

undergo great privations, for the victualling department was disorganized, and food came forward irregularly. The scarcity affected headquarters as well as rank and file. One day Bismarck was out in search of food, when he met a soldier carrying under his arm a fowl ready plucked, but not cooked. He stopped the man, purchased the precious biped of him, and stuffed it into one of his holsters. A little farther on a sutler asked him to buy a roasted fowl. He bought it and paid for it, and gave the uncooked bird into the bargain, saying to the sutler as he did so,—

“I hope, if we meet again before the war is over, that you will bring it me back cooked. But if not I shall expect you to make it good as soon as we get back to Berlin.”

A young English lady, an ardent admirer of Bismarck, wrote to him some time ago, enclosing her album, and begged him in high-flown terms to write a few words in it, adding that it would be an everlasting happiness for her to possess his autograph.

Although the Chancellor had a great repugnance for this kind of thing, he yielded to the request of his fair correspondent, and returned her album after having written therein the following sentence:—

“Always beware, my dear young lady, of building castles in the air; they are the most easy edifices to erect, but the most difficult to demolish.”

The following incident occurred at the meeting of the Emperors, at Skiernevice:—

After dinner the three Emperors met for conversation, and at the same time the Empress chatted with Bismarck. All at once looking towards the group of monarchs, the Empress said,—

“This meeting of the three Emperors is a great satisfaction to me. It ought to have taken place long ago.”

To this it is said Bismarck made the following reply:—

“I beg your Majesty to believe that I regard it as my bounden duty to perpetuate

this happy understanding. If fate should will it that this compact should ever be broken, I beg to assure your Majesty that I shall cease to be Minister from that moment."

And he remained Minister up to a short time ago.

During the war of 1870 the Emperor commissioned him to decorate with the Iron Cross of the First Class a soldier who had accomplished some daring act of bravery. With that liking for playing jokes which has been so strong throughout his career, he determined to have some fun with this poor fellow. But the sequel will show that it was he himself who was caught on this occasion.

When the soldier had been brought into his presence, he addressed him in this way:—

"My friend, I have been commissioned to hand you the Iron Cross of the First Class; but if it should prove that you are of a poor family, I am authorized to offer you a hundred

thalers instead of the Cross. You are at liberty, therefore, to choose between the two."

The soldier began by asking how much the Cross was worth; and on being told that it was worth about three thalers, he said,—

"Very well, then, Highness; I'll take the Cross and ninety-seven thalers."

Bismarck was so surprised at this reply, denoting, as it did, a shrewdness and intelligence a little out of the common, that he gave him both the Cross and the money on the spot, and when the Chancellor told the Emperor the tale of "the biter bit" a short time afterwards, his Majesty laughed heartily at it.

Windhorst, the leader of the Clerical party in the Reichstag (the uncompromising enemy, therefore, of the Chancellor), and whom the German people call the "Little Excellency," was a fellow-student of Bismarck's at the Göttingen University. Political differences,

however, have not prevented the two former comrades from meeting in a friendly way in private life.

Windhorst one day, in the Reichstag, launched forth a tirade against the *Früh-schoppen* (morning drinking parties), especially against the students' morning parties. A short time after Prince Bismarck gave a parliamentary breakfast at his house, and Windhorst, who had been invited, attended it. Hardly had he taken his place in front of his glass of beer, when a telegram was brought to him from the Rostock students, couched in the following terms :—

“Excellenz auch beim Frühschoppen ?

“Na, ein Ganzes !”

“Your Excellency takes the morning glass too ?

Then here's to your health.”

Windhorst telegraphed back immediately :—

“Probiren geht über Studiren.

Komme nach !”

To test is better than to study.

Here's to your's !”



WILLIAM II. AND HIS SON THE CROWN PRINCE.

Some time ago Prince William (the present Emperor) was keeping the birthday of one of his sons, and Prince Bismarck came to the party, bringing with him, not only his good wishes, but a present in the shape of a barrel-organ. A few days subsequently the Chancellor came again to the Palace, when he received the thanks of the little Prince, who told him at the same time that he couldn't play it any longer, for it made his arms ache. Bismarck, then, without hesitation, took the instrument and turned the handle so vigorously that all the little Princes ran up, attracted by the music, and began to dance. Prince William had come up in the meantime, and amused at the lively scene, he said to the Chancellor,—

“That's astonishing! Here are all these little Emperors of the future already dancing to your tunes.”

It will be in the recollection of the reader that seven or eight years ago the relations between Germany and Russia were very

strained. So much so that the latter Power concentrated her troops on her western frontier, and the German papers waged a fierce war against her, and especially against Emperor Alexander II. Notwithstanding this, however, the Czar always received General von Schweinitz, the German Ambassador, with the greatest kindness and cordiality, and on terms of the closest intimacy; none of the other ambassadors being favoured to such an extent.

On presenting himself one day at the Czar's private apartments, the General found him in a furious rage against the action of the German Press and the crooked policy of Bismarck. The General was profoundly embarrassed, but he kept his countenance, and without making any reply seated himself at the card-table.

The Emperor's excitement soon calmed down, and before the General quitted the apartment his Majesty begged he would take no notice of anything disagreeable to which he might have given utterance

A few weeks later General von Schweinitz was at Berlin on leave, and he informed Bismarck of what had occurred. The Chancellor tapped him on the arm, saying,—

“Believe me, my dear General, that I have rendered greater services by what I have *not* said than by anything that I *have* said.”

A young lady one day requested Moltke and Bismarck to write a few lines in her album. The Marshal took up the pen first and wrote:—

“Falsehood passes away: truth remains.

“VON MOLTKE, Field-Marshal.”

After reading what Moltke had written, Bismarck took the pen and added the following:—

“I know very well that truth will prevail in the next world; but in the meantime a Field-Marshal himself would be powerless against falsehood in this world.

“VON BISMARCK, Chancellor of the Empire.

At a certain dinner party which Bismarck gave in 1878, he began to talk about himself, and called himself an old man. His wife interrupted him, saying,—

“But you are not an old man; you are only sixty-three!”

“That is true,” was the reply, “but I have always lived very fast and paid cash down.”

And turning towards his guests, he added, by way of explanation,—

“When I say ‘cash down,’ I mean that I have always been heart and soul in my business, and that all the success I have obtained has been paid for at the price of my health and strength.”

Bismarck's promotion to the grade of Honorary Colonel of the 7th regiment of Cuirassiers gave currency to a story far too interesting to be overlooked.

Following the custom in vogue in the German army, as soon as he was promoted he went to inspect his regiment, and the

officers invited him to the traditional “dinner of welcome,” a meal which usually wound up with an enormous consumption of liquor.

The officers of the regiment, every one of them giants, all promised themselves a rare bit of fun at the figure their new Colonel would cut on receiving the huge tankard filled with champagne, which had to be drained to the last drop to the health of the regiment. They said among themselves that Bismarck, a diplomatist and no military man, would never be able to accomplish this feat. “And we,” they added, “will show him how to do it.”

But they reckoned without their host.

When the cloth was removed the servants brought the glasses, several bottles of champagne, and the said tankard, which they filled to the brim and placed with some ceremony in front of the illustrious guest.

Put on his guard by some roguish glances which he caught directed towards him, Bismarck began to see that he would have to maintain the reputation which he gained

as a student. Rising, then, at a given moment, he proposed a warm toast to the welfare of the regiment, and—presto!—he emptied the tankard at a single draught, although it contained almost as much as two bottles of champagne. He then resumed his seat and began conversing in the quietest possible manner, as if nothing out of the ordinary way had happened. But his hosts could not take their eyes off him now, for he had grown considerably in their estimation. What was their astonishment, a few minutes later, when, in the calmest voice, he requested that his little jug might be refilled!

The excitement increased to delirium!

We will conclude with one or two opinions expressed by the ex-Chancellor respecting some of the most prominent political men of Germany.

THE LEADERS AND MEMBERS OF THE
RIGHT.

“These gentlemen regard me as their

chief, and then they are bound to follow me; or else they fight for their own hand, and in that case they must leave me to decide when I shall make common cause with them, and up to what point. There is no middle course. The pawn is no doubt an important piece on the political chessboard, but I can never admit that it should, at any given moment, pretend to take the place of a castle or a knight.”

WINDHORST.

“There are not two souls in the party of the Centre, but there are seven minds, which take all the colours of the political rainbow, from the extreme Right to the most radical Left. For my part, I admire the skill which the coachman of the Centre [Windhorst] displays in keeping in hand all these restive spirits.”

Lord Lytton said, in a speech he delivered at Hatfield in 1884:—

“Would you like me to tell you, in a

few words, what is the opinion entertained of Mr. Gladstone by the greatest statesman in Europe? Well, then, according to what has been repeated to me by a person in close attendance upon him, Prince Bismarck has expressed the following opinion:—'If in the course of my long diplomatic career I had drawn down upon Germany only half as many snubs and insults as that gentleman has brought upon England, I should never have the courage to stand again before my fellow-countrymen.'

APPENDIX.

AS an Appendix to the authorized translation of *Bismarck Intime* the annexed anecdotes have been collected from various sources, and should prove of interest to the admirers of The "Iron Chancellor."

Madame Carette, the private reader to the Empress Eugénie, in her interesting volume of souvenirs of the Court of the Tuileries, entitled *The Eve of an Empire's Fall*, tells the following story of

BISMARCK'S LAST WALTZ.

At a grand ball given at this time (1867) at the Tuileries, and during the cotillon, which I myself led off, the roguish thought entered my mind to offer to Count Bismarck, who was in a corner watching the dancing, a bunch of roses, which was the signal for a waltz. M. de Bismarck was at that moment the object of general attention. He accepted the