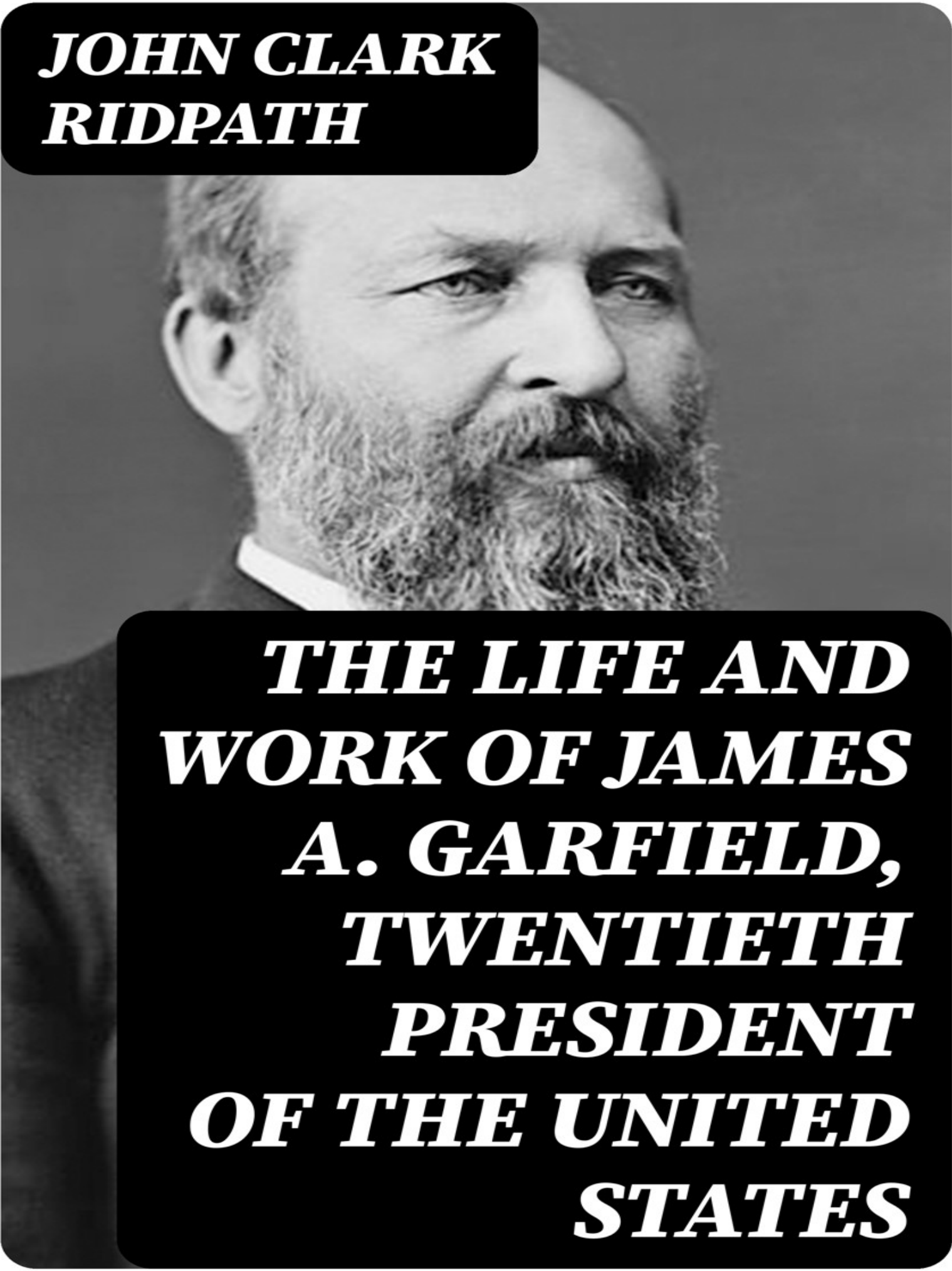


***JOHN CLARK  
RIDPATH***



***THE LIFE AND  
WORK OF JAMES  
A. GARFIELD,  
TWENTIETH  
PRESIDENT  
OF THE UNITED  
STATES***

**John Clark Ridpath**

# **The Life and Work of James A. Garfield, Twentieth President of the United States**

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# **PREFACE.**

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Dean Swift describes the tomb as a place where savage enmity can rend the heart no more. Here, in the ominous shadow of the cypress, the faults and foibles of life are forgotten, and the imagination builds a shining pathway to the stars. Ascending this with rapid flight, the great dead is transfigured as he rises; the clouds close around him, and, in the twinkling of an eye, he is set afar on the heights with Miltiades and Alexander.

The tendency to the deification of men is strongest when a sudden eclipse falls athwart the disk of a great life at noontide. The pall of gloom sweeps swiftly across the landscape, and the beholder, feeling the chill of the darkness, mistakes it for the death of nature. So it was three hundred years ago when the silent Prince of Orange, the founder of Dutch independence, was smitten down in Delft. So it was when the peerless Lincoln fell. So it is when Garfield dies by the bullet of an assassin.

No doubt this man is glorified by his shameful and causeless death. The contrast between his life and his death is indeed the very irony of fate. On the popular imagination he is borne away to Washington and Lincoln. He is canonized—the American people will have it so.

In due season fervor will subside. The keen indignation and poignant sorrow of this great and sensitive citizenship will at length give place to other emotions. The murdered Garfield will then pass through an ordeal more trying than any of his life. He will be coolly measured and his stature

ascertained by those inexorable laws which determine the rank and place of both living and dead. No doubt he will suffer loss; but there is of James A. Garfield a residuum of greatness—

Which shall tire

Torture and Time, and breathe though he expire;

Something unearthly which we deem not of,

Like the remembered tone of a mute lyre,—

And this residuum of greatness, whatever it shall be, will constitute the Garfield of the future—the Garfield of history.

For the present there will be—there can but be—a blending of the real and the ideal. The glamour of the apotheosis will dazzle the vision of those who witnessed it. It is enough, therefore, that the narrative of to-day shall be such as befits the universal sentiment. The biographer of the future may weigh with more critical exactitude the weakness against the greatness, and poise in a more delicate balance the evil against the good.

The following pages embody an effort to present, in fair proportion, The Life and Work of James A. Garfield. Such sources of information as are at present accessible have been faithfully consulted; and it is sincerely hoped that the outline here given of the personal and public career of the illustrious dead, will be found true to the life. As far as practicable in the following pages, the purposes and character of President Garfield will be determined from his own words. His apothegms and sayings, not a few, and his public papers and speeches have alike contributed their wealth to the better parts of the volume. The story of the President's wounding and death has been gathered from the abundant sources—official and semi-official—of the journals

and magazines of the day. It is hoped that the narrative, as a whole, will not be found deficient in interest, or unworthy of the subject.

This preface would be incomplete if failure should be made to mention the invaluable and extensive service rendered the author in the preparation of the work, by Messrs. Augustus L. Mason, Nathaniel P. Conrey, and Leonard Barney, to whose industry and discriminating taste much of whatever merit the book contains, must be accredited. And with this acknowledgment should be coupled a like recognition of the spirit of The Publishers, who, with their accustomed liberality, have spared no pains to illustrate the work in a manner befitting the subject. May all who read these pages find in them as full a measure of profit as the author has found of pleasure in their preparation.

J. C. R.

Indiana Asbury University,  
*November, 1881.*





# DEATHLESS.

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*This man hath reared a monument more grand  
Than sculptured bronze, and loftier than the height  
Of regal pyramids in Memphian sand,  
Which not the raging tempest nor the might  
Of the loud North-wind shall assailing blight,  
Nor years unnumbered nor the lapse of time!  
Not all of him shall perish! for the bright  
And deathless part shall spurn with foot sublime  
The darkness of the grave—the dread and sunless clime!  
He shall be sung to all posterity  
With freshening praise, where in the morning's glow  
The farm-boy with his harnessed team shall be,  
And where New England's swifter rivers flow  
And orange groves of Alabama blow—  
Strong in humility, and great to lead  
A mighty people where the ages go!  
Take then thy station, O illustrious dead!  
And place, Immortal Fame, the garland on his head!  
—Horace: B. iii., Ode xxx.*

LIFE AND WORK

OF

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

# CHAPTER I. BIRTH AND ANCESTRY.

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Genius delights in hatching her offspring in out-of-the-way places.—*Irving.*

When some great work is waiting to be done,  
And Destiny ransacks the city for a man  
To do it; finding none therein, she turns  
To the fecundity of Nature's woods,  
And there, beside some Western hill or stream,  
She enters a rude cabin unannounced,  
And ere the rough frontiersman from his toil,  
Where all day long he hews the thickets down,  
Returns at evening, she salutes his wife,  
His fair young wife, and says, Behold! thou art  
The Mother of the Future!

Men, like books, have their beginnings. James Abram Garfield was born on the 19th day of November, 1831. His first outlook upon things was from a cabin door in Cuyahoga County, Ohio. The building was of rough logs, with mud between the cracks, to keep out the winter cold. The single room had a puncheon floor, and on one side a large fire-place, with a blackened crane for cooking purposes. In winter evenings, a vast pile of blazing logs in this fire-place filled the cabin with a cheerful warmth and ruddy glow. Overhead, from the rude rafters, hung rows of well-cured hams, and around the mud chimney were long strings of red-pepper pods and dried pumpkins. The furniture was as primitive as the apartment. A puncheon table, a clumsy

cupboard, a couple of large bedsteads, made by driving stakes in the floor, some blocks for seats, and a well-kept gun, almost complete the catalogue. The windows had greased paper instead of glass; and, in rough weather, were kept constantly closed with heavy shutters.



THE GARFIELD CABIN.

Stepping out of doors, one would see that the cabin stood on the edge of a small clearing of some twenty acres. On the south, at a little distance, stood a solid log barn, differing from the house only in having open cracks. The barn-yard had a worm fence around it, and contained a heavy ox-wagon and a feeding-trough for hogs. Skirting the clearing on all sides was the forest primeval, which, on the 19th of November, the frost had already transfigured with

gold and scarlet splendors. Cold winds whistled through the branches, and thick showers of dry leaves fell rustling to the ground.

Already the cabin shutters were closed for the winter; already the cattle munched straw and fodder at the barn, instead of roaming through the forest for tender grass and juicy leaves; already a huge wood-pile appeared by the cabin door. The whole place had that sealed-up look which betokens the approach of winter at the farm-house. The sun rose late, hung low in the sky at high noon; and, after feeble effort, sunk early behind the western forest. Well for the brave pioneers is it, if they are ready for a long and bitter struggle with the winter.

So much for the home. But what of the family? Who and what are they? As the babe sleeps in its mother's arms, what prophecy of its destiny is there written in the red pages of the blood ancestral?

In America, the Southern States have been the land of splendid hospitality, chivalric manners, and aristocratic lineage; the West the land of courage, enterprise, and practical executive ability; but the New England States have been preëminently the home of intellectual genius and moral heroism. From New England came both the father and mother of James A. Garfield, and it means much. But there are reasons for looking at his ancestry more closely.

The law of heredity has long been suspected, and, in late years, has been, to a considerable extent, regarded as the demonstrated and universal order of nature. It is the law by which the offspring inherits the qualities and characteristics of its ancestors. It makes the oak the same sort of a tree as

the parent, from which the seed acorn fell. It makes a tree, which sprang from the seed of a large peach, yield downy fruit as large and luscious as the juicy ancestor. It says that every thing shall produce after its kind; that small radishes shall come from the seed of small radishes, and a richly perfumed geranium from the slip cut from one of that kind. It says that, other things being equal, the descendants of a fast horse shall be fast, and the posterity of a plug shall be plugs. It says that a Jersey cow, with thin ears, straight back, and copious yield of rich milk, shall have children like unto herself. But a man has many more qualities and possibilities than a vegetable or a brute. He has an infinitely wider range, through which his characteristics may run. The color of his hair, his size, his strength, are but the smallest part of his inheritance. He inherits also the size and texture of his brain, the shape of his skull, and the skill of his hands. It is among his ancestry that must be sought the reason and source of his powers. It is there that is largely determined the question of his capacity for ideas, and it is from his ancestry that a man should form his ideas of his capacity. It is there that are largely settled the matters of his tastes and temper, of his ambitions and his powers. The question of whether he shall be a mechanic, a tradesman, or a lawyer, is already settled before he gets a chance at the problem.

The old myth about the gods holding a council at the birth of every mortal, and determining his destiny, has some truth in it. In one respect it is wrong. The council of the gods is held years before his birth; it has been in session all the time. If a man has musical skill, he gets it from his ancestry. It is the same with an inventor, or an artist, or a scholar, or

a preacher. This looks like the law of fate. It is not. It is the fate of law.

But this is not all of the law of inheritance. Men have an inherited moral nature, as well as an intellectual one. Drunkenness, sensuality, laziness, extravagance, and pauperism, are handed down from father to son. Appetites are inherited, and so are habits. On the other hand, courage, energy, self-denial, the power of work, are also transmitted and inherited. If a man's ancestry were thieves, it will not do to trust him. If they were bold, true, honest men and women, it will do to rely upon him.

In late years, this law of inheritance has been much studied by scientists. The general law is about as has been stated; but it has innumerable offsets and qualifications which are not understood. Sometimes a child is a compound of the qualities of both parents. More frequently the son resembles the mother, and the daughter the father. Sometimes the child resembles neither parent, but seems to inherit every thing from an uncle or aunt. Often the resemblance to the grand-parent is the most marked. That these complications are governed by fixed, though, at present, unknown laws, can not be doubted; but for the purposes of biography the question is unessential.

Scientists say that nine-tenths of a man's genius is hereditary, and one-tenth accidental. The inherited portion may appear large, but it is to be remembered that only *possibilities* are inherited, and that *not one man in a million reaches the limit of his possibilities*. If the lives of the ancestors of James A. Garfield were studied, we could tell what his possibilities were; while, by studying the life of

Garfield himself, we see how nearly he realized those possibilities. This is the reason why biography interests itself in a man's ancestors. They furnish the key to the situation.

Of the many classes of colonists who settled this continent, by far the most illustrious were the Puritans and the Huguenots. Their names, alike invented as epithets of contempt and derision, have become the brightest on the historic page. Their fame rests upon their sacrifices. Not for gold, nor adventure, nor discovery, did they seek the forest-wrapped continent of North America, but for the sake of worshiping God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Different in nationality, language, and temperament—the one from the foggy isle of England, the other from the sunny skies of France—they alike fled from religious persecution; the Puritan from that intolerance and bigotry which cost Charles I. his head and revolutionized the English monarchy; the Huguenot from the withdrawal of the last vestige of religious liberty by Louis XIV. The proudest lineage which an American can trace is to one or the other of these communities of exiles.—In James A. Garfield these two currents of noble and heroic blood met and mingled.

The first ancestor, by the name of Garfield, of whom the family have any record, is Edward Garfield, a Puritan, who, for the sake of conscience, in 1636, left his home near the boundary line of England and Wales, and joined the colony of the distinguished John Winthrop, at Watertown, Massachusetts. He appears to have been a plain farmer, of deep, religious convictions, and much respected by the community in which he lived. Of his ancestry, only two facts are known. One is that no book of the peerage or list of

English nobility ever contained the name of Garfield. The other is that, at some time in the past, possibly during the Crusades, the family had received, or adopted, a coat of arms. The device was a golden shield crossed by three crimson bars; in one corner a cross; in another a heart; above the shield an arm and hand grasping a sword. A Latin motto, "*In cruce vinco*,"—"In the cross I conquer,"—completed the emblem. It is probable that the family had been soldiers, not unlikely in a religious war. The wife of Edward Garfield was a fair-haired girl from Germany.—To the brave heart and earnest temper of the Welshman, was added the persistence and reflectiveness of the German mind. Of their immediate descendants, but little can be told. Like the ancestor they were

"To fortune and to fame unknown."

But they were honest and respected citizens—tillers of the soil—not infrequently holding some local position as selectman or captain of militia. Five of the lineal descendants are said to sleep in the beautiful cemetery in Watertown, "careless alike of sunshine and of storm."

Tracing the family history down to the stirring and memorable period of the American Revolution, the name which has now become historic emerges from obscurity. The spirit of Puritanism, which had braved the rigors of life in the colonies rather than abate one jot of its intellectual liberty, nourished by hardship and strengthened by misfortune, had been handed down by the law of inheritance through eight peaceful generations. It was the spirit which resented oppression, demanded liberty, and fought for principle till the last dollar was spent, and the last drop of blood was shed in her cause.



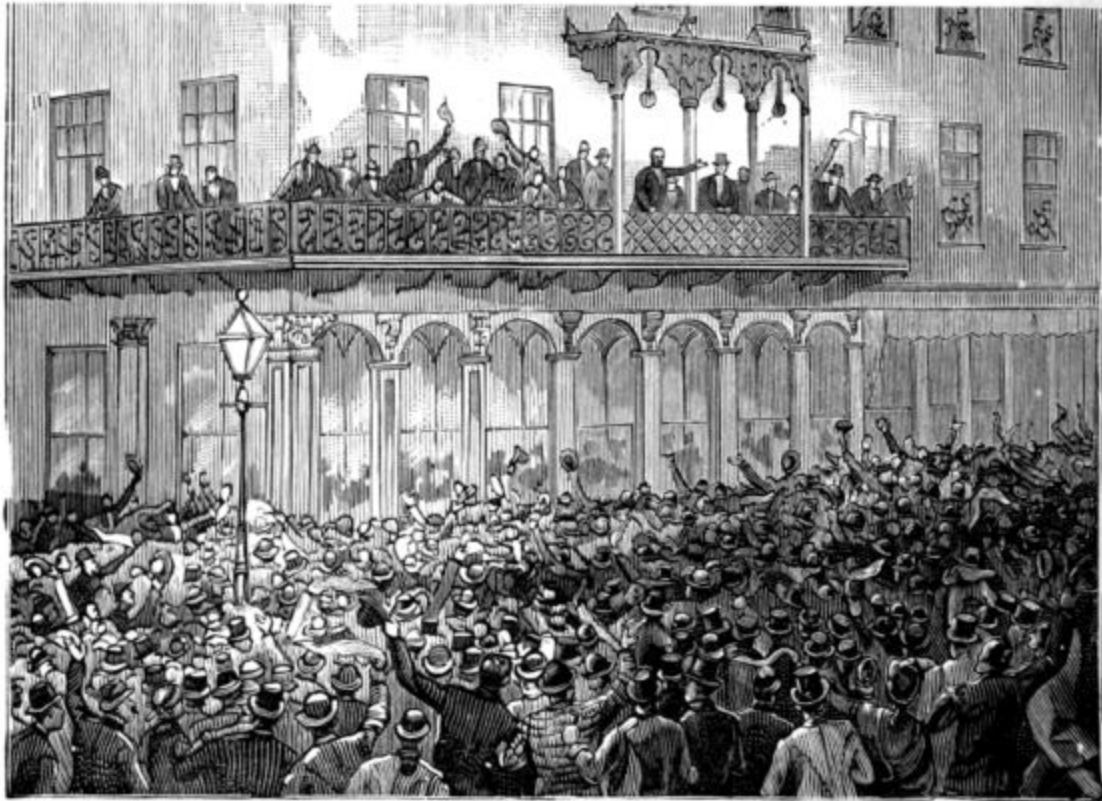
We might have calculated on the descendants of the Puritan colonist being in the front of battle from the very outbreak of the War for Independence. It was so. They were there. They were the kind of men to be there. Abraham Garfield, great-uncle of the President, took part in the first real battle of the Revolution, the fight at Concord Bridge, which fixed the status of the Colonies as that of rebellion. On the fourth day after the bloodletting the following affidavit was drawn up and sworn to before a magistrate: Lexington, April 23, 1775.

“We, John Hoar, John Whithead, Abraham Garfield, Benjamin Munroe, Isaac Parker, William Hosmer, John Adams, Gregory Stone, all of Lincoln, in the County of Middlesex, Massachusetts Bay, all of lawful age, do testify and say, that on Wednesday last, we were assembled at Concord, in the morning of said day, in consequence of information received that a brigade of regular troops were on their march to the said town of Concord, who had killed six men at the town of Lexington. About an hour afterwards we saw them approaching, to the number, as we apprehended, of about 1,200, on which we retreated to a hill about eighty rods back, and the said troops then took possession of the hill where we were first posted. Presently after this we saw the troops moving toward the North Bridge, about one mile from the said Concord meeting-house; we then immediately went before them and passed the bridge, just before a party of them, to the number of about two hundred, arrived; they there left about one-half of their two hundred at the bridge, and proceeded with the rest toward Col. Barrett’s, about two miles from the said bridge; and the troops that were stationed there, observing

our approach, marched back over the bridge and then took up some of the planks; we then hastened our march toward the bridge, and when we had got near the bridge they fired on our men, first three guns, one after the other, and then a considerable number more; and then, and not before (having orders from our commanding officers not to fire till we were fired upon), we fired upon the regulars and they retreated. On their retreat through the town of Lexington to Charlestown, they ravaged and destroyed private property, and burnt three houses, one barn, and one shop.”



MOTHER OF PRESIDENT GARFIELD.



GEN. GARFIELD ADDRESSING THE PEOPLE AT CLEVELAND.



## RECEPTION TO GEN. GARFIELD AFTER THE NOMINATION.

The act of signature to that paper was one of the sublimest courage. It identified the leaders of the fight; it admitted and justified the act of firing on the troops of the government! It seemed almost equal to putting the executioner's noose around their necks. But to such men, life was a feather-weight compared to principle. If the Colonies were to be roused to rebellion and revolution, the truth of that fight at Concord bridge had to be laid before the people, accompanied by proofs that could not be questioned. The patriots not only did the deed but shouldered the responsibility. Of the signers with Abraham Garfield, John Hoar was the great-grandfather of Senator George F. Hoar, presiding officer of the convention which nominated James A. Garfield for the Presidency.

Solomon Garfield, brother of Abraham, and great-grandfather of the subject of this history, had married Sarah Stimpson in 1766, and was living at Weston, Massachusetts, when the war broke out. Little is known of him except that he was a soldier of the Revolution, and came out of the war alive, but impoverished by the loss of his property. He soon moved to Otsego County, New York, where one of his sons, Thomas Garfield, married. It was on the latter's farm, in December, 1799, that was born Abram Garfield, the ninth lineal descendant of the Puritan, and father of the man whose name and fame are henceforth the heritage of all mankind. Two years after the birth of Abram, his father died suddenly and tragically, leaving his young widow and several children in most adverse circumstances. When about twelve years old, Abram, a stout sun-burnt little

fellow, fell in with a playmate two years younger than himself, named Eliza Ballou, also a widow's child whose mother had recently moved to Worcester, Otsego County, New York, where the Garfields were living. In that childhood friendship lay the germ of a romantic love, of which the fruit was to be more important to men and to history than that of the most splendid nuptials ever negotiated in the courts of kings.

James Ballou, Eliza's older brother, impatient of the wretched poverty in which they dwelt, persuaded his mother to emigrate to Ohio. The emigrant wagon, with its jaded horses, its muddy white cover, its much jostled load of household articles, and its sad-eyed and forlorn occupants! How the picture rises before the eyes! What a history it tells of poverty and misfortune; of disappointment and hardship; of a wretched home left behind, yet dear to memory because left behind; of a still harder life ahead in the western wilderness toward which it wends its weary way! More showy equipages there have been. The Roman chariot, the English stage-coach, and the palace railway train, have each been taken up and embalmed in literature. But the emigrant wagon, richer in association, closer to the heart-throb, more familiar with tears than smiles, has found no poet who would stoop to the lowly theme. In a few years the emigrant wagon will be a thing of the past, and forgotten; but though we bid it farewell forever, let it have a high place in the American heart and history, as the precursor of our cities and our civilization.

Thus the boy and girl were separated. Abram Garfield was brought up as a "bound boy" by a farmer named Stone.

While he was filling the place of chore boy on the New York farm, Eliza Ballou, having something more than an ordinary education, taught a summer school in the Ohio wilderness. It is said that one day, in a terrific storm, a red bolt of lightning shot through the cabin roof, smiting teacher and scholars to the floor, thus breaking up the school. The spirit of tragedy seems to have hovered over her entire life.

Love laughs at difficulties and delays, and in a few years after the Ballou emigration, Abram Garfield, a “stalwart” of the earlier and better kind, tramped his muddy way along the same roads, across the same rivers, and—strange, was it not?—to the very cabin where the emigrant wagon had stopped. Swift flew the shining days of courtship; and Eliza Ballou became Eliza Ballou Garfield, the mother of the President.

Eliza Ballou was a lineal descendant of Maturin Ballou, a French Huguenot, who, about the year 1685, upon the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, fled from the smiling vineyards of France to the rugged but liberty-giving land of America. Joining the colony of Roger Williams, at Cumberland, Rhode Island, which had adopted for its principle “In civil matters, law; in religious matters, liberty,” he built a queer old church, from the pulpit of which he thundered forth his philippics against religious intolerance. The building still stands, and is a curiosity of architecture. Not a nail was used in its construction. For generation after generation the descendants of this man were eloquent preachers, occupying the very pulpit of their ancestor. Their names are famous. They were men of powerful intellects, thorough culture, and splendid characters. Their posterity

has enriched this country with many distinguished lawyers, soldiers, and politicians. They were a superior family from the first, uniting to brilliant minds a spotless integrity, an indomitable energy, and the burning and eloquent gifts of the orator. The best known member of the family is Rev. Hosea Ballou, the founder of the Universalist Church in America, of whom Eliza Ballou was a grand-niece. He was a man of wide intellectual activity, a prolific and powerful writer, and made a marked impress on the thought of his generation.

From this brief view of the ancestry of James A. Garfield, it is easy to see that there was the hereditary preparation for a great man. From the father's side came great physical power, large bones, big muscles, and an immense brain. From the father's line also came the heritage of profound conviction, of a lofty and resistless courage, which was ready anywhere to do and die for the truth, and of the exhaustless patience which was the product of ten generations of tilling the soil. On the other hand, the Ballous were small of stature, of brilliant and imaginative minds, of impetuous and energetic temperament, of the finest grain, physically and mentally. They were scholars; people of books and culture, and, above all, they were orators. From them, albeit, came the intellectual equipment of their illustrious descendant. From the mother, Garfield inherited the love of books, the capacity for ideas, the eloquent tongue, and the tireless energy. To the earnest solidity and love of liberty of the Welshman, Edward Garfield, mixed with the reflective thought of the fair-haired German wife, was



added the characteristic clearness and vivacity of the French mind.

The trend of Garfield's mind could not have been other than deeply religious. The Ballous, for ten generations, had been preachers. No man could combine in himself the Puritan and Huguenot without being a true worshiper of God. On the other hand, while Puritans and Huguenots were at first religious sects, their struggles were with the civil power; so that each of them in time became the representative of the deepest political life of their respective nationalities. Through both father and mother, therefore, came a genius for politics and affairs of state; the conservatism of the sturdy Briton being quickened by the radicalism, the genius for reform which belongs to the mercurial Frenchman. From both parents would also come a liberality and breadth of mind, which distinguishes only a few great historic characters. The large, slow moving, good natured Garfields were by temperament far removed from bigotry; while the near ancestor of the mother had been excommunicated from the Baptist Church, because he thought God was merciful enough to save all mankind from the flames of ultimate perdition.

In Garfield's ancestry there was also a vein of military genius. The coat of arms, the militia captaincy of Benjamin Garfield, the affidavit of Abraham at Concord bridge, are the outcroppings on the father's side. The mother was a near relative of General Rufus Ingalls; and her brother, for whom the President was named, was a brave soldier in the war of 1812.

These, then, are some of the prophecies which had been spoken of the child that was born in the Garfield cabin in the fall of 1831. Future biographers will, perhaps, make more extended investigations, but we have seen something, in the language of the dead hero himself, "of those latent forces infolded in the spirit of the new-born child; forces that may date back centuries and find their origin in the life and thoughts and deeds of remote ancestors; forces, the germs of which, enveloped in the awful mystery of life, have been transmitted silently from generation to generation, and never perish." As we pursue his history we will see these various forces cropping out in his career; at one time the scholar, at another, the preacher; at others, the soldier, the orator, or the statesman, but always, always the man.

For two years after the birth of their youngest child James, the lives of Abram and Eliza Garfield flowed on peacefully and hopefully enough. The children were growing; the little farm improving; new settlers were coming in daily; and there began to be much expected from the new system of internal improvements. With happy and not unhopeful hearts they looked forward to a future of comfortable prosperity. But close by the cradle gapes the grave. Every fireside has its tragedy. In one short hour this happy, peaceful life had fled. The fire fiend thrust his torch into the dry forests of north-western Ohio, in the region of the Garfield home. In an instant, the evening sky was red with flame. It was a moment of horror. Sweeping on through the blazing tree-tops with the speed of the wind came the tornado of fire. Destruction seemed at hand, not only of crops and fences, but of barns, houses, stock, and of the

people themselves. In this emergency, the neighbors for miles around gathered under the lead of Abram Garfield to battle for all that was near and dear. A plan of work was swiftly formed. Hour after hour they toiled with superhuman effort. Choked and blinded by volumes of smoke, with scorched hands and singed brows, they fought the flames hand to hand till, at last, the current of death was turned aside. The little neighborhood of settlers was saved. But the terrific exertions put forth by Abram Garfield had exhausted him beyond the reach of recuperation. Returning home, from the night of toil, and incautiously exposing himself, he was attacked with congestion of the lungs. Every effort to relieve the sufferer was made by the devoted wife. Every means known to her was used to rally the exhausted vitality, but in vain. Chill followed chill. The vital powers were exhausted, and the life-tide ebbed fast away. In a few hours the rustle of black wings was heard in that lowly home in the wilderness. Calling his young wife to him he whispered, "Eliza, you will soon be alone. We have planted four saplings here in these woods; I leave them to your care." One last embrace from the grief-stricken wife and children; one more look through the open door at the little clearing and the circling forest, over which the setting sun was throwing its latest rays, and the heroic spirit had departed. Little by little the darkness of the night without came in and mingled with the darkness of the night within.

Though stunned by this appalling calamity, Eliza Ballou Garfield, true to the heroic ancestry from which she sprung, took up the burden of life with invincible courage. The prospect was a hard one. Of the four children, the oldest,

Thomas, was ten years of age; the two little girls ranged at seven and four, and the blue-eyed baby, James, had seen only twenty months. On the other hand, the widow's resources were scanty indeed. The little farm was only begun. To make a farm in a timber country is a life task for the stoutest man. Years and years of arduous toil would be required to fell the timber, burn the stumps, grub out the roots, and fence the fields before it could really be a farm. Worse than this, the place was mortgaged. The little clearing of twenty acres, with the imperfect cultivation which one weak woman, unaided, could give it, had to be depended on, not only to furnish food for herself and the four children, but to pay taxes and interest on the mortgage, and gradually to lessen the principal of the debt itself. The pioneer population of the country was as poor as herself, hardly able to raise sufficient grain for bread, and reduced almost to starvation by the failure of a single crop.

So fearful were the odds against the plucky little widow that her friends pointed out the overwhelming difficulties of the situation, and earnestly advised her to let her children be distributed among the neighbors for bringing up. Firmly but kindly she put aside their well-meant efforts. With invincible courage and an iron will, she said: "My family must not be separated. It is my wish and duty to raise these children myself. No one can care for them like a mother." It is from such a mother that great men are born. She lost no time in irresolution, but plunged at once into the roughest sort of men's labor. The wheat-field was only half fenced; the precious harvest which was to be their sustenance through the winter was still ungathered, and would be

destroyed by roving cattle, which had been turned loose during the forest fires. The emergency had to be met, and she met it. Finding in the woods some trees, fresh fallen beneath her husband's glittering ax, she commenced the hard work of splitting rails. At first she succeeded poorly; her hands became blistered, her arms sore, and her heart sick. But with practice she improved. Her small arms learned to swing the maul with a steady stroke. Day by day the worm fence crawled around the wheat field, until the ends met.

The highest heroism is not that which manifests itself in some single great and splendid crisis. It is not found on the battle-field where regiments dash forward upon blazing batteries, and in ten minutes are either conquerors or corpses. It is not seen at the stake of martyrdom, where, for the sake of opinion, men for a few moments endure the unimaginable tortures of the flames. It is not found in the courtly tournaments of the past, where knights, in glittering armor, flung the furious lance of defiance into the face of their foe. Splendid, heroic, are these all. But there is a heroism grander still; it is the heroism which endures, not merely for a moment, but through the hard and bitter toils of a life-time; which, when the inspiration of the crisis has passed away, and weary years of hardship stretch their stony path before tired feet, cheerfully takes up the burden of life, undaunted and undismayed. In all the annals of the brave, who, in all times, have suffered and endured, there is no scene more touching than the picture of this widow toiling for her children.

The annals of this period of life in the Garfield cabin are simple. But biography, when it has for its theme one of the loftiest men that ever lived, loves to busy itself with the details of his childhood and to try to trace in them the indications of future greatness. The picture of that life has been given by the dauntless woman herself. In the spring of the year, the little corn patch was broken up with an old-fashioned wooden plow with an iron share. At first the ox-team was mostly driven by the widow herself, but Tom, the oldest boy, soon learned to divide the labor. The baby was left with his older sister, while the mother and older son worked at the plow, or dragged a heavy tree branch—a primitive harrow—over the clods. When the seed was to be put in, it was by the same hands. The garden, with its precious store of potatoes, beans, and cabbages, came in for no small share of attention, for these were the luxuries of the frugal table. From the first Tom was able largely to attend to the few head of stock on the little place. When a hog was to be killed for curing, some neighbor was given a share to perform the act of slaughter. The mysteries of smoking and curing the various parts were well understood by Mrs. Garfield. At harvest, also, the neighbors would lend a hand, the men helping in the field, and the women at the cabin preparing dinner. Of butter, milk, and eggs, the children always had a good supply, even if the table was in other respects meager. There was a little orchard, planted by the father, which thrived immensely. In a year or two the trees were laden with rosy fruit. Cherries, plums, and apples peeped out from their leafy homes. The gathering was the children's job, and they made it a merry one.