may be some place in America where I could get work that suited me, and I suited as well, but I didn't know it. I have a taste for mathematics, but I can't stand them pure. Here I can use all I have, even determinants and quaternions (of which, however, I do not believe the professor knows much); but they play only second fiddle. Chemistry, geology, optics, mechanics, and all my favorite subjects are coming. In fact, my experience is such, that if you find some kind of work that is fitted to you, and knuckle down to it, after you get going it is more fun than a goat, and better than football.

Yours, ever,

W——L——.

HEIDELBERG, Jan. 17, 1886.

I must tell you about a very dramatic spectacle I saw yesterday; one, too, that is not often seen. For nearly a month a student has been lying in the hospital slowly dying. The cause, not to put too fine a point upon it, was a sword-cut on the temple received in a mensur, or student duel. I have been introduced to his antagonist, a man even taller than myself. The wounded student was short, and the cut rather an unusual one. The student is also said to have had a very thin skull, to have fallen down on the same spot, to have been subject to fits, to have had his blood in an unhealthy condition. Some of these rumors are doubtless partly true. Deaths from these duels are about as rare as from rowing or playing football, and of course no blame attaches to his opponent more than to any of the corps students.

The night of the ball he died, and on that account all the members of his corps were absent. The next day we heard that his funeral services were to be in the Providenz-Kirche; that afterward he was to be escorted to the station by the student societies, and all the usual ceremonies performed.

When I emerged from my German lesson, about half-past five, the dusk had well gathered into evening; the sky was overcast, and an occasional snowflake fell. But the Haupt Strasse was filled with people, either surging to and fro or standing on curbstones and doorsteps. I had thought of going to the funeral services, but gave up the attempt and waited.

After awhile torches were seen up in front of the church; not such affairs as we use in America, but real torches, long sticks saturated with pitch or tar, giving forth a lurid flame and much smoke. We did not have long to wait, for soon, to the sound of the dead march, the procession passed. First came the band, all dressed in black; then a few student officers; and then the hearse, a large one drawn by six horses. Each horse had a student at his bridle; behind walked two students with black draped maces, and others carrying the corps and national flags draped in black. After these followed the rest of the students; first the corps, which are aristocratic, and after them the Burschenschaften und Verbindungen.

The officers were dressed in black dress-coats, tight white knee-breeches, and black top boots, carried dress swords, and wore various hats,—some the ordinary student cap, some cocked hats, some a velvet four-cornered cap with an ostrich feather.

The corps students were dressed exactly as they were for the ball the night before; that is to say, ordinary evening dress, with the band of corps colors across the breast, and their corps caps.

After they had left the body at the station they came back, with the band playing a lively march, to a large square, around which they marched and halted, forming a large hollow square. The officers collected in a body on one side, and at the signal “One, Two, Three—Throw!” all the students hurled their torches toward the center. For a moment the square was full of wonderful flitting meteors: the spectacle of these hundreds of blazing torches whirling through the air, was one the like of which I never saw. Of course they did not begin to fall all in the same place, but servants hurried into the center, and through the murky gloom were seen gathering them together. The ground strewn with fire-brands and the figures dimly seen amid the smoke made a most infernal scene.

At last they were all gathered into one heap, which, from its pitchy richness, sent forth clouds of inky smoke, with here and there a burst of intense flame. The officers advanced, and forming a circle about the fire, clashed their swords together in fence, while the students sang “Gaudeamus Igitur.”

“Let us rejoice, then, while we are young: After our happy youth, cometh old age; After a sad old age, earth shall receive us.”

I thought in the midst of the celebration, how much the deceased would have enjoyed it were he alive, and could not help wondering what were his feelings as it was.

In the evening they had a Trauer-Kneipe.