

possible; it rained, snowed, froze, blew, all at once. It was a pity, since our road lay through one of the prettiest valleys I have ever seen, watered by the Neckar, and bordered on both sides by mountains of singular form and of considerable height. They are what the Würtembergers call the Suabian Alps, but I think that Chaumont is higher than the loftiest peak of their Alps. Here we found an old Heidelberg acquaintance, whose father owns a superb collection of fossils, especially of shells and zoöphytes. He has also quite a large collection of shells from the Adriatic Sea, but among these last not one was named. As we knew them, we made it our duty to arrange them, and in three hours his whole collection was labeled. Since he has duplicates of almost everything, he promised, as soon as he should have time, to make a selection from these and send them to us. Could we have stayed longer we might have picked out what we pleased, for he placed his collection at our disposal. But we were in haste to arrive here, so we begged him to send us, at his leisure, whatever he could give us.

Thence we continued our journey by post, because it still rained, and the roads were so detestable that with the best will in the world