

and "Franconia," who lived on very much the same footing with each other as the corps-students among themselves. To sum up the difference between Corps and Burschenschaft roughly, the former represented aristocracy and the latter democracy. Even old school-friends and blood-relations were not supposed to have anything to do with each other if wearing the colors of these rival organizations, and I can remember keeping a sharp lookout while a corps-student friend of mine wished to exchange a few remarks with an old school-chum who happened to belong to the "Franconia." To a casual observer, the life of the Corps-student or Burschenschafter would not appear very favorable to anything in the shape of hard study, and yet from my own experience I must say that when it came to examination time the members of these organizations held their own, and many of the most distinguished scholars and statesmen of Germany are old Corps and Burschenschaft, "Burschen" "the man of iron" Bismarck was once one of the wildest members of the "Hannoverania" Corps at Gottingen, and earned the epithet of "Achilles" from his wonderful fencing powers; for although he is said to have fought no less than seventeen duels during his student days, the only wound he received was a cut in the cheek inflicted by a flying fragment of his antagonists broken sword.

The two worst features of Corps Burschenschaft life are undoubtedly the "Kneipe" and the practise of duelling. The "Kneipe" is a room in some tavern or other reserved for the use of one of the clubs, and serves as a place for social re-union of the members.

Here they meet two or three evenings in the week and spend several hours in singing, chatting, imbibing of beer and smoking. Beer is the only beverage tolerated at the "Kneipe," and if this the amount consumed is simply amazing. Many of the duels are arranged at these club-meetings. An emissary from a rival Corps puts in an appearance and is most hospitably received and entertained. Before taking his leave, however, he produces a list of members of his club who are desirous of trying their skill as swordsmen with members of the club visited, and the day is fixed for the "little affairs" to come off. This important business having been transacted, the visitor takes his departure.

But a Heidelberg student can have all the fighting he desires, he has only to politely raise his cap to a member of another Corps and address him as "Dummer Junge!," and the result is a duel. A "Fuchs" must fight at least three times before being exalted to the dignity of a "Bursch," except in certain

special cases; for instance, if the "Fuchs" is a member of a Royal house, he is exempt from passing through this ordeal, the present Emperor of Germany was a "Bursch" in one of the Bonn Corps.

A member of the "Schwaben" Corps invited me once to accompany him to the "Hirschgasse," and see a number of duels fought, between members of his own Corps and some "Vandals." We crossed the old bridge over the Neckar, and after walking a short distance up the north bank of the river, we turned up the "Hirschgasse," a road running up into the mountains. We soon came to a large white tavern that for time immemorial has been the duelling ground of Heidelberg students. Going upstairs we found ourselves in a large room stripped of everything in the shape of furniture, and filled with a large number of students belonging to the various Corps and their friends.

The duellists were duly bandaged up, leaving nothing exposed except the head, face and upper part of the breast, and each had a pair of heavy iron spectacles to protect the eyes, the surgeon and umpire took up their positions and the contestants were led to their places. "Auf die Mensur!" cried the umpire, and the seconds made their men place their right feet to toe two lines chalked on the floor. "Fertig!" and the swords were placed in the principals' hands, "Los!" and the duel commenced. The umpire held his watch in his hand to time the "passes" (four to the minute), and the seconds stood ready to knock up the swords of the duellists, whenever time was called. The time for each duel is a quarter of an hour, but very often half a minute is enough to settle the business; for a wound may be inflicted at the very beginning of so serious a nature as to incapacitate the receiver of it from doing any more fighting for some time to come.

In the three fights I witnessed there was not much damage done, and the men were so evenly matched that they all fought the full fifteen minutes. But the captain of the Vandals was rather roughly used by my friend v. Pfeuffer, the "Schwaben" Senior; and it was only by the exercise of considerable will-power that he was able to hold out to the end. Pfeuffer managed to escape with nothing worse than a slight scratch on the nose whilst his opponent was bleeding from at least a dozen wounds in different parts of his head and face, the worst one being a formidable blow across the forehead, the blood from which must have almost blinded him for the time, for it poured out in a regular stream over his face, giving a most unpleasant appearance.

(To be continued.)