

have been chosen by a friend—a member of that *corps* with which he had the honor to be connected. *Schlaeger* duelling is connived at in Prussia, as, under those regulations governing it, a man will not be injured sufficiently to prevent military service, but in the majority of German states and, above all in Saxony, the more than upright preservers of law and order exert themselves either to pervert or to be soothed by coin of the realm; sabre duelling, a dangerous amusement only resorted to under great provocation, is prohibited, nevertheless, to satisfy the demands of insulted honor, and to cross swords with an utter stranger who, a few days before, has stumbled over him while both were “in their cups” this stern defender of the laws of honor will steal forth early on the morning of the appointed day, and, eluding a score of policemen, reach a modest public house in a quiet quarter of the city. It is not difficult to imagine that under these circumstances the field of battle is to be the kitchen garden, the garret, or the best parlor. The writer is of opinion that the details of such an encounter (and of which he was an eye-witness) may not prove altogether unacceptable to the reader.

As the termination of an altercation, during the course of which one of the principals challenged the other's word, satisfaction was demanded, sabres were suggested, and the willing little servant of the *Landsmannschaft Normannia* was sent to grind the swords which have braved for forty years the battles of that warlike, but exceedingly good-hearted *corps*.

The surgeons having arrived, and the duellists having been gloved and padded, the seconds measured the ground. Each combatant was to take his stand within reach (with his sword point) of his opponent's breast. Everything being ready, their swords were given them and they took their places; the referee, taking off his cap, stated the cause and conditions of the duel, and received a statement from each principal that reconciliation was past; the seconds advanced and shook hands; the duellists bowed to each other and raised their sabres, the seconds at the same time crossing their's in the centre; the referee shouted “In guard!” and the dogs of war were unslipped. The blades whistled through the air and clashed in a second, but both men were expert swordsmen, and acted upon the offensive and defensive with apparent ease. He who fenced more cleverly was the man who was so *furchtbar böse* (terribly angry), therefore he was a little rash, and the fear among his friends was great: but when a rest was called, after ten rounds, both men leaned back intact. (By way of parenthesis, it might be said that the duel was to consist of sixty rounds of fifteen seconds each, unless one man received injuries beforehand which rendered him unable to finish. A rest of but a few seconds' duration was called when either second demanded it; apart from these, two “great” pauses of five minutes each were declared—usually occupied in examinations by the surgeons, and fortifications with *aqua vitae*. Wounds received in the course of the fray could not be dressed until the fighting was declared over, although each surgeon was allowed to examine his man at the time of his receiving a wound, and, if necessary, to stop the duel, owing to its severity.)

Upon crossing swords in the eleventh round it was evident that both men were angry; their blades cut the air more savagely, drawing sparks when they met; and after a few rounds of finished fencing, both combatants were decorated with wounds—one across the bridge of the nose, the other on the forearm. The sight of a little blood seemed according to the eternal fitness of things, for the men began to deliver their cuts with more rapidity, and to draw closer together. The rounds went quickly by, the white clothes bore evidence that duelling among students is not romance, and perspiration streamed down the faces of these heroes. A second savage-looking wound across his sword-arm partially disabled one of them, but the sixtieth round was fast approaching and, with that stoical remark: “*Wir müssen immer nehmen was der gute Herr schickt*,” he held his ground. When each round requires all a man's available strength, it follows that, during a duel, the energy is quite exhausted, so when the referee called upon the seconds to cross the principals' swords, one could see that it was time. Taking off his cap once more, the referee asked if the satisfaction demanded had been given; the principals bowed, the seconds bowed, the referee bowed, and all was over. The surgeons dressed the wounds, the two heroes of the fray dressed themselves, and after much elaborate scraping, all, redolent of iodoform, retired in search of the nearest dining place, as it was already long past noon.

W. FIELD WOOD.

COLLEGE NEWS.

CLASS OF '91.

ONCE more it is our duty to wave a last farewell to another graduating class. We well remember that when they first entered we all shook our heads and said they would never do for seniors. But time and the perennial *Concursus*, ably assisted by the Profs, have done their work, and now we turn them loose, confident that they will hold their own against the world, uphold the honor of old Queen's wherever they go, and always read the JOURNAL. With sorrow we say farewell, '91.

No. 1.—T. J. Lockhart—class, mammalia; branch, craniota; order, bimana; genus, bonarum naturatum studiosus; species, quarti anni; variety, homo sapiens; sub-variety, Thomas Jerubbabel Lockhart. Being a man of science and acquainted with grief, it is thought that when he dies the word chemistry will be found written on his heart. Of late he devotes his days and nights to counting the whiskers on a grasshopper's chin and boiling cod fish heads—as the college well nose. During his holidays, however, Tom gives full scope to his great love for the good and the beautiful, and may be seen on a summer's eve strolling with the same. In this weakness lies his strength.

No. 2.—F. A. W. Ireland is a hustler; says little but thinks much. Always carries four books under his arm and a genial smile on his countenance. Diligent and punctual almost to a fault; he has only once been known to miss a class, and has not been late more than twice. An ardent student of all literature; he will long be