

## THE BEAUTIES OF WAR.

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[At the present season, when the public mind is excited with expectations of war, it may not be amiss to call attention to the following article, illustrative of the horrors to which such a state of things would necessarily give rise. We believe that the picture here presented, although in itself sufficiently painful and humiliating to human nature, has in a thousand instances been immeasurably exceeded by the reality.]

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THE deadly animosity which existed between the French and Prussians during the occupation of France by the allied army, can hardly be conceived by any but those who were spectators of it;—it showed itself in a thousand modes,—not merely in contest in the field, in the serious antagonism of war, but in the most trivial and insignificant actions of ordinary life. The hatred was reciprocal. I have seen a Prussian officer, when his load of wood came to his quarters, make the carrier wait an hour, to his own inconvenience, before he would allow it to be unloaded; the man standing all the while in the rain, swearing with the peculiar grace and volubility of that period,—a fashion so extraordinary, that those who have only visited France within the last twenty years cannot form to themselves an idea of the extent to which the accomplishment may be cultivated. The man in his turn would contrive to place all the worst pieces of wood to come out first, so as to give the impression that the whole was of inferior quality; and when the Prussian had exhausted himself with complaints and remonstrances, and the Frenchman with oaths and exclamations, “that the worst wood in the world was too good for a Prussian,” he would ostentatiously place all the fine pieces uppermost, with a smirk which seemed to say—“Now, you can’t make a complaint to the authorities, for the wood is better than average, and I have had my revenge by worrying you.”

A row of the largest pieces of artillery was placed along the Quai Voltaire, and all that side of the river down to the Chamber of Deputies. Night and day stood by the side of each a man with lighted match, and it was understood that they were loaded to the muzzle with grape shot. Directly in front of them, across the river, were booths, swings, stalls for fruit and confectionary, printsellers (not the most decent), rope-dancers, mountebanks, and all other caterers for the public amusement; while enormous crowds of grown men and women were amusing themselves with all the enthusiasm of children, apparently uncon-

scious of the existence of the deadly instruments of warfare which pointed their brazen throats at them. The indifference to danger generated by habits of warfare is inconceivable by those who have never seen it. Every individual of the motley throng knew that on any sudden “*ouste*” he might be blown to atoms before he could reach a place of safety, but he trusted it would not happen, like the dwellers on Vesuvius: and if the guns were fired, perhaps he might be able to get out of the way in time—“If not, not,” and so he continued his amusement.

With those whose patriotism was too powerful for restraint, and who felt the utter impossibility of open resistance by arms, it was some consolation to walk behind the row of cannon, just out of the reach of the bayonets of the sentinels, and empty their hearts in execrations. I was often tempted to go to listen to them, from the extraordinary energy and eloquence of their vituperation, which was curiously composed of words (not sentences) without the slightest meaning; occasionally, however, the orators would break out into threats of revisiting Prussia, and winking their vengeance; but as these threats were unintelligible to the soldiers, they excited no more attention than the preliminary oaths. The Prussians knew that the words were intended for insult, because the pantomime was so perfect that it did not require the aid of language to make itself understood; but they generally bore it with the most philosophical indifference. I was always apprehensive, however, that the patience of some one individual soldier might be unable to last out the succession of execrations, and that the human overcoming the military feeling, might vent itself in an explosion, and I might thus come in for a stray shot, which would have been a disagreeable reward for my anxiety to complete my vocabulary of French.

It was really a very extraordinary exhibition, and such as I verily believe could exist only in Paris. The crowds of sweaters and threateners