

who alone gave me some interest in this arid land, slowly decline. For four long years my brother had suffered from a weakness of all the muscles, which made me always fear that the seat of the trouble was the *medulla oblongata*. Yet his step was firm ; his head was entirely clear. The higher intellectual faculties retained all their energy. He was engaged from twelve to thirteen hours a day on his works, reading or rather dictating, for a nervous trembling of the hand prevented him from using a pen. Surrounded by a numerous family ; living on a spot created, so to speak, by himself, and in a house which he had adorned with antique statues ; withdrawn also from affairs, he was still attached to life. The illness which carried him off in ten days — an inflammation of the chest — was but a secondary symptom of his disease. He died without pain, with a strength of character and a serenity of mind worthy of the greatest admiration. It is cruel to see so noble an intelligence struggle during ten long days against physical destruction. We are told that in great grief we should turn with redoubled energy to the study of nature. The advice is easy to give ; but for a long time even the wish for distraction is wanting.