

The letter concludes in haste for the mail, and if the story of the journey was finished the final chapter has not been preserved. Some extracts from the home letters of Agassiz's friend Braun, which are in place here, throw light on their university life for the coming year.<sup>1</sup>

## ALEXANDER BRAUN TO HIS FATHER.

MUNICH, *November 18, 1828.*

. . . I will tell you how we have laid out our time for this term. Our human consciousness may be said to begin at half-past five o'clock in the morning. The hour from six to seven is appointed for mathematics, namely, geometry and trigonometry. To this appointment we are faithful, unless the professor oversleeps himself, or Agassiz happens to have grown to his bed, an event which sometimes occurs at the opening of the term. From seven to eight we do as we like, including breakfast. Under Agassiz's new style of house-keeping the coffee is made in a machine which is devoted during the day to the soaking of all sorts of creatures for skeletons, and in the evening again to the brewing of our

<sup>1</sup> See *Life of Alexander Braun*, by his daughter, Madame Cecile Mettenius.