

Chargé-d'Affaires in France was Graf Enzenberg. It was this nobleman's hobby to collect the autographs of famous statesmen. On one of the pages of his album Guizot had written the following :—

“All through my long career I have learned to forgive much and often, but to forget nothing.”

M. Thiers had written underneath :—

“A little shortness of memory cannot detract from the sincerity of forgiveness.”

Bismarck was asked to inscribe something on the same page, and so he wrote at the bottom :—

“As for myself, existence has taught me to forget many things, and to get myself forgiven for a great many more.”

Without appearing at first sight to be so, this was a much more pretentious sentiment than that expressed by either of the two French statesmen.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MARRIAGE OF PRINCE BISMARCK—BISMARCK'S HOME.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S marriage took place under such strange circumstances that the reader will not fail to be interested in their narration.

In the course of the summer of 1846 he took a journey in the Harz country, in company of the Blanckenburg family, who were very intimately connected with his own. This family took with them Fräulein Johanna von Puttkammer, with whom Bismarck had fallen in love a long time previously, but he had never made her acquainted with his sentiments. He had seen her for the first time at the wedding of his friend Von Blanckenburg with Fräulein von Thadden-Triglaff, whose bridesmaid was Fräulein von Puttkammer.

On his return from this famous voyage in the Harz, Bismarck, who has always favoured energetic measures, wrote direct to the young lady's parents, with whom he was not acquainted, and demanded their daughter in marriage.

The good people were naturally much surprised at a direct attack like this; they were very simple folk, leading a very quiet life, and they were rather frightened at the reputation for high living which the candidate enjoyed.

As, however, their daughter intimated in discreet terms that she did not look upon the young gentleman with an unfavourable eye, and as there was no doubt that the young man's parents had a reputation as good as their son's, Herr von Puttkammer decided not to hurry matters, either in one direction or the other. Consequently he wrote to young Bismarck, inviting him to come and see them.

Every one did their best at Reinfeld to give the visitor a suitable reception; Fräulein

von Puttkammer's parents put on an air of grave solemnity, and the young lady stood with eyes modestly bent upon the ground, when Bismarck, on alighting, threw his arms round his sweetheart's neck and embraced her vigorously before anybody had time to tell him that this conduct was hardly proper and correct. The result was, however, an immediate betrothal.

Prince Bismarck is very fond of telling this tale, and he is careful to always finish the story by this reflection: "And you have no idea what this lady has made of me."

His wife's parents also, probably had no idea to what high destinies this ominous son-in-law would one day attain.

By his marriage with Fräulein von Puttkammer Prince Bismarck had three children:—

Count Herbert, who came to be Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs;

Count William, who is godson to the late Emperor William; and

The Countess Marie, who, since 1878, has been the wife of Count von Rantzau.

Prince Bismarck has been noted for keeping as liberal an establishment as any man in Germany. And there are scores of facts to prove that he deserves the reputation.

Let us take a few as they come:—

On April 1st, 1885, the day on which the Prince reached his seventieth year, he gave a great dinner at his residence. After dinner an endless string of toasts followed each other, but the best conceived was certainly that of a Würtemberg guest.

This worthy Würtemberger began with a rather cloudy exordium, in which Goths and Vandals, etc., etc., figured. No one had the least notion of what it all meant. Presently when the speech was finished, the orator turned round to Frau von Bismarck and overwhelmed her with compliments. The lady was much confused, and cast suppliant glances at her husband in the hope that he would release her from her critical situation; but he

did not stir, and contented himself with giving the orator frequent approving nods.

The sturdy Würtemberger told her, among other things, that in her the German people honoured the Princess much less than the modest and devoted wife, the support and consolation of her husband, and the model of German women.

While this was going on, Bismarck gradually edged nearer his wife, and when the toast was at an end he kissed her affectionately on both cheeks.

All this had passed so rapidly, and at a time when it was least expected, that the company was nonplussed for a moment; but they soon recovered themselves, and offered the Chancellor their warmest congratulations.

While Prince Bismarck was passing along the Unter den Linden in Berlin on May 6th, 1866, a fanatic named Blind approached him and fired a pistol at him. The assassin's hand trembled, however, and the attempt failed. The Prince seized the man with his own

hand, but not before the latter had time to fire three more shots from his revolver, without, however, hitting anyone. After having given Blind into the custody of the police, Bismarck walked quietly home, where he found a rather numerous and distinguished company, and he took his seat among them, and joined in the conversation, without making the slightest allusion to what had happened.

It was only on going to the dining-room that he took his wife aside and whispered in her ear,—

“My dear, I have been fired upon, but I am not hurt.”

Meantime the news of the outrage had spread rapidly through the capital, and at last reached the ears of King William. The King ordered his carriage immediately, and drove straight to Prince Bismarck's, whom his Majesty found at table conversing with his guests on ordinary topics in the most engaging manner, the company having no suspicion of what had taken place. It was

the King who first apprised them of the occurrence.

Immediately the King had departed, Bismarck yielded to the clamour of a great crowd which had collected in front of the house, and went out on the balcony, and made the following little speech:—

“It is always sweet to die for one's king and one's country, even if it is in the street and at the hands of an assassin.”

The life lived by the Prince and his family at Friedrichsruh has always been quite of the patriarchal type. Fêtes have been as rare as possible there, as indeed they also have been at Berlin. The head of the family enjoys unbounded respect and absolute authority, and no one thinks of disturbing him either in his occupations or in his recreations.

A German book, devoted to the glorification of the Prince, gives a curious anecdote to illustrate this.

A deputation of Lübeck people had craved

an audience of Prince Bismarck, and the great man had announced to them that he would expect them at five o'clock in the evening, and that, at the same time, he would ask them to dine with him.

The good people of Lübeck, in their anxiety not to be too late, arrived a great deal before the time appointed. They were received by the Princess, who assured them her husband would be with them presently. They waited, and waited, until they began to get impatient, and, casting despairing glances at their watches, whispered to each other that they had been hoaxed. They had waited already two hours beyond the time, and yet no Bismarck came; they felt sure, however, that he was in his study. At last the Princess, struck with pity at the dejected air of these honest Lübeckians, went to see what was the matter. And this is what it was—her husband had fallen asleep in his arm-chair over a huge bundle of documents. Another hour of waiting passed before Frau von Bismarck could make up her

mind to awake her husband, and it was eight o'clock, instead of five, when they sat down to table. It was not, however, astonishing that at his age he should take long afternoon naps, seeing that it was his custom to pass the greater part of his nights at work.

Rarely was he in bed before two o'clock in the morning. Even at Kissingen, when he was undergoing treatment for reducing his corpulence, he was at his desk until two and sometimes three o'clock in the morning, going through his State documents—busying himself, in short, about the affairs of the State—reading and answering his correspondence. At Berlin he always kept his subordinates up till two in the morning, both the high functionaries and the subalterns, and on Sundays they had to be in attendance up to seven o'clock in the evening. This rule was especially applicable to those of his assistants who were employed in writing or deciphering dispatches.

When working through the night like

this it was Bismarck's custom to swallow occasional mouthfuls of a broth made of green wheat, and now and then a glass of champagne; and he would lie in bed till ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, thus securing from eight and a half hours to nine hours of sleep.

Four detectives were in constant attendance on the great Chancellor; and when he travelled he was always accompanied by eight men and an inspector, who never lost sight of him. During his last stay at Kissingen, these men, who were always in private clothes, were quartered in two lodges close to the castle.

Minute descriptions of the Chancellor's palace have been published in abundance; it is therefore useless to repeat them here. It is more to the purpose to give a few more details respecting his private life.

He is passionately fond of tobacco. Count d'Hérisson, in his *Journal d'un Officier d'Ordonnance*, recounts how Bismarck expatiated

before Jules Favre upon the benefits derived from the cigar. But Bismarck does not only smoke the cigar; he greatly prefers the pipe. He has an admirable collection of the bulky German porcelain pipes, for his fellow-countrymen have considered it a duty to send him boxes of them on the various anniversaries of his birthday. The most handsome pipe he has ever received is probably the one sent to him on his seventieth birthday by a group of his admirers living at Wernigerode, a town in the Harz. One great peculiarity concerning this famous pipe is that the various parts of which it is composed were manufactured exclusively by the persons forming the group who presented it.

An address was sent with the pipe, in which every particular respecting its fabrication was recorded. It stated, for example, that "the turner invented the arrangement for keeping back the nicotine, and it was he who had mounted the "Reichskanzlerpfeife" ("pipe of the Chancellor of the Empire").

The artist decorated the bowl with the portrait of "the wild man of the Harz," and put on the following inscription:—

"Es grüne die Tanne, es wachse das Erz;
Gott gebe uns allen ein fröhliches Herz!"

"May the pine grow green, and the iron-ore increase;
May God give us all a heart to rejoice!"

The jeweller furnished the mountings in Harz silver, and the poet of the locality sent with the present some verses of his own composing, which ended thus:—

"Wenn Durchlaucht dann nach Tages Last
Am Abend nach der Pfeife fasst,
Soll Tabak d'rin erglühen
Aus deutschen Kolonien."

"When his Highness after the fatigues of the day
Takes up his pipe in the evening,
May there be tobacco burning in it
Coming from German colonies."

Bismarck loves to smoke this pipe, the different parts of which are connected with each other by threads of the colours of the German Empire and of the town of Wernigerode.

Prince Bismarck's carriage was a very familiar object in Berlin; as soon as it was sighted the people stopped, uncovered, and shouted "Hoch!" ("Hurrah"), and crowds would run up in all directions in the hope of catching sight of the great man's features, and to testify their admiration by frantic cheering. On alighting from his carriage, whether before the House of Parliament or at the Imperial Palace, the vehicle was sure to be besieged by a crowd of people, especially by provincials visiting the capital, and who were loth to return home until they had seen the Chancellor's carriage.

And yet there was nothing very striking about it. Just the contrary: a worn-out carriage of dilapidated appearance, with a solemn and rather antiquated look, and its inside lining of black leather worn and faded; the horses, looking as ancient as the carriage, and hardly able to draw it apparently, even at the pace of a funeral coach; and then the coachman and the footman in their light