

having delivered a few of my letters, I have never been again, because I cannot, in my position, spare time for visits. . . . Another excellent reason for staying away now is that I have no presentable coat. At M. Cuvier's only am I sufficiently at ease to go in a frock coat. . . . Saturday, a week ago, M. de Ferrussac offered me the editorship of the zoölogical section of the "Bulletin;" it would be worth to me an additional thousand francs, but would require two or three hours' work daily. Write me soon what you think about it. In the midst of all the encouragements which sustain me and renew my ardor, I am depressed by the reverse side of my position.

This letter drew forth the following one.

FROM HIS MOTHER.

CONCISE, *March*, 1832.

. . . Much as your letter to your uncle delighted us, that to your brother has saddened us. It seems, my dear child, that you are painfully straitened in means. I understand it by personal experience, and in your case I have foreseen it; it is the cloud which has always darkened your prospects to me. I want to talk to you, my dear Louis, of your