

of manuscript in French (I have just counted them), written between my excursions and in the midst of other occupations. . . . I could not have foreseen so rich a harvest.

Thus prepared, he arrived in Paris with his artist on the 16th of December, 1831. On the 18th he writes to his father. . . . "Dinkel and I had a very pleasant journey, though the day after our arrival I was so fatigued that I could hardly move hand or foot, — that was yesterday. Nevertheless, I passed the evening very agreeably at the house of M. Cuvier, who sent to invite me, having heard of my arrival. To my surprise, I found myself not quite a stranger, — rather, as it were, among old acquaintances. I have already given you my address, Rue Copeau (Hôtel du Jardin du Roi, No. 4). As it happens, M. Perrotet, a traveling naturalist, lives here also, and has at once put me on the right track about whatever I most need to know. There are in the house other well-known persons besides. I am accommodated very cheaply, and am at the same time within easy reach of many things, the neighborhood of which I can turn to good account. The medical school, for instance, is within ten minutes' walk; the Jardin des