

shown in this letter it will be seen later how the restless aspirations of childhood, boyhood, and youth, which were, after all, only a latent love of research, crystallize into the concentrated purpose of the man who could remain for months shut up in his study, leaving his microscope only to eat and sleep, — a life as sedentary as ever was lived by a closet student.

FROM HIS FATHER.

ORBE, *February* 23, 1829.

. . . It was not without deep emotion that we read your letter of the 14th, and I easily understand that, anticipating its effect upon us all, you have deferred writing as long as possible. Yet you were wrong in so doing; had we known your projects earlier we might have forestalled for you the choice of M. de Humboldt, whose expedition seems to us preferable, in every respect, to that of M. Ackermann. The first embraces a wider field, and concerns the history of man rather than that of animals; the latter is confined to an excursion along the sea-board, where there would be, no doubt, a rich harvest for science, but much less for philosophy. However that may be, your father and mother, while they grieve for the day that will separate them from their