

and easy mode of life he had been accustomed to at Göttingen; and it was only as his state examination drew near that he called "Halt!" and set himself in earnest to recover his lost time. But when he once gave his mind to it he soon recovered himself, and at Easter, 1835, he passed with honours his first examination in the Law. He was greatly affected by good music. He lived for some time in Berlin with a young Graf Kaiserlingk, who was afterwards Curator of the University of Dorpat, in Courland. This young man was a splendid musician, and from him Bismarck acquired a taste and a love for music, towards which he had never before had the slightest inclination. When Kaiserlingk played Beethoven's Sonatas to his friend in the quiet hours, the latter would listen with rapt attention, and show signs of deep emotion, and give up his whole soul to the softening influences of the thrilling tones. And often in later life, in the midst of the strife and vexations of public business, has he revived his energies and mollified his feelings by listening to the strains of refined music.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY.

One of his bosom friends in Berlin was the American, John Lothrop Motley, who lodged for a time in the same house and afterwards bloomed into the celebrated historian. Bismarck was not fast and reckless in forming friendships, but when once he

opened his heart to anyone, it was for life, and so it was with John Lothrop Motley. The correspondence published some time ago between the two men is a sufficient proof of this.

HIS IMPATIENCE AT THE BAR.

After he was called to the Bar he was often entrusted with a brief in minor cases before the city magistrates. He did his best, in this position, to maintain the demeanour befitting a court of justice, but the old roguish spirit would sometimes get the better of him, and then he would behave as if he was unaware in whose presence he was. One day he had to examine a witness who was a Berlin cockney. This gentleman had the assurance characteristic of his kind, and his glib tongue and disrespectful behaviour had such an effect on our young barrister, that he jumped up and thus addressed the witness in the box: "Sir, if you are not more temperate in your behaviour, I'll turn you out." The presiding magistrate thought it was the barrister who was intemperate now, and in a quiet official tone he said: "I would suggest to Counsel that it is *my* place to order any person from the court." Bismarck took the reproof quietly, and sat down biting his lip. The proceedings then went forward, and it was not long before our barrister again lost patience. Once more he sprang up, and annihilating the witness with his furious glances he

bawled to him in a voice of thunder: "Be careful, sir, or I'll have you turned out by the magistrate." The expression on the magistrate's countenance may be easily conjectured; it was *his* turn now to bite his lip.

DISGUSTED WITH THE LAW.

Bismarck was at this time often engaged in divorce and legal separation cases. In one of these he had to try and persuade a lady to agree to a separation from her husband, but in vain. In his difficulty he went back to the senior counsel in the case and asked for his advice and assistance. This gentleman merely shrugged his shoulders at the helplessness of his junior, and undertook the case himself. But he fared no better than the junior. The lady was incurably obstinate, and the proceedings fell through. This want of success in so simple a matter made a deep impression on Bismarck, and went very far towards disgusting him with a career which scarcely seemed congenial to him.

"GUARDS' MEASUREMENT."

It was at a court ball that Otto von Bismarck was first introduced to Prince William—"his Majesty's son," as he was called, in contradistinction to Prince William, "his Majesty's brother." A young friend of Bismarck's, who was also studying the law, was

introduced at the same time. They were both fine, tall fellows, and when they stood before the Prince he looked them up and down with evident pleasure and satisfaction, and said, "Well, I should think the Law takes her recruits by Guards' measurement!" "Your Royal Highness," answered Bismarck, "lawyers must be soldiers too, and they would reckon it their greatest honour should his Majesty and the country call upon them." How often afterwards did the then Prince William, as king and emperor, look into Bismarck's eyes and admire the gigantic proportions not only of his body but of his mind!

"DOWN WITH THE HERETIC."

In 1836 Bismarck took Government service at Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle) under the President von Arnim-Boitzenburg, and he began with the greatest industry to prepare himself for his diplomatic career. Soon after his arrival at Aachen he found himself in conflict with the populace in the open street, on the occasion of a Catholic festival, when a procession with streaming banners was passing through the town, amid the roar of mortar-firing and church-bell ringing. This ecclesiastical pomp and ceremony was a new thing for Bismarck, and he stood at the corner of the street to see the procession go by. He did not notice that when the "host" went past everybody fell upon their knees, and

presently he was standing erect alone in the multitude, and in his tall hat seemed to loom up like a giant among them. In a moment a heavy blow was dealt upon his hat from behind, and then a broad-shouldered fellow in a blue blouse stood before him with his fist raised in a threatening manner, and cries rose around him, "Take off your hat!" "Down with the heretic!" "Prussian Junker!" But Bismarck was not in the least disposed to be dictated to in this style; he slashed the broad-shouldered fellow across the face with his Spanish cane, and sprang into the midst of the soldiers bringing up the rear of the procession. No one dared to follow him; and after walking with the troops for a short distance he regained his dwelling without further molestation.

THE TYPE OF A REAL ENGLISHMAN.

Bismarck made friends of many distinguished foreigners, who were all charmed with his noble demeanour, his fine tact, his ready wit, and his depth of character. They marvelled, in fact, to find such qualities in a mere Pomeranian country squire. The Duke of Cleveland said of him that the young German nobleman was the exact stamp of a real Englishman, and when this was repeated to Bismarck he shelved the compliment, saying that his endeavour was to reach the ideal of a real German.

MORAL INFLUENCE.

That a certain moral influence always surrounded Bismarck, even when a young man, is shown by an incident which occurred while he was at Aachen. He one day boxed the ears of a waiter for insolent conduct, and this man swore he would have a sanguinary revenge. He waylaid Bismarck on several occasions with a loaded pistol in his pocket. But at the sight of his bright eyes and cheerful countenance and gay demeanour as he passed along, the hand which raised the pistol ready to fire sank nerveless to his side, until at last he gave up his pernicious intent altogether.

AN ORIGINAL OPINION.

Bismarck soon found that Aachen was not a place where a man could develop into a sharp Government official. There was not business enough to be done to employ his capacious mind, so he asked to be removed to Potsdam, that old town whence the genuine Prussian discipline had its origin. His request was granted, and in the autumn of 1837, he went to Potsdam. Here he was placed as "Referendarius" under Councillor Wilke, an old friend of the Bismarck family, who took kindly to the young man, and admired his blunt straightforwardness and his dislike for red-tape and officialism. He had several opportunities for showing that he

was capable of forming strong and original opinions. On one occasion a matter was referred to him in his official capacity concerning the compensating of persons whose property was required for the carrying out of public improvements. In the opinion he gave he boldly pronounced it to be an injustice that people should thus be forced against their will to part with their property ; and he asked why free scope should be given to this hankering after improvement whereby homes were demolished, estates cut up, and old scenes and associations trodden underfoot. "No," he said, "you cannot compensate me with money if you turn my father's park into a fishpond, or change the site of my revered aunt's grave into an eel-swamp." This strongly-worded opinion did not fail to be brought under the notice of the Government officials, and then spread from mouth to mouth in all directions, and it was the first expression of Bismarck's that became a common saying.

SAVING HIS SERVANT'S LIFE.

Bismarck passed through his year's *volontariat* in the army in 1838, after which he went to Kniephof, where he lost his mother on November 1st, 1839; and here he remained for a while. In 1841 he was appointed lieutenant in the Landwehr, and in 1842 he was summoned to take part in the military manœuvres with the regiment of Pomeranian Uhlans. In the afternoon of the 24th

of June he rode with Lieutenant von Klitzing and two servants to the Wendel Lake. On arriving there the officers dismounted and stood upon the bridge, while Hildebrandt, his servant, and an Uhlan named Kuhl, rode the horses into the water. Hildebrandt was first in the lake with his horse, but instead of going straight out from the shore the horse persisted in turning round and round. On his rider tugging at the reins to lead him in the proper direction the horse plunged so furiously that Hildebrandt was thrown in deep water. The Uhlan, Kuhl, observing the accident, rode his horse into the lake to his comrade's assistance, but at the spot where he left the land the water was deep close up to the shore, and both he and his horse pitched in headlong. In an instant Lieutenant von Bismarck stripped off his tunic, leapt off the bridge, which stood several feet above the water, and after having helped the sinking Uhlan ashore, swam out to the assistance of his own servant, who by this time was quite exhausted. He managed to bring Hildebrandt safely back to land, and then he went into the water again and got the horses ashore, thus saving at one stroke, and at the risk of his own life, the lives of two men and two horses.

STONED IN THE STREET.

In April 1847, King Frederick-William IV.

called together the first "United Landtag of the Monarchy," and Bismarck attended as deputy from the Saxon Provincial Assembly; and in 1848 he was frequently invited by the King to Sans-souci, who consulted him on various important matters. He, more than any other, supported the King in his determination not to accept the Imperial crown offered him by the Frankfort Parliament. The King said at the time that "the crown that does not impress the stamp 'by God's grace' upon the head of the wearer is no crown at all." This royal saying found an echo in an expression of Bismarck's. He said: "The Frankfort crown may be a very splendid diadem, but the precious metal for imparting to it its real truth and value would have to be obtained by melting down the crown of Prussia." This saying gave great offence to several sections of his countrymen, among others to the democrats of Rathenow, for which place Bismarck was elected to the Second Chamber. This feeling took the form of open hostility, and one day when he was driving through Rathenow several stones were flung at him. One of the missiles entered the vehicle in which he sat, and wounded him in the left arm. On the impulse of the moment Bismarck picked up the stone, and standing up at full length in the carriage he sent it back flying in the midst of the mob, who thereupon fell back and made way for him to pass.

SILENCING A CHATTERBOX.

The firm and rather severe features of Bismarck, together with his crisp beard, and the cold sharp glances from his eyes, gave him a rather domineering aspect, and that strangers were easily cowed thereby was proved in the case of Herr Nelke.* In a railway carriage one day, Bismarck was travelling with an old lieutenant-colonel of his acquaintance. A loquacious commercial traveller got into the same compartment, and talked politics in noisy and self-confident tones, and he even went so far as to annoy and insult the grey-headed lieutenant-colonel. Bismarck cast one or two impatient glances at the man; but he continued his oration till the train drew up at the Berlin terminus. When they got on the platform, Bismarck suddenly put on his very severest look, and placing himself face to face with the troublesome politician, directed such fierce glances at him that he shrank back a pace or two. Bismarck silently took another step in his direction, and the man retreated until his back came in contact with the wall. Then Bismarck, still looking him in the face, quietly said: "What is your name?" "Nelke; my name is Nelke," stammered the politician, pale and frightened. "Then look here, you Nelke, you had better take care, or I'll pluck you from your stem." With that he turned on his heel, leaving

* "Nelke" in German means pink, or carnation.

poor Nelke leaning against the wall a wiser but sadder man.

“IS HE FIT FOR THE POST?”

On July 11th, 1851, the then Prince of Prussia passed through Frankfort in order to inspect the troops, and was received on the railway platform by all the delegates to the Federal Council, as well as the higher military officers. When Bismarck was introduced to him, the Prince had an agreeable conversation with him; but on his way to the hotel he expressed to General von Rochow, who rode with him, his doubts whether “this Landwehr lieutenant” (Bismarck had appeared in uniform) was really fit for the exalted post to which he had been appointed. General von Rochow replied:—“The choice is good, your Highness; he is lively, intelligent, and trustworthy, and will answer all your Highness’s expectations.” “I really believe,” remarked General von Rochow later on, “that the Prince only wished he was a few years older and grey-headed; but whether grey hairs and increase of years will suffice for the carrying out of the Prince’s plans, is somewhat doubtful.”

EVENINGS AT HOME.

While at Frankfort, Bismarck lived in Rothschild Villa, a short distance out of the city, and surrounded with lovely gardens, which was what he

most enjoyed. His “Johanna” arranged a very snug and comfortable home for him here. He was fond of passing the evenings by the fireside, stirring the fire when it wanted poking; and when his wife or the daughters of the painter Jakob Becker played Beethoven’s sonatas before him he forgot all about the cares and annoyances of his public life. Here, too, he received his friends, and charmed them with his amiable and entertaining conversation. Whoever passed an evening of that kind in the Bismarck dwelling went away refreshed in heart and mind with the peace and cheerfulness which reigned in that interior. At times, however, Frau Bismarck would make visits to her parents in Pomerania; and then her husband would grow melancholy in his villa and long for the presence of wife and child. In this mood he once wrote to his wife:—“I feel as I should on a fine September day, gazing on the sere and yellow leaves of the trees; I am well and cheerful enough, with a cast of melancholy, however, together with just a suspicion of home-sickness, and there is within me a longing for forest, lake, and plain, you and the children—all mixed up together with Beethoven and sunset.”

TOO BUSY TO SLEEP.—BATHING BY MOONLIGHT.

The cosy and familiar evenings spent in Rothschild Villa, however, were often after all only pleasant intervals between the work of the day and the work

of the night. Over and over again, a light might be seen burning in Bismarck's study a long time after midnight. There he sat, after the guests had gone, and all was quiet in the house, smoking his cigar and dictating important letters and reports, often till the dawn of day, when he would quickly seal them up and send them off by the early five o'clock post for Berlin. He would not go to bed at all on these occasions, but, lying back on the sofa when his work was done, would make up with a short nap for the lost night's rest; and if when he woke again, his limbs felt stiff, he would order his horse and gallop for miles through the beautiful country on the banks of the Main or the Rhine; or sometimes he would take a refreshing dip in the cool stream. On one occasion he wrote:—"On Saturday evening I drove with Rochow and Lynar to Rüdeshheim; here I hired a boat, and after pulling from the shore I took a bath by moonlight. With nose and eyes only above the surface of the tepid water, I swam as far as the Mouse Tower, near Bingen, where the wicked bishop came to grief. There is something very unreal and dreamlike, floating in the water on a warm still night, slowly drifting with the tide, looking up at the moon and stars, and gazing upon the wooded mountain tops and church steeples in the distance bathed in a flood of moonlight, and no sound but the gentle ripple caused by one's own movements; I should like to do it every evening."

SIX DAYS IN THE SNOW.

In 1859 Bismarck was sent as Ambassador to St. Petersburg. The very thought of the ice-bound Neva made him shiver, but he packed his trunk and set off *viâ* Königsberg to the cold capital of the North. "A chilly journey," said Bismarck to himself, as he took the outside seat on the heavily-laden eight-horse mail-coach which was to carry him through the deep snow across the Russian steppes. It was a six days' journey from Königsberg to St. Petersburg, and we will let him describe it in his own words:—"We journeyed for ninety-six hours from Königsberg without making a halt, and only at Kowno we got two hours' sleep, and three at Egypt (a place near Dünaburg). I don't feel so badly now it is all over; but my face smarts terribly, as I had to sit outside almost the whole of the night, and the temperature fluctuated between one and twelve degrees below zero. The snow was so deep that with six or eight horses we were often literally brought to a standstill, and had to get down before the coach would move. The slippery hills were even worse than this, especially in going down them. We took an hour to go twenty paces, and four times all the horses were down and mixed up in almost inextricable confusion. And then the darkness and the wind! It was, indeed, a dreary wintry journey, and the cold was so severe that, as I sat on

my outside seat I found it impossible to get a wink of sleep. This went on from early Friday morning till Monday evening, till I reached the railway, and then besides the first and last nights on the line, the only sleep I got from Wednesday morning till Tuesday evening was on one occasion for three hours, and at another time for two hours, on a sofa in a station waiting-room. The skin had all peeled off my face when I got to my journey's end. But it is all over now, and I can afford to laugh at it. Here (at St. Petersburg) the Neva is frozen as hard as granite."

"THE PRUSSIAN SHOT ALL THE BEARS!"

His favourite recreation while in Russia was wolf and bear hunting. He never felt better than when, wrapped in heavy furs, and in the severest weather, he tramped over the snow in the track of a bear or a wolf. He soon got to be a keen and skilful hunter, and his luck at bringing down the big game was proverbial in St. Petersburg. On one occasion he made one of a party of seven for a bear hunt. On their return one of the seven was asked: "How did you get on?" "Not at all well," was the reply; "the first bear came trotting by, and the Prussian shot him; up comes the second bear, I missed, and—the Prussian shot him. On the arrival of the third bear, Colonel M— fired twice, and missed, but—the Prussian shot him.

Thus Bismarck shot all three bears, and no other was sighted that day. That was *my* hunting luck."

READY FOR ANYTHING.

After he was re-called from St. Petersburg in the spring of 1862, the King was very assiduous in taking his advice and learning his opinions. The formation of a new Ministry was the most important piece of work in hand just then, and some remarks made by Bismarck in a letter to his wife show what was in the King's mind. "I was as good as looked out for the post of Prime Minister," he wrote. "But perhaps they will see some one they will like better, when I am once out of their sight. I shall do nothing towards it either way. I am ready for anything that Providence destines for me. If I am not convinced that it *must be*, I shall not accept. To leave the King in the lurch on the plea of ill-health, however, I hold to be cowardice and disloyalty. If it *must be*, then—Forward, as our coachman says when he takes the reins." But his time was not yet come.

AN OLIVE-TWIG IN HIS POCKET-BOOK.

After filling the post of Ambassador at Paris for a short time Bismarck was summoned back to Berlin by telegraph, and made Prime Minister; and he appeared in the Chamber of Deputies in his new capacity for the first time on September 29th, 1862.

He now became deeply involved in the conflict between the Crown and Parliament on the subject of military reform. Although loyally supporting his King, Bismarck did his best to stave off a crisis, and one day in a Committee of the House, he took a little olive-twig from his pocket-book, and holding it up he said: "I plucked this in the south of France, with the intention of offering it to the Progressist Party as a token of peace; but I see that the time for it has not come yet." And afterwards he added: "The pressing questions of the time are not to be solved by speeches made, and resolutions passed in the House, but *by blood and iron.*"

"HERE I AM!"

Scarcely did any statesman ever enter office in more difficult circumstances than did Bismarck when he accepted the post of Prime Minister in 1862. King William had informed his Ministers, even while Prince Regent, that the "Prussian army must be strong enough to command respect if it is to throw its proper weight into the political scale;" and he had been studying the subject of military reform for years in conjunction with trusty co-adjutors, Von Roon, the Minister for War, being the most conspicuous. In January 1860, however, when the King brought his measure of army reorganization before the Landtag, the money vote was thrown out, and after repeated attempts at reconciliation the

Ministry resigned. In this critical situation it was imperative that the King should find a man of cool courage and iron will, who could take upon himself the thorny task of piloting the state. It was decided that Bismarck was the man, and Von Roon was despatched to have an interview with him. Every one was asking: "What conditions will Bismarck lay down? What programme will he insist upon?" It was the sturdy Von Roon's business to find all this out. It proved, however, that all this anxiety was in vain and uncalled-for. Bismarck's simple answer when he heard the summons was: "Here I am!"

A PROPHETIC DREAM.

About the time which followed the Danish war, and before the Austrian campaign had been entered upon, Bismarck recounted a dream he had had while at Biarritz. He was climbing a steep and narrow mountain path, which became narrower and narrower the higher he got. At last he found himself before a high and inaccessible wall, and by his side was a bottomless abyss. For a moment he stood to consider whether he had not better turn back, but a sudden resolution seized him, and wielding his climbing rod, he struck a heavy blow at the wall. Instantly the obstacle disappeared, and the path lay free and open before him. One wall—the Danish difficulty—had indeed just fallen before