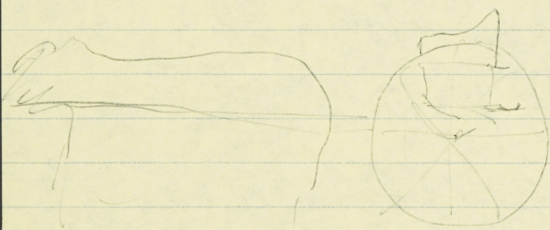


The Steamboat landed at Boyer's Bar

at about half past ten in the morning pulling against
the weight of red water rushing past the bows as it
lased into calmer drifts and then to the landing itself
where several black and white men threw and caught
the lines and tied them fast. A slight morning breeze
from the west bellowed and curved the dense black
smoke from its stacks over the side of the boat to
the stump poised shore and into the tangle of
jungle beyond. A coolness lingered in the air but
the sun which through the smoke gave the appearance
of a moving object promised heat and sweat but also
a calming quiet after the Steamboat noises which had
been a constant and unwelcome companion all the way



upriver from New Orleans

A few wagons stood still and quiet near some miserable looking buildings, Unpainted and fragile in their thin clapboarding and closed. A Gig stood there ^{well groomed} also its blooded horse impatient at the wait and showing it its bit, the gig itself newly painted with large yellow wheels and tiny carriage seat in tan and black pristine and undusted. The black man driving it already stood at its side, ~~and~~ putting on his black coat while loading and unloading boxes and bags occupied stowaways on the gangplank of the steamer. Audubon and his young companion eighteen year old Joseph Mason moved among them each carrying a large portfolio and a carpet bag. They were followed by several men carrying larger

trunks and boxes a large wooden drawing board and ten
boxes tied securely with ropes. Several chairs followed
and finally a large ~~fat~~ rough looking black man
carrying a violin case in front of him like a precious offering
to some distant ~~rich~~ potentate. Audubon quickly spied the
singular looking figure of the man in the formal black coat
who unbidden was already directing the loading of a small
wagon nearly its single mule as still as stone. He turned
and giving a naval salute ~~with~~ twice tapping his forehead
with his curled ^{right} forefinger bowed slightly and half asked,
"Monsieur Audubon and master Mason?" They nodded. "I am
sent to pitch you gentlemen to Oakley. The weather is fair
but the drive is several miles. My name is Henry." He bowed
again but again slightly. Audubon bowed ^{more} deeply while Mason

stood by unbowed, looking at the prospect before him slightly
curious but otherwise expressionless and silent. "My assistant
here has been somewhat ill on the voyage and will ride with
you up front while I perfect the walk. Henry glanced at
him up and down and then at Hudson who was dressed
completely in ^a nankeen yellow ^{suit} with a cream colored waistcoat
beneath what ~~was~~ was clearly a newly tied cravat and white
collars perfectly white and clean and setting off his tanned and
handsome features like a setting frames a jewel.

He is thirty ~~seven~~ six years old, a bankrupt refugee
from the disasters and the financial panic of 1819 a desperate
voyager fleeing from an old life and into another with not much
better prospects but with a rapidly growing competence and sureness
not only in his art but in a deep seated optimism which even then