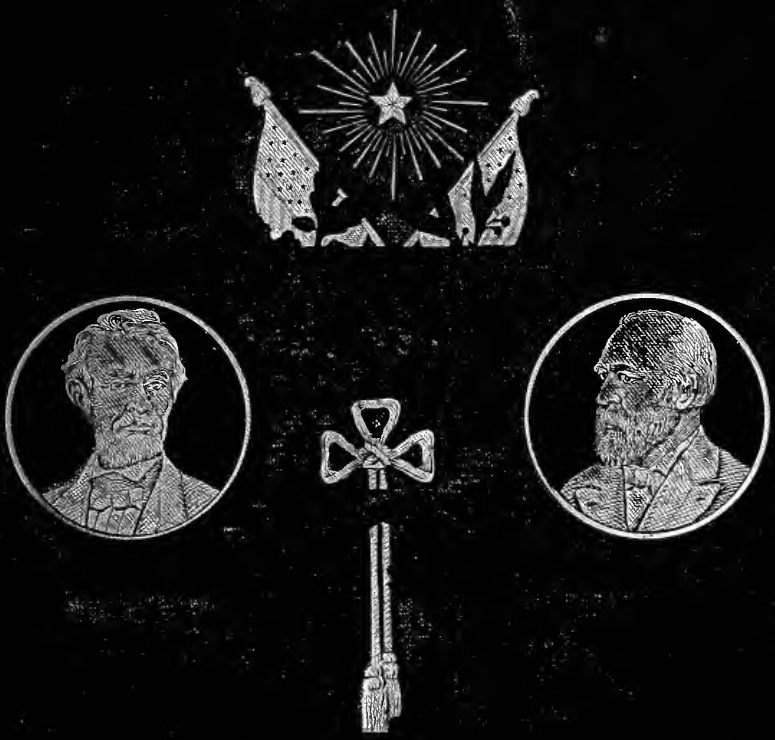
THE MARTYR PRESIDENTS



ILLUSTRATED

THE MARTYR PRESIDENTS

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

JAMES A. GARFIELD

(Prospectus) M992 (3)

Girl Scouts

TROOP 10 Far Rockaway

BOOK No.

Girl Scouts

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A. Lincoln

FROM

PIONEER HOME

TO

THE WHITE HOUSE.

LIFE OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN:

BOYHOOD, YOUTH, MANHOOD, ASSASSINATION, DEATH.

BY

WILLIAM M. THAYER,
AUTHOR OF "FROM LOG CABIN TO THE WHITE HOUSE," ETC.

With Eulogy

BY HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

ENLARGED, REVISED, AND NEWLY ILLUSTRATED.

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TO

ALL WHO HONOR TRUE MANHOOD,

This Volume,

PORTRAYING THE SIMPLICITY, TACT, TALENTS, SELF-RELIANCE,
AND STERLING HONESTY OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

IN HIS EARLY CONFLICT WITH POVERTY AND HARDSHIP,
AND HIS REMARKABLE PUBLIC
LIFE,

Is Sincerely and Affectionately Dedicated.

PREFACE.

THE author of this volume wrote the *first* Life of Abraham Lincoln — THE PIONEER BOY, AND HOW HE BECAME PRESIDENT — which, after a very large sale, passed out of print in consequence of the destruction of the plates by fire. A Campaign Life of only thirty-two pages, relating chiefly to his public career, was issued at the West, after his nomination for the Presidency in 1860; but The Pioneer Boy was the first complete biography of the man. Dr. Holland said of it, several years later, in his Life of Lincoln, "A singularly faithful statement of the early experience of Abraham Lincoln." The materials for the Campaign Life spoken of were furnished by Mr. Lincoln, and he very kindly directed that pamphlet, with a quantity of unused matter, to be passed into our hands, together with the names and addresses of several of his early associates, reared with him in the wilderness, and of intimate friends in later life, from whom the most valuable information, never before given to the public, was received. From these sources of knowledge The Pioneer Boy was prepared.

In the preparation of this new, larger and more elaborate Life of Lincoln, we have had, in addition to the above sources of information, others of even greater value, at least so far as his character and public services relate.

Subsequent to the issue of the former volume, the author, having in view the preparation of a more thorough biography at a future day, gathered much valuable information from public men, who were on the most intimate terms with President Lincoln at Washington, as Sumner, Wilson, Buckingham, and Ames, who are dead, and others who are still living. Also, periodical literature has furnished many facts and anecdotes, from time to time, which have been carefully laid aside. Last, though by no means least, access to the numerous lives of Lincoln published since his death —Dr. Holland's, Lamon's, Barrett's, Leland's, Forney's, and Raymond's — has been especially serviceable in the preparation of this volume. That very interesting work of Carpenter — SIX MONTHS IN THE WHITE HOUSE — has furnished a fund of incident, illustrative of Mr. Lincoln's character and ability.

From these ample sources of material, the author has endeavored to make a biography for popular reading such as the times demand. The very large sale of his recent life of President Garfield — From Log-Cabin to the White House — created an active demand for The Pioneer Boy, which fact seemed to mark the present time as providential for the issue of this new life of the martyr President.

The perusal of this work will satisfy the reader that the author's claim, in the Preface to the Log-Cabin, that Garfield and Lincoln were remarkably alike in the circumstances of birth, early struggles, and later experience, was fully justified. The fact is without a parallel in the history of public men — such marvellous coincidences from their birth in log-cabins to their

assassination in the White House. Apart from this likeness, however, the life of Lincoln as an example of industry, tact, perseverance, application, energy, economy, honesty, purity, devotion to principle, and triumph over obstacles in a successful career, presents a profitable study to the youth and young men of this and other lands. The only parallel to it is that of President Garfield, with which we aim to connect this later volume. The names of these two illustrious statesmen are for ever associated in the history of our Republic. It is well nigh impossible to separate them in the thoughts of men. Statesmen of such power and influence, beginning their lives in want and obscurity and ending them in the White House, cut off at last by the shot of the assassin, must find their niche together in the temple of fame. One other name only of the great and good men of the past naturally affiliates with these two — that of George Washington — the life of whom will follow this as soon as it can be prepared, bearing the title, FROM FARM HOUSE TO THE WHITE HOUSE. These three — Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield — remarkably alike in their early precocity and the wisdom and influence of manhood — furnish stimulating examples to American readers.

Incidents are brought to the front in this life of Lincoln, as they were in that of Garfield, and they are made to portray the life of the man. Facts are better than logic to exhibit the elements of personal character; therefore, we let incidents tell the story of his life.

When Abraham Lincoln was consulted respecting his biography, after his nomination for the Presidency

in 1860, he replied: "You can find the whole of my early life in a single line of Gray's Elegy:

"'The short and simple annals of the poor.'"

While this apt reply revealed the simplicity of the man, it introduced the biographer at once to the opening of a marvellous life. For, surely, that is a marvellous life, when a boy, reared in a floorless log-cabin, works his way, by dint of perseverance, upward and onward, into the highest office of the land.

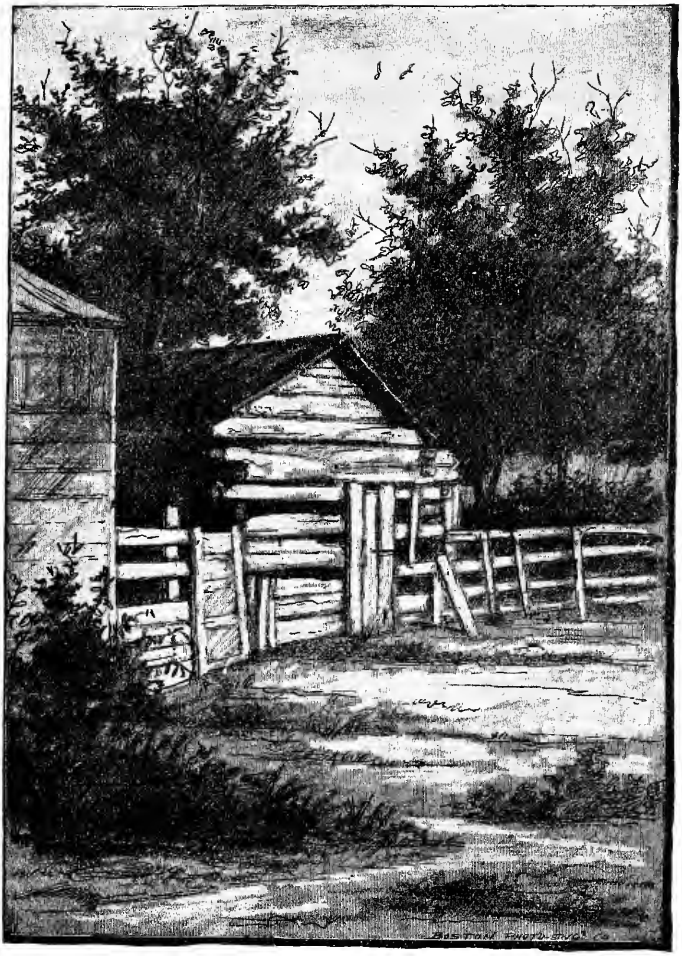
The chief object of the book is to show how its hero won his position; yet it incidentally exhibits the manners and customs of the times, and section of country, in which he was reared.

Provincialisms are intentionally avoided, as well as that singular perversion of the English language that characterized the unlettered people of Kentucky and Indiana sixty years ago.

When Mr. Lincoln was alive, and the honored President of the United States, one of his old friends and neighbors wrote to us: "I have known him long and well, and I can say in truth, I think (take him altogether) he is the best man I ever saw. Although he has never made a public profession of religion, I nevertheless believe that he has the fear of God before his eyes, and that he goes daily to a throne of grace, and asks wisdom, light, and knowledge, to enable him faithfully to discharge his duties." The reader will find abundant confirmation of the friend's eulogy in this volume.

W. M. T.

FRANKLIN, MASS., March, 1882.



BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTHPLACE.

HE miserable log cabin which the artist furnishes further on in this chapter, tells the tale of poverty and lowliness into which Abraham Lincoln was born. It was a floorless, doorless, windowless shanty, situated in one of the most barren and desolate spots of Hardin county, Kentucky. His father made it his home simply because he was too poor to own a better one. Nor was his an exceptional case of penury and want. For the people of that section were generally poor and unlettered, barely able to scrape enough together to keep the wolf of hunger from their abodes.

Here Abraham Lincoln was born February 12th, 1809. His father's name was Thomas Lincoln; his mother's maiden name was Nancy Hanks. When they were married, Thomas was twenty-eight years of age, and Nancy, his wife, twenty-three. They had been married three years when Abraham was born. Their cabin was in that part of Hardin County which is now embraced in La Rue County, a few miles from Hodgensville — on the south fork of Nolin Creek. A perennial spring of water, gushing in silvery brightness from beneath a rock near by, relieved the barrenness of

a Christian man when he entered upon his public career, yet he evinced a remarkable familiarity with the Scriptures. His conversation and public addresses were often enlivened by quotations and figures from the Bible. In the sequel it will appear that this one book must have been the source of that honesty, noble ambition, adherence to right, and dependence upon Providence, which signalized his public career.

Three incidents of his life in the White House show his familiarity with the Bible. At one time he was very much annoyed by men who complained of prominent officials. To one of these parties, he said, one day, "Go home, my friend, and read attentively the tenth verse of the thirteenth chapter of Proverbs." That verse is, "Accuse not a servant to his master, lest he curse thee, and thou be found guilty." General Fremont, whom he had relieved of his command, consented to run against him for the Presidency, after Lincoln's renomination for the office. A small following of disappointed politicians and military aspirants rallied around Fremont. About the time the latter withdrew his name, — satisfied that his candidacy would make more enemies than friends, — Mr. Lincoln said to a public man, who introduced the subject, "Look here; hear this;" and he proceeded to read the following from the First Book of Samuel, "And every one that was in distress, and every one that was in debt, and every one that was discontented, gathered themselves unto him, and he became captain over them, and there were with him about four hundred men."

At one time Henry Ward Beecher criticized his administration sharply in the "Independent," of which

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW HOME MADE.

IT was in the new home in Indiana that Abraham began to be a genuine pioneer boy. The ax was the symbol of pioneer life; and here he began to swing one in dead earnest. From the time he was eight years old until he had past his majority, he was accustomed to the almost daily use of the ax. His physical strength developed with wonderful rapidity, so that he became one of the most efficient wood-choppers in that region. After he became President, and the "War of the Rebellion" was on his hands, he visited the hospitals at City Point, where three thousand sick and wounded soldiers were sheltered. He insisted upon shaking hands with every one of them; and, after performing the feat, and friends were expressing their fears that his arm would be lamed by so much hand-shaking, he remarked, — "The hardships of my early life gave me strong muscles." And, stepping out of the open door, he took up a very large, heavy ax which lay there by a log of wood, and chopped vigorously for a few moments, sending the chips flying in all directions; and, then pausing, he extended his right arm to its full length, holding the ax out horizon-

tally, without its even quivering as he held it. Strong men who looked on — men accustomed to manual labor — could not hold the same ax in that position for a moment. When the President left, a hospital steward gathered up the chips, and laid them aside carefully, "because they were the chips that Father Abraham chopped."

It was necessary for the Lincoln family to erect a habitation as soon as possible, and "a half-faced camp" could be more easily and quickly built than a cabin, because it could be constructed of "poles" instead of logs. For this reason, Mr. Lincoln decided to erect the "camp" for a temporary abode, and the next year build a substantial log-cabin. He could cut the logs and prepare slabs during the winter, so that the labor of erecting a cabin would not be great after the planting of the next spring was done.

A "half-faced camp" was "a cabin enclosed on three sides and open on the fourth," a very poor habitation for the cold winters of Indiana. But pioneers accepted almost any device for a shelter, and made the best of cold, hunger, and hardship.

Abraham began pioneer life by assisting his father in erecting the "camp." Cutting "poles" was an easy method of initiating him into the hard work of chopping wood. It was not, however, until the following summer when the more substantial cabin was erected, that Abraham engaged in the enterprise with all his heart. A severe winter and unusual exposure caused him to appreciate a better habitation.

After "clearing some land, and planting corn and vegetables," in the spring of 1817, and the summer

THE PIONEER BOY.

Mother of Abraham Lincoln.

may be dead when we don't know it, the same as she's dead when he don't know it."

"Well, there's something in that," answered his father; "but we'll see how you can make out writing a letter."

Pen and paper were provided, and Mr. Lincoln proceeded to dictate the letter. He directed him to write about the death of Mrs. Lincoln, when it occurred, and under what circumstances, and to invite him to visit them, and preach a funeral sermon. He also gave a description of their new home, and their journey thither, and wrote of their future prospects.

"Now read it over," said Mr. Lincoln.

"The whole of it?"

"Of course; I want to hear it all. I may think of something else by that time."

Abraham commenced to read it, while his father sat the very picture of satisfaction. There was genuine happiness to him in having his son prepared to write a letter. Never before had there been a member of his family who could perform this feat. It was a memorable event to him.

"See how much it is worth to be able to write," said he, as Abraham finished reading the letter. "It's worth ten times as much as it cost to be able to write only that one letter."

"It ain't much work to learn to write," said Abraham; "I'd work as hard again for it before I'd give it up."

"You'd have to give it up, if you were knocked about as I was when a boy."

"I know that."

One of the finest and most touching tributes ever paid to his memory was spoken by his mother to Mr. Herndon, and we quote it here because it had reference to his early life. She said:—

"Abe was a poor boy, and I can say what scarcely one woman — a mother — can say, in a thousand. Abe never gave me a cross word or look, and never refused, in fact or appearance, to do any thing I requested him. I never gave him a cross word in all my life. . . . His mind and my mind — what little I had — seemed to run together. . . . He was here after he was elected President." Here she stopped, unable to proceed any further, and after her grateful emotions had spent themselves in tears, she proceeded: "He was dutiful to me always. I think he loved me truly. I had a son, John, who was raised with Abe. Both were good boys; but I must say, both being now dead, that Abe was the best boy I ever saw, or ever expect to see. I wish I had died when my husband died. I did not want Abe to run for President; did not want him elected; was afraid somehow, — felt it in my heart; and when he came down to see me, after he was elected President, I felt that something would befall him, and that I should see him no more."

Mr. Lamon relates that, when this interview closed, and Mr. Herndon was about to retire, Mrs. Lincoln took one of his hands in both of hers, and ringing it, with the tears streaming down her cheeks, as if loath to separate from one who knew her "Abe" so intimately, said: "Good-by, my good son's friend. Farewell."

that he remarked to a Baptist minister who called at his house: —

"I have here a composition on Temperance, written by Abe Lincoln, and I think it is a wonderful production for such a boy to write. I want you should read it, and see if you do not agree with me."

"I should be glad to read it, here and now," replied the minister. "I'm glad that Abe is writing on that subject." And he applied himself to reading the composition at once.

"I agree with you entirely," said the minister, completing the reading;" it is a remarkable production for such a boy."

"I would like to see it printed in this temperance paper," continued Mr. Wood, holding the paper up.

"It is worthy of a place in it," added the minister.

"They publish articles that are not half as good," responded Mr. Wood. "You can get this composition to the editor; it is right in your way."

"Yes, I can take it there, and should be glad to do it."

"Well, you take it, and I'll make it right with Abe."

"He won't have any objection, if he is like most boys," remarked the minister. "He'll be a little proud to appear in print."

The minister took the article along with him, and, subsequently, it appeared in the columns of the paper. Mr. Wood read it over again in print, and remarked: "It excels anything there is in the paper." Abraham was both gratified and encouraged by the publication of his article. The paper was lent to the families in the neighborhood, after they heard that

Whatever these "plays" were, Abraham was "a bright particular star" in them, whenever and wherever his presence could be secured.

From the time Abraham was eighteen years of age, his physical strength was remarkable. Some of the stories about his strength, told by the neighbors, are almost incredible. He was not only a giant in stature, but a giant in strength. Observers looked on amazed at the exhibition. Richardson, a neighbor, declares that he could carry a load to which the strength of three ordinary men would scarcely be equal. He saw him quietly pick up and walk away with "a chicken-house, made of poles pinned together, and covered, that weighed at least six hundred, if not much more." At another time, the Richardsons were building a corn-crib; Abe was there; and, seeing three or four men preparing "sticks" upon which to carry some huge posts, he relieved them of all further trouble by shouldering the posts, single-handed, and walking away with them to the place where they were wanted. "He could strike with a mall," says old Mr. Wood, "a heavier blow than any man. . . . He could sink an axe deeper into the wood than any man I ever saw."* Wrestling was a common and popular sport among pioneers, and here Abraham excelled all his companions. The sequel will show how his remarkable physical strength aided him in the labors, burdens, trials, and responsibilities of his public life.

* Lamon's Life of Lincoln, p. 52.

A Flat-Boatman.

pains to explain, and could do it so simply. He was diffident then, too."

To return to the trip to New Orleans. As soon as the cargo was loaded, the two boys started upon their voyage, Abraham serving as "bow-hand, to work the front oars." It was a very important event in the life of our young friend, and his heart was greatly elated. He was floating out into the broad world now. His young eyes would behold its sights and scenes for the first time. It is not strange that he pushed out into the Ohio with a glad heart, and moved down towards the "father of waters" with such anticipation as never fired his breast before.

"I say, Abe, how many times are you going to upset before reaching the Mississippi?" asked Allen.

"I hardly think we shall do it more than once," answered Abraham, "unless you have a better faculty than I have for loading up again in the water."

"I didn't think of that; it would be a hard matter to reload at the bottom of the river."

"Yes; and we must look out for accidents, or your father will wish he had never sent us. I hope we shall make a capital thing of it."

"I hope so too, or we shall never have another such a chance. The old man never would have sent me if it had n't been for you, Abe."

"How so?"

"Because he thinks you can do most anything that's possible, and so he was willing to risk me and all the cargo with you."

"Pshaw! You are fooling now."

"No such thing; it's the living truth. I expect he

CHAPTER XIII.

SUNDRY INCIDENTS.

THERE is very satisfactory evidence that Abraham went on a trading trip for his father before he served Mr. Gentry, and that he built a boat himself for the expedition. For Mr. Carpenter, the painter, in his "Six Months in the White House," has the following from Mr. Lincoln's lips, related to show how he came into possession of the first dollar he could call his own: —

In the Executive Chamber, one evening, there were present a number of gentlemen, among them Mr. Seward.

A point in the conversation suggesting the thought, the President said: "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?" "No," rejoined Mr. Seward. "Well," continued Mr. Lincoln, "I was about eighteen years of age. I belonged, you know, to what they call down South, the 'scrubs;' people who do not own slaves are nobody there. But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell.

"After much persuasion, I got the consent of mother to go, and constructed a little flat-boat, large enough to take a barrel or two of things that we had gathered, with myself and little bundle, down to New Orleans. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams; and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board.

"I was contemplating my new flat-boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages, with trunks, and looking at the different boats, singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered, somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer.' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flat-boat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat.

"They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half-dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy,

Through Abraham's influence a "speaking-meeting," or, as we call it now, a *lyceum*, was started at Gentryville.

"It will be very improving," said Abraham to Nat Grigsby, "to say nothing about the fun of the thing." He was making a plea for such an institution.

"If we were all like you, Abe, there would be both improvement and fun in the thing, but we are not," answered Nat. "I'll do what I can, though."

"And that is all any of us can do."

"What will you do at your speaking-meeting?" Nat continued.

"Speak pieces, discuss questions, and read compositions," answered Abraham. "We can have real good times."

"We might if we could all speak and write and argue as you can," responded Nat. "But most of us will have to take back seats in such a meeting, I tell you. But I go in for it."

All the young people favored the enterprise finally, and not a few of the older ones. It started with flying colors, and Abraham was in his element. The pieces he had committed to memory as a pastime now served him a good purpose, and, more than ever, the people extolled him. Old Mr. Gentry said, "Abe will make a great man sure as he lives." One of the enthusiastic women declared, "He will be President of the United States yet."

In the discussions, Abraham was logical and witty; and every body was on the alert to hear him speak. Among the questions discussed were, "Which is the stronger, wind or water?" and "Which has the most

right to complain, the negro or the Indian?" Abraham had picked up much information concerning wind and water, so that he was not at all limited for materials in the discussion. On the other question he had very definite views of his own, and not a little information collected from here and there. He hated Indians out of respect to his ancestors, if for no other reason; still, he considered them an abused race. But he spoke for the negro in that debate, and made his first public plea for the enslaved, at that time, on the free soil of Indiana.

That Abraham did not improve in his personal appearance, as he did in knowledge, is evident from a remark of Miss Roby, when he went to live with Mr. Gentry. She said, "Abe was then a long, thin, leggy, gawky boy, dried up and shrivelled." He appeared to be much older than he was. Caring little or nothing for dress, he continued to wear apparel of the genuine pioneer pattern, which made his homeliness more homely. A remark of Dennis, on one occasion, was quite expressive: "Abe has too much legs to be handsome;" and it was true.

Still, he was the centre of attraction in all circles. Men, women and children loved to hear him talk. They would gather about him to listen, whether in house or field. He continued to improve, too, in this regard. Nat Grigsby says:—

"When he appeared in company, the boys would gather and cluster around him to hear him talk. He was figurative in his speeches, talks, and conversations. He argued much from analogy, and explained things hard for us to understand by stories, maxims, tales,

of ways to overcome the difficulties of navigating Western rivers. It was several years, however, before his thoughts and studies thereupon took tangible shape in the form of an invention. After he was elected President, the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* wrote as follows concerning it: —

"Occupying an ordinary and common-place position in one of the show cases in the large hall of the Patent Office is one little model which, in ages to come, will be prized as at once one of the most curious and one of the most sacred relics in that vast museum of unique and priceless things. This is a plain and simple model of a steamboat, roughly fashioned in wood, by the hand of Abraham Lincoln. It bears date in 1849, when the inventor was known simply as a successful lawyer and rising politician of Central Illinois. Neither his practice nor his politics took up so much of his time as to prevent him from giving much attention to contrivances which he hoped might be of benefit to the world and of profit to himself.

"The design of this invention is suggestive of one phase of Abraham Lincoln's early life, when he went up and down the Mississippi as a flat-boatman, and became familiar with some of the dangers and inconveniences attending the navigation of the Western rivers. It is an attempt to make it an easy matter to transport vessels over shoals and snags and sawyers. The main idea is that of an apparatus resembling a noiseless bellows placed on each side of the hull of the craft, just below the water-line, and worked by an odd but not complicated system of ropes, valves and pulleys. When the keel of the vessel grates against the sand or obstruction, these bellows are to be filled with air; and thus buoyed up, the ship is expected to float lightly and gayly over the shoal which would otherwise have proved a serious interruption to her voyage.

"The model, which is about eighteen or twenty inches long, and has the air of being whittled with a knife out of a shingle and a cigar-box, is built without any elaboration or ornament, or

any extra apparatus beyond that necessary to show the operation of buoying the steamer over the obstructions. Herein it differs from very many of the models which share with it the shelter of the immense halls of the Patent Office, and which are fashioned with wonderful nicety and exquisite finish, as if much of the labor and thought and affection of a lifetime had been devoted to their construction. This is a model of a different kind; carved as one might imagine a retired rail-splitter would whittle, strongly, but not smoothly, and evidently made with a view solely to convey, by the simplest possible means, to the minds of the patent authorities, an idea of the purpose and plan of the simple invention. The label on the steamer's deck informs us that the patent was obtained; but we do not learn that the navigation of the Western rivers was revolutionized by this quaint conception. The modest little model has reposed here sixteen years; and, since it found its resting-place here on the shelf, the shrewd inventor has found it his task to guide the Ship of State over shoals more perilous, and obstructions more obstinate, than any prophet dreamed of when Abraham Lincoln wrote his bold autograph on the prow of this miniature steamer."

When the boat was safely over the dam, in the deep pool below, it was re-loaded, and then sped on its way. At Salt Creek, Offutt stopped to make a purchase of live hogs, but the wild vicious animals were determined not to go on board; and they were full of fight. Once on board, they might make fearful war upon each other, causing much trouble to the trader and his crew. After vainly trying to drive the hogs towards the river, Abraham remarked:—

"It's no use; they are too ugly to go where you want them to go."

"They wouldn't be hogs, if they did," responded Offutt. "You'll have to get up some sort of a tackling, Abe, to get them aboard, as you got the boat

The method of electing captain was peculiar; perhaps the best method for that place, under the circumstances. The two candidates were required to take their positions opposite each other, at a suitable distance; and, at a given signal, each volunteer went to the one whom he desired for his captain. Three-fourths of the whole number at once took their stand with Abraham; and, when those who first went to Fitzpatrick saw the overwhelming majority for Abraham, one by one they left the former and joined the latter, until but one or two stood with Fitzpatrick.

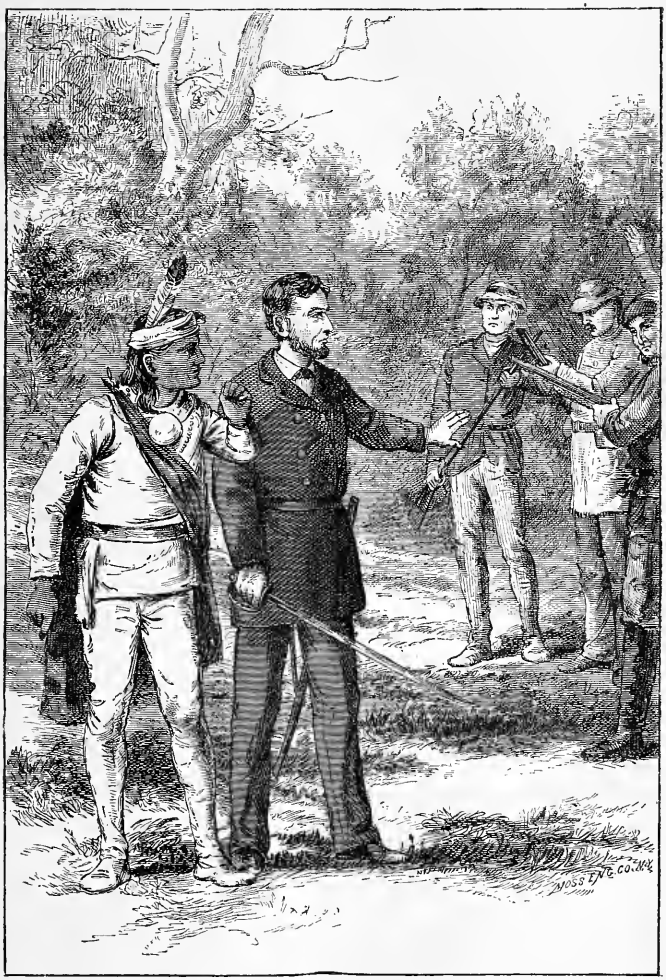
"I felt bad for Fitzpatrick," said Green; "he was the most lonesome-looking fellow I ever saw."

"He might have known that we shouldn't vote for him when Abe is about," remarked Herndon. "He was too anxious to serve his country."

These, and kindred remarks, were bandied about after the company had indulged in vociferous cheering, that Black Hawk might have heard if he had been within a reasonable distance.

"A speech from the captain," was the imperative call from the company; and Abraham promptly accommodated them to one of his best efforts, in which he thanked them for the honor conferred, maintained that their choice might have fallen upon one much better qualified for the position than himself, and promised that he would do the best he could to prove himself worthy of their confidence.

"Captain Lincoln!" exclaimed William Greene, addressing Abraham facetiously, and tipping his hat; and, henceforth, "Captain Lincoln" was alone the soubriquet by which he was known.



INTERCEDING FOR AN INDIAN IN THE BLACK-HAWK WAR.

CHAPTER XIX.

UNSOUGHT HONORS.

ON his return from the Black Hawk war, Lincoln took up his abode in the family of J. R. Herndon. The people of New Salem gave him a hearty welcome, and delighted to call him "Captain Lincoln." The Herndon family were soon more strongly attached to him than ever. "He had one of Herndon's children around with him nearly all the time," says an eye-witness. "He was at home wherever he went, and made himself wonderfully agreeable to the people he lived with, or happened to be visiting," says Mr. Herndon. That his kind and benevolent disposition did not suffer by his service in the army is quite evident from a remark of Mr. Herndon, "He was kind to the widow and orphan, and chopped their wood."

He was casting about for some employment, whereby to earn a livelihood. For some reason, to us unknown, the blacksmith's trade attracted his attention.

"What do you think of my learning the blacksmith's trade?" he said to his friend, William Green, one day.

"A blacksmith!" exclaimed William with much surprise. "That would be quite a descent from *Captain* Lincoln to *smithy* Lincoln. You are joking, cap'n."

"Never was more serious in my life, William. A blacksmith is of more practical use to the community than a captain in an Indian war."

"But less *glory* in it," replied Green. "You don't seem to understand that war makes heroes, and heroes get into political life. Why, Abe, we're going to send you to the legislature."

"None of your bantering, William," Lincoln answered, supposing that his friend was joking. "I'm talking business."

"So am I. Haven't you heard, Abe, that the Clay men are going to run you for the legislature?"

"No, nor you. Yesterday I heard the names of John T. Stuart, Colonel Taylor and Peter Cartwright, named as Jackson candidates; and nobody would think of running me against such men."

"All that may be, and there may be a half-dozen other candidates; but we are going to run you against the whole batch, unless you positively decline."

"You are crazy, William, and all the rest of you who entertain such a thought. What! run me, nothing but a strapping boy, against such men of experience and wisdom! Come, now, no more of your gammon."

"Then you won't believe me?"

"I didn't say so."

"Well, believe it or not, you will be waited upon by older persons than I am, to get your consent."

And, sure enough, he was waited upon by several of the most influential citizens of New Salem, within twenty-four hours thereafter, to ask his consent to run as a candidate for the legislature.

"It will only subject me to ridicule," he said.

"Why so?" inquired one of the number.

"For the folly of running against such men as Stuart and Cartwright."

"Not if you beat them."

"That is impossible. I should not expect to be elected, if I should consent to be a candidate."

"I don't know about that," answered one; "we expect to elect you."

"But I have lived in the county only a few months, and am known only in New Salem, while the other candidates are known in every part of the county. Besides, it is only ten days before the election, and there is little time to carry your measures."

"Very true; but there is a principle involved in your nomination, and we shall sustain that, whether you are elected or not."

Here was a point of importance. There were no distinct political parties then in the State, as there are now. But there were "Jackson men and Clay men," not to mention others. Abraham was a "Clay man," while the majority vote of the county, at the previous presidential election, was cast for Jackson. In these circumstances there was little prospect that the young candidate would be elected.

Suffice to say that Abraham at last yielded very reluctantly, and became a candidate. He was not

elected; but his popularity may be learned from the fact that he stood next to the successful candidate, and only a few votes behind him. "His own precinct, New Salem, gave him 277 votes in a poll of 284,"—all but seven. No one was more surprised than Abraham himself. Although he was not elected, yet the result, in the circumstances, was a signal triumph.

Mr. R. B. Rutledge was the citizen who really secured Lincoln's consent to be a candidate. He had heard him make a speech before the "New Salem Literary Society," on one occasion, which impressed him so much that he did not hesitate to say, "Abe will make a great man." Of that speech he says: "As he rose to speak, his tall form towered above the little assembly. Both hands were thrust down deep in the pockets of his pantaloons. A perceptible smile at once lit up the faces of the audience, for all anticipated the relation of some humorous story. But he opened up the discussion in splendid style, to the astonishment of his friends. As he warmed with his subject, his hands forsook his pockets and enforced his noble thoughts with awkward gestures. He pursued the question with reason and argument so pithy that all were amazed." The president, at his fireside, after the meeting, remarked to his wife, "There is more in Abe's head than wit and fun. He is already a fine speaker, and all that is needed is culture, to enable him to reach the high place which I believe is in store for him."

While Mr. Rutledge admitted to Abraham that there was little or no chance of his election, he assured him that the canvass would bring his name prominently

before the voters of the county for future use. His arguments prevailed with Lincoln.

Candidates for State offices were obliged to take the stump, and declare their sentiments and vindicate them. Abraham followed the custom, and made several speeches, with the expressed condition, however, that "his friends should not laugh at him." His first speech was made at Pappsville, about eleven miles west of Springfield. It was as follows:—

"Gentlemen and fellow-citizens, I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to became a candidate for the Legislature. My politics are short and sweet: I am in favor of a national bank; I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected, I shall be thankful; if not, it will be all the same."

The brevity of his speech was the fruit of his modesty, which did not fail to captivate his hearers. He made several other speeches, and issued an address also, of considerable length and real merit, to the voters of the county. In closing that address, he said:—

"Considering the great degree of modesty that should always attend youth, it is probable that I have been more presuming than becomes me. However, upon the subjects of which I have treated, I have spoken as I have thought. . . . Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say, for one, that I have no other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men, by rendering myself worthy of their esteem."

benefactress seeking a benefactor in the once poor boy she helped in her humble abode.

"Aunt Hannah" believed that her boy was not guilty of murder — that the fatal blow was not struck by him, but by another — that others sought to fasten the crime upon him because of his bad reputation. At the close of the interview, Lincoln was of the same opinion; or, at least, thought there was no positive evidence that her son was the murderer. His heart was so thoroughly moved for the old lady, that he resolved to save her boy from the gallows if possible. The excitement was intense, and everybody seemed willing to believe that Armstrong killed Metzgar. Lincoln saw that it would be well-nigh impossible to secure an impartial jury in these circumstances, and he said to Mrs. Armstrong: —

"We must have the case put off if possible, until the excitement dies away."

"And let my son lie in prison all the while," Mrs. Armstrong answered, as if horrified by the thought that he should be incarcerated so long.

"There is no other alternative. Better that than to be condemned and executed in advance," Lincoln rejoined calmly.

"True, very true; but I'm impatient to see him free again."

"That is not strange at all, but I am satisfied that the case cannot be conducted so favorably for him now, when the public mind is so excited."

"I understand you exactly," responded Mrs. Armstrong, "and shall agree to any decision you make. The case is in your hands, and you will conduct it as you think best."

MARY T. LINCOLN.

"Another thing too," added Lincoln, "I need more time to unravel the affair. I want to produce evidence that shall vindicate William, to the satisfaction of every reasonable man."

Lincoln secured the postponement of the trial until the following spring; and he spent much time, in the interval, in tracing evidence, laboring as assiduously to pay his old debt of gratitude as he would have done under the offer of a fee of five thousand dollars.

The time for the trial arrived, and it drew together a crowd of interested people, nor were they under so much excitement as they were when the case was postponed. The "sober second thought" had moderated their feelings, and they were in a better frame of mind to judge impartially.

The witnesses for the State were introduced; some to testify of Armstrong's previous vicious character, and others to relate what they saw of the affair on the night of the murder. His accuser testified in the most positive manner that he saw him make the dreadful thrust that felled his victim.

"Could there be no mistake in regard to the person who struck the blow?" asked the counsel for the defence.

"None at all: I am confident of that," replied the witness.

"What time in the evening was it?"

"Between ten and eleven o'clock."

"Well, about how far between? Was it quarter-past ten or half-past ten o'clock, or still later? Be more exact, if you please."

"I should think it might have been about half-past ten o'clock," answered the witness.

"And you are confident that you saw the prisoner at the bar give the blow? Be particular in your testimony, and remember that you are under oath."

"I am; there can be no mistake about it."

"Was it not dark?"

"Yes; but the moon was shining brightly."

"Then it was not very dark, as there was a moon?"

"No; the moon made it light enough for me to see the whole affair."

"Be particular on this point. Do I understand you to say that the murder was committed about half-past ten o'clock, and that the moon was shining brightly at the time?"

"Yes, that is what I testify."

"Very well; that is all."

His principal accuser was thus positive in his testimony, and the sagacious attorney saw enough therein to destroy his evidence.

After the witnesses for the State had been called, the defence introduced a few, to show that young Armstrong had borne a better character than some of the witnesses gave him, and also that his accuser had been his personal enemy, while the murdered young man was his personal friend.

The counsel for the Commonwealth considered that the evidence was too strong against Armstrong to admit of a reasonable doubt of his guilt; therefore, his plea was short and formal.

All eyes were now turned to Lincoln. What could

he say for the accused, in the face of such testimony? Few saw any possible chance for Armstrong to escape: his condemnation was sure.

Mr. Lincoln rose, while a deeply impressive stillness reigned throughout the court-room. The prisoner sat with a worried, despairing look, such as he had worn ever since his arrest. When he was led into the court-room, a most melancholy expression sat upon his brow, as if he were forsaken by every friend, and the evidence presented was not suited to produce a change for the better.

His counsel proceeded to review the testimony, and called attention particularly to the discrepancies in the statements of the principal witness. What had seemed to the multitude as plain, truthful statements he showed to be wholly inconsistent with other parts of the testimony, indicating a plot against an innocent man. Then, raising his clear, full voice to a higher key, and lifting his long, wiry right arm above his head, as if about to annihilate his client's accuser, he exclaimed: "And he testifies that the moon was shining brightly when the deed was perpetrated, between the hours of ten and eleven o'clock, when the moon did not appear on that night, as your Honor's almanac will show, until an hour or more later, and consequently the whole story is a fabrication."

The audience were carried by this sudden overthrow of the accuser's testimony, and they were now as bitter against the principal witness as they were before against the accused.

Lincoln continued in a strain of singular eloquence, portraying the loneliness and sorrow of the widowed

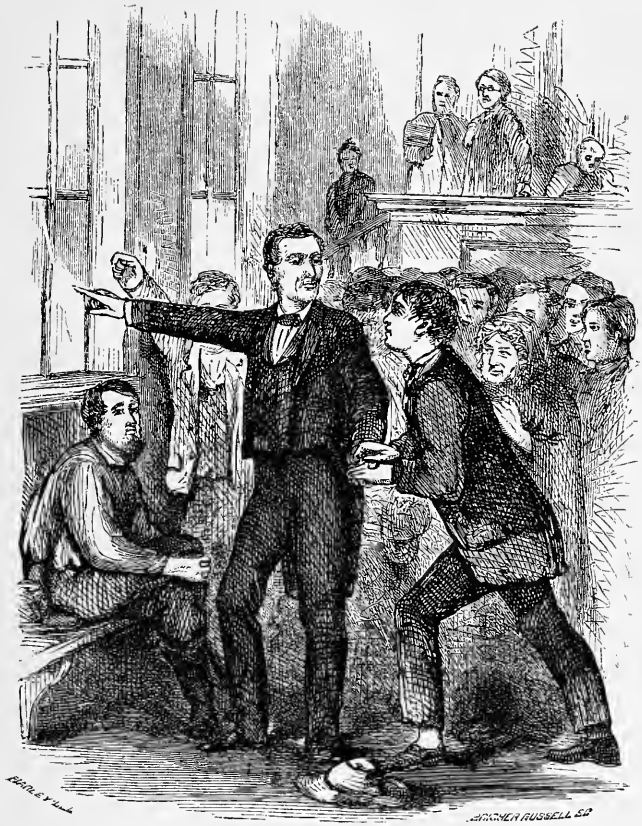
mother, whose husband, long since gathered to his fathers, and his good companion with the silver locks, welcomed a strange and penniless boy to their humble abode, dividing their scanty store with him, and, pausing, and exhibiting much emotion — "that boy stands before you now pleading for the life of his benefactor's son — the staff of the widow's declining years." The effect was electric; and eyes unused to weep shed tears as rain. With unmistakable expressions of honest sympathy around him, Lincoln closed his remarkable plea with the words, "If justice is done, as I believe it will be, before the sun sets, it will shine upon my client a free man."

The jury returned to the court-room, after thirty minutes of retirement, with the verdict of "Not Guilty." Turning to his client, Lincoln said, "It is not sundown, and you are free!"

A shout of joy went up from the crowded assembly; and the aged mother, who had retired when the case was given to the jury, was brought in with tears of gratitude streaming down her cheeks, to receive her acquitted boy, and thank her noble benefactor for his successful effort.

"Where is Mr. Lincoln?" she asked. And from her saved boy, she pressed her way through the crowd to him, and, seizing his hand convulsively, attempted to express her gratitude, but utterance was impossible. Tears only told how full her heart was. Lincoln answered only with tears for a few moments. At length, however, controlling his feelings, he said: —

"Aunt Hannah, what did I tell you? I pray to God that William may be a good boy hereafter — that this



"It is not Sundown, and you are Free."—Page 291.

RESIDENCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

gathered, the excitement of Chicago was repeated on a smaller scale, and the nominee was overwhelmed with congratulations. Taking the telegram up, Mr. Lincoln remarked: —

"Well, gentlemen, there is a little woman at our house who is probably more interested in this dispatch than I am; and if you will excuse me, I will take it up and let her see it."

The committee of the Chicago Convention officially notified Mr. Lincoln of his nomination, at his home on the following day. A few citizens, desiring that their distinguished townsman should conform to an old political custom, on so important an occasion, purchased a quantity of the choicest liquors they could find, and sent them to his house. Mr. Lincoln promptly returned them, with the characteristic message: —

"You know that we never do any such thing at our house."

The correspondent of the "Portland Press," who was present, says that, after the official ceremonies and formal introductions ended, a servant brought in a waiter, containing a large pitcher and several glass tumblers, when "Mr. Lincoln arose, and gravely addressing the company, said: 'Gentlemen, we must pledge our mutual healths in the most healthy beverage which God has given to man — it is the only beverage I have ever used or allowed in my family, and I cannot conscientiously depart from it on the present occasion — it is pure Adam's ale, from the spring;' and, taking a tumbler, he touched it to his lips, and pledged them his highest respects in a cup of cold water. Of course

done. Why, he is an old neighbor of mine, and I can't allow him to be shot," Judge Kellogg continued, under increasing heat.

"Well," answered Mr. Lincoln, "I don't believe that *shooting* him will do him any good. Bring me a pen."

Without getting out of bed, he wrote a pardon for the judge to forward at once to the boy so near his doom.

Benjamin Owen, a young soldier of Vermont, was sentenced to be shot for sleeping at his post. The family were plunged into agony by the dreadful tidings. For some reason, a reprieve was granted him for several days, when he wrote the following letter to his father:

"DEAR FATHER, — When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first it seemed awful to me, but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. . . . . You know I promised Jemmy Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before *that* night, I carried all his luggage, besides my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired, too; and as for Jemmy, if I had not lent him an arm now and then he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when I came into camp, and then, it was Jemmy's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place; but I was too tired, father, I could not have kept awake if I had had a gun at my head. But I did not know it until — well, until it was too late. . . . Our good colonel would save me if he could. He says, forgive him, father, he only did his duty. And don't lay my death against Jemmy. The poor boy is broken-hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead. I can't bear to think of mother and sister. Comfort them, father! God help me, it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father! God seems near

and dear to me; not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with him and my Saviour, in a better, better life! God bless you all!

His sister, who had read much about the President's tender heart, seized the letter, and quickly as steam could carry her was in Washington, in the presence of Mr. Lincoln.

"Well, my child, what do you want so bright and early this morning?" the President asked.

"My brother's life," she said, with much emotion.

"Who is he?"

She told him, and for what he was sentenced to be shot.

"Oh, yes, that fatal sleep," responded Mr. Lincoln; "thousands of lives might have been lost by that sleep."

"So my father said; but he was so tired carrying Jemmy's baggage;" and here she put his letter into the President's hand, saying that "would tell him all about it."

Mr. Lincoln read Benjamin's letter; when, with tearful eye and melted heart, he quickly wrote an order for his pardon, and, lest there might be some delay in the conveyance of the message, he ordered his own carriage and delivered it personally to the proper authorities. Before leaving his office, however, he said to the sister:

"Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost."

He ordered a furlough for the soldier-boy, also, that he might return with his sister to Vermont; and when, subsequently, brother and sister came to the White House, the President, in his private room, fastened a badge of office upon his shoulder, saying, "the shoulder that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for it so uncomplainingly, must wear that strap."

The father of a soldier applied to Congressman Kellogg, of whom we have spoken, for the pardon of his son, under sentence of death. Mr. Kellogg felt that it was a case where executive clemency ought to be exercised; and he said to the distressed father, "you wait here until I go and see what can be done." He went directly to President Lincoln, and laid the case before him. When he reached that part of the narrative which related to a fearful charge across a bridge, wherein the soldier displayed remarkable heroism, Mr. Lincoln started up, and asked earnestly:—

"Do you say that the young man was wounded?" as if he were overjoyed to find a decent reason for saving another life.

"Yes, badly wounded," added Mr. Kellogg.

"Then he has shed his blood for his country?" suggested Mr. Lincoln.

"Yes, and shed it nobly," responded Mr. Kellogg.

"Kellogg!" continued the President, brightening up, "is there not something in the Bible about the shedding of blood for the remission of sins?"

"I think you are right," replied Mr. Kellogg.

"Well, it is a good point, and there is no going behind it," rejoined the President. And, taking up his

memorable document in the future history of our country. We furnish it complete:—

"Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforth and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people therein respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto, at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such States shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State or the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

"Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the day of the first above-mentioned order, designate, as the States and parts of

States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin and Orleans, including the City of New Orleans, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

"And by virtue of the power, and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States, and parts of States, are, and henceforward shall be free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the Military and Naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons.

"And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence, and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

"And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

"And upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[L. S.] "Done at the City of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh."

"By the President: "ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*"

without the latter. The address was brief, direct, and affecting, as follows: —

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN, — At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it — all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to *saving* the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to *destroy* it without war — seeking to dissolve the Union and divide effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would *make* war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would *accept* war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the *cause* of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible and

pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offences which, in the Providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are engaged in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

Charles Sumner said of this address: "The Inaugural Address which signalized his entry for a second time upon his great duties was briefer than any similar address in our history; but it has already gone farther, and will live longer, than any other. It was a continuation of the Gettysburg speech, with the same sublimity and gentleness. Its concluding words were like an angelic benediction."

Robert D. Smith

Harris, Major Rathbone, Captain Robert Lincoln, and his almost distracted mother, with other friends. At the announcement of Surgeon-General Barnes, that there was "not a ray of hope," Secretary Stanton burst into tears, saying, —

"Oh, no! General, no, no!"

Senator Sumner stood holding one of the President's hands, sobbing as if parting with his father. Mrs. Lincoln walked to and fro from room to room, wringing her hands in despair, exclaiming, —

"How can it be so? Why did he not shoot me instead of my husband?"

Again and again she would leave the room, but soon return, wringing her hands in agony, reiterating, —

"Why is it so? I must go with him!"

Captain Robert Lincoln bore himself with great firmness, comforting his mother in the most affectionate manner, and entreating her to look to God for support. Occasionally, unable to control his feelings, he retired to the hall, and gave vent to his deep sorrow for a moment, and then returned with renewed strength, to assuage the grief of his mother.

Such a night of woe and anguish was never known before in Washington. The weary hours dragged heavily because of their weight of sorrow. The murdered one lay unconscious of his sufferings and the grief of friends around his bed, through all the dismal night. Before eight o'clock in the morning, Secretary Stanton sent the following telegram over the land: —

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN DIED THIS MORNING AT TWENTY-TWO MINUTES AFTER SEVEN O'CLOCK."

During the two days the remains reposed in Chicago, five hundred thousand mourners paid their tributes of respect to their lamented fellow-citizen and neighbor.

But at his home, in Springfield, among his former intimate friends and townsmen, the most touching scenes occurred. Many sobbed aloud as they looked upon his familiar face in death. Old men and women, young men and maidens, mourned as for a brother and father. From the country around, for fifty miles and more, people came wearing badges of mourning — so many thousands that the town could scarcely contain them. And when the body was conveyed to the Oak Ridge Cemetery, where Bishop Simpson delivered a funeral oration, acres of ground were one vast "sea of upturned faces." In just two weeks from the time the funeral cortége left Washington, upon its march of sixteen hundred miles, the remains were deposited in the grave, over which a grateful country has reared a costly monument.

Conspicuous among the mottoes displayed in the town, were these two :—

"Sooner than surrender this principle, I would be assassinated on the spot."

"Washington, the Father of his country; Lincoln, the Saviour."

The closing paragraph of Bishop Simpson's eloquent eulogy shall close our story of him who worked his way from his pioneer home to the White House :—

"Chieftain! farewell! The nation mourns thee. Mothers shall teach thy name to their lisping children. The youth of our land shall emulate thy virtues. Statesmen shall study thy record and learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though thy lips be, yet they

still speak. Hushed is thy voice, but its echoes of liberty are ringing through the world, and the sons of bondage listen with joy. Prisoned thou art in death, and yet thou art marching abroad, and chains and manacles are bursting at thy touch. Thou didst fall not for thyself. The assassin had no hate for thee. Our hearts were aimed at, our national life was sought. We crown thee as our martyr — and humanity enthrones thee as her triumphant son. Hero, martyr, friend, farewell!"

CHAPTER XXX.

ORATION BY HON. GEORGE BANCROFT.

OUR grief and horror at the crime which has clothed the continent in mourning, find no adequate expression in words, and no relief in tears. The President of the United States of America has fallen by the hands of an assassin. Neither the office by which he was invested by the approved choice of a mighty people, nor the most simple-hearted kindliness of nature, could save him from the fiendish passions of relentless fanaticism. The wailings of the millions attend his remains as they are borne in solemn procession over our great rivers, along the seaside, beyond the mountains, across the prairie, to their resting-place in the valley of the Mississippi. His funeral knell vibrates through the world, and the friends of freedom of every tongue and in every clime are his mourners.

Too few days have passed away since Abraham Lincoln stood in the flush of vigorous manhood, to permit any attempt at an analysis of his character, or an exposition of his career. We find it hard to believe that his large eyes, which in their softness and beauty expressed nothing but benevolence and gentleness, are

J. A. Garfield

FROM

LOG-CABIN

TO

THE WHITE HOUSE.

LIFE OF

JAMES A. GARFIELD:

BOYHOOD, YOUTH, MANHOOD, ASSASSINATION, DEATH, FUNERAL.

BY

WILLIAM M. THAYER,

AUTHOR OF "FROM PIONEER HOME TO THE WHITE HOUSE," ETC.

With Eulogy

BY HON. JAMES G. BLAINE.

ENLARGED, REVISED, AND NEWLY ILLUSTRATED.

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TO

ALL WHO HONOR TRUE MANHOOD,

This Volume,

PORTRAYING THE INDUSTRY, COURAGE, DECISION, ENERGY,
PERSEVERANCE, AND NOBLE CHARACTER
OF THE LATE PRESIDENT

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

IN HIS EARLY STRUGGLES FOR A LIVELIHOOD AND EDUCATION,
AND HIS GRAND PUBLIC CAREER,

Is Sincerely and Affectionately Dedicated.

PREFACE.

EIGHTEEN years ago the author prepared a book for youth and young men upon the life of Abraham Lincoln, entitled THE PIONEER BOY, AND HOW HE BECAME PRESIDENT. The favorable reception of that volume carried it through thirty-six editions. After the nomination of General Garfield for the presidency, it was thought that a similar work upon his life would furnish one of the noblest examples of success to all who honor true manhood.

With the plan of making the volume not a work for the campaign, but a standard volume for the family for the years to come, months were employed in gathering and preparing the material.

The materials for the work were furnished by General Garfield; several of his early associates, two of whom were born in log-cabins near him; several of his teachers and pupils; the owner and captain of the canal-boat on which he served; and intimate friends of his manhood, — the most reliable sources of information possible. The materials forcibly impressed us with the similarity between the lives of President Lincoln and President Garfield.

Both of these statesmen were born in log-cabins, built by their fathers, in the wilderness, for family homes. Both were poor as mortals can well be. Both were born with talents of the highest order; but neither enjoyed early advantages of schools and teachers. At eight years of age Lincoln lost his mother; and when Garfield was eighteen months old he lost his father. Both worked on a farm, chopped wood, and did whatever else was needful for a livelihood, when eight years of age. Both improved every leisure moment in study and reading. Both read all the books that could be borrowed for miles around; and each was known, in his own township and time, as a boy of remarkable mental ability and promise. Both of them early displayed great tact and energy, turning a hand to any kind of labor, — farming, chopping, teaming, carpentering. In his youth, Lincoln ran a flat-boat down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans, eighteen hundred miles, on a trading expedition; Garfield, at about the same age, served on a boat of the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal, driving mules and acting as steersman. Both were well known for their industry, tact, perseverance, integrity, courage, economy, thoroughness, punctuality, decision, and benevolence. Both taught school in the backwoods as soon as they knew enough to teach. Each of them studied law when pursuing another vocation for a livelihood,

— Lincoln a surveyor, and Garfield a teacher. Each became a member of the legislature in his native State before thirty years of age. Both served the country in war, when about the same age, — Lincoln in the "Black Hawk War," and Garfield in the "War of the Rebellion." Each was the youngest member of the legislature, and the youngest officer in the army when he served. The talents and eloquence of both made them members of Congress, — Lincoln at thirty-seven years of age, and Garfield at thirty-three; each one of them being the youngest member of the House of Representatives at the time. Both of them took high rank at once as debaters and eloquent speakers, as well as stalwart opposers of slavery. Both, also, won a reputation for wit and humor and geniality, making them popular with both sides of the House. Neither of them were candidates in the National Conventions that nominated them for the Presidency, — both were compromise candidates when it became apparent that union could be secured upon no others. Their names were introduced amid the wildest enthusiasm; thousands cheering, hats swinging, handkerchiefs waving, and the bands playing national airs. The nomination of each was hailed with demonstrations of joy throughout the country.

And now, the most remarkable of all coincidences in their lives we record with sadness, — both died

in the Presidential office by the ASSASSIN'S SHOT. History has no parallel for this amazing fact. We search in vain the annals of all countries for a kindred record. Beginning life in the obscurity of the wilderness, and ending it on the summit of renown! Their first home a log cabin! their *last*, the White House! Beloved by a trusting nation, and shot by the assassin!

A more inspiring example to study and imitate cannot be found in the annals of our Republic. As a model of whatever belongs to noble traits of character, heroic achievements, and the highest success fairly won, we present him in this book.

W. M. T.

FRANKLIN, MASS., 1882.

NOTE. — This book has been revised, greatly enlarged, and embellished with new portraits and illustrations, and is printed from new electrotype plates.

FROM LOG-CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

A RUMOR came to the log-cabin that a school would open soon at the village, one-and-a-half miles distant. It was only a rumor at first, but the rumor grew into fact in the course of a week.

"Jimmy must go, mother," said Thomas, who was nearly thirteen years old, a boy of heroic spirit and true filial and fraternal devotion.

"Yes, Jimmy must go," responded his mother, with such a smile as lights up the face of those mothers only who think what a treasure and joy there is in the little three-year old; for Jimmy had not yet reached his fourth birthday. "I wish you could go, Tom, also," she added.

"I wish I could, too," the thoughtful lad replied; "but the potatoes would hardly be dug, and the corn would hardly be harvested, nor the winter rye be put in, if I should go. The girls and Jimmy can go, and my work will get us food and clothes." The last sentence was spoken with so much interest, as if the son and brother found his highest pleasure in being able to run the little farm alone, while his sisters

and precious little brother could attend the school together, that his good mother could scarcely suppress her honest pride over the unselfish and noble boy. Her maternal pride came very near making a demonstration and applying some pet names to Thomas, but her excellent judgment, which usually ruled, guided her into a wiser course, and she let the occasion pass with only a few well-chosen words of approval.

"It is a good chance for Jimmy," added Thomas, after a moment had passed, in which remark his mother saw the "heap" of love he had for his little brother; and every one else would see it now, too, could they understand the circumstances. More than one person had remarked that Thomas thought a "heap" of James.

It was a busy time in the cabin, preparing the children for school. The girls and Thomas went to school before the family removed to Orange, so that it was not a new thing to them. Besides, their mother had taught them much. She had made no special effort to teach James, except to tell him Bible stories, and answer his multitudinous questions in her instructive way. Still, James knew nearly all his letters, and was better versed in Bible history than most children of his age at the present day. The stories of the Ark, Cain and Abel, Joseph, Ishmael, Isaac, Jacob, Absalom, Daniel, the Bethlehem Babe, and many others, were familiar to him at that time. The little fellow possessed a remarkable memory, and he was bright and sunny, the light and joy of the log-cabin. It would not suffice to say that his

mother thought that he was particularly a bright and talented boy; for mothers are quite apt to think very well of their offspring. But when we add that Thomas and his sisters, and the neighbors also, regarded James as a very precocious and promising lad, the reader may safely conclude that the hero of this volume was none of your simple-minded "children of the woods" — neither a juvenile drone nor ignoramus. He was just the little fellow to make music at home or in the school-house.

"Jimmy can't walk half the way," said Thomas; "he will be tired to death before he hardly gets out of sight of home."

"I'll see to that," replied his sister, with an air of assurance that indicated her plans were all laid. "Jimmy won't be tired."

"What is going to prevent it?" inquired Thomas.

"You'll see," answered his sister, somewhat evasively, though Thomas knew by her appearance that there was real significance in what she said.

"Well, what's up now?" added Thomas, sure that some project was in her head.

"Nothing is up, except Jimmy; he will be *up* — on my back," answered the brave girl, who had resolved to spare her lively little brother's legs by carrying him to school.

"Carry Jimmy to school!" exclaimed Thomas; "you will be more tired than he will be to walk. It is a bigger load than our great-grandfather carried in the Revolutionary war. You'll get sick of that."

"It won't be the first thing I am sick of that I have done," was all the girl's reply.

woods were burned over; and sometimes pioneer cabins were destroyed, and the crops on little farms in the wilderness were injured.

"It is coming this way certainly," said Mr. Garfield, with some anxiety, after satisfying himself as to the danger. "I'm afraid it will make trouble for us. Mehetabel, run to the house with my axe, and bring me the shovel."

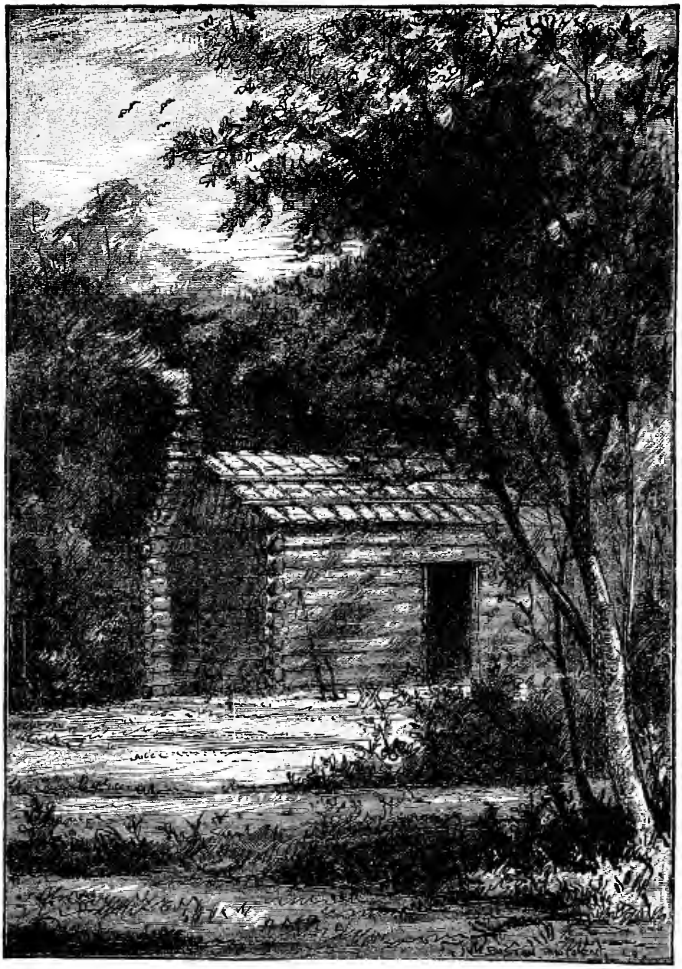
The girl was assisting her father. Within five minutes Mr. Garfield had the shovel, and Mrs. Garfield, and all the children except the baby, were out to watch the fire.

"We must fight it," said Mr. Garfield, "or only ashes will be left of our home at sundown."

"I fear as much," replied Mrs. Garfield. "These forest fires are terrible."

"Mehetabel, you and Thomas follow me;" and he ran across the house-lot to the edge of the woods to prevent the fiery demon from attacking his habitation.

Thomas and his sister followed. The fire reached the spot almost as soon as they did, and the battle with it began. It was a long and hard fight. Mr. Garfield met the enemy with all the vigor of a father contending for his children. He fully realized what their situation would be if the sun should go down upon the ruins of their home, and the thought impelled him to superhuman efforts. For nearly two hours, in the burning sun of a hot July day, he fought the fire with his strong arm. Sometimes the battle seemed to turn in favor of the fiery element, and again the resolute pioneer appeared to have the



Birthplace of James A. Garfield.

advantage over it. At last, however, the fire was conquered, or rather, was prevented from devouring the little cabin and desolating the crops, though it swept on beyond the farm, whither the wind drove it.

Thoroughly heated and exhausted, Mr. Garfield sat down upon a stump to rest, and enjoy the cool, refreshing breeze that sprang up from the West. He did not dream that he was exposing his health by sitting, covered with perspiration, in that cool wind. But that night he was seized violently by congestion of the throat, and his stout frame writhed in pain, threatening speedy dissolution. As early in the morning as possible, Mehetabel was posted away to Mr. Boynton's, and Thomas to a neighbor in another direction, for their assistance. There was no physician within many miles; but one of the neighbors summoned claimed to possess some medical knowledge, and the patient was passed over into his hands, substantially, after he arrived. He applied a blister, thereby aggravating the disease, and hurrying the sick man to his grave. Mrs. Garfield did all that true love and remarkable efficiency could do to save her husband, but her tender and faithful ministrations were fruitless; he sank rapidly, and at last died without a struggle. His last words were, looking upon his children, and then addressing his wife:

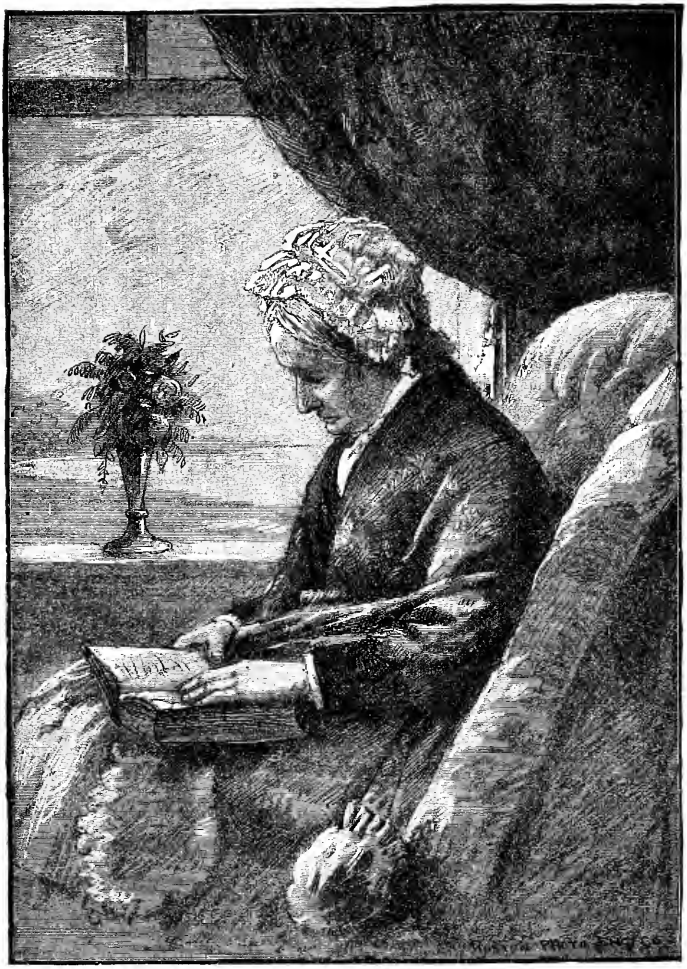
"I have planted four saplings in these woods; I must now leave them to your care."

Oh, what a dark pall settled upon that abode! A happier family never dwelt in a palace than was found in that cabin. And now the burden of sorrow that

rested upon the widowed wife and fatherless children was gauged by the greatness of bereaved affection. Little James was but eighteen months old when his father died — too young to understand the irreparable loss, or to feel the pangs of grief that well-nigh crushed other hearts. It was well that his baby-spirit could not take in the sorrow of that hour; there was anguish enough in that stricken home without adding his touching wail thereto.

The neighbors came, what few there were (only four or five families within a radius of ten miles), and sympathized and wept with the widow and fatherless ones. With their assistance the lifeless remains were enclosed in a rough box, and borne out through the low doorway, and buried in a corner of the wheat-field, near by. No sermon, no remarks, no prayers, except the silent prayers that went up for grace from aching hearts! Reader, you will never know, you never *can* know, nobody can ever know, except by the dreadful experience, what the death and burial of a loved one is in the wilderness, amid the gloom and silence of primeval forests. That bereaved widow still lives, and after the lapse of nearly fifty years she bears the marks of that great sorrow. A kind Providence that "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" has wonderfully sustained her, and she has found her Saviour to be as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Still the brow of almost eighty years is furrowed by the severity of that affliction.

An incident should be recorded here. It occurred a short time before Mr. Garfield's death; and he was reading a volume of Plutarch's "Lives," with James



MOTHER OF JAMES A. GARFIELD.

for Thomas and his sisters to attend, so that he had all the time there was from morning until night to labor, and wait — wait for the seed to grow. He did his work, apparently, with as much ease and efficiency as a young man of twenty would have done it.

But another trial awaited the afflicted family. Food was becoming scarce, and no money to purchase more. An examination satisfied the widow that the corn would be exhausted long before harvest unless the family were put upon a daily allowance. So, without speaking of this new trial to her children, she counted the number of weeks and days to harvest-time, and estimated the amount of corn that would be required each day. To her surprise and grief, a fair daily allowance would exhaust the bin of corn before harvest. She took in the situation at once, and, bravely and quickly as a general on the field of battle, decided she would forego supper herself that the children might have enough. For a while the devoted mother lived upon two meals a day, though working harder than she had ever worked any previous summer; for she assisted Thomas on the farm to the extent of her strength, and even beyond her strength.

A few weeks elapsed, and the doting mother discovered some mistake in her calculations, and she was startled to find that the present daily allowance of corn would consume the last ear before the new crop could be gathered. Without a murmur, and with a martyr spirit, she resolved to forego dinner; and from that time until harvest she indulged in but one meal a day. All this self-denial was practised in a

manner to conceal it as much as possible from the children. They were growing and hearty, and Thomas especially needed substantial food, since he was doing almost a man's labor. Seldom was a pioneer family found in more straitened circumstances in mid-summer than was Widow Garfield's in the year 1834. Had not the spirit of a Revolutionary matron presided over that cabin, and the grace of Him who does not suffer a sparrow to fall without his notice sustained the presiding genius, the history of that family would have closed that year in the forests of Ohio.

But the harvest came, and a blessed harvest it was! The crops were abundant, and of excellent quality. Want fled at the sight of the bending sheaves and golden ears. The dear mother had come off conqueror in her long contest with the wolf of hunger, and her heart overflowed with gratitude to the Great Giver. The twenty-third Psalm had new significance in that log-cabin, — "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want," etc., — and the grateful mother repeated it over and over, from day to day, as the real language of her soul in the hour of deliverance from distressing want. The first full meal which the abundant harvest brought was a benison to that household, and never again did hunger and starvation threaten to destroy them.

We have told the reader somewhat about the father of this family, and now that so much has been said of the mother we need to say more. We stop here to record briefly some facts of her early history.

She was a descendant of Maturin Ballou, a Huguenot of France, who was driven from that country on

"Jimmy ought to have had a pair a long time ago, and he would have had a pair if there had been any way for me to earn them."

"Well, you can send word to the shoemaker as soon as you please," continued his mother; "the quicker the better."

James was three and a half years old at that time, and he had not known the luxury of a pair of shoes, no, not even in the winter. To come into the possession of the first pair of shoes, in these circumstances, was an event of great importance. To a child in the woods, it was like the accession of a fortune to a poor man, now. Be assured, reader, that Jimmy greeted the advent of the shoemaker with hearty good-will when he came; and he came very soon after the shoe question was settled, for Thomas lost no time in securing his services.

Then, in that part of the country, shoemakers did not have shops of their own, but they went from cabin to cabin, boarding with the families while they were making shoes for the members. In this case, the cobbler boarded with Mrs. Garfield, and his board paid part of the cost of the shoes. Shoemakers were not experts in the business, at that time and in that region, so they required much more time to produce a pair of shoes; and when they were completed, no one could say that their beauty added to their value. They answered every purpose, however, in a region where fashion was at a discount.

The acquisition of that pair of shoes elated the little possessor more than an election to Congress did less than thirty years thereafter. He was rich now,

and well equipped for pioneer life. He could defy the snows of winter as well as the stubs of summer.

One thing more should be told here. Abram Garfield and his noble wife were Christians. Before removing to Orange, they united with a comparatively new sect, called Disciples, though Campbellites was a name by which they were sometimes known, in honor of the founder of the sect, Alexander Campbell. Their creed was very short, plain, and good. It was as follows :

1. A belief in God the Father.

2. That Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God, the only Saviour.

3. That Christ is a Divine Being.

4. That the Holy Spirit is the Divine agent in the conversion of sinners, and in guidance and direction.

5. That the Old and New Testament Scriptures are inspired of God.

6. That there is future punishment for the wicked, and reward for the righteous.

7. That God hears and answers prayer.

8. That the Bible is the only creed.

With such decided opinions, of course their cabin home was dedicated to God, and the Bible was the counsellor and guide of their life. The voice of prayer was heard daily in the rude abode, and the children were reared under the influence of Christian instruction and living.

It has taken us so long to relate the history of this family previous to Jimmy's first day at school, that we must now hasten to meet the children, on their return, as told in the next chapter.

frequently. Thomas sometimes complained of it. He lodged with James, and the latter would toss and tumble about, often awaking Thomas by his movements, kicking off the clothes, and thereby putting himself and brother to considerable inconvenience. Often he would turn over, and feeling cold after having kicked off the bedclothes, he would say in his sleep, —

"Tom, cover me up."

Thomas would pull the clothing over him, and lie down to his dreams, but only to repeat the operation again and again. It was said of James, twenty-five years after that time, when he had become a general, that, one night, after a terrible battle, he laid down with other officers to sleep, and in his restlessness he kicked off his covering; then, turning partly over, he said, —

"Tom, cover me up."

An officer pulled the blanket over him, and awoke him by the act. On being told of his request in his sleep, James thought of his good brother Thomas and of the little log-house in the woods of Ohio; and he turned over and wept, as he did in childhood when the teacher concluded that he could not make a scholar of him.

At the beginning of the school the teacher had said:

"At the close of the term I shall present this Testament (holding up a pretty Testament of rather diminutive size) to the best scholar, — best in study, behavior, and all that makes a good scholar."

It was a new thing to them, and it proved quite an incentive to most of the pupils. Several tried hard

James' heart early, is quite evident from some remarks of his to young men after he was forty years old:

"Occasion cannot make spurs, young men. If you expect to wear spurs, you must win them. If you wish to use them, you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight. Any success you may achieve is not worth having unless you fight for it. Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours,—a part of yourself. . . . Let not poverty stand as an obstacle in your way. Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine times out of ten the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard, and compelled to sink or swim for himself. In all my acquaintance I have never known one to be drowned who was worth saving. . . . To a young man who has in himself the magnificent possibilities of life, it is not fitting that he should be permanently commanded; he should be a commander. You must not continue to be *employed;* you must be an *employer.* You must be promoted from the ranks to a command. There is something, young men, that you can command; go and find it, and command it. You can at least command a horse and dray, can be generalissimo of them, and may carve out a fortune with them."

Another incident of James' early life illustrates the phase of his character in question, and, at the same time, shows his aptitude in unexpected emergencies. He was eight or ten years of age when it occurred, a pupil in school with his cousin, Henry Boynton. Sitting side by side, one day they became more roguish than usual, without intending to violate the rules of

tunity for special efforts in this direction, though every day in the week bore witness in the same line.

We must not close this chapter without reference to one fact connected with the Garfield family that is worthy of particular attention. It was their "coat-of-arms." A coat-of-arms formerly was a "habit worn by knights over their armor. It was a short-sleeved coat or tunic, reaching to the waist, and embroidered with their armorial ensigns and various devices." The Garfield coat-of-arms consisted of a shield, with a gold ground, three horizontal crimson bars crossing it in one corner, over it a helmet with raised visor, together with a heart, and above the whole an arm wielding a sword, on which was inscribed the motto, *In cruce vinco* — "IN THE CROSS I CONQUER."

What we wish to say about this coat-of-arms relates to the motto. It tells of a courage that was born of faith in God, such as was found in the Ohio cabin, and without which the sorrows and hardships that invested its early history would have proved too much for flesh and blood. It is a grand spirit to brood over a human habitation, beneath whose roof childhood buds and blossoms into true life. It appropriates the Sabbath, Bible, and every other hallowed power that is accessible, to the "life that now is," because of another "life that is to come." It was this spirit that James nursed from his mother's breast, and inhaled from the domestic atmosphere that wrapped his boyhood, to arouse heroic qualities, and bend them to victorious work.

When James was about ten years old, his uncle, Amos Boynton, organized a congregation in the

board was twelve feet long; and by the time he had planed ten of them his mind was fully made up to what nobody knew except himself. They found out, however, at night. All through the day the plane was shoved rapidly, and great beads of sweat stood upon the boy's brow, but no tired look invested his countenance for a moment. Before the sun went down he exclaimed, laying aside the plane, —

"One hundred boards, Mr. Treat, done! count them and see."

"Not a hundred, my boy, you don't mean that, do you?"

"Count them, and see; a hundred boards according to my count."

"A great day's work, if that is the case," said Mr. Treat, as he proceeded to count the boards.

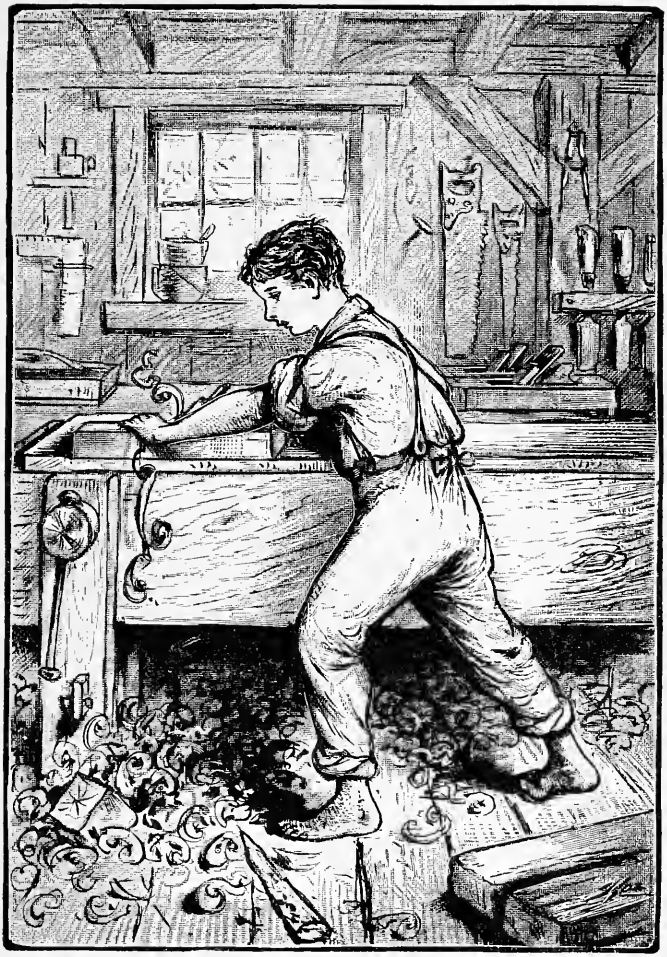
"One hundred it is, surely," remarked Mr. Treat, completing the count. "Too much for a boy of your age and size to do in one day. I wouldn't advise you to do more than half that another day."

"I'm not much tired," said James.

"That is not the thing, my boy; thirty years from now you may feel tired from this day's labor more than you do now."

"If it takes as long as that to get tired, then the tired part is far off," responded James, not appreciating the wise remark of his employer.

"Well, now comes the best part of your day's work, the pay," remarked Mr. Treat. "Let us see; one hundred boards takes one hundred cents to pay for them; that is just one dollar! A great day's work for a boy-carpenter! Now, you count, and I'll count."



EARNING HIS FIRST DOLLAR.

And he proceeded to count out one hundred cents, making quite a little pile of coin when the dollar, all in cents, was ready for James' pocket.

Reader, we might as well stop here as to proceed further with the history of that day's labor. It would be quite impossible to describe James' feelings to you, as he pocketed the one hundred cents and started for home. That old jacket never covered just such a breast as it did then. If we could only turn that bosom inside out, and have a full view of the boy's heart, we should learn what no writer can ever describe. It was a man's heart in a boy's breast. There was not room for it under the jacket. It swelled with inexpressible emotions, as ground-swells sometimes lift the ocean higher than usual. "*One hundred cents, all in one day!*" The more he thought of it on his way home the prouder grew the occasion. "Seventy-five days like that would yield him as much as Thomas brought home from Michigan!" The thought was too great for belief. That would not be half so long as Thomas was gone, and away from home, too. And so he thought and pondered, and pondered and thought, on his way home, his boyhood putting on manhood in more than one respect. He was "Great Heart," bare-footed and in jean trousers.

Whether James intended to ape Thomas or not, we cannot say; but, on reaching home, he unloaded the coppers into his mother's lap, saying, —

"Yours, mother."

"All that, James?"

"One hundred cents," was James' reply.

"What! earned a dollar to-day?"

"'I want to see you alone,' said young Garfield.

"The doctor led the way to a secluded spot in the neighborhood of the house, and there, sitting down on a log, the youth, after a little hesitation, opened his business.

"'You are a physician,' he said, 'and know the fibre that is in men. Examine me, and tell me with the utmost frankness whether I had better take a course of liberal study. I am contemplating doing so; my desire is in that direction. But if I am to make a failure of it, or practically so, I do not desire to begin. If you advise me not to do so I shall feel content.'

"In speaking of this incident, the doctor has remarked, recently: 'I felt that I was on my sacred honor, and the young man looked as though he felt himself on trial. I had had considerable experience as a physician, but here was a case much different from any other I had ever had. I felt that it must be handled with great care. I examined his head, and saw that there was a magnificent brain there. I sounded his lungs, and found that they were strong, and capable of making good blood. I felt his pulse, and saw that there was an engine capable of sending the blood up to the head to feed the brain. I had seen many strong physical systems with warm feet, but cold, sluggish brain; and those who possessed such systems would simply sit around and doze. Therefore I was anxious to know about the kind of an engine to run that delicate machine, the brain. At the end of a fifteen minutes' careful examination of this kind, we rose, and I said, "Go on, follow the leadings of your ambition, and ever after I am your friend. You

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Washington D.C.
August 11th 1881

Dear Mother

Dont be disturbed by conflicting reports about my condition. It is true I am still weak, and on my back, but I am gaining every day, and need only time and patience to bring me through

Give my love to all the relatives & friends & especially to sis Lesp Hatty and Mary - Your loving son - James. A Garfield

Mrs Eliza Garfield
Hiram Ohio

have the brain of a Webster, and you have the physical proportions that will back you in the most herculean efforts. All you need do is to work. Work hard, do not be afraid of overworking, and you will make your mark." ' "

"I wish you had a better suit of clothes, James," remarked his mother, "but we shall have to make these do, I guess." It was the same suit he had on when he called upon Dr. Robinson. Indeed, he possessed no other suit. The trousers were nearly out at the knees, but under the skilful hand of his mother, they were made almost as good as new.

"Good enough, any way," said James, in reply to his mother's wish. It was fortunate that he was not the victim of a false pride: if he had been, he would not have consented to attend a "seminary" in that plight.

It was settled that the boys should board themselves, each one carrying his own outfit in utensils and provisions, doing it as a matter of economy.

When Mrs. Garfield had scraped together all the money she could for James, the amount was only about eleven dollars.

"That will do to begin with," he remarked. "I can earn more."

"Perhaps I shall be back before noon, through with school-keeping," signifying that the boys might run over him at the outset.

"I expect that you will succeed, and be the most popular teacher in town," was his mother's encouraging reply. She saw that James needed some bracing up in the trying circumstances.

James had determined in his own mind to run the school without resorting to the use of rod or ferule, if possible. He meant that his government should be firm, but kind and considerate. He was wise enough to open his labor on the first morning without laying down a string of rigid rules. He simply assured the pupils he was there to aid them in their studies, that they might make rapid progress; that all of them were old enough to appreciate the purpose and advantages of the school, and he should expect their cordial coöperation. He should do the best that he could to have an excellent school, and if the scholars would do the same, both teacher and pupils would have a good time, and the best school in town.

Many older heads than he have displayed less wisdom in taking charge of a difficult school. His method appeared to be exactly adapted to the circumstances under which he assumed charge. He was on good terms with the larger boys before, but now those harmonious relations were confirmed.

We must use space only to sum up the work of the winter. The bad boys voluntarily yielded to the teacher's authority, and behaved creditably to themselves and satisfactorily to their teacher. There was no attempt to override the government of the school, and

On the Tow-path.

former rowdyism, that had been the bane of the school, disappeared. The pupils bent their energies to study, as if for the first time they understood what going to school meant. James interested the larger scholars in spelling-matches, in which all found much enjoyment as well as profit. He joined in the games and sports of the boys at noon, his presence proving a restraint upon the disposition of some to be vulgar and profane. He was perfectly familiar with his scholars, and yet he was so correct and dignified in his ways, that the wildest boys could but respect him.

James "boarded around," as was the universal custom; and this brought him into every family, in the course of the winter. Here he enjoyed an additional opportunity to influence his pupils. He took special pains to aid them in their studies, and to make the evenings entertaining to the members of the families. He read aloud to them, rehearsed history, told stories, availing himself of his quite extensive reading to furnish material. In this way he gained a firm hold both of the parents and their children.

His Sabbaths were spent at home with his mother, during the winter. The Disciples' meeting had become a fixed institution, so that he attended divine worship every Sabbath. A preacher was officiating at the time, in whom James became particularly interested. He was a very earnest preacher, a devout Christian, and a man of strong native abilities. He possessed a tact for "putting things," as men call it, and made his points sharply and forcibly. He was just suited to interest a youth like James, and his preaching made a deep impression upon him. From

"You will never regret the step, I am sure. You get something in a college education that you can never lose, and it will always be a passport into the best society."

From that time James was fully decided to take a college course, or, at least, to try for it; and he immediately added Latin and Greek to his studies.

During the last year of his connection with Geauga Seminary, James united with the Disciples' church in Orange. He took the step after much reflection, and he took it for greater usefulness. At once he became an active, working Christian, in Chester. He spoke and prayed in meeting; he urged the subject of religion upon the attention of his companions, privately as well as publicly; he seconded the religious efforts of the principal, and assisted him essentially in the conduct of religious meetings. In short, the same earnest spirit pervaded his Christian life that had distinguished his secular career.

In religious meetings, his simple, earnest appeals, eloquently expressed, attracted universal attention. There was a naturalness and fervor in his addresses that held an audience remarkably. Many attended meetings to hear him speak, and for no other reason. His power as a public speaker began to show itself unmistakably at that time. No doubt his youthful appearance lent a charm to his words.

"He is a born preacher," remarked Mr. Branch to one of the faculty, "and he will make his mark in that profession."

"One secret of his power is, that he is wholly unconscious of it," answered the member of the faculty

James closed his connection with the Geauga Seminary at the expiration of the fall term, leaving it with a reputation for scholarship and character of which the institution was justly proud. As we have said, he taught school during the following winter. It was at Warrensville, where he had taught before. He received eighteen dollars a month, and board, with the esteem and gratitude of his patrons.

We should not pass over the oration that James delivered at the annual exhibition of Geauga Seminary, in November, 1850. It was his last task performed at the institution, and the *first* oration of his literary life. The part assigned to him was honorary; and he spent all the time he could spare, amid other pressing duties, upon the production. He was to quit the institution, and he would not conceal his desire to close his course of study there with his best effort. He kept a diary at the time, and his diary discloses the anxiety with which he undertook the preparation of that oration, and the thorough application with which he accomplished his purpose. Neither ambition nor vanity can be discovered, in the least degree, in his diary, that was written for no eyes but his own. His performance proved the attraction of the hour. It carried the audience like a surprise, although they expected a noble effort from the ablest student in the academy. It exceeded their expectations, and was a fitting close of his honorable connection with the school.

Returning home, he found his mother making preparations to visit relatives in Muskingum County, eighteen miles from Zanesville.

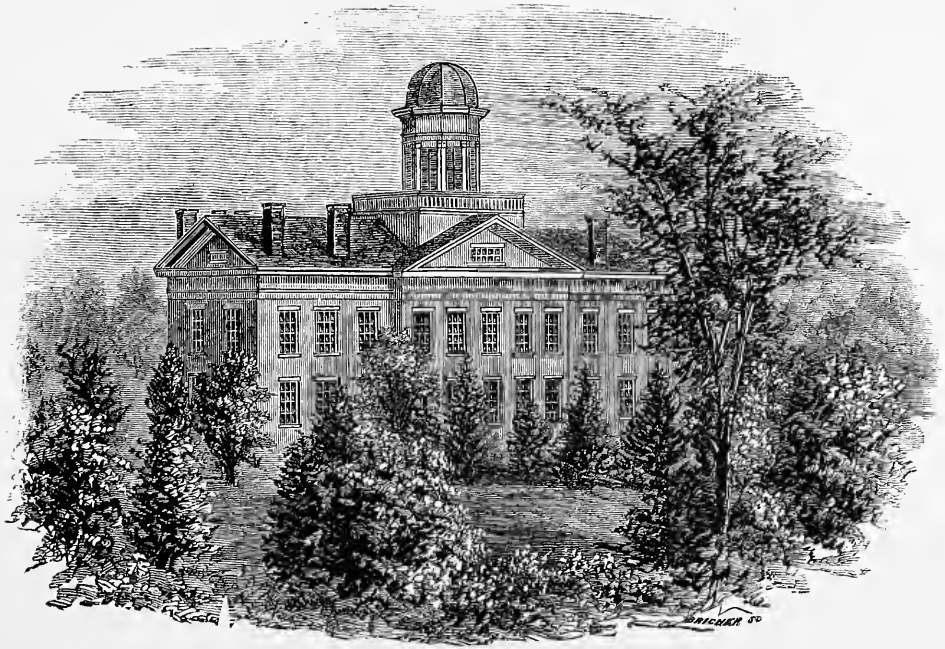
out upon a noble work, and we must help him all we can."

"How do you know that you can do the sweeping and bell-ringing to suit us?" inquired another trustee of James.

"Try me — try me two weeks, and if it is not done to your entire satisfaction I will retire without a word." James' honest reply settled the matter.

James was nineteen years old at this time; he became twenty in the following November. So he was duly installed bell-ringer and sweeper-general.

Hiram was a small, out-of-the-way town, twelve miles from the railroad, the "centre" being at a cross-road, with two churches and half a dozen other buildings. The institution was located there to accommodate the sons and daughters of the Western-Reserve farmers. President Hinsdale, who now presides over the college (it was elevated to a college, twelve or fifteen years ago), says: "The Institute building, a plain but substantially built brick structure, was put on the top of a windy hill, in the middle of a corn-field. One of the cannon that General Scott's soldiers dragged to the city of Mexico in 1847, planted on the roof of the new structure, would not have commanded a score of farm-houses. Here the school opened, at the time Garfield was closing his studies at Chester. It had been in operation two terms when he offered himself for enrolment. Hiram furnished a location, the board of trustees a building and the first teachers, the surrounding country students, but the spiritual Hiram made itself. Everything was new. Society, traditions, the genius of the school, had to be evolved from



HIRAM COLLEGE, HIRAM, OHIO.

James took out an insurance upon his life, and when he carried it to his brother he remarked:

"If I live I shall pay you, and if I die you will suffer no loss."

What James accomplished during the three years he was at Hiram Institute, may be briefly stated, thus: The usual preparatory studies, requiring four years, together with the studies of the first two years, in college, — the studies of six years in all, — he mastered in three years. At the same time he paid his own bills by janitor and carpenter work, and teaching, and, in addition, laid up a small amount for college expenses.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN COLLEGE.

AT the close of the summer term at Williams College, candidates for admission, who presented themselves, were examined. James presented himself to Dr. Hopkins very different, in his personal appearance, from the well-worded and polished letter that he wrote to him. One describes him — "As a tall, awkward youth, with a great shock of light hair, rising nearly erect from a broad, high forehead, and an open, kindly, and thoughtful face, which showed no traces of his long struggle with poverty and privation." His dress was thoroughly western, and very poor at that. It was evident to Dr. Hopkins that the young stranger before him did not spend much time at his toilet; that he cared more for an education than he did for dress. Of course, Dr. Hopkins did not recognize him.

"My name is Garfield, from Ohio," said James. That was enough. Dr. Hopkins recalled the capital letter which the young man wrote. His heart was in his hand at once, and he repeated the cordial hand-shake that James felt when he read in the doctor's letter, "If you come here, we shall be glad to do what we can for you." James felt at home at once. It

was such a kind, fatherly greeting, that he felt almost as if he had arrived *home*. He never had a natural father whom he could remember, but now he had found an intellectual father, surely, and he was never happier in his life. Yet a reverential awe possessed his soul as he stood before the president of the college, whose massive head and overhanging brow denoted a giant in intellect. James was perfectly satisfied that he had come to the right place, now; he had no wish to be elsewhere. He had read Dr. Hopkins' Lectures on the "Evidences of Christianity," and now the author impressed him just as the book did when he read it. The impression of *greatness* was uppermost.

James passed the examination without any difficulty, and was admitted to the Junior class. Indeed, his examination was regarded as superior. He was qualified to stand abreast with the Juniors, who had spent Freshman and Sophomore years in the colleges. And this fact illustrates the principle of *thoroughness*, for which we have said James was distinguished. In a great measure he had been his own teacher in the advanced studies that he must master in order to enter the Junior class; yet he was *thoroughly* prepared.

"You can have access to the college library, if you remain here during the summer vacation," said Dr. Hopkins to him. "If you enjoy reading, you will have a good opportunity to indulge your taste for it."

"I shall remain here during vacation, and shall be thankful for the privilege of using the library," answered James. "I have not had the time to read what I desire, hitherto, as I have had to labor and teach, to pay my bills. It will be a treat for me to

studies of the college, and he became so proficient in it within one year, that he could converse considerably in the language. But all this was little labor in comparison with his work at Hiram. He found much time to read, and to engage in the sports of the Campus. The latter he enjoyed with a keen relish; no one entered into them more heartily than he did. His college mates now recall with what enthusiasm he participated in their games. This was indispensable for his health now, as he had no labor with plane or hammer to perform.

The "Williams Quarterly" was a magazine supported by the college. James took great interest in it, and his compositions frequently adorned its pages, both prose and poetry. The following was from his pen in 1854:—

"AUTUMN.

"Old Autumn, thou art here! Upon the earth
And in the heavens the signs of death are hung;
For o'er the earth's brown breast stalks pale decay,
And 'mong the lowering clouds the wild winds wail,
And sighing sadly, shout the solemn dirge
O'er Summer's fairest flowers, all faded now.
The Winter god, descending from the skies,
Has reached the mountain tops, and decked their brows
With glittering frosty crowns, and breathed his breath
Among the trumpet pines, that herald forth
His coming.

"Before the driving blast
The mountain oak bows down his hoary head,
And flings his withered locks to the rough gales
That fiercely roar among his branches bare,
Uplifted to the dark, unpitying heavens.

The skies have put their mourning garments on,
And hung their funeral drapery on the clouds.
Dead Nature soon will wear her shroud of snow,
And lie entombed in Winter's icy grave!

"Thus passes life. As heavy age comes on
The joys of youth — bright beauties of the Spring
Grow dim and faded, and the long, dark night
Of death's chill winter comes. But as the Spring
Rebuilds the ruined wrecks of Winter's waste,
And cheers the gloomy earth with joyous light,
So o'er the tomb the star of hope shall rise,
And usher in an ever-during day."

"Garfield, what are you going to do with yourself this vacation?" inquired Bolter, just as the fall term was closing.

"I am considering that question, now. How should I make it teaching penmanship, do you think?"

"You would do well at it; and the vacation is long enough for you to teach about ten lessons."

James was a good penman, for that day, and he had taken charge of a writing-class in school, for a time. The style of his penmanship would not be regarded with favor now by teachers in that department; nevertheless it was a broad, clear, business style, that country people, at least, were then pleased with.

"Think I could readily get a class?" continued James.

"No doubt of it. Strike right out into the country almost anywhere, and you will find the way open."

"I am quite inclined to take a trip into New Hampshire, to see what I can do. I have some distant relatives there: my mother was born there."

"This subject is new to me; I am going to know all about it."

He sent for documents, studied them thoroughly, and was fully prepared to join the new republican party, and also to support John C. Fremont for president of the United States. The students called a meeting in support of Fremont, and James was invited to address them. The scope and power of his speech, packed with facts and history, showed that he had canvassed the subject with his accustomed ability; and even his classmates, who knew him so well, were surprised.

"The country will hear from him yet, and slavery will get some hard knocks from him," remarked a classmate.

Just afterwards the country was thrown into the greatest excitement by the cowardly attack of Preston Brooks, of South Carolina, upon Charles Sumner. Enraged by his attacks upon slavery, and urged forward, no doubt, by southern ruffians, Brooks attacked him with a heavy cane, while Sumner was writing at his desk in the United States senate. Brooks intended to kill him on the spot, and his villainous purpose was nearly accomplished.

On receipt of the news at Williams College, the students called an indignation meeting, at which James, boiling over with indignant remonstrance against such an outrage, delivered the most telling and powerful speech that had fallen from his lips up to that time. His fellow-students listened with wonder and admiration. They were so completely charmed by his fervor and eloquence that they sat in breathless

attention until he closed, when their loud applause rang through the building, repeated again and again in the wildest enthusiasm.

"The uncompromising foe to slavery!" exclaimed one of his admirers.

"Old Williams will be prouder of her student than she is to-day, even," remarked another.

And many were the words of surprise and gratification expressed, and many the prophecies concerning the future renown of young Garfield.

We said that James rejected fiction from his reading, on principle. When about half through his college course he found that his mind was suffering from excess of solid food. Mental dyspepsia was the consequence. His mind was not assimilating what he read, and was losing its power of application. He was advised to read fiction moderately. "Romance is as valuable a part of intellectual food as salad of a dinner. In its place, its discipline to the mind is equal to that of science in its place." He finally accepted the theory, read one volume of fiction each month, and soon found his mind returning to its former elasticity. Some of the works of Walter Scott, Cooper, Dickens, and Thackeray, not to mention others, became the cure of his mental malady. His method of taking notes in reading was systematically continued in college. Historical references, mythological allusions, technical terms, and other things, not well understood at the time, were noted, and afterwards looked up in the library, so that nothing should remain doubtful or obscure in his mind. "The ground his mind traversed he carefully cleared and ploughed before leaving it for fresh fields."

CHAPTER XXIII.

FROM PEACE TO WAR.

IT is impossible for a public speaker of Garfield's power to keep out of politics. In political campaigns the public demand his efforts; men will not take *no* for an answer. It was so with Garfield. He was impressed into the service by leading citizens of his county. In the autumn after his return to Hiram, before he hardly had time to become settled in his great work, his efforts on the platform were sought; and the new Republican party, on the anti-slavery basis, with its first candidate, John C. Fremont, a man of Garfield's stamp in vigor, courage, and force of character, was exceedingly taking to him. Nobody had to tease him long for a speech. Often he went in the evening to make a speech, five, six, ten miles distant, returning after the address. Usually he took a student with him for company and improvement. As soon as they started he would open conversation, seldom upon the subject of his discourse, but upon some topic of real value to the student. Going and returning, his conversation was continued without the least abatement.

Alphonso Hart, a stalwart Democrat of Ravenna,

Lucretia R. Garfield

delivered a speech in Hiram, full of slavery and Democratic sophistries and errors. Garfield heard it, with many Republican citizens.

"Reply to it, Mr. Garfield," appealed an influential citizen to him. "Floor him."

"That can easily be done," Garfield answered; "but is it wise?"

"It is always wise to refute error and wrong anywhere."

"I confess that I should enjoy handling him without gloves for an hour."

"Handle him, then," urged the citizen. "It will do the Republican party a world of good."

Other citizens put in their pleas for him to answer Hart.

"You are just the one to do it."

"Everybody wants you should answer him."

"It will make votes for Fremont."

"Come, now, do gratify the public desire."

In this way, Garfield was beset with pleas to answer the Democratic orator; and he consented. The meeting was in the Disciples church, and it was packed to its utmost capacity. Garfield's reply was devoid of all bitterness, but was powerful with logic and facts. He hauled over the record of the Democratic party, with its endorsement of slavery with all its horrors, and he made that record appear black enough. The effort was both able and triumphant, and the fame of it rapidly spread throughout the county. Appeals for more speeches came in from all the region about, and finally a discussion was arranged between Garfield and Hart, to take place at

Garrettsville on a given day. Crowds flocked to hear the debate. Garfield was in his element on that day, for he had posted himself thoroughly upon the history of the Democratic party, and the aims of its southern leaders to make slavery national. His antagonist was completely discomfited in the discussion. He had counted without his host. He was floored. Garfield's success lifted him at once into enviable notoriety as a political debater and orator, and, from that time, remarks like the following were common:

"He must go to the legislature."

"We must send him to congress."

"Just the man to follow that old anti-slavery war-horse, Giddings."

"You'll see him President, yet."

And so the enthusiastic awakening expended itself, in a measure, upon Garfield's supposed future career. One year later, the position of representative to the State legislature was tendered him.

"No; my work is here in the Institute. I have no ambition to enter political life. I must decline the proposition." Garfield thus replied out of an honest heart.

Again and again he was urged to accept the position, but to every one his answer was the same.

"My work is here, and my heart is here, and my DUTY is here." No appeals could move him.

In 1859, the faculty of Williams College invited him to deliver the master's oration on Commencement day. It was a rare compliment the faculty paid him by this invitation, for it was but three years after he had graduated. Accepting the invitation, and pre-

paring himself carefully for the occasion, he left Hiram for Williamstown, Massachusetts, accompanied by his wife, taking the first pleasure-trip of his life. He descended the St. Lawrence river to Quebec, and then crossed the New England states to his destination. A warm welcome awaited him there. Nor were the numerous friends who gathered disappointed in the orator of the day. His praises were on every lip.

On his return, when he had reached Mentor, in his own state, a delegation of citizens met him with an unexpected proposition.

"We want you to become a candidate for state senator."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Garfield, very much surprised by the proposition. "I thought Mr. Prentiss was the man."

"Mr. Prentiss has just died, very suddenly."

Mr. Prentiss was a man well advanced in life, a very popular citizen of Ravenna, whose re-election had been determined upon. But his sudden death frustrated their plans; and now all hearts turned to the young principal of Hiram Institute.

"You are the first choice of the leading Republicans of the district."

"I thank you sincerely for thinking of me, and, really, it is a temptation to receive this offer; but I do not see how I can consistently consent."

"Your name will enable us to carry the district for the Republicans easily," urged another one of the delegation. "I hope you will not decline without giving the subject some thought."

Sandy Valley expedition. Garfield knew at once that it was Brown, and immediately forwarded funds to the hospital, asking that he should have every possible care and comfort. The letter which acknowledged the remittance announced that the poor fellow had died — died, muttering, in his delirium, the name 'Jim Garfield.'

"Garfield gave him a decent burial, and this was the last of the poor fellow."

General Garfield's tact, sagacity, fidelity, spirit of self-sacrifice, and undaunted courage, so conspicuous in his early life, are illustrated by his famous ride from General Rosecrans to General Thomas, when the army of the Cumberland was almost routed in the famous battle of Chickamauga. It was necessary for General Thomas to know the disaster that had befallen Rosecrans' forces, in order to meet the rebel General Longstreet victoriously. Garfield proposed to undertake the fearful ride. Edmund Kirk, war correspondent of the "New York Tribune," described it as follows :

"Rosecrans hesitates, then says, 'As you will, general;' and then, reaching Garfield his hand, he adds, while his face shows his emotion, 'We may not meet again; good-bye; God bless you!' Though one of the bravest men and ablest soldiers that ever lived, Rosecrans has a heart as tender and gentle as a woman's. He thinks Garfield is going to wellnigh certain death, and he loves him as David loved Jonathan. Again he wrings his hand, and then they part — Rosecrans to the rear, to rally his broken troops, Garfield to a perilous ride in pursuit of Thomas.

"Captain Gaw and two of his orderlies go with Garfield to guide the way. They make a wide detour to avoid the Confederates, and, by the route they take, it is eight miles of tangled forest and open road before they get to Thomas, and at any turn they may come upon the enemy.

"At Rossville they take the Lafayette Road, guiding their way by the sound of the firing, and moving cautiously, for they are now nearing the battle-field. The road here is scarcely more than a lane, flanked on one side by a thick wood, and on the other by an open cotton-field. No troops are in sight, and on they gallop at a rapid pace; and they have left Rossville a thousand yards behind, when suddenly, from along the left of the road, a volley of a thousand Minie-balls falls among them, thick as hail, wounding one horse, killing another, and stretching the two orderlies on the ground lifeless. They have ridden into an ambuscade of a large body of Longstreet's skirmishers and sharpshooters, who, entering the fatal gap in the right centre, have pressed thus far upon the flank of Thomas.

"Garfield is mounted on a magnificent horse, that knows his rider's bridle-hand as well as he knows the route to his fodder. Putting spurs to his side, he leaps the fence into the cotton-field. The opposite fence is lined with gray blouses, and a single glance tells him that they are loading for another volley. He has been in tight places before, but this is the tightest. Putting his lips firmly together, he says to himself, 'Now is your time; be a man, Jim Garfield!' He speaks to his horse, and lays his left

hand gently on the rein of the animal. The trained beast yields kindly to his touch; and, putting the rowels into his side, Garfield takes a zigzag course across the cotton-field. It is his only chance; he must tack from side to side, for he is a dead man if they get a steady aim upon him.

"He is riding up an inclined plane of about four hundred yards, and if he can pass the crest, he is in safety. But the gray fellows can load and fire twice, before he reaches the summit, and his death is a thing certain, unless Providence has more work for him to do on this footstool. Up the hill he goes, tacking, when another volley bellows from out the timber. His horse is struck, — a flesh wound, — but the noble animal only leaps forward the faster. Scattering bullets whiz by his head, but he is within a few feet of the summit. Another volley echoes along the hill when he is half over the crest, but in a moment more he is in safety. As he tears down the slope, a small body of mounted blue-coats gallop forward to meet him. At their head is General Dan McCook, his face anxious and pallid. 'My God, Garfield!' he cries, 'I thought you were killed, certain. How you have escaped is a miracle.'

"Garfield's horse has been struck twice, but he is good yet for a score of miles; and at a breakneck pace they go forward through ploughed fields and tangled forests, and over broken and rocky hills, for four weary miles, till they climb a wooded crest, and are within sight of Thomas. In a slight depression of the ground, with a group of officers about him, he stands in the open field, while over him sweeps the

storm of shotted fire that falls in thick rain on the high foot-hill which Garfield is crossing. Shot and shell and canister plough up the ground all about Garfield; but in the midst of it he halts, and with uplifted right arm, and eyes full of tears, he shouts, as he catches sight of Thomas, 'There he is! God bless the old hero! he has saved the army!'

"For a moment only he halts, then he plunges down the hill through the fiery storm, and in five minutes is by the side of Thomas. He has come out unscathed from the hurricane of death, for God's good angels have warded off the bullets, but his noble horse staggers a step or two, and then falls dead at the feet of Thomas."

Garfield's terrible ride saved the army of the Cumberland from remediless disaster.

Another incident illustrative of his life-long independence in standing for the right, befriending the down-trodden, and assailing slavery, was his refusal to return a fugitive slave. One of his staff told the story thus:

"One day I noticed a fugitive slave come rushing into camp with a bloody head, and apparently frightened almost to death. He had only passed my tent a moment, when a regular bully of a fellow came riding up, and, with a volley of oaths, began to ask after his 'nigger.' General Garfield was not present, and he passed on to the division commander. This division commander was a sympathizer with the theory that fugitives should be returned to their masters, and that the Union soldiers should be made the instruments for returning them. He accordingly wrote a

army pay, to become soldiers, instead of drafting and forcing them to serve. The bounty bill was very popular with his own party, and drafting was very unpopular. General Garfield did not consider the popularity or unpopularity of the measure at all, but he opposed it with all his might, on the ground that bounties recruited the army with unreliable soldiers, necessitated an expense that the government could not long endure; and besides, he claimed that the government had a right to the services of every able-bodied male citizen, from eighteen to forty-five years of age, and they should be drafted to the extent of the country's need. When the vote was taken, Garfield voted against his own party, with only a single member of it to stand with him. A few days thereafter, Secretary Chase said to him:

"General Garfield! I was proud of your vote the other day. Your position is impregnable; but let me tell you, it is rather risky business for a member of congress to vote against his own party."

"Risky business," exclaimed Garfield, "for a man to stand upon his conscience! His constituents may leave him at home, but what is that compared with trampling upon his convictions?"

A few days afterwards, President Lincoln went before the military committee, of which Garfield was a member, and told them what he did not dare to breathe to the country:

"In one hundred days, three hundred and eighty thousand soldiers will be withdrawn from our army, by expiration of the time of their enlistment. Unless congress shall authorize me to fill up the vacancy by

draft, I shall be compelled to recall Sherman from Atlanta, and Grant from the Peninsula."

Some of the committee endeavored to dissuade him from such a measure, saying that it would endanger his re-election, to adopt a measure so unpopular. Mr. Lincoln stretched his tall form up to its full height, and exclaimed, —

"Gentlemen, it is not necessary that I should be re-elected, but it is necessary that I should put down this rebellion. If you will give me this law, I will put it down before my successor takes his office."

A draft-law for five hundred thousand men was reported to the House, when Garfield made one of his most eloquent and patriotic speeches in its favor, carrying it by storm. Congress and the whole country soon came to feel that Garfield was right.

A few months later, Alexander Long, Democratic member of the house from Ohio, in sympathy with the authors of the rebellion, rose in his seat, and proposed to recognize the southern confederacy. This treasonable act caused Garfield's patriotic blood to boil in his veins, and he sprang to his feet and delivered one of the most powerful philippics ever heard in the American congress. Calling attention to the traitor of the American revolution, — Benedict Arnold, — he said, —

"But now, when tens of thousands of brave souls have gone up to God under the shadow of the flag; when thousands more, maimed and shattered in the contest, are sadly awaiting the deliverance of death; now, when three years of terrific warfare have raged over us; when our armies have pushed the rebellion

back over mountains and rivers, and crowded it into narrow limits, until a wall of fire girds it; now, when the uplifted hand of a majestic people is about to hurl the bolts of its conquering power upon the rebellion; now, in the quiet of this hall, hatched in the lowest depths of a similar dark treason, there rises a Benedict Arnold, and proposes to surrender all up, body and spirit, the nation and the flag, its genius and its honor, now and forever, to the accursed traitors to our country! And that proposition comes — God forgive and pity my beloved state — it comes from a citizen of the time-honored and loyal commonwealth of Ohio!

"I implore you, brethren in this house, to believe that not many births ever gave pangs to my mother state such as she suffered when that traitor was born! I beg you not to believe that on the soil of that state another such a growth has ever deformed the face of nature, and darkened the light of God's day."

This single paragraph shows the spirit of this noble effort.

President Lincoln vetoed a bill, in 1864, providing for the organization of civil governments in Arkansas and Louisiana, and appointed military governors. Many Republicans criticized him severely; among them, Garfield. His constituents disapproved of his course, and resolved not to renominate him. The convention of his congressional district, the nineteenth of Ohio, met, and General Garfield was called upon for an explanation. When he went upon the platform, the delegates expected to hear an apology from him; but instead, he boldly defended his course, and

gallows was carried through the crowd, lifted above their heads, the bearers muttering, "VENGEANCE!" as they went. The prospect was that the office of the "World," a disloyal journal, and some prominent sympathizers with the rebellious South, would be swallowed in the raging sea of passion. The wave of popular indignation was swollen by the harangues of public speakers. In the midst of the terrible excitement, a telegram from Washington was read, — SEWARD IS DYING." For an instant, vengeance and death upon every paper and every man opposed to Lincoln seemed to move the mighty crowd. Possibly the scene of the French revolution would have been reproduced in the streets of New York, had not a man of commanding figure, bearing a small flag in his hand, stepped forward and beckoned to the excited throng.

"Another telegram from Washington!" cried hundreds of voices. It was the silence of death that followed. It seemed as if every listener held his breath to hear.

Lifting his right arm toward heaven, in a clear, distinct, steady, ponderous voice, that the multitude could hear, the speaker said:

"Fellow-citizens: Clouds and darkness are round about Him. His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow-citizens: God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"

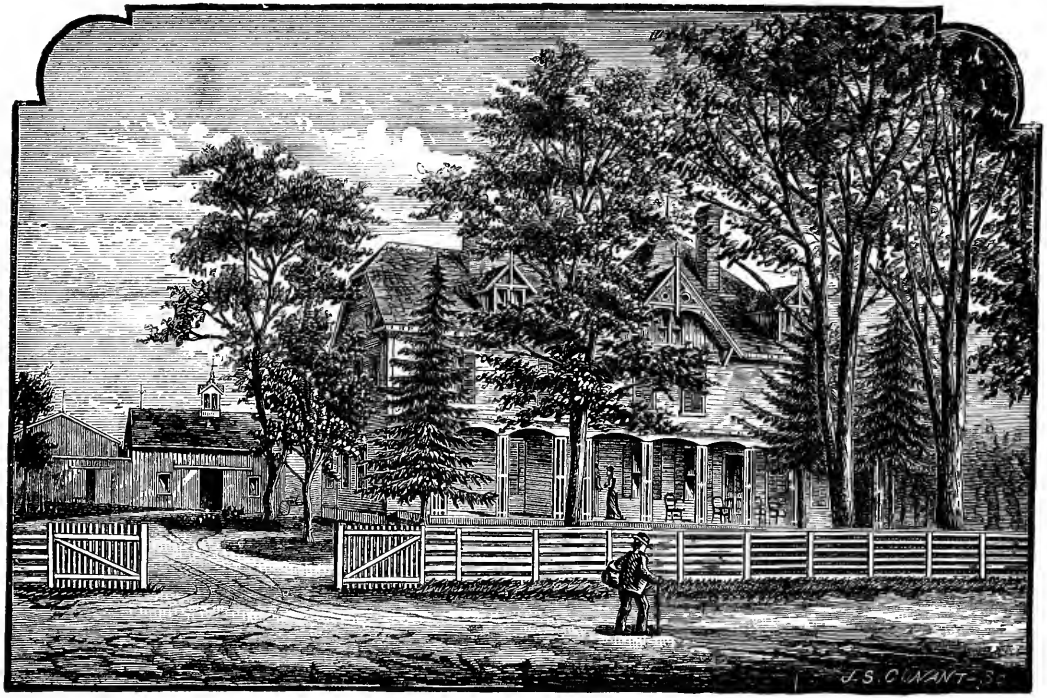
The speaker was GENERAL GARFIELD. The effect of his remarkable effort was miraculous. Another said of it: —

"As the boiling wave subsides and settles to the sea when some strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. As the rod draws the electricity from the air, and conducts it safely to the ground, so this man had drawn the fury from that frantic crowd, and guided it to more tranquil thoughts than vengeance. It was as if some divinity had spoken through him. It was a triumph of eloquence, a flash of inspiration such as seldom comes to any man, and to not more than one man in a century. Webster, nor Choate, nor Everett, nor Seward, ever reached it. Demosthenes never equalled it. The man for the crisis had come, and his words were more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris."

This incident illustrates several of the qualities of Garfield's character that we have seen in his early life, — his sagacity, tact, quick-witted turn in an emergency; his magnetic power, and familiarity with, and confidence in, the Bible. All along through his public career the attainments, habits, and application of his youth contributed to his marvellous success.

As his character and abilities added dignity to the office of janitor and teacher in his early manhood, so they dignified all the offices that he filled throughout his public career.

In scholarship and familiarity with general literature Garfield stood without a peer in Congress. Mr. Townsend said of him: "Since John Quincy Adams, no President has had Garfield's scholarship, which is fully up to this age of wider facts." A Washington writer said: "Few public men in this city keep up literary studies. General Garfield is one of the few."



PRIVATE RESIDENCE OF GEN. JAMES A. GARFIELD, MENTOR, OHIO.

Another said, "Garfield is a man of infinite resources. He is one of the half-dozen men in Congress who read books." President Hinsdale said, "He has great power of logical analysis, and stands with the first in power of rhetorical exposition. He has the instincts and habits of a scholar. As a student, he loves to roam in every field of knowledge. He delights in creations of the imagination, poetry, fiction, and art; loves the abstract things of philosophy; takes a keen interest in scientific research; gathers into his capacious storehouse the facts of history and politics, and throws over the whole the life and power of his own originality. . . . No public man of the last ten years has more won upon our scholars, scientists, men of letters, and the cultivated classes generally. . . . His moral character is the fit crown of his physical and intellectual nature. His mind is pure, his heart kind, his nature and habits simple, his generosity unbounded. An old friend told me the other day, "I have never found anything to compare with Garfield's heart."

Smalley said, —

"There is probably no living political orator whose efforts before large audiences are so effective. He appeals directly to the reason of men, and only after carrying his hearers along on a strong tide of argument to irresistible conclusions, does he address himself to their feelings. . . . He has a powerful voice, great personal magnetism, and a style of address that wins confidence at the outset, and he is master of the art of binding together facts and logic into a solid sheaf of argument. At times he seems to lift his audience up and shake it with strong emotion, so powerful is his eloquence."

The following are some original sentiments and maxims, from his numerous public addresses, just the thoughts for every youth of the land to ponder:

"There is no more common thought among young people than that foolish one, that by and by something will turn up by which they will suddenly achieve fame or fortune. No, young gentlemen; things don't turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up."

"I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than a man. I never meet a ragged boy on the street without feeling that I owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his shabby coat."

"There is scarcely a more pitiable sight than to see here and there learned men, so called, who have graduated in our own and the universities of Europe with high honors, and yet who could not harness a horse, or make out a bill of sale, if the world depended upon it."

"Luck is an *ignis fatuus*. You may follow it to ruin, but not to success."

"Be fit for more than the one thing you are now doing."

"If the power to do hard work is not talent, it is the best possible substitute for it."

"Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture."

"For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict."

"The privilege of being a young man is a great privilege, and the privilege of growing up to be an independent man, in middle life, is a greater."

"I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong."

"Whatever you win in life you must conquer by your own efforts, and then it is yours — a part of yourself."

"If there be one thing upon this earth that mankind love and admire more than another, it is a brave man, — it is a man who dares look the devil in the face, and tell him he is a devil."

"The student should study himself, his relation to society, to nature, and to art, and above all, in all, and through all these, he should study the relations of himself, society, nature, and art to God, the Author of them all."

"Great ideas travel slowly, and for a time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool."

"Truth is so related and correlated that no department of her realm is wholly isolated."

"I would rather be defeated than make capital out of my religion."

"Ideas are the great warriors of the world, and a war that has no ideas behind it is simply brutality."

"It is a fearful thing for one man to stand up in the face of his brother man and refuse to keep his pledge; but it is a forty-five million times worse thing for a nation to do it. It breaks the mainspring of faith."

"The flowers that bloom over the garden wall of party politics are the sweetest and most fragrant that bloom in the gardens of this world."

"It was not one man who killed Abraham Lincoln: it was the embodied spirit of treason and slavery,

inspired with fearful and despairing hate, that struck him down in the moment of the nation's supremest joy."

"When two hundred and fifty thousand brave spirits passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted the martyr-president to the company of the dead heroes of the republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men."

. . . . . .

His great popularity and usefulness as a representative very naturally suggested his name to the Republicans of Ohio, when a United States Senator was to be elected by the legislature, in January, 1880, to succeed Mr. Thurman. When the subject was opened to Garfield, he remarked:

"Just as you please; if my friends think it best, I shall make no objection."

"We want you should go to Columbus when the election is pending."

"I cannot consent to any such plan. I shall not lift my finger for the office. I never sought an office yet, except that of janitor at Hiram Institute. If the people want me, they will elect me."

"Very true," urged his friends; "it is no engineering or finessing that we desire you to do at Columbus. We only want you to be where your friends can see you and confer with you."

"And that will be construed into work for the office, the very appearance of which is distasteful to me. I decline peremptorily to go to Columbus." This was Garfield's characteristic decision and reply.

When the legislature assembled, the feeling was so strong for Garfield that all other candidates withdrew, and he was nominated by acclamation at the party caucus, and unanimously elected.

After the election was over, he visited Columbus, and addressed both branches of the legislature in joint convention. The closing paragraph of his remarkable speech illustrates the courage and independence of the man; qualities that have recommended him to the confidence and support of the people. He said:

"During the twenty years that I have been in public life, almost eighteen of it in the congress of the United States, I have tried to do one thing. Whether I was mistaken or otherwise, it has been the plan of my life to follow my convictions, at whatever personal cost to myself. I have represented for many years a district in congress whose approbation I greatly desired; but though it may seem, perhaps, a little egotistical to say it, I yet desired still more the approbation of one person, and his name was Garfield. He is the only man that I am compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with; and if I could not have his approbation I should have had bad companionship."

In view of this last triumph, President Hinsdale said:

"He has commanded success. His ability, knowledge, mastery of questions, generosity of nature, devotion to the public good, and honesty of purpose, have done the work. He has never had a political 'machine.' He has never forgotten the day of small things. It is

difficult to see how a political triumph could be more complete or more gratifying than his election to the senate. No bargains, no 'slate,' no 'grocery,' at Columbus. He did not even go to the capital city. Such things are inspiring to those who think politics in a bad way. He is a man of positive convictions, freely uttered. Politically, he may be called a 'man of war;' and yet few men, or none, begrudge him his triumph. Democrats vied with Republicans the other day, in Washington, in their congratulations; some of them were as anxious for his election as any Republican could be. It is said that he will go to the senate without an enemy on either side of the chamber. These things are honorable to all parties. They show that manhood is more than party."

And so James, the hero of our tale, stood upon the highest round of the ladder of fame, save one!

The final step to the top of the ladder followed quickly; so quickly that he had not time to take his seat in the United States senate. He had but just planted his feet upon the highest round of the ladder, save one, when the call to come up higher — to the top — was heard from Maine to the Golden Gate.

The National Republican Convention, five months later, assembled to nominate a candidate for the presidency of the United States. James A. Garfield was a member of that convention, and his magnetic presence was the occasion of much enthusiasm and applause. Although he was not a candidate for the position, whenever he arose to speak, or moved about in the vast audience, he was greeted with hearty cheers. He

was evidently *en rapport* with the crowded assembly. After thirty-four ineffectual ballots, about fifty members of the convention cast their votes for James A. Garfield in the thirty-fifth ballot. The announcement created a furore of excitement, as it indicated a breaking up of the factions, and a probable union of all upon the most popular Republican in the convention. Instantly the delegates of one state seized their banner with a shout (the delegates of each state sat together, their banner bearing the name of their state), bore it proudly forward, and placed it over the head of the aforesaid patriot and statesman, followed by other delegations, and still others, until seven hundred delegates upon the floor, and fifteen thousand spectators in the galleries, joined in the remarkable demonstration, and cheer upon cheer rent the air, as the banners, one after another, were placed in triumph over the head of their hero, declaring to the world, without the use of language, that James A. Garfield was the choice of the convention for President of the United States; the magnificent ovation terminating by the several bands striking up "Rally Round the Flag," fifteen thousand voices joining in the chorus, and a section of artillery outside contributing its thundering bass to the outburst of joy. It was a wild, tumultuous scene of excitement, the spontaneous outburst of patriotic devotion to the country, such as never transpired in any political assembly before, and, probably, never will again. It was something more, and different from the usual excitement and passion of political assemblies; it was an inspiration of the hour, begotten and moved by more than mortal impulse, — the

interposition of Him who has guided and saved our country from its birth!

That spontaneous burst of enthusiasm really nominated General Garfield for President. The thirty-sixth ballot, that followed immediately, was only a method of registering the decision of that supreme moment.

The news of General Garfield's nomination flew with the speed of electricity over the land, creating unbounded joy from Plymouth Rock to the Pacific Slope. The disappointments and animosities of a heated contest vanished at once before the conceded worth and popularity of the candidate. Partisans forgot the men of their choice, in their gladness that union and harmony signalized the close of the most remarkable political convention on record.

HE WAS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES ON THE SECOND DAY OF NOVEMBER, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

He carried twenty of the thirty-eight states, securing 213 of the 369 electors. In his native town of Orange every ballot was cast for him.

The time between the election and inauguration of General Garfield was characterized by good feeling and general hopefulness. The almost unprecedented excitement of the political campaign subsided into national tranquillity and peace, in which the two great political parties seemed to be more harmonious than ever. Mr. Garfield's popularity won the esteem of leading men who opposed his election, and some of them publicly declared their entire confidence in the man and their profound respect for his great talents. The striking

CHAPTER XXV.

IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

THE Fourth of March, 1881 — the day of the inauguration of General Garfield as President of the United States — will be remembered for its bleak, uncomfortable, stormy morning, threatening to spoil the preparations for a grand military and civic display. About ten o'clock, however, the storm subsided, and the clouds partially broke. The city was crowded with visitors from different sections of the country, among them many civic organizations and military companies which had come to join in the procession. The wide-spread interest in the occasion was due to the fame of the President-elect and the era of good feeling that succeeded his election. Not only his personal friends, but many others in every part of the land, exerted themselves to make the occasion memorable, beyond all similar demonstrations. General Garfield's college classmates were there, to the number of twenty, to congratulate him upon his remarkable public career. On the evening of March third, they tendered to him a reception at Wormley's Hotel in Washington, renewing old friendships around the festive board, each member of

the class feeling himself honored in the high honor the country had bestowed upon his gifted classmate. In response to a toast on that occasion, General Garfield said: —

"CLASSMATES: To me there is something exceedingly pathetic in this reunion. In every eye before me I see the light of friendship and love, and I am sure it is reflected back to each one of you from my inmost heart. For twenty-two years, with the exception of the last few days, I have been in the public service. To-night I am a private citizen. To-morrow I shall be called to assume new responsibilities, and on the day after, the broadside of the world's wrath will strike. It will strike hard. I know it, and you will know it. Whatever may happen to me in the future, I shall feel that I can always fall back upon the shoulders and hearts of the class of '56 for their approval of that which is right, and for their charitable judgment wherein I may come short in the discharge of my public duties. You may write down in your books now the largest percentage of blunders which you think I will be likely to make, and you will be sure to find in the end that I have made more than you have calculated — many more.

"This honor comes to me unsought. I have never had the presidential fever — not even for a day; nor have I it to-night. I have no feeling of elation in view of the position I am called upon to fill. I would thank God were I to-day a free lance in the House or the Senate. But it is not to be, and I will go forward to meet the responsibilities and discharge the duties that are before me with all the firmness and ability I can

command. I hope you will be able conscientiously to approve my conduct; and when I return to private life, I wish you to give me another class-meeting."

The ceremony of inauguration was arranged for twelve o'clock, noon. Before that hour arrived, more than one hundred thousand people thronged the streets of the city to witness the unusual display. Every State of the Union was represented in the seething multitude; and hundreds of public men were present — senators, representatives, governors, judges, lawyers, clergymen, and authors. A large number of veterans of the late war were there to honor their beloved comrade of other days who was going up higher.

The ceremony was to take place at the Capitol, and preparations were made at the White House, whence the presidential party would be escorted.

At half-past ten o'clock a chorus of bugles announced the arrival of President Hayes and President-elect Garfield from the hotel, who were received in the ante-room by Mr. Pendleton, and for a brief moment the ladies and gentlemen and other invited friends in the House greeted each other in the red room. Col. Casey then announced that everything was ready, and assigned the party to carriages in the following order: First, Gen. Garfield's mother and wife, Mrs. Hayes, Mollie Garfield and Fanny Hayes; second, Mrs. Dr. Davis, Mrs. Herron of Cincinnati, Mr. and Mrs. Andrews and Miss Bullard of Cleveland; third, Mrs. Mason and three daughters of Cleveland; fourth, Harry, Jimmy and Irving Garfield and Scott Hayes; fifth, Messrs. Swaim and Rock-

front, where the platform was erected from which the vast assemblage would listen to the inaugural address. When the dignitaries with their families were finally arranged, silence was maintained for a few moments that the group might be photographed. Then Mr. Garfield stepped to the front and delivered his noble inaugural address, in tones so clear and eloquent that the multitude, even in the distance, heard. Before he closed his address the clouds broke above him, and pure sunlight fell in benediction on his head. As he concluded, Judge Waite, of the Supreme Court, presented the Bible to him on which the Presidents are sworn, and proceeded to administer the oath. At the conclusion, President Garfield reverently kissed the sacred volume, and returned it to the judge. Then, turning to his aged mother, who had wept tears of joy during the delivery of his address, he imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, and another upon that of his wife, the two persons, next to himself, most deeply interested in the transaction of that memorable hour. The President and his attendants withdrew amidst the wildest demonstrations of joy by the concourse of people.

Immediately followed the imposing military and civic procession, which was said to be more elaborate and grand than anything of the kind ever witnessed in the capital of the nation. It was three hours passing a given point, and was reviewed by President Garfield from a stand erected in front of the presidential mansion.

An eye-witness describes the scene as follows:

"One hundred thousand people stood in Pennsyl-

CHAPTER XXVI.

ASSASSINATION.

WHILE the contest was going on in the New York legislature over Senator Conkling's re-election, an attempt was made upon the President's life, which startled and shocked the nation. He had arranged a journey to New England, for the purpose of attending the Commencement at Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.; the annual meeting of the American Institute of Instruction at St. Albans, Vt.; extending his trip into Maine, where he would be the guest of Mr. Blaine, Secretary of State; thence into New Hampshire, in response to an invitation by the legislature of that state, then in session; returning through Boston to Washington; hoping thereby to recruit his somewhat exhausted energies by a brief respite from official duties. On Saturday morning, July 2, he left the Executive Mansion at a few minutes past nine o'clock, in his carriage with Secretary Blaine, for the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Depot. At twenty minutes past nine o'clock he entered the depot, arm in arm with Mr. Blaine, when two pistol-shots were fired in quick succession, the first one sending a ball through

the right coat-sleeve of the President, doing no damage, the second one driving a ball deep into his body above the third rib. The unexpected shot well-nigh paralyzed the bystanders. Mr. Blaine turned to seize the assassin, but found him already in the hands of an officer. As he turned back, the President sank heavily upon the floor, and the fearful tidings spread through the city: "*The President has been assassinated!*" The telegraphic wires took up the terrible news and conveyed it over the country, startling every town, village, and hamlet as they never were startled except by the assassination of President Lincoln. By twelve o'clock, the entire country was apprised of the appalling calamity, except in sections beyond the reach of telegraphs and telephones. The dreadful news flashed over the Atlantic cable, astounding and affecting Europeans almost as sensibly as it did Americans. Surprise and grief were universal. "It was a marvellous tribute," said George William Curtis. "In Europe, it was respect for a powerful state; in America, it was affection for a simple and manly character." The deed was done "in the most peaceful and prosperous moment that this country has known for half a century," as Mr. Curtis wrote; "and the shot was fired absolutely at a man without personal enemies, and a President whom even his political opponents respect." The manifestations of unfeigned sorrow were gauged by this remarkable fact. The South seemed to vie with the North in profound grief over the fearful crime and heartfelt sympathy for the illustrious sufferer. In their dire extremity and deep sorrow, Christian men and women, led by the ministers of religion, gathered in

genial, calm and hopeful, that both friends and physicians thought it was the harbinger of recovery. Once he said to Mr. Blaine, who was sitting at his bedside, "What motive do you think that man could have in trying to assassinate me?" Mr. Blaine answered, "I do not know, Mr. President. He says he had no motive. He must be insane." The President responded to this, with a smile, "I suppose he thought it would be a glorious thing to emulate the pirate chief." At another time his son James was sobbing at his bedside, when he addressed him lovingly, "Don't be alarmed, Jimmy; the upper story is all right; it is only the hull that is a little damaged." He was somewhat impatient for the arrival of his wife, as were all the friends present, and when Colonel Rockwell announced that she had left Long Branch on a special train, he responded with much emotion, "God bless the dear woman! I hope the shock will not break her down." Dr. Bliss stated, that often, during the afternoon, he became even jocular, conversing more than the physicians thought for his good, but doing it, evidently, to encourage the depressed friends around him. He told Dr. Bliss that he desired to be kept accurately informed about his condition. "Conceal nothing from me," he said, "for, remember, I am not afraid to die." About four o'clock in the afternoon, the evidence of internal hemorrhage became unmistakable, and it was feared he might not live until Mrs. Garfield arrived. Dr. Bliss and his medical associates were making an examination, when he inquired what the prospects were. "Are they bad, doctor? Don't be afraid; tell me

King of Belgium, Emperors of Russia, Japan and China, and Germany, and other foreign rulers, sent despatches full of sorrow and expressions of good-will. Some of them repeated their telegrams on receipt of more favorable news respecting the President's recovery. Victoria said: —

"I wish to express my great satisfaction at the very favorable accounts of the President, and hope that he will soon be considered out of danger."

Even the Indians of our country, in whose welfare the President had been so deeply interested, were profoundly touched by the appalling news; and on receipt of the intelligence that hopes of his recovery were entertained, Moses, the chief of the Confederate tribes of Washington Territory, sent the following: —

"Tell the Great Chief at Washington that it makes our hearts sad to hear of the cowardly attempt made on his life. Chief Moses and all of his people offer their warmest sympathy to the Great Father and his family. He has always been a good friend to the Indians. We are glad to hear that he is recovering, and hope his life may be spared."

All classes, parties and sects, except some Mormons and Socialists, appeared to feel deeply the calamity to the nation, and to indulge the most heartfelt desire that the President's life might be spared. It was a demonstration of esteem and confidence, as honorable to the citizens of our country as it must have been grateful to the President and his family. The patriotic words of the illustrious sufferer, in the outbreak of the late "War of the Rebellion," have peculiar significance now to every thoughtful American: "I

"GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, COLUMBUS, O., July 10.

"Present indications strongly encourage the hope that the President will recover from the effects of the horrible attempt upon his life. It must occur to all that it would be most fitting for the Governors of the several States and Territories to issue proclamations setting apart a day to be generally agreed upon for thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God for the blessed deliverance of our President, and for this great evidence of His goodness to this nation. If this suggestion meets your approbation, permit me to name the Governors of New York, Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Maryland, and Ohio, as a committee to fix upon a day to be so observed. Please reply.

(Signed) CHARLES FOSTER."

The suggestion was a proof of the strong place the President occupied in the affections of the people; and there was evidence that every state in the Union would unite in such an expression of gratitude to God, if his life were spared. North and South, East and West, the interest was profoundly impressive; in no part of the country was it more beautiful than in the South. The *Atlanta Constitution* came to us with this delightful tribute: —

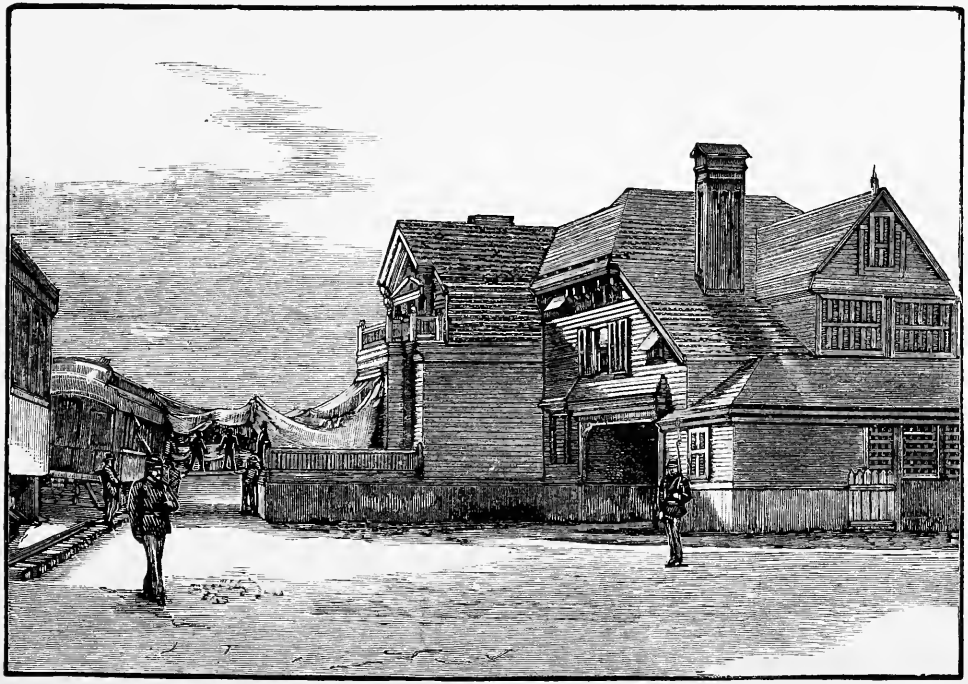
"An element that contributes largely to increase the sympathy of the Southern people is the happy family relations of the President. It was remembered how, upon the occasion of the inauguration, he turned from the applauding crowd to kiss his wife and his white-haired mother; and many a Southern wife and mother wrung their hands in grief when the news of his assassination was received, and cried: 'Oh, what will his wife do? How will his mother bear it?' Gracious little hints, shining here and there through the bewildering dullness of political discussions, have

given the people a tolerably clear idea of the exquisite beauty and harmony of the President's family relations, in such charming contrast to the showy shoddyism of the capital, and this knowledge has had a potent effect on the public mind. It is no small or unimportant thing that, in the midst of conditions altogether heartless, and surrounded by influences calculated to destroy reverence for the family hearth, the home life of the President of the Republic should be ideally perfect, and the fact that it is, brings him and his family very close to the hearts of the American people. But it is not necessary to endeavor to account for or to explain Southern manifestations of sympathy for the stricken President. They were spontaneous and they are not fleeting We know a little girl — the daughter of a Confederate officer who fought through the war — who, upon being told last Sunday morning that the President was still alive, quietly replied, 'I know it. I prayed last night that he might live.' The child had prayed with faith, and was certain her prayer would be answered. This Sunday morning there is every indication that the President will be spared to his family and to the country, but to the stricken man — to fair-faced wife and white-haired mother — the South, standing in the shadow of great troubles of her own, still sends forth her sympathy."

A Democratic member of Congress, Representative Hurd, in publicly expressing his unfeigned grief over the President's critical condition, told this story: —

"It happened once that I — a young member —

In Reclining-chair at Long Branch.



FRANCKLYN COTTAGE, WHERE THE PRESIDENT DIED.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DEATH — FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

WITHIN ten minutes after the physicians and Mrs. Garfield retired, the President awoke with a groan. Placing his hand upon his heart, he said to General Swaim, "Oh, Swaim! what a terrible pain I have here!" Dr. Bliss was summoned from an adjoining room, hastily, and the moment he fastened his eye upon the sufferer, he exclaimed, "My God, Swaim, he is dying; call Mrs. Garfield." From that moment he appeared to be unconscious, although he fixed his eyes upon his wife as she hurriedly entered the room, and seemed to follow her as she moved around to the other side of the bed to take his hand in hers. His eyes were wide open, but dazed; his pulse only fluttered; he gasped, and was no more. At thirty-five minutes past ten o'clock, Dr. Bliss pronounced life extinct! A sudden and terrible change from the hope inspired at ten o'clock! The President of the United States — her favorite son, scholar, and statesman — was dead!

The unutterable sadness of that moment in the Francklyn Cottage can never be put upon paper. The idol of the family and nation had ceased to live, and

prayers, and a brief address by his pastor, Dr. Powers. The singing was the sweetest for the occasion that Washington could furnish, the piece rendered being a favorite hymn of the deceased: "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep!" His pastor said: "The cloud so long pending over the nation has at last burst upon our heads. We sit half crushed amid the ruin it has wrought. We remember with joy his faith in the son of God, whose gospel he sometimes himself preached, and which he always truly loved. And we see light and blue sky through cloud structure, and beauty instead of ruin; glory, honor, immortality, spiritual and eternal life, in the place of decay and death. The chief glory of this man, as we think of him now, was his discipleship in the school of Christ. It is as a Christian that we love to think of him, now. It was this which made his life to man an invaluable boon, his death to us an unspeakable loss, his eternity to himself an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. He was no sectarian. His religion was as broad as the religion of Christ. He was a simple Christian, bound by no sectarian ties, and wholly in fellowship with all pure spirits. He was a christologist rather than a theologist. He had great reverence for the family relations. His example as son, husband and father, is a glory to this nation. He had a most kindly nature. His power over human hearts was deep and strong. He won men to him. He had no enemies. The hand that struck him was not the hand of his enemy, but the enemy of the position, the enemy of the country, the enemy of God. He sought to do

right, manward and Godward. He was a grander man than we knew. He wrought even in his pain a better work for the nation than we can now estimate. He fell at the height of his achievements, not from any fault of his; but we may in some sense reverently apply to him the words spoken of his dear Lord: 'He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him.' As the nations remembered the Macedonian as Alexander the Great, and the Grecian as Aristides the Just, may not this son of America be known as Garfield the Good? Our President rests; he had joy in the glory of work, and he loved to talk of the leisure that did not come to him. Now he has it. This is the clay, precious because of the service it rendered. He is a freed spirit; absent from the body, he is present with the Lord. On the heights whence came his help, he finds repose. What rest has been his for these four days! The brave spirit which has cried in its body, 'I am tired,' is where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest. The patient soul which groaned, under the burden of the suffering flesh, 'O, this pain,' is now in a world without pain. Spring comes, the flowers bloom, the buds put forth, the birds sing; autumn rolls round, the birds have long since hushed their voices, the flowers faded and fallen away, the forest foliage assumes a sickly, dying hue; so earthly things pass away and what is true remains with God. The pageant moves, the splendor of arms and the banners glitter in the sunlight, the music of instruments and of orators swells upon the air. The cheers and

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. BLAINE'S EULOGY ON PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

FOR the second time in this generation the great departments of the Government of the United States are assembled in the Hall of Representatives to do honor to the memory of a murdered President. Lincoln fell at the close of a mighty struggle in which the passions of men had been deeply stirred. The tragical termination of his great life added but another to the lengthened succession of horrors which had marked so many lintels with the blood of the first born. Garfield was slain in a day of peace, when brother had been reconciled to brother, and when anger and hate had been banished from the land. "Whoever shall hereafter draw the portrait of murder, if he will show it as it has been exhibited where such example was last to have been looked for, let him not give it the grim visage of Moloch, the brow knitted by revenge, the face black with settled hate. Let him draw, rather, a decorous, smooth-faced, bloodless demon; not so much an example of human nature in its depravity and in its paroxysms of crime, as an infernal being, a fiend in the ordinary display and development of his character."

Leben von James Abram Garfield.

Der Interessanteste, Belehrendste und Fesselndste Charakter dieses Jahrhunderts.

Von Hütte zum White-House.

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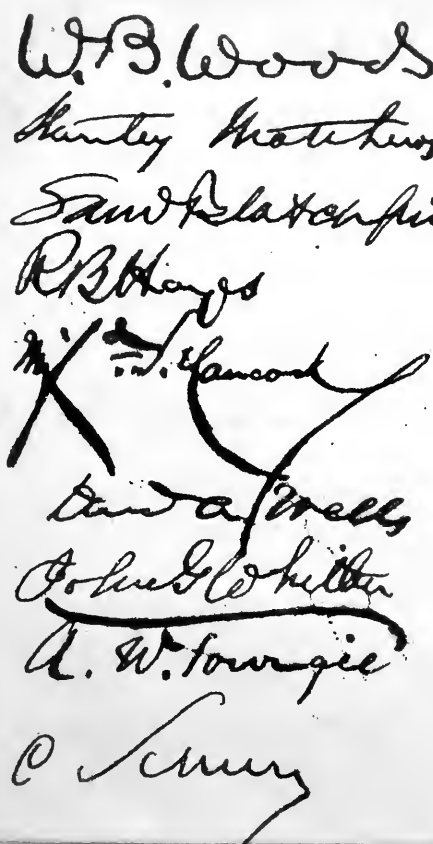
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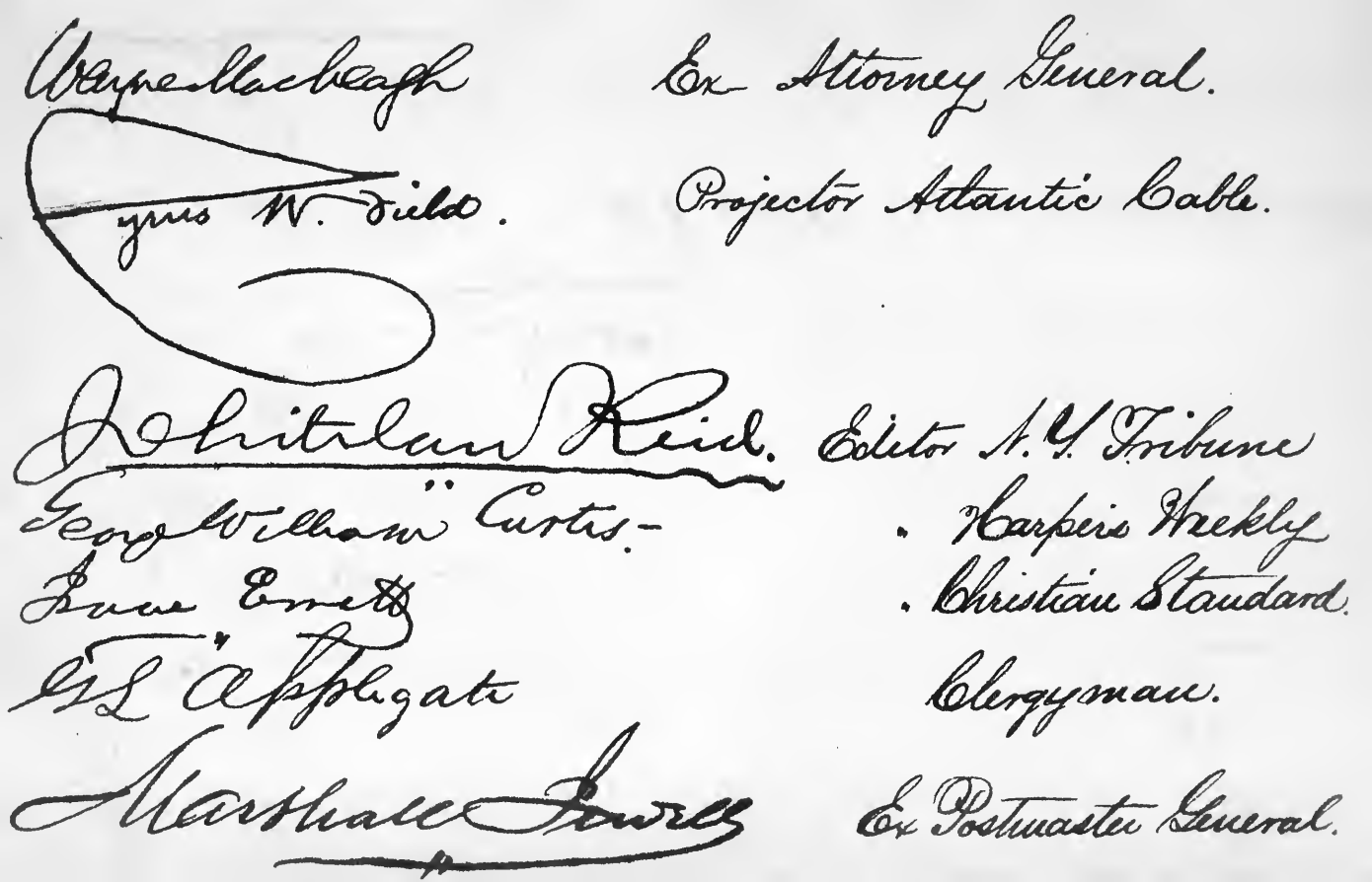
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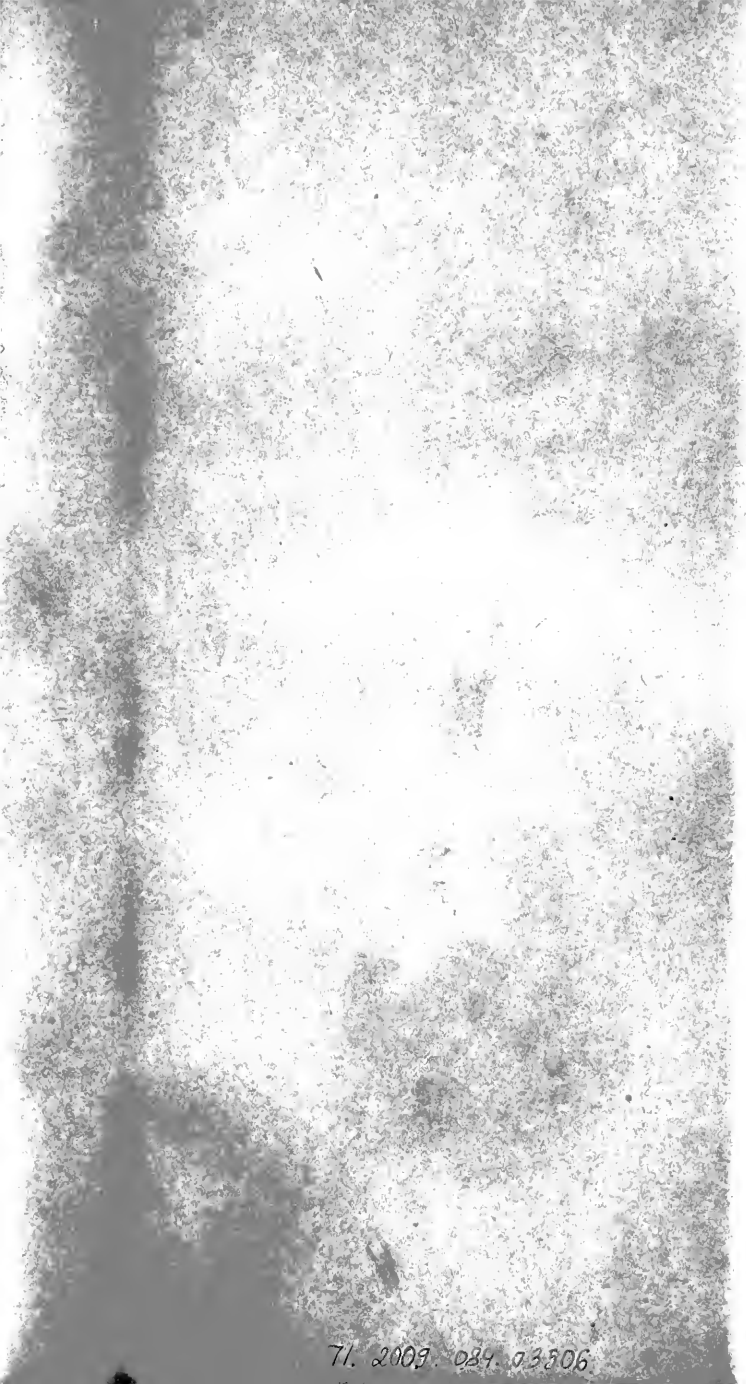

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