

would not have been willing to do it while others were being hurrahed amid the battle. But that self-immolation was needed, and Mitchel gave it without complaint. His industry was immense. At 6:30 A. M. of each day he had been at his desk for hours and prepared the day's work for a host of subalterns.

But Mitchel was human. He did want to lead the men he was training. His soul went marching with the splendid regiments as they passed him for their last inspection. But there were men nearer the front than he, so he was compelled to see his army piece by piece turned over to others. The Government at Washington had not systematized matters in that first year of the war. Mitchel was given a command which overlapped that of other generals. Jealousies sprang up, relieved by his being transferred to another department, that of Ohio and Cumberland, under General Buell. "Old Stars" was the name the soldiers gave him, partly because they knew him as the great astronomer, and partly because he was always prowling about at night to see that the sentry did their duty. And the stars were not more watchful than he. He loved his men, and they loved him. An old scout of his who had been captured, and cruelly treated, wrote him from the hospital in Washington where he was allowed to be on parole, "I want you to get me exchanged and transferred to your command, as I could not serve any other general with such singleness of heart as I could yourself; as no other general has shared hardships and dangers with a common soldier, as I have known you to do. Besides, General, I hope it is not vanity, I have believed that you reposed entire confidence in me." Here you have the secret of his popularity. No elevation above them could lessen his sympathy with his men. He drew his soldiers to him by personal ties so far as he came to know them, and he tried to know them. He never forgot that he was a man as well as a general. He believed in his men, and made them feel it. He tried to inspire them with an intelligent sense of the grandeur of the cause they were engaged in, to train their individuality. He did not want them, as many generals did, to march as so many muskets and so much muscle; but as so many patriotic men. Once, having picked out an engineer to run an engine over a captured road, he took him aside and told him frankly of the dangers, bringing out the man's entire personality as well as his soldierly discipline. He said to him: "Your mission is very hazardous. It is not pleasant for me to send such a number of picked men into the enemy's power, but in war great risks must be run, and we are engaged in a war of right and wrong. If you fall you die in a glorious cause. I trust that the Great Ruler of the destinies of man will protect you." Such a commission, so given, with the warm grasp of the hand, would make a hero of nearly anybody.

Let me give an illustration of Mitchel's intense loyalty. When Buell