

Cause of the War.

We call the attention of our readers to the following terse, bold, and graphic speech, in which the war is affirmed to savor strongly of a rough passage between two members of the old 'Mother of Harlots,' while poor Turkey hangs on to the 'key' which the Pope and the Emperor of France are striving to secure for the Latins, and the Czar for the Greeks.

To the uninitiated it must appear strange to see Protestant England so lavishly pour out her blood and treasure for, she knows not what. But to the wise it is another evidence of the fulfillment of prophecy, of the truth of our cause, of the rapid progress of the 'strange act,' and of the ease with which the Almighty can wield powerful nations to accomplish his purposes, and they know it not.—[Ed. 'News.'

[From the New York Times of Jan'y 5.]

VICTOR HUGO'S SPEECH

AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE POLISH REVOLUTION,
29TH OF NOVEMBER, 1854.

EXILES.—The glorious Anniversary which we celebrate recalls Poland to every memory. The situation of Europe also recalls her into public affairs. How? I will endeavor to tell you; but, first, let us examine this situation.

Standing where Europe does, and in the presence of the decisive events which are preparing, it is important to make facts exact.

Let us begin by rectifying an error almost universal.

Thanks to the obscurity craftily thrown over the origin of the affair by the French Government, and complacently increased by the English Government, even now, in England as in France, the Eastern war, this continual disaster, is attributed to the Emperor Nicholas. They deceive themselves. The Eastern war is a crime, but it is not the crime of Nicholas. Let us give every man his dues; let us re-establish the truth.

We will draw our conclusions afterwards.

Citizens, the 2d of December, 1851—for we must always go back there—and whilst M. Bonaparte shall be in power, it is from this horrible source that all events will proceed, and all events, whatever they may be, having this poison in their veins, will be unhealthy and venomous and will gangrene rapidly: the 2d of December then, M. Bonaparte did what you know.

He committed a crime, erected this crime into a throne, and seated himself upon it.

Schinderhannes, declares himself Cæsar.—But Peter is necessary to Cæsar.

Where one is an Emperor, the approval of the people is of little consequence; what is of consequence is the approval of the Pope. It was not enough to be a perjured man, a traitor and a murderer—he must be consecrated. Bonaparte the Great was consecrated. Bonaparte the Little wished also to be.

Then arose the question. Would the Pope consent?

An aid-de-camp, named de Cotte, one of the religious men of the day, was sent to Antonelli, the present Gonsalvi. The Aid-de-camp had little success. Pius VII. had consecrated Marengo; Pius IX. hesitated to consecrate the Boulevard Montmartre. To mingle with that blood and this mire the old Roman oil was a grave affair. The Pope was fastidious. Bonaparte embarrassed.—What was to be done? What course to take to induce Pius IX. to decide? How would a girl be induced to decide? How a Pope? By a present. This is its history.

An Exile.—(the citizen Bianchi).—These are sacerdotal manners.

Victor Hugo.—You are right. A long time ago Jeremiah cried out to Jerusalem, and Luther to Rome.—Harlot!

The Orator proceeded:—M. Bonaparte then resolved to make a present to M. Mastae.

What present?

This is the whole real occurrence. Citizens, there are two Popes in this world—the Latin Pope and the Greek Pope. The Greek Pope—who calls himself also the Czar—brings upon the Sultan the weight of all the Russians. Now, the Sultan possesses Judea, possesses the tomb of Christ. Give your attention to this.

For ages the great ambition of the two Catholicisms—Greek and Roman—has been to penetrate freely into this tomb, and to minister there, not side by side and fraternally, but one excluding the other—the Latin excluding the Greek, or the Greek excluding the Latin. Between these two opposing pretensions, what did Islamism? It kept the balance equal—that is to say, the door closed, and allowed neither the Greek nor the Latin cross to enter into the tomb—neither Moscow nor Rome. A heart-rending thing! Above all to the Latin Pope, who affects the supremacy.

Then, as a general idea, and entirely irrespective of M. Bonaparte, what present could be offered to the Pope of Rome to influence him to consecrate and crown, no matter what bandit?—Place the question before Machiavel, he will reply to you—

'There is nothing simpler: make the scale of Jerusalem incline on the side towards Rome; break the humiliating equality of the two crosses before the tomb of Christ; put the Eastern Church under the feet of the Western; open the holy gate to one and close it upon the other; molest the Greek Pope; in one word, give the Latin Pope the key of the Sepulchre.'

This is what Machiavel would have answered. It is what Bonaparte understood: it is what he did. This has been called, you remember, the affair of the Holy Places.

The intrigue was concocted—secretly, at first. The agent of Bonaparte at Constantinople, M. de

Lavalette, demanded of the Sultan, on the part of his master, the key of the Tomb of Jesus for the Pope of Rome. The Sultan—weak, troubled; already having a foreboding of the end of Islamism, drawn in two different directions, afraid of Nicholas, afraid of M. Bonaparte, not knowing to which Emperor to listen—loosed his hold, and gave the key. M. Bonaparte thanked him—Nicholas was angry. The Greek Pope sent to the Seraglio his legate a latere, Menschikoff, whip in hand. He claimed as a compensation for the key given to M. Bonaparte by the Pope of Rome, more substantial things—nearly all the sovereignty which remained to the Sultan. The Sultan refused. France and England supported the Sultan; and you know the rest—the Eastern war burst forth.

These are the facts.

Let us render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and not give to Nicholas that which belongs to the 2d of December.

M. Bonaparte's desire to be consecrated has done all. The affair of the Holy Places and the key is the origin of all.

Now, see what has come from this key. At the present hour, Asia Minor, the Aland Islands, the Danube, Tchernia, the White Sea and the Black Sea; the North and the South—see cities, a few months ago flourishing, now lying in ashes and smoke.

At this hour Sinope is burned, Bomarsund is burned, Silistria is burned, Varna is burned, Kala is burned, Sebastopol is burning.

At this hour, by thousands, soon by hundreds of thousands, the French, the English, the Turks, the Russians, butcher each other in the East before a heap of ruins. The Arab comes from the hill to be killed by the Tartar, who comes from the Volga; the Cossack comes from the steppes to be slain by the Scotchman from the Highlands. Batteries thunder against batteries, powder magazines explode, bastions crumble, redoubts give way, balls perforate vessels, entrenchments are bombarded, bivouacs are under showers of fire; the typhus, the plague and cholera come down with the grape-shot upon the besiegers, upon the besieged, upon the camps, upon the fleets, upon the garrison, upon the city, where the whole population—women, children, old men—agonize. Shells destroy hospitals; a hospital takes fire and two thousand sick are 'calined,' says a bulletin.

And storms too—it is their season. The Turkish frigate, 'Bahira,' founders under sail, the two Egyptian boats, 'Abad-i-Djihad' are engulfed near Eniada with seven hundred men, gales dismast the fleet, the screw propeller, 'the Prince,' the frigate, 'the Nymph of the Seas,' four other war-steamer founders, the 'Sanspareil,' the 'Samson' and the 'Agamemnon' lie in shallow water, broken by the storm; the 'Retribution' only escaped by throwing her guns into the sea, the 'Henri IV,' perished near Eupatoria, the advice-boat, 'Pluto' is disabled, thirty-two transport-ships laden with men run aground and are lost. On land the conflicts become every day more savage. The Russians beat the wounded to death with their muskets. At the end of a battle the heap of dead and dying obstruct the maneuvers of the infantry. In the evening the battle-field makes even Generals shudder. English and French and Russian corpses are mingled as if they were biting each other.

I have never seen anything like it, cries the old Lord Raglan, who saw Waterloo; and yet they will go further still. It is announced that 'new' means are about to be employed against the unfortunate city—means which make one tremble, and which they hold 'in reserve.'

Extirpation is the cry of this war. The entrenchment alone costs a hundred men a day.

Rivers of human blood flow; a river of blood at Alma, a river of blood at Balaklava, a river of blood at Inkerman; five thousand men killed on the 20th September, six thousand the 25th October; fifteen thousand the 5th November,—and this is only the beginning.

Armies are sent and they melt away. It is well. Come, let us send others! Louis Bonaparte has repeated to the ex-General Canrobert that imbecile saying of Philip IV. a Spinola: Marquis, take Buda.

Yesterday, Sebastopol was a sore; to-day it is an ulcer; to-morrow it will be a cancer,—the cancer which devours France, England, Turkey, and Russia.

This is the Europe of the Kings. O future! when wilt thou give us the Europe of the People!

I continue: On the ships, after each battle, are horrible crowds of wounded. To cite only the figures that I know, and I know not the tenth part: four hundred wounded on the 'Panama,' four hundred and eighty-nine on the 'Colombo,' which towed two transports loaded in the same manner—the number I do not know; four hundred and seventy on the 'Vulcan,' fifteen hundred on the 'Kangaroo.' They are wounded in the Crimea, their wounds are dressed at Constantinople. Two hundred leagues of sea and eight days' journey between the wound and the dressing!

During the voyage the neglected wounds become frightful; the mutilated men, with no aid, no assistance, miserably heaped up on each other, see the worm of the grave come from their broken limbs, from their wounded sides, from their cloven skulls, from their opened bowels; and under this horrible swarming they become corrupt before they are dead, in the pestilential holds of hospital steamers—immense common graves filled with living men, eaten by worms. I do not exaggerate, I have here the English journals, the Ministerial journals. Read for yourselves. Yes, I insist, no aid.

Four surgeons on the 'Vulcan,' four on the 'Colombo,' for nine hundred and nineteen dying men!

As for the Turks, their wounds are not dressed. They do as they can.

I am only a demagogue and a blood drinker.—

I am well aware of it, but it would please me better to see fewer boxes of consecrated medals on the field of Boulogne and more physicians in the camp at Crimea.

Let us proceed: In Europe, in England, in France, the re-action is terrible. Failures upon failures, all transactions suspended, commerce in agony, industry dead. The follies of the war become evident, the trophies present their balance-sheet. For the Baltic alone, and in calculating what has been expended, allowing nothing lost for this campaign, each of the two thousand Russian prisoners brought from Bomarsund costs France and England 336,000 francs per head.

In France, misery. The peasant sells his cow to pay the tax and gives his son to feed the war—his son his flesh! What this flesh is called, you know—the uncle has baptised it. Each regime sees man from its own point of sight. The Republic says, *flesh of the people*; the Empire says, *flesh for the cannon*;—and famine completes the misery. As they are fighting with Russia, no more grain from Odessa. Bread fails. Something like the tumult at Buzene smoulders under the popular ashes and throws its sparks here and there.

At Boulogne there is a bread riot, repressed by gendarmes. At Saint-Brieux women tear their hair and cut open the bags of grain with their scissors. And levies upon levies; loans upon loans.

One hundred and forty thousand men this year only, to begin with. Millions are swallowed up for the regiments. Credit has gone down with the fleet. Such is the situation of affairs.

All this comes from the 'Second' of December. We, exiles, whose hearts bleed with all the wounds of our country, and with all the sorrows of humanity, we consider this lamentable state of things with ever-increasing anguish.

Let us insist upon it, repeat it, cry it aloud; let it be known and never forgotten henceforth. I have just shown it, with incontrovertible proofs in my hand, and history will say it; and I defy any one whoever he may be to deny it,—all this comes from the Second December!

Take away intrigue, the so-called affair of the Holy Places; take away the key; take away the desire of being consecrated; take away the present to be made to the Pope; take away the Second December; take away M. Bonaparte; you have no Eastern war.

Yes, these fleets, the most magnificent in the world, are reduced and humiliated; yes, this noble English cavalry is exterminated; yes, the Scotch Greys, those mountain lions, our Zouaves, our Spahis, our Vincennes infantry, our incomparable African regiments are sabred, cut up, destroyed; yes, those innocent people—whose brothers we are, for so there are no foreigners—are destroyed; yes, among so many others, the old General Cathcart and the young Capt. Nolan—the honor of the English uniform—are sacrificed; yes, bowels and brains torn and scattered by grape-shot, hang on the brushwood at Balaklava, or are crushed before the walls of Sebastopol; yes, at night, howls like those of wild beasts come from the battle-fields, filled with dying men; yes, the moon shines on that terrible charnel-house of Inkerman, where women, lantern in hand, wander here and there among the dead, seeking their brothers or their husbands, just as other women, three years ago, on the night of the 4th of December, examined one after the other the corpses of the Boulevard Montmartre; yes, these calamities cover Europe—this blood, all this blood, flows in the Crimea; yes, these widows weep, these mothers wring their hands, because M. Bonaparte, that assassin of Paris, took a fancy to be blessed and consecrated by M. Mastae, the strangler of Rome!

And now let us meditate a moment—it is worth our while.

Truly, if among the intrepid French regiments who, side by side with the valiant English army, fight before Sebastopol against the whole Russian force,—if, among the heroic combatants, there may be some of those sad soldiers who, in December, 1851, led on by infamous generals, obeyed the sorrowful orders for the ambushade,—our tears flow from our eyes, our old French hearts are deeply moved for these sons of peasants, these sons of laborers. We cry mercy! we say, they were drunk, they were blind, they were ignorant, they knew not what they did! and we raise our hands to heaven and we pray for these unfortunate men.

The soldier is a child; enthusiasm makes a hero of him; passive obedience may make a bandit of him. A hero, others rob him of his glory; a bandit, let others take his fault. Yes, before the mysterious chastisement which is commencing, O my God! grant pardon to the soldiers; but with the chiefs do what thou wilt!

Yes, exiles, let us not judge, and look! The Eastern war—I speak of it again—is the Second December which has come, step by step, from transformation to transformation, to its logical result, the conflagration of all Europe! Oh, bewildering depth of expiation!

The Second December falls back upon itself, and after having slain ours, slays his own.

Three years ago it was called 'coup d'état,' and it assassinated Bandin; now, it is called the Eastern war, and it executes Saint Arnaud.

The ball which, on the night of the fourth, under the order of Lornel, killed Dussoubs before the barricade Montorgueil, rebounds in the darkness, according to some inexplicable and formidable law, and kills Lornel in the Crimea.—We have nothing to do with that. It is the fatal thunderbolt; the blow of a spirit—God himself. Justice is a theorem; punishment is exact as Euclid; crime has its angles of incidence and its angles of reflection; and we men, we tremble when we perceive in the obscurity of human destiny, the lines and figures of that enormous geometry which the crowd call chance and the thinking man calls Providence.

The curious thing—let us say it in passing—is, that the key is useless. The Pope, seeing Austria hesitate, and, moreover, anticipating without

doubt his approaching fall, continues to draw back before M. Bonaparte. M. Bonaparte does not wish to fall from M. Mastae to M. Sibour, and the result is that he is not consecrated, and he will not be; for through all this, Providence laughs with its terrible laugh.

Citizens—I have now laid before you the situation of Europe at present, and it is with this that I wish to close; and this brings me to the special object of this solemn reunion. This situation, so important for two great nations—for England risks her commerce and the East, and France risks her honor and her life—this fearful situation, how shall we extricate ourselves from it? France has a way to deliver herself: to shake off that Imperial nightmare pressing upon her breast; to re-ascend to victory, to power, pre-eminence, by liberty. England has another; to finish where she should have commenced; no more to strike the Czar on the heel of his boot, as she does now, but to strike him to the heart; that is to say, to revolutionize Poland. Here, in this same place, precisely a year ago to-day, I gave this advice to England, you remember.—On that occasion the journals which sustain the English Cabinet styled me a 'chimerical orator,' and see how the event confirms my words.

War in the Crimea makes the Czar smile, but war in Poland would make him tremble. But is not a war in Poland a revolution? Without doubt. What matters that to England? What matters it to this old and great England? She has no fear of revolutions because she has liberty.

Yes, but M. Bonaparte, being despotism, fears them, and he will not wish it. He will not wish it! So, then, it is to M. Bonaparte and to his personal fear of revolutions that England sacrifices her armies, her fleet, her finances, her future welfare, India, the East, all her interests. Was I wrong in saying, two months ago, that the alliance of M. Bonaparte is not only a moral lowering of herself for England, but it is also a catastrophe?

It is the alliance of M. Bonaparte which, for a year, has made all the English interests in the Eastern war take a wrong direction. Without the alliance of M. Bonaparte, England would now have a success in Poland, instead of a check, and perhaps a disaster, in the Crimea.

No matter, what is to come cannot be averted. Situations have their logic, which always finish by having the last word.

The war in Poland, to make use of the transparent phrase adopted by the English Cabinet, 'a system of aggression purely continental,' is henceforth inevitable. It is the immediate future. At this moment in which I am speaking, Lord Palmerston is talking about it in the Tuileries with M. Bonaparte, and, citizens, this shall be my last word,—war in Poland—yes—it is the Revolution in Europe.

Ah! let destiny be fulfilled! Ah! let a fatality rest on these men, on those executioners, on those despots, who have snatched their sceptres from so many nations, from so many noble nations! I say the sceptre and not the life. For, Exiles, it must be repeated unceasingly to terrify the base, and to raise the courage of others,—the apparent death of the nations, livid though they may be, so frozen as they seem, is an avatar, and conceals the mystery of a new incarnation. Poland is in the sepulchre, but she has her clarion in her hand; Hungary is in her shroud, but she clenches her sabre; Italy is in the tomb, but she has a fire at her heart; France is in the grave, but she has a star on her forehead; and all signs announce to us in the next Spring, in the Spring, the hour of resurrection, is the morning is the hour for awaking. Friends, all the earth shall be dazzled, and shall tremble with joy, when rising suddenly, all these great corpses shall open their immense wings! Hurra for Poland! Hurra for Universal Republicism!

MODEL BARN.—A writer to the 'Farm Journal,' gives the following account of a model barn:

It is a hundred and seventeen feet long by sixty-five wide; there is stabling under the whole, except a wagon-shed at the one end, the whole width of which is twenty-two feet, and is as long as the barn is wide—made to drive through; an arched cellar of thirty feet in length, and eight or ten wide, takes up a part of the wagon-shed.

Above the stabling are the hay-mows; then seven or eight feet above is the main floor, running the whole length of the barn; the entrance being at the end; under this is another floor, forty by eighty feet, running across the barn—used for cleaning grain; under the main floor are the granaries; corn-crisks are over the wagon-shed on either side of the upper floor; a thrashing-machine is arranged with horse power, in the main floor, at one side, so as not to be at all in the way, and the horses work in the wagon-shed beneath, an upright post passing through the floor, and connecting with the main wheel. Horses and driver are always in the dry—protected from a hot sun in warm weather, and from the chilling blasts of the cold, inclement season. The straw and other things for the manure yard, pass out in front over a scaffold level with the upper floor, which is at least twenty feet high, making it very easy to put out a large amount of straw.

The hay all descends seven or eight feet below the upper floor before it reaches the bottom of the mow, so that it is no trouble to unload it; but without a more minute description, I must say that this is the most convenient barn that I have ever seen.

RUDE AND CRUDE OBSERVATIONS.—By a Platitudinarian. No man knows when he goes to law, or gets into a cab, what he will have to pay when he gets out of it; red tape is the legal chalk with which a lawyer riddles his sheep; years are the milestones which tell us the distance we have travelled, but it's rarely women count them; women, when they talk of 'a good figure,' must mean the figure 8, for that is the figure which is most pulled in at the middle; the bread of repentance we eat is often made of the wild oats we sow in our youth.—[Punch.]