

into speculations based on false ideas, and therefore of doubtful issue. Write me about what you are reading and about your plans and projects, for I can hardly believe that any one could exist without forming them: I, at least, could not. . . .

The last line of this letter betrays the restless spirit of adventure growing out of the desire for larger fields of activity and research. Tranquilized for a while in the new and more satisfying intellectual life of Munich, it stirred afresh from time to time, not without arousing anxiety in friends at home, as we shall see. The letter to which the following is an answer has not been found.

FROM HIS MOTHER.

ORBE, *January 8, 1828.*

. . . Your letter reached me at Cudrefin, where I have been passing ten days. With what pleasure I received it, — and yet I read it with a certain sadness too, for there was something of ennui, I might say of discontent, in the tone. . . . Believe me, my dear Louis, your attitude is a wrong one; you see everything in shadow. Consider that you are exactly in the position you have chosen for