

a liking for the camp and the field, and especially when one is conscious of possessing the genius for command ; hence, many American and English officers are to-day in the service of the Turks, or the Khedive of Egypt, and of the factions in China. So, when the Mexican war was declared, it was hailed by the military men of the country. No doubt Mitchel felt the ardor too. But deeper than even that passion in him was conscientiousness. He did not believe that the Mexican war was right, and being honorably out of the service, he would not volunteer to enter it, though the honors hung low for men of his recognized ability. His throbbing enterprise of spirit sought another outlet. He was an enthusiastic astronomer. Our country had no observatories worth naming. He projected a grand scheme for one at Cincinnati. To erect it would require a large fund of money and a mechanical tact and knowledge which no one in this country possessed. Who would be its financier? Where could be found the practical astronomer to mount its apparatus and use it? Mitchel shouldered both these burdens ; by public lectures, by button-holing rich men and poor, he raised the money. He then visited Europe, made careful examination of observatories, their construction, the placing of instruments, the quality of mechanism. He became acquainted with the chief scientists of the Old World, they amazing him with the marvels of their attainments, and he fascinating them with the brilliancy of his genius and the grandeur and patriotism of his purpose to lift his country to the fore-front in science, as it was in more material resources. He became again a student, learning the practical work by spending days and nights with the most noted star-gazers of the Old World. He returned to build an American observatory, and mount with his own hands the finest telescope, with one exception, in the world.

Professor Mitchel then sought to stir an interest in the popular mind in behalf of his favorite study. No man was more of a favorite in the lyceums of our cities than he. His knowledge, his pictorial powers, his grace of manner, his enthusiasm, as we have said, carried audiences with him, lifting them to a contemplation of greater than earthly worlds, and bowing them, as with the pressure of his own vivid faith, in reverent worship before that great God who made them all.

But now, a red star, blood-red, blazed upon the Southern horizon. It was that of the Civil War. We did not know our leaders, whether they were loyal or traitors, capable or incapable. But there was no doubt of Mitchel. He was commissioned brigadier-general, and soon assigned to the command of the Department of Ohio. Though it gave him no opportunity for popular glory, it required the highest sort of genius and patience to bring order out of the universal confusion, and transform the motley array of Western patriotism into steady, tramping soldiery. Many a man who could electrify the country by sheer blood-daring on the field could not have done Mitchel's work ; and more, they