

along a road exposed to a short-range fire from the enemy. His courage had stood every test when in the company of others, but on this occasion he had set out alone, and had been seized with a fear which at the time completely unmanned him.

A woman when quite alone in a house at night may be tortured by a sense of fear which completely destroys her peace of mind; but let there be a child in the same room with her, and she will feel but little apprehension of danger. The relief comes not from any protection she believes the child could afford, but from her release from the fearful sense of loneliness which had unnerved her.

There is a peculiar significance in "shoulder to shoulder" courage. It springs from a sense of the strength which comes from union, the confidence which lies in comradeship, the support derived from a familiar "touch of the elbow."

A battery of artillery has often been ordered to open fire when there was no chance of doing the enemy any damage, merely for the moral effect upon the infantry, whose courage is always increased by feeling that they have the support of the noise of the sister arm of the service, if nothing else.

Indifference to danger is not always the form of courage which should entitle its possessor to the highest credit. It is a negative virtue as compared with the quality which enables one to perform a dangerous duty while realizing the full measure of the peril encountered.

These two traits are best illustrated by the old story of the two soldiers whose regiment was charging up a hill in a desperate attempt to capture a battery. When half-way up, one of them turned to the other and said, "Why, you're as pale as a sheet; you look like a ghost; I believe you're afraid." "Yes, I am," was the answer; "and if you were half as much afraid as I am you'd have run long ago." It is something higher than physical courage, it is a species of moral courage, which recognizes the danger and yet overmasters the sense of fear. When the famous mine in front of Petersburg had been completed, and the National troops drawn up ready to charge the enemy's works as soon as the mine had done its work in creating a breach, the signal was given just before daylight, the fuse was lighted, and the command stood waiting with intense anxiety for the explosion which was to follow. But seconds, then minutes, then tens of minutes passed, and still no sound from the mine. The suspense became painful, and the gloom of disappointment overspread the anxious faces of officers and men. The fuse had been spliced about midway. It was now

thought that there was a defect in the splice, and that it was at this point that the fuse was hanging fire. The day was breaking, the enemy was becoming alert at sight of our unmasked columns, there was not a moment to be lost. Lieutenant Doughty and Sergeant Rees, of the 48th Pennsylvania infantry, now volunteered to examine the fuse. They entered the long dark gallery which led to the mine, and without stopping to calculate the chances of life, calmly exposed themselves to one of the most horrible forms of death. With no excitement to lend them its intoxication, with nothing to divert their minds from the fate which seemed to await them, they followed the course of the fuse through the long subterranean passage, found the defect at which the spark had been arrested, and made a new splice. On their return the match was again applied, and the train was now prompt to do its deadly work. These men displayed even a higher order of courage than those who afterwards charged into the breach.

Perhaps the most striking case of desperate and deliberate courage which the history of modern warfare has furnished was witnessed at Cold Harbor. The men had been repeatedly repulsed in assaulting earth-works, had each time lost heavily, and had become impressed with the conviction that such attacks meant certain death. One evening, after a dangerous assault had been ordered for daylight the next morning, I noticed in passing along the line that many of the men had taken off their coats and seemed engaged in mending rents in the back. Upon closer examination I found that they were calmly writing their names and home addresses on slips of paper, and pinning these slips upon the backs of their coats, so that their dead bodies might be recognized upon the field and their fate made known to their friends at home. Never was there a more gallant assault than that made by those men the next day, though their act of the night before bore painful proof that they had entered upon their work without a hope of surviving. Such courage is more than heroic; it is sublime.

Recklessness often masquerades as courage, but it is made of different mettle. Plato, in reasoning upon this subject, says: "As knowledge without justice ought to be called cunning rather than wisdom, so a mind prepared to meet danger, if exerted by its own eagerness and not the public good, deserves the name of audacity rather than of courage."

Courage born of passion or excitement should always be looked upon with suspicion. It may fail at the very moment it is most needed. I remember a soldier in one of the regular batteries in the Army of the Cumber-