FROM LOG CABIN
TO WHITE HOUSE

THE CELEBRATED "LOUIS" VELVETEEN

Is Soft, Rich, and Wonderfully Silky, the Pile remaining perfectly erect, even after months of wear, and never showing that crushed and depressed appearance which is often to be seen in the inferior imitations of this beautiful material. Its wear, in fact, is practically everlasting, for it seems as though it could never get out of condition, while its colour remains bright and perfect to the last.

Every Yard of Genuine

"LOUIS"

Velveteen

is STAMPED AT THE BACK

with the

NAME LOUIS SPELLED

L-O-U-I-S,

AND IN

NO OTHER WAY.

Genuine "**LOUIS**" Velveteen in **BLACK** and **ALL COLOURS** can be obtained from

HARVEY, GREENACRE & CO., DURBAN.

Branches.—Barberton, Johannesburg, Ladysmith, Dundee, Newcastle, Vrijheid, Pretoria, Wakkerstroom, Krugersdorp, Kokstad, &c.

The Celebrated Oxford Ladies' & Children's Underclothing.

"Oxford" Underclothing

TRADE MARK.

"Oxford" Underclothing.

"To praise the Oxford Underclothing would be to 'paint the Lily.' It is well known, and has been tested by such gratifying results, that practically nothing remains to be said in its favour. From the first to the very last stitch the work is perfect. Many exquisite designs noticeable."—*Vide*, **Draper's Record**.

Can be obtained from

HARVEY, GREENACRE & CO., West Street and Smith Street, DURBAN.

Branches.—Barberton, Johannesburg, Ladysmith, Dundee, Newcastle, Vrijheid, Pretoria, Wakkerstroom, Krugersdorp, Kodstad, &c.

IZOD'S

"Sheer merits, plus honest prices, is the talisman that has made these Corsets famous."—Vide Press.

CORSETS ARE PRE-EMINENT

BECAUSE
They fulfil the conditions both of art and hygiene, and give **permanent satisfaction to the wearer.**

BECAUSE
They have occupied for nearly **half-a-century** the highest place in the estimation of womankind.

BECAUSE
Their **reputation for real merit** extends as far as civilisation itself

BECAUSE
They **idealise the symmetry of the figure** and give an **indescribable air of elegance** to the simplest gown.

"The Corsets manufactured by Messrs. Izod exhibit at once the maximum of comfort and durability with the entire absence of injurious pressure or constriction."

Dr ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

NOTE.—Every pair of genuine **IZOD'S** bears this name and trade mark

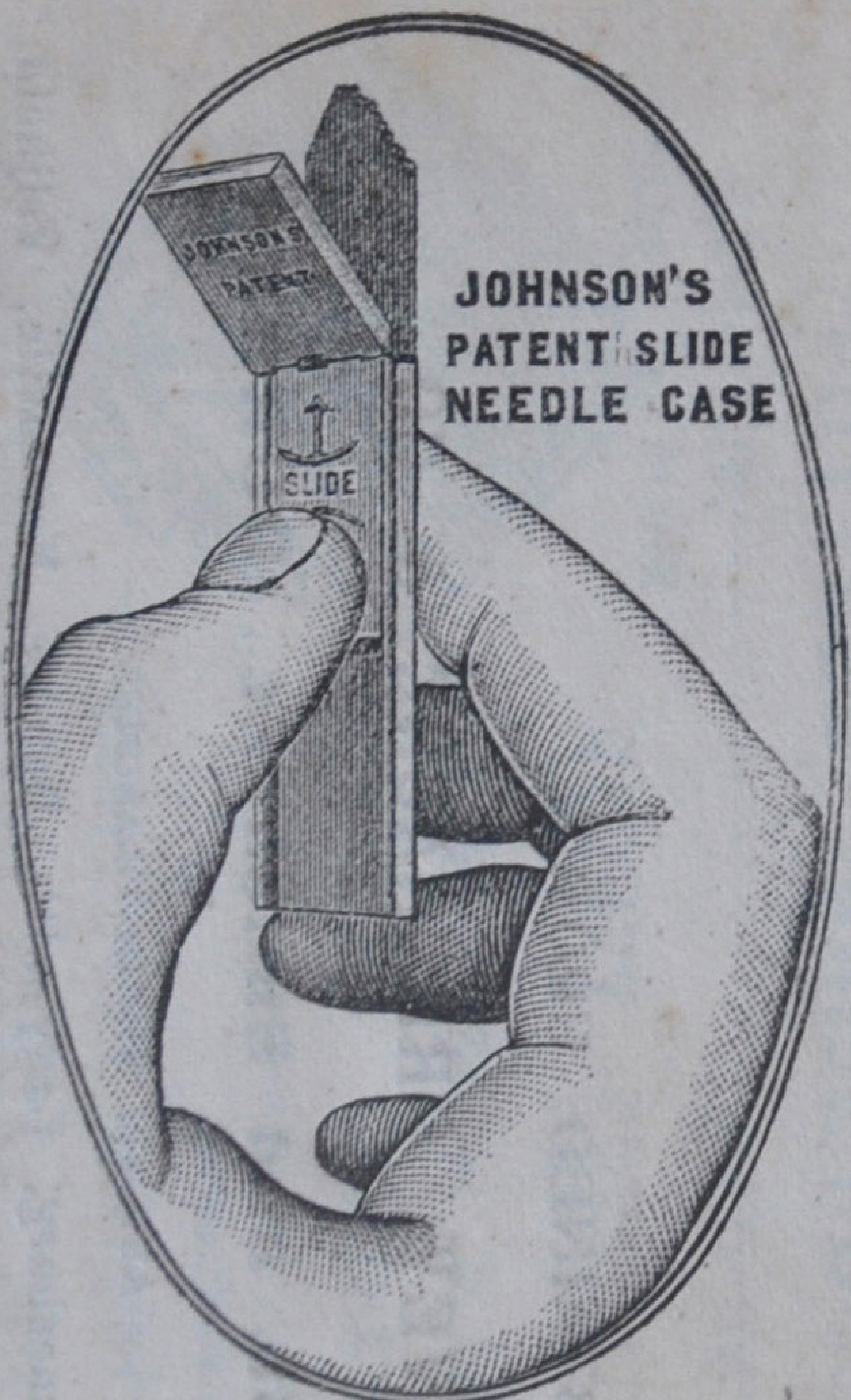
TO BE OBTAINED FROM

HARVEY, GREENACRE & CO.,

West Street and Smith Street, Durban.

Branches:—Barberton, Johannesburg, Ladysmith, Dundee, Newcastle, Vryheid, Pretoria, Wakkerstroom, Krugersdorp, Kokstad, &c.

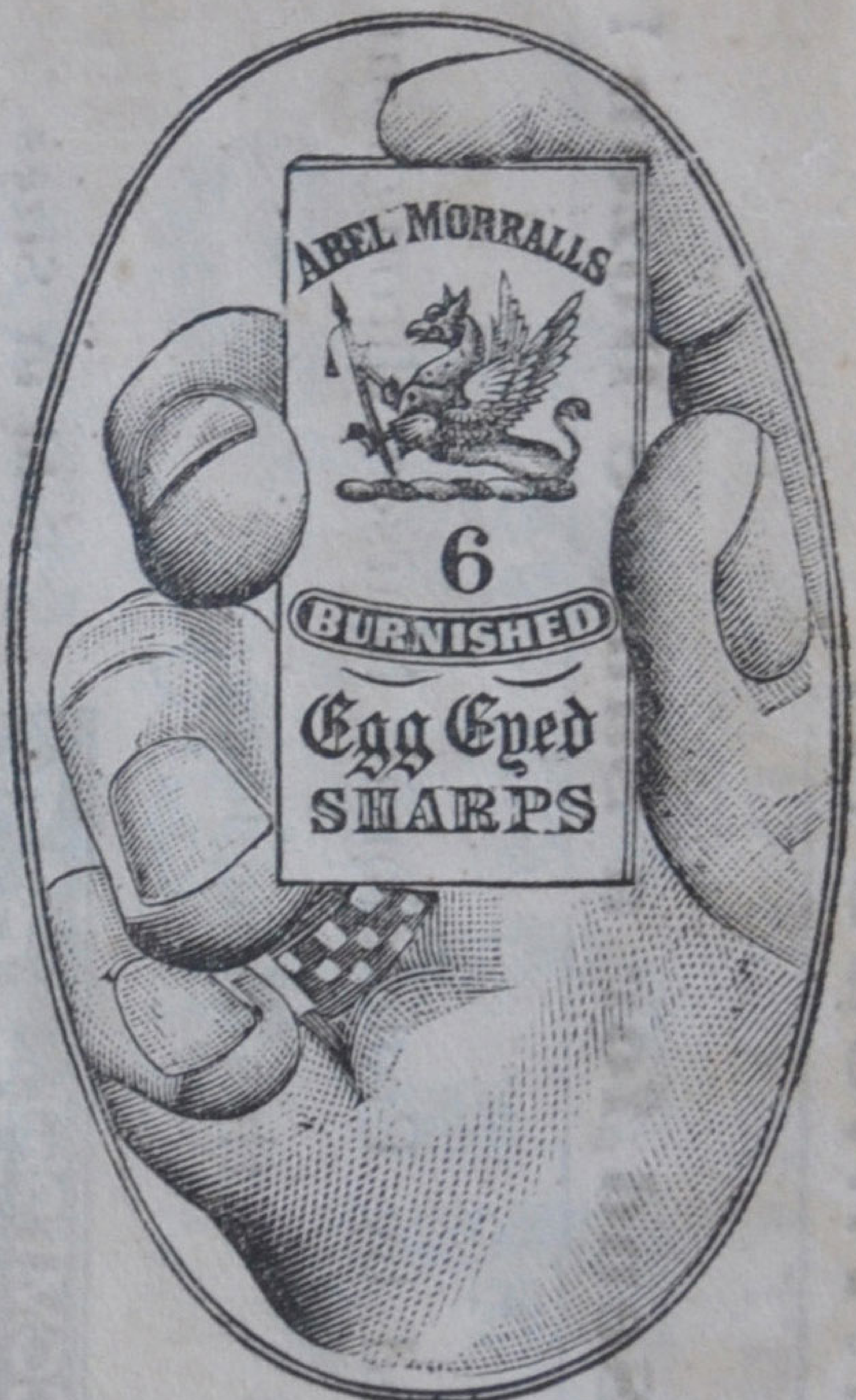
ABEL MORRALL'S



ONE QUALITY—ONE PRICE
THE BEST.

TRADE MARK.
Reg. Griffin Brand No. 2843.
Head Office :
CLIVE WORKS, REDDITCH.
Warehouses: London, Manchester, Melbourne and Sydney.

ONE QUALITY—ONE PRICE
THE BEST.



EGG-EYED NEEDLES.

ABEL MORRALL, Limited, are prepared to supply their celebrated Egg-Eyed Needles in Johnson's Patent Metal Case—**"ELEGANT, DURABLE, USEFUL."**

ABEL MORRALL, Limited, are the Proprietors of the following names:—T. & J. Holyoake, Holyoake & Son, T. Johnson & Sons, The Ixion Co., W. Guise & Sons, Lewis & Baylis.

Sold by HARVEY, GREENACRE & CO., West St., & Smith St., DURBAN.

Branches.—Barberton, Johannesburg, Ladysmith, Dundee, Newcastle, Vrijheid, Pretoria, Wakkerstroom, Krugersdorp, Kokstad, &c.

BE CONVINCED!!!

Send for a Sample Dozen!

Recommended by Professional Nurses throughout the Kingdom.

Sold in Sizes.

****

No. 1.

No. 2.
With Bandage Ends.

No. 3.
Large, with Waistband.

No. 4.
Extra size after Confinement.

These Towels are now used in all the principal Hospitals and Homes in the United Kingdom and the Colonies.

TO BE OBTAINED FROM

HARVEY, GREENACRE & CO.,

West St. and Smith St., DURBAN.

And all their Branches:—

Barberton, Johannesburg, Ladysmith, Dundee, Newcastle, Vrijheid, Pretoria, Wakkerstroom, Krugersdorp, Kokstad, &c.

PROTECTION FROM CHILL

IN **ALL** CLIMATES

JAEGER

PURE WOOL

CLOTHING FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

UNDERWEAR, NIGHT-WEAR,

HOSE, PYJAMAS, CAMPAIGN-RUGS,

SLEEPING-BAGS, CAMPAIGN-CAPS,

BALACLAVA CAPS, WOOLLEN SHEETS,

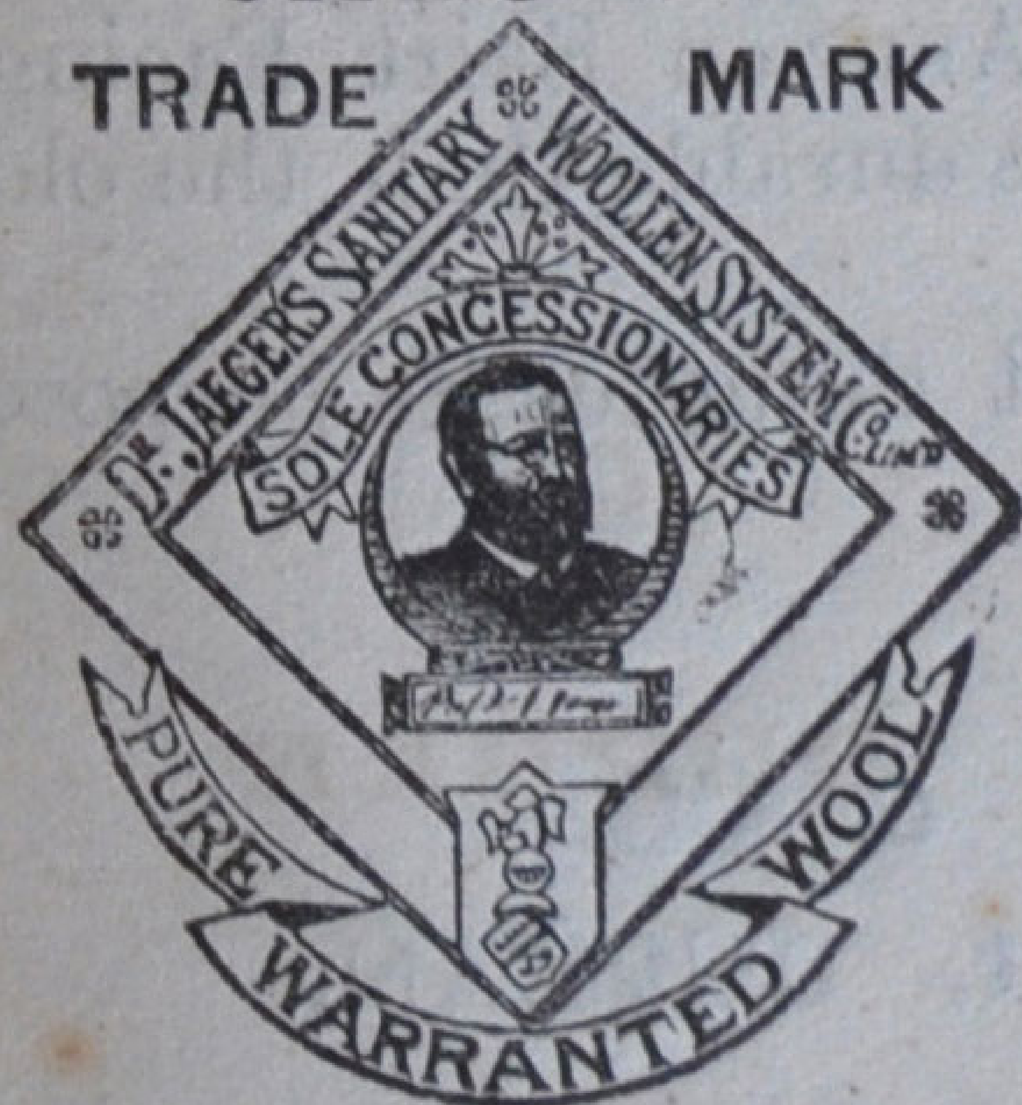
DRESSING-GOWNS, SWEATERS,

FLANNEL SHIRTS, COLIC-BELTS,

PUTTEES, HORSE-RUGS, &c.

JAEGER.

TRADE MARK



SOLD BY:—

HARVEY, GREENACRE & Co.,

West Street, & Smith Street,

DURBAN.

Branches:—

BARBERTON, JOHANNESBURG, &c., &c.

ASK FOR PRICE LIST, GIVING FULL DETAILS.

WEARS LONGER THAN THE DRESS.

Each yard of the genuine article is stamped "Amazon" at the back.

PRESS OPINIONS.

THE GENTLEWOMAN:—The best and most satisfactory Skirt Binding in existence.

BUTTERICK'S DELINEATOR:—For neatness in appearance, reliability in wear and practical economy, it would be hard to beat.

WELDON'S LADY'S JOURNAL:—Thoroughly protects the edge of the material.

MADAM SCHILD'S MONTHLY JOURNAL:—The Amazon Skirt Facing is worthy of all praise. It is far more durable than the old fashioned braids.

LADIES' MAGAZINE:—The Amazon is the best thing for its purpose which I have ever seen.

HARVEY, GREENACRE & CO.,

West Street and Smith Street, DURBAN.

Branches.—Barberton, Johannesburg, Ladysmith, Dundee, Newcastle, Vryjheid, Pretoria, Wakkerstroom, Krugersdorp, Kokstad, &c.

"ARASO."

PATENT.

Umbrellas and Parasols with . .

Detachable and Interchangeable

Covers. For sun or rain. All styles and prices. Perfect fit and finish guaranteed.

Covers for re-covering old umbrellas are sold separately, and you can cover your own umbrella, as "Araso" covers fit every kind of frame.

EXPOSITION UNIVERSELLE, PARIS, 1900.

The only prize medal awarded to Great Britain for umbrellas and parasols was for the "Araso."

TO BE OBTAINED FROM . . .

HARVEY, GREENACRE & CO.,

West Street and Smith Street, DURBAN.

BRANCHES—

Barberton, Johannesburg, Ladysmith, Dundee, Newcastle, Vrijheid, Pretoria, Wakkerstroom, Krugersdorp, Kokstad, &c.

AGENT FOR THE QUEEN BOOTS AND SHOES

AS MADE FOR H·R·H THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

All Genuine "Queen" Boots and Shoes are stamped as illustration, which is a guarantee of quality.

6 AWARDS LONDON & MELBOURNE.

The Queen Shoes ROYAL QUALITY MADE IN LONDON

The Queen Boot ROYAL QUALITY MADE IN LONDON

To be obtained from **HARVEY, GREENACRE & CO., DURBAN**

Fernando A. N. Pessoa

FROM LOG-CABIN

TO

WHITE HOUSE:

LIFE OF

JAMES A. GARFIELD,

President of the United States.

BY

WILLIAM M. THAYER.

LONDON:
RICHARD EDWARD KING, LIMITED,
106, 108, 110, TABERNACLE STREET, E.C.

LOG-CABIN TO WHITE HOUSE.

——:o:——

I.

FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL.

A RUMOUR came to the log-cabin that a school would open soon at the village, one-and-a-half miles distant. It was only a rumour at first, but the rumour 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 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 judg-

ment, 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 neighbours 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 wood"—neither a juvenile drone nor ignoramus. He was just the little fellow to make music at home or in the school-house.

"Jemmy 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.

We did not mean to tell this resolute maid's unpoetical name; but we desire to say something about her, and so we must tell her name. It was MEHETABEL. The name was load enough to carry to school without adding the burden of Jimmy. Mehetabel was fifteen years old, just such a strapping girl as would grow up in the woods, among tall trees; but she did not merit such a name as that. It set upon her better at fifteen than it could have done in babyhood, undoubtedly. Just think of a baby bearing the name of MEHETABEL! We have looked for its origin, and find that it belongs to the old Jewish dispensation, and ought to have been dumped into oblivion with its lumbering ceremonials. But, somehow, it slid over into the new dispensation, and after the lapse of eighteen hundred years and more it now confronts us in Ohio!

Well, the first day of school arrived, and MEHETABEL took her two burdens—her name and brother—and trudged off to school. Jimmy was mightily pleased with his new mode of conveyance, and so were the whole family; and they made a jolly morning of it in starting off the pioneer troupe, who were only forty-six years distant from the White House. The log-cabin smiled as it had not smiled since that terrible day of sorrow of which we shall soon speak. Thomas was the happiest boy in Ohio on that blessed morning, although he did not know it; and he went to work with fresh vigour and determination, splendid fellow that he was. While the children are in school, and Thomas

is driving work on the farm, and the good mother is having a lonely day in the cabin, with her spinning-wheel, we will stop to tell how this family came to be in the woods of Ohio, and add some definite information about the father.

In the year 1799 Thomas Garfield was a farmer in Worcester, Otsego County, N.Y. That year a son was born to him, to whom he gave the name of Abram. Thirty-two years afterwards, this son Abram became the father of James A. Garfield.

Before Abram was two years old, his father suddenly sickened and died, leaving his wife and several children penniless—a sorrow that was singularly repeated in the life of Abram, who died, as we shall see, when James was less than two years of age, leaving his wife and four children to battle with the hardships of life. It was not possible for Abram's mother to keep the family together, and provide for so many mouths; so a neighbour, James Stone, took Abram into his family, and reared him as one of his own children.

When the lad was ten years old, Widow Ballou removed into the neighbourhood, from New Hampshire. Mrs. Ballou had a daughter, Eliza, about a year younger than Abram, a very bright, promising girl. Abram and Eliza became playmates, and thought very much of each other.

Eliza was fourteen years old when her mother conceived the idea of emigrating to Ohio, which was then the "Far West," and great stories were told about its prolific soil and future wealth. Emigrants from New York, and also from the New England States, were removing thither in considerable numbers. James Ballou, her son, now a young man, saw emigrant waggons passing through New York, or starting from it, their destination being Ohio, and became more enthusiastic than his mother to go. At last she decided to remove thither, sold her little farm, packed her household goods into an emigrant waggon, and with her children started for the West. Abram was a lonely boy when Eliza left, and the two separated regretfully.

It was a long and tiresome journey of six weeks—a trip that could be accomplished now in twelve hours. The family were in the waggon, except when the waggon was

stuck in the mud, and they were compelled to unload, and, with levers, lift it out. The roads were fearfully bad, without a bridge over a single river; so they had streams to ford, swamps to wade, and quagmires to avoid, enough to test the courage and patience of the most experienced woman and the bravest girl. On the way James shot game, so that there was no lack of food. At length they reached Zanesville, Muskingum County, one of the oldest settlements in Ohio at that time; and there they settled.

About five years later Abram Garfield took the "Ohio fever," as it was called, or else the memory of the fair-haired maiden inspired him to nobler deeds, and he, too, started for the West—a young man of twenty years, hopeful, fearless, ambitious, and smart. He found work in Newburg, near Cleveland. Cleveland was then only a small collection of log-cabins, containing about one hundred people. Newburg was newer and more isolated. But, for some reason, the young adventurer selected the latter place for his home.

It is quite evident that he not only worked, but cast about to learn something of the maiden he could not forget. For he learned, after a time, that the Ballou family were at Zanesville, whither he wended his way on a visit, as soon as possible. The family gave him a hearty greeting, especially Eliza, who had grown into a winsome damsel of almost nineteen. That Abram was glad to see her would be a tame way of stating the fact. If Eliza had constituted all the "Far West" there was at that time, Abram would have been fascinated by the country, making no account at all of New York in the comparison. Without stretching out the tale into a "long yarn," it will suffice to say, that Eliza just filled Abram's eye, and in less than two years from that time became his wife. They were married February 3, 1821, and repaired at once to his chosen home, Newburg, where a log-cabin, eighteen by twenty feet, containing but one room, awaited them. It was a very humble abode, but true love put as much happiness into it as could have been there if it had been a palace. The cabin was destitute of sash or glass, though places for three windows, covered with greased paper, admitted light. Greased paper

was a common substitute for glass, and was the "stained glass" of that day. The furniture was manufactured by her noble husband, of whom she was as proud as he was of her; and it was the latest style of that region, therefore fashionable. It consisted of several three-legged stools, a puncheon table, a bed in one corner, constructed of poles and slabs, a frying-pan, one iron pot, two wooden plates, with knives and forks to match, and a "Dutch oven," which was simply a kettle with a rimmed cover, on which live coals were laid. Here James A. Garfield's father began life in earnest, and here he lived nine years, during which time three of his children were born. He tilled the soil, and also at two different times took contracts on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal, which was in process of construction.

The young adventurer was not satisfied, however. His growing family demanded larger provision for the future, so he purchased fifty acres of land, at two dollars an acre, in Orange, Cuyahoga County, seventeen miles from the first home of his wedded life. He selected this locality because Amos Boynton, whose wife was sister to Mrs. Garfield, had purchased a tract there; and the families could remove thither together. One log-cabin was erected first, in which both families lived, thick as "three in a bed," until another cabin could be built. When these cabins were built, the nearest neighbour was seven miles away. It was January, 1830, when Abram Garfield removed to this new home in the wilderness. His cabin was larger and more substantial than the one he left. It was twenty by thirty feet, made of unhewn logs, notched and laid one upon another, in what boys call the "cob-house" style, to the height of twelve feet or more in front, and eight feet or more on the back side. The spaces between the logs were filled with clay or mud, making a warm abode for winter, and a cool one for summer.

The chimney was constructed of wood and mud, rising from the roof like a pyramid, smallest at the top. The roof was covered with slabs, held in place by long weight-poles. The floor was made of logs, each split into two parts and laid the flat side up, hewn smooth with an axe. There was a loft above, to which the family ascended by a

sort of permanent ladder in one corner of the cabin. The children slept upon the floor of the loft, on straw beds. The only door of the dwelling was made of plank; and three small windows furnished all the light possible, though not so much as was needed. This, briefly, was the pioneer home in which James A. Garfield was born, on the 19th day of November, 1831, and from which he went forth to his first day at school, as already described.

Abram Garfield was a tall, heavy, handsome man, capable of great endurance; just the man to plunge into a wilderness to make a home and clear land for a farm. He possessed the strength, will, and wisdom for such an enterprise. His brain was in fair proportion to his body, large and active, making him a strong-minded man; and, under other and more favourable circumstances, he might have made a broad and deep mark on his day and generation. But he thought of little except his family in that day of hardship and want, and so he chose a home and occupation where honour and fame were out of the question. But, with all his physical strength, the loving husband and father was not exempt from the attacks of disease. One day, in the midst of his hard toil, he heard the alarm of "Fire in the forest." Forest fires were common in summer time, and often large tracts of wood 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 vigour 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 favour of the fiery element, and again the resolute pioneer appeared to have the 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 neighbour in another direction, for their assistance. There was no physician within many miles; but one of the neighbours 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 neighbours 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 wheatfield, 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 ever can 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 in his lap. The latter could speak the words, "papa," "mamma," and others. "Say Plutarch," said his father. James repeated it very distinctly. "Say it again," continued Mr. Garfield. James repeated it plainly, as before, and continued to repeat it. Looking up to his wife, Mr. Garfield remarked, with a true father's love and pride, "Eliza, this boy will be a scholar some day!"

Winter was approaching; and winter in the wilderness, especially when the stalwart arm upon which loved ones depend for support and defence is palsied in death, is not calculated to dispel gloom from a dwelling. Could human

experience be more dreary than when a woman is left a widow, alone with her children, in a wilderness swept by wintry storms; and that affliction intensified by extreme poverty, so that economy and careful planning are needful to keep the wolf of hunger from the door? What a winter it was! The snow lay deep and heavy upon the earth, burying the sacred mound in the corner of the wheatfield out of sight, and the high winds moaned through the naked forests as if wailing for the dead. The howl of wolves and the cry of panthers never sounded so terrible as they did during those long, desolate, wintry nights. The children, realizing the loneliness of their situation, now that their strong protector was dead, would lie awake at night to listen tremblingly to the howls and cries of these hungry animals, at the very door of their cabin. Sometimes it seemed to them that the panthers knew that their courageous father was lying dead in the wheat-field, and so they ventured to come to the very door to moan and cry, as famishing children cry for bread. Baby James, however, slept on, oblivious alike to the sorrows and perils of the hour. God was keeping him against the night of national danger, when he would listen to the yell of the wolves of plunder at the door of the republic. That winter, alone in the almost pathless forest, with the warring elements and beasts of prey uniting to make desolation more desolate, could not have had more sad thoughts, bitter tears, hours of loneliness, and blasted hopes, crowded into it than were the natural outcome of the direful situation.

It seemed to the weary ones that spring would never return; but it did, after a long, never-to-be-forgotten winter. And spring swept the snow and ice, and the streams ran singing again, and the dead things of the field and forest returned to life, save only the dead in the corner of the wheat-field. There was no resurrection there; and so hope was not revived in the cabin, and a gloomy outlook made even spring-time sad. There was no money in the house, and there was a debt on the farm. Food, also, was running low; and the widowed mother might hear her children cry for bread. What could she do? Leaving the children still at school, we will continue the story of her sufferings.

II.

BEFORE SCHOOL-DAYS.

In her strait Widow Garfield sought the advice of neighbour Boynton, whose real kindness had been a solace to her heart. He said:

"No woman with four children can carry on a farm like this alone, and support her family. I see no possible way out of your trouble except to sell your place and return to your friends."

"And leave my husband in the wheat-field?" responded Mrs. Garfield. "Never; I can't do that."

"But what else can you do?" continued the neighbour.

Looking at the circumstances squarely, with her accustomed good sense and courageous spirit, she answered:

"When I have sold, paid the debts and the expense of removal to my friends, I shall have little or nothing left, and that, too, without a rod of land on which to raise corn to make a loaf."

"Your friends could help you," suggested the neighbour.

"I can never cast myself upon the charity of my friends," Mrs. Garfield replied, with an emphasis that showed she meant what she said. "So long as I have my health I believe that my Heavenly Father will bless these two hands so as to support my children. My dear husband made this home at the sacrifice of his life, and every log in this cabin is sacred to me now. It seems to me like a holy trust, that I must preserve as faithfully as I would guard his grave."

The heroism that came out through these words was worthy of a Revolutionary matron; and the woman's fortitude fairly drew tears from the eyes of the neighbour.

"Then you would not sell the farm any way?" added the neighbour, inquiringly.

"Not all of it," she replied. "Part of it might go; enough to pay the debt."

"I never thought of that," answered the neighbour. "Perhaps that is the way out of your trouble. Better think that over, and I will. I'll look about, too, and see what can be done by way a selling a part of it."

The neighbour left, and Mrs. Garfield went immediately to a greater than he, where she had often been in her want and woe for counsel. On her knees in one corner of the cabin she laid her case before God, and promised to follow His guidance if He would only make duty plain. God did make it plain as day to her. She arose from her knees without a doubt in her heart. She was happier than she had been any time since death darkened her home. She felt like singing the twenty-seventh Psalm: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom should I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom should I be afraid?"

Calling Thomas, who was not quite eleven years old, but now the only male dependence on the farm, she laid the case before him, as if he had been a man of thirty years, and the resolute and trusty boy replied:

"I can plough and plant, mother. I can sow the wheat, too, and cut the wood, milk the cows, and do heaps of things for you."

"You are a small boy to do so much," responded his mother; "but with my help perhaps it can be done. God has promised to be with the widow and fatherless. I don't feel that I can move away from this place."

"We needn't," Thomas said, quickly. "I want to live here, and I will work real hard."

"Not too hard, my son, lest there be two graves instead of one in the corner of the wheat-field," answered Mrs. Garfield, with much emotion. "We must finish the fence around the wheat, and that will be very hard work; but I think that I can split the rails, and together we can set the fence."

"And I can finish the barn, I know," added Thomas. His father had partially fenced the wheat-field, and had been putting up a small barn, which was nearly completed.

And so the whole subject was canvassed, and plans laid,

in the full expectation of remaining on the pioneer farm. Nor did the widow have to wait long to sell a portion of her land. Settlers were coming into that part of Ohio occasionally, and one of them heard, through the neighbour spoken of, that Mrs. Garfield would dispose of part of her land. He lost no time in finding her humble abode, and at once bargained with her for twenty acres, paying cash for the same. With this money she paid all the debts, although it took the last dollar to remove this incumbrance.

Spring was fairly upon them when the sale was effected, so that she and Thomas proceeded at once to put the little farm in order. He procured a horse of the nearest neighbour, who was generous enough to offer him the use of the animal, and prepared the ground for wheat, corn, and potatoes, and a small garden for vegetables. It was truly wonderful to witness the tact and endurance of this boy-farmer of ten years, toiling from early morning till night set in, his young heart bounding with delight over his ability to assist his widowed mother. Without any assistance, except such as his mother and sister of twelve years rendered, he did the planting and sowing in a style that assured a good harvest in the autumn.

At the same time his mother prepared the fence for the wheat-field. She found trees in the forest already felled, and she split the rails, every one of them, severe as the labour was, sometimes almost exhausting her strength, and always making a large draft upon her nerves. But the necessity was laid upon her, and she stopped not to inquire, as she did in the case of Thomas, whether there might not be another grave in the wheat-field at no distant period. Before July the house-lot, which was the small plot of cleared land sowed and planted, was fenced in, and the little farm was doing well. There was no school for Thomas and his sisters to attend, so that he had all the time there was from morning until night to labour, 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 calculation, and she was startled to find that 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 labour. 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 the 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 the revocation of the edict of Nantes. He joined the colony of Roger Williams and came to America, settling in Cumberland, R. I. There he built a church, which still stands, and is carefully preserved as a relic of the past. It is known as the "Elder Ballou Meeting-house." When it was built there were no saw mills in the country, and no nails, and few tools to work with, so that the old "meeting-house" is a great curiosity. Its galleries and pews are hewn out of solid logs, and put together with wooden pegs. Even its floor was hewn out of logs, and fastened down with wooden pegs. Here Maturin Ballou preached the gospel while he lived, and was followed by his son, then his grandson, then his great-grandson, and so on to the tenth generation. A race of preachers sprang from this pioneer minister. In one family of the Ballous the father and four sons were clergymen; then followed three grandsons, one great-grandson, and one great-great-grandson, all from one branch. There were also many lawyers, doctors, and other public men among the Ballous, eminent for their talents and remarkable force of character. Some of them figured in the American Revolution, both as officers and privates, as heroic and efficient in war as they were renowned in peace. They were a conscientious people, and one of them, who preached in the old meeting-house about the year 1775, would not receive any salary for his services. He protested against being a "hireling." And yet he was so poor that one of his sons was forced to learn to write upon "birch-bark, in lieu of paper, and use charcoal, instead of pen and ink." This son was the celebrated Hosea Ballou, founder of Universalism in the United States. His father broke away from the Cumberland fold before Hosea was born, and removed to New Hampshire,

where he settled. A cousin, James Ballou, emigrated thither with him, married, and became the father of Eliza Ballou, who, as we have seen, was the mother of James A. Garfield.

It is not difficult, therefore, to discover the origin of Mrs. Garfield's (mother of James) great fortitude, indomitable perseverance, tact, talents, and large executive ability. Were she otherwise, she would not fairly represent the long line of illustrious ancestors whose record is found upon two hundred years, and more, of our nation's history.

In the spring of 1835, a family moved into the vicinity, which proved of great benefit to the Garfields. They had sewing to be done, and Mrs. Garfield was glad of the opportunity to do it. A boy was needed, also, to plough and chop occasionally, and Thomas found it a good opportunity to earn a little money for his mother. It was additional sunshine let into the log-cabin.

It was an era when Thomas brought home the first money that he earned. A happier boy never crossed a threshold than he was when he handed the avails of his labour to his mother, saying:

"Now the shoemaker can come and make Jimmy a pair of shoes."

"Certainly," answered his mother; "and he will be indebted to you for the first pair of shoes that he ever wore. You'll never be sorry."

"I never expect to be sorry," replied Thomas. "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 honour 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.

III.

GETTING ON.

MRS. GARFIELD was making her spinning-wheel hum when the children came home. She was obliged to economize her time in order to clothe her family with goods of her own manufacture. The spinning-wheel and loom were just as indispensable to pioneers, at that time, as a "Dutch oven" was. The age of factories had not come, certainly not in that part of the country. In New England, even, factories were in their infancy then—small affairs.

"Oh, such a good time as we have had!" exclaimed Mehetabel, as she came rushing into the cabin with James and her sister.

"Twenty-one scholars," added her sister, under considerable excitement. "Mr. Sander's children were there, and they have twice as far to go as we have. They have to walk over three miles."

"And how did Jimmy get on at school?" inquired their mother, as soon as there was a place for her to put in a word.

"He liked it," answered Mehetabel; "he said his letters; and he asked the master how he knew that letter was R."

"Just like him," ejaculated Thomas, laughing outright. Thomas had just come in, leaving his work when he saw the children return. "The master will have enough to do to answer all his questions. What did the master tell him?"

"He told him that he learned it was R at school, when he was about as old as he was," replied Mehetabel. And Thomas was giving Jimmy a toss in the air, by way of sport, while she was relating the facts, and Jimmy himself was making a most vigorous attempt to embellish the occurrences of the day from his imperfect vocabulary.

"How did you like your ride, Jimmy?" inquired Thomas.

"Me like it," was the child's answer, uttered in a gleeful way.

"You liked it better than Hit did, I guess."

"I liked it well enough," responded Mehetabel.

"Wa'nt you awful tired?"

"I wa'nt tired much?"

"Did you carry him all the way?"

"Pretty much. He walked a little of the way home. He isn't much of a load."

"Did he sit still in school!"

"Pretty still. He left his seat once, and went over to scrape the acquaintance of another boy opposite."

"What did the master say?"

"He took him by the hand and led him back, looking at us, and smiling; and he told him that each boy had his own seat in school, and he must keep it."

"You are a great one, Jimmy," exclaimed Thomas, tossing the little midget into the air again. "You will make music for them in school."

"Well, children, I am glad that you like your school so well," remarked their mother, who had been listening to the prattle with maternal interest. "You must make the most of it, too, for we can't expect many school advantages in these woods. Poor opportunities are better than none."

Ohio schools were of the poorest class then, short and miserable. The teachers knew but little to begin with, and children had to travel so far to school that their attendance was limited to certain parts of the year. In many schools reading, spelling, and writing were the only branches taught. Geography and arithmetic were added to the studies in some schools. All of these branches were pursued in the school which the Garfield children attended. Teachers in the new settlements, at that time, were usually males; it was not supposed that females could teach school well. That females make the best teachers, as a class, is a recent discovery.

The books used in the best pioneer schools of Ohio, were Webster's spelling-book, the English Reader, Pike's and

Adams' Arithmetic, and Morse's (old) Geography. The Garfields possessed all of these. They had, also, the Farmers' Almanack, and a copy of Davy Crockett's Almanack, which was found, at one time, in almost every cabin of the West. Reading-books were scarce then throughout the country, in comparison with the present time; in the wilds of Ohio they were not so plenty as panthers and wolves. Many of the few books found there related to exciting adventure with beasts of prey, hair-breadth escapes on perilous waters, and the daring exploits of pirates and rascals; and they were illustrated with very poor pictures. Three or four volumes, besides the Bible and school-books, constituted the whole literary outfit of the Garfields. They had more brains than books, as the sequel will abundantly prove.

The village where the school was located was not much of a village after all. In addition to the log school-house, eighteen by twenty feet, there was a grist-mill, and a log-house, in a part of which was a store, the other part being used for a dwelling. The place is now known by the name of Chagrin Falls, and derived its singular name from the following fact. A bright Yankee began the settlement, attracted thither by the stream of water. He removed to the place in the winter time, when the stream was swollen and swift, and he erected a saw-mill. But when the summer came the stream dried up, and his hopes dried up with it. His *chagrin* was so great over his *dry* enterprise that he named the locality as above, in order to warn his Yankee relations against repeating his folly.

We cannot delay to rehearse much that transpired in school during the first term that James attended. Two or three matters of special interest only can be noticed.

We have said that James was very familiar with Bible stories; and we have intimated, too, that he was very inquisitive. His questions often created a laugh in school, both teacher and scholars enjoying their originality and pertinency very much. The fact was, James meant to understand things as he went along, and so his active brain put many inquiries over which the school was merry. They were not merry because his questions were pointless and childish; far otherwise. They were merry because such a little fellow

showed so much brightness and precocity by his inquiries. Scholars and teachers came to regard him as a sort of prodigy.

One day, at noon, an older scholar set him upon the table, saying:

"Now, Jimmy, you be master and ask questions, and we will be scholars and answer them."

"Take 'oo seats, then," responded Jimmy, by way of consenting, his bright eyes sparkling with delight.

The pupils took their seats in a glee.

"Now go ahead, Jimmy," cried out Jacob Lander. "Don't ask too hard questions."

Jimmy immediately began on his hobby—Bible questions.

"Who made the ark?"

"Noah," answered a half-dozen voices.

"Who told him to make the ark?"

"God," replied several.

"What for did God want he should make the ark?"

There was a pause; no one answered. It was one of Jacob Lander's hard questions, that James should have avoided. After waiting in vain for an answer, he answered it himself.

"To save his self and family in."

"Save from what?" cried out Jacob.

"From the flood," replied James.

"Who was the oldest man," James continued.

"Methusaleh," several answered.

"How old was he?"

Nobody could tell, and so James told them.

"Who was the meekest man?"

"Moses," was the prompt answer.

"Who had a coat of many colours?"

"Joseph," equally prompt.

"Who was swallowed in the Red Sea?"

Nobody replied. He told.

And thus, for ten or fifteen minutes, this child of not quite four years interrogated the scholars around him, presenting one of the most marvellous scenes on record, whether in wilderness or city. From his earliest years his memory was very remarkable, embracing and retaining stories, facts, and whatever he heard, with unusual accuracy.

He acquired very much information in school by listening to the recitations of other and older pupils. Nothing was more common during his first term at school, than for him to repeat at home something he had learned from the recitations of older scholars. Then, too, nothing escaped his notice. His faculty of observation was ever on the alert. Language, manners, apparel, methods of work, conversation, almost everything attracted his attention; so that he was ever surprising friends, from his childhood, by the amount of information he possessed.

He was a great imitator too. Children differ very much in this regard. James was one in whom this faculty appeared to be large by inheritance. It was encouraging to behave well in his presence, it was perilous and doubly wicked to set a bad example before him. Coupled with his observation, this quality made him sharp and critical, for one of his years.

"School will keep through the winter," said Mehetabel to her mother, as she came home one day, near the close of the term. "Jacob's father is raising the money to pay the master."

"How did you learn? I have not heard of it," answered Mrs. Garfield.

"Several of the scholars said so; and they are all going."

"Going to have a vacation?" inquired her mother.

"Yes; two or three weeks; school will begin in December for the winter."

"I am very glad indeed that you can have such an opportunity to attend school," continued her mother.

"Then I can go, can I?"

"Yes; you can all go except Jimmy. He cannot go so far in the winter; and it will be too hard for you to carry him through the snow."

"Will Tom go?"

"I hope so; he has worked very hard that the rest of you might go, and now he should go."

Ten minutes afterwards Thomas was discussing the matter, and presenting reasons why he could not attend.

"I shall find enough to do taking care of the cows and

chopping wood, even if there is no snow to shovel, which is not very likely."

"But we must let some things go undone, if possible, that you may learn when you can," suggested his mother. "In this new country you must take education when you can get it."

"I can study at home, evenings and stormy days," replied Thomas.

"That is what Jimmy must do—study at home," continued Mrs. Garfield. "He has a good start now, and he can make a good reader before next summer."

The result was that Thomas did not attend the winter term, nor James. Their two sisters went, and Mrs. Garfield instructed James and assisted Thomas somewhat in his studies.

Long winter evenings in the woods were favourable for study by the light of the blazing fire, that made the cabin more cheerful even than it was in the daytime. Pioneers could not afford the luxury of a tallow candle or an oil lamp. Sometimes they adopted a substitute for both—the pitch-pine knot. But usually in winter pioneers depended upon the light of the fireplace. Fireplaces were very large, so as to admit logs four feet long, with a quantity of smaller fuel in like proportion. When the mass of combustible material was fairly ablaze, the light and heat penetrated into every corner of the cabin; and the heat below greatly modified the excessive cold of the loft above.

That winter was a memorable one for James. He made decided progress in spelling and reading before the next summer came, with its hot days and growing crops. It was after the winter was over and gone, and the warm sunlight was bathing the forests and gladdening the earth, that James came into possession of a child's volume somehow—either it was a present or was borrowed of a neighbour—from which he derived much real pleasure. One day he spelled out and read aloud the following line:

"The rain came pattering on the roof."

"Why, mother!" he shouted, under visible excitement, "I've heard the rain do that myself."

"You have?"

"Why, yes, I have," he continued, as if a new revelation were made to him. And then he read the line over again, with more emphasis and louder than before:

"'The rain came pattering on the roof.'"

"Yes, mother, I've heard it just so!" and the little fellow appeared to be struggling with a thought larger than ever tasked his mind before. It was the first time, probably, that he had learned the actual use of words to represent things, to describe objects and events—the outside world on paper.

From that time James was introduced into a new world—a world of thought. Words expressed thoughts to him, and books contained words; and so he went for books with all his mind, and might, and strength. There was nothing about the cabin equal to a book. He preferred the "English Reader" to anything that could be raised on the little farm. He revelled in books—such books as he could find at that time when there was a dearth of books. Day after day the "English Reader" was his companion. He would lie flat upon the cabin floor by the hour, or sprawl himself out under a tree, on a warm summer day, with the "English Reader" in his hand, exploring its mines of thought, mastering its wonderful knowledge, and making himself familiar with its inspiring contents. This was before the lad was five years old; and he was scarcely six years old when he had committed to memory a great portion of that "Reader." Other volumes, too, occupied much of his attention, though none to such an extent as the "English Reader." Such was his childish devotion to books that his mother could scarcely refrain from prophesying, even then, an intellectual career for him. She knew not how it could be done—all the surroundings of the family were unfriendly to such an experience—but somehow she was made to feel that there was a wider, grander field of action for that active, precocious mind.

IV.

TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS.

"We can have a school-house nearer to us," remarked Mrs. Garfield to Mr. Boynton. "For the sake of my James, I wish we could have."

"There are scarcely enough families yet to make such a change," replied Mr. Boynton; "some of them would have to go as far as they do now."

"That is very true," but more families would have a shorter distance to go than they have now. I think that fact is worth considering."

Mrs. Garfield was giving utterance, for the first time, to thoughts that had been in her mind for several months. In her own mind she had numbered the families which might be induced to unite in erecting a log school-house upon one corner of her farm. She continued:

"Suppose you inquire of Mr. Collins and others, and learn what they think about it. If eight or ten families will unite, or even eight families, we can have a school nearer home. I will give the land on which to build the house; and three days' labour by seven or eight men will complete the building. It is not a long or expensive job, and it is just the time to start now, if the thing is to be done."

"Perhaps it can be done," Mr. Boynton answered, thoughtfully. "The more I look at it, the less difficult it seems. I will consult the neighbours you mention, and others, too. I should be as pleased as anybody to have it done." And as he spoke the last sentence he turned towards home.

Without recording the details of this new enterprise, we need only say, that it was very easily accomplished; and before winter set in, a log school-house stood on the Garfield

farm. Neighbours welcomed the project, especially because it would be an advantage to Widow Garfield, whom they very much respected, and to whom their warmest sympathies had always been tendered in her affliction.

"Now you can go to school by your own conveyance," said Thomas to Jimmy, one day after the school-house was finished. "You won't have to make a beast of burden of Hit any longer. You will like that, won't you?"

James assented; when his mother added:

"Your master is coming from New Hampshire, where I was born. You will like him; and he is to board here to begin with."

Mrs. Garfield had four children, and Mr. Boynton six, to go to school—ten in all from two families.

It was through Mrs. Garfield's influence that the school-house was built; and then, it was through her influence that a school-master was imported from New Hampshire. The school-house was twenty feet square, with puncheon floor, slab roof, and log benches without backs—large enough to accommodate twenty-five scholars. Teachers always "boarded round," dividing the time equally among the families; and it was considered quite an advantage to a family of children to have the "master" board with them.

By hard labour, assisted by his mother and sisters, Thomas harvested the crops in the autumn, cut and hauled wood, and did other necessary work, so that he could attend the winter term of school with his sisters and James. He had everything about the farm in fine order when December and the schoolmaster, whose name was Foster, arrived. They came together, and one was about as rough as the other. The "master" was a young man of twenty years, uncouth in his appearance, large and unwieldy, but a sensible sort of a Yankee, who had picked up considerable knowledge without going to school or reading much. On the whole, he was full as much of a man as pioneers could expect for the small wages they were able to pay. He was kind-hearted, of good character, and was really influenced by a strong desire to benefit his pupils.

He took up his abode at the beginning of school with Mrs. Garfield, and slept in the loft with Thomas and James.

At once his attention was drawn to James, as a very precocious child. Good terms were established between them ; and when they started off together for the school-house, on the first day of school, the teacher said to him, putting his hand kindly on his head :

"If you learn well, my boy, you may grow up yet and be a General."

James did not know exactly what a General was, but then he concluded that a General must be some great affair, or a schoolmaster would not speak so favourably of him. The remark fastened upon the lad's mind ; somehow he felt, all through the day, that he was beginning just then to make a General, whatever that might be. It was not out of his mind for a minute ; and he laboured somewhat upon the point, how long a time it would take to make him into a General. However, he knew that there was one being who stood between him, and all learning, and all the future—and that being was his mother. What he did not know, she would know. As soon as he reached home, after school, he inquired :

"Ma, what's a gen'ral ?"

"What's what ?" his mother answered, not comprehending his question.

"What's a gen'ral ?" James repeated, somewhat more distinctly.

"Oh, I see now—a General !" she answered ; "that is what you want to know."

"Yes ; the master said I might make a gen'ral if I learn."

"That is what put it into your head, then," continued his mother, laughing. "You don't know whether you would like to be one or not, I suppose : is that it ?"

"I want to know what it is," James replied.

"Well, I will tell you, my son, for your great-grand father fought in the Revolutionary War under a General. You ought to know something about that, and something about your ancestors, too, as well as about a General."

She proceeded to tell him about his paternal ancestors : "How Edward Garfield came to this country from England, with John Winthrop, John Endicott, Francis Higginson,

and many other Puritans, to escape oppression at home, settled at Watertown, Mass., which was as much of a wilderness then as Ohio was when your father removed here. The Indians were his neighbours, and he bought land of them, and lived in peace with them. There he and his descendants lived, some of them removing into other towns, and many of them among the most influential citizens of that time. By-and-by, England, the mother-country, made war upon the people there, and the fight of Concord Bridge occurred, on the 19th of April, 1775. The soldiers of England wore red coats, glistening with brass buttons, and they carried guns with which to shoot down the farmers and people of Massachusetts Colony, unless they would surrender and obey the king of England. But the men would do neither. They seized their guns, determined to defend themselves, and shoot the redcoats rather than continue to be subject to the king. Your great uncle, Abraham Garfield, was among the soldiers at Concord Bridge. This was the beginning of the Revolutionary War, in which our soldiers fought bravely for their rights, and your great-grandfather, Solomon Garfield, was one of them. Then our soldiers wore blue coats, trimmed with brass buttons, and they were led by Generals who were the most distinguished men, like General Washington. The Generals wore coats that shone with gold lace, and epaulets, or ornaments, on their shoulders, and hats like the one General Washington wears in the almanack picture, made showy with gold lace and a feather. Generals carried swords instead of guns; and they rode horseback, and led the soldiers into battle. I hope we shall never want any more Generals in this country, for it is terrible to shoot down men as they do in war. But by study and learning you can make a man equal to a General, and be as honoured, without killing your fellow-men.

"When the Revolutionary War was over, your great-grandfather removed into the State of New York, where he had a son whom he named Thomas. Thomas grew up to be a man, and was married, and had a son whom he named Abram; and this Abram was your father. Now, it will be easy for you to remember, that Solomon Garfield was your

great-grandfather, a soldier of the American Revolution; that Thomas Garfield, a pioneer of New York State, was your grandfather, and Abram, his son, a pioneer of Ohio, was your father. There was no General among all your ancestors, though some of them were equal to Generals. If you should ever become a General, you will be what no one of your ancestors ever was, as far back as we can trace them—two hundred and fifty years."

James listened to this recital with wonder. He scarcely knew before that he was connected with the world outside of the Ohio wilderness. Now, he clearly understood that his relations acted a conspicuous part in settling this country, and were people of much consequence. It was a new and inspiring thought to him. His cabin home was invested with new interest and more importance. How far his life was influenced by this revelation of the past, we cannot say, but there is no doubt that his active brain was stirred to nobler thought, and his young heart stamped by indelible impressions.

James believed in his teacher, and his teacher believed in him. There was mutual attraction from the outset. The teacher saw that the backwoods boy was a great man in embryo. He was glad to have such a scholar under his tuition. He was somewhat taken aback, however, by subsequent occurrences. The second day of school he established the following rule:

"Scholars cannot study their lessons and look about the school-room: therefore gazing about is strictly forbidden."

It was a novel rule to the pupils. It savoured of more strictness than they had been accustomed to. It was a very difficult rule for James to observe. He acquired much information by his close observation. His two eyes and two ears were more than books to him. Besides, he had never undertaken to perform the feat of sitting bolt upright upon a log bench without a back, and looking down upon his book with steady gaze. It was a severe ordeal for a boy who never sat still in his life, and who evidently was not constructed upon the principle of sitting still. However, his heart accepted the rule, and he meant to do the best that he could with it. If he were to make a General, or something

else as good, he must do as the "master" told him to do As much as that was clear to him. But the first thing he knew his eyes were *off* his book, and *on* the class reciting.

"James!" said the teacher pleasantly, "have you forgotten the rule so quick?"

"I forgot," was James's laconic reply; and down dashed his eyes upon his book. Not long, however. A taking answer to a question in the class on the floor brought up his eyes again, as if by magic.

"What! so soon forgetting the rule again, James?" exclaimed the teacher. "You have a very short memory."

James looked down upon his book abashed, but he made no reply. The fact was, he meant to mind the rule, and do his best to please his teacher. But it was never intended that two such eyes and two such ears as James possessed should come under a rule like that. The teacher was unwittingly at fault here. He did not quite understand his pupil; and so he insisted upon the observance of the rule, and for two weeks continued to correct James, hoping that he would finally bring his eyes and ears into complete subjection. But his effort was fruitless. James was incorrigible, when he meant to be obedient, and he grew nervous under the discipline. He thought so much about keeping his eyes in the prescribed place that he could think very little about his lessons; and so he became comparatively dull and defective in his recitations.

At length, just before the teacher left Mrs. Garfield's for another boarding-place, he said to her in James's presence:

"I do not want to wound your feelings; James is such a noble boy; but then I want to tell you——"

"Say on," replied Mrs. Garfield, quite startled by the solemn tone of the "master."

"James is not quite the boy in school that I expected."

"How so?" interrupted Mrs. Garfield, completely taken by surprise. "You astonish me."

"I know that you will be grieved; but I think it is my duty to tell you." And Mrs. Garfield could see that he shrunk from telling her, and she began to think that something awful had happened; still she repeated:

"Say on."

"Well, it is only this: James don't sit still, and he don't learn his lessons. I fear that I shall not be able to make a scholar of him."

"Oh, James!" his mother exclaimed, as if the teacher had put a shot through her body. That was all she said; and it was uttered in a tone of agony that went straight to the little fellow's heart as he stood looking and listening. She sent him to school that he might make a scholar, and now her hopes were dashed in a moment. No wonder that her response was an exclamation of disappointment and grief!

"I *will* be a good boy," ejaculated James, bursting into tears, and burying his face in his mother's lap. "I *mean* to be a good boy." And he never told more truth in a single sentence than he did in the last one. It never will do for a philosopher, however wise, to attempt to repress the centrifugal force of nature; and that was what the teacher was trying to do.

"Perhaps he can't sit still," at length Mrs. Garfield suggested; "he never was still in his life."

"I *will* sit still," was the boy's response, still sobbing as if his heart would burst, yet speaking before the teacher had time to reply.

"Perhaps so," answered the teacher, thoughtfully, as if the grieved mother had awakened a new idea in him.

"I never knew him to fail of learning before," Mrs. Garfield continued; "never."

"I *will* learn, mother!" the boy shouted between his sobs.

"You mean to learn, I have no doubt," answered his mother. "Some boys do worse than they intend; perhaps that is the trouble with you."

"You dear child," said the teacher, putting his hand upon his head, touched by the lad's piteous appeals; "you and I are good friends, and I think we shall have no more trouble. I will try you again. So wipe up, and let us laugh and not cry."

The teacher saw his mistake. The child's mother had opened his eyes by her wise suggestion. In his mind he resolved to let the centrifugal force alone, and adopt another

policy. So the subject was dropped, and James went to school on the following day, to sit still or not, as he pleased. The teacher resolved to leave him to himself, and see what the effect would be. The result was excellent. The boy did not sit still, of course he did not; but he was natural and happy, and his eyes fulfilled their function in roaming about more or less, and his ears heard what was going on in the school-house. The teacher could not make a blind and deaf boy of him, any way, and so he ceased to try. He allowed him to see and hear for himself; and it just filled the lad with happiness. It fired his ambition, and brought out his brilliant parts, so that he became the star of the school.

It was quite a number of days before Mrs. Garfield saw the teacher again, as he went to board with another family. Then he called to cheer the mother, whom he had so thoroughly grieved. Her first question was, as he entered her house:

"How does James do now?"

"Oh, grandly," the teacher replied, in a tone that indicated great satisfaction in being able to speak so approvingly.

"I am so glad!" was the mother's only response; and her heart was healed.

"He is perpetual motion in school," continued the teacher, "but he learns; no scholar learns so fast as he."

"Then you have given up your rule?" Mrs. Garfield remarked, inquiringly.

"Yes; I think you are right about him. Such a rule cramps him; he can't be himself under it. I guess he tried hard to obey it."

"Children are very unlike," continued Mrs. Garfield. "James is unlike my other children in his restlessness and energy, as well as in his precociousness. I hope that he will come out all right."

"Come out all right," responded the teacher. "My word for it, he will make his mark in the world; you can depend on that.

"I hope so;" and Mrs. Garfield put her whole mother's heart into those last three words.

The restive nature of James was a theme of remark 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 General 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, behaviour, 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 for it; but it was pretty well understood before the term was half through who would have the book. None were surprised, when, at the close of the last day of school, the teacher said:

"James! step this way."

James lost no time in obeying.

"This book," passing the Testament to him, "is yours. I think you have fairly earned it as the best scholar in school. I have no fault to find with any scholar; but your remarkable progress entitles you to the book."

The pupils were all satisfied; James was a happy boy, and his mother wept tears of joy.

From the time that James was permitted to be himself in school, his advancement was remarkable. Every teacher regarded him as a boy of uncommon talents, and every scholar was attracted to him as by magnetic influence. He read every book that he could beg or borrow; yet he was efficient to assist Thomas on the farm at six years of age. He went to school whenever there was a school; but that was only a few weeks in a year. He improved his evenings and leisure time at home, however, and all the books at hand were read over and over, until he was perfectly familiar with their contents. His mental appetite was always craving, nor was it ever gorged by excess of food. It appeared to be capable of appropriating and digesting all that the times and locality could furnish.

About this time the Garfield and Boynton children formed a kind of club for improvement in spelling. The spelling-book became the field of their exploits. They studied it enthusiastically, and drilled each other in its contents, as if they meant to master it. The result was great proficiency in spelling—all of them excelling their companions at school. The drill was of great advantage to them in spelling matches, when the winter school was going; especially to James, who became quite an enthusiast in that branch. He was the best speller in school, when more than half the pupils were older than he. Some of them said James could spell every word in the book correctly. Whether he could or not, in choosing sides for a spelling-match, James was sure to be the first one chosen.

V.

BOY FARMER.

At eight years of age, James had his daily labour to perform as steadily as Thomas. The latter went out to work among the neighbours, often imposing thereby quite a responsibility upon James, who looked after the stock and farm at home. He could chop wood, milk cows, shell corn, cultivate vegetables, and do many other things that farmers must do.

It was very great assistance to the family when Thomas could earn a little money by his labour. That money procured some indispensable articles, the absence of which was a real privation both to mother and children. They needed more money now than ever, because all must have shoes, and all must have books; and there were the teachers to pay, and occasional meetings at the school-house now were some expense. So that the earnings of Thomas just met a demand of the time, in which every member of the household shared.

"You are eight years old, my son, and Thomas is seventeen," said Mrs. Garfield to James. "Thomas was not eleven years old when your father died, and he had to take your father's place on the farm. You must be getting ready to take Thomas's place, for he will soon be of age, and then he will have to go out into the world to seek his fortune, and you will have to take care of the farm."

"I can do that," James answered.

"Not without learning how to do it," said his mother "'Practice makes perfect,' is an old and true proverb."

"I know that I can take care of the farm if Tom could," interrupted James, with some assurance.

"Yes, when you are as old as he," suggested his mother,

"That is what I mean—when I get to be as old as he was."

"I hope that some day you will do something better than farming," continued Mrs. Garfield.

"What is there better than farming?" James asked.

"It is better for some men to teach and preach. Wouldn't you like to teach school?"

"When I am old enough, I should."

"Well, it won't be long before you are old enough. If you are qualified, you can teach school when you are as old as Thomas is now."

"When I am seventeen?" James responded with some surprise. All of his teachers had been older than that, and he could scarcely see how he could do the same at seventeen.

"Yes, at seventeen or eighteen. Many young men teach school as early as that. But farming comes first in order, as we are situated."

"And it is time to get the cows now," remarked James, hurrying off for them, and terminating the conversation.

James was a self-reliant boy, just the one to take hold of farm work with tact and vigour. He scarcely knew what "*I can't*" meant. It was an expression that he never used. The phrase that he had just employed in reply to his mother "*I can do that*," was a common one with him. Once it put him into a laughable position. He was after hen's eggs in the barn, with his playmate Edwin Mapes. It was just about the time he was eight years old, perhaps a little older. Edwin found a pullet's egg, rather smaller than they usually discovered.

"Isn't that cunning?" said Edwin, holding up the egg.

"I can swaller that," was James's prompt answer.

"Whole?"

"Yes, whole."

"You can't do it."

"I *can* do it."

"I stump you to swaller it," continued Edwin, eager to see the experiment tried.

"Not much of a stump," responded James. "Here it goes;" and into his mouth the egg went, proving larger than

he anticipated, or else his throat was smaller, for it would not go down at his bidding.

"No use, Jim," exclaimed Edwin, laughing outright over his failure. "The egg is small, but it won't fit your throat."

"It's going down yet," said James, resolutely, and the second time the egg was thrust into his mouth.

"Shell and all, I s'pose," remarked Edwin. "S'pose it should stick in your crop, you'd be in a pretty fix."

"But it won't stick in my crop," replied James; "it's going down. I undertook to swaller it, and I'm goin' to."

The egg broke in his mouth when he almost unconsciously brought his teeth together, making a very disagreeable mush of shell and meat. It was altogether too much of a good thing, and proved rather of a nauseating dose. His stomach heaved, his face scowled, and Edwin roared; still James held to the egg, and made for the house as fast as his nimble limbs could take him, Edwin following after, to learn what next. Rushing into the house James seized a piece of bread, thrust it into his mouth, chewed it up with the dilapidated egg, and swallowed the whole together.

"There!" he exclaimed, "it's done."

He did what he said he would, excepting only that the egg did not find its way down the throat whole; and he felt like a conqueror. Edwin swayed to and fro with laughter; and, although forty years have elapsed since that day, it is not impossible for him to get up a laugh over it still. Mrs. Garfield looked on with curious interest, not comprehending the meaning of the affair until an explanation followed. Then she only smiled, and said, "Foolish boy!"

It was true, what she said. He was a "foolish boy" to undertake such a feat; "foolish," just as many promising boys are "foolish" at times. But the spirit of the lad appeared through the "foolish" act. Nevertheless, the "*I can*" element of his character rather dignified the performance. The more we think of it the more we are inclined to take back our endorsement of that word "foolish," because the act was an outcome of his self-reliance. When William Carey, the renowned missionary to India, was a boy, he possessed a daring, adventurous

spirit, that expressed itself in climbing trees and buildings, and in going where, and doing what, few boys would do because of the peril. One day he fell from the top of a tree, on which he perched like an owl, and broke one of his legs. He was confined to the house and bed several weeks; but the first thing he did on his recovery was to climb that identical tree to its very top, and seat himself on the bough from which he had fallen, to show that the feat was not impossible. There is no doubt that his mother called him "a foolish boy," to risk his limbs and life again on the tree; but his admirers have ever loved to rehearse the deed, as proof of the boy's invincible, reliant spirit. No one who reads of Carey's immense labours for the heathen, his fearlessness in great danger, his hair-breadth escapes from death, his tact and coolness in every emergency, can fail to see that his "foolish" act of climbing the tree was a good illustration of the maxim that "The boy is father of the man."

James was not egotistical or self-confident; these are no part of self-reliance. Nor was he proud; pride is no part of self-reliance. He was not conscious of having anything to be proud of. No boy was ever more simple-hearted and confiding in others than was he. He did not tell his mother that he could run the farm because he overrated his abilities; it was the honest expression of what he was willing to do, and what he thought he could do. It was the opposite of that inefficient, irresolute boyhood that exclaims, "I can't," when it ought to be ashamed to say it; and when a decided, hearty "I can," would prove a trumpet-call to duty, rallying all the powers to instant action. This was one thing that encouraged his mother to expect so much of him when he should become a man. On one occasion, after he began to labour on the farm, and quite a task was before him, she said to him:

"James, half the battle is in thinking you can do a thing. My father used to say, 'Where there's a will, there's a way;' repeating a proverb that is as old as the hills."

"What does that mean?" interrupted James, referring to the proverb.

"It means, that he who *wills* to do anything *will* do it.

That is, the boy who relies upon himself, and determines to perform a task in spite of difficulties, will accomplish his purpose. You can do that?" And his mother waited for a reply.

"I can," James answered, with emphasis.

"Depend upon yourself. Feel that you are equal to the work in hand, and it will be easily done. 'God helps those who help themselves,' it is said, and I believe it. He has helped me wonderfully since your father died. I scarcely knew which way to turn when he died; I scarcely saw how I could live here in the woods; and yet I could find no way to get out of them and live. But just as soon as I fell back upon God and myself, I took up the cross, and bore it easily. We have fared much better than I expected; and it is because I was made to feel that 'Where there's a will, there's a way.' God will bless all our efforts to do the best we can."

"What'll he do when we don't do the best we can?" inquired James.

"He will withhold his blessing; and that is the greatest calamity that could possibly happen to us. We can do nothing well without His blessing."

"I thought God only helped people to be *good*," remarked James, who was beginning to inquire within himself whether He helped farmers.

"God helps folks to be good in everything—good boys, good men, good workers, good thinkers, good farmers, good teachers, good everything. And without His help we can be good in nothing."

James drank in every word, and looked very much as if he believed that he and God could run the farm successfully. His mother continued:

"If you do one thing well you will do another well, and so on to the end. You will soon learn that your own efforts are necessary to accomplish anything, and so you will form the habit of depending upon yourself—the only way to make the most of yourself."

Such was the instruction that James received from the wisest of mothers, just when such lessons respecting self-reliance would do him the most good It was on this line

that he was started off in his boyhood, and he followed that line thereafter. He had no one to help him upward, and he had no desire to have anybody help him. Unlike boys who depend upon some rich father or uncle to give them "a good start," or upon superior advantages, he settled down upon the stubborn fact, that if anything was ever made out of him he must do it himself. Hard work was before him, and hard fare, and he expected nothing less. A statesman who rose from obscurity to eminence once said, "Whatever may be thought of my attainments, it must be conceded that I made as much out of the stuff put into my hands as was possible." That the germ of such an impulse must have taken root in James's 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 man, 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's 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 school. Sly looks and an occasional laugh satisfied the teacher, who was a sharp disciplinarian, that something unusual was going on, and he concluded that the wisest treatment would be to stop it at once.

"James and Henry!" he called out, loudly, "lay aside your books and go home, both of you."

A clap of thunder would not have startled them more. They looked at each other seriously, as if the result was entirely unexpected, and delayed for a moment.

"Don't dilly-dally," exclaimed the teacher; "both of you go home immediately."

"I will go," answered James. Henry said nothing; and both passed out. James made an express of his dexterous legs, shortening the distance from the school-house to home to about three or four minutes, and an equal time to return. Returning to school, he entered the room, puffing like an engine, and resumed his seat.

"James! did I not tell you to go home?" shouted the teacher, never dreaming that the boy had had time to obey the mandate.

"I have been home," answered James, not in the least disconcerted. He had obeyed his teacher promptly, though he took very good care that his mother did not see him when he reached the cabin.

"Been home?" responded the teacher, inquiringly, surprised that the boy had been home in so short a time.

"Yes, sir, I have been home," replied James; "you didn't tell me to *stay*."

"Well, you can *stay* here, now," answered the teacher, with a smile, thinking that was the best way to dispose of so good a joke. James remained, and was very careful not to be sent home again, lest the affair might not terminate so pleasantly. Henry sulked about the school-house for a while. and then went home and stayed the remainder of the day. That was the difference between the two boys. James saw the way out of the trouble at once, through the most literal obedience, and, believing that he was equal to the emergency, he started promptly the fulfil to command.