

A CALIFORNIAN'S RECOLLECTION OF NATURALIST AUDUBON

Trip to Labrador With a Famous Ornithologist

There is probably not another man in the world to-day who can look back to personal association with the famous ornithologist and ornithological painter, John James Audubon, with the vividness that characterizes the recollections of Joseph A. Coolidge, who for more than two score years has been a prominent citizen of San Francisco, and who is hale and hearty now at the advanced age of 81 years. Audubon's life work is more appreciated to-day than it was fifty years ago, when he was at the summit of his celebrity, and his studies of birds and animals in the original editions are valued as among the rarest treasures. Audubon was born on his father's plantation, near New Orleans, May 4, 1780, and breathed his last at his home on the Hudson January 27, 1851. As a child, lying among the flowers of the sunny southland, sheltered by the orange trees and watching the movements of the mocking-bird, "the king of song," dear to him in after life, the career of the naturalist was opened out to him unconsciously. His father gave him a thorough education, but the old man, who was a commodore in the French navy, designed John to be a follower of Napoleon in the Grand Army. The boy, too, longed to be a soldier at one time during his youth, but his nest-hunting propensities led him away from that notion. While being educated in France, he made frequent excursions into the rural regions, supplied with haversack and provisions, and usually returned loaded with objects of natural history, birds' nests, birds' eggs, specimens of moss, curious stones, and other objects attractive to the eye. Warfare, he found, was not his bent, and he came to America again, after finishing his schooling, to superintend his father's lands.

In 1833, when Mr. Coolidge, then a lad of 18, first met the great ornithologist, Audubon's locks were gray, and he looked quite venerable, although his age was only three years over the half-century mark. At that time he was distinguished the world over. He was the possessor of letters from the British Government which would place at his service in the interest of his studies any man-of-war belonging to the crown and not under orders and anchored on a coast along which he was desirous of cruising. Young Coolidge accompanied him on the trip to Labrador during the summer of that year. "My father had charge of a revenue-

cutter, and had taken Audubon around to various islands on the Maine coast in quest of rare birds," said Mr. Coolidge, yesterday, in a reminiscent mood. "Audubon dined at our house in Eastport, Maine, and there he informed us that he had chartered a schooner for a cruise on the Labrador coast and was nearly ready to start. His party consisted of two young physicians from Boston—Drs. Ingalls and Shattuck—Thomas Lincoln of Bangor and John Audubon Jr. Audubon asked me if I knew how to sail a boat and I readily replied in the affirmative. As readily did I consent to go with him when he invited me, and when my parents expressed their willingness that I should go. Well, he gave me charge of a sailboat and we were shortly cutting the waves on our voyage from Eastport.

"And now let me tell you an incident. Audubon was what you may term a free drinker, and, furthermore, he was a great snuff taker. He took on the schooner only a barrel of rum to be used in preserving birds. What other liquors there were the old man collected, and as we were passing the Eastport Lighthouse he took a last drink and said to us, 'Boys, no more drink for me.' With that he threw the liquors into the waves. Then he fished out his snuffbox, and after taking a pinch, exclaimed, 'No more snuff,' and flung the box and its contents after the liquors into the tide.

"First we skirted the Magdalen islands, and then struck the coast of Labrador. The people of the Magdalenes were all French. I should tell you right here that Audubon was a great talker. Now, every man he met there he stopped and entered into conversation with him. He was as affable as he could be; he had an attractive personality; you had only to meet him to love him, and when you had conversed with him a moment you looked upon him as an old friend rather than as a stranger. Well, I accompanied him on one of his journeys through a French settlement, and he stopped to talk so many times that I grew quite weary at our lack of progress on foot. Finally I could not refrain from asking him, 'Dad (for we called him by that fatherly name), why is it that you have to stop and talk to every person you see?'"

"My boy," replied the naturalist, smiling and patting me on the back, 'in all my years, I have never yet met a person



from whom I could not get at least a little information of value."

"Reaching Nathusgan, a Hudson Bay station on the coast of Labrador, on the 3d of July we went to buy some salmon in order that we might celebrate the Fourth with a fresh-fish dinner. So strict were the rules of the Hudson Bay Company that we were unable to purchase fish or any kind of provisions at all. The people positively refused to sell us anything. But we did not yield so easily to fate, and when night came down we secretly lowered our nets and drew up four splendid

salmon. At the station in question we met a British surveying schooner, and the party on board was our only company there. Well, Audubon had us take two of our salmon to the surveyors, and so delighted were they with the kind consideration, as well as the present, that they sent us in return a quarter of fresh mutton, so that we feasted on both flesh and fish that Independence day.

"We went on cruising, going into bays and inlets, and now and then taking trips inland, examining the country as carefully as our limited time would permit.

Our object was to get birds and to learn as much as possible about their habits; studying them as far as we could before killing them. Strange birds we would shoot when chance offered; bring them aboard the schooner in the night, and there have them skinned, stuffed and hung up.

"One of the islands on the west coast of Labrador discovered to us a most peculiar situation, politically speaking. It was occupied at that time by a Frenchman and his family, and he was in reality monarch of all he surveyed. His island had

Interesting Reminiscences Told by J. A. Coolidge

not been included in the terms of the treaty ceding Canada to Great Britain, and he paid no tax to any nation, and was, as it were, the king of his island. This particular Frenchman had been to Quebec for provisions, and had there learned of Audubon's contemplated voyage to the Labrador coast. The naturalist visited the owner of the island, and was astonished to hear the man greet him by name.

"Audubon was always busily engaged at night measuring and drawing birds. He would work oftentimes until completely worn out. One night he turned to me from his labor and said, 'I do not know what I would not give for a glass of good brandy!'"

"I think I can get you a little," I responded.

"What?" exclaimed he in surprise.

"When I left home my mother packed my chest with care. She left nothing out that she deemed useful or necessary. She did not even neglect to put in a bottle of brandy, which might serve as a medicine in the northern wilderness. I brought it out and Audubon sipped of it.

"Don't touch this, any one of you!" he commanded. "It is for me only, and gradually he emptied the bottle.

"When I went aboard the schooner at Eastport I had taken along with me a box of snuff to present to the old gentleman, with whom I wanted to be on pleasant terms. When he threw that snuffbox of his overboard I did not feel like presenting the gift. Here in the solitude, however, it was different.

"Now, how would you like a pinch of snuff?" I laughed.

"As mortals seldom obtain all they wish," replied he, "they should study to be contented with what they can get."

"But I can find you some snuff."

"If you can you will be quite an angel."

And when I brought the snuff to him he was as happy as a child on Christmas morning with a wealth of gifts in his lap.

"At St. Georges Bay we found a French settlement, the people of which were all educated and of most refined appearance. They had been there many years. They ordered our party a grand ball. The dresses worn on that occasion were all of a pattern half a century out of date. It seemed like a bit of the France that existed before the Revolution transplanted on American shores, and the old fashions had never changed. We

spent a week enjoyably there. Thence we returned by way of Pictou, Nova Scotia, where the museum of Professor McCullough was thrown open to us and every courtesy shown us. The overland stage brought us to Halifax. Here Audubon made a call upon the Bishop. He had good reason to believe that his Excellency was at home, but he was told upon sending in his name that the Bishop was away. Audubon was a very sensitive man. The next day he received word that the Bishop would call upon him on the following evening. Before that time arrived, however, Audubon had packed up his traps and left with his party. He chose to be 'out' when the Bishop came.

"Audubon was a good shot. In killing birds the instructions were to use as few shots as possible, in order that the skin of the birds might not be damaged any more than was absolutely necessary. One day our pilot went ashore with him, and saw him shoot at a bird at seemingly easy distance and miss it. The pilot laughed loud.

"If I'd throw up my hat," he declared, "you couldn't hit it."

"Audubon put another load in his gun. 'Throw it up and I'll try,' said he.

"The pilot had but one hat, and it would be a long time before he could get one to replace it. He threw it into the air, and Audubon blazed away and blew it all to pieces.

"I always thought I was a darned fool," sadly murmured the pilot as he tied knots in the corners of a handkerchief, so as to make a headcovering.

"In his drawings, Audubon was particular in the extreme. All his drawings are life-sized, and his desire to be perfectly accurate was such that he would measure the features to get the actual size, and take particular note of the overlapping features.

"When I visited New York in 1849, on my way to California, I intended to pay my respects to the aged naturalist, but I was informed by his son that the old man's mind was failing; that he would hardly recall me, and that it would not be a pleasure for me to meet him in that melancholy decline. Thus I chose to remember him as of old, and I came West, and to this day I can see him—a magnificent, gray-haired man, childlike in his simplicity, kind-hearted, noble-souled, lover of nature and lover of youth, father and brother, friend of humanity, and one whose religion was the golden rule."

BROTHER OF LORD CHARLES RUSSELL

He Is a Distinguished Writer, Editor, Poet and Catholic Priest

While the cultured portion of the English-speaking world has been discussing the message of peace brought over from England, and presented in one of the most remarkable speeches of the time by Lord Charles Russell of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, not a word has been said of his distinguished brother, the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J., of Dublin. In the dazzling brilliancy of the man who has set all nations thinking through his address on international arbitration and international law, in the wisdom, knowledge and kindly greetings in this great effort, it is

haps also with executive ability and a desire to uplift his people, that his influence is most directly discernible.

These qualities have all had their effect in raising the Irish Monthly, which is edited by Father Russell, to a high standard among the best periodical literature of Great Britain and Ireland—a standard which is recognized in the literary circles of London. Farther away from home, where different ideals may obtain in regard to current literature, the Irish Monthly receives its full share of admiration. It is a significant sign that even here in San Francisco this magazine finds constant subscribers among educated men from the "green little island."

Unlike the influence of the new school of Irish writers in London there is a wholesomeness in the direction given by Father Russell's taste which leads to the higher ideals. It is refreshing to find a literature nowadays that does not seek a market price nor strive to be odd and altogether unlike what one has read; and such indeed is found in the Irish Monthly. The effect of this beacon light on the reading public may easily be imagined; it may be felt in intellectual circles in Dublin or wherever the magazine is read, and it is through this that the name of Father Matthew Russell will long be remembered.

Father Russell was born in Navvy, Ireland, in 1834. He studied in Maynooth College for the priesthood, where his uncle, the late Very Rev. Charles W. Russell,



The REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J., of Dublin, Ireland, Brother of the Lord Chief Justice of England.

no wonder that other eminent members of his family should pass unnoticed.

And yet the Rev. Matthew Russell in his own sphere has already left the impress of his thought and labors upon educated Irishmen at home and abroad, and thus without solicitation secured the lasting respect of those who appreciate any work tending toward the literary advancement of Ireland. In this direction alone the zealous priest has been for many years an indefatigable student, writer, editor, critic; and even from spare moments in his busy career has found time and opportunity for attuning his soul to poetry. Though Father Russell has contributed abundantly to current literature, yet his inclination to woo the muse has been fruitful of many simple but sweet and dignified verses. It is mainly, however, through his excellent literary taste, combined with enthusiasm and energy, per-

D.D., was president. His studies were finished in France and England. Early in life his love for literature showed itself, and when a priest with arduous duties, demanding continuous labor day after day, he still gave up leisure hours to writing. Without hope for material reward he has worked for many years, giving all his best efforts to the intellectual advancement of his people. He has written three volumes of poems: "Erin: verses—Irish and Catholic," "Emmanuel: a Book of Eucharistic Verses," and "Madonna: Verses of Our Lady and the Saints."

His prose works are largely found in serial form in the magazine which he has edited and still edits with extraordinary success. "Emmanuel" has passed its seventh edition, a fact which denotes its great popularity. Father Russell is known to the Irish race and lovers of good, pure, wholesome literature all over the world.

KILLED THE TEXAS OUTLAW

The Man Who Took Sam Bass and Tamed the Lone Star State. Remarkable Career of Colonel Ware, the Famous Ranger and Border Sheriff.

"This newspaper prominence I never cared for," said he deferentially, yesterday. "Anybody who has ever had anything like a close fight can get that, but I have never sought it. I have already been given so much prominence in my own State that I now seek to avoid it as much as possible."

"No, if you ask me for anything but my own exploits I will tell you, but I dislike to talk about myself."

But Marshal Ware's friends are not so reticent as he is. One of them, who was for many years a Texas ranger, who called on him at the Grand, recounted some remarkable reminiscences in Mr. Ware's strange life.

"He was Deputy Sheriff of Trinity County, with headquarters at Colorado City, when he killed Sam Bass," said he. "The rounding up of the criminal and several of his band was done at Red Rock. It was done in 1882. Bass was the most notorious of the notorious in Texas in his day.

"Bass was worse than the fearful outlaw for whom Julesburg was named, and worse than Slade, who, after many frightful homicides, was finally hanged at Virginia City, Mont.

"Bass was guilty of everything from petty larceny to murder in the first degree a hundred fold. He and three desperadoes of his band came into Colorado City in the evening. They had the audacity to come in after a drink. They went to a saloon there, and Ware tackled them single-handed and managed to lodge bullets in each of the three.

"Two of them were dropped from their horses, and were dragged away with their feet in the stirrups. Bass, who was wounded, endeavored to make a bold fight. There was a rain of bullets.

"The outlaw, after he was shot, managed to get on his horse and galloped away. But the rangers followed and found where he had fallen off from loss of blood and crawled under a tree. He lived for about twenty-four hours afterward, and he gave full credit to Ware for having shot him, though before the shooting ended in the town a number of others had joined in the fusillade. It was the greatest battle of the kind ever won in Texas."

"Mr. Ware was twenty years a ranger in Texas," said United States District Attorney R. N. Culbertson of Texas, who came with Marshal Ware to this City. "He was first a ranger and then captain of

The man who tamed Texas is at the Grand Hotel. He has been more potent than all the Governors, probably, that ever occupied the executive office in the Lone Star State, and some of them have been very nervy, as all who are informed regarding the outlaws that once held sway in the Staked Plains and the Brazos, Pecos and Red rivers will admit.

He was aided materially at times by the Texas Rangers, but he was for a long time a ranger himself, so that he knew how to aid them, and thus bring order out of chaos that so long reigned on the Texas borders.

This man is a quiet speaking gentleman, who never would be taken for a man who had braved the worst cutthroats who ever infested a State. He is Colonel A. C. Ware, now United States Marshal for the Western District of Texas, for a long time a Sheriff, and before that for many years one of the bravest of the rangers.

He is a gentleman of medium height, heavily built, with ruddy cheeks, mild blue eyes and dark hair and mustache. He appears now to be under 50 years of age. He went to Texas from Virginia when a youth, and it was there that he attained such skill in the use of the shotgun and revolver as to make him the wonder of the country.

The thing that has made him famous over the world was the killing of the audacious outlaw, Sam Bass. Every one remembers something of the career of this wicked criminal. He had killed more men than would fill many a graveyard. He continued his career for years, until the executors of the law despaired of getting rid of him. Yet Ware's good revolver in due time did it.

Mr. Ware also caused many outlaws almost equally notorious to bite the dust. When he shoots he does not do it by pulling the trigger. He sweeps the top of his gun with his left hand, while he holds the weapon with his right. In this way he shoots much faster than can be done in the ordinary way, and his aim is unerring. The ex-Sheriff and ranger, now Marshal, does not like to speak of himself.



COLONEL A. C. WARE, Ranger, Sheriff and Marshal, Now a Visitor in This City.

the world of art one singer of international fame in Emma Nevada, who is likely to find a successor of even wider accomplishments in little Lizette Hoskins.

She is a daughter of Gabe Hoskins, a well-known musician of Reno, and has lived ever since her birth in a musical atmosphere. Before she could speak she warbled and picked out melodies upon a pianoforte. Her ear for music is perfect and a false note she abhors. Even at her present early age she reads at sight music of any kind and executes the most difficult compositions with but little effort. The aim of her teacher is to discourage too rapid progress for fear of overtaxing her physical and mental strength, but her willfulness and strong will render abortive all efforts of restraint, and daily, for hours at a time, she persists in practice. The child is motherless, and possesses in full the musical instincts.

LATEST MUSICAL PRODIGY OF RENO

Twelve-Year-Old Girl From Nevada Who Plays the Horn

At a musical entertainment given a few evenings ago at Union-square Hall one of the novelties on the programme was a solo on the horn performed by little Lizette Hoskins of Reno. Though out 7 years of age she carried her audience by storm and proved herself a master of this difficult instrument.

This wonderful child is a daughter of Nevada, which State has given to



LIZETTE HOSKINS, the 7-Year-Old Musical Prodigy of Reno, Nev., Who Plays Solos on the Horn.

with lightning-like rapidity, continuing his firing, and in this way shoots far faster than could be done by simply pulling the trigger.

"Most men can't see how he shoots straight, but Ware knows how. He is the coolest man that ever faced an enemy, and is as modest as a child. He never talks about the many fearful chances he has taken. As I said, I don't suppose he'll thank me, either, for saying anything."

"Bass killed many innocent men, who never in any way molested him. He did it out of pure devilishness. He also killed many officers, and altogether led such a life that he was the terror of Texas. Oftentimes he would ride into a place and hold up the whole town. It was not till Ware appeared on the scene, after years of crime, that Bass bit the dust, and his band was entirely broken up. Mr. Ware is a public benefactor."