duels. Some were hanging curtains before the windows; some were opening chests of bandages, etc.; while others were examining the swords which were about to be used. The room now filled rapidly, as the different members of the corps arrived. American colleges were also well represented that day. Massachusetts Institute Technology, Harvard, Yale, and Princeton, had representatives sitting around our table. In the meantime the chosen members of the Pommoranian and Gustphalian corps had been prepared for the bloody contest; the former being distinguished by a blue cap with white and gold stripes, and the latter by a green cap with white and black stripes. Iron masques had been securely placed over their eyes; around their necks was a sufficient amount of padding to protect the jugular vein; while over the breast was strapped a large leather protector. They were comical sights to behold.

The doctors having now arrived the men took their places. At their side stood their seconds, and near by the umpire. According to custom the contestants now shook hands and drank to the health of each other, while the doctors drank to the health of the corps. The preparatory words were then given.

(1) "Are you ready for the duel?"
(2) "Hold up the swords!"
(3) Response: "Held up they are."
(4) "Go!"

Then the clash of swords began. The crowd stood around watching the progress with intense interest. Suddenly one of the men received a slash. The doctor was summoned, and pronouncing the wound not fatal, with renewed vigor on the combat raged.

At the expiration of fifteen minutes the staggering men were assisted to the doctors' chairs, where the wounds were sewed up, and the number of stitches taken carefully and registered in a book. The next duel was between a German student and my American friend, who, having spent several years in Germany, was now for the first time going to indulge in this rare sport (7). The preparations, hand-shaking, etc., were as before described. The signal being given, the combat commenced. Our American friend was the first to receive a wound; and as the warm blood poured down over his face it seemed to enrage him; his face flushed, and his strokes now came with the power of a Hercules. They took effect; and ere the fifteen minutes had expired he proved himself such a skillful combatant that we were proud to shake hands (as we could not cheer) and congratulate him over his success, even if it was in a friendly duel. The student on entering a corps is called a "Fuchs" until he has fought three duels, after which he is considered brave, and receives the appellation of "Busche."

Reverie.

The smoke curls up from my dying cigar,
As I sit and dream in the twilight here;
And a face is ever before my eyes
With its tender glance, and its smile so dear.

Her eyes of gray look into mine
Loving and trustful; they seem to call
Me back from the rush of the worn old world
To her for whom I would give up all.

Abrupt I wake from my reverie sweet.
My cigar is out; the vision has flown;
Ah me! will she vanish e'en as the smoke,
And leave me forever to mourn alone?

G. C. W.

The Adventure of a Sailor.

DURING the year 1814, and for five years previously, there was a little daring English sloop-of-war that was engaged in cruising off the northwestern coast of France. From Calais to Etables was her range, and her orders were to harass and alarm; to keep a strict watch upon the ports of Calais and Boulogne, and to learn the amount of the garrisons, whether increased or diminished; in short, to gather all that was going on upon the coast or in the regions around. Sometimes she was engaged in transporting secret emissaries back and forward, and sometimes a peep into Brest, St. Malo, or Dieppe was commanded to be taken by her, by way of recreation. Her commander, Lieutenant Neville, was especially chosen for this task.