

admiration at the sight of the splendid objects which it contained, and turning to Count von Keudell, who accompanied him, he said :—

“My old mansion of Schönhausen is a very poor thing compared with this magnificent castle, and yet I greatly prefer being at home here with Count Mensdorff to having him at home with me.”

Very shortly after the Bohemian campaign, Bismarck was invited to dine with an old General, who was known throughout the Prussian army for his stupidity.

The dinner was served in a magnificent dining-hall, the walls of which were covered with animals' horns and antlers, and all kinds of hunting trophies. The Chancellor was never able to let slip an opportunity for cracking a joke, whatever might be the result for himself, and addressing his next neighbour at table, at the moment of their sitting down under a splendid pair of urochs-horns, he said to him :—

“According to all appearances, your

Excellency, it appears to me that our worthy and excellent host has invited us to dine in the hall of his ancestors.”

As this bit of fun might not appear very sensible or intelligible to some of the readers of these lines, it may be as well to mention that the German word “Hornvieh” not only means horned cattle, but sometimes means “blockheads.”

The Chancellor caught a slight cold on one occasion after a walk in his park at Friedrichsruh. He sent for his physician, and asked him for a remedy which would cure him quickly.

“I recommend your Highness,” said the doctor, “to take a Russian bath.”

“A Russian bath? My dear doctor, you make a mistake; a *Russian* bath would only make me worse, in the state that I am. I should much prefer a *Roman* bath.”

During the summer of 1848 Bismarck belonged to the party of the extreme Right,

and he could never go out in the evening without being followed by some suspicious-looking individuals, about whose intentions there could have been but little doubt, but who found it difficult to carry out their design.

One evening, however, he was later than usual; the street was quite deserted on this occasion, and he noticed one of these men following him. He was resolved to know what the fellow wanted, and slackened his pace; but the other only followed his example. Bismarck then went on faster, and the other quickened his pace immediately. When he arrived within sight of a police-station, Bismarck stopped suddenly and turned right-about-face, and drawing something from his pocket which gave an ominous "click," he pointed it at the man who had so persistently dogged his footsteps. This threatening movement, and the significant click which accompanied it (which, however, meant nothing), so terrified the man that he took to his heels, fearing at every moment to hear a pistol shot behind him.

Bismarck then, seeing that he had routed his would-be assailant, quietly returned the dreaded implement to his pocket: it was nothing but a hunting knife which opened with a spring, the click of which resembled the noise made in cocking a pistol.

In every-day life, exactly as in matters of State policy, Bismarck has always been fond of making fun of people.

A fat German manufacturer—who had the honour of being admitted to his intimacy, and who, from that very fact, considered himself a good authority on important political subjects—happened to be at Friedrichsruh at a time when the Egyptian Question was greatly exercising the minds of people in Europe.

Accosting the Chancellor with a confidential air, he inquired of him in a mysterious whisper,—

"Well, your Highness, what will come of this Egyptian Question?"

Bismarck replied with feigned reluctance,—
 “I really can't tell you, Herr Kommerzienrath: I haven't read the morning papers yet.”

He was on a journey in Hungary in 1852; he kept up a correspondence all the time with his sister, Frau von Arnim, and the following is a translation of one of his letters:—

“I am now travelling in a country where, it is said, the most noted highway robbers are to be found. I suppose this is because the river Theiss, the marshes, and the arid plains which surround it render the extermination of these gentry difficult, if not impossible. These Betyares are splendidly mounted and well armed. They go about in bands of fifteen or twenty, and attack travellers, farms, and isolated houses, and next day they are heard of again at twenty miles distance. They are very polite, though, to persons who treat them politely. I left the greater portion of my valuables with

Prince W——, and I was travelling with only what was strictly necessary in the way of change of clothing. I was in the highest degree curious to fall in with these mounted robbers, clothed in thick furs, with their double-barrelled guns in their hands, pistols in their belts, and under the command of a masked leader. Unfortunately I had not the good fortune to meet them. I am told that nobles of lower rank, belonging to the country often join these bands of brigands. A few days ago there was a fight between a number of these fellows and some armed policemen. Several of the policemen bit the dust, but two of the robbers were captured and afterwards shot at Keskemet. Such a thing as this has never happened in our dull and tedious Pomerania.”

On one of Crispi's visits to Friedrichsruh the famous Italian statesman was entertained by the Chancellor and his son Herbert. One day at dinner the conversation ran on Ministers in general, their families, etc., and

Signor Crispi, wishing to compliment his host, remarked,—

“Your Highness affords an example quite without precedent in history; for we have never before seen a father and son guiding between them the policy of a great nation.”

“Pardon me,” observed Prince Bismarck, who was better read in history than his guest; “I beg your Excellency to remember the two Pitts.”

“Yes, yes,” was the reply. “But that is not quite the same thing.”

“How is that? Not the same thing? Why it seems to me that they resembled us in many points. Here is one, for example,—they were always on their guard against France.”

Count d'Hérison, in his *Journal d'un Officier d'Ordonnance*, tells of the stratagem by which he was enabled to save the colours of the Paris garrison. The story was received with great incredulity both in Germany and in France; nevertheless it was perfectly

authentic. A very short time after the publication of the book, Prince Bismarck—who had read it—informed the author that he had experienced great pleasure in going through his work, and that he congratulated him in a special manner upon the victory that he had scored over him (the Chancellor).

It has already been shown that Bismarck has always preserved something more or less of the student in the foundation of his character.

He was hunting one day with one of his fellow-delegates to the Federal Diet. When the time for luncheon arrived, the two hunters compared notes and found their bill of fare was a very meagre one: they only had between them a slice of bread and a sausage. Exactly over against the place where they sat down was the cemetery of Ginnheim.

Now Bismarck knew that the sight of a cross or a tombstone always gave his companion a fit of melancholy. When once he was put on the scent he would immediately

begin to moralize on the frailty of things here below, on the awfulness of death, etc., etc., and if he had any appetite he was sure to lose it.

On the occasion now under our notice the sausage was small, and Bismarck's appetite was enormously big, and in order to procure a chance of satisfying his hunger he did not shrink from employing the ordinary means—he drew his companion's attention to the cemetery, remarking how nicely it was laid out, and not sparing him the smallest detail. Then, when he had obtained the desired effect,—that is, when his friend began to expatiate on the vanity and the shortness of life, etc.,—he began his lunch, and did not cease until he had consumed the lot.

At Warsaw a kind of club has been established by the Germans residing in that city. One day a discussion arose at this club about the Chancellor's favourite drink. Some would have it that he liked beer the best, and others maintained that he preferred wine.

Heavy bets were then laid on the question, and to solve the matter Bismarck was written to, with the request that he would vouchsafe to inform them what was his favourite liquor. Not wishing to deceive anybody, and knowing that considerable sums were staked on the result, he replied through his secretary as follows:—

“His Highness directs me to inform you that you are all of you right: he is equally fond of good wine and good beer, and drinks about the same quantity of each, excepting on days when he is unwell.”

When two-mark (two-shilling) pieces were first coined, a wag proposed that they should be called “Bis-mark” pieces, giving at the same time the reasons which seemed to militate in favour of the appellation.

“It will be the means,” he said, “of satisfying all the political parties of the new Empire. For the National Liberals will have the ‘Bis-mark’ *in their pocket*, the Socialists will see it *struck*, the Ultra-

montanes will be able to *change* it, and the Poles to *change it into roubles*" [this latter, however, is a very far-fetched play upon words: the German word is *verjübeln*]. "Further," he added, "Bismarck will still preserve his influence after he has withdrawn from public life."

A few years ago the Chancellor, who was greatly shaken in health, seriously made up his mind to retire. He had placed his resignation in the hands of the Emperor, but the aged monarch returned it to him in a few minutes with a single word for answer: "Never!"

Yielding, then, to the urgent wish of his master, he remained in office, and at the first audience he had of the Emperor afterwards, his Majesty said,—

"I cannot understand why you want to retire; here am I, much older than you, but I can still mount my horse."

The answer Bismarck made to this remark was,—

"Just so, sire; that's the rule. The rider always holds out much longer than his horse."

On a certain occasion in the Reichstag the sittings were extremely boisterous; the German Deputies, casting aside their habitual attitude of deference towards the Government, clamoured at every moment for the presence of such and such a Minister, who, when he appeared, was attacked with the virulence characteristic of Germans when quarrelling among themselves. The Chancellor had made his arrangements in consequence: he had caused a little work-room to be fitted up contiguous to the chamber, and all through these stormy sittings he sat with the door of communication open, so that he could hear all that passed without being actually present.

A Deputy complained one day in a loud and violent tone of not seeing in his place the Minister whom he desired to interrogate. It was Bismarck that the member wanted,

and the latter immediately appeared at the door, exclaiming,—

“You need not be at the trouble of calling for me, sir; your voice is so loud that I can hear you quite plain enough in the next room.”

A very amusing story was told about the Chancellor by Earl Russell.

The incident occurred at Versailles, during the war of 1870. Lord Russell was to have an audience, and he was waiting for Count von Arnim to leave Bismarck's study. Presently Von Arnim came out, fanning himself furiously with his handkerchief.

“I really cannot understand,” he said, “how Bismarck can live in such an atmosphere: he is continually smoking; and the strongest cigars, too. I had to ask him to open the window, for I could not stand it.”

Then he took leave of Lord Russell and went his way. As soon as Lord Russell entered the room, Bismarck said to him,—

“What strange tastes some people have! There is Von Arnim, now, who has just gone out of the room; it is a fad of his to scent himself up to an unbearable degree, and to-day the perfume was so intense that I had to open the window.”

Every time Lord Russell related this anecdote he hastened to add,—

“What the truth of the matter was, I really cannot say.”

On his return from Kissingen in 1888, the country people crowded round the railway stations to see him pass through. At Halle, among other places, an imposing demonstration was got up, and the station was filled to overflowing with people anxious to catch a sight of the Chancellor's face. Only a few personal friends, however, were admitted on the platform. Worn out by these repeated demonstrations, he said abruptly to one of his friends,—

“I daresay you fancy I am going to make you a long speech. Well, you are

mistaken then, for I am a great deal too tired for that."

The English are, generally speaking, fervent admirers of Bismarck. On the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entry into the Ministry, Lord Ranelagh made him a present of a table cast entirely out of cannon-balls. On receiving this curious present Bismarck observed,—

"Heaven grant that all cannon-balls may in future be put to such peaceful uses as these."

In 1850 General von Manteuffel, who was Minister at the time, had been charged by the King to bring about an understanding between the Prussian Conservatives and what was called the Gotha or Gagern party (Gagern was the name of the party leader).

To this end Manteuffel invited Bismarck and Gagern to a select supper. The meal had proceeded some time without a word of politics having been uttered on either side,

when suddenly Manteuffel, on some pretext or other, rose from the table, and left his accomplice alone with the dissentient Deputy. Bismarck opened the siege at once; but Gagern scarcely gave him a chance of getting a word in: he gesticulated, rolled his eyes, looked as fierce as possible, and acted as if he were making a speech at a popular meeting. Bismarck allowed him to go on, seeing that he could do nothing with him, and when Manteuffel returned Gagern soon after took his leave.

"Well," asked the Minister; "how have you succeeded?"

"Not at all," replied Bismarck. "The man is simply a blockhead; he took me for a public meeting."

"I thought that was how it would end. But what can you expect? He is only a chatterbox, and you can make nothing of him."

In the days which followed the fighting around Metz, the German army had to