

swearing, they are selected; all dressed in red; and shipped away, at the public charges, some two thousand miles or say only to the south of Spain; and fed there till wanted.

"And now to that same spot in the south of Spain are thirty similar French artisans, from a French Dumdrudge, in like manner wending, till at length, after infinite effort, the two parties come into actual juxtaposition; and thirty stands fronting thirty, each with a gun in his hand.

"Straightway the word 'Fire!' is given, and they blow the souls out of one another, and in place of sixty brisk, useful craftsmen the world has sixty dead carcasses, which it must bury and anew shed tears for. Had these men any quarrel? Busy as the devil is, not the smallest! They lived far enough apart; were the entirest strangers; nay in so wide a universe, there was even, unconsciously, by commerce, some mutual helpfulness between them. How then? Simpleton! Their governors had fallen out, and instead of shooting one another, had the cunning to make these poor blockheads shoot."

Futile indeed is the mission of militarism in