

tutions or individuals, but do not venture to promise anything more than my best exertions. . . .

Agassiz little dreamed, as he read this letter, how familiar these far-off localities would become to him, or how often, in after years, he would traverse by day and by night the four miles which lay between Boston and his home in Cambridge.

Agassiz still sought and received, as we see by the following letter, Humboldt's sympathy in every step of his work.

HUMBOLDT TO LOUIS AGASSIZ.

BERLIN, *May*, 1835.

I am to blame for my neglect of you, my dear friend, but when you consider the grief which depresses me,<sup>1</sup> and renders me unfit to keep up my scientific connections, you will not be so unkind as to bear me any ill-will for my long silence. You are too well aware of my high esteem for your talents and your character — you know too well the affectionate friendship I bear you — to fear for a moment that you could be forgotten.

I have seen the being I loved most, and

<sup>1</sup> Owing to the death of his brother, William von Humboldt.