

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

"REGARDLESS OF DENUNCIATION FROM ANY QUARTER."

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TOWANDA :

Thursday Morning, September 4, 1862.

Selected Poetry.

AFTER ALL.

The apples are ripe in the orchard,
The work of the reaper is done,
And the golden woodlands redden
In the blood of the dying sun.

At the cottage door the grandsire
Sits pale in his easy chair
While the gentle wind of twilight
Plays with his silver hair.

A woman is kneeling beside him,
A fair young head is prest,
In the first wild passion of sorrow,
Against his aged breast.

And far from over the distance
The fluttering echoes come
Of the dying blast of trumpet
And the rattling roll of drum.

And the Grandsire speaks in a whisper—
"The end no man can see;
But we give him to his country,
And we give our prayers to thee."

The violets star the meadows,
The rose buds fringe the door,
And over the grassy orchard
The piny white blossoms pour.

But the grandsire's chair is empty,
The cottage is dark and still;
There's a nameless grave on the battlefield
And a new one under the hill.

And a pallid, tearless woman
By the cold hearthstone sits alone,
And the old clock in the corner
Ticks on with a steady drone.

Miscellaneous.

FAILING LOVE.

"Your face has lost something, Helen.—
What is it?"

"There was a look of concern in the speaker's
inspiring eyes."

"Ten years of sunshine—fruitful years—
Helen, should give the heart an abundant store
of joy and peace. Your liver is full of
honey."

"The shade fell deeper on Helen's face.
"I am pained at this," said the friend.—
"Your letters have not betrayed the existence
of a secret trouble."

"I was guarded."
"Guarded!"

"You know," answered Helen, rallying
herself, and affecting a lighter state of mind,
"that every house has its skeleton."
"Real or imaginary? Most of these skeletons
are but shadows."

"Mine is real."
The two friends met now for the first time
in ten years, looked at each other in a strange
way. The lightness of tone had died out of
the sentence—"Mine is real."

"The best of husbands, good children at
home like this! Where stands the skeleton? I
can see no place for so unseemly an intruder."

"And yet, Margaret, the intruder is here,
grinning at me all the while, and growing
more and more ghastly."

"Dear friend, how you afflict me!
Helen Ashby's face had become pale in this
reference to a hidden sorrow which had never
found voice before."

"It almost kills me to say it, Margaret;
but—" Mrs. Ashby checked the sentence ere
it found utterance.

"But what? Trust me Helen. God gives
wisdom to love. Through my love He may
send healing to your soul. Let me look down
into this haunted heart chamber; let me see
the ugly skeleton!"

"I am not loved as I once was, Margaret!"
There was a cold shiver in Mrs. Ashby's
voice.

"Not so loved, Helen!"
"Not loved by my husband." Tears fell
silently over Mrs. Ashby's face.

"You are under a dark delusion."
"No. Love has been steadily failing for
several years—slowly, almost imperceptibly,
but surely. I shudder at the contrast when I
measure its height and depth, its length and
breadth to day, and then think how immeasur-
able it seemed ten years ago!"

"I am pained beyond expression, dear
friend! Surely you are in a dream! My
brief observation of your husband, since I
came, reveals nothing like coldness or aliena-
tion. He is kind, gentle and tranquil. As I
watched his countenance last night, while he
talked, and dwelt on the sentiments that fell
from his lips I could not help saying, 'he is
fast growing to the stature of a man—that is,
of an angel!' This could not be, if he were
getting cold toward the wife of his bosom."

"Oh, he is good, and true, and excellent!"
answered Mrs. Ashby. "A purer, better man
does not live. I reverence, I idolize him!
He stands in my sight the embodiment of hu-
man perfection? But all the while I am con-
scious of an increasing distance between us—
We are not so close together as we were one,
two, three, four or five years ago. My friend
this is terrible! Is it to go on—this widening
of the space between us—until he vanishes
out of sight, and I am left shivering alone
in a universe of darkness? Give me annihi-
lation rather!"

"This was the skeleton in Mrs. Ashby's house;
no phantom of the imagination, but a real
skeleton. The friend sat long before replying,
What Helen now said brought into light
some things usually noted since her arrival—
some things which had been felt as inharmo-
nious. Let us briefly refer to them: An awk-
ward and confused servant spilled some water
on the tea table at tea time, in filling a glass.
Mrs. Ashby, instead of passing the incident
without notice, reproved her sharply. Mr.
Ashby was talking at the time, but resumed
in a few minutes. The most ordinary obser-
ver would have perceived a change of tone,

marked by a certain depression of feeling.—
Soon after the conversation was resumed, Mr.
Ashby referred to a lady acquaintance, and
spoke of her as an accomplished singer, when
his wife threw in some remark disparaging to
her as a woman. To these Mr. Ashby offered
a few mildly spoken excuses; but his wife
tore them away with an unseemly asperity of
manner, that, say the least, was unbecom-
ing. Her husband changed the subject. Again he
mentioned with praise a lady friend; and again
Mrs. Ashby came in with a "but" and "if,"
veiling the good and exposing the defects of
her character. Two or three times during the
meal Mrs. Ashby spoke impatiently to the
children, and with a quality of tone that left
on the ear an unpleasant impression.

The friend now recalled these little inharmo-
nious incidents. They gave her glimpses
of light.

"Love is never constrained," she said, after
a long pause.

Mrs. Ashby sighed deeply.
"True love is of the soul. Why do you
love your husband?"

"Because," answered Mrs. Ashby, "he is,
in my eyes, the embodiment of all manly per-
fections. He is just, pure, truthful, full of gen-
tleness and goodness."

"And if such be his qualities, Helen can
he love in a wife anything that is not pure
and gentle, truthful and good? Have you
ever asked yourself a question like this?"

Mrs. Ashby's form was lifted to a sudden
erectness. Her brow contracted slightly; her
eyes lost something of their softened expres-
sion; her lips grew firm.

"Forgive me, Helen, if I hurt or offended.
I love you too well to give you fruitless pain,"
said the friend. "I was only trying to lead
your thoughts inward. If, as you seem to
fear, your husband is receding from you, it
must be in consequence of inharmorous states
of mind—of dissimilarities, or antagonisms—
There must be affinities, or there can be no
conjunction. Our souls must be beautiful, if
they are to be truly loved. Have you ever
pondered these things? If not, the time has
come when you should, in all faithfulness and
all seriousness, do so."

If your husband be indeed advancing to
wards all true manly excellence, be growing
spiritual in stature, will he not, unless you also
advance and grow toward womanly excellence
and perfection, recede from you—get so far
beyond as to be out of sight? Are not spiri-
tual laws as unfailing as natural laws?"

Mrs. Ashby's face had already lost its gather-
ing sternness. Her friend paused.

"Why have you said this to me?"
"Because I love you; Helen, and desire
your happiness."

Mrs. Ashby sighed deeply, dropped her
gaze, and sat looking inward for a long time.
Then she sighed again, and looked up into the
face of her friend.

"What have you seen, Margaret? Deal
with me honestly, as a friend."

"A temper and disposition which your hus-
band cannot approve."

"Margaret?"
"You have asked me to deal honestly, as
with a friend. Shall I go on?"

"Yes, yes; speak of all that is in your
mind."

"Your husband is gentle and considerate,
ready to excuse faults, free from hardness and
harshness."

"None more so."
"I saw that your impatient words, when
a servant spilled water on the table last even-
ing, jarred his feelings. He was talking cheer-
fully at the time; but the change in his tone
that followed showed a depressed state. It
was plain to me that you hurt him by your
sharp reproof, more than you hurt the servant.
Then I noticed that as often as he spoke in
favor of a certain person, you placed evil
against their good, and not in the most amia-
ble spirit. Once or twice he tried to defend
the good, and then you set yourself against
him with a degree of asperity that must have
produced in his mind a sense of pain. He did
not contend; though, I fear had he done
so, you would have been ready for a sharp
conflict. Before tea was ended, your hus-
band, who conversed at the beginning in an
easy, cheerful way, was sitting almost silent.
Evidently you had receded upon him in a man-
ner to depress his feelings. I did not compre-
hend this at the time, but it is plain enough
now."

"I think, Margaret," said Mrs. Ashby, as
her friend ceased, "that you had on magnify-
ing glasses last evening. A stranger listening
to your speech, would set me down as ill na-
tured, if not quarrelsome."

Henry would smile to hear you. I am not
perfect, I know, and my husband understands
this, and makes all due allowance for infirmi-
ties of temper.

"Can he in spirit, Helen, conjoin himself
to these or any other infirmities? Does their
indulgence draw him nearer or away from
you. Can he love them?"

Mrs. Ashby's countenance changed, she did
not reply.

"Would he choose to live forever conjoin-
ed to a disturbing and inharmorous spirit?—
No matter how feeble the disturbing or slight
the lack of harmony, if conjunction must be
eternal, would not conjunction be avoided as
a calamity? We cannot bind the soul, my
friend, by any laws but its own. Love is
drawn by likeness of quality. Your hearts
must so beat that the flow of life is reciprocal,
and the pulse moves in unity.—You must be-
come like him, or he must become like you.—
In which contingency lies the surer hope?—
Answer to your own soul my friend. If he is
receding from you, getting all the while to
a further distance, who is it? What does it
mean? Is he rising or descending? Growing
better or worse? Which is it, Helen?"

"He is rising. He is growing better."
"And yet receding!"

"I have felt you for a long time, Margaret."
"Then get your loins—bind sandals to your
feet—up, my friend and press onward in the
way you see him going, and draw once more
close to his side. As you love him with a
pure heart, tenderly seek for the love of spirit,

for the quality of soul he loves. Cultivate all
heavenly affections. Be gentle, kind, consid-
erate, loving—in a word, seek all the Chris-
tian graces—and there will be no happier
wife in all the land. With such a husband as
yours—and I will take your own portraiture
—what can stand in the way of all felicities
but an undisciplined will?"

"If he will only love an angel, there is no
hope for me," replied Mrs. Ashby. "I am
but a woman infirm of will, stumbling along
darkly in my path of life. Oh, Margaret!
you are giving me light only to show me the
hopelessness of my case."

"Not so," replied the friend. "Your hus-
band is not very far from you. If I were talk-
ing with his own state, he would use language
quite as strong as yours. The infirm will, the
darkened way, the stumbling feet—they are
his, as well as yours and mine. Those who
are in advance of us do not walk as serenely
as we think. There are always difficulties in
the way, and the farther advance we make
while in this world, the more of them we shall
find; but for these a higher strength, with
patience and humility, are given. Begin by
showing such things as, in light of reason and
God's Word, you know to be wrong. Lay a
tranquil hand on your temper, and hold back
from utterance all harsh words that can do no
good. Have charity for the weakness, the
infirmities and short comings of others; and
if you cannot speak approvingly, say no ill.—
So shall you move onward in the way you be-
lieve is going; so shall his soul reflect your
soul, and the unity of life be attained which
of two, one forever."

"And you think there is hope for me, Mar-
ret—hope for winning back that love that
seems vanishing?" said Mrs. Ashby. "I see
the way it has gone, as my eyes follow your
pointing finger."

"The lovely are beloved, Helen."
"I must become lovelier then?"

"In spirit, for love is of the spirit. If you
indulge in passion, ill nature, envies, evil speak-
ing and uncharitableness, can one who is try-
ing to put these unclean things out of his
heart—who turns from them as foul and hate-
ful—draw closer to you, and take you as the
embodiment of all perfection into his soul? It
is simply impossible, Helen. The good
cannot love us, unless we are beautiful in spirit.
To ask them to do so is to require an impos-
sibility." More than a minute passed.—
Then lifting her eyes from the floor, where
they had been resting, Mrs. Ashby said:—

"Whereas I was blind, now I see. Oh, my
friend, you have come as an angel to lead me
out of the wilderness into a plain way. If
my husband is advancing while I stand still,
what wonder is it that he needs? If I do
not walk by his side as he ascends the mount-
ain of spiritual perfection, the necessity that
divides us is of my own creation. As you
have urged, my friend, so will I do—gird up
my loins, bind sandals to my feet, and press
onward in the way he is going."

"And sooner than you think for, Helen,"
she was answered, "will you be at his side? He
is not very far in advance. The road to per-
fection of life is never passed over with rapid
feet. Slowly the steps are taken. Your hus-
band loves you, but he cannot love in you what
is unlovely. Put away all the unbecomingly
that will jar attractions. Be in his eyes gentle,
loving, charitable and kind. Be more ready to
wait and reflect, but do not argue and
oppose. To be truly united, as to the spirit,
is to be one in affection and thought. If there
is no harmony in your thoughts, the closer you
draw together the more you will disturb each
other. But why should I say more? Your
eyes are open and you see. The way is plain,
walk in it, and find peace and joy.—You have
a true man for a husband; and to him a true
wife, and happiness beyond anything conceiv-
able now shall be yours in the age of eter-
nity."

AFTER THE BATTLE—A SCENE.—A correspon-
dent, writing from the scene of the recent bat-
tle of "Slaughter Mountain"—a hill farm of a
Presbyterian Minister—gives the following
incidents:

All our dead, so far as I saw or heard had
been plundered of their money, arms, and in
some cases, of their clothing. I think that we
have had one hundred and fifty dead. I found
them grouped in the edges of all the woods, in
one case, twenty-two together. Several of
these appeared to be killed by fragments of
shells and one man's head was missing. In
curious juxtaposition to these ghastly objects,
I saw an old fashioned plow that had been
struck by solid shot and broken in half. War
has leveled the earliest and last indication of
industry. By the kindness of the Rebel cav-
alry, Gen Stewart, to whom I shall presently
refer, I was allowed to ride with Lieutenant
Johnson across the rebel lines, and examine
the enemy's dead. As most of these had
been buried, I could not tell with certainty the
rebel loss, but it could scarcely have been less
than ours.

Eight North Carolinians in a row by a
fragment of fence—stout, stalwart rustic in
homespun clothes, who had perhaps been drag-
ged as conscripts from their homes to perish in
an unholy cause. A few of our grave diggers
had mingled with rebel grave diggers, and both
suspended their functions to hold an argument.
The Lieutenant ordered the Federals into
their own lines, and prevented, it may be,
a miniature battle among the disputants. I
must say for my conductor that he had a
frank face and a fair manner, a goodly ming-
ling of the polite citizen with stern soldier.—
We rode into a piece of woods not half a
mile from Slaughter Mountain, and beheld the
spot where Union and Rebel had tugged and
tussled face to face, parrying and thrusting
with cold steel.

Some of the rebels seemed to have edged
over to our lines, and fell among our men,
while some of the Unionists were quite turn-
ed round and lay in a very on their enemies.

A Scolding Mother makes a miserable
household.

The Plan of Negro Colonization in Central America.

Commissioner Pomeroy's Address to the Colored People.

WASHINGTON, August 25, 1862.

Senator S. C. Pomeroy has, by request of
the President consented to organize emigra-
tion parties of free colored persons for settle-
ment in Central America, and been commis-
sioned accordingly. This gentleman's former
success, in organizing emigrant expeditions for
the settlement of Kansas and Colorado affords
a guarantee of his present plans. The govern-
ment proposes to send out the emigrants in
good steamships and provide them with all
the necessary implements of labor and also
sustenance until they can gather a harvest.

The following address, prepared by Senator
Pomeroy, has been sanctioned by the Presi-
dent:

TO THE FREE COLORED PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES:—

Your hour has now arrived in the history of
your settlement upon this continent when it
is within your power to take one step that will
secure, if successful, the elevation, freedom
and social position of your race upon the
American continent. The President of the
United States has already signified his desire
to carry out fully in the letter and spirit of
the late act of Congress, the desire of the na-
tional legislature, which made an appropria-
tion to facilitate your emigration and settle-
ment in some favorable locality outside of
these States; and at his request I have con-
sented and agreed with you to aid you in
organizing this emigration and in selecting a
locality that will be valuable and attractive to
your people in itself, as well as give the promise
to you and to us that it shall be a suitable lo-
cation for a great, free and prosperous people.

I now address you as one awake to the momen-
tous revolution in American history, alive also
to your interest in this conflict of arms, where-
by you are led to hope that in this unsettling
established institutions your people may go
free.

This, then, is the hour for you to make an
earnest effort to secure your own social po-
sition and independence, by co-operating with
those who now reach out their hands to aid
you. I ask you to do this by the pride you
may have to make another exhibition to the
world of the valor, heroism and virtue of the
colored race; by the love you may have for
your struggling and oppressed people now
among us, as well by the hopes you may in-
dulge of making smooth and prosperous the
pathway of coming generations.

I propose, on the first day of October next,
to take with me one hundred colored men, as
pioneers in this movement, who, with their
families, may equal the number of 500 souls,
and for whose benefit the appropriations in
the acts of Congress referred to were made.—
The President will provide us the means of
transportation and the protection of the settle-
ment. Being familiar with organizing and
settling the early emigration to my own State
(Kansas), I indulge the hope that that experi-
ence may be made serviceable to you. I am
in earnest for the welfare of your people,
present and prospective. I want you to consider
this as an auspicious period for you.

If this travail and pain of the nation be
come the birth-day of your freedom, let us
plant you free and independent beyond the
reach of the power that has oppressed you.—
Consider this as an opening by the wisdom of
Divine Providence, when you are called of
God to go with me to a country which your
oppressed people are soon to receive for their
inheritance.

I propose to examine, and, if found satis-
factory and promising, to settle you at Chiri-
qui, in New Granada (with the approval of
the government), only about one week's sail
from Washington, D. C. All persons of the
African race of sound health, who desire to
take with me the lead in this work, will please
send their names, their number, sex and ages
of the respective members of their families and
their post office address to me at the city of
Washington, D. C. No white person will be
allowed as a member of the colony. I want
mechanics and laborers, earnest, honest and
sober men; for the interests of a generation,
it may be of mankind, or involved in the suc-
cess of this experiment, and with the approba-
tion of the American people, and under the
blessing of Almighty God, it cannot, it shall
not fail.

S. C. POMEROY,
United States Senator.

Senator Pomeroy has entered heartily into
the President's colonization scheme. He has
become a thorough convert to the President's
policy, and has a colony ready to start with
him for South America about the 1st of Octo-
ber. Mr. Pomeroy devotes his attention
practically to this subject, without any pecu-
niary compensation or benefit.

A FUNNY INCIDENT.—On the steamer Indi-
ana, on one of her trips down the Mississippi,
there happened to be on board a Hoosier from
the Wabash, going to New Orleans, who had
an old fiddle upon which he continually scap-
ed away, to the annoyance of the passengers.
A Frenchman of delicate nerves and musical
ear was greatly annoyed. He fluttered, fidgeted,
swore at the fiddle, and begged the Hoosier
to stop; but it was no go. The Hoosier
he'd "music as long as he pleased." At last
a big Kentuckian placed himself before the
fiddle, saying, "I'll fix 'm," and commenced
bragging with all his might, and drowned the
screaming of the fiddle. The discomfited Hoosier
beat a hasty retreat, greeted by the shouts of
passengers and the delight of the Frenchman.
During the night the Kentuckian left the boat.
The next morning before breakfast the passen-
gers were startled by the discordant sounds of
the old fiddle again. Hoosier had discovered
that the coast was clear, and was bound for
revenge on the passengers. The Frenchman,
just seated to read his paper, one the first
round arose, and looking anxiously around,
shrugged his shoulders, and then shouted:—
"Vare is he? Vare is he? Quick! Quick!
Vare is Mousier Kentuck, de men vot play
on the jacks?"

Died Last Night.

Coupled with the bridal, printed in little
type, leading of the advertisements, jostled by
a sorry jest, hard behind a market, close be-
hind a cotillion, what a place a newspaper is
to put a death in.

We are reading something about a home,
and all at once we are in a place of graves;
we are looking over the testimonials to the
Elixir of Life, and come, before we know it,
upon a 'Died Last Night.'

If there were only some retired and shaded
corner in a newspaper, with a willow or an
urn in it, where the names that have no
owners could be recorded, and we could go
when weary with rambling through the columns
of bustle and business, and read; and think
how surely one after another, all names tend
thither; those that stand at the head of the
column editorial in capitals; those that are
pointed at with a finger, and wondered over
with exclamations points, and asked after with
interrogations; those that were brides the
other day, and are brides still, but with new
bedroom; those that were heroes, and found
place in the 'leader,' or beautiful and
woven in a wreath for 'Poe's Corner.'

But there is no such retreat—nothing but
a narrow black line, to keep the world out
; to prevent the railway train, whose
times are advertised below from running
over the names and obliterating it. And so
it is like grove in a thoroughfare, covered
with dust, and jarred by passing wheels; it
gives us pain to look at it, and we are glad
it is only for a day.

'Died last night!' It was nobody that
you know, you think, and so you pass on to a
sale or bargain that you see beyond, and
forget that there was ever such a name or
such a dying in the world. How apt we are
to forget that there are those who can
hardly see the name for the heavy rain that
is falling, while the heavens overhead are
bright and clear; that eyes do rest thereon,
that see a world put out where you discern
a name; that wonder how the sun can
shine, since sundown came to them who hear
with their hearts the idle laugh that's passing
on the wind.

'Died last night!' A pleasant time to die,
but not last night—ah, no—some other night,
a great while yet to come. To go abroad by
the true light of stars, to find the way out
from the pot of earth by everlasting lamps.

'Died last night!' How many died? how
many beautiful and good? how many young
and fair; how many reverend and wise?—
Some that you know and we know; per-
haps one that you and we loved. We
shall hear of it by and by, and then we
shall remember that it was last night she
died.

To die at any time 'is a dreadful and awful
thing'; to die when day is breaking; to die
at high noon; to die when the pearl and
gold of morning and the glow of noon are
all blended upon the palette of the West,
till the sky looks like a great fluted shell
thrown up upon the shore of Eternity. But
to go from this world to that, in the night,
by the pale light of stars, is most solemn and
beautiful of all. And then there is a dignity
about that going away alone; that wrapping
the mantle of immortality about us; that put-
ting aside with a pale hand the azure curtains
that are drawn around this cradle of a world;
that venturing away from home for the first
time in our lives, for we are not dead; there
is nothing dead to speak of; and seeing foreign
countries that are not laid down on any maps
we know about. There must be lovely lands
somewhere starward, for none ever return that
go there, and we very much doubt whether
any would return if they could.

'Died last night!' Well, in a few days,
as soon as they can—they take down the old
family Bible, somewhere, and they write a
deed of parting—the clearance of a soul. Some-
times it is a bid, but as rare. Ben Johnson said,
so everybody thinks:

"'Twas but a bid, yet did contain
More sweetness than shall bloom again."

Sometimes a blossom wafted from the tree,
by some returning breath, to heaven. How
different the record on the other page, a year
or so ago, when they set down the new name
—the same name they write now but own-
less; that may be heard a few times, but not
in the crowd, not in the merry festival, but in
the twilight hours, at home, and then be syl-
labled no more.

THE DEMIJOHN CHURCH.—Old Judge L. of
Alabama kept a demijohn of Jamaica in his
private office. The Judge had noticed that
on Monday morning his Jamaica was lighter.
Another fact had gradually established itself
in his mind. His son Sam was missing from
the pew in the church. On Sunday afternoon
Sam came in and went up stairs rather heavy
when the Judge hailed him:

"Sam, where have you been?"
"To church, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What church, Sam?"
"Second Methodist, sir."

"Had a good sermon, Sam?"
"Very powerful, sir; it quite staggered
me, sir."

"Ah! I see," said the Judge, "quite pow-
erful, eh Sam?"

The next Sunday the son came home rather
earlier than usual, and apparently not so much
"under the weather." His father hailed him:

"Well Sam, been to the Second Methodist
again to-day?"
"Yes, sir."

"Good sermon, my boy?"
"Fact was, father that I couldn't get in;
church shut up and ticket on the door."

"Sorry, Sam; keep going—you may get
good by it yet."

Sam says on going to the office for his usual
Spiritual refreshments, he found the "John"
empty, and bearing the following label:

"There will be no service here to-day, this
church being closed for repairs."

An eminent physician has discovered that
the nightmare, in nine cases out of ten
is produced by owing a bill for a newspaper.

What a Bayonet Charge Is.

It is said that, severe as the battle at Pitts-
burg Landing undoubtedly was, but one
bayonet wound has been discovered by our
surgeons there, and that was inflicted by a
barbarous rebel upon a sick soldier lying in
his tent. Some surprise has been expressed at
this fact; there is a general impression that
after a bayonet charge, if the contesting
forces are composed of brave men, there should
be a great number of such wounds. The truth
is that a bayonet charge is a very different
affair from what it is generally supposed. In
the first place, the regiment or other force
which makes the charge, though probably
ranked as near as possible squarely opposite
its enemy, cannot keep up this formation dur-
ing the quarter of a mile or more of ground
which must be traversed by it before the foe
is reached. Even with the best drilled and
bravest men, one end of the line lags behind,
and if the enemy should stand still to receive
the charge, only a part of the line would be
engaged at first. In practice, however, mili-
tary writers must confess that bayonets are
very rarely actually crossed. A charge usual-
ly takes one of three turns: either the charg-
ing party, with its firmness and impetuosity,
throws the opposing force into a panic, and it
breaks rank and flies without awaiting the
thrust of the bayonet; or, by firmness and a
well delivered volley at short distance, the
side which is attacked drives off the other; or,
in the fewest cases, both sides behave well,
and then, in the words of one of the most ex-
perienced generals, "the best sergeant decides
the fate of the charge"—because only the
sergeant and one or two of the men at the end
of the line which first comes in contact with
the enemy's lines are really engaged during
the few decisive moments, and thus the con-
duct, individual bravery and strength of per-
haps half a dozen men, will alone cross bay-
onets with the enemy, gain the victory for
the side to which they belong. "What do
you suppose we keep our bayonets bright for,
but, to scare the enemy?" a distinguished
general said to one who was inquiring into the
nature of bayonet charges; and a Marshal of
France wrote: "It is not the number of men
killed, but the number of frightened, that
decides the issue of a battle." Jomini says he
saw but one bayonet fight in all his military
experience; and it is related by one of the
historians of Napoleon's wars, that when the
French were once charging the Prussians, with
the bayonet, when the latter would not or
could not retreat, there ensued a spectacle un-
expected by the officers on either side. The
French and Prussian soldiers, when they got
within striking distance, apparently by mutual
consent, clubbed their muskets, and fought
desperately with their arms reversed.

Lesson from History.

The nearest historical parallel in modern