Bismark and Theodoras—Cause and Effect.

(From the London Telegraph.)

Bismark, the man of "blood and iron," is ill; and the fact disquiets Europe, makes French rentes sensitive, and calls forth an anxious paragraph in all the German newspapers. He would need to be composed entirely of iron, and not at all of flesh and blood, if he could have stood the tremendous wear and tear of the past five years without some show of physical exhaustion. When the Austrian Ambassador took to his bed with the spotted fever, M. de Talleyrand spoke a whole night in wakeful meditation, pondering what on earth could have persuaded his Excellency to take such a step. Her Von Bismark's malady, we regret to learn, is not diplomatic. He has had pleurisy; and though from that dangerous attack he is happily recovering, the real "matter with him" is nervous prostration, arising from his incessant application to State affairs. He is obliged to give them up now, and to "go" to his country seat in Pomerania; and it is whatever happens, his physicians demand that he shall abstain entirely from public business till he has recovered the health which is still so precious to Germany. That he may do so must be the wish of all who desire the completion of Teutonic unity; but here the temporary paralysis of such a brain and such a hand touches the transcendent importance which a single man may acquire in the fortunes of his age. On the night that our newspapers laid the body of Napoleon at St. Helena, it is said that some rain got hold of the great Emperor's heart and had nearly carried it away into their hole before the attendants saved the outpouring of his life-blood from the heart of the conqueror of Austerlitz—that organ whose throbs in every pulsation set a million of other hearts the life-blood cost a million of other hearts. Is the life-blood in them—furnishing a meal for the St. Helena vermin? Yet it was much the same as any other carrion to these sacrilegious rodents, and between the heart of Napoleon and the brain of any average Berliner, physiology, doubtless, could show a very little difference. Nevertheless, how that brain, which is now weary and weak, has altered history! The amazing words, "I am struck Emmins, when he wrote "*Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem.*" What Fabius did by inactivity, Bismark did by activity and daring. For the moment, and the moment only, he trust, seemed to be Fabius, "like a bold bird" the German Cæsar, who almost alone conceived, and almost alone carried out, the Fabian policy of patience and made successful at Sadowa. Give what credit we may to the army, to the Landwehr, to the German Senate, to King and people, to wits which are covered up to-day with a thin nightcap rather than those which adorned the storm. How much more useful was another division of Hohenzollerns than Jacobins would have been to Benedick, if in that fierce campaign, Her von Bismark had had measles, mumps or sick headache. The day which broke up the old order of Europe, and doomed the Hapsburg to be constitutional, was when the Vienna General found his outposts withering under the fire of the needle-guns, and knew that he was not any longer dark-blue "Dutchman." "Snake pieces" he telegraphed to his master. "Fight is out." The grateful, ill-fitting costume, gives but a poor idea of the magnificent-looking man he really was. My first impression of him was received while he was arguing against William Wirt, in the famous Tuckahoe Rubbard case, before a jury from about slavery. I think it was in 1829.

The statues of Horace Mann and of Edward Everett have one defect in common; in both an attitude belonging only to the human motions of oratory is rendered permanent in bronze, and the effect is necessarily ungraceful and constrained. As I passed in my walk to look at the image of Everett various reminiscences flitted through my mind. I recollected hearing him for the first time, at Plymouth, in 1826 or 1827. While all around me was thinking his eloquence I remained silent; and when my friends insisted upon knowing how the speech had affected me, I replied, "It is perfect, not eloquence. It plays round the head, but not a syllable of it reaches the heart." This criticism was deemed heretical, and somewhat presumptuous. But I had sawered according to my instincts, and I ever changed my opinion.

"Some thirty years afterward, before the Bow and Spear lodge in March, with 'Glory Hallelujah!' Mr. Everett delivered an address on Bunker Hill, where Marion, of Virginia, had gone forward, and where Toombs, of Georgia, proposed to call the muster-roll of his slaves, and with a very pronounced prospect of realizing his insolent project. The Sunday preceding that memorable occasion, I happened to hear Theodore Parker preach concerning the charges of character in this country since the days of the Puritans. In allusion to the approaching ceremony at Charlestown, he said: 'This week there will be heard on Bunker Hill that most foolish of all noises, the human voice when it means nothing comes from the heart, and goes to the place it came from.' As I stood looking at the outstretched arm of the popular statesman in bronze, I distinctly recalled an anecdote which made me smile.

"When Mr. Everett was preparing a lecture or address he is said to have been in the habit of arranging everything very carefully beforehand. He went about to deliver a speech at Lexington, in commemoration of the battle on the 19th of April, 1775, he inquired whether any who had fought on that occasion were still living. Being informed that one or two at least survived, he called upon him, and after some conversation concerning the events of the Revolution, he said: 'In my address I shall make an allusion to those who fought on the fields of Lexington. I want you to sit in front of me, and when I begin to allude to those heroes I want you to stand up.'

"The old soldier obeyed his instructions; but as soon as he rose from his seat, Mr. Everett extended his arm, as the statue now does, and exclaimed: 'Sit down, veterans the Sir' (or Madam) 'Is for so stand in your presence.'

"The aged man obeyed the direction, but in the simplicity of his heart he was quite bewildered by such extraordinary orders. He had no idea how effects were produced in oratory, and he after words said to a friend: 'I don't know what Mr. Everett means. First he told me to get up, and then when I got up, he told me to sit down.'

"All this, and much more, the statues said to me when I was in Boston a few weeks ago. I suppose I never forgiven me to this day, and are now delighted to have an apparent opportunity of taunting me with the results of my hesitation. But let me ask you, so soon as anything becomes history, did not Texas order upon a degree of prosperity she had never before dreamed of? Did not the present troubles are not the results of my action at all, but of other agencies and influences.

"Let me tell you the state of mind that I think will follow close on the heels of secession. The time will come when your fathers and husbands, and sons and brothers, will be herded together like sheep and cattle, at the point of the bayonet—and your mothers and wives, and daughters and sisters, will ask, where are they? and each one will answer where?

"The fact is, the North are determined to preserve the Union. They are not a fiery, impulsive people, like you are—they live in cooler climate. But when they begin to move in a given direction, where great issues are involved, like those between the North and South in this case, they move with the steadiness, perseverance, and determination of a mighty avalanche. And what I fear is, they will overwhelm the South with a mass of heavy snow. They may come together over night in such myriads upon the track of railroad as to stop the train by lubricating the track when crushed by the wheels. They devour wheat first, and afterwards take to oats and weeds, leaving grass and other crops comparatively untouched.

WAR REMINISCENCES.

Sam Houston During the War—His Speech on Secession.

A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune*, writing from Galveston, Texas, says:

"The history of General Sam Houston is the history of Texas; covering the events of nearly or quite forty years, commencing with the struggles against Mexico for independence, and extending through the days of the Texas republic, the exciting times of annexation, including the war between Mexico and the United States, the years of peaceful connection with the Union under the 'Stars and Stripes,' down to the unfortunate days of secession.

"The 'old war-horse' had a most varied experience during this whole eventful period—sometimes fighting in the military chieftain of Texas, then as political leader—and anon as an official head of the republic, or of the state—but his last battles were fought with the evil demon of secession. And permit me here to say, and record, that these last conflicts have never been well understood in our country, especially in the northern section, disposed—and his words, actions and movements cannot be correctly interpreted without a knowledge of and analyzing the anti-secession animus by which he was actuated.

"I do not essay to become his biographer, except so far as, of my own personal knowledge, I am familiar with that portion of his history whereof I write.

"On the general question of secession there were several classifications of ideas and parties. There was the 'old, original dyed-in-the-wool,' John C. Calhoun, South Carolina, Nullifying Secession party. There was another party made up of conditional men. They believed in secession as a *dernier resort*, in case the rights of the South could not be otherwise maintained. This party were the strongest of any in numbers, but were cursed with taints of pusillanimous submission to the meddlesome tyrants of the North, and when they called upon us to stay in the Union and fight for our rights under the old flag, the answer was insufficient for the crisis of the hour. They were borne down by the explosive power of slavery, by which the public mind was then North and South. A third party said, though they dare not put it very loud: 'Let slavery alone if need be, but let us have the Union, with the old flag, at all hazards; for the Union is worth to us than any other possible condition.'

"A fourth party opposed secession on ground of inexpediency and not policy. They said they would not argue the original question of right under the constitution, the moral, or the natural right of secession, but confined themselves to the idea that secession was inexpedient and impolitic. They said that secession would precipitate war, and war would prove disastrous to northern rights, instead of remedial. This was old Sam Houston's party, of which he was the acknowledged leader.

"A few days before the vote on secession, the old General came down to Galveston, from his country, to make a speech on the subject. He had been making a canvassing tour, and was full of the inspiration of his subject—under which, as you may judge, he was blessed with a tolerable degree of eloquence, as said to be called of candidates for the Methodist ministry when thought qualified therefor.

"A self-constituted committee of several leading gentlemen of the city waited on the General a few quarters and tried to get him to desist from attempting to make a speech in Galveston that day. They said to him, 'General, you know we are your personal friends, and have been your political supporters heretofore, but we differ from you in your views on the question of secession; yet we do not wish to see you personally humiliated. These are exciting times, and we fear a mob may interfere and your life be in jeopardy.'

HOUSTON'S REPLY.

'He said: 'Gentlemen, I thank you for your personal considerations and anxiety, but I have been exciting times in Texas before, and I have heard my friends express their personal fears before and, gentlemen, I shall make the speech today at eleven o'clock from the upper gallery of Tremont Hotel. Should it please you to do so, there, gentlemen, and, if need be, to help keep order.' This closed the interview, and the committee retired, biting their lips and muttering, 'Stubborn old man.'

"Very soon, one of the committeemen came into my office and related the interview. I had then seen Gen. Houston, and had an itching desire to see and hear him; but, being a stranger in the city, I thought it not the city being in an excited state, I concluded not to go and hear him, as I did not wish to be caught in the disturbance. At eleven o'clock came, and twelve, and a gentleman came to me and said: 'Houston is speaking, and has been an hour, and all is quiet.' Considering now that circumstance favored my desire to go and hear 'the old man eloquent' of Texas, I went and listened with my hat off.

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"I noticed several times during the speech the very men who, in the morning, opposed the speaker and the speaking, applauding lustily with voice and hands—such was the magical power of Sam Houston over a Texas audience. The fact is, it was morally impossible for him to be mobbed in Texas. The arm of the mobocrat was paralyzed in his presence. Needless data, I have well understood by him, hence he feared not. Houston was a friend to the Union, though a believer in State sovereignty.

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