

alas ! I did not find cool air enough for myself, much less to send across the sea. Switzerland was as hot as Cambridge, and all life was taken out of me ; and the letter remained in the inkstand. I draw it forth as follows.

One of the things I most wished to say, and which I say first, is the delight with which I found your memory so beloved in England. At Cambridge, Professor Sedgwick said, "Give my love to Agassiz. Give him the blessing of an old man." In London, Sir Roderick Murchison said, "I have known a great many men that I liked ; but I *love* Agassiz." In the Isle of Wight, Darwin said, "What a set of men you have in Cambridge ! Both our universities put together cannot furnish the like. Why, there is Agassiz, — he counts for three."

One of my pleasantest days in Switzerland was that passed at Yverdon. In the morning I drove out to see the Gasparins. In their abundant hospitality they insisted upon my staying to dinner, and proposed a drive up the valley of the Orbe. I could not resist ; so up the lovely valley we drove, and passed the old chateau of the Reine Berthe, one of my favorite heroines, but, what was far more to me, passed the little town of Orbe. There it