

land, who had displayed conspicuous bravery in a dozen engagements while serving his gun as a cannoneer. At the battle of Chickamauga he was assigned to duty as a driver, and instead of participating in the excitement of loading and firing, he had nothing to do but sit quietly on his horse and watch the havoc created around him by the enemy's shot. He soon became seized with a terror which completely unmanned him, and after the battle he implored his commanding officer to send him back to his gun, saying that if he ever went into another engagement as a driver, he felt certain he should run away and lose all the reputation he had ever gained. His courage had disappeared with the excitement which inspired it.

Men have performed deeds of bravery by being goaded on by anger or stung with taunts, but those who require to be lashed into a rage before they can key up their nerves sufficiently to meet danger are not the possessors of a courage which is trustworthy. Fierce fires soon burn out. According to Shaftesbury, "Rage can make a coward fight, but fury or anger can never be placed to the account of courage."

It is a fact known to every soldier that the most courageous men indulge the least in brutal bullying, and those who exhibit all the pluck necessary to make them leaders in street rows and prize rings are the first to shirk an encounter in which death stares them in the face. During our civil war the regiments which were composed of plug-uglies, thugs, and midnight rounders, with noses laid over to one side as evidence of their prowess in bar-room mills and paving-stone riots, were generally cringing cowards in battle, and the little courage they exhibited was of an exceedingly evanescent order. A graduate of a volunteer fire company arrived in Washington one day, in the ranks of a regiment in which he had enlisted. As he stepped from the cars he took off his coat, hung it over his arm, tilted his hat a little farther up behind, brushed his soap-locks forward with his hand, and said to a midget of a newsboy standing at the station, "I say, sonny, hev you seen anything of Je-Jeff Davis around h'yar? Ve 're lookin' fur him."

"You 'd better go down to Richmond and do yer lookin'," replied the boy.

"Well now, sonny, don't you worry none about that," said this forerunner of destruction. "That 's de very town ve 're goin' fur, and ven ve gets inside of it, thar von't be anything but vacant lots around thar, you bet."

In his first fight this same plunging swash-buckler suddenly became seized with a feeling of marked tenderness towards his fellow-be-

ings generally, concluded he did not want to hurt anybody, and soon struck his best gait in an effort to join the baggage-wagon committee in the rear.

Courage, like most other qualities, is never assured until it has been tested. No man knows precisely how he will behave in battle until he has been under fire, and the mind of many a gallant fellow has been sorely perplexed by the doubts that have entered it previous to his first fight. He sometimes fears his courage, like Bob Acres's, may ooze out, and that he may behave like the enthusiastic young hunter in pursuit of his first bear, who followed the trail vigorously all day, spoiling for a chance to get to close quarters with the animal, but in the evening suddenly turned back, giving as an explanation of his abrupt abandonment of the hunt that the bear's tracks were getting too fresh.

At the beginning of our war officers felt that, as untested men, they ought to do many things for the sake of appearance that were wholly unnecessary. This, at times, led to a great deal of posing for effect and useless exposure of life. Officers used to accompany assaulting columns over causeways on horseback, and occupy the most exposed positions that could be found. They were not playing the bravo: they were confirming their own belief in their courage, and acting under the impression that bravery ought not only to be undoubted, but conspicuous. They were simply putting their courage beyond suspicion.

At a later period of the war, when men began to plume themselves as veterans, they could afford to be more conservative; they had won their spurs; their reputations were established; they were beyond reproach. Officers then dismounted to lead close assaults, dodged shots to their hearts' content, did not hesitate to avail themselves of the cover of earth-works when it was wise to seek such shelter, and resorted to many acts which conserved human life, and in no wise detracted from their efficiency as soldiers. There was no longer anything done for buncombe; they had settled down to practical business. One day, in the last year of the war, General Butler rode out with his staff to see how the work was progressing in the digging of his famous Dutch Gap Canal, that was to cut off a bend in the James River. He stopped at a point which soon became a conspicuous target for the enemy's batteries. After a while a staff officer, who had won a famous reputation by his repeated acts of personal courage, saw the uselessness of the exposure of so many valuable officers, and proposed to the general to move to another position. The general turned upon him sharply and said,