

rushed into his commander's quarters, and shook him until he awoke.

"What! back safe?" exclaimed Garfield, as soon as he recognized Jordan. "Have you seen Colonel Cranor?"

"Yes, colonel; he can't be mor'n two days ahind o' me, nohow."

"God bless you, Jordan! You have done us great service," said Garfield, warmly.

"I thank ye, Colonel," answered Jordan, his voice trembling; "that's more pay'n I expected."

He had returned safely; but the Providence which had so wonderfully guarded his way out seemed to leave him to find his own way back; for, as he expressed it: "The Lord He cared more for the dispatch nor He cared for me; and it was nat'ral He shu'd; 'cause my life only counts one, but the dispatch—it stood for all Kentucky."

The use of Jordan and Brown for scouts initiated Garfield into the condition of a successful "secret service." When he became chief of General Rosecrans' staff he organized a "secret service," which Rosecrans called "the eyes of the army;" and it was acknowledged to be the most complete and efficient scout system of the war.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, of October, 1865, contained a detailed account of Jordan's wonderful trip, and it closed by leaving the hero in some unknown graveyard—dead. But two years afterwards he turned up, and wrote to General Garfield that he was dead only on paper, and that he still had a life to give to his country.

We have seen that Garfield was a born leader among the companions of his youth, and that the magnetism of his personal presence inspired hearts around him with a kindred spirit. When he became a teacher, we have seen that he excelled other teachers in awakening the enthusiasm of his pupils, and leading them to pursue their studies, or a life-purpose, with singular devotion. It was equally so in the army. In the first victorious battle that he fought—that of Middle Creek—many incidents transpired to establish this fact.

Colonel Garfield had a hundred of his Hiram students in his command. As soon as he discovered where the main

rebel force lay he ordered the Hiram students to cross the rapid stream, and climb the ridge opposite, whence the rebel fire had been the hottest, his object being to bring on a battle. As if imitating their brave commander, who never seemed to heed danger, or to think of himself, the students responded with a cheer, and were soon up to their waists in the cold, wintry river. Once over, they started up the rocky ascent with a yell, clinging to the trees and underbrush to support themselves. When not more than half way up the ridge two thousand rebel rifles opened upon them; but on they went, and up, until the summit was reached, when suddenly the hill was alive with rebel soldiers, springing from ambush, and pouring a deadly fire into the little Spartan band. For an instant the students faltered, but the shout of their leader, Captain Williams, rallied them.

“Every man to a tree! Give them as good as they send, boys!”

The order was obeyed, and behind the huge oaks and maples the boys stood and fired, picking off the Confederates, one by one. As yet, not one of the Hiram boys has fallen. But the rebels charge upon them, and drive them down the hill, two of their number falling, one to rise no more. A Hiram boy turns to his wounded comrade to bear him away, when a rebel, within thirty feet, fires, and the bullet strikes a tree just above his head. The Hiram student takes deliberate aim, and sends that rebel to his account. But he cannot bear away his comrade, for the rebels are upon him. He joins his retreating companions just as the voice of the heroic Captain Williams is heard again, above the din of battle.

“To the trees again, my boys! We may as well die here as in Ohio!”

To the trees they go, and succeed in turning back the rebel advance, and driving them up the hill. Passing the wounded Hiram boy, a Confederate said to him,

“Boy, giv me yer musket.”

“Not the gun, but the contents,” shouted the brave fellow; and the Confederate fell dead at his feet.

Another rebel raised his weapon to brain the prostrate student, when the latter seized the dead rebel's gun, at his

feet, and shot him so quickly that the rebel scarcely knew what hurt him. One hour afterwards the boys had borne their bleeding hero to camp, where the surgeon proceeded to amputate his limb.

"Oh, what will mother do?" exclaimed the patriot, in the midst of his agony. His mother was poor, dependent upon her son for support. Two weeks later the story of Charles Carlton, of Franklin, Ohio, was told in the Ohio senate, and it aroused the State to lead off in framing statutes to aid the widows and mothers of its soldiers.

Colonel Garfield ordered five hundred soldiers forward to support the Hiram valiants. With a shout they plunged into the stream, holding their cartridge-boxes above their heads.

"Hurrah for Williams, and the Hiram boys!"

But four thousand muskets, and twelve pieces of artillery, concentrate a fearful fire upon them.

"This will never do," cried Garfield; "who will volunteer to carry the other mountain?"

"We will," answered Colonel Moore, of the Twenty-second Kentucky. "We know every inch of the ground."

"Go in, then, and give them Hail Columbia!" Garfield shouted.

And they did; a similar fight on the other ridge, the loyal troops behind trees, picking off the rebels whose heads peered above the rocks. Cooler men never served in war.

"Do you see that reb.?" said one comrade to another. "Hit him while I'm loading."

Another was raising his cartridge to his mouth when a rebel bullet cut away the powder, leaving the lead in his fingers. Shielding his arm with his body, he says, as he reloads,

"There, see if you can hit that?"

Another took out a piece of hard tack, and a ball cut it to pieces in his hand.

He coolly swallowed the remnant, and fired at his foe. One was brought down by a rebel bullet in his knee; but, with rifle still in hand, he watched for the man who shot him. The rebel's head soon appeared above the rock, and the two fired at the same moment. The loyal soldier was

hit fatally in the mouth. When his comrades were bearing him away, he spoke out,

"Never mind, that Secesh is done for."

When the Confederate was found, on the following day, the upper part of his head was shot away by the other's fatal charge.

So the battle raged, the loyal forces advancing, and then retreating, until the fate of the little union army seemed to hang in the balance, when Garfield, standing on a rock that was scarred by a thousand bullets, and from which he could take in the whole scene, with his head uncovered, and his hair streaming in the wind, his face upturned in earnest prayer for Sheldon and his forces (expected reinforcements), turned to his hundred men, held back as reserves, exclaiming, as he tossed his outer coat into a tree:

"Come on, boys! *we* must give them Hail Columbia!"

And they rushed to the succour of the forlorn hope, just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills; when, lo! a look to the northward revealed to Garfield the star-spangled banner waving among the trees! It was Sheldon and his reinforcements, just in season to turn the tide of battle. The rebel commander sounded "retreat!" but had scarcely given the order when six loyal bullets pierced his body, and he fell dead.

"God bless you, boys; you have saved Kentucky!" shouted Garfield to his troops, when they ceased pursuing the retreating Confederates.

We learned before that President Lincoln made Garfield brigadier-general for gallant service in this battle. The President was much depressed at the time of this victory, because of repeated disasters to our arms in the "Department of the East." A distinguished army officer was present with him when he received the news of this victory, and Mr. Lincoln said to the officer.

"Why did Garfield, in two weeks, do what would have taken one of your regular officers two months to accomplish?"

"Because he was not educated at West Point," replied the West Pointer, laughingly.

"No," answered Mr. Lincoln, "that was not the

reason. It was because, when he was a boy, he had to work for his living."

After the battle of Middle Creek, Garfield's soldiers were exhausted, and short of rations. The roads were well-nigh impassable, because of the deep mud, and the Big Sandy was swollen to a torrent, rendering the delivery of supplies difficult. Something must be done. Garfield proposed to go down the river to hurry up supplies, but the oldest boatmen refused, saying, "Impossible, it can't be done!"

Brown the scout, had returned, and Garfield opened the subject to him.

"What do you think of it, Brown? The boatmen say that it is sure death; what do you say? You and I know something about boating."

The scout's reply was characteristic. "It's which and t'other, General Jim; starvin' or drownin'. I'd rather drown nor starve. So, guv the word, and, dead or alive, I'll git down the river!"

"All right, Harry, we'll go!" And they sprang into a small skiff, and committed their lives to the raging torrent. It was a fearful sail, but they reached the mouth of the Big Sandy in safety; and here Garfield's experience on the canal boat served him well. There he found a small, rickety steamer, named "Sandy Valley," tied up at Catletsburg.

"I am under the necessity of taking possession of your steamer to carry supplies to my troops," Colonel Garfield said to the captain, who was a Secessionist, and who, of course, would have preferred that his troops should starve rather than to feed them.

"This craft can't stem such a current, no how; it'll be the death of us," the captain replied. There was some reason for his saying this, for the water in the channel was sixty feet deep, so swollen that trees along the banks were submerged nearly to their tops.

"Nevertheless, I must have this steamer, and I will assume the command;" and so saying, Garfield ordered the captain and crew on board, took his station at the helm, placed Brown at the bow, with a long fending pole, to keep one eye on the floating logs and uprooted trees, and the other

on the rebel captain. The steamer was loaded with provisions, and started up the river with Captain (not Colonel just now) Garfield in command. We learned in the course of our narrative that once he desired to command some sort of watercraft, and now his early hopes were realized.

When night came on, it was dark and tempestuous, and the captain said :

“The boat must be tied up to-night—can’t live in such a time; it is madness to keep on.”

“But I am captain of this steamer now,” responded Garfield; “keep to your duty, and I will keep to mine. We don’t tie up boats in such a crisis as this. Freshen the fires, men, and put on the steam,” And he kept the steamer on its way.

Finally, in turning a bend in the river, the steamer swept round and grounded on a bar of quicksand. The usual efforts were made to relieve her, but in vain. And now that tact and sound common sense for which we have seen that Garfield was distinguished from boyhood came to his rescue.

“Get a line to the opposite shore!” commanded Garfield, particularly addressing the sulky captain.

“A line to that shore!” shouted the rebel captain, in reply. “It’s death on any man that ’tempts it.”

“It can be done, and it *must* be done,” cried Garfield; and he leaped into the yawl, calling Brown to follow, and steered for the shore. The wild torrent swept them down the stream a short distance, but they rallied by almost superhuman strength, reached the shore, fastened the line, constructed a windlass, and, in a short time, the steamer was drawn from her bed in the mud, and was on her triumphant way up the stream. From Saturday until nine o’clock Monday morning Garfield stood at the wheel, night and day; and when he reached Paintsville his troops were reduced almost to their last cracker. His experience with rough men at the “Black-salters,” and on the canal, qualified him to deal with such a rebel as the captain of the “Sandy Valley.”

When the steamer drew up to the Union camp Garfield’s men were almost frantic with joy. They cheered and yelled,

and seized their brave commander, and would have borne him upon their shoulders to head-quarters had he not resolutely protested against it.

Brown, the scout, came to a melancholy end. General Garfield wrote about him, May 31, 1864, as follows:

“When we first met he recognized me as an old acquaintance on the Ohio canal. He at once took a sort of enthusiastic pride in me, and with a rough generous nature, was ready to make any personal sacrifices to aid me to success. He was not trusted by most of our people; indeed, many of them attempted to convince me that he was not only a rascal, but a rebel. I think he had an eye for a good horse, and did not always closely distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*; but my remembrance of him on the canal, together with a feeling that he loved me, made me trust him implicitly. I think he was never perfectly happy till he helped me to navigate the little steamer up the Big Sandy in the high water. Indeed, I could not have done that without his aid. He was about forty years old; a short, stocky, sailor-looking fellow, somewhat bloated with hard drinking; in short, he was a rare combination of good and bad qualities, with strong traits, a ruined man; and yet, underneath the ruins, a great deal of generous, self-sacrificing noble-heartedness, which made one deplore his fall, and yet like him. He went north, on some personal business, just before I left the Sandy Valley, and I received a dirty note from him, written from Buffalo, in which he said he should meet me somewhere in ‘the tide of battle,’ and fight by my side again; but I have not heard from him since.”

Another says:

“This was in 1864. Ten years afterward, as General Garfield was about to deliver an address at Cornell, a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder, and, turning about, he saw his ex-scout and old boat-companion. He was even a more perfect ruin than before—with bleared eyes, bloated face, and garments that were half tatters. He had come, he said, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, to that quiet place to die, and now he could die in peace, because he had seen his ‘gíneral.’”

“Garfield gave him money, and got him quarters among

some kind people, and left him, telling him to try to be a man; but, in any event, to let him know if he ever needed further help. A year or more passed, and no word came from Brown; but then the superintendent of the public hospital at Buffalo wrote to the general that a man was there very sick, who, in his delirium, talked of him, of the Ohio Canal, and of the Sandy Valley expedition. Garfield knew at once that it was Brown, and immediately forwarded funds to the hospital, asking that he should have every possible care and comfort. The letter which acknowledged the remittance announced that the poor fellow had died—died, muttering in his delirium, the name 'Jim Garfield.'

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

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

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

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

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

“Garfield is mounted on a magnificent horse, that knows his rider's bridle-hand as well he knows the route to his fodder. Putting spurs to his side, he leaps the fence into the cotton-field. The opposite fence is lined with grey blouses, and a single glance tells him that they are loading for another volley. He has been in tight places before, but this is the tightest. Putting his lips firmly together, he says to himself, ‘Now is your time; be a man, Jim Garfield!’ He speaks to his horse, and lays his left hand gently on the rein of the animal. The trained beast yields kindly to his touch; and, putting the rowels into his side, Garfield takes a zigzag course across the cotton-field. It is his only chance; he must tack from side to side, for he is a dead man if they get a steady aim at him.

“He is riding up an inclined plane of about four hundred yards, and if he can pass the crest, he is in safety. But the grey fellows can load and fire twice before he reaches the summit, and his death is a thing certain, unless Providence has more work for him to do on this footstool. Up the hill he goes, tacking, when another volley bellows from out the timber. His horse is struck—a flesh wound—but the noble animal only leaps forward the faster. Scattering bullets whiz by his head, but he is within a few feet of the summit. Another volley echoes along the hill when he is half over the crest, but in a moment more he is in safety. As he

tears down the slope, a small body of mounted blue-coats gallop forward to meet him. At their head is General Dan McCook, his face anxious and pallid. 'My God, Garfield!' he cries, 'I thought you were killed, certain. How you have escaped is a miracle.'

"Garfield's horse has been struck twice, but he is good yet for a score of miles; and at a breakneck pace they go forward, through ploughed fields and tangled forests, and over broken and rocky hills, for four weary miles, till they climb a wooded crest, and are within sight of Thomas. In a slight depression of the ground, with a group of officers about him, he stands in the open field, while over him sweeps the storm of shotted fire that falls in thick rain on the high foot-hill which Garfield is crossing. Shot and shell and canister plough up the ground all about Garfield; but in the midst of it he halts, and with uplifted right arm, and eyes full of tears, he shouts, as he catches sight of Thomas, 'There he is! God bless the old hero! he has saved the army!'

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

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

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

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

for returning them. He accordingly wrote a mandatory order to General Garfield, in whose command the slave was supposed to be hiding, telling him to hunt out and deliver over the property of the outraged citizen. I stated the case as fully as I could to General Garfield before handing him the order, but did not colour my statement in any way. He took the order, and deliberately wrote on it the following indorsement:

“‘I respectfully but positively decline to allow my command to search for or deliver up any fugitive slaves. I conceive that they are here for quite another purpose. The command is open, and no obstacles will be placed in the way of search.’

“‘I read the indorsement, and was frightened. I expected that, if returned, the result would be that the general would be court-martialed. I told him my fears. He simply replied: ‘The matter may as well be tested first as last. Right is right, and I do not propose to mince matters at all. My soldiers are here for other purposes, than hunting and returning fugitive slaves. My people, on the Western Reserve of Ohio, did not send my boys and myself down here to do that kind of business, and they will back me up in my action.’ He would not alter the indorsement, and the order was returned. Nothing ever came of the matter further.”

In the beginning of our story, we learned that one of Garfield's first teachers told him (patting him on the head), “You may make a general, if you learn well.” He did not understand the meaning of it at the time, but he knew all about it later. Nor is it difficult to understand how his early opportunities to study human nature, his ability to read character, his tact and experience in disciplining and drilling a large school, fitted him for a successful general.

His life in Congress abounds in thrilling incidents of moral courage, loyalty, and defence of right. “Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war.”

One of the first important measures that came up, after he entered Congress, was a Bounty Bill—offering men a sum of money, in addition to the regular army pay to become soldiers, instead of drafting and forcing them to serve.

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

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

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

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

"In one hundred days, three hundred and eighty thousand soldiers will be withdrawn from our army, by expiration of the time of their enlistment. Unless Congress shall authorize me to fill up the vacancy by draft, I shall be compelled to recall Sherman from Atlanta, and Grant from the Peninsula."

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

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

A draft-law for five hundred thousand men was reported

to the House, when Garfield made one of his most eloquent and patriotic speeches in its favour, carrying it by storm. Congress and the whole country soon came to feel that Garfield was right.

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

“But now, when tens of thousands of brave souls have gone up to God under the shadow of the flag; when thousands more, maimed and shattered in the contest, are sadly awaiting the deliverance of death; now, when three years of terrific warfare have raged over us; when our armies have pushed the rebellion back over mountains and rivers, and crowded it into narrow limits, until a wall of fire girds it; now, when the uplifted hand of a majestic people is about to hurl the bolts of its conquering power upon the rebellion; now, in the quiet of this hall, hatched in the lowest depths of a similar dark treason, there rises a Benedict Arnold, and proposes to surrender all up, body and spirit, the nation and the flag, its genius and its honour, now and for ever, to the accursed traitors to our country! And that proposition comes—God forgive and pity my beloved State!—it comes from a citizen of the time-honoured and loyal commonwealth of Ohio!

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

This single paragraph shows the spirit of this noble effort.

President Lincoln vetoed a bill, in 1864, providing for the organization of civil governments in Arkansas and

Louisiana, and appointed military governors. Many Republicans criticized him severely: among them Garfield. His constituents disapproved of his course, and resolved not to renominate him. The convention of his congressional district, the nineteenth of Ohio, met, and General Garfield was called upon for an explanation. When he went upon the platform the delegates expected to hear an apology from him; but, instead, he boldly defended his course, and that of Wade and Davis, who criticized the President sharply in the *New York Tribune*; and he gave his reasons for his action, adding,

“I have nothing whatever to retract, and I cannot change my honest convictions for the sake of a seat in Congress. I have great respect for the opinions of my constituents, but greater regard for my own conscience. If I can serve you as an independent representative, acting upon my own judgment and convictions, I would be glad to do so; but, if not, I do not want your nomination; I would prefer to be an independent private citizen.”

It was the coolest, plainest, most fearless speech, probably, that was ever made before a nominating convention in Ohio. Garfield withdrew from the hall as soon as he closed his speech. No sooner had he withdrawn, than a delegate arose, and said,

“Mr. President, the man who has the courage to face a convention like that deserves a nomination. I move that General Garfield be nominated by acclamation.”

The motion was carried so quickly, and by such a round of applause, that General Garfield heard it before he reached the hotel.

General Garfield prosecuted a European tour in the summer of 1868, for his health. On his return, he found his own congressional district running wild with the heresy of paying the national debt in greenbacks. The convention to nominate a congressional candidate was pending; and his constituents knew that he believed in paying the debt with honest money—gold. Friends told him that his renomination would be opposed on that ground. They proposed to give him a public reception, but charged him not to express his views on that subject in his speech; when called out, however,

he struck at once upon that exciting theme, referring to the information he had received concerning their desire to pay the national debt in greenbacks, and said:

"Much as I value your opinions, I here denounce this theory that has worked its way into this State, as dishonest, unwise, and unpatriotic; and if I were offered a nomination and election for my natural life, from this district, on this platform, I should spurn it. If you should ever raise the question of renominating me, let it be understood you can have my services only on the ground of the honest payment of this debt, and these bonds, in coin, according to the letter and spirit of the contract."

In the campaign of 1864, he went into Maryland to speak, on the invitation of Postmaster-General Cresswell. He spoke at Chestertown. Rebel sympathizers in the crowd threw rotten eggs at him. At once he interjected this fearless castigation into his speech:

"I have just come from fighting brave rebels at Chickamauga; I shall not flinch before cowardly rebels like you."

On the fourteenth day of April, 1865, President Lincoln was assassinated. The following morning New York city presented a scene of the most perilous excitement. Placards were pasted up in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, calling upon loyal citizens to meet around Wall Street Exchange, at eleven o'clock. Thousands came, armed with revolvers and knives, ready to avenge the death of the martyred President. Fifty thousand men gathered there, their blood boiling with the fires of patriotism.

There were few in the multitude who would not strike down the rebel sympathizer who should dare speak a word against Lincoln. One such remarked to another, "Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago." He was not suffered to repeat it. A portable gallows was carried through the crowd, lifted above their heads, the bearers muttering, "VENGEANCE!" as they went. The prospect was that the office of the *World*, a disloyal journal, and some prominent sympathizers with the rebellious South, would be swallowed in the raging sea of passion. The wave of popular indignation was swollen by the harangues of public speakers. [I

the midst of the terrible excitement, a telegram from Washington was read—"SEWARD IS DYING." For an instant, vengeance and death upon every paper and every man opposed to Lincoln seemed to move the mighty crowd. Possibly the scene of the French Revolution would have been reproduced in the streets of New York, had not a man of commanding figure, bearing a small flag in his hand, stepped forward and beckoned to the excited throng.

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

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

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

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

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

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

habits, and application of his youth contributed to his marvellous success.

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

In scholarship and familiarity with general literature Garfield stood without a peer in Congress. Mr. Townsend said of him: "Since John Quincy Adams, no President has had Garfield's scholarship, which is equally up to this age of wider facts." A Washington writer says: "Few public men in this city keep up literary studies. General Garfield is one of the few." Another says, "Garfield is a man of infinite resources. He is one of the half-dozen men in Congress who reads books." President Hinsdale says, "He has great power of logical analysis, and stands with the first in power of rhetorical exposition. He has the instincts and habits of a scholar. As a student, he loves to roam in every field of knowledge. He delights in creations of the imagination, poetry, fiction, and art; loves the abstract things of philosophy: takes a keen interest in scientific research; gathers into his capacious store-house the facts of history and politics, and throws over the whole the life and power of his own originality. . . . No public man of the last ten years has more won upon our scholars, scientists, men of letters, and the cultivated classes generally. . . . His moral character is the fit crown of his physical and intellectual nature. His mind is pure, his heart kind, his nature and habits simple, his generosity unbounded. An old friend told me the other day, "I have never found anything to compare with Garfield's heart."

Smalley, one of his biographers, says:—

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

a solid sheaf of argument. At times he seems to lift his audience up and shake it with strong emotion, so powerful is his eloquence.

We close our narrative with a collection of his original sentiments and maxims, from his numerous public addresses, just the thoughts for every youth of the land to ponder:—

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

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

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

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

“A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck.”

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

“Nothing is more uncertain than the result of any one throw; few things more certain than the result of many throws.”

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

“Every character is the joint product of nature and nurture.”

“Not a man of iron, but of live oak.”

“It is no honour or profit merely to appear in the arena. The wreath is for those who contend.”

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

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

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

"Present evils always seem greater than those that never come."

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

"Poets may be born, but success is made."

"Growth is better than permanence, and permanent growth is better than all."

"The principles of ethics have not changed by the lapse of years."

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

"The possession of great powers no doubt carries with it a contempt for mere external show."

"That man will be a benefactor of his race who shall teach us how to manage rightly the first years of a child's education."

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

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

"What the art are to the world of matter, literature is to the world of mind."

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

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

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

"After all, territory is but the body of a nation. The people who inhabit its hills and its valleys are its soul, its spirit, its life."

"Come down the glorious steps of our banner. Every great record we have made has been vindicated with our blood and with our truth. It sweeps the ground, and it touches the stars."

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

“The flowers that bloom over the garden wall of party politics are the sweetest and most fragrant that bloom in the garden of the world.”

“It was not one man who killed Abraham Lincoln ; it was the embodied spirit of treason and slavery, inspired with fearful and despairing hate, that struck him down in the moment of the nation's supremest joy.”

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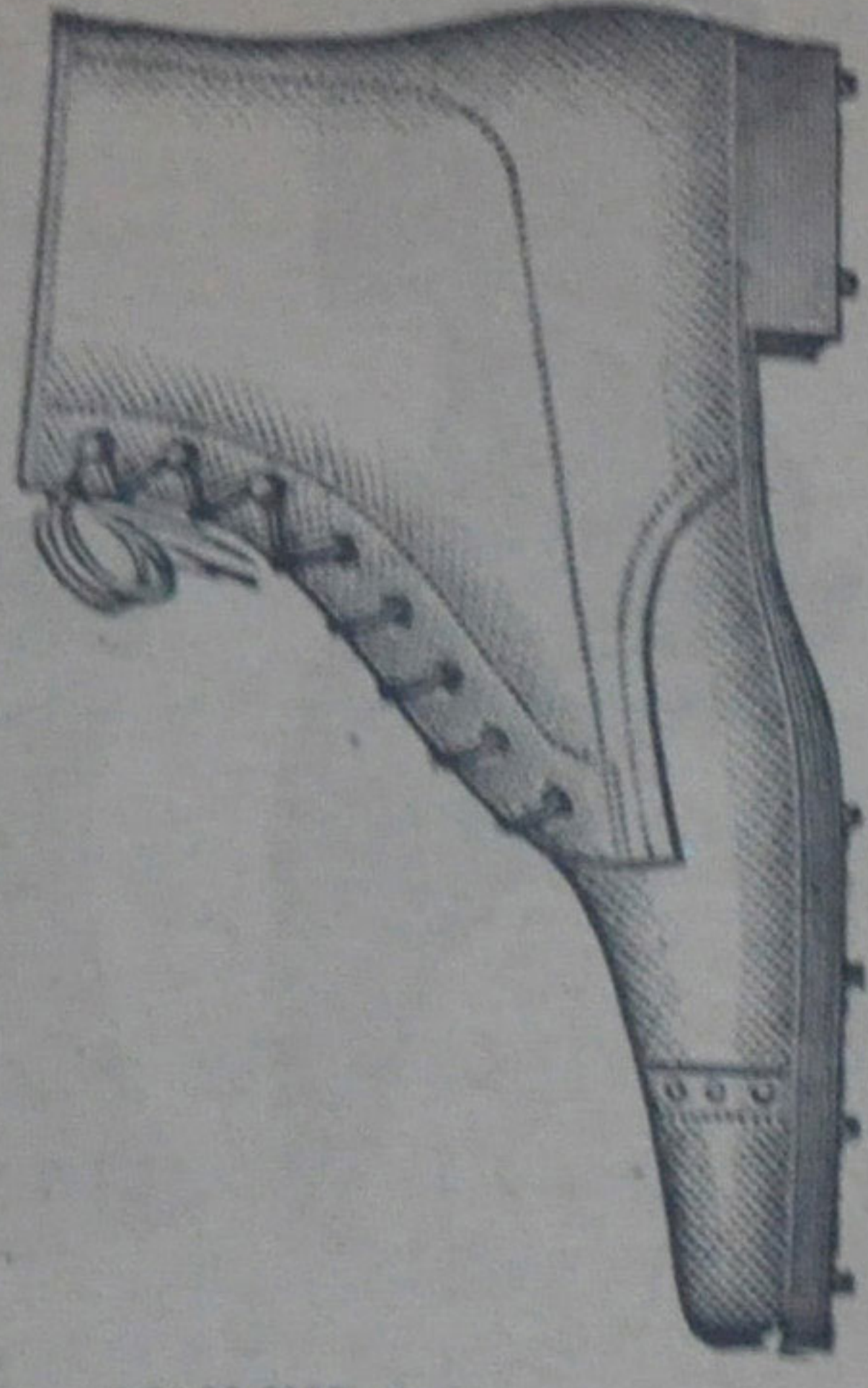
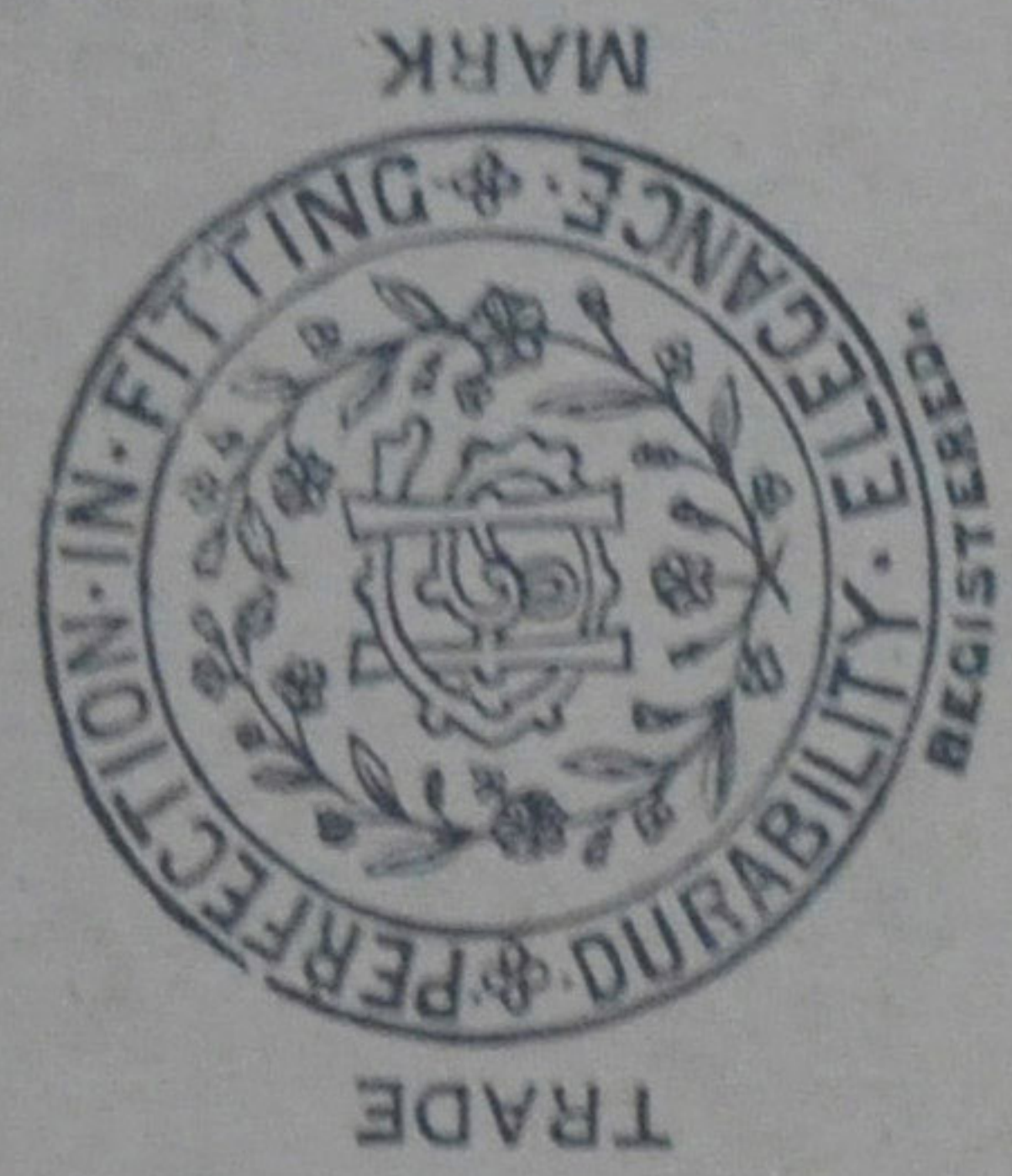
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