“It was difficult to think of reputation when others were thinking of skins,” observes the narrator of Stephen Crane’s *The Red Badge of Courage*. Crane wrote this sentence at a time when manhood was increasingly defined as a virile, physical courage, best proved on the field of battle. Yet unlike most of the war fiction of its time, *The Red Badge of Courage* passes no judgment on those who would place their skins over their reputations; in fact, the reputation-seeking protagonist, Henry Fleming, is the novel’s primary target for irony and humor. In ironizing Fleming’s pursuit of masculine virtues, Crane follows in the footsteps of Ambrose Bierce’s 1891 collection *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians*, which not only explodes chivalric notions of warfare, but also shows how extreme forms of these “virtues” can lead to grotesque tragedy. Both Bierce and Crane launch a powerful attack on the ideal of military valor, and through it, the heart of the masculine image of their day.

As Leo Braudy has documented, the 1880s and 1890s were a time of great anxiety in American gender roles. Popular writers decried “degeneration” in American men, from such causes as alcoholism, and other, vaguer threats. Many believed that materialism was steadily undermining the masculine character. Newspapers in America and Europe anticipated war, which in turn led to increased calls for “a masculinity as pure and streamlined as a spear.” Dueling surged in popularity, as did outdoor activities and competitive athletics. Masculinity became increasingly defined as an “aggressive and physical activism,” as opposed to the previous emphasis on self-discipline and responsibility.
Unsurprisingly, then, many speakers and writers of the late nineteenth century came to view war as the ultimate proving ground for this masculinity. Theodore Roosevelt epitomizes this view in his 1899 speech “The Strenuous Life,” praising the man who “embodies the victorious effort... who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life,” and calling for “strong,” “manful” battles in the West Indies and the Philippines. According to Roosevelt, England’s struggles and eventual rule in India has been “of great benefit” to the former, not just commercially, but also in “training up generations of men” to hardship and “manfulness.” The emphasis throughout Roosevelt’s speech is not on an external good that such wars might accomplish, but rather on the internal good of changing the nation’s “boys” into “men”; the specific struggle only provides an opportunity.

Another paean to fighting-for-fighting’s-sake can be found in Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.’s 1895 Memorial Day Address:

Who is there who would not like to be thought a gentleman? Yet what has that name ever been built on but the soldier’s choice of honor rather than life? ...In the midst of doubt, in the collapse of creeds, there is one thing that I do not doubt, that no man who lives in the same world with most of us can doubt, and that is the faith is true and adorable which leads a soldier to throw away his life in obedience to a blindly accepted duty, in a cause which he little understands, in a plan of campaign of which he has little notion, under tactics of which he does not see the use.

As Kaplan observes, the emphasis here is no longer on a “social and historical context,” but rather the war becomes “a figurative crucible for the test of individual manhood.”

A similar emphasis can be seen in the Civil War literature of the time. Alice Fahs has shown that in the decades immediately following the Civil War, the initial interest in the female war experience disappeared almost entirely. The story of the war became one of men and men alone, of “brotherhood,” a narrative “that stressed the shared heroism and bravery of white soldiers of ‘the blue and the gray.’ ” In this heroic brotherhood, many writers saw “the underpinnings of a robust new masculine identity.”

Taking a cue from what Edmund Wilson calls the “verbose untidy model of the novels of Walter Scott,” these writers present a highly romanticized war as a backdrop to this individual heroism. Their narratives gloss over the war’s carnage, preferring to draw parallels with ideals of medieval warfare. Albion Tourgée, for example, recalls his Civil War fighting as a “romantic and chivalrous” conflict in
his 1879 novel *Figs and Thistles*; Thomas Nelson Page does the same in his 1898 *Red Rock*; Sidney Lanier presents some of the worst fighting of the war again as a "chivalric romance," as well as a constant opportunity for overblown rhetoric. Exceptions such as John William DeForest’s *Miss Ravenel’s Conversion From Secession to Loyalty* (1867) and Joseph Kirkland’s *The Captain of Company K* (1891) exist, but sold too poorly to make an impression on the reading public. More importantly, though these novels challenge the sanitized war of a Tourgée or Lanier, they continue to support the conception of war as a proving ground for a man’s honor. DeForest characterizes his Captain Colbourne and Colonel Carter by "great personal courage," while Kirkland’s Captain Faragon feels only a brief moment of fear before going on to prove his valor.

The same year as Kirkland published his novel, however, Ambrose Bierce released his collection *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians*, which explores ideals of honor and masculinity more thoroughly than any of the Civil War fiction that went before. Like Kirkland, DeForest, Tourgée, and Lanier, Bierce was a veteran, having fought at Shiloh and Chickamauga. Unlike his predecessors, however, "Bitter Bierce" was unwilling to glorify any aspect of the war he had seen.

Where DeForest and Kirkland began to describe the physical toll of war, Bierce paints battle landscapes of unremitting horror. In "Chickamauga," for example, a child encounters a soldier "that lacked a lower jaw—from the upper teeth to the throat was a great red gap fringed with hanging shreds of flesh and splinters of bone"; he sees men drowning in a bloody pond, lacking the strength to pull themselves free; he even discovers his own mother’s corpse: "the greater part of the forehead was torn away, and from the jagged hole the brain protruded, overflowing the temple, a frothy mass of gray, crowned with clusters of crimson bubbles." Many of Bierce’s stories describe wounds equally as gruesome and explicit, such as Sergeant Halcrow’s filthy, exposed intestines in “The Coup de Grâce” or the severed leg of Captain Coulter’s infant in “The Affair at Coulter’s Notch.”

The carnage that war leaves in its wake, Bierce observes, is fundamentally incompatible with a romantic, chivalrous view of war. In “One Kind of Officer,” the narrator comments on how “very repulsive these wrecks looked—not at all heroic, and nobody was accessible to the infection of their patriotic example. Dead upon the field of honor, yes; but the field of honor was so very wet! It makes a difference.” In “An Affair of Outposts,” the observing governor draws the same contrast:

In all this was none of the pomp of war—no hint of glory. Even in his distress and peril the helpless civilian could not forbear to contrast it with the gorgeous parades and reviews held in honor of himself—with the brilliant uniforms, the music, the banners, and the marching. It was an ugly and sickening
The governor finds the reality of war to be "in bad taste" precisely because it undermines his ideas of how a man can prove his "heroism." Where the governor expected a Walter Scott novel, he finds a charnel house. Ironically, a captain wronged by the governor sacrifices his unit only moments later in order to save the governor's life; though a general calls it "the beautifulest fight ever made," the shallowness of the governor's later reaction shows the gesture to be a futile one.

As Bierce's governor observes, "manly" virtues such as virility, strength, courage, and skill mean next to nothing in such lethal surroundings. Jerome Searing of "One of the Missing" is noted for "his extraordinary daring, his woodcraft, his sharp eyes, and truthful tongue"; his bravery and skill only result in his being buried and killed by a chance artillery shell, a special doom "decreed from the beginning of time." Bierce's fatalistic vision allows no room for the testing of "boys" into "men"; rather than separating the strong from the weak, war consumes both alike, and no amount of "virility" can prevent it.

In fact, Bierce's heroes often meet their specially prepared, ironic fate because of their traditionally manly virtues. One "virtue" the stories particularly ironize is the sort of unthinking submission to duty later to be extolled by Holmes. The soldier of "A Horseman in the Sky," for example, remembers his father's admonition to always do his duty as he shoots and kills the father from ambush. Though the killing saves five Federal regiments from being pinned in a "rat-trap" of a canyon, a sergeant's horror at the act is the last line of the story, leaving the reader ambivalent about the soldier's decision.

This devotion to duty becomes unambiguously grotesque in "The Affair at Coulter's Notch," when at the orders of a jealous general, Captain Coulter knowingly shells the house containing his wife and infant son. Here military necessity is no excuse; though Coulter's men fight and die valiantly, their inferior position and numbers ensure their defeat before the first shot is fired. In light of the gruesome spectacle of Coulter's dead family, as well as the willingness of other officers to countermand the general's unwise orders, Coulter's sense of duty strikes the reader not as virtuous, but rather as monstrous. The narrative echoes this sense in one of our last glimpses of Captain Coulter: as the smoke clears from the disastrous battle, the blackened, bloodied captain steps forward like "a fiend seven times damned."
A similar “fiend” of duty appears in “One Kind of Officer,” when a Captain Ransome is ordered to fire on “any movement of troops” before his artillery battery. When scouts detect infantry in the fog ahead, Ransome opens fire, and following the letter of his instructions, continues firing even after he discovers them to be a friendly unit. Ransome embodies many of the manly virtues lauded by Roosevelt and Holmes: he engages fearlessly in a combat he cannot expect to win; he follows orders without hesitation or question; when he engages an attacking soldier, he coolly and accurately shoots him dead. From a moral standpoint, however, he is detestable, and it is precisely these “virtues” that make him so.

Ideals of courage are similarly ironized throughout Bierce’s fiction. The young officer of “A Son of the Gods,” for example, makes a suicidal probe of a hill in order to spare the remainder of the skirmish line from a likely ambush. His daring is such that he even rides “a snow-white horse,” with a “scarlet saddle blanket,” colors guaranteed to attract enemy fire in battle. He is a “gallant man,” a “military Christ,” a “great soul” with a “beautiful body,” a “hero,” a living “edition of the Poetry of War.” As always in Bierce, the Poetry of War fares poorly in the reality of war. The young officer successfully reveals the enemy position at the cost of his life, but his courageous act is worse than futile; his “courage and devotion” so inspire the soldiers that they charge nonetheless into the ambush, dying in even greater numbers than they would have without his intervention.

A similar event occurs in “Incident at Resaca.” The narrator describes Lieutenant Brayle as “the best soldier of our staff”:

... more than six feet in height and of splendid proportions, with the light hair and gray-blue eyes which men so gifted usually find associated with a high order of courage. As he was commonly in full uniform, especially in action, when most officers are content to be less flamboyantly attired, he was a very striking and conspicuous figure. As to the rest, he had a gentleman's manners, a scholar's head, and a lion's heart.

Brayle’s courage, however, runs to excess. He needlessly exposes himself to enemy fire, refuses to seek cover unless directly ordered, and strolls through battlefields where most men would not be willing to run. At Resaca, he walks out into enemy fire to an “absolutely certain” death, and again, his actions so inspire his comrades that they futilely charge the enemy position. Just as Captains Coulter and Ransome become monsters through their extreme devotion to “duty,” Brayle becomes monstrous through his exaggerated courage, causing the deaths of “a hundred men” along with his own.
Lieutenant Brayle, the narrator discovers, is spurred to his folly by the scorn of the woman he loves; she heard a report of his hiding behind a tree in battle, and wrote him that she could not bear to hear it. As Adrian Hunter has argued, this “anxiety” to prove oneself a man underlies the so-called courage of several Bierce characters, and often contributes to their downfall. In “George Thurston,” for example, a lieutenant takes the same characteristic brave stance in every moment of danger, folding his arms tight across his chest. The stammering quartermaster attributes this not to a natural courage, but rather to “h-is w-ay of m-m-mastering a c-c-consti-t-tutional t-tendency to r-un aw-ay.” Ironically, Lieutenant Thurston’s fears of being a coward force him to strike the bravest of stances. Thurston later dies in an attempt to swing higher than the other soldiers on a dangerous rope swing. The soldiers find his arms folded tightly across the chest of his mangled body, emphasizing again that it is Thurston’s pursuit of courage that has driven him to this futile, “ignoble” death.

Bierce’s attacks on the masculine ideals of his day went largely unremarked, perhaps because his work also contained attacks on almost every ideal imaginable. The cynicism of the stories made it difficult for him to even find a publisher for Tales of Soldiers and Civilians, and once published, the book sold poorly. However, the stories were noticed and deeply admired by a young Stephen Crane. “Nothing better exists,” Crane once told a friend about Bierce’s “Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge.” “That story contains everything.”

Where Bierce’s Tales implicitly analyzes traditional masculinity, Crane’s Red Badge of Courage makes it an explicit theme from beginning to end; in fact, Private Fleming hardly thinks of anything else. Fleming, of course, sees his own story as a simple narrative of a youth transforming into “a man.” While some critics take him at his word, others have pointed to the novel’s consistently ironic treatment of Fleming to argue that the private leaves the novel as immature as he enters it. However, The Red Badge of Courage not only raises the question of whether Fleming as an individual has become a man, but also questions the very process of becoming a man, and whether such a thing is even possible. Like Bierce, Crane presents a character obsessed with pursuit of manly virtues. Yet where Bierce ironizes these virtues by showing them at a grotesque extreme, Crane takes a subtler path, emphasizing the inconsistencies in Fleming’s thought and the artificial nature of the quest itself.

As Kaplan observes, Fleming’s visions of battle echo speeches like those of Roosevelt and Holmes; his war is depoliticized, a struggle not for a wider cause, but rather to prove his individual manhood. He has “dreamed of battles all his life,” “seen himself in many struggles,” and “imagined peoples secure in the shadow of his eagle-eyed prowess.” He might as well enlist in the Confederate army as the
Union; all that matters is that he have the opportunity to prove himself heroic, and therefore a man.

The novel goes on to show how, in lieu of an external cause, this view becomes simple selfishness. On the battlefield Fleming feels himself a part of “a regiment, an army, a cause, or a country” in crisis, but the vagueness of his statement shows how very little these duties mean to him.\(^46\) Not once does Fleming reflect on the causes of the war or the needs of his country; whereas Daniel Aaron wrote that “Negroes and Lincoln and hospitals and prisons are not to be found in Crane’s theater,”\(^47\) it seems just as accurate to say that they are not to be found in Fleming’s. On more than one occasion, Fleming even wishes for his own army’s defeat when it “might mean many favorable things to him,”\(^48\) and curses the “imbecile line” for a victory won in his absence.\(^49\)

Just as Fleming feels no loyalty to the Union cause, he feels little concern for the rest of his regiment, who he tends to think of as playing “parts” in a story centered on himself.\(^50\) He remains unaffected even when they drop like “bundles” on the battlefield around him,\(^51\) a notably dispassionate image for “his comrades through boyhood.”\(^51\) Fleming rarely sympathizes with the dead and wounded all around him—even Jim Conklin only rates a “Hell!”—and he has the self-pity to envy their state on many occasions.\(^52\)

Crane further ironizes the idea of war as a test of manhood by asking, if war is the test of manhood, who will judge the results? The traditional judge of honor in Civil War fiction is a woman; novels before Bierce and Crane portrayed heroism on the battlefield as invariably rewarded by the love of a waiting heroine.\(^54\) Fleming shows a keen interest in this idea, though with little success; rejected by one girl, he succeeds in making another shift her position in the window, and has only this memory to reflect back on.\(^55\) He dreams later of this girl and his mother “gaping” in amazement at his tales of battle.\(^56\) Like the men Virginia Woolf describes in \textit{A Room of One’s Own}, Fleming seems to require his image reflected back at him “at twice its natural size.”\(^57\) However, as Verner Mitchell observes, the “vague feminine formula” that Fleming belittles is only an extension of “his own mistaken masculine formula” for heroism.\(^58\) Fleming’s mother would have preferred her son to stay on the farm, and she constantly disappoints him with her lack of admiration; the dark-haired girl at the window does not even seem to know his name, much less be waiting breathlessly for his return.

Ironically, the only character in the novel who displays this unreserved admiration is one of Fleming’s fellow soldiers, the tattered man. The tattered man first appears “listening with eagerness and much humility to the lurid descriptions of a bearded sergeant,” his expression one of “awe and admiration,” his mouth “agape in yokel fashion.”\(^59\) The tattered man continues to display this “humble admiration”\(^60\) and “awe-struck” expression\(^61\) while his timidity and his
voice—"gentle as a girl’s”—explicitly identify him with the feminine. When the man casually asks Fleming about his wound, Fleming first slides away, then later is “enraged” to the point of homicide. Perhaps even more than he fears the taunts of his more masculine companions, Fleming fears falling short in the eyes of this feminine admiration; when he abandons the tattered man in the field, he is clearly leaving the man to his death.

However, a nature as insecure as Fleming’s cannot wait for judgment from the women of the home front. Fleming not only seeks validation of his masculinity in the opinions of his comrades, but comes to see it as the only validation of his masculinity. Fleming always defines the heroism he seeks through the eyes of observers, whether male or female. Before even reaching the battle line, he is convinced that “he must be a hero,” simply because of the attention paid to him on the way to the front. When he fantasizes about “the magnificent pathos” of a death in battle, he imagines himself “on a high place before the eyes of all.”

Though on the first day of battle his instinct for flight overwhelms him, Fleming’s morbid sensitivity causes him to fear the mockery of others more than any physical risk. While the narrative shows Fleming’s world full of flying bullets and exploding grapeshot, the air of his mind is thick with “shafts of derision” and “arrows of scorn”; he worries not about holes in his body, but rather “holes in his feelings.” His “tender flesh” can be “deeply stung” by any disparaging comments that veterans make about his regiment, but even worse are the “barbed missiles of ridicule” he expects on a personal level for having fled combat. However, when he realizes that his companions are unaware of his desertion, it largely ceases to matter to him: “he had performed his mistakes in the dark, so he was still a man.” Again, Fleming defines his masculinity not by what he does, but what he is seen to do.

This sensitivity then inspires all of Fleming’s heroism on the second day of battle. His initial performance is inspired by anger at a sense of “being taunted” by the enemy; he leads a dangerous charge only in “indignation” when the lieutenant looks ready to physically drag him into battle. He keeps the regiment’s flag “to declare... his willingness to further risk himself” and to reproach “the officer who referred to him and his fellows as mule drivers.” In the final engagement, he keeps his nerve because “arrows of scorn that had buried themselves in his heart had generated a strange and unspeakable hatred,” and imagines his own death as “his final and absolute revenge” against his taunters. He finally charges the enemy flag for “the high pride” of its possession, and it is typical of his character to be more attracted to this symbolic victory than the practical objective of clearing the soldiers from the fence.

Fleming defines his masculinity in opposition to women; he also defines it in opposition to “youth.” Fleming creates a third opposition in his final reflections on the battle, in considering how he “had been an animal blistered and sweating in
the heat and pain of war,” suggesting that he believes himself to have transcended this “animal” nature into manhood. The narrative certainly portrays the flight of many soldiers in animalistic terms, suggesting an ascendance of instinct over reason: Fleming’s eyes get the look of a “jaded horse” before he bolts, becoming “a proverbial chicken,” following a soldier running “like a rabbit.” Retreating soldiers “scurry like chickens,” “soft, ungainly animals,” or “terrified buffaloes.” In his refusal to “quail” before danger and “the great death,” Fleming sees himself as having mastered this animal side of his nature.

Yet the narrative undercuts these claims by describing his later combats as similarly animalistic. Fleming is like a cornered cat who develops “teeth and claws”; the fighters around him become “animals”; he turns to bait the enemy soldiers like a pursued dog; he fights like a “wild cat” or “a beast”; he plunges at the enemy flag “like a mad horse,” while his friend fights beside him like a “panther.” By continuing these animal metaphors, the novel suggests that Fleming has not transcended his instincts, but merely redirected them. Though Crane’s contemporaries may celebrate the “virility” that men can find in battle, Crane sees it as nothing more than a reversion to man’s most animalistic instincts—instincts that no one can ever fully overcome.

To see the challenge that Crane’s non-heroic protagonist posed to the masculine ideal of his day, one only has to turn to some of his harsher reviews. General Alexander McClurg, an officer in the Civil War himself, attacked the success of The Red Badge of Courage as “entirely undeserved,” and considered its portrayal of a cowardly Union soldier to be a vicious joke by the English at America’s expense. He bemoans the novel’s lack of “courage,” of “quiet, manly, self-respecting, and patriotic men, influenced by the highest sense of duty.” As for Fleming: “He is throughout an idiot or a maniac, and betrays no trace of the reasoning being. No thrill of patriotic devotion to cause or country ever moves his breast, and not even an emotion of manly courage.” McClurg concludes by suggesting that this attack on “manly courage” is so offensive that the government should have blocked its American publication.

Roosevelt appears to have approved of the novel on its first release, perhaps taking its story of a youth becoming a “man” at face value. After seeing action himself in Cuba, however—which Crane witnessed and praised in dispatches—Roosevelt looked back on the novel with a sneer:

I did not see any sign among the fighting men, whether wounded or unwounded, of the very complicated emotions assigned to their kind by some of the realistic modern novelists who have written about battles. At the front everyone behaved quite simply and took things as they came, in a matter-of-
course way: but there was doubtless, as is always the case, a good deal of panic and confusion in the rear where the wounded, the stragglers, a few of the packers, and two or three newspaper correspondents were.94

Not only is Fleming not manly enough for Roosevelt, but neither, by implication, is Crane. In 1898, author Seymour Dodd went so far as to publish his own Civil War novel, Song of the Rappahannock, a scene-by-scene rewrite of The Red Badge of Courage. The novel repeatedly makes explicit claims that recruits did not act like Henry Fleming and his companions, but rather like the heroes of traditional Civil War literature.95

Interestingly, De Forest wrote Howells after reading War and Peace to say that this is exactly the kind of criticism he himself had feared in composing Miss Ravenel’s Conversion From Secession to Loyalty:

Let me tell you that nobody but [Tolstoy] has written the whole truth about war and battle. I tried, and I told all I dared, and perhaps all I could. But there was one thing I did not dare tell, lest the world should infer that I was naturally a coward, and so could no know the feelings of a brave man. I actually did not dare state the extreme horror of battle, and the anguish with which the bravest soldiers struggle through it.96

Where De Forest hesitated, the iconoclastic Bierce and Crane stepped forward to fill the void. Both not only acknowledge the cowardice a man may feel in battle, but ironize the idea of courage itself—Bierce through exaggeration, Crane through emphasis of its artificial, social nature. In so doing, they subvert the core of their era’s ideal of masculinity, creating a powerful protest not only to the impending Spanish-American War, but also to the many wars of the century to come.

Notes
3. Ibid., 351.
5. Ibid., 81.


7. Qtd. in Braudy 349.

8. Kaplan, 81.


10. Ibid., 1488.


13. Wilson, 537.

14. Ibid., 450.


19. Ibid., 194.

20. Ibid., 137, 160.

21. Ibid., 42.

22. Ibid., 123.

23. Ibid., 126.

24. Ibid., 236.

25. Ibid., 238.

26. Ibid., 60.

27. Ibid., 58.

28. Ibid., 158.
29. Ibid., 248.
30. Ibid., 250.
31. Ibid., 252.
32. Ibid., 248.
33. Ibid., 249.
34. Ibid., 212.
35. Ibid., 215.
36. Ibid., 216.
38. Bierce, 164.
39. Ibid., 166.
41. Stallman, 177.
43. Crane, 127.
44. Kaplan, 86.
45. Crane, 3.
46. Ibid., 32.
48. Crane, 64.
49. Ibid., 43.
50. Ibid., 59.
51. Ibid., 34, 118.
52. Ibid., 12.
53. Ibid., 60, 65.
55. Crane, 6.
56. Ibid., 85.
59. Crane, 50.
60. Ibid., 51.
61. Ibid., 57.
62. Ibid., 51.
63. Ibid., 52.
64. Ibid., 59.
65. Ibid., 6.
66. Ibid., 62.
67. Ibid., 65, 118.
68. Ibid., 83.
69. Ibid., 110.
70. Ibid., 72.
71. Ibid., 83.
72. Ibid., 91.
73. Ibid., 103.
74. Ibid., 104.
75. Ibid., 105.
76. Ibid., 118.
77. Ibid., 121.
78. Ibid., 127.
79. Ibid., 38.
80. Ibid., 39.
81. Ibid., 64.
82. Ibid., 61.
83. Ibid., 66.
84. Ibid., 127.
85. Ibid., 91.
86. Ibid., 92.
87. Ibid., 93.
88. Ibid., 94.
89. Ibid., 95.
90. Ibid., 122.
92. Braudy, 358.
93. Stallman, 384.
94. Qtd. in Braudy, 358.
95. Kaplan, 84.
96. Qtd. in Wilson, 684.

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Ambrose Bierce. The millennium fulcrum edition, 1988. A man stood upon a railroad bridge in northern Alabama, looking down into the swift water twenty feet below. The man's hands were behind his back, the wrists bound with a cord. A rope closely encircled his neck. It was attached to a stout cross-timber above his head and the slack fell to the level of his knees. Some loose boards laid upon the ties supporting the rails of the railway supplied a footing for him and his executioners--two private soldiers of the Federal army, directed by a sergeant who in civil life may have been a deputy sheriff. An Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge is a Civil War-era short story written by Ambrose Bierce in 1886. The first part of the story begins with a description of a man about to be hung from Owl Creek Bridge by two soldiers. In the moment's before the man's death, time seems to distort and slow down. The man considers the possibility that if the rope snapped, he could escape death by swimming in the river below him. The second part of the story is a flashback to the man, now named Peyton Farquhar, as an