

manner. How is it that for more than fifty years the expression on the face of this boy should be so deeply engrafted upon my memory, although at that time a perfect stranger to me? Was it a presentiment which struck me that he was destined to attain a much higher position in life than any of us?"

THE REGIME AT PLAMANN'S.

Ernst Krigar, one of Bismarck's schoolfellows, thus describes the daily routine at Plamann's Institute:—

"A little bell rang us up punctually at six o'clock. Our breakfast consisted of milk and bread. At seven o'clock we began our lessons, after having gone through a little religious exercise. A hymn was sung, the master (Plamann) gave a short address, and then we sat down to our studies. At ten o'clock we had lunch and half-an-hour's run in the garden; the lunch consisted of bread and salt, to which, in summer, a little fruit was added. At twelve o'clock the bell was rung for dinner, and we all crowded into the great hall, where each teacher and each pupil received his portion from the hands of either Frau Plamann or a niece of hers. It was very simple fare, but substantial and nicely prepared. If any one wanted a second plateful he had to carry his plate himself to Frau Plamann and ask for it. In case, however, any one could not or would not

eat the whole of his plateful, he was sent on to the terrace in the garden after dinner was over, and he had to stand there with his plate until he had eaten up the remains. Every day, three or four pupils might be seen stationed on the terrace in this manner. Lessons again from two till four, and then teatime—at this meal we were again regaled upon bread and salt; afterwards put back to studies until seven. After seven, out-of-door work or games were indulged in until supper-time. The supper consisted, as a rule, of warm beer and slices of bread and butter. Our studies would often have been of intolerable length for us if they had not been broken by at least two hours of athletic exercises. These were a great source of recreation for us, the fencing lessons being especially appreciated."

HOMESICK.

The new pupil could not conquer his reserved disposition towards his schoolfellows for a long time, although he gradually managed to fall in with the usages and routine of his new life. The double separation from father and mother and from the familiar scenes of his boyish pranks hung heavily upon him at first. It was springtime, too, when he entered the Institute, and he felt like a caged bird, shut up as he was within the walls of the town in the most pleasant time of the year. But he got occasional walks into the country in procession with

his fellow-pupils, and then the yearning after his rural home would be awakened in his childish mind with such force that the sight of a peasant ploughing or sowing in the fields would bring tears into his eyes. But this feeling was conquered at last, sooner, perhaps, than the new scholar himself wished; and this was brought about by the attitude his older schoolmates took up towards him, and which called forth his whole strength and firmness of character.

A PLOT TO DUCK HIM.

As usual in all schools, the Plamann boys behaved rather roughly to each other out of schooltime, and new-comers had as a rule to submit to the tyranny of the older pupils, and had to "pay their footing" in various disagreeable ways. Young Bismarck, however, could not knuckle down to this kind of thing, to the wonder and surprise of the other boys. On account of his reserve, which was put down to either pride or ill-humour, the majority of the lads were banded against him, and a formal conspiracy was hatched to the prejudice of the intractable youngster who refused to be dealt with as other new-comers had been. It was resolved that on the first occasion which presented itself he should be punished for all this. The plan hit upon by the conspirators was the following: In the summer-time the boys were taken by one of the tutors at certain intervals, and whatever the state of the weather

might be, to bathe in the sheepwash, and this was to be the scene of revenge. The greatest pluck had to be shown on these occasions, and whoever shrank from plunging headfirst into the water, or showed the slightest signs of cowardice or hesitation, had to suffer severely for it. The tutor would take the unwilling one by the shoulders, push him towards the deepest part of the water and throw him in headlong, and when he struggled out the other boys were permitted to repeat the punishment until the novice's repugnance was quite cured. Otto von Bismarck's enemies longed for the moment when it should be his turn to take his ducking in the sheepwash. They determined to "give him a fairly good doing," and stood ready on the edge of the pool as soon as Bismarck had stripped. The new boy, however, came up with the greatest coolness, plunged headlong into the water, dived, and came up on the opposite bank. An unanimous "Ah!" broke from the lips of his surprised comrades, none of whom dared to put a hand upon him. How often has the mature man found himself in similar circumstances to those at the sheepwash, and on most, if not all, occasions shown himself the same skilful swimmer and diver who set all his enemies' plans at nought!

"TO THE LIME TREE!"—BISMARCK AS AJAX.

History, and especially the history of his own country, attracted the lively attention of young

Bismarck, and the impressions he received from this branch of his studies had an enduring influence upon his after life. The spirit which prevailed at Plamann's is illustrated in a very pleasing way by a scene which might often have been witnessed in the garden of the Institute in the boys' recreation time. One of the scholars had received from his parents a copy of Becker's "Old-World Narratives." The book was so eagerly read that a single copy was quite inadequate to satisfy the lads' thirst for knowledge; a great number of the other pupils, therefore, obtained a copy from their parents. And now the Trojan War was fought over and over again. Otto von Bismarck was the first to learn this part of the book by heart. At the end of the garden stood a splendid lime tree; it was the only tree on the premises the boys were allowed to climb, and this was the favourite gathering-point out of school hours. "To the lime tree!" was the cry when anything important had to be discussed or communicated. Here young Otto usually read aloud the history of the Trojan War, and his favourite perch was on a branch of the lime tree. Some of the other boys would also climb the tree, and others would seat themselves underneath it. The lads followed the recitation with the closest attention, and the heroic deeds of the Greeks before Troy excited so much enthusiasm, that Bismarck was soon rechristened by the lads after one of the heroes—Ajax.

CAPTAIN OF SNOWBALLERS.

Young Bismarck endeavoured to bear himself like the hero whose name he bore, especially in the games played by the lads in their leisure time. Formerly, their recreations had been mere athletic exercises; but after Bismarck's appearance they took quite another character. The boys began to divide themselves into two parties, and to conduct *quasi*-warlike operations against each other. Otto drew up the plans of action and directed the operations with such exactitude that he kept a diary in which he entered every important event connected with the sham-fights. In winter, when snow was on the ground, these military exercises took the shape of formal snowball engagements, in which the tutors often took part. Otto was in his element here. He generally took command of a troop which had to storm another party in possession of the garden terrace. He had a quick eye for any weak point in the defence, and under cover of a general bombardment he would lead a chosen few to the assault. With a loud "hurrah," and amid a shower of snowballs, he would press toward the terrace at the head of his forlorn hope, and here a hand-to-hand encounter would take place, in which excitement ran so high that few heads came out of the fray without bruises. On one of these exciting occasions, the youthful warriors heard but heeded not

the sound of the lesson bell; even the voices of the tutors were powerless to stop the fight. And then Bismarck-Ajax, after the example of his Greek hero, who used large boulders for missiles in the fight before Troy, armed himself with his school-bag, and rushed among his schoolmates, bidding them in such imperious tones to desist, that peace was soon restored.

“A BRIGHT BOY.”

After a stay of five years in the Plamann Institute, Bismarck was transferred, at the beginning of his thirteenth year to the Friedrich-Wilhelms-Gymnasium in Berlin. Here he won the esteem of a master who exercised a powerful influence over him in his later school days. It was Professor Bonnell, afterwards director of the Grey Cloisters. On the very first day the worthy professor was struck with the manner and bearing of the youth, and was greatly prepossessed in his favour. To use Professor Bonnell's own words:—“The new scholars sat in the schoolroom on benches placed behind each other, so that during the inauguration proceedings they should be directly under the eyes of the tutors. I was struck with the earnest attention depicted on the features of Otto von Bismarck—his bright eyes and fresh and cheerful countenance; and I said to myself: ‘That is a bright boy, I'll have a special eye to him.’” He did not belie his master's

estimate of him, for he proved one of the smartest scholars in the establishment.

TRINE NEUMANN AND HER OMELETTES.

While attending at the Gymnasium Otto lodged with his elder brother Bernhard at the Berlin family mansion, and in the summer when the parents went into the country the young man's bodily necessities were administered to by an old housekeeper named Trine Neumann, who was thus described later on by the roguish Otto in the following terms:—“Trine Neumann came from my father's estate of Schönhausen in the Altmark. She was very fond of us youngsters, and anticipated our smallest wants. Almost every evening she prepared us our favourite dish: omelettes. If we went out before the meal was ready, Trine would be sure to say to us: ‘Don't bide out too long now, till the omelettes are overdone.’ And just as regularly, on our return, she would say: ‘Late again! Ah, when will young men learn reason? The omelettes are all spoilt again!’ But her anger would soon dissipate when she saw with what gusto we devoured her overdone omelettes.”

CONFIRMATION.

The years slipped away, and the Confirmation day arrived. This was in the year 1830. What a deep impression the ceremony made upon his devout mind

is clear from the fact that all through the changes and chances of his life the impression was never effaced from his memory. He was prepared for the occasion by the celebrated Berlin preacher, Schleiermacher; and in after years, long after he had reached manhood, in writing to his sister, Frau von Arnim Kröchlendorff, he recalled Schleiermacher's parting words to him:—"Whatever you do, do it for God, and not for men." "I still remember, as plainly as possible," he wrote, "the place where I sat among the other young people in the church, and how my heart beat when I was called up to take my place before the altar."

IN THE GREY CLOISTERS.

When Bernhard went into the army, Trine Neumann's task was done, and Otto was put into Professor Prévost's boarding establishment; and at the same time he was removed from the Gymnasium to another educational establishment. This was called the Grey Cloisters, and here he came again under the influence of his old admirer, Professor Bonnell, who in the meantime had been placed at the head of this establishment. Very soon after this, too, he went into the Grey Cloisters as a boarder. Respecting the stay of Otto with the Bonnell family, the good Professor wrote in his diary:—"At Easter, 1830, Otto von Bismarck came to my house as a boarder, where he gave the least trouble and made

himself as pleasant and agreeable and familiar as possible. He was thoroughly amiable in every relation in life. He very seldom went out of an evening; and when, as it sometimes happened, I was not at home, he would spend the time chatting pleasantly with my wife, and showed a strong inclination for domestic life."

HIS FRIENDSHIP FOR HIS OLD TUTOR.

The following extract from the memoirs which Professor Bonnell left behind him will serve to show the degree of respect and friendship which Bismarck entertained for his faithful old tutor, even after he had become a mature and celebrated man:—"The 17th April, 1871, was the day on which the city of Berlin entertained for the first time the assembled members of the German Reichstag in the great banqueting-hall of the new Rathhaus. I was among the invited guests. In the busy throng of members and notabilities of all kinds Bismarck was of course the centre of attraction. Suddenly the great man stood before me and offered both his hands in the old friendly manner. The heat of the place had made my face red, and he expressed his pleasure at seeing me so well. 'I can return your Highness the compliment,' I said, 'although you have taken so great a part of late years in the world's history.' 'Well,' he replied, 'I certainly have woven a few of its threads.' And then there

was a little friendly chat, inquiries after my wife, etc., etc." Next day the papers were full of the impression made on the eye-witnesses of this scene in the banqueting-hall, and one of the reports concluded thus:—"Who is this little old man with whom Bismarck chatted so long and in terms of such familiarity? It is Dr. Bonnell, formerly the Prince's tutor. It does one good to see with what respect the noble pupil now treats his old schoolmaster."

LONGING FOR THE CHOLERA.—A CRUSHED LEG.

Although, however, young Bismarck found such comfortable quarters in Professor Bonnell's house, the old longing for his parental roof, the country life, and the scenes of his boyish recreations *would* thrust itself upon him, especially in the summer-time; and it was with the greatest eagerness that he looked forward to every vacation as it came round. On one occasion when the school term was nearly ended, something occurred which was characteristic of the lad's impatient self-will. It was at the hottest season of the year, and the spectre of cholera had arisen in Eastern Europe and filled the inhabitants of the large cities on the Continent with horror as they saw it stalking ever nearer and nearer. Otto received word from his parents that at the first outbreak of cholera in Berlin he should start off immediately for Kniephof. He now yearned for news that the epidemic had made its appearance in the capital; but

it did not come, and his longing changed to impatience. One day the idea suddenly seized him that he would go out and see for himself whether the cholera was not approaching Berlin. He thereupon hired a horse, the fleetest he could find, and galloped towards one of the eastern gates of the capital. But his adventurous course came to a sudden end. The clatter of the horse brought out the watch, the steed shied and stumbled, and fell on the top of his rider. The latter was picked up with a crushed leg and sent home in a cab. Under the united care and nursing of Frau Bonnell and an attentive surgeon, however, Bismarck soon recovered the use of his bruised limb, but his hope of a speedy return to Kniephof was destroyed; the cholera that he had longed for had in the meantime made its entry into the city, and it was some weeks before he was permitted to leave the capital for his country home.

PISTOL PRACTICE.

As he neared his eighteenth year, young Bismarck began to feel the power that was in him, and which impelled him to all manner of rash though boyish actions. One day he determined to pay his elder brother a visit. The latter was now a Landwehr officer in Berlin, and lived in the family mansion in that city. His brother was out when he arrived there, so he decided to wait his return. On the wall near the bookcase in the room where he was waiting

hung his brother's long cavalry pistols, and as soon as Otto clapped his eyes upon them he at once saw how nicely he could while away the time with such playthings. He reached them down, cocked and uncocked them, and presently loaded them, and after hanging a target in front of the open bookcase he began firing away at it, to the great dismay of the neighbours and the people in the house, until his brother returned and put a stop to the mad practice.

A SHOT AT HERCULES.

It was a much more harmless freak which the young marksman played one day at Schönhausen. On the margin of a sedgy pool in the park stands a stone figure, representing Hercules with his club, and one hand resting on the small of his back. As young Otto was coming through the park one day with his gun on his shoulder, and cast his eyes upon the Greek demi-god disrespectfully turning his back towards him, his fingers suddenly itched to fire a shot at Hercules' hind-quarters, and the gun went to his shoulder and the bullet went flying before he could count six. A moment later Hercules' back got a bullet-mark which it bears to this day. A few days after, Herr von Bismarck was walking through the park with his son, and he noticed the humiliating treatment to which the statue had been subjected. He put on a serious look, and asked: "Did you do

that, Otto?" The youth answered, in a merry and natural voice, "Yes, father, it was me; but I did not think it would hurt him so. He put his hand to the place directly it was done, and he has kept it there ever since."

HIS LATIN NOT VERY REFINED.

In the year 1832 the time had arrived when Otto von Bismarck's school-days must come to an end, and he must pass his final examination. Although no prodigy of learning, he had studied seriously and honestly, and was well grounded in all the essentials, and able to look forward with confidence to the final ordeal. In fact, he passed with honours, and his deep knowledge of history gained him great praise.

As regards his Latin, however, the verdict was: "Oratio est lucida ac Latina, sed parum castigata;" which means that his language was clear and Latin-like, but not very refined.

AT GÖTTINGEN—PIPES AND SILHOUETTES.

The result of a family council held at Kniephof was that Bismarck was sent to the University of Göttingen. There he gradually fell off from his studious habits, and entered heart and soul into the excitement of student life. It was quite a new existence in which Otto—"the Fox," as he was now called—found himself. During the first year he lived at a shoemaker's in the Rothestrasse, and,

like all students' lodgings, his domestic arrangements were of the simplest. By the side of the necessary household utensils, a select collection of pipes occupied the most conspicuous place in the room, and formed its principal decoration. Besides this, however, there were placed over the sofa a number of silhouette portraits of friends cut out in black paper, pasted on cards, and each surrounded with a gold border. During the last half-year he occupied a sort of garden-lodge belonging to one Voss. The time he spent in his lodgings, however, while a student at Göttingen, was very short indeed when compared with that spent in other places.

THE FOUR HANOVERIANS.

One day when he had received a scolding from the Rector of the University, four young Hanoverian fellow-students, who seemed to have had some notion of what had been going forward, laughed in his face as they passed him in the street. This raised young Bismarck's ire, and he stopped and asked them whether they were laughing at him. "Yes, certainly; can't you see?" was the reply. "A set of fools!" were the words that followed from Bismarck's lips. "Who? I?" asked each of the Hanoverians. "All four of you." And turning on his heel Bismarck went his way, and left the four staring with astonishment. He knew very well what was likely to be the result of his

calling the young fellows fools; and he began to make his arrangements in view of a sanguinary encounter. But the incident had the very opposite effect from that which he expected. The plucky behaviour of "the Fox" had considerably increased the Hanoverians' respect for him. One of them, who lodged in the same house as Bismarck, and who had watched him with a good deal of interest for some time, came to the conclusion that he was made of the kind of stuff which would enable him to hold his own wherever he was, and he prevailed upon his three friends to go with him to Bismarck, and try to make it up. The thing turned out as he wished. The Hanoverians withdrew their insulting remarks, and Bismarck retracted his expression, "A set of fools," and a fast friendship was cemented between them on the spot.

TWENTY-EIGHT DUELS.

Bismarck's compact with the Hanoverian clique in the University gave great offence to the Brunswick party, and a duel with the leader of this party was the first consequence of it, in which the Brunswicker came off second best. After this, duels followed each other rapidly, and between August 9th, 1832, and January 18th, 1833, seven were fought; and during the three half-years he passed at the Göttingen University, the total number he figured in was twenty-eight. But he came out of them all a

conqueror; not one of his antagonists succeeded in wounding him, and he acquired, in consequence, the *sobriquet* of "the Invulnerable Achilles." Once, indeed, he got a slight scratch in the cheek, but that was because his antagonist's sword broke, and flew in his face.

A PEACEMAKER.

Bismarck once acted as mediator in one of these student's quarrels. At a ball in January 1833, a student from Cumberland, named Knight, had a difference with a stranger present, named Baron von Grabow, which they both confessed was based upon a misunderstanding. Bismarck tried to conciliate the two, but as a challenge to a pistol duel had been made and accepted in the heat of the moment, the code of honour required that a meeting should take place, and at least one shot be exchanged. Bismarck accompanied Knight to the ground as interpreter, and as Von Grabow came without a second he consented to act as umpire. He did his best to render the encounter harmless, and in measuring off the ground not only increased the number of paces, but took immense strides with his long legs. The result was that no one was hurt but Bismarck himself; for his part in the affair he was punished with ten days' confinement, and an additional day for not having come up at the first summons.

A BET WITH A YANKEE.

Young Bismarck was always an enthusiastic lover of his country, and the then map of Germany, containing thirty-nine divisions, was a great eyesore to him, and he seemed to have a presentiment that it would not always be so. He himself tells the tale of how, when he was at Göttingen, he made a bet with an American that Germany would be united within twenty years. The stakes were twenty-five bottles of champagne. The winner was to pay for the champagne, but the loser was to cross the ocean to help drink it. "In 1853," said Bismarck, in telling the tale, "Germany had not become united; and I was prepared to take my journey across the Atlantic, but I found on inquiry that the Yankee was dead. His name, certainly, was one which did not smack of a long life—it was Coffin. But what is marvellous in connection with the incident is that I should have already at that time—1833—indulged in the hope which, with God's help, has now been realized."

SAUSAGE *versus* QUININE.

Bismarck had, however, to contend with one antagonist who brought him very low indeed, although eventually he escaped his clutches. In the third half-year of his student life he was attacked by ague, which obliged him to keep his bed, and

robbed him of sleep, appetite, and of all pleasure in life. Quinine was what the physician prescribed to combat the enemy. But this remedy seemed to the sick patient worse than the disease itself. Presently he received from home a box of fresh-smoked goose-breasts, and some sausages and ham, which the loving mother had sent to her youngest born, not knowing that he was lying on a sick bed. He was just getting over the worst attack of the fever when the parcel arrived. He opened it with childish eagerness, and the spicy perfume which streamed towards him when he raised the lid sent him into ecstasies. The sausages were the first to meet his gaze, and after holding them up, and metaphorically devouring them with his eager looks, he cut a modest piece off from one, and devoured it literally, when lo! his appetite suddenly returned, and piece after piece of the sausage disappeared, and the fever-stricken young man enjoyed the first full meal that he had had for many a day. Next day when the doctor came, his patient got up to meet him with a beaming countenance, saying: 'Thank God, doctor, the fever seems to be gone; it hasn't come back again.' 'Ah, I thought I had stopped it,' replied the doctor; 'famous stuff, that quinine!' 'But I didn't take much of your medicine,' said Bismarck. 'The wonderful effect is due to a remedy which my mother sent me from our Pomeranian home. See here; yesterday I ate a couple of pounds of this

splendid pork sausage; and I would recommend you, doctor, to prescribe the same remedy to your next patient."

CERTIFICATE OF CONDUCT.

When Otto von Bismarck went home for his holidays after the third half-year's "studies" at Göttingen, he did not return to that University, but went to the Berlin University instead. It is thought that his mother failed to see in her son, after a year and a half at Göttingen, the budding diplomatist that she expected. The certificate of conduct which the Rector forwarded to his parents from Göttingen, stated that Leopold Edward Otto von Bismarck of Schönhausen, entered the University on May 10th, 1832, and had been pretty regular at his studies. "As regards his personal behaviour, however, it must be remarked that, besides a few punishments of more or less rigour, he has been condemned to ten days' confinement for being present at a duel; to three days' confinement for being mixed up with another duel; and to four days' strict confinement for breach of the regulations laid down for the observance of the students."

"MUSIC HATH CHARMS," ETC.

For some time after his return to Berlin, and notwithstanding the influence of his mother, young Bismarck could not cast himself loose from the free