

catch bream, chubs, etc. I did get a few, but they were not worth sending. Now it is all over for this year, and we may as well put on mourning for them; but I promise you that as soon as the spring opens I will go to work, and you shall have all you want. If, in spite of everything, your hopes are not realized, I shall be very sorry, but rest assured that it is not my fault. . . .

TO HIS SISTER CECILE.

MUNICH, *October 29, 1828.*

. . . I have never written you about what has engrossed me so deeply; but since my secret is out, I ought not to keep silence longer. That you may understand why I have entered upon such a work I will go back to its origin. In 1817 the King of Bavaria sent two naturalists, M. Martius and M. Spix, on an exploring expedition to Brazil. Of M. Martius, with whom I always spend my Wednesday evenings, I have often spoken to you. In 1821 these gentlemen returned to their country laden with new discoveries, which they published in succession. M. Martius issued colored illustrations of all the unknown plants he had collected on his journey, while M. Spix brought out several folio volumes