I first met Bunsen in the lovely, retired valley of Engelberg, Switzerland, during the summer of 1863; I had spent the preceding twelve months in Paris, working in Dumas’s laboratory at the Sorbonne, and in the École de Médecine under Wurtz, and was expecting to continue my studies in Heidelberg. Learning by accident that Bunsen was at an adjoining Gasthaus I called on him and told him of my plans; he received me graciously and immediately won my heart by his affability, by the charming smile that lit up his large features, and by his unselfish interest in my personal affairs. Being myself quite ignorant of the German language we conversed in French, and he gave me useful hints as to the opening of the University laboratory.

My first semester at Heidelberg was devoted almost exclusively to laboratory work, but I attended Bunsen’s lectures on general chemistry every morning at nine o’clock in the adjoining auditorium. Bunsen’s habit of saying one word when he meant to use another was at first puzzling, particularly as I was very weak in German, but when he exhibited the violet vapor of iodine and called it chlorine, my previous knowledge of chemistry assisted comprehension. After every lecture Bunsen rarely missed spending several hours in the laboratory, going