

were to visit two famous botanists. One was Herr Steudel; a sombre face, with long overhanging black hair, almost hiding the eyes, — a very Jewish face. He knows every book on botany that appears, has read them all, but cares little to see the plants themselves; in short, he is a true closet student. He has a large herbarium, composed in great part of plants purchased or received as gifts. The other, Professor Hochstetter, is an odd little man, stepping briskly about in his high boots, and having always a half suppressed smile on his lips whenever he takes the pipe from between his teeth. A very good man, however, and extremely obliging; he offered us every civility. As we desired not only to make their acquaintance, but to win from these botanists at least a few grasses, we presented ourselves like true *commis voyageurs*, with dried herbs to sell, each of us having a package of plants under his arm, — mine being Swiss, gathered last summer, Braun's from the Palatinate. We gave specimens to each, and received in exchange from Steudel some American plants; from Hochstetter some from Bohemia, and others from Moravia, his native country. From Esslingen we were driven to Goeppingen, in the most frightful weather