

course of the narrative has been anticipated by a month or two. Let us now return to the natural order. The letter to his uncle of course gave great pleasure at home. Just after reading it his father writes (February, 1832), "Now that you are intrusted with the portfolio of M. Cuvier, I suppose your plan is considerably enlarged, and that your work will be of double volume; tell me, then, as much about it as you think I can understand, which will not be a great deal after all." His mother's letter on the same occasion is full of tender sympathy and gratitude.

Meanwhile one daily anxiety embittered his scientific happiness. The small means at his command could hardly be made, even with the strictest economy, to cover the necessary expenses of himself and his artist, in which were included books, drawing materials, fees, etc. He was in constant terror lest he should be obliged to leave Paris, to give up his investigations on the fossil fishes, and to stop work on the costly plates he had begun. The truth about his affairs, which he would gladly have concealed from those at home as long as possible, was drawn from him by an accidental occurrence. His brother had written to him for a certain book, and, failing to receive