

He has fought against three factions.

His very coat-of-arms, which contains a trefoil, bears the motto: "Trinity is strength."

? ? ?

Another poet, in equally as bad a way as the one noticed above, composed the following acrostic:—

"B örsensteuer (a financial tax).
I nnungen (guilds).
S ocialreform (social reform).
M ilitäretat (war budget).
A ntisemitismus (anti-semitism).
R eichstagswahlen (elections for the Reichstag).
C holeranachrichten (news of cholera) (!!)
K olonialpolitik (colonial policy)."

Verily, this is astonishing!

The town of Darmstadt, too, celebrated Bismarck's seventieth birthday in a very brilliant manner. Of course there was a banquet, which was attended by all the big-wigs of the place. They did full justice to the solid refreshments set before them, and a little more than full justice (as it would

appear) to the liquids. Some time after midnight, however, the hall began to empty; but a little greengrocer, a vigorous tippler and a jovial fellow, could not be prevailed upon to leave. At last, however, worried by the continued importunities of his friends, who said it was late, it was time for him to go home, etc., etc., he exclaimed in a deeply injured tone: "Shut up, will you? I must drink *one* more glass to his health: he certainly *does* deserve it."

The following is a little story which will give some idea of how the Germans worshipped their Chancellor:—

A certain German, by the name of Berchhof, settled at Melbourne, happened to be in Berlin on business. He was President of the German Club, too, at Melbourne. On his departure from Australia for the Fatherland, his fellow-countrymen begged him to bring back with him some good portraits of the Emperor, the Crown Prince, and Bismarck. He purchased these things

when he got to Berlin, and bethought himself that it might be possible for him to get the Chancellor to put his signature at the bottom of his own portrait.

He betook himself, therefore, to Bismarck's mansion, where he was told that he could not be received, as the Prince was busy. In a tone of great disappointment he explained what he had come for, said he had journeyed from a very long way, and that he wanted to speak to the Prince most particularly.

While the wrangle was going on, Bismarck himself came to the doorway, and Berchhof hastened to introduce himself and told him his story, and the Chancellor then asked him to step inside. The man followed with alacrity, and was no sooner in the Prince's study than he produced the portrait and placed it before the original, with the request that he would deign to write his signature at the bottom. Bismarck took his pen and wrote his name, but the pen spluttered so abominably that he threw it on to the floor.

Herr Berchhof thereupon picked it up, and asked to be allowed to carry it away with him, and the permission was granted him.

Finding the great man in such good humour, he next begged that he might be permitted to take away with him, as a souvenir, a cuirassier's helmet, which was lying on a chair near the writing-table. Bismarck smilingly granted this request also, and then dismissed his visitor, fearing perhaps he might be tempted to ask for something more.

It appears, according to what was said in a German paper some time ago, that these two precious relics—the pen and the helmet—were subsequently placed under a glass case in the German club room at Melbourne, of which they are considered to be the most brilliant ornaments.

But it is not by his compatriots only that Bismarck has been admired. For many years he has been the object of admiration on the part of numbers of foreigners.

Several anecdotes might be given to prove the truth of this, and the following appears to be the most amusing. It dates from the time of the Universal Exhibition at Vienna.

One day a tall and portly man, with an imperious look, but a lively and intelligent face, was examining, with great attention, the articles in the glass cases in the Austrian jewellery section of the Exhibition.

The exhibitor of the goods, who was present, kept his eye on the person in question, saying to himself: "Yes, yes; it *must* be him. That expression on his face is how he must have looked at the moment he entered France." Then, suddenly taking the bull by the horns, he went up to the gentleman, who was closely examining the trinkets, and with a profound bow began: "Your Highness——"

But a freezing look from the stranger prevented him from finishing his sentence, and after a few moments' reflection the jeweller concluded he was wrong in thus addressing a man who evidently was anxious

to remain *incog.*; so he thought he would repair the stupid blunder. Approaching him then, timidly, he re-commenced as follows:—

"Permit me, as the proprietor of the articles in this case, to inquire if there is any object there which takes your fancy?"

The stranger answered dryly: "They are not so bad, all those little trinkets; especially this one." And he pointed to a handsome diamond ring.

The jeweller immediately opened the case, and taking out the ring begged the gentleman to do him the distinguished honour of accepting it. This offer appeared to considerably embarrass the stranger at first; but after a while he asked the jeweller the price of the ring. The latter replied, with a deeply offended look, that he had never before been asked such a question, and that he should be the happiest man in the world if he were allowed to make a present of the trinket to such a distinguished personage.

The stranger still looked as if he couldn't understand it, and hardly knowing what to

make of it all; at last he took the ring, which the jeweller had packed in a little box with one of his business cards. The recipient, not to be outdone in politeness, took one of his visiting cards from his pocket-book, and handed it to the jeweller, whose face was radiant with pleasure; and he, taking care not to look at the inscription on it, laid it on the counter with a gesture which was intended to mean: "Your Highness knows very well that you can't deceive people like me. Why, bless you, I have known you for a long time!"

After an exchange of most polite bows, the stranger walked away rather hurriedly, for the other had just proposed that he should walk through the building with him.

Hardly had the jeweller got behind his counter again, when he heard a little way off loud and enthusiastic cheering. "Aha!" said he; "they have recognized him after all. How could he think to walk about and preserve his incognito? But listen; the noise appears to come nearer."

Five minutes later an immense throng of people crowded past his stall, in the wake of Count Andrassy and Bismarck. The mob was shouting "Bismarck! Hurrah for Bismarck!"

"What are those people shouting about?" said the jeweller to himself. "*That's* not Bismarck. The man with Count Andrassy is not at all like the man who— But here is his card."

And then in order to prove to himself that he was right, he picked up the card and read,—

"Alexander Schnabel, Bavaria."

It made the poor man ill. But he never got his ring back.

The following narrative will prove that, even in France, Bismarck has had admirers of both sexes, who never feared to apprise him of their sentiments.

A little German book entitled *Bismarck-Anekdoten* ("Anecdotes of Bismarck") tells how a young Parisian lady wrote to Bismarck

when Chancellor. She said in her letter that she was too young to hate him for having fought against France, that she felt deep admiration for his genius, and that she would be much pleased to have some reliable news as to his state of health; "for," she said, "what is said on this subject in the French papers can hardly be relied upon."

Bismarck sent a very polite reply to Mademoiselle Alice Bernaux. He told her that no war whatever could make him angry with such amiable Parisian ladies as his correspondent, and he thanked her sincerely for her kind expression of sympathy. As for his health, he added, it was not so bad, much to the regret of Frenchmen; but, nevertheless, he suffered a good deal from rheumatism in his joints.

This recalls an incident of the same kind which occurred not long ago to a General much talked of in France. Some German students sent him a telegram of which the substance was: "We wish with all our

hearts that you will attain to power as soon as possible, so that you may ruin France."

The General's secretary, who presumably knew but very little about German, did not catch the real meaning of the message, or else he was a bit of a wag (which was quite possible); at any rate, he sent to the students, in reply to their telegram, a visiting card, containing these words:—

"GENERAL —,
"Sincere thanks."

The Germans had a good laugh at this.

But it is most astonishing to find Victor Hugo among those who sent their congratulations to Prince Bismarck on the occasion of this famous seventieth anniversary of his birth. The fact was revealed at the time by the *Weimar Zeitung*, the editor of which had obtained the Prince's permission to copy the letter of the great French poet.

The letter was written in that grandiose style which Victor Hugo affected whenever

he wrote, or believed he wrote, in the name of his country's honour. The address was "Victor Hugo to Otto Bismarck," and the letter was worded as follows:—

"The giant salutes the giant! the enemy salutes the enemy! the friend sends his greeting to the friend! I hate you cruelly, for you have humiliated France. I love you, because I am greater than you. You kept silence when my eighty years sounded from the belfry of my glory; but I speak now, because the stolen clock which stands upon your desk refuses to announce to you that your seventieth year has come. I am eighty, you are seventy. eight for me, and seven for you, and humanity in shape of a zero behind us!

"If you and I were united in one person, the history of the world would be ended. You the body, I the mind; you the cloud, I the lightning; you the power, I the glory!

"Which is the greatest of the two—the conqueror or the conquered? Neither is greatest.

"The poet is greater than either, because he sings of both. Great men are nothing but what the poet makes them; they only seem to be what they really are.

"But you, you are great, for you know not what fear is. Therefore I, the poet, offer my hand to you, the great man.

"France trembles, Germany trembles, Europe trembles, all the world trembles. And we two only are great. Nod your head, and I will do the same, and the great union of the peoples, the everlasting peace, will be an accomplished fact.

"HUGO."

Bismarck countersigned this letter as follows:—

"OTTO: ADIEU!"

The following two examples will serve to show how mistaken we may be in our estimate of men.

When Bismarck was recalled from Paris in 1862,* to take a Minister's portfolio, he

* He was then Prussian Ambassador in Paris.

went to present his letters of recall to the Emperor Napoleon, who made the following remark about him after he was gone,—

“He is not a serious man.”

He learnt the contrary, however, to his bitter cost, and at the expense of all France too, unfortunately.

Some time previous to the war of 1866, M. Guizot said in an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*:—“At the present moment there is but one bold and ambitious man in Europe, and that man is Bismarck.”

In the later years of his Chancellorship, Bismarck must have had some curious reflections about the position he had attained. Before 1866 he was without dispute the most unpopular man in Germany. This unpopularity peeped out in a thousand ways—some harmless and some injurious. If the greater number of his opponents contented themselves with lampooning him, writing verses about him, and caricaturing him, there were others who did not hesitate to have recourse

to extreme measures, such as attempted assassination. But all that soon changed, and Bismarck became the greatest popular favourite in Germany. What a contrast!

In 1866, at the outbreak of the war with Austria, the Federal army sang:—

“The eighth corps fights just like one man.
The first Alexander leads it on.
He'll take us straight into Berlin
And Bismarck 'll be in our clutches soon.”

At Frankfort-on-the-Main mothers sang the following ditty when they rocked their children to sleep:—

“Sleep, darling, sleep;
Be always gentle and good;
Or Vogel von Falkenstein* he will come
And carry you off in a sack.
Bismarck, too, will come after him,
And he eats up little children.”

All this, however, very soon changed.
What Bismarck himself has thought about

* A Prussian General, who commanded the three divisions, under Goeben, Manteuffel, and Bayer, which captured Frankfort on July 16th, 1866.

the orations of which he was made the subject may be gathered from these words of his own :—

“It is very disagreeable either to be ogled at, at fifteen paces; or to be stared at, at five. At first one is much flattered to find himself the object of so much attention, but this little movement of vanity soon disappears. The vanities of this world have no charms excepting when they are not sought for. But when once we have succeeded in dismissing them from our mind, we perceive the truth of King Solomon's saying: ‘All is vanity!’ Fame does not bring any real satisfaction with it. I cannot therefore understand how anyone can bear to live who does not believe there is another life in a better world.”

His fame, as already pointed out, has extended far beyond the limits of his own country. Hosts of examples of this are cited by Bismarck's panegyrists. The following are two out of the number.

A German Professor in an English University went once on a tour into Greece, in order to become acquainted with the land of the old classics.

In the course of his journey he came to Mycenæ, where he went out to study the Cyclopean walls. He became so absorbed in his task that he did not notice the sun was setting, and suddenly he found himself in total darkness. This fact, and the knowledge that he had to return to the town for the night, caused the Herr Professor to draw largely upon his agility, and he started off like a practised athlete. All at once he found himself face to face with a couple of sturdy goat-herds, who barred the way.

“Who are you?” they inquired.

“I am a German.”

“Who is your King?”

“The King of Prussia.”

“Ah! then you are Bismarck!”

And the two peasants pulled off their hats and made off in the darkness. The name alone of Bismarck had sufficed to save the

Professor from the hands of these two brigands!!

Se non è vero

The Americans, who are the high-priests of advertising, have not failed to profit by the renown of Bismarck. They have utilized his name in every possible way. We have from the Americans Bismarck pipes, Bismarck sprinklers, Bismarck cravats, Bismarck hair-brushes, and a host of other things.

His name also figures largely in advertisement punning questions; for instance, "What is the difference between Bismarck and Spaulding's stickfast paste?" Reply: "There is no difference; because they both stick so tight to what they get hold of that it is impossible to get them away from it."

Here is another specimen of an advertisement:—

"Sozodont and Bismarck.—From a mere glance at Prince Bismarck one can form no idea of the mighty power which he wields. His manner is calm and tranquil. Sozodont

likewise makes no outward sign of the magic power which it possesses. It is like any other preparation to look at. But both Sozodont and Bismarck perform what they promise. The latter is death to the enemies of the German Empire, and the former is death to all parasites of the teeth."

This, of course, points to a most widely-extended popularity, but it is very doubtful whether Prince Bismarck has ever experienced any great satisfaction in seeing his name coupled in this fashion with stickfast paste and parasite-killers, and with all the other products more or less odd in their nature which the 'cute imagination of the Yankee has been able to invent.

On account of its rarity, and as a suitable close to this chapter, we will repeat one small "voice in the desert," uttering a protest against the great Chancellor.

At the time of the electoral campaign which preceded the last renewal but two of the Reichstag, one of the Oldenburg

candidates (a Progressist) alluded to Bismarck in the following terms:—

“I look upon this personal government of the Chancellor as a misfortune for our country; all the more that he has only one object in view—to curtail the rights and the influence of the people’s representatives. As regards interior administration, the Chancellor totally lacks the necessary experience; and his foreign policy is hesitating and shifty, and only calculated to arouse a feeling of mistrust and uncertainty in the conduct of public affairs.”

It is needless to say that the man who had the temerity to attack in this way the arbiter of Germany’s destinies had not the slightest chance of being elected at that time.

CHAPTER VIII.

BISMARCK'S WITTY SAYINGS.

EVERY statesman and politician is more or less accused—if not by his contemporaries, at least by posterity—of having perpetrated any number of puns and jokes. Flashes of wit—of very doubtful taste sometimes—have often been fathered by journalists upon such or such a man of note, merely for the sake of obtaining currency for them. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the paternity of many a witty saying has been fastened upon Prince Bismarck. A few only, however, are really his, but we can vouch for the correctness of the following, which are repeated without any attempt at chronological order.

We will commence, however, with the cruel conundrum put by King William of