culture; \$5 to each family in paying for the periodicals above named, and \$10 to each for the purchase of interesting, and useful books! Let the three hundred agricultural families of a town containing, it may be, from three to four thousand inhabitants—a fair equation—do this, and in ten years, when the children are grown to adult stature, what a change it will exhibit! Think of it, reader! Make a beginning! The example, under proper inducement, will spread like wildfire."

#### LITTLE HUSBANDS AND BIG WIVES.

That veteran wag and patriarch of the press, M. M. Noah, takes off the common propensity to intermarriage of big and little people, thus:

"Can any of the acute philosophers who discover in every man's physical conformation the cause of his actions, explain to us the reason of this? Why will a little man, as a general rule, select the biggest woman, he can find as a matrimonial partner? Is it that contortions are reconciled and extremities meet in love? Or is it that the man of pigmy proportions is more ambitious in his wedding desires, more daring in his aspirations, than his taller fellows? Does he take wider views of wedlock than others, or can nothing but a stupendous wife satisfy his expansive soul? Does he add a cubit to his stature by marrying a woman whom he can look up to?"

There is some foresight certainly in his choice, for the bonds of wedlock are oftentimes exceedingly heavy and hard to be borne, and it is well to have a helpmate who is able to sustain more than an equal share of the burden. But then when he is exempt by reason of his corporeal bulk from many of the ills that flesh is heir to, why should he rush into full liability by an alliance with one who is subject to more than a due proportion of those ills? He solemnly promised to "love and cherish" her too! The idea is ridiculous. It requires two efforts on his part—a right and left side effort—to embrace her. In a conscientious man of full size the vow is a rash one; in his case it amounts to constructive perjury. As well might a pet bantam offer his services to cherish an overgrown hen turkey. How proud he is of her. He attends her to market each morning, and helps to purchase and arrange her stock for the day, and it is amusing to see him fidgetting around his Titanic Bride. When standing in contiguity beside her he borrows importance from the contact, and reminds you of the spirited frog that sought to swell himself to the dimensions of the ox. She is literally his better-half; or to speak with arithmetical exactitude, his better three quarters or five-eighths.

**STRENGTH OF THE SPIDER.**—The intelligence and power evince by the spider, in securing its prey, has of an attracta attention; but we have seldom heard of so remarkable a display of these faculties as we witnessed a short time since. A small sized spider had made his web on the under side of a table. Early one morning a cockroach was noticed on the floor, directly under the web, and on approaching to take it away, it was found that the spider had thrown a line round one of its legs, and while the observer was looking at it the spider came down and lassoed the opposite leg of the cockroach. He then went to his web, but instantly came down and fastened a line to another leg, and continued for several minutes darting down and fastening lines to different parts of the victim. The struggles of the cockroach (though a full grown one) were unavailing to effect his escape—he could not break his bonds, and his efforts seemed only to entangle him more. As his struggles became more and more feeble, the spider threw his lines more thickly around him; and when he had become nearly exhausted, the spider proceeded to raise him from the floor. This he did by raising one end at a time. He at first raised the head and forward part of the body nearly half an inch; then raised the other end; and so continued to work till the cockroach was elevated five or six inches from the floor. Thus, "hung in chains," the victim was left to die. The spider was, as before remarked, a small one and could not have been more than a tenth of the weight of his prey.—*Noah's Messenger.*

#### COMBAT WITH A JAVANET TIGER.

The *Java Courant* states, that from the Residency, Rombang, a communication has been received of a rare instance of the intrepidity of a native, which has been crowned with an extraordinary fortunate result. This native, named Wiros Dipo, went at 9 o'clock in the morning of the 1st of August to the forest situated near the dessa Dagan, intending to search for Aren leaves (daungebang) to make mats of; and he had provided himself with a hatchet, fit to cut grass and light wood. Shortly after his entrance into the forest he discovered at a short distance behind him a tiger of the largest kind ready to spring upon him. Without awaiting the leap, Wiros Dipo himself attacked the monster, and gave it some wounds with his light weapon, which caused the tiger to fall down roaring, dragging his assailant down with him; but the last succeeded in raising himself, and in giving a number of blows to the tiger, who expired under them. Wiros Dipo came without any wound out of this battle, and it is believed that this nearly inexplicable circumstance may be ascribed to the rapidity and intrepidity with which Wiros Dipo anticipated the leap of the tiger, and to the fear which this must have caused to the tiger, the timorous as well as the cruel nature of this kind of animal being sufficiently known. The skin of this tiger was measured afterwards, and it was then found that its length from the nose to the beginning of the tail amounted to five feet two inches, and including the tail, eight feet five inches and a half.

#### KEEP YOUR TEMPER.

"I never can keep any thing," cried Emma, almost stamping with vexation. "Somebody always takes my things and loses them." She had mislaid some of her sewing implements.

"There is one thing," remarked mamma, "that I think you might keep, if you would try."

"I should like to keep even one thing," answered Emma.

"Well, then, my dear," resumed mamma, "keep your temper; if you will only do that perhaps you would find it easy to keep other things. I dare say, now, if you had employed your time in searching for the missing articles, you might have found them before this time; but you have not even looked for them. You have only got into a passion—a bad way of spending time, and you have accused somebody, and very unjustly, too, of taking away your things and losing them. Keep your temper, my dear: when you have mislaid any article, keep your temper and search for it. You had better keep your temper, if you lose all the little property you possess; getting into a passion never brings any thing to light except a distorted face; and by losing your temper, you become guilty of two sins,—