

bring them into subjection. How do you feel about it yourself?"

"I would prefer to teach where the scholars are not acquainted with me," replied James.

"That might make a difference with some teachers, James; but the boys have nothing against you. Perhaps they will behave better because they know you so well. I think they respect you, and that will be a great help."

"Then you think I had better teach the school?" remarked James, understanding the drift of his uncle's remarks to mean that.

"On the whole, I am inclined to think you had better teach the school."

"If I had an opportunity to teach a better school, you would not advise me to take the one at the Ledge: I understand you to mean this."

"About that," his uncle answered. Pausing a few moments, as if to reflect upon the matter, he continued:

"It is just here, James; you will begin that school as 'Jim Garfield;' now, if you can leave it, at the close of the term, as Mr. Garfield, your reputation as a teacher will be established, and you will do more good than you can in any other school in Ohio."

Uncle Amos was a very wise man, and James knew it. His opinion upon all subjects was a kind of rule to be followed in the Garfield family. In this case his counsel was wise as possible; its wisdom appeared in every word.

"I shall take the school," said James, decidedly, as he rose to go.

"I think it will prove the best decision," added his uncle.

The committee-man was notified according to agreement, and within two days it was noised over the district that "Jim Garfield" would teach the winter school. At first, remarks were freely bandied about, pro and con., and the boys, and girls too, expressed themselves very decidedly upon the subject, one way or the other. Before school commenced, however, the general opinion of the district, parents and pupils, was about as one of the large boys expressed it:

"Me like Jim: he's a good feller, and he knows more'n

all the teachers we ever had. I guess we better mind. He can lick us easy 'nuf if we don't; and he'll do it."

This hopeful schoolboy understood that the committeeman had instructed James to keep order and command obedience, "if he had to lick every scholar in school a dozen times over."

It was now under these circumstances that James entered upon his new vocation. He dreaded the undertaking far more than he confessed; and when he left home, on the morning his school began, he remarked to his mother:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

His Sabbaths were spent at home with his mother during the winter. The Disciples' meeting had become a fixed institution, so that he attended divine worship every Sabbath. A preacher was officiating at the time in whom James became particularly interested. He was a very earnest preacher, a devout Christian, and a man of strong native abilities. He possessed a tact for "putting things," as men call it, and made his points sharply and forcibly. He was just suited to interest a youth like James, and his preaching made a deep impression upon him. From week to week that impression deepened, until he resolved to become a Christian at once; and he did. Before the close of his school he gave good evidence that he had become a true child of God. And now his mother's cup of joy was overflowing. She saw distinctly the way in which God had led him, and her gratitude was unbounded. James saw, too, how it was that his mother's prophecy was fulfilled; "Providence has something better in store for you."

The verdict of parents and pupils at the close of the term was: "THE BEST TEACHER WE EVER HAD." So

James parted with his scholars, sharing their confidence and esteem; and his uncle Amos was satisfied, because he left the school as MR. GARFIELD.

He returned to Geauga Seminary, not to board himself, but to board with Mr. Woodworth, the carpenter, according to previous arrangement. Mr. Woodworth boarded him for one dollar six cents per week, including his washing, and took his pay in labour. It was an excellent opportunity for James, as well as for the carpenter. His chief labour in the shop was planing boards. On the first Saturday after his return he planed fifty-one boards, at two cents apiece; thus earning on that day one dollar and two cents, nearly enough to pay a week's board.

We shall pass over the details of his schooling that year, to his schoolkeeping at Warrensville the following winter, where he was paid sixteen dollars a month and board. It was a larger and more advanced school than the one of the previous winter, in a pleasanter neighbourhood, and a more convenient school-house. We shall stop to relate but two incidents connected with his winter's work, except to say that his success was complete.

One of the more advanced scholars wanted to study geometry, and James had given no attention to it. He did not wish to let the scholar know that he had never studied it, for he knew full well that he could keep in advance of his pupil, and teach him as he desired. So he purchased a text-book, studied geometry at night, sometimes extending his studies far into the night, and carried his pupil through, without the latter dreaming that his teacher was not an expert in the science. James considered this a clear gain; for he would not have mastered geometry that winter but for this necessity laid upon him. It left him more time in school for other studies.

This fact is a good illustration of what James said after he had entered on public life, viz.: "A young man should be equal to more than the task before him; he should possess reserved power." He had not pursued geometry, but he was equal to it in the emergency. His reserved force carried him triumphantly over a hard place.

One day he fell when engaged in outdoor sports with his

big boys, the result of which was a large rent in his pantaloons. They were well worn, and so thin that it did not require much of a pressure to push one of his knees through them. He pinned up the rent as well as he could, and went to his boarding place, after school, with a countenance looking almost as forlorn as his trousers. He was boarding with a Mrs. Stiles at the time, a motherly kind of a woman, possessing considerable sharpness of intellect.

"See what a plight I am in, Mrs. Stiles," showing the rent in his pants.

"I see; how did you do that?" said Mrs. Stiles.

"Blundering about, as usual," James replied. "I hardly know what I shall do."

"What! so scared at a rent," the good lady exclaimed; "that's nothing."

"It is a good deal, when it is all the pantaloons a fellow has," answered James. "That is all the suit I possess in the world, poor as it is."

"It's good enough, and there's enough of it as long as it lasts," replied the good woman; "make the best of things."

"I think I could make the best of an extra suit," responded James. "but this making the best of a single suit, and a flimsy one at that, is asking too much." He said this humorously.

"Well," continued Mrs. Stiles, "I can darn that rent so that it will be just as good as new, if not better. That's easy enough done."

"On me?" asked James, in his innocence.

"Mercy, no! When you go to bed one of the boys will bring down your trousers, and I'll mend them. In the morning no one will know that you met with an accident. You musn't let such small matters trouble you. You'll forget all about them when you become President."

James's wardrobe was not much more elaborate at this time than it was when he began attending school at Chester. He had no overcoat nor underclothing, preferring to expose his body to the cold rather than rob his mind of knowledge.

At the close of his school in Warrensville James returned home, where an unexpected change in his programme awaited him.

## XVIII.

## THIRD YEAR AT SCHOOL.

JAMES spent three years at Geauga Seminary, including school-keeping in winter. It was during his last term there that he met a young man who was a graduate of a New England college. James had never thought of extending his education so far as a college course. He scarcely thought it was possible, in his extreme poverty, to do it.

"You can do it," said the graduate. "Several students did it when I was in college. I did it, in part, myself."

"How could I do it?" inquired James.

"In the first place," answered the graduate, "there is a fund in most of the New England colleges, perhaps in all of them, the income of which goes to aid indigent students. It is small, to be sure, but then every little helps when one is in a tight place. Then there is a great call for school-teachers in the winter, and college students are sought after."

"How much is the annual expense, to an economical student?"

"It varies somewhat in different colleges, though two hundred dollars a year, not including apparel, could be made to cover the running yearly expenses, I think. A young man would be obliged to be very saving in order to do it."

"I am used to that," added James. "They say that 'necessity is the mother of invention,' and I have invented a good many ways of living cheaply."

"I have known students to obtain jobs of work in term time—those who know how to do certain work," continued the graduate. "I knew a student who took care of a man's garden two summers, for which he received liberal pay. I knew one who taught a gentleman's son in the

place an hour or so every day, for which he was paid well. The boy was in delicate health, not able to enter a school for hard study. I have known students to get jobs of the faculty, about the college buildings. I knew one student who sawed wood for his fellow-students in the fall and winter terms, and he was one of the best scholars in his class. He was very popular, too, and was honoured for his perseverance in acquiring an education. I think that he must have paid half his bills by sawing wood."

James began to see further than he did. In his imagination he began to picture a college building at the end of his career. It was further off than he had intended to go in the way of study, but the way before him seemed to open up to it. What he supposed was impossible now appeared among possibilities.

"What is the shortest time that it would require me to prepare and get through college?" James asked further.

"The necessary time is four years in preparation, and four years in college," the graduate answered. "Some students shorten the preparatory course, and enter college one year in advance."

"I should have to *lengthen* it in order to earn the money to pay my way," responded James. "I would be willing to undertake it, if I could get through in twelve years, and pay all my bills."

"You can get through in less time than that, I know. I forgot to tell you that students sometimes enter college with money enough to carry them through the first two years; then they stay out a year and teach an academy or high school, for which they receive a sufficient remuneration to carry them through the remainder of the course. It is a better plan, I think, than to teach a district school each winter; it don't interfere so much with the studies of the college, and it is easier for the student. Then I have known several students who borrowed the money of friends to pay their bills, relying upon teaching, after getting through college, to liquidate the debt. By waiting until their college course was completed they obtained a more eligible situation, at a higher salary, than would have been possible before."

"Well, I have no friends having money to loan," remarked James. "I shall have to content myself with working my own way by earning all my money as I go along; and I am willing to do it. I had never thought it possible for me to go to college; but now I believe that I shall try it."

"I hope you will," answered the graduate, who had learned of James's ability, and who had seen enough of him to form a high opinion of his talents. "You will never regret the step, I am sure. You get something in a college education that you can never lose, and it will always be a passport into the best society."

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

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

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

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

"One secret of his power is, that he is wholly unconscious of it," answered the member of the faculty addressed. "It seems to me he is the most eminent example of that I ever knew. He appears to lose all thought of himself in the



subject before him. He is not a bold young man at all; he is modest as any student in the academy, and yet, in speaking, he seems to be so absorbed in his theme that fear is banished. He will make a power in the pulpit, if present appearances foreshadow the future."

"It cannot be otherwise," responded Mr. Branch, "if cause and effect follow each other. He develops very rapidly indeed. I wish it were possible for him to have a college education."

All seemed to take it for granted that James would be a preacher, although he had not signified to any one that he intended to be. He had given no thought to that particular subject. He was too much absorbed in his studies, too much in love with them, to settle that question. But his interest in religious things, and his ability as a speaker, alone led them to this conclusion. The same feeling existed among the pupils.

"Jim will be a minister now," remarked one of his companions to Henry.

"Perhaps so," was Henry's only reply.

"He will make a good one, sure," chimed in a third. "By the time he gets into the pulpit, he will astonish the natives."

"That will be ten years from now," said the first speaker

"Not so long as that," rejoined Henry. "Five or six years is long enough."

"He won't wear trousers of Kentucky jean then," added the second speaker, in a jocose manner.

"He won't care whether he does or not," remarked Henry. "He would wear Kentucky jean just as quick as broadcloth; such things are wholly unimportant in his estimation."

So the matter of his becoming a preacher was discussed, all appearing to think that he was destined to become a pulpit orator. Doubtless some thought it was the only profession he would be qualified to fill.

During the summer vacation of his last year at Geauga Seminary, in connection with a schoolmate, he sought work among the farmers in the vicinity. He found no difficulty

in securing jobs to suit his most sanguine expectations. An amusing incident occurred with one of the farmers to whom he applied for work.

“What do you know about work?” inquired the farmer, surveying them from head to foot, and seeming to question their fitness for his farm.

“We have worked at farming,” answered James, modestly.

“Can you mow?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Can you mow *well*?” emphasizing the last word.

“You can tell by trying us,” answered James, not wishing to praise his own ability at labour.

“What wages do you want?”

“Just what you think is right.”

“Well, that is fair; where did you come from?”

James enlightened him on the subject, and informed him, also, that they were trying to get an education.

“You are plucky boys,” the farmer added; “I think you may go to work.”

He conducted them to the hay-field, where they were provided with scythes, remarking to the three men already mowing, “Here are two boys who will help you.”

James exchanged glances with his companion, and the initiated might have discovered in their mutual smiles an inkling of what was coming. Their glances at each other said, as plainly as words, “Let us beat these fellows, though we are *boys*.” James thought that the farmer emphasized the word *boys* more than was justifiable.

The boys had mowed an hour, the farmer being an interested witness, when the latter cried out to the three men:

“See here, you lubbers; those *boys* are beatin’ you all holler. Their swaths are wider, and they mow better than you do. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves.”

The men made no reply, but bent their energies to work more resolutely. The boys, too, were silent, although they enjoyed the praise of their employer very much. They comprehended the situation fully, and their labours were

pushed accordingly. One day, while at work with the men, one of them said to James:

"Yer are school-boys, I understand."

"Yes, we are," answered James.

"Where'd yer larn to farm it?"

"At home, and all about. We've had to earn our living," was the reply of James.

"Yer are no worse for that; it won't damage your larnin'."

"I expect not; I should say good-bye to the scythe if I thought so," replied James. "If there had been no work, there would have been no education for me."

"What yer goin' to make—a preacher?"

"That is an unsolved problem," answered James, in a playful way. "I have undertaken to make a man of myself first. If I succeed, I may make something else afterwards; if I don't succeed, I shall not be fit for much, any way."

"Yer in a fair way to succeed, I guess," responded the labourer, who seemed to have the idea, in common with other people, that James was aiming to be a minister.

When the day of settlement with the boys came, the farmer said:

"Now, boys, what must I pay you?"

"What you think is right," replied James, at the same time thinking that the farmer's emphasis of the word *boys* indicated boys' pay.

"I s'pose you don't expect men's wages; you are only boys."

"If boys do men's work, what's the difference?"

"Well, you see, boys never have so much as men; there's a price for boys, and there's a price for men. Some boys will do more work than others, but the best of them only have boys' pay."

"But you told the men that we mowed wider swaths, and mowed better than they, and beat them. Now, admit that we are boys, if we have done men's work, why should we not have their pay? I told you at first to pay us what was right, and I say so now; and if we have worked as well as your men, or better, is it not *right* that we should have their pay?"

James's plea was a strong one, and the farmer felt its force. There was but one honourable course out of the difficulty, and that was to pay the boys just what he did the men.

"Well, boys, I can't in justice deny that you did as much work as the men," he said, "and so I'll pay you men's wages; but you are the first boys I ever paid such wages to."

"I hope we are not the last ones," added James, who was never in a strait for a reply.

The farmer paid them full wages, and parted with them in good feeling, wishing them success in their struggles for an education, and saying to James:

"If, one of these days, you preach as well as you mow, I shall want to hear you."

When they left the farmer, James remarked to his companion:

"Everybody seems to think that I am going to be a preacher; why is it?" He was so unconscious of his abilities for that profession that he was actually puzzled to know why it was.

"I suppose it is because they think you are better qualified for that than any other calling," his companion replied. "I never heard you say what profession you should choose."

"No, I don't think you have; nor any one else. When the time comes I shall choose for the best. I should like to be a preacher, and I should like to be a teacher. I don't know but I should like to be a lawyer. I shouldn't want to be a doctor."

James stated the matter here just about as it was at that time. He was going to make the most of himself possible, in the first place—a very sensible idea for a youth—and then devote himself to the manifest line of duty.

At this time the anti-slavery contest ran high throughout the country. In Ohio its friends were as zealous and fearless as they were anywhere in the country. The question of the abolition of slavery was discussed, not only in pulpits and on public rostrums, but in village and school lyceums. It was discussed in the Debating Society of the Seminary.

“OUGHT SLAVERY TO BE ABOLISHED IN THIS REPUBLIC?” This was a question that drew out James in one of his best efforts. From the time his attention was drawn to the subject, he was a thorough hater of slavery. It was such a monstrous wrong that he had no patience with it.

“A disgrace to the nation,” he said. “People fighting to be free, and then reducing others to a worse slavery than that which they fought! It is a burning shame!”

“The founders of the government didn’t think so,” answered the schoolmate addressed. “If they had thought so, they would have made no provision for it.”

“So much more the shame,” replied James. “The very men who fought to break the British yoke of bondage legalized a worse bondage to others! That is what makes my blood boil. I can’t understand how men of intelligence and honour could do what is so inconsistent and inhuman.”

“Slavery wouldn’t stand much of a show where you are, I judge,” added his schoolmate. “You would sweep it away without discussing the question whether *immediate* emancipation is safe or not.”

“Safe!” exclaimed James, in a tone of supreme contempt, “it is always *safe* to do right, and it is never safe to do wrong, especially to perpetrate such a monstrous wrong as to buy and sell men.”

It was this inborn and inbred hostility to human bondage that James carried into the discussion of the question named, in their school lyceum. He prepared himself for the debate with more than usual carefulness. He read whatever he could find upon the subject, and he taxed his active brain to the utmost in forging arguments against the crime.

Companions and friends had been surprised and interested before by his ability in debate; but on this occasion he discussed his favourite theme with larger freedom and more eloquence than ever. There was a manly and exhaustive treatment of the question, such as he had not evinced before. It enlisted his sympathies and honest convictions as no previous question had done; so that his fervour and energy were greater than ever, holding the audience in rapt and delighted attention.

Commenting upon his effort afterwards, one of his school-mates said to a number of his companions present :

“ We’ll send Jim to Congress one of these days.” James was present, and the remark was intended both for sport and praise.

“ I don’t want you should send me until I have graduated at Geauga Academy,” retorted James, disposed to treat the matter playfully.

“ We’ll let you do that; but we can begin the campaign now, and set the wires for pulling by-and-by,” replied the first speaker. “ I’ll stump the District for you, Jim, and charge only my expenses.”

“ And who will you charge your expenses to ? ” inquired James.

“ To the candidate, of course, Hon. James A. Garfield,” the schoolmate answered, with a laugh, in which the whole company joined, not excepting James. The incident illustrates the place that James held in the opinions of his school-fellows. Not the immature opinions of partial friends, but the well-considered and honest estimate of faculty and pupils.

In the fall term of that year there came to the school a young lady by the name of Lucretia Rudolph, a modest, unpretentious, talented girl. James soon discovered that she was a young lady of unusual worth and intellectual ability. He was not much inclined to the company of school-girls; he was too bashful to make much of a display in that line. He was not very companionable in their society, for he was not at home there. But he was unconsciously drawn to this new and pretty pupil, Miss Lucretia Rudolph. First, her modest, lady-like demeanour attracted his attention. There was a grace in her movements, and evidence of intellectual strength in her conversation. Her recitations were perfect, showing industry and scholarship. These things impressed James sensibly. No female student had attracted his attention at all before. Nor was there any such thing as falling in love with her on his part. He regarded her with more favour than he had ever regarded a young lady in school; and it was her worth and scholarship that drew him. They were intimate, mutually

polite, helpers of each other in study, real friends in all the relations of schoolmates. Further than that, neither of them had thoughts about each other. They associated together, and parted at the close of the term with no expectation, perhaps, of renewing their acquaintance again. We speak of the matter here, because the two will meet again elsewhere.

James made rapid progress in Latin after he decided to go to college. It was the study that occupied his odd moments especially. Every spare hour that he could snatch was devoted to this. The following winter he taught school, and Latin received much of his attention in evening hours. He enjoyed the study of it, and, at the same time, was stimulated by the consideration that it was required in a college course of study.

Late in the autumn James met with a young man who was connected with the Eclectic Institute, a new institution just established in Hiram, Portage County, Ohio. James knew that such an institution had been opened, and that was all; of its scope and character he was ignorant.

"You can fit for college there," he said to James; "there is no better place in the country for that business. The school opened with over one hundred scholars, and the number is rapidly increasing."

"Any fitting for college there now?" James inquired.

"Yes, several; I am one of them."

"How far along are you?"

"Only just begun. I have to work my own way, so that it will be slow."

"That is the case with me. So far I have had but eleven dollars from my friends, and I have more than returned that amount to them."

"A fellow can do it if he only has grit enough."

"How expensive is the school?"

"Not more expensive than Geauga Seminary. It is designed to give a chance to the poorest boy or girl to get an academical education. Besides, it is conducted under the auspices of the Disciples, and the teachers belong to that sect."

"I belong to the Disciples' Church," said James.

“So do I. That would not take me there, however, if it was not a good school. I think it is one of the best schools to be found.”

“The teachers are well qualified, are they?”

“They are the very best of teachers; no better in any school.”

“I am glad that you have called my attention to the school,” added James; “I think I shall go there next year.”

Here was the second casual meeting with a person, in a single term, that had much to do with the future career of James. His mother would have called it PROVIDENTIAL. Meeting with one of them led to his decision to go to college; meeting with the other carried him to the Hiram Eclectic Institute.

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

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

Returning home, he found his mother making prepara-



tions to visit relatives in Muskingum County, eighteen miles from Zanesville.

"You must go, James; I have made all my arrangements for you to go with me," said his mother.

"How long will you be gone?"

"All the spring, and into the summer, perhaps."

"I had concluded to go to the Eclectic institute, at Hiram, when the spring term opens."

"You have? Why do you go there?"

"To prepare for college."

"Do you expect you can work your way through college?"

"I expect I can, or I should not undertake it." And James then rehearsed the circumstances under which he decided to go to college, if possible, and to take a preparatory course at Hiram.

"I shall be glad, James, to have you accomplish your purpose," remarked his mother, after listening to his rehearsal, in which she was deeply interested. "I think, however, that you had better go with me, and enter the Eclectic Institute at the opening of the fall term."

"It will be wasting a good deal of time, it seems to me," said James.

"I don't mean that you shall go there to idle away your time. Take your books along with you. You can find *work* there, too, I have no doubt. Perhaps you can find a school there to teach."

"Well, if I can be earning something to help me along, perhaps I had better go. It will give me an opportunity to see more of the world——"

"And some of your relations, also," interrupted the mother.

It was settled that James should accompany his mother on her visit; and they started as soon as they could get ready. The journey took them to Cleveland first, where James was sensibly reminded of his encounter with the drunken captain, and his providential connection with the canal boat. The Cleveland and Columbus railroad had just been opened, and James and his mother took their first ride in the cars on that day. James had not seen a railroad

before, and it was one of the new things under the sun, that proved a real stimulus to his thoughts. He beheld in it a signal triumph of skill and enterprise.

The State capitol had been erected at Columbus, and the legislature was in session. It was a grand spectacle to James. He had scarcely formed any idea of the building, so that the view of it surprised him. He visited the legislature in session, and received his first impressions of the law-making power. It was a great treat to him, and the impressions of that day were never obliterated.

From Columbus they proceeded by stage to Zanesville. On their way James remarked:

"I never should have made an objection to this trip, if I had expected to see the capitol, or the legislature in session. That alone is equal to a month's schooling to me. It has given me an idea about public affairs that I never had before."

"It is fortunate that you came," replied Mrs. Garfield. "It does boys who *think* much good to see things which set them to *thinking*."

"I guess that is so," replied James, with a roguish smile, as if he thought his mother had exerted herself to compliment him. "*Thinking* is needed in this world about as much as anything."

"*Right thinking*," suggested his mother.

"Mr. Branch says a young man had better think erroneously than not think at all," responded James.

"I don't think I should agree with Mr. Branch. It is safer not to think than to think wrong," said Mrs. Garfield.

"I suppose that Mr. Branch meant to rebuke dull scholars, who never think for themselves, and take every assertion of the books as correct, without asking *why*," added James.

James and his mother thus discussed the scenes and the times on their way to Zanesville, enjoying the change and the scenery very much. From the latter place they floated down the Muskingum river, in a skiff, to their destination, eighteen miles distant. Here they found their relatives the more rejoiced to see them because their visit was unexpected.

As soon as they were fairly settled among their relations, within four or five days after their arrival, James began to cast about for something to do.

"Perhaps you can get a school to keep over in Harrison, four miles from here," said his aunt. "I heard they were looking after a teacher."

"Who shall I go to there to find out?" inquired James.

"I can't tell you, but your uncle can, when he gets home."

James learned to whom application should be made, and posted away immediately, and secured the school, at twelve dollars a month, for three months.

"You are fortunate," said his mother, on hearing his report. "You will be contented to stay now until I get ready to go home. What kind of a school-house have they?"

"A log-house; not much of an affair."

"How large is the school?"

"About thirty; enough to crowd the building full."

"When do you begin?"

"Next Monday."

"Board round, I suppose?"

"Yes; and some of the families are between two and three miles away."

James commenced his school under favourable auspices, so far as his relations to the pupils was concerned. The conveniences for a school were meagre, and the parents were indifferent to the real wants of their children. Most of them failed to appreciate schooling. It was quite cold weather when the school opened, and there was no fuel provided. Near by the school-house, however, there was coal, in a bank, and James proposed to his pupils to dig fuel therefrom: and, in this way, their fire was run until it became so warm that fire was not needed.

The pupils were not so far advanced as the pupils at Warrensville, but not so rough as those at the Ledge. The neighbourhood was not so far advanced in the arts of civilisation as the region with which James had been familiar. Yet, he enjoyed school-keeping there; and his connection with the families was pleasant. At the close of the term he re.

ceived many expressions of affection and confidence from the pupils, and separated from them with the best of feeling.

Mrs. Garfield was ready to return to Orange at the close of the school: nor was James sorry to start on the journey home. After an absence of over three months, James found himself at the homestead with more money than he had when he left.



## XIX.

## THE ECLECTIC INSTITUTE.

SEVERAL weeks would intervene before the commencement of the term at Hiram; and James looked about for work that he might add to his funds for an education. He was planning now to lay up money to assist himself through college. He found jobs to occupy his time fully until he would leave to enter the Eclectic Institute.

It was the last of August, 1851, when James reached Hiram. The board of trustees was in session. Proceeding directly to the institution, he accosted the janitor.

"I want to see the principal of the institute," he said.

"He is engaged with the board of trustees, who are in session now," replied the janitor.

"Can I see him, or them?"

"Probably; I will see." And the janitor went directly to the room of the trustees, and announced:

"A young man at the door, who is desirous to see the board at once."

"Let him come in," answered the chairman.

James addressed himself politely, though, perhaps, awkwardly.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am anxious to get an education, and have come here to see what I can do."

"Well, this is a good place to obtain an education," answered the chairman, without waiting for James to proceed further. "Where are you from?"

"From Orange. My name is James Abram Garfield. I have no father; he died when I was an infant. My mother is widow Eliza Garfield."

"And you want what education this institution can furnish?"

"Yes, sir, provided I can work my way."

"Then you are poor?"

"Yes, sir; but I can work my way. I thought, perhaps, that I could have the chance to ring the bell, and sweep the floors, to pay part of my bills."

"How much have you been to school?"

"I have attended Geauga Seminary three years, teaching school in the winter."

"Ah! then you are quite advanced?"

"No, not very far advanced. I have commenced Latin and Greek."

"Then you think of going to college?"

"That is what I am trying for."

"I think we had better try this young man," said one of the trustees, addressing the chairman. He was much impressed by the earnestness and intelligence of the applicant, and was in favour of rendering him all the aid possible.

"Yes," answered the chairman; "he has started out upon a noble work, and we must help him all we can."

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

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

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

Hiram was a small, out-of-the-way town, twelve miles from the railroad, the "centre" being at a cross-roads, with two churches and half-a-dozen other buildings. The institution was located there to accommodate the sons and daughters of the Western Reserve farmers. President Hinsdale, who now presides over the college (it was elevated to a college twelve or fifteen years ago), says: "The Institute building, a plain but substantially built brick structure, was put on the top of a windy hill, in the middle of a corn-field. One of the cannon that General Scott's soldiers dragged to the city of Mexico in 1847, planted on the roof of the new structure, would not have commanded a score of farm-houses. Here the school opened at the time Garfield was

closing his studies at Chester. It had been in operation two terms when he offered himself for enrolment. Hiram furnished a location, the board of trustees a building and the first teachers, the surrounding country students, but the spiritual Hiram made itself. Everything was new. Society, traditions, the genius of the school had to be evolved from the forces of the teachers and pupils, limited by the general and local environment. Let no one be surprised when I say that such a school as this was the best of all places for young Garfield. There was freedom, opportunity, a large society of rapidly and eagerly opening young minds, instructors who were learned enough to instruct him, and abundant scope for ability and force of character, of which he had a superabundance.

"Few of the students who came to Hiram in that day had more than a district-school education, though some had attended the high schools and academies scattered over the country; so that Garfield, although he had made but slight progress in the classics and the higher mathematics previous to his arrival, ranked well-up with the first scholars. In ability, all acknowledged that he was the peer of any; soon his superiority to all others was generally conceded."

James sought an early opportunity to confer with the principal.

"I want your advice as to my course of study," he said. "My purpose is to enter college, and I want to pursue the best way there."

"You want to make thorough work of it, as you go along?" the principal answered, by way of inquiry.

"Yes, sir, as thorough as possible. What I know, I want to know *certainly*."

"That is a good idea; better take time, and master everything as you go along. Many students fail because they are satisfied with a smattering of knowledge. Be a scholar, or don't undertake."

"I agree with you perfectly, and I am ready to accept your advice; and will regulate my course accordingly."

"Our regular preparatory course of study cannot be improved, I think," continued the principal. "You can pursue higher studies here, and enter college in advance if

you choose. But that can be determined hereafter. At present, you can go on with the branches undertaken, and time will indicate improvement and changes necessary."

"It will be necessary for me to labour some out of school hours, in order to pay my bills," added James. "Then I would like to be earning something more to help me through college."

"What do you propose to do?"

"I can work on a farm, or in a carpenter's shop, or do odd jobs at most anything that offers. I have already seen the carpenter here."

"Well, what prospect for work?"

"After a few days he will have work for me, mostly planing; and that I have done more than anything in the carpenter's line."

"You are fortunate to find work at once."

"I never have failed to find work, since I have been dependent upon my own exertions."

"I hope you always will find work, that you may realize the accomplishment of your object. I shall do everything in my power to assist you, and do it with all my heart."

"Thank you," responded James, grateful for the deep interest the principal appeared to manifest in his welfare.

He secured quarters in a room with four other students, rather thick for the highest comfort, but "necessity multiplies bedfellows." Here he set about his literary work with a zeal and devotion that attracted attention. The office of bell-ringer obliged him to rise very early; for the first bell was rung at five o'clock. The office of sweeper compelled him to be on the alert at an early hour, also. Promptness was the leading requirement of the youth who rang the bell. It must be rung on the mark. A single minute too early, or too late, spoiled the promptness. *On the mark precisely*, was the rule. Nor was it any cross to James. Promptness, as we have seen, was one of his born qualities. It was all the same to him whether he arose at four or five o'clock in the morning, or whether he must ring the bell three or a dozen times a day. He adapted himself to circumstances with perfect ease. Instead of bending to circumstances, circumstances bent to him. He made a



good bell-ringer and sweeper, simply because it was a rule with him to do everything well. One of his room-mates said to him:

"Jim, I don't see but you sweep just as well as you recite."

"Why shouldn't I?" James responded promptly.

"Many people do important things best," replied his schoolmate, "and a lesson is more important than sweeping."

"You are heretical," exclaimed James. "If your views upon other matters are not sounder than that, you will not make a very safe leader. Sweeping, in its place, is just as important as a lesson in Greek is, in its place, and, therefore, according to your own rule, should be done as well."

"You are right, Jim; I yield my heresy, like the honest boy that I am."

"I think that the boy who would not sweep well would not study well," continued James. "There may be *exceptions* to the rule; but the rule is a correct one."

"I guess you are about right, Jim; but my opinion is that few persons carry out the rule. There are certain things about which most people are superficial, however thorough they may be in others."

"That may be true; I shall not dispute you there," rejoined James; "and that is one reason why so many persons fail of success. They have no settled purpose to be thorough. Not long ago I read, in the life of Franklin, that he claimed, 'thoroughness must be a principle of action.'"

"And that is why you sweep as well as you study?" interrupted the room-mate, in a complimentary tone.

"Yes, of course. And there is no reason why a person should not be as thorough in one thing as in another. I don't think it is any harder to do work well than it is to half do it. I know that it is much harder to recite a lesson poorly than to recite it perfectly."

"I found that out some time ago, to my mortification," rejoined the room-mate, in a playful manner. "There is some fun in a perfect lesson, I confess, and a great amount of misery in a poor one."

"It is precisely so with sweeping," added James.

"The sight of a half-swept floor would be an eyesore to me all the time. It would be all of a piece with a poor lesson."

"I could go the half-swept floor best," remarked the room-mate.

"I can go neither best," retorted James, "since there is no need of it."

James had told the trustees to try him at bell-ringing and sweeping two weeks. They did; and the trial was perfectly satisfactory. He was permanently installed in the position.

A person, now an esteemed clergyman, who acted in the same capacity six or eight years after James did, writes: "When I did janitor work, I had to ring a bell at five o'clock in the morning, and another at nine o'clock in the evening, and I think this had been an immemorial custom during school sessions. The work was quite laborious, and much depended upon the promptness and efficiency of the person who handled the bell-rope, as the morning had to be divided into equal portions, after a large slice had been taken out of it for the chapel exercises, which were always protracted to uncertain lengths. It was annoying, tedious work."

A lady now living in the State of Illinois was a member of the school when James was inaugurated bell-ringer, and she writes: "When he first entered the Institute, he paid for his schooling by doing janitor's work—sweeping the floor and ringing the bell. I can see him even now standing, in the morning, with his hand on the bell-rope, ready to give the signal calling teachers and scholars to engage in the duties of the day. As we passed by, entering the school-room, he had a cheerful word for every one. He was the most popular person in the Institute. He was always good-natured, fond of conversation, and very entertaining. He was witty, and quick at repartee; but his jokes, though brilliant and striking, were always harmless, and he never would willingly hurt another's feelings."

The young reader should ponder the words, "most popular person in the institute,"—and yet bell-ringer and sweeper! Doing the most menial work there was to do

with the same cheerfulness and thoroughness that he would solve a problem in algebra! There is an important lesson in this fact for the young. They can afford to study it. The youth who becomes the most "popular" student in the institution, notwithstanding he rings the bell and sweeps the floors, must possess unusual qualities. Doubtless he made the office of bell-ringer and sweeper very respectable. We dare say that some students were willing to serve in that capacity thereafter who were not willing to serve before. Any necessary and useful employment is respectable; but many youths have not found it out. The students discovered the fact in the Eclectic Institute. They learned it of James. He dignified the humble offices that he filled. He did it by putting *character* into his work.

There were nearly two thousand volumes in the library belonging to the school. From this treasury of knowledge James drew largely. Every spare moment of his time was occupied with books therefrom. He began to be an enthusiastic reader of poetry at Geauga Seminary. "Young's Night Thoughts," which he found there, was the volume that particularly impressed his mind, just before he became a Christian under the preaching of the Disciples' minister at Orange. His tenacious memory retained much that he read, both of poetry and prose. Here he had a wider field to explore, more books to occupy his attention, though not more time to read. He began to read topically and systematically.

"What are you doing with that book?" inquired a room-mate; "transcribing it?"

"Not exactly, though I am making it mine as much as possible," James replied. "Taking notes."

"I should think that would be slow work."

"Not at all, the way I do."

"What way are you doing?"

"I note the important topics on which the book treats, with the pages, that I may turn to any topic of which it treats, should I have occasion hereafter. I mean to do the same with every book I read, and preserve the notes for future use."

"A good plan, if you have the patience. I want to

dash through a book at double-quick ; I couldn't stop for such business," added the schoolmate.

"I spend no more time over a book than you do, I think," answered James. "I catch the drift, and appropriate the strong points, and let all the rest slide. But taking notes serves to impress the contents upon my memory. Then, hereafter, when I speak or write upon a given topic, my notes will direct me to necessary material."

"Your ammunition will be ready ; all you will have to do will be to load and fire," suggested his room-mate. "That is not bad. I think the plan is a good one."

"It will save much time in the long run. Instead of being obliged to hunt for information on topics, I can turn to it at once." James remarked thus with an assurance that showed his purpose was well matured. He could testify afterwards that the method adopted was one of the most helpful and important rules of his life. Many scholars have pursued a similar course, and their verdict respecting the usefulness of the plan is unanimous. It is an excellent method for the young of both sexes, whether they are contemplating a thorough education or not ; for it will promote their intelligence, and increase their general information. The result is desirable in the humblest as well as in the highest position. An intelligent, well-informed citizen adorns his place. That honoured and lifted into respectability the office of bellringer and sweeper at Hiram Institute, as we have seen.

When James had completed his collegiate course, and became Principal of Hiram Institute, he wrote to a youth whom he desired should undertake a liberal course of education :

"Tell me, Burke, do you not feel a spirit stirring within you that longs *to know, to do, and to dare*, to hold converse with the great world of thought, and holds before you some high and noble object to which the vigour of your mind and the strength of your arm may be given ? Do you not have longings like these, which you breathe to no one, and which you feel must be heeded, or you will pass through life unsatisfied and regretful ? I am sure you have them, and they will for ever cling round your heart till you obey their man-

date. They are the voice of that nature which God has given you, and which, when obeyed, will bless you and your fellow-men."

Whether Burke felt this "spirit stirring within him" or not, it is certain that it moved James, as some mysterious power, when he entered this new field, and long before, impelling him onward and upward in a career that could not have been denied him without inflicting an everlasting wound upon his soul.

In the spring, after James became connected with the school, the principal proposed that the pupils should bring trees from the forest, and set them out on the Campus, to adorn the grounds, and provide a lovely shade for those who would gather there twenty and thirty years hence.

"A capital idea!" exclaimed James to Baker, with whom he was conferring upon the subject. "If each male student will put out one tree for himself, and one for a female student, we can cover the Campus with trees, and the streets near by as well; and do it next Saturday, too."

"That is real gallantry, Jim," answered Baker. "The girls, of course, can't set out trees."

"And the boys will take pride in setting them out for them," interrupted James.

"And calling them by their names," added Baker, suggestively.

A bright idea is that, to name the trees after those for whom they are set out," responded James. "You are an original genius, George; I should not have thought of that. It must be because you think more of girls than I, do."

"But the plan to plant a tree for each girl is yours, Jim. I can't claim the patent for that."

"I am not ashamed to own it. It is worthy of the boys of the Western Reserve. We can have a rich time in carrying out the plan, better than a ride or party."

"I think so," said Baker.

"The satisfaction of knowing we are doing something that will be a great blessing thirty years from now, adding beauty and comfort to the Institute and town, is stimulus enough," continued James.

This enterprise was nobly prosecuted, and the trees were planted and named as above. James enjoyed it hugely. He was a great admirer of nature, and a tree or a flower afforded him genuine pleasure. To plant trees about his favourite institution, that would furnish shady walks in future days, was to him a privilege that he would not willingly miss.

During his first year's connection with the school, a female student of considerable brightness and scholarship violated some rule of the institution, for which the principal thought she should be publicly rebuked. The rebuke would be administered after the chapel exercises on the following morning. The affair caused much discussion among the pupils. Their sympathies were wholly enlisted for the girl, as she was deservedly quite popular.

"It is most too bad," remarked James to a lady student.

"It will well-nigh kill her; I pity her."

"I think it is a shame to make a small affair like that so public," replied the young lady. "If it was one of the boys it would not be half so bad."

"You think boys are used to it, or are of less consequence than girls?" retorted James, in a vein of humour.

"Not exactly that. I think the worst way of rebuking a young lady should not be selected."

"I agree with you exactly; but I suppose there is no help for it now."

"Unless we get up a petition asking that the rebuke be privately administered."

"I will sign it," said James; "but it must be done immediately."

"I will see some of the girls at once." And, so saying, the young lady hastened away.

In many groups the matter was discussed on that day, and much excitement prevailed; but the movement for a petition failed, and the following morning dawned with the assurance that the rebuke would be administered before the whole school. The scholars assembled with hearts full of pity for the unfortunate girl. No one felt more keenly for her than James. He expected to see her overcome and crushed.

The principal called upon her to rise, and the rebuke was administered, while all the scholars dropped their heads in pity for her. On retiring from the chapel, with the crowd of scholars, she remarked to James, in the hearing of many :

“It seems to me that Uncle Sutherland was rather personal.”

The jocose remark created a laugh all round, and none laughed more heartily than James, who concluded that their profound sympathies had been sadly wasted.

James had not been at Hiram long before the students discovered one prominent trait of his character, viz., a keen sense of justice. He was fond of ball-playing, and he wanted everybody to enjoy it. One day he took up the bat to enjoy a game, when he observed several of the smaller boys looking on wistfully, seeming to say in their hearts, “We wish we could play.”

“Are not those boys in the game?” he asked.

“What! those little chaps? Of course not; they would spoil the game.”

“But they want to play just as much as we do. Let them come in!”

“No; we don’t want the game spoiled. They can’t play!”

“Neither shall I, if they cannot,” added James, decidedly. And he threw down his bat.

“Well, let them come, then,” shouted one of the players, who wanted the game to go on. “Spoil it, if you will.”

“We shall make it livelier,” responded James, taking up his bat, and calling upon the little boys to fall in. “We may not have quite so scientific a game, but then all hands will have the fun of it; and that is what the game is for.”



## XX.

## STUDENT AND TEACHER.

JAMES ceased to be janitor at the close of his first year at Hiram, and was promoted to assistant teacher of the English department and ancient languages. His rapid advancement is set forth by Dr. Hinsdale, who is now president of the institution.

“His mind was now reaching out in all directions; and all the more widely because the elastic course of study, and the absence of traditionary trammels, gave him room. He was a vast elemental force, and nothing was so essential as space and opportunity. Hiram was now forming her future teachers, as well as creating her own culture. Naturally, then, when he had been only one year in the school he was given a place in the corps of teachers. In the catalogue of 1853-54 his name appears both with the pupils and teachers: ‘James A. Garfield, Cuyahoga County,’ and ‘J. A. Garfield, Teacher in the English Department, and of the Ancient Languages.’ His admission to the faculty page may be an index to a certain rawness in the school; but it gave to his talents and ambition the play that an older school, with higher standards, could not have afforded him.”

Now he was filling three important positions—student, teacher, and carpenter. He had become nearly as indispensable to the carpenter’s business as to that of the Institute. The sound of his hammer, before and after school, was familiar to the students and the citizens.

“See there!” exclaimed Clark, pointing to James on the roof of a house, building near the academy. “Jim has taken that house to shingle.”

“Alone?” inquired Jones.

“Yes, alone; and it won’t take him long, either, if he keeps his hammer going as it goes now. Jim’s a brick.”



"Very little brick about him, I should say; more brain than brick."

"With steam enough on all the while to keep his brain running. Did you ever see such a worker?"

"Never. Work seems as necessary to him as air and food. If he was not compelled to work, in order to pay his way, his brain would shatter his body all to pieces in a year. He is about the only student I ever thought was fortunate in being poor as a stray cat."

"I declare, I never thought of that. Poverty is a blessing sometimes. I had thought it was a curse to a student always."

"It is Jim's salvation," added Jones. "I have thought of it many times. I suppose that his carpentering business is better exercise for him than our ball-playing or pitching quoits."

"Minus the *fun*," added Clark, quickly; really believing that James was depriving himself of all first-class sport. "Have you not observed how he enjoys a game of ball or quoits when he joins us?"

"Of course; but he does not seem to me to enjoy these games any more than he enjoys study, reading, and manual labour. He studies just as he plays ball, exactly, with all his might; and I suppose that is the way we all ought to do."

"This is what Father Bentley said in his sermon on 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' You remember it?"

"Certainly; and who knows but Father Bentley has engaged Jim to illustrate his doctrine? He preaches, and Jim practices. Nobody in the Electric Institute will dispute such a sermon while Jim's about; you can count on that." The remark was made jocosely, and, at the same time, a compliment was intended for James.

This conversation discloses the facts about James's manual labour while connected with the Institute. We have not space for the details of his work with the plane and hammer during the whole period. We can only say, here, once for all, that he continued to add to his money by manual labour to the end of his three years at Hiram. He planed all the siding of the new house that he was shingling

when the foregoing conversation took place. His labour was expended upon other buildings, also, in the place, during that period. Several jobs of farming, also, were undertaken at different times. He was laying up money to assist himself in college, in addition to paying his way at the Institute.

When James entered the school his attention was attracted to a class of three in geometry. As he listened to the recitation in this study, which was animated and sharp, he became particularly impressed. Since that time he said, "I regarded teacher and class with reverential awe." The three persons in the class were William B. Hazen, who became one of our most distinguished major-generals in the late rebellion, and who is now on the Indian-frontier; Geo. A. Baker, now a prominent citizen of Cleveland, Ohio; and Miss Almeda A. Booth, a very talented lady of nearly thirty years, who was teaching in the school, and at the same time pursuing her studies in the higher mathematics and classics. As this Miss Booth exerted a more powerful influence upon James than any other teacher, except Dr. Mark Hopkins, of Williams College, we shall speak of her particularly, and her estimate of our hero. She was the daughter of a Methodist preacher, whose circuit extended a thousand miles on the Reserve; a man of marked mental strength, and of great tact and energy. The daughter inherited her father's intellectual power and force of character, so that when the young man to whom she was betrothed died, she resolved to consecrate herself to higher intellectual culture, that her usefulness might be augmented. This resolution brought her to the Eclectic Institute. She died in 1875, and afterwards General Garfield said of her talents: "When she was twelve years of age she used to puzzle her teachers with questions, and distress them by correcting their mistakes. One of these, a male teacher, who was too proud to acknowledge the corrections of a child, called upon the most learned man in town for help and advice in regard to a point of dispute between them. He was told that he was in error, and that he must acknowledge his mistake. The teacher was manly enough to follow this wise advice, and thereafter made this little girl his friend and helper. It was like her to help him quietly, and without boasting. During her whole life none

of her friends ever heard an intimation from her that she had ever achieved an intellectual triumph over anybody in the world."

It was fortunate for James that this accomplished lady became deeply interested in his progress and welfare.

"The most remarkable young man I ever met," she said to the principal. "There must be a grand future before him."

"True, if he does not fall out of the way," answered the principal.

"I scarcely thought that were possible when I spoke. His Christian purpose is one of the remarkable things about him. His talents, work, everything, appear to be a subject to this Christian aim. I feel that he will make a power in the world."

"I agree with you: such are my feelings in regard to him, notwithstanding the prevalence of temptations that lure and destroy so many of our hopeful young men." The principal had seen more of the world than Miss Booth, so he spoke with less confidence.

James had not been connected with the school but a few months before his studies were the same as those of Miss Booth, and they were in the same classes. "I was far behind Miss Booth in mathematics and the physical sciences," he once said; "but we were nearly in the same place in Greek and Latin." She could render him essential aid in his studies, and she delighted to do it. Their studies were nearly the same until he ceased to be a member of the school. The librarian kept text-books for sale, and the following are his memoranda of sales to them:

"January, 1852. Latin Grammar and Cæsar.

March, 1852. Greek Grammar.

April, 1852. French Grammar.

August, 1852. German Grammar and Reader.

November, 1852. Xenophon's Memorabilia and Greek Testament."

All this in a single year.

"August, 1853. Sophocles and Herodotus.

November, 1853. Homer's Iliad."

During the fall term of 1853, Miss Booth and James

read about one hundred pages of Herodotus, and one hundred of Livy. They met two of the professors, also, on two evenings of each week, to make a joint translation of the book of Romans. His diary has this record for December 15, 1853: "Translation society sat three hours at Miss Booth's room, and agreed upon the translation of nine verses." The record shows that these studies were pursued critically, and therefore slowly.

Miss Booth was more or less familiar with the standard authors of English literature, both prose and poetry; and she aided James greatly in the selection of books, many of which they read together, discussing their merits, and making notes. In a tribute to her memory, a few years since, General Garfield said: "The few spare hours which schoolwork left us, were devoted to such pursuits as each preferred, but much study was done in common. I can name twenty or thirty books, which will be doubly precious to me because they were read and discussed in company with her. I can still read between the lines the memories of her first impressions of the page, and her judgment of its merits. She was always to aid any friend with her best efforts."

James was appointed to prepare a thesis for an exhibition day. One evening he repaired to the room of Miss Booth.

"I want your help, Miss Booth," he said. "I am afraid that I shall make a botch of it without your assistance."

"I will risk you," Miss Booth replied; "but I will render you all the assistance in my power."

"That will be all I shall need," remarked James, facetiously; "and I hardly see how I can get along with less. I like to talk over subjects before I write; it is a great help to me."

"It is an essential help to everybody," answered Miss Booth. "Two heads may be better than one in canvassing any subject. Discussion awakens thought, sharper and more original; and it often directs the inquirer to new and fresher sources of information. I am at leisure to discuss your thesis at length."

So James opened the subject by stating some of his difficulties, and making inquiries. Both were soon absorbed

in the subject before them, so thoroughly absorbed as to take no note of time, nor dream that the night was gliding away, until surprised by the morning light coming in at the window.

In 1853 Miss Booth proposed that twelve of the advanced pupils—James and herself among the number—should organize a literary society for the purpose of spending the approaching vacation of four weeks in a more thorough study of the classics. The society was formed, and the services of one of the professors were secured, to whom they recited statedly. During that vacation they read “the Pastorals of Virgil, the first six books of the Iliad, accompanied by a thorough drill in the Latin and Greek grammars at each recitation.” It proved a very profitable vacation to James, a season to which he always looked back with pride and pleasure. He regarded Miss Booth as the moving and controlling spirit of that society, increasing his sense of obligation to her.

Perhaps the chief reason of Miss Booth's confidence in the Christian purpose of James, as expressed to the principal, was found in his consistent Christian life. From the time he became a member of the Institute he took an active part in the religious meetings, identifying himself with the people of God in the village. His exhortations and appeals were examples of earnestness and eloquence, to which the students and citizens listened in rapt attention. No student of so much power in religious meetings had been connected with the school. Indeed, it was the universal testimony that no such speaker, of his age, had ever been heard.

Father Bentley, pastor of the Disciples' Church in Hiram, was wonderfully drawn to James. After a few months, he felt that James's presence was almost indispensable to the success of a meeting. He invited him specially to address the audience. Often he urged him to take a seat upon the platform, that he might address the assembly to better advantage. In his absence he invited James to take charge of the meeting. The last year of his stay at Hiram, Father Bentley persuaded him several times to occupy his pulpit on the Sabbath, and preach, which he did to the gratification of the audience.

His gift at public speaking was so remarkable, that a demand was frequently made upon him for a speech on social and public occasions. It is related, that at a weekly prayer-meeting, he was on the platform with Father Bentley, waiting to perform his accustomed part, when a messenger came for him to address a political meeting, where speakers had failed them. Father Bentley scarcely noticed what was going on, until James was half-way down the aisle, when he called out:

"James, don't go!" then quickly, as if thinking his request might be unreasonable, he said to the congregation, "Never mind, let him go; that boy will yet be President of the United States."

"I remember his vigorous exhortations now," remarked a Christian woman before his death, who was connected with the Institute at that time; "they were different from anything I was accustomed to hear in conference meetings."

"How were they different?" she was asked.

"They were original and fresh beyond anything I had ever heard in such meetings; nothing commonplace or stale about them, making one feel that they were not the thoughts of some commentator he was giving us at secondhand, but the product of his own genius and great talents, uttered with real earnestness and sincerity."

"He must have possessed a wonderful command of language," remarked her friend.

"That was one thing that charmed us. His flow of language, appropriate and select, was like a river. It seemed as if he had only to open his mouth, and thoughts flowed out clothed in language that was all aglow. Many, many times, I heard the remark, 'He speaks as easily as he breathes.' Well," she continued, after a pause, "he was substantially just such a speaker then as he is now, bating the dignity that age and experience impart."

In this connection we should speak of him as a debater in the lyceum. He was older and more experienced at Hiram than he was at Chester, and his efforts in debate were accordingly more manly. The Illinois lady, from whom we have already quoted, says, "In the lyceum he early took rank far above the others as a speaker and

debater." His interest in public matters was growing with the excitement of the times. The infamous fugitive-slave law, for the restoration of runaway slaves to their masters, had been enacted by Congress, as a compromise measure, and no people of the country felt more outraged by the attempts to enforce the Act than the people of the Western Reserve. The excitement became intense. Young men partook of it in common with older citizens. It pervaded the higher schools. It was as strong in the Eclectic Institute as elsewhere. School and village lyceums received an impetus from it. James was an uncompromising foe to slavery before; if possible, he was more so now. The excitement fired him up in debate. He was more denunciatory than ever of slavery. He had been a great admirer of Daniel Webster, but his advocacy of the Fugitive-Slave Bill awakened his contempt. He was not a young man to conceal his feelings, and so his utterance was emphatic.

"A covenant with death, and an agreement with hell," he exclaimed, quoting from Isaiah, "that will destroy the authors of it. The cry of the oppressed and down-trodden will appeal to the Almighty for retribution, like that of the blood of Abel. The lightning of divine wrath will yet shiver the old, gnarled tree of slavery to pieces, leaving neither root nor branch!"

When James became assistant-teacher, he had for a pupil, in his Greek class, Miss Lucretia Rudolph, the young lady in whom he was so much interested at Chester. Her father removed to Hiram, in order to give her a better opportunity to acquire a thorough education.

James was glad to meet her; and he was happy to welcome so talented a scholar as pupil. He had no expectation that she would ever stand in a closer relation to him than pupil. But the weeks and months rolled on, and she became one of his permanent scholars, not only in Greek, but in other branches as well; in all of them developing a scholarship that won his admiration. At the same time her many social and moral qualities impressed him, and the impression deepened from month to month. The result was, before he closed his connection with the school, that a

mutual attachment grew up between them, and she engaged to become his wife when he had completed his course of study, and was settled. He was twenty-two years of age, and Miss Rudolph was one year his junior.

This was one of the most important steps that James had taken, and it proved to be one of the most fortunate. Those who prophesied that the engagement would interfere with his studies did not fully understand or appreciate the solidity of his character nor the inflexibility of his purpose. Such love affairs are often deprecated because so many young men allow them to interfere with their life-purpose, thus disclosing weakness and puerile ideas. With James the love affair became an aid to the controlling purpose of his life, and at the same time, served to refine his coarser qualities by passing them through the fire of a pure and exalted passion. True love is sweeter and higher than the brightest talents, and when its pure and elevating influence refines the latter they shine with a fairer lustre than ever. This was eminently true of James.

Notwithstanding James was so bashful and retiring when he first went to Chester to commence his studies, he became one of the most social and genial students at Hiram. He was the life of the social circle. Unlike many ripe students, whose minds are wholly absorbed in their studies, he could unbend himself, and enter into a social occasion with zest, bringing his talents, his acquisitions, his wit and humour, to contribute to the enjoyment of all. The lady in Illinois, from whom we have twice quoted, says on this point:

“During the month of June the entire school went in carriages to their annual grove-meeting, at Randolph, some twenty-five miles away. On this trip he was the life of the party, occasionally bursting out in an eloquent strain at the sight of a bird, or a trailing vine, or a venerable giant of the forest. He would repeat poetry by the hour, having a very retentive memory.”

The reader learns from this, that it was not “small talk,” nor mere slang and folly, that he contributed to a social time, but sensible, instructive material. He had no sympathy for, or patience with, young men who dabbled in silly or trifling conversation and acts, to entertain associates.



To him it was evidence of such inherent weakness and absence of common sense that it aroused his contempt. One who was intimate with him in social gatherings at Hiram makes a remark that discloses an important element of his popularity. "There was a cordiality in his disposition which won quickly the favour and esteem of others. He had a happy habit of shaking hands, and would give a hearty grip, which betokened a kind-hearted feeling for all." The same writer says, what confirms the foregoing statements respecting his recognized abilities, "In those days, both the faculty and pupils were in the habit of calling him 'the second Webster,' and the remark was common, 'He will fill the White House yet.'"

There was one branch of the fine arts that he pursued, to gratify a taste in that direction, which should receive a passing notice. It was mezzotint drawing. He became so proficient in the art that he was appointed teacher of the same. The lady from whom we have quoted was one of his pupils, and she writes:—

"One of his gifts was that of mezzotint drawing, and he gave instruction in this branch. I was one of his pupils in this, and have now the picture of a cross, upon which he did some shading and put on the finishing touches. Upon the margin is written, in the hand of the noted teacher, his own name and his pupil's. There are, also, two other drawings, one of a large European bird on the bough of a tree, and the other a church-yard scene in winter, done by him at that time."

Thus the versatility of his talents, enforced by his intense application, appeared to win in almost any undertaking. Without his severe application, his versatility would not have availed much. He reduced that old maxim thoroughly to practice, "Accomplish, or never attempt," because his application was invincible. Here was the secret of his success in teaching—just as good a teacher as scholar. Before the completion of his academic course the trustees made his success a subject of serious consideration.

"We must secure his return to Hiram as soon as he gets through college," said the chairman. "He will make a popular and successful professor."

"That is true," replied another trustee. "In what department would you put him?"

"Any department that is open. He will fill any position admirably. I have noticed that when we conclude that he is particularly suited to one position, he soon surprises us by filling another equally well."

"It will certainly be for the popularity of the school to install him over a prominent professorship here," added the chairman; "and I dare say it will be agreeable to his feelings."

The subject was not dropped here. Both the principal and chairman of the board interviewed James upon the subject; and when he left the Institute for college, it was well understood that he would return at the close of his college course. The present president of the institution says:—

"I shall not here speak of him as a teacher further than to say, in two years' service he had demonstrated his great ability in that capacity, had won the hearts of the students generally, and had wrought in the minds of the school authorities the conviction that his further services would be indispensable on his return from college."

On his success as a teacher, when preparing for college, the Illinois lady who was his pupil writes:—

"He was a most entertaining teacher—ready with illustrations, and possessing, in a marked degree, the power of exciting the interest of the scholars, and afterwards making clear to them the lessons. In the arithmetic class there were ninety pupils, and I cannot recollect a time when there was any flagging in the interest. There were never any cases of unruly conduct, or a disposition to shirk. With scholars who were slow of comprehension, or to whom recitations were a burden, on account of their modesty or retiring disposition, he was specially attentive, and by encouraging words and gentle assistance would manage to put all at their ease, and awaken in them a confidence in themselves."

A leading lawyer of Cleveland, Ohio, Hon. J. H. Rhodes, referring to his connection with the school, at the time James was studying and teaching, in a public assembly, said:—

"I remember a circumstance that had much to do with my remaining at Hiram. I was a little home-sick, and one day I went into the large hall of the college building, and the tall, muscular, tow-headed man in charge there, who was teaching algebra, came up to me, and, seeing a cloud over my face, threw his arms about me in an ardent way. Immediately the home-sickness disappeared. The tow-headed man has not so much hair to-day as he had then. Hard knocks in public life have uprooted a heap of his hair."

"Going to Bethany College, I suppose?" remarked the principal to him. That was the college established by Alexander Campbell, founder of the sect called Disciples.

"I had intended to go there until recently," James answered.

"What has changed your purpose? That college is of our denomination, you know."

"Yes, I know; but I have been thinking that it might be better for me to enlarge my observation by going beyond our sect."

"That may be; you want more room, do you?"

"I know the Disciples Church pretty well. Perhaps I had better know something outside of it. It seems narrow to me to tie myself down to the limits of my own denomination. Besides, will it not be of real value to me to connect myself with a New England college?"

"Perhaps so; I agree with you in the main; too contracted a sphere will not be well for you. That idea is well worth considering. You will be qualified to enter college two years in advance; at least, you can enter some colleges two years in advance. What college have you in mind?"

"I have not decided upon any particular one yet. I am going to write to Yale College, Williams College, and Brown University, stating the ground I have been over, and inquiring whether I can enter Junior, learning the expense, and other things."

"That is a good plan. Then you will know definitely where to go, and you can prepare accordingly."

James did write to the presidents of Yale College, New

Haven, Ct., Williams College, Williamstown, Mass., and to the president of Brown University, Providence, R.I., also; and each one of the presidents replied to his inquiries. The substance of the answers, together with his decision, may be learned from a letter James wrote to a friend one week before he started for college, as follows:—

“There are three reasons why I have decided not to go to Bethany: First, the course of study is not so extensive or thorough as in eastern colleges; second, Bethany leans too heavily toward slavery; third, I am the son of Disciple parents, and one myself, and have had but little acquaintance with people of other views, and having always lived in the west, I think it will make me more liberal, both in my religious and general views and sentiments, to go into a new circle, where I shall be under new influences. These considerations led me to conclude to go to some New England college. I therefore wrote to the presidents of Brown University, Yale, and Williams, setting forth the amount of study I had done, and asking how long it would take me to finish their course.

“Their answers are now before me. All tell me I can graduate in two years. They are all brief, business notes, but President Hopkins concludes with this sentence: ‘If you come here we shall be glad to do what we can for you.’ Other things being so nearly equal, this sentence, which seems to be a kind of friendly grasp of the hand, has settled the question for me. I shall start for Williams next week.”

James always did like to have people carry their hearts in their hands, as he did; and Dr. Hopkins came so near to it that he put his heart into his pen, when he wrote, and James accepted his hearty hand-shake.

“How is it, James, about funds? You cannot have enough money laid up for your college expenses.” His brother said this to him several weeks before he closed his studies at Hiram, just at the time when James was revolving the subject with some anxiety. True, he had trusted to Providence so much, and Providence had provided for him so unexpectedly at times, and so generously always, that he was disposed to trust for the wherewithal to pay expenses

in college. His brother's question was timely. He always thought that Providence managed the affair.

"No, I have not more than half enough," James replied; "but I shall teach in the winter, and perhaps I can find some kind of labour to perform in term time. I always have been able to pay my way."

"But if you enter two years in advance I would not advise you to labour in term-time. You will have enough to do."

"How can I pay my way unless I do work?"

"I will loan you money to meet your expenses?"

"And wait long enough for me to pay it?"

"Yes. When you get through college you can teach, and it will not take you long to pay the debt."

"Suppose I should die; where will you get your pay?"

"That is my risk."

"It ought not to be your risk. It is not right that you should lose the money on my account."

"It is if I consent to it."

"It occurs to me," continued James, after a pause, "that I can arrange it in this way. You can loan me the money, and I will get my life insured for five hundred dollars. This will protect you in case of my death."

"I will agree to that, if it suits you any better."

"Well, it does. I shall be satisfied with that method; and I shall be relieved of some anxiety. I want to make my two years in college the most profitable of any two years of my course of study."

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

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

What James accomplished during the three years he was at Hiram Institute, may be briefly stated thus:—

The usual preparatory studies, requiring four years, together with the studies of the first two years in college—the studies of six years in all—he mastered in three years. At the same time he paid his own bills by janitor and carpenter work, and teaching, and, in addition, laid up a small amount for college expenses.

## XXI.

## IN COLLEGE.

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

"My name is Garfield, from Ohio," said James. That was enough. Dr. Hopkins recalled the capital letter which the young man wrote. His heart was in his hand at once, and he repeated the cordial hand-shake that James felt when he read in the doctor's letter, "If you come here, we shall be glad to do what we can for you." James felt at home at once. It was such a kind, fatherly greeting, that he felt almost as if he had arrived *home*. He never had a natural father whom he could remember, but now he had found an intellectual father, sure, and he was never happier in his life. Yet a reverential awe possessed his soul as he stood before the president of the college, whose massive head and overhanging brow denoted a giant in intellect. James was perfectly satisfied that he had come to the right place now; he had no wish to be elsewhere. He

had read Dr. Hopkins's Lectures on the "Evidences of Christianity," and now the author impressed him just as the book did when he read it. The impression of *greatness* was uppermost.

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

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

"I shall remain here during vacation, and shall be thankful for the privilege of using the library," answered James. "I have not had the time to read what I desire, hitherto, as I have had to labour and teach, to pay my bills. It will be a treat for me to spend a few weeks in reading, with nothing else to do."

Dr. Hopkins gave him excellent advice, and words of encouragement, not only for vacation, but for term time as well; and James found himself revelling among books within a few days. He had never seen a library of such dimensions as that into which he was now introduced, and his voracious mental appetite could now partake of a "square meal." One of the authors whom he desired to know was Shakespeare. He had read only such extracts from his writings as he had met with in other volumes. Therefore he took up a volume containing Shakespeare's entire works with peculiar satisfaction. He read and studied it, studied and read it, committing portions of it to memory, and fairly made the contents of the book his own. His great familiarity with the works of Shakespeare dates from that period. Certain English poets, also, he read and studied, for the first time; and he committed a number of

poems to memory. Works of fiction he rejected, from principle. When he joined the Disciples' Church he resolved to read no novels. His decision was in accordance with the practice of that Church. On the whole, that vacation in the college library was a very profitable one to James. It was just what he needed after so many years of hard study in the sciences and classics.

It was well for him, too, to be relieved from the strain of study and pecuniary support, that had taxed him heavily from the outset. He had no carpenter's job on hand, or class to teach for his support. For exercise, the beauty and grandeur of the scenery lured him into the fields and over the mountains. The wild, mountainous country around presented a striking contrast with the level, monotonous landscape of the Western Reserve. He enjoyed explorations of the region; climbing Greylock to its summit that he might take in the view, plunging into forests, and ranging fields, until the country for miles around was almost as familiar to him as Orange township, Ohio. By the time the college term opened he was as familiar with the locality as any of the students.

"Hill, what do you think of that westerner?" said one of the juniors to his classmate, Hill, a few days after the term began. "Got acquainted with him?"

"Not exactly; haven't had time yet. Have you?"

"A little acquainted; not much, though."

"He is not a slave to the *fashions*, I conclude;" alluding to his uncouth dress.

"No; he gives tailors a wide berth, in my judgment: but he is none the worse for that. Put him into a tasty garb, and he would be a splendid looking fellow."

"That's so: but neither his character nor scholarship would be improved by the change. If dress would improve these, some of our fellows would patronize tailors more than butchers, a great deal."

"I think I shall like him, judging from a slight acquaintance. A little western in his speech."

"Western provincialisms?"

"Yes; though not bad. Evidently he is one of the fellows who will go through thick and thin to acquire an



education. These must be considerable to him, or he never could enter a New England college two years in advance, especially if he prepared at the west."

"Do you know where, in the west, he fitted for college?"

"At a little place on the Western Reserve somewhere; an academy that belongs to a sect called Disciples. So one of the boys says."

"Disciples! I never heard of that sect before, except the one in New Testament times. A disciple will work in well here;" trying to be humorous.

This conversation shows quite well the circumstances in which James was brought into contact with the students. That they should scrutinize his apparel and appearance is not strange. James expected that, and the thought caused him some embarrassment. He knew very well that his dress must appear shabby to young men who consulted tailors, and that his speech was marred by provincialisms that must sound queerly to them. So he very naturally dreaded the introduction to college life. Yet he proved as much of a philosopher here as elsewhere, and made the best of the situation. He was happily disappointed in his intercourse with students. He found no pride or caste among them. They treated him kindly, and gave him a hearty welcome to their companionship. Within a few weeks he ranked among the "best fellows" of the college. The college boys soon found that the "Great West" had turned out a great scholar; that the student who had the least to do with tailors was a rare fellow; and they treated him accordingly. James never had any reason to complain of his treatment by the faculty and students of Williams College.

"He is one of the most accurate scholars I ever knew," said Hill to Leavitt, some weeks after James entered college; "he never misses anything, and he never fails to answer a question."

"That is because he knows it all," replied Leavitt. "He gave me some account of his methods of study in preparing for college. He did it all himself, pretty much. He sticks to anything until he understands it fully; that gives him the advantage now. He is one of the best-read students in college, and all that he ever read is at his tongue's end."

"He showed *that* in the debate last Saturday," continued Hill. "His ability as a debater is superior; nobody in this college can compete with him." Reference was here made to a debate in the Philologian society of the college.

"A born speaker, I think. It is just as easy for him to speak as it is to recite; and that is easy enough."

"I predict," continued Hill, "that he will stand at the head of our class, notwithstanding he entered two years in advance."

"It looks so now. 'All signs fail in a dry time,' it is said, but the signs certainly point way."

That these young men were not partial, or mistaken, in their estimate of James, is evident from the following communication, penned by a classmate, after the lapse of twenty-five years:

"In a class of forty or more he immediately took a stand above all others for accurate scholarship in every branch, but particularly distinguishing himself as a writer, reasoner, and debater. He was remarkable for going to the bottom of every subject which came before him, and seeing and presenting it in entirely a new light. His essays written at that time, not of the commonplace character too common in college compositions, can even now be read with pleasure and admiration. While an indefatigable worker, he was by no means a bookworm or recluse, but one of the most companionable of men, highly gifted, and entertaining in conversation, ready to enjoy and give a joke, and having a special faculty for drawing out the knowledge of those with whom he conversed, thus enriching his own stock of information from the acquirements of others. Even then he showed that magnetic power, which he now exhibits in a remarkable degree in public life, of surrounding himself with men of various talents, and of employing each to the best advantage in his sphere. When questions for discussion arose in the college societies, Garfield would give each of his allies a point to investigate; books and documents from all the libraries would be overhauled; and the mass of facts thus obtained being brought together, Garfield would analyze the whole, assign each of the associates his part, and they would go into the battle to conquer. He was always in earnest,

and persistent in carrying his point, often against apparently insurmountable obstacles; and in college election contests (which are often more intense than national elections) he was always successful."

James had taxed himself so long to his utmost capacity by advanced and extra studies, crowding six years' labour into three, that it was easy for him now to lead his class. He added German to the regular studies of the college, and he became so proficient in it within one year that he could converse considerably in the language. But all this was little labour in comparison with his work at Hiram. He found much time to read, and to engage in the sports of the Campus. The latter he enjoyed with a keen relish; no one entered into them more heartily than he did. His college mates now recall with what enthusiasm he participated in their games. This was indispensable for his health now, as he had no labour with plane or hammer to perform.

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

#### "AUTUMN.

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

"Before the driving blast  
The mountain oak bows down his hoary head,  
And flings his withered locks to the rough gales  
That fiercely roar among his branches bare,  
Uplifted to the dark, unpitying heavens.  
The skies have put their mourning garments on,  
And hung their funeral drapery on the clouds.

Dead Nature soon will wear her shroud of snow,  
And lie entombed in Winter's icy grave!

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

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

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

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

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

“ Think I could readily get a class?” continued James.

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

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

“ Well, if you go where your mother was born you will not be likely to get into bad company, though there is enough of it in New Hampshire.”

“ Acquainted there?”

“ As much as I want to be. There is too much of the pro-slavery democracy there for me; but they need to improve their penmanship awfully, Garfield. It won't interfere with *your* business.”

The conversation proceeded in a kind of semi-jovial way until the bell rang for recitation. The upshot was that James opened a writing-school in Pownal, Vermont, instead of in New Hampshire. He met with some party who directed his steps to this small town, where he taught a

large class in penmanship, in the village school-house. It proved a profitable venture to him, both financially and socially. He added quite a little sum to his private treasury, besides making many warm friends and enlarging the sphere of his observation and experience.

As he spent the next winter vacation in New York State, we may relate the circumstances here. He went to Poes-tenkill, a country village about six miles from Troy, N.Y., where there was a Disciples' Church, over which a preacher by the name of Streeter was settled. Here he opened a school of penmanship, thereby earning a few dollars, in addition to paying his expenses. His efforts in the religious conference meeting were so marked that the pastor invited him to occupy his pulpit on the Sabbath; and the invitation was accepted. Having preached once, the people demanded that he should preach again; and he did. It was the common opinion that "he would become the most renowned preacher in the Disciples' Church," no one doubting that he was expecting to fill the sacred office.

James became acquainted with several of the teachers and school committee at Troy, and when he was there one day, Rev. Mr. Brooks, one of the committee, surprised him by saying,

"We have a vacancy in the high-school, and I would like to have you take the situation. It is an easy place, and a good salary of twelve hundred dollars."

"You want me to begin now, I suppose?"

"Yes; next week the term begins."

"I should be obliged to relinquish the idea of graduating at Williams."

"That would be necessary, of course; and perhaps that may be best for you."

"No; it seems best for me to graduate, at any rate; that has been my strong desire for several years, and to abandon the purpose now, when I am just on the eve of realizing my hopes, would be very unwise."

"You understand your own business best," continued Mr. Brooks; but we should be very glad to employ you, and only wish that you could see it for your interest to accept our proposition."

"There is another difficulty in the way," James replied. "I feel under some obligations to Hiram Institute, where I prepared for college. There was no bargain with me, and yet the trustees expect me to return, and take a position as teacher. That is a young institution, struggling to live, and I have a desire to give my small influence to it."

"You need not decide to-day; think of it longer; you may view the matter differently after a little thought," Mr. Brooks urged.

"No; I may just as well decide now. Your offer is a tempting one; I could soon pay my debts on that salary. I cannot expect any such salary at Hiram, and I thank you with all my heart for the offer. But my ambition has been to win an honourable diploma at an Eastern college, and then devote my energies to the institute that has done so much for me. I must decline your alluring offer."

James arrived at this decision quickly, because accepting the offer would interfere with the accomplishment of the great purpose of his life. He had no difficulty, at any time, in rejecting any proposition that came between him and a collegiate education.

His refusal of the tempting offer was the more remarkable because he was in straitened circumstances at the time. His brother, who had promised to loan him money, had become embarrassed, so that further aid from that quarter was out of the question. He needed a new suit of clothes very much, but he had not the money to purchase them. One of his friends in Poestenkill, knowing this, went to a tailor of his acquaintance in Troy, Mr. P. S. Haskell, and said:

"We have a young man in our village, a rare fellow, who is poor, but honest, and he wants a suit of clothes. He is struggling to go through Williams College, and finds it hard sleddin'. Can you do anything for him?"

"Yes; I am willing to help such a young man to a suit of clothes. I will let him have a suit of clothes on credit," the tailor replied, promptly.

"You will get every cent of your pay in time, I'm sure of that. The young man preaches some now, and he preaches grandly."

"What is his name?"

"James A. Garfield. His home is in Ohio."

"Well, send him along."

On the following day James called upon the tailor, frankly told him his circumstances, and promised to pay him for the clothes as early as possible. He could not fix the date.

"Very well," said Mr. Haskell, who was thoroughly pleased with James's appearance. "Take your own time; don't worry yourself about the debt. Go on with your education; and when you have some money that you have no other use for, pay me." James got his suit of clothes, returned to college, and paid the debt in due time, to the entire satisfaction of the tailor.

After returning to college, James looked about for pecuniary relief. Debts on his second year had already accumulated, and now it was certain that he would receive no loans to meet them from his brother. He thought of the cordial and friendly doctor who examined him about six years before, and encouraged him to acquire an education,—Dr. J. P. Robison, now of Cleveland, Ohio. He sat down and wrote to the jolly doctor, stating his pressing wants and future purposes, telling him of his life insurance, and of his expected connection with Hiram Institute as teacher, when he would be able to liquidate the debt. It is enough to say that Dr. Robison cheerfully loaned him the money.

At the close of his first collegiate year James visited his mother in Ohio. She was then living with her daughter, who was married and settled in Solon. It is not necessary to rehearse the details of this visit, the reader can imagine the mutual joy it occasioned much better than we can describe it. Imagination cannot exaggerate the satisfaction his mother found in meeting her son again, so near the ministry, where she had come to think his field of usefulness would be found.

In college James's anti-slavery sentiments grew stronger, if possible. Charles Sumner was in Congress, dealing heavy blows against slavery, assailing the fugitive-slave bill with great power and effect, claiming that "freedom is national, and

slavery sectional," denouncing the "crime against Kansas," and losing no opportunity to expose the guilt and horrors of Southern bondage. Outside of Congress he made speeches urging that the Whig party should attack and overthrow American slavery. James admired the fearless, grand public career of Sumner, and also despised the criminal support the Democratic party gave to slavery, and the truckling, timid, compromising course of the leaders of the Whig party. Then, in the fall of 1855, John Z. Goodrich, who was a member of Congress from Western Massachusetts, delivered a political address in Williamstown upon the history of the Kansas-Nebraska struggle, and the efforts of the handful of Republicans then in Congress to defeat the Missouri compromise. James was profoundly impressed by the facts and logic of that speech, and he said to a class-mate, on leaving the hall:

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

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

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

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

On receipt of the news at Williams College the students called an indignation meeting, at which James, boiling over



with indignant remonstrance against such an outrage, delivered the most telling and powerful speech that had fallen from his lips up to that time. His fellow-students listened with wonder and admiration. They were so completely charmed by his fervour and eloquence that they sat in breathless attention until he closed, when their loud applause rang through the building, repeated again and again in the wildest enthusiasm.

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

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

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

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

James graduated in 1856, bearing the honours of his class. Dr. Hopkins had established the "metaphysical oration" as the highest honour at Commencement, and James won it, by the universal consent of the faculty and students. In the performance of his part at Commence-