

He was destined, however, to a few more years of activity, the reward, perhaps, of his patient and persistent struggle for recovery. After a winter of absolute seclusion, passed in his sick chamber, he was allowed by his physician, in the spring of 1870, to seek change at the quiet village of Deerfield on the Connecticut River. Nature proved the best physician. Unable when he arrived to take more than a few steps without vertigo, he could, before many weeks were over, walk several miles a day. Keen as an Egyptologist for the hieroglyphics of his science, he was soon deciphering the local inscriptions of the glacial period, tracking the course of the ice on slab and dike and river-bed, — on every natural surface. The old music sang again in his ear and wooed him back to life.

In the mean time, his assistants and students were doing all in their power to keep the work of the Museum at high-water mark. The publications, the classification and arrangement of the more recent collections, the distribution of such portions as were intended for the public, the system of exchanges, went on uninterruptedly. The working force at the Museum was, indeed, now very strong. In great degree it was, so to speak, home-bred.