

century there was no figure more familiar all over Europe than that of Von Buch. Living as a bachelor, with no ties of home to restrain him, he would start off from Berlin, make an excursion to perhaps a distant district or foreign country, for the determination of some geological point that interested him, and return, without his friends knowing anything of his movements. He made most of his journeys on foot, and must have been a picturesque object as he trudged along, stick in hand. He wore knee-breeches and shoes, and the huge pockets of his overcoat were usually crammed with note-books, maps, and geological implements. His luggage, even when he came as far as England, consisted only of a small baize bag, which held a clean shirt and silk stockings. Few would have supposed that the odd personage thus accoutred was one of the greatest men of science of his time, an honoured and welcome guest in every learned society of Europe. He was not only familiar with the writings of the geologists of his day, but knew the men personally, visited them in their own countries, and with many of them kept up a friendly and lively correspondence. He had an extensive knowledge of the languages of Europe, and had read widely not only in his own subjects, but in allied sciences, in history, and in literature, ancient and modern. Kindly, frank, outspoken, and fearless, he was beloved and honoured by those who deserved his friendship, and dreaded by those who did not. With tender self-sacrifice he would take his blind brother every year to Carlsbad, and with endless benefactions did he brighten the lives of many who survived to mourn his loss. He died on 4th March 1853, in