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PRINCE BISMARCK.

BY ONE OF HIS COUNTRYMEN.

I.

HE is a powerful man. That is what strikes at once every one who sees him for the first time. He is very tall and of enormous weight, but not ungainly. Every part of his gigantic frame is well-proportioned,—the large round head, the massive neck, the broad shoulders, and the vigorous limbs. He is now more than sixty-three, and the burden he has had to bear has been unusually heavy; but though his step has become slow and ponderous, he carries his head high—looking down, even, on those who are as tall as himself—and his figure is still erect. During these latter years he has suffered frequent and severe bodily pain, but no one could look upon him as an old man, or as one to be pitied. On the contrary, everybody who sees him feels that Prince Bismarck is still in possession of immense physical power.

Photography has made his features known to all. It is a strange fact, which would attract attention

anywhere, even if we did not know that it belonged to a man whose doings have changed our modern world. It is a face never to be forgotten—by no means a handsome, but still less an ugly one. It was remarkably bright, full of humour, of merry mischief even, in days long gone by. It has now become serious—almost solemn—with an expression of unflinching energy and daring.

The bald round forehead—an object of admiration for the phrenologist—is of quite extraordinary dimensions; the large, prominent blue eyes, seem as if they could look into the sun without blinking. They are not quick,—they wander slowly from one object to another; but when they rest on a human countenance, they become so intensely inquiring, that many people, when they have to undergo this searching look, feel uneasy;—and all, even Bismarck's equals or superiors, are made aware that they