



22



Lucinda Rudolph Garfield

REMINISCENCES
OF
JAMES A. GARFIELD

WITH NOTES

PRELIMINARY AND COLLATERAL

BY
CORYDON E. FULLER

President of the Iowa Loan and Trust Company



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INTRODUCTION.

No attempt has been made in the following pages to give the biography of James A. Garfield. It is quite probable that many years may elapse before a complete history of his remarkable life shall be written. The numerous books, of more or less merit, which were hastily prepared and published after his nomination for the presidency, and shortly subsequent to his death, have rendered the public familiar with the principal facts of his early life, his career as a soldier and a statesman, and his assassination; yet nearly all of them are disfigured by errors and fictitious statements.

It has been the aim of the writer to be entirely accurate in all dates and incidents given, and to present his illustrious friend as the true-hearted, genial, companionable Christian gentleman, who always won the hearts of all who were privileged to come within the sphere of his personal influence. A grander, truer man never lived, and it is believed that the copious extracts from his letters, revealing the almost infinite tenderness of his great heart, will give a finer appreciation of his imperial soul, than anything heretofore given to the public.

The following statement from Mr. Garfield himself,

concerning certain events in his life, of an earlier date than the writer's acquaintance with him, was prepared at the request of the Trustees of Geauga Seminary, and first published in the "Union Educational Quarterly" at Chester:

HIRAM, O., May 8, 1867.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES, GEAUGA SEMINARY:

Gentlemen—Your letter of the 4th inst., with its accompanying blank and circular, came duly to hand. I enclose a contribution for the worthy purpose of renovating the seminary building. I regret that I am not able to make a larger one.

In accordance with your request, I make a brief statement of my connection with Geauga Seminary. I do this with the more readiness, because it is a source of great pleasure to me to recall the persons and scenes connected with the beginning of student life.

In the winter of 1848-9, I was at my mother's home in Orange, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, suffering from a three months' siege of fever and ague, which I had brought from the Ohio Canal the preceding summer. Samuel D. Bates, now a distinguished minister of the gospel in Marion, Ohio, was that winter teaching the district school near my mother's. He had attended the Seminary at Chester, and urged several of the young men in the neighborhood to return there with him in the spring. Being yet too ill to return to my plan of becoming a sailor on the Lake, I resolved to attend school one term, and postpone sailing until autumn. Accordingly I joined two other young men—Wm. Boynton (my cousin), and Orrin H. Judd, of Orange—and, with the necessary provisions for boarding ourselves, we reached Chester, March 6, 1849, and rented a room in an unpainted frame house nearly west of the Seminary, and across the street from it.

The teachers at the time were Mr. and Mrs. Branch, Mr. and Mrs. Coffin, Mr. Bigelow, and Miss Abigail Curtis. I bought the second algebra I ever saw, and commenced the study of it there. Studied also Natural Philosophy and Grammar.

In a diary which I kept while there I find many memories of that term, as well as subsequent ones, and, among other things, a copy of the programmes of the exhibition at the end of the two spring terms of 1849-50. I attended there in the fall of 1849, and during the following winter I taught my first school. Returned to the Seminary in the spring of 1850. Spencer J. Fowler was then principal, and John B. Beech was his chief assistant.

I commenced the study of Latin, and finished Algebra and Botany. At the close of the spring term I made my first public speech. It was a six minutes' oration at the annual exhibition. My diary shows the anxiety and solicitude through which I passed in its preparation and delivery.

During the vacation of 1850 I worked at the carpenter's trade in Chester. Besides other things, I helped to build a two-story house on the east side of the road, a little way south of the Seminary grounds. Attended school during the fall term of 1850, and commenced the study of Greek. I worked mornings, evenings and Saturdays at my trade, and thus paid my way. After the first term at Chester, I never received any pecuniary assistance. The cost of living, however, was much less than it is now. In my second term at Chester I had board, room and washing at Heman Woodworth's at one dollar and six cents per week.

In 1851 I commenced attending the institution at this place. Studied and taught here until 1854, when I entered Williams College, Massachusetts, and graduated in 1856.

I remember with great satisfaction the work which was accomplished for me at Chester. It marked the most decisive change in my life.

While there I formed a definite purpose and plan to complete a college course. It is a great point gained, when a young man makes up his mind to devote several years to the accomplishment of a definite work. With the educational facilities now afforded in our country, no young man who has good health, and is master of his own actions, can be excused for not obtaining a good education. Poverty is very inconvenient, but it is a fine spur to activity, and may be made a rich blessing.

I hope the Seminary at Chester may long be a blessing to young men and women who attend it. Very respectfully,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Orrin H. Judd, Esq., who is mentioned above, resides (1886) at Fairfield, Nebraska; while the Mr. Coffin who was one of the teachers, is Hon. L. S. Coffin, of the Board of Railroad Commissioners of Iowa.

I am indebted to Mr. George Woodward, of Cleveland, Ohio, for the following facts in reference to Mr. Garfield's work during the summer of 1851, immediately prior to the beginning of my acquaintance. Mr. Woodward says:

My first acquaintance with James A. Garfield was in the winter of 1850-51. He was teaching a district school at the center of Warrensville, Cuyahoga county, Ohio.

In June he came to Chagrin Falls, to work for George Woodward and J. Hubbell, who were carrying on building at that time under the firm name of "Woodward and Hubbell." He commenced June 16, 1851, and worked until the 20th of August, we paying him \$18, and board, per month. He told me that he had been attending school at Chester Cross Roads, for some time, and that all his spare time from school he had worked at the carpenter and joiner trade. We found him a very good hand for the price; full as good as the majority even now. He was strong and ready to take hold of anything that came to him, and ever anxious to learn all he could of the trade, although he told me he did not expect to follow the business, and perhaps that would be the last summer he would work at it. He boarded most of the time in my family and we became very much attached to him, and were warm friends ever afterwards.

The large timbers for the Disciples' Church at Chagrin Falls being on the ground July 4, 1851, Garfield, Hubbell and myself concluded not to celebrate, but to commence work on that building. So, Hubbell began to hew the rough oft, and I began to scratch the timber, while Garfield started the two-inch auger, but by the time he had made one or two mortises for the northeast corner of the house, so that it could be said he had made the first mortise and that in the chief corner, our zeal for labor had gone down and our patriotism had obtained the ascendancy; so we put up our tools, went home, put on our soft clothes and started for the grove about one and a half miles east of the village, where there was a picnic and where our families, as well as many people from the village, had preceded us. There we spent the rest of that day very pleasantly.

That summer we built a dwelling-house four miles east of Chagrin Falls, in the town of Russell, the south part of the Soule settlement, for William A. Lilly. Hubbell, Garfield and others put up the frame; then I went out and made the drawings for the cornice, and Garfield and I got it all out and put it on; about two hundred feet. When it is remembered that in those days there were no planing mills in that country, and that all the lumber and mouldings had to be worked by hand, it will be seen that we had no small job before us. After the roof was on, I went back to the Falls, while Hubbell, Garfield and others went on with the work.

As already stated, Garfield worked until August 20th. Hubbell paid him the balance due him, which was fifteen dollars; he put it in his memorandum book, and that into his coat pocket, and throwing his coat over his arm, he bade farewell to jack-plane and hammer and started for home to make ready to go into the Hiram Institute. But before he had gone more than half way to the Falls, he discovered that he had lost his pocket-book and all his money. I can imagine that he felt rather blue when he discovered his loss, but, after walking back a short distance, he met Dr. Bliss and asked him if he had found a certain book, describing it. The Doctor had found it, and at once returned it to him, and he went on his way rejoicing.

The next I heard of him, he was at the Eclectic Institute at Hiram, ringing the bell for his tuition.

In 1860 he preached for the Disciple Church in Cleveland, on the West side, one-half *of* his time. I was living there at the time, and I remember the subject of one of his sermons. His text was the twelfth verse of the second chapter of Exodus, where it is said of Moses: "He looked this way and that way, and when he saw that there was no man, he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand." He showed from this how many, in their dealings with one another, now do the same thing in various ways.

The last time I met him was at Wauseon, Fulton County, Ohio, where I was then living. I think it was in the fall of 1879. He was there to make a speech on the subject of Finance. In the evening, when many of his friends were gathered for a visit, he told them that he and I had worked many days at the same bench, and that his knowledge of the use of tools had often been of great service to him.

The following summary of the principal events in the life of Mr. Garfield will serve to correct many errors:

James A. Garfield, born Nov. 19, 1831, at Orange, Cuyahoga county, Ohio.

Driver on Ohio Canal, summer of 1848.

Entered Geauga Seminary, at Chester, March 6, 1849. Attended spring and fall terms.

Taught his first school, in winter of 1849-50.

At Geauga Seminary, spring and fall of 1850. In all four terms.

Taught school at Warrensville, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, winter of 1850-51.

Entered "Eclectic Institute," at Hiram, August 25, 1851. Rung the bell for tuition this term only.

Taught a second term at Warrensville, winter of 1851-2.

Teacher and student at the "Eclectic Institute," spring and fall of 1852, all of 1853, and spring of 1854.

Worked at carpentry for A. S. Kilby, at Hiram, during July and August, 1852, and at no other time.

Reached New York City on his way to Williams College, July 6, 1854.

Reached Williams College and passed examination, July 11, 1854.

Graduated from Williams College, August 6, 1856.

Professor and President of "Eclectic Institute," subsequently "Hiram College," from 1856 to 1861.

Married November 10, 1858.

Elected to Ohio Senate, from Portage and Summit counties, October, 1859.

Took his seat in Ohio Senate, January, 1860. Youngest member.

Second session of his Senatorial term begun in January, 1861.

Entered the army in 1861.

Battle of Prestonburg, January 10, 1862, and commissioned Brigadier General.

Elected to Congress, October, 1862.

Battle of Chickamauga, Sept. 18, 1863, and commissioned Major General.

Entered Congress in December, 1863. Served continuously until 1880.

Elected United States Senator by the Legislature of Ohio, January, 1880.

Nominated for President, at Chicago, June 8, 1880.

Elected President of the United States, November 2, 1880.

Inaugurated, March 4, 1881.

Shot, at Washington, July 2, 1881.

Died, at Elberon, September 19, 1881.

REMINISCENCES OF JAMES A. GARFIELD.



CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY AND AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.

In the spring of 1880 there was a great multitude of reasonably intelligent American citizens who had never heard of James A. Garfield, or if they had heard of him, had not been sufficiently interested to remember his name. It is true, that, for many years, he had been a member of the lower house of Congress, and those familiar with that important body of law-makers were acquainted with the fact that he had been very active and useful in shaping national legislation. But when in June of that year the telegraph flashed the news not only over continents but around the world that he had been named by the dominant political party as its candidate for the Presidency, men looked in Appleton's Cyclopaedia in vain to find even his name. The great public waited eagerly for particulars concerning the history of one now presented so prominently before them. Biographies of more or less merit were

hurriedly prepared and eagerly purchased and read; incidents true and mythical were alike sown broadcast, and within a few months everybody was familiar with the outlines of his remarkable history.

When, a year later, he fell in his glorious prime, by the merciless hand of the assassin, the world watched by his dying couch for eighty days, until his great heart grew still, and his mangled body was borne by a sorrowing nation from the old cottage by the sea to his old home by blue Erie, and laid to rest among the people who for twenty years had honored him as their chosen son.

As one who for thirty years had known and loved him; who had watched his successive steps, from the poor student, dependent upon his own exertions for education, to his triumphant election as chief ruler of a nation of fifty millions of freemen; who had rejoiced at his every triumph as that of a brother, and who sorrowed over his untimely death as those knowing him less intimately could not sorrow, it is with hesitation that I have consented to write the story of our early association and intimacy, and our subsequent life-long friendship.

Among my earliest recollections is the political campaign of 1840. By the side of a rude school-house in Northern Ohio, my brother and myself built a log cabin in honor of the hero of Tippecanoe, and we shouted ourselves hoarse in aid of his election. It may be inferred that we were Whigs, as were the great majority of the people of not only the State, but of the Union, as was ascertained when the votes were counted that autumn, and it was established that

"Matty Van" was
"A used up man."

Our political duties did not interfere seriously with our lessons. We read in the old English Reader and the Testament; and learned to spell from Webster's Elementary Spelling Book. Some of the older scholars studied Kirkham's Grammar, and Olney's Geography and Atlas. There were twenty-six States; most of the country west of the Mississippi was uninhabited, and supposed to be a part of the Great American Desert. The great railroads which span the continent were far in the future. Morse was experimenting to perfect his wild dream of sending news by electricity. Cleveland, Ohio, was considerably larger than Chicago, the population of the latter city being less than five thousand. Texas was a foreign nation, and California a Mexican province. Howe had not perfected his sewing-machine. The hum of the spinning-wheel was heard in almost every home, and "swift as the weaver's shuttle" was a comparison which every child could appreciate.

My father was a carpenter, and worked at his trade usually for one dollar per day. By steady and persistent industry, supplemented by the management of our capable mother, the family was comfortably maintained, but their united efforts were not sufficient to make them the owners of a home. We were renters, with no fixed abiding place, and I think no two of the six children were born under the same roof. But we were kept at school, and no effort spared by either father or mother to give us a good education. Thus the months passed until my fifteenth year. I was a pale, bashful boy, with a prophecy hanging over me that I would never live to

manhood. But I was an inveterate skeptic concerning that as well as many other things.

It is probably well known to most of my readers that the Western Reserve in Ohio was the cradle of the religious movement which its adherents have been accustomed to designate as the "Reformation," and its enemies have stigmatized as "Campbellism." One of the first churches organized was at Chardon, Geauga County, where I was born, and both my father and mother were among its members from a period before my recollection.

In those early days it was customary for every member to be able to give a reason for his faith, and almost every one carried with him a copy of the New Testament. The constant study of the Scriptures resulted in a familiarity with the sacred volume which in these times would be deemed remarkable indeed. With the constant misunderstanding, not to say misrepresentation, to which the new movement was subject, almost every member became of necessity a champion, and armed with "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God," never shunned an encounter with an opponent. Those who came into the church under such circumstances, did so from earnest conviction, and with so clear a comprehension of the principles they accepted as God's eternal truth, that it was very rare indeed that they ever renounced their faith. They might be inconsistent in their conduct, and lack the all-important elements of a true Christian character, but even such would stoutly maintain the theoretical principles which their daily life tended to dishonor.

Some philosopher has said, "Beware of the man of one book," and the power of many of the old pioneers

in the movement to restore primitive Christianity gives testimony to the wisdom of his caution. Some of them were uneducated in the learning of theological seminaries; but they drew their inspiration fresh from the fountain of God's word. No doubt but some of their interpretations would not stand the fierce light of modern criticism, but they were intensely in earnest, and taught a gospel which even children could understand.

At the Yearly Meeting—that in Geauga county was always held in June—there would be gathered from all the churches a great multitude who came together to renew their acquaintance, and to unite, as did the Israelites at their convocations at Jerusalem, in the worship of Jehovah; and I am sure no one who ever attended any of these great annual gatherings will forget the occasion. Sometimes they were held in a grove, where rude seats had been provided for the hearers, and a rough stand for the preacher; at other times the huge tent was pitched in some grove, and the meeting was under its arching roof. These great meetings always commenced on Friday afternoon, and were continued until Monday. Unbounded hospitality was the rule among the brethren where the meetings were held, and as the place of meeting was changed each year from one township to another, there grew up an intimate acquaintance among the members of the several churches which could have been created by no other means.

At these meetings the ablest preachers were secured to conduct the exercises. Not unfrequently Alexander Campbell himself delivered the great sermon on Sunday morning. Such men as David S. Burnet, Wm. Hayden, Harrison Jones, A. B. Green, Jasper Moss, Wm. Collins, A. S. Hayden, Dexter Otis, and many

others equally earnest if not so well known, told the story of the Christ of Calvary to the listening multitudes in words of burning eloquence and tender pathos, and exhorted men to become his disciples. They urged upon the people the acceptance of no creed but the New Testament; they presented the crucified Redeemer as a personal friend of the race he came to save, and taught that faith in him, and a prompt and willing obedience to his commandments, as the same became known to those who would become Christians, were the sum of human duty. They showed so clearly, that no hearer could fail to perceive, the phenomenal nonsense of requiring the child, whose tender heart was touched by the story of Jesus, to stand before a committee of theologians and answer questions as to his opinion on the abstruse distinctions of metaphysicians, the deep and awful mysteries hid in the mind of God before the morning stars sang together over a new born world,—as preliminary to his coming into the church—the school of Christ, the great teacher. They showed that if any such examination should ever become proper, it would only be before a committee of angels, long after the resurrection, when the disciple had learned from the Master, beside the great white throne, the unrevealed motives and mysteries of God's eternal purposes. To be Christ's loyal and willing disciple—often stumbling, perhaps—always ignorant, but anxious to know and do his will—teachable, true, honest and loving both toward God and man—this they told us was our duty, and they showed the promise of his gracious acceptance, signed by his own hand in his own holy word, as our assurance of eternal life and happiness, "beyond the smiling and the weeping" of this world.

At the June meeting, before I was fifteen, I accepted the invitation to become a Disciple of Christ, and was buried with him in baptism in a sparkling stream, on whose grassy banks had gathered the people as the multitude gathered on the banks of the Jordan eighteen centuries before, when the Master went down into the water and was baptized!

CHAPTER II.

REMOVAL TO GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—POEM BY MY
MOTHER.—FRANKLIN EVERETT.

The year 1845 will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Northern Ohio, on account of the protracted drouth by which the country was afflicted. The hot summer sun scorched the meadows and no rain came to revive the dying vegetation. The grass withered and dried up from the roots, and crops of every description proved almost an entire failure. Business was almost suspended, and there was little work for those dependent upon their daily labor for bread for their families.

My father's wealth consisted chiefly of his four sons and two daughters. That summer he determined to "go west," and early in September, having provided as means of transportation, a yoke of oxen and a heavy wagon, he fitted out his "prairie schooner" in conventional style, placed on board his wife and younger children, while we older ones followed with a small drove of cattle, and, thus equipped, started on a journey of some three hundred miles to Grand Rapids, Mich. We traveled some ten or twelve miles a day, and at night stopped at some farmhouse where we found shelter and rest. We children enjoyed it greatly; more, I fear, now looking back over nearly forty years, than did our tired father and mother. We halted a few days at the home of my father's father, a

few miles west of Toledo, and then pushed on to our destination, where we arrived November 8, 1845.

Grand Rapids was then a village of twelve hundred inhabitants. It lies some thirty miles east of Lake Michigan, on the Grand River, and is now the second city in Michigan. Large numbers of Indians then lived in the vicinity. The Michigan Central railroad reached as far west as Battle Creek, some twenty miles distant, with which daily communication was maintained by a lumbering stage-coach. One or two small steamboats also made regular trips to and from Grand Haven. Once a year the agent of the United States distributed an annuity of some twenty or thirty dollars to each of the twelve hundred Indians, payable always in bright new half dollars.

Mr. A. B. Turner was editor, compositor, proof reader, pressman, and proprietor of the *Grand River Eagle*, published weekly; it has been a daily for the last thirty years, and Mr. Turner does not now print it on a Washington hand press, and I am no longer roller-boy. There were a few mills and manufactories along Canal street; a few stores and groceries on Monroe street; a building known as the "Academy," a few churches—and an earnest wide-awake, ambitious population. With a magnificent waterpower, greater than any in New England, and with such a start, it was easy to foresee its manifest destiny.

As I have said, we reached the village on the 8th of November. We were strangers in a strange land. The journey had exhausted the family purse, but the sale of the oxen and what stock remained unsold supplied our present needs. How well I remember that first winter! We were poor! not that squalid poverty that

is so hopeless, but honorably poor. Work was scarce, and the price of labor very low. Father could not obtain work at his trade, but went into the country and cut and split rails, and part of the time sawed wood in the town. Mother gathered a few children into a select school, kept a few boarders, worked early and late, and hoped bravely on! They would have scorned to accept charity—I believe they would have starved rather than be dependent. Thank God! they lived to earn a reasonable competence and enjoy life to a good old age, and now—their life work done—they sleep side by side in Woodland Cemetery, at Des Moines, Iowa.

While the principal religious denominations had each a church at Grand Rapids, there was no organization of the Disciples of Christ, and I do not remember that we learned for many years of a single member outside our own family. Under such circumstances my mother wrote the following lines, in one of her many seasons of loneliness:

THE HOME I LEFT.

I could view from that spot the broad bosom of Erie,
 Now crested with billows, now tranquil and blue,
 So beautiful, too, one would seldom grow weary;
 With feelings of sadness I bade it adieu.

How oft have I seen on that bright world of water,
 The white spreading canvas inviting the breeze,
 And oft have I witnessed the dreadful commotion
 The storm-king can raise on the billowy seas.

The lonely retreat in that dear little wild-wood,
 Its moss-covered rock forming many a cell,
 Endeared to my children by sports of their childhood,
 With regret I remember the final farewell.

The path that led forth from my own humble dwelling,
On the right and the left brightly bordered with flowers,
Those beautiful emblems of life's fleeting summer,
How sweet their perfume in the soft twilight hours.

The clustering vines that crept over my casement
Seemed gifted with life in the wind's gentle swell,
And sunbeams were broken to glittering diamonds,
As through the bright foliage they tremblingly fell.

'T was a dearly loved spot, and I left it in sadness,
For this towering forest, these wilds of the West;
Ah! would I could feel one sensation of gladness,
And hush all these bright recollections to rest.

If I plant the same flowers in this dark land of strangers,
And watch their bright leaves, as in beauty they bloom,
They will constantly whisper of fond hopes departed,
And strew my lone pathway with visions of gloom.

But short is the journey, and though it is lonely,
There is one cherished treasure in kindness here given—
The gospel of Christ—and may this, and this only,
Be my guide through the world and my passport to heaven.

I shall not weary the reader with details of the next six years. A portion of the time was spent attending the Grand Rapids Academy, an institution of learning, more than usually fortunate in the marked ability of its principal, Franklin Everett, A. M. He was from New England, a graduate of what is now Colby University, and a man of fine feeling; a poet of far more than ordinary merit, and I hazard nothing in saying that few teachers excelled him in awakening every latent power in his students. For perhaps thirty years he devoted his best efforts to the education of the young men and women of that city, and to him and his excellent wife, they owe a debt of gratitude which some of them if they can never repay, at least will never forget. He is

still living, though past his threescore and ten, honored and respected by all who appreciate true worth.

I can not forbear giving the reader the following touching poem, written by him on the death of his only son, a child of his old age:

BURIED HOPES.

A year its onward course has sped—
 Of mingled pain and joy,
 Since first with swelling heart I hailed
 My beauteous angel boy—
 Long hoped for darling boy.

With eye and soul to heaven upraised,
 I clasped him to my breast;
 And reverent kissed the unconscious one,
 With hope serenely blessed—
 O God! how doubly blessed!

As nestling on his cot he lay,
 Or in his mother's arms,
 From day to day, from week to week,
 I watched his budding charms—
 To me how bright those charms.

The "child of hope," became to me,
 Bright as the angels are;
 The light of heaven was in his eye,
 His form as angel fair—
 For earth too bright and fair.

How sweetly clustered round my son
 Fond thoughts of future years;
 My star of hope shone clear and bright
 And high in heaven appears—
 How bright such star appears.

But hope has died, my star has gone,
 And vanished from my sight;

The earth is dark, the heavens are black,
 With deepest shades of night—
 O God! how deep that night!

Nine times the moon had gone her round,
 Since heaven thus on me smiled,
 And then tile unrelenting came
 And snatched from me my child—
 Spared not my angel child.

The flowers are budding on his grave,
 And opening in their bloom,
 But are not spring and vernal flowers
 A mockery of its gloom?—
 O death I thou dwell'st in gloom.

Then farewell, hope: the sky was bright,
 While beaming on my son—
 When love and hope were circling round
 My dear, my darling one—
 Dead, dead, that darling one.

'T is sad to think while living on,
 That love has lost its spell;
 That time has so despoiled the earth,
 As to leave no fond farewell—
 No lingering, fond farewell.

I look within my inmost soul—
 That soul is burned and sere;
 I look abroad upon the world,
 'T is desolation drear—
 My soul, my life, how drear!

O what is life since hope is not!
 And what are passing years!
 The present blank, the future dark,
 The past a vale of tears—
 No solace even in tears.

In the fall of 1847, I commenced teaching school, in a small country district, at ten dollars per month of twenty-six days, boarding around the district. The

CHAPTER III.

GENESIS OF THE ECLECTIC INSTITUTE—ITS OBJECTS AND
AIMS.—TEACHERS IN 1851.

The district of country known as the Western Reserve comprises a tract in the northeast corner of Ohio, about one hundred and twenty miles from East to West, and some fifty miles from North to South. It contains the counties of Ashtabula, Lake, Cuyahoga, Summit, Medina, Huron, Erie, Portage, Geauga, Lorrain, Trumbull, and the north part of Mahoning. It was part of a grant made by the King of England in 1662, to the colony of Connecticut in a royal charter, which describes the land granted as reaching to the Pacific Ocean. Under a compromise, after the Revolutionary war, the territory above described was conveyed to the State of Connecticut by the United States Government, in satisfaction of the grant by King Charles II. It has ever since been known as the Connecticut Western Reserve. The proceeds of the sale of these lands were devoted by the State of Connecticut to the cause of popular education, and constitute the larger part of her munificent school fund. The Western Reserve was very largely settled by emigrants from New England, and has been distinguished for the intelligence, enterprise and moral worth of its citizens. All its instincts were intensely anti-slavery. It has been asserted that even under the old Fugi-

tive Slave law of 1850, no slave was ever taken back to slavery from its territory. Lake Erie forms the northern boundary. Cleveland is its most important city.

On the 22nd day of July, 1851, I left Grand Rapids on my return to Ohio. The stage took me to Battle Creek, from whence I went by railroad to Detroit, and from there by steamboat to Cleveland, where I arrived on the morning of the 24th. From Cleveland to Chardon, about thirty miles, I traveled on foot, arriving at the home of my uncle, Lorrin Smith, that evening.

Before leaving Grand Rapids, I had procured a thick memorandum book, to serve as my first journal or diary, and for about twenty years I kept up the habit of making a daily record of passing incidents and experiences. I shall be greatly indebted to these old journals, comprising several thousand pages, for the facts, and especially the dates of the incidents I shall try to relate.

As the school at Hiram was not to open until late in August, I spent a little time in visiting, and then found employment at carpenter work at Chardon village. As is the fate of all sublunary things, the building upon which I worked that summer was utterly destroyed many years ago in a great conflagration which annihilated in a single night almost the whole town. On Monday, August 25, 1851, in company with two or three other students, I went to Hiram; the third term of the "Western Reserve Eclectic Institute" opened that day. Hiram lies about twenty miles south of Chardon. The road runs through the villages of Burton and Troy, and from the latter we could see the dome of the Institute, though five miles away. It was a pleasant ride through a thickly settled region;

the farms were usually well cultivated; the buildings in good repair; the orchards loaded with ripening fruit, and herds of fine cattle and flocks of sheep were contentedly grazing in green fields.

But I was somewhat disappointed when we reached Hiram. We ascended quite a hill, and on the west side of the road stood the school building; the basement was of yellowish sandstone, with two stories above, of red brick. The cupola or dome was covered with zinc, and beneath its round head hung the bell which will be remembered perhaps as long as the one which rung out the glad story of the nation's birth. The bell ringer of 1776 has left no name behind him; while the Hiram bell will be remembered on account of him whose stalwart arms rung out its merry peals.

Passing the building a few rods we reached an east and west road, and at the corners were two small churches, a small store, kept by a man named Meeker, whose stock comprised almost every article which men, women and children are supposed to need, and if reports were true, some which all of them could get along without. I suppose there were three or more buildings, though I do not now remember them. We turned to the left, passed one house, as I remember, and stopped at the second, on the left hand or north side. It was the home of a Mr. Edwards, where I was to board.

It may astonish some of the students of these days to know that the total expense for board, room, fuel, lights, and washing, was only *one dollar and thirty-seven and a half cents per week*. We had enough to eat, though I have no recollection of the bill of fare, I am certain we did no more grumbling than

others have done whose board was far more expensive. Tuition for the languages and higher mathematics was \$5.50 for a term of twelve weeks. Thus \$22 paid for tuition and board for the term. Books were, of course, an additional expense.

I have said that I was somewhat disappointed on my first view of the Eclectic. It was in an open field; small trees had been planted, but they gave no promise of shade from the hot sun of such August afternoons, unless to another generation. To the northwest was an old orchard, and among the apple trees were, if I remember correctly, two houses, in one of which lived President Hayden. Evidently the school was in an early stage of development. Possibly Yale, or Harvard presented no finer appearance at the same age, but one who has strolled beneath the giant elms of the former, or through the costly and palatial halls and the beautiful grounds of the latter, would hardly have suspected the Eclectic of 1851 of being the training school of not only a President of the United States, but of others who would do no discredit to Yale or Harvard.

The Eclectic Institute was the outgrowth of a purpose, in the hearts and consciences of earnest and determined men. The first announcement contained the following declaration of the principles to which it was pledged:

"Education, without moral culture, is power for evil. The history of educated men is too often the history of crime. It is imperiously demanded, for the welfare of the students, in time and eternity, that primary importance should be attached to a prompt, vigilant and thoroughly moral training, during the whole course of their study. The seminary of learning should be the guar-

dian of the heart and conscience. A radical reform is needed on this subject, but this reform will require wisely directed and long continued efforts to accomplish it. In all schools, from the primary to the university, prizes are presented before the mind of the pupil to stimulate him to the highest intellectual exertion, while no adequate rewards await the youth studious of the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Indeed a well regulated school for moral discipline is yet to be established and successfully conducted. It is cheering to know that many great and good men are laboring to exalt this feature of popular education.

"The Eclectic Institute humbly claims to hold this point, as one of vast importance, and to place it in the front rank of its classic arrangements. We assume the *Bible*—the living oracle of *Divine Truth*—to be the only sun of our moral heavens, the only fountain whose streams purify and gladden the heart, the only source of moral principle and moral power. For these reasons and objects, the whole school receive daily instructions in Sacred History. This inestimable volume reveals the origin of the Human Race, the settlement of the earth, and the founding of nations. It unfolds the dark history of human depravity, the degradation and misery of an apostasy from God, together with the righteous judgment of the Ruler of the Universe against idolatry. Individuals of every rank are here judged, are weighed in the balance of unerring justice, the righteous are rescued from destruction, the poor and oppressed are delivered and encouraged. In a word, all crime and impiety here receive merited punishment, while purity, truth and humility are rewarded with the manifest tokens of Divine approbation. It is impossi-

ble that the historic records of these Divine judgments, so truthful and thrilling, should be arrayed before the mind and impressed upon the heart, without producing in the LIFE results most blissful and lasting.

"In addition to imparting instruction in all the branches of English, mathematical and classical education usually found in institutions of a similar rank, the institution appropriates one hour every day to the examination of the historic facts of the Holy Volume of God's high inspiration."

Another reason for the founding of the Eclectic was not set forth in any formal announcement. Just over the eastern border of the Western Reserve, in that narrow portion of Virginia which lies between Ohio and Pennsylvania, Alexander Campbell, in 1841, had founded Bethany College, with very similar aims to those expressed by the founders of the Eclectic. But, notwithstanding the high esteem in which Mr. Campbell was held, and the fact that he had no slaves, Bethany was on soil cursed by slavery. In 1850, when the Fugitive Slave law was passed, Mr. Campbell had advised submission to its requirements, and while not personally proslavery, he was not sufficiently anti-slavery to suit the constituents of Joshua R. Giddings. Further than this, Bethany College had more Southern than Northern students, and the latter would not endure the enforced suppression of free speech, nor the insults to which they were subjected, especially when the President was absent.

It must be remembered that the fires were smouldering in 1850 and 1851, which ten years later wrapped the whole nation in the flames of civil war. If it had

not been for slavery, it is very doubtful whether the Eclectic would ever have been founded.

The reader will have to pardon this digression. I return to that first day at Hiram. The only students with whom I was acquainted were Dan R. King, and two daughters of Elder Wm. Collins, Amelia and Amarilla, all of Chardon. We had all secured board at the same place, and at once entered upon our duties.

The teachers were as follows:

A. S. Hayden, Principal.

Thomas Munnell, A. M., Professor of Ancient Languages.

Norman Dunshee, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Modern Languages.

Charles D. Wilber, Professor of Natural Sciences.

Almeda A. Booth, Teacher in English Department.

Phebe M. Drake and Laura A. Clark, Teachers in Primary Department.

Of these teachers, President Hayden and Miss Booth have been dead many years. Professor Munnell is still living at Mt. Sterling, Ky.; Professor Dunshee is teaching Latin and Greek in Drake University. Des Moines, Iowa; C. D. Wilber is, I believe, in Chicago, and Laura A. Clark, now Mrs. Ellis Ballou, lived recently at Helena, M. T.

I entered classes in Virgil, Latin Grammar, Algebra and Physiology, and among my class-mates in part, if not all, was James A. Garfield.

CHAPTER IV

MY FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH JAMES A. GARFIELD.—HIS VALEDICTORY.

I regret that I am unable to fix upon the exact date when I formed the acquaintance of Mr. Garfield, but it was within a day or two after the opening of the term, Aug. 25, 1851. My first distinct recollection of him is as he stood in the hall grasping the bell rope to signal the change of classes. He was at that time not quite twenty years old; a broad-shouldered, powerfully built fellow, nearly six feet high; his hair cut rather short and standing almost erect; his eyes blue; his clothing was of material then known as Kentucky jeans, and his arms to the elbows were protected by sleeves of calico. There was a genial, kindly look in his eyes, which every one felt who came in contact with him, yet a certain dignity which would command respect. Some of his biographers betray their lack of accurate information by speaking of him at this time as "Jim Garfield." I never heard him thus addressed.

It is well to remember that a large majority of the students at the Eclectic were sons and daughters of farmers and mechanics, and the community was so thoroughly imbued with the idea that idleness and uselessness, rather than labor, were disgraceful, that no student lost caste or suffered reproach on account of any useful employment. I do not think it ever entered into

the mind of any student that Mr. Garfield was degraded in the slightest degree by his labor about the building.

I think that Garfield had read less Latin than any of the class, but we soon found that he possessed marvellous capacity, especially for persistent work. His powers of endurance were wonderful. I am hardly certain that he slept at all that fall. It is certain that he studied far into the night, and that the bell was always rung at 5 o'clock in the morning. He speedily took rank among the very best scholars in the school, and, with scarcely a single exception, was a universal favorite.

Among the students that fall were the four cousins of Garfield, Henry B. Boynton, William A. Boynton, Harriet A. Boynton, Phebe M. Boynton; John Encell, I. N. Thomas, Walter S. Hayden, G. L. Applegate, William M. Roe, Mary L. Hubbell, Angeline E., and Mary R. Packer, and others, with whom I became intimately acquainted. Encell, Hayden, Roe and Applegate became preachers, and are all still living. I. N. Thomas lived for many years at Des Moines, Iowa, and was for six years county Recorder; William Boynton died in his early manhood; Henry, Harriet and Phebe are still living — Henry on the old farm in Orange, where Garfield was born; Phebe was married to John H. Clapp, who raised a company of cavalry in the spring of 1862, and while riding at its head through the streets of Cleveland was thrown from his horse and so seriously injured that he lived only a week. His noble wife has remained a widow for nearly a quarter of a century. She lives now at Hiram. Mary L. Hubbell, whom all of us then thought was destined to

become the wife of Garfield, has been dead for many years. Angeline E. Packer, now wife of Cyrus Ryder, still lives at Hiram.

One of the distinguishing features of the Eclectic was the morning lecture on Bible History, usually given by President Hayden. I have always regretted that I did not keep notes of these lectures, as they were of much interest. President Hayden was a man of such excellent spirit that he won the hearts of most of his students; and his sincerity and unaffected interest in the welfare of each one were so unmistakable that we used to listen to his instruction with more than ordinary pleasure. That he believed the Bible to be a book written "by holy men of old, as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," was certain; and whatever may have been our doubts, we felt that it was with the liveliest interest in us that he taught us the imperishable truths revealed in its sacred pages.

Perhaps I can give an idea of one of these morning lectures. After the usual Scripture reading, singing by the students, led by the President, who was an excellent singer, and prayer, Mr. Hayden called attention to the account of the human race from the creation to the deluge, as narrated in the fifth chapter of the book of Genesis. He stated that its truth had been called in question, and that unbelievers had claimed the whole story to be a fiction. He then asked every student to open his Bible—all were required to come to the morning exercises with one—and turn to the fifth chapter of Genesis. He then turned to the blackboard and then asked, "How old was Adam at the birth of Seth?" The answer was given, 130 years. He con-

tinued his questions on each one to Noah, and wrote down the result as follows:

Adam to Seth	years	130
Seth to Enos	"	105
Enos to Cainan....	"	90
Cainan to Mahalaleel	"	70
Mahalaleel to Jared	"	65
Jared to Enoch	"	162
Enoch to Methusaleh	"	65
Methusaleh to Lamech	"	187
Lamech to Noah	"	182
Noah to the flood	"	<u>600</u>
Total	years		1656

He then asked us to see what the above table showed the time to be from the birth of Methusaleh to the flood, and by adding the last three sums we had 969, which the writer of the book of Genesis gives as the whole age of Methusaleh; so it follows that he died the year the flood commenced. He added: "Now, suppose any of those numbers had been one greater, it would have involved a positive contradiction, as Methusaleh would have been drowned before he could have attained the age attributed to him." He then showed the frequent anachronisms found in history, and every day detected in almost all fictitious writing, and argued that equal fidelity and consistency would everywhere be found in the sacred Scriptures.

Thus each morning the whole school was drilled with the open Bible, on its history and literature, its moral teaching, etc., but never on doctrinal differences existing between the different denominations. While a majority of the students were either Disciples or from the families of Disciples, yet there were many who had no affiliation with the religious people who

had founded the school. Mr. Garfield for a year or more had been a member of the church at Orange, of which his uncle, Amos Boynton, was an elder, and his mother a member. Of the students named, all, I believe, were members of the Church of Disciples, except Mr. Thomas.

On the 2nd of September we were favored by a visit from Alexander Campbell, then on his way to the Cuyahoga County Annual Meeting, which was held that year at Bedford. He was then about sixty-three years old. He was a man of striking appearance, tall, well proportioned, quite gray, with eyes bright and piercing. He gave us an extempore address of over an hour on the subject of "Education," which we thought to be able and interesting. I attended the Bedford meeting, and heard him deliver a number of sermons.

The Eclectic boasted the possession of the usual literary societies, and the more ambitious students were all members. In one of these Mr. Garfield speedily took the highest rank. He was always ready for a debate, and never failed to perform any part assigned him.

The monotonous succession of work in such a school, while of the highest interest to the youthful participants, affords few incidents to others. The days came and went with their succession of lessons, well learned by many, but shirked by others, as always has been the case, and the end of the term was approaching. The preceding winter Mr. Garfield had taught the public school at Warrensville, Cuyahoga county, and his services for the approaching winter had been again secured. In October I had contracted to teach a similar school at Hambden, Geauga county. During

the term Mr. Garfield and I had become very intimate friends. We had studied together our Latin and mathematics most of the time, and not a day had passed when we were both at Hiram that we had not been more or less in each other's society. We had declaimed "Lochiel's Warning," he as the haughty Highland Chief and I as the Seer; we had had many a warm contest in the debating club, for it was only on rare occasions that we were colleagues, and yet our friendship had grown stronger day by day. I can not remember a single unkind word toward me which ever fell from his lips.

The term closed Nov. 14, 1851, with public exercises, on which occasion the valedictory was by Mr. Garfield. This was five days before he was twenty years old, and yet it seems to me, even now with the ripened experience of years, to be a composition of which his friends need not be ashamed. I find a copy of it among my papers, and as the earliest specimen of his literary work ever laid before the public, I venture to give it to my readers.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS OF J. A. GARFIELD, HIRAM, O., NOV. 14, 1851.

Fellow Students:—The time has at length arrived when our connection with this institution and with each other, as seekers of knowledge, is about to terminate, at least for a season. It is fitting that we take a retrospective view, and consider for a few moments that series of events which is now about to close. Time with his untiring wings has flown ceaseless and noiseless. Three short months have been chronicled upon his mighty scroll since a band of strangers met within these walls. We had left the society of friends and parents, the endearments of home, to seek the sparkling gems of science; to expand and elevate the mind, to raise the soul from earth and point it to the skies. Few familiar faces gladdened our number. But time rolled on. Side by side we toiled up the steep ascent upon whose beetling summit stands the fair temple of knowledge. All hearts beat in unison; mind

communed with mind; affections were blended and strengthened, which naught but the palsying touch of Death can rend asunder. At the return of each glad morning we have *here* assembled to read the word of God; to learn sweet lessons from its sacred pages; to invoke His blessing to rest upon us; and then we have raised our voices, in singing praises to His name. Here we have listened to the voice of instruction, the friendly counsel, and the kind warning against the evils which beset the paths of youth. Our minds have here been fed with the sweets of science and we have enjoyed a sumptuous intellectual feast. But those varied scenes, with all their joys and sorrows, are past. All human organizations are destined to dissolution. A few short hours, and we shall have separated—another rolling sun, and these "familiar halls" are silent. No more shall the clear tones of that "friendly monitor" borne on the morning air call this band to duty. The events of our sojourn here will soon be numbered; among the things that were, and will live only in the memory. But there upon that tablet of the heart these scenes shall ever dwell. For many a year to come, in thought, we 'll wander back to these bright days and live them o'er again. We'll tread these halls and greet each happy friend as we were wont to do. To those who have been the obedient, the faithful students, these will be cheering reflections. This spot will be as a bright oasis to cheer the drooping heart through the dreary desert of life. Time still will wing his flight, and years roll on, and could we lift the darkened veil that shrouds the mighty realm of the future, what would be the spectacle presented to our view? What one of our number, ere another sunny spring visits the earth, shall have gone to inhabit the "silent city of the dead"? What heart shall be wrung with anguish or weighed down with sorrow? Who shall mourn over the tombs of departed loved ones, or shed tears of bereaved fondness? To Him alone who rules in earth and heaven these things are known. To us belongs the present only. Let us then profit by this occasion and review our past course, endeavoring to correct the errors and copy the virtues in our subsequent lives. To our respected teachers, who have so anxiously watched the workings of the youthful mind, who have ever been present with a helping hand and a willing heart to cheer us on when difficulties obstructed our path, we present our heartfelt thanks. By us your names will ever be held in grateful remembrance. Perhaps you have often been pained by our words or our conduct in an hour of mirth; but we plead the vivacity and fire of youth rather than a wish to wound the feelings of those whom we shall ever respect. May peace and happiness attend you, and in the many

duties and responsibilities which rest upon you may the kind hand of Providence direct you so that this institution shall ever be a fountain of knowledge and pure morality from which streams of living light shall radiate to dispel the darkness of ignorance and superstition. To my fellow students let me say, in whatever circumstances of life I am placed, the recollection of this youthful company will ever be cherished with the most pleasing emotions. In all the various relations we have sustained to each other there has been hardly a jarring note to interrupt the harmony of our intercourse. We part. Never again shall we *all* meet on these mundane shores. We go, and soon are scattered o'er the earth. Death does his work and we sink down into his dark domains. Shall we there rest while endless ages roll? Shall morning never dawn upon that dreamless sleep? Religion holds the lamp at Death's dark threshold and lights the passage through its gloomy shades. We'll pass its dusky portals—eternity bursts in upon our view—and there around the throne of God we '11 meet to part no more!

Before leaving for our respective fields of labor we had each promised the other to write frequently, and the following Monday found me at Hambden duly engaged in my winter's work. His school at Warrensville opened a few days later. My wages were \$16 per month, with board in the several families of my patrons.

CHAPTER V.

MY SCHOOL AT HAMBDEN.—LETTERS FROM MR. GARFIELD.

When I look back over the checkered history of more than thirty years, it seems to me that the most unhappy of all its months were those spent that winter at Hambden. The little village had been finished long before; it had enjoyed no past, and had no hope in the future. While long since dead, no friendly hand had given it burial; but the mildew of the charnel-house was over it all. The two churches stood like gladiators over against each other, shabby in their weather-beaten habiliments, faded and tattered by winter's storms and summer's heat. Without, they were forbidding and repulsive; within, the fires had grown cold upon their altars, and the worshipers had departed, save a few fossils who had come down from a former generation. As to my scholars, I soon became hopeless of awakening in them any ambition and hope. They were careless of the present, and reckless of the future.

Almost the only oasis in my desert was the bright hope that with the return of spring I should again be found among the students of the Eclectic, from whence the hard hand of inexorable poverty had driven me, to sell a part of my life for a miserable pittance. I had promised to keep up a correspondence with two or three of the students, and chief among them was Mr. Garfield. I have a number of letters written by him during the

time, and as I read them they bring back the overwhelming pleasure I experienced in perusing them in my solitude and homesickness that wretched winter. It seems to me now as though there was no sunshine, but only dismal days, dark and leaden-hued. Each night I was accustomed to make a note of how many more days I must endure before my weary task would be done. Here is my first letter from Mr. Garfield:

WARRENSVILLE, Dec. 5, 1851.

Dear Corydon:—Since last we saw each other, Time with his wheels of lightning has swiftly rolled along, bearing the joys and sorrows of a world to the great depot of Eternity, and I, too, have taken passage on board his mighty car. Three weeks ago to-day a band of youthful friends left the halls of the Eclectic with beating hearts and tearful eyes. In memory now I see their faces eloquent with emotion as they bid farewell to those with whom they have been so closely allied in the bonds of friendship. I often fancy myself standing at its portals and viewing the youthful countenances of many a tried friend. And foremost do I see the form of friend Fuller, always ready for every good word and work. I received your interesting letter yesterday, and was very much pleased, gratified, refreshed and delighted by its contents. I commenced my school last Monday at \$20 per month (twenty-two days to the month), with twenty-eight scholars the first day. I now have thirty-one. I have, besides the common branches, Algebra (three classes), Geometry, Botany, Ancient Geography and Latin. Hence, you see, I have plenty of business on hand. Every other Saturday I expect to have compositions, declamations and a "budget" read, for which I may contribute some.

The Boyntons' schools are in operation, except Harriet's. She commences next Monday to teach, about four miles from home, at \$10 per month.

With regard to my "taking," I reckon I do. _____ --is a good fellow, but Harriet is a resolute, outspoken girl, and says what she thinks, without flattery or conservatism. I truly sympathize with him, and no doubt she did; but still she couldn't "talk turkey" to him. With regard to my "attentive scholar," I have not much to say. You seem to be pretty well posted. Suffice it to say that she attends school at the center of Warrensville!

Corydon, I should like to take you by the arm and walk into the Eclectic Lyceum to-morrow evening, and hear some of the present members fulminate, clash, combat and discuss. I wonder if they would "chalk up" to last term. They say "Hope keeps the heart whole," and I believe it is true. In all my toils, the prospect of next spring, with all its associations, serves as a beacon light to cheer me on.

Remember me to Dan, and also to that "little Collins," and believe me your sincere friend,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

The "Dan" to whom he referred was Dan R. King, for many years of Chardon, and later of Geneva, Ohio, a highly respected citizen as well as a preacher of acceptable ability. The "little Collins" was Amelia, the oldest daughter of Elder William Collins, one of the pioneer preachers of the Western Reserve, known to the whole brotherhood for many years as a man of character and power. Amelia was a little sprite, bright and pretty as a doll, and beloved by every one. She was four years older than Mr. Garfield, and is long since dead.

On the first of January, 1852, I paid a visit to Hiram, and secured my boarding place for the spring term, at the home of Zeb Rudolph, at the same price I had paid in the fall, viz., \$1.38 cents per week. It will be noted by the reader that this gentleman is the father of Mrs. Garfield, and he is still living—a grand old man, an honor to any age or country. I shall have more to say of him and his excellent family at some future time.

I was much disappointed in not meeting Mr. Garfield and the Boyntons, but had a pleasant visit with those of the students who had remained during the winter term. There were 230 in attendance. In my notes of this visit I find the name of Wallace J. Ford, now of Eureka, Ill., but for many years of Burton, Ohio. I

met him some three or four years ago, after years of separation, at Worcester, Mass., and renewed old associations. He was one of Mr. Garfield's valued friends, and is a noble fellow.

On the 6th of January I wrote to Mr. Garfield, and here is his reply:

WARRENSVILLE, January 16, 1852.

Dear Corydon:—I received your very welcome letter last Monday, and was much cheered by its contents. Since I wrote you before, I have had neatly a week's sickness. The day before Christmas I was attacked with the lung fever, and for two days was very sick, but by the skill of the physician, and the good care I had taken of me at Mr. Hubbell's I recovered so as to go into my school again after four days. I am progressing very well so far, though perhaps I never worked harder in the hay-field than I work in school this winter. I have as yet had no rod in school, but I stand ready to use one when necessity demands it. I hope, however, to get along without, as I did last winter. Upon the whole, my school is quite pleasant, but there are some cases of—perhaps I may name it—intellectual dyspepsia. I am as yet baffled to find a cure for it. If you can suggest some remedy, I would thank you. Some scholars seem to have acquired a distaste for study, which all my ingenuity can not eradicate. They are those who have been put through at school for nearly a year, and do not seem to have that interest in themselves that they ought to have in order to success. However, the majority take hold of study with energy. I have five weeks after this to teach, and shall feel myself relieved of a heavy burden when the term closes.

Last Saturday morning William, Phebe and Cordelia Boynton and I piled into a double sleigh and started for Hiram. We stopped at Solon and took in Miss Seward and Minnie Norton, and arrived at Hiram about 3 o'clock P. M. We visited fast while there, I tell you. We were sorry to learn that several of our friends (yourself among them) had been there and gone away again, having hoped to see you there when we were.

Corydon, what think you were the thoughts that revolved through my mind as I trod those old familiar halls again? The friends of last fall passed before my mind's eye like the figures of a drama. Each one, as he passed along, greeted me with a familiar grasp of the hand and a smiling face, and spoke words of encouragement. It was to me

a melancholy pleasure to thus review those scenes, and know that that same company never again should meet on the shores of time. Corydon, I had another reflection: perhaps 't is moonshine—perhaps 'tis fancy—but let me submit it to you. It is a philosophical fact that light occupies eight minutes in passing from the earth to the sun, and the time is proportioned to the space. May there not be a spot far off in the immensity of space where it will take months, yea, years for the light to travel? May not my thoughts and actions of last fall, borne by the swift-winged steeds of light, be now entering the presence-chamber of Deity, and there, upon the mighty archives of eternity, may not my eternal destiny be daily inscribing? Yes, after our spirits shall have arrived into the presence of the Almighty, may we not see the acts of our lives come up and write out our destiny? Should we not be careful to write a character which we will be willing to have read before the assembled universe? Be it moonshine or not, thus the steeds of imagination carry me, and you will excuse me for committing them to paper.

TUESDAY, 20th.

Well, I quit writing that evening to attend the Warrensville Literary Club, of which I am a member. We had a very good time, considering the "timber." We have resolved ourselves into a senate, and each member represents some State in the Union. I am not only President, but also a representative from South Carolina, to watch the interests of my nullifying constituents. The bill before our senate for next evening is, "That we will assist, financially the Hungarian exiles, Kossuth and his compatriots, from the national treasury." We shall undoubtedly have a warm time.

By the way, what do you think of the effect of the excitement in reference to Kossuth upon our nation and popular liberty? How far may our government safely interfere in the Hungarian struggle?

But I am certainly rhapsodical this time. You must write me a letter and trim me up.

I am seated in my school-house—a room about 18 by 20—with a stove in the center, and in school the scholars are all around me, forty on the list. With these facts before me, I am led to exclaim:

Of all the trades by men pursued
 There's none that's more perplexing
 Than is the country pedagogue's—
 It's every way most vexing.

Cooped in a little narrow cell,
 As hot as black Tartarus,

As well in Pandemonium dwell
As in this little school house.

Well, Corydon, if you have had the patience to read to here, please accept as an apology for my disconnected, senseless trash, the fact that I have written a few lines at a time, and in all possible states of mind and body. I took this foolscap sheet for the want of any other.

Now, Corydon, will you respond to this soon? Well, do so. Give my love to all *our* Chardon folks, and believe me your sincere friend,

J. A. GARFIELD.

CHAPTER VI.

A VISIT TO CHAGRIN FALLS AND ORANGE.—SPRING TERM
OF THE ECLECTIC FOR 1852.—"DREAM OF AMBI-
TION."

I have before stated that the winter at Hambden, with its apparently unfruitful labors, was exceedingly irksome to me. Of all my schools, and I was a teacher for several years, no other was ever so unsatisfactory. Perhaps the fault was mine, though it seemed to me that I did everything in my power to inspire ambition in the hearts of my scholars. I have no copies of my letters to Mr. Garfield, but I find him very frequently mentioned in my journal, as well as in my letters to my father and mother. From the following letter, I infer that I had expressed to him my discouragement and dissatisfaction with what I was accomplishing:

WARRENSVILLE, Feb. 2, 1852.

Dear Corydon:—I received your favor of the 29th inst. this morning, and was glad to learn that you are nearly released from your disagreeable situation, which very much resembles my circumstances. I can truly sympathize with you in the trying and thankless task of the ill-fated pedagogue endeavoring to unfold the mysteries of science to his drowsy pupils, half-locked in the arms of Morpheus, having become enervated in the midnight revel in the ball-room. Can such animal souls possess one spark of immortality, or of that "pure divinity which glows with light unceasing"?

Well, I am still trying to keep my head above water, and I have some very good scholars, who seem to feel that life is of some more ac-

count than to be whiled away thus. I have two weeks after this to teach, and then shall be around home in Orange, *or somewhere else*, till the Hiram school commences.

Now won't we have a time there next spring? We'll study, clash, combat and discuss, make "Student's Offerings" and engage in all the other soul-stirring operations of a student's life.

Last Sunday week I was at home, and went to Solon to a meeting; and found G. L. Applegate, William, Henry, Harriet and Phebe (Boynton), Janett (Seward), Minnie Norton, Walter Hayden, and several other friends, and we had a fine time, I assure you. I had not seen Harriet before since I commenced school. She is doing well. She has had an opportunity to display her courage and firmness, and she improved it. Two boys were fighting (some fourteen or fifteen years old), and she ordered them to desist. They refused, and she collared one of them. He turned upon her, but she downed him and choked him till he bawled uproariously, and agreed to "chalk up" henceforward.

SATURDAY, Feb. 14.

It seems almost impossible that I should finish a letter all at one time, but you must pardon my aberrations and accept "a press of business" as an excuse. I have now only six more days to teach, and then I'll be free again. My school has done better for the last week, for I talked up to some of my frolickers, insomuch that they left school, and now we have a good time. Forty-three on my list, and thirty in regular attendance. The last day I am to have compositions, declamations and a paper, and I want to preach a sermon of about an hour's length to some of them on the subject of rowdyism. I intend to do it up in as *brown a rag* as I am capable. John M. Smith is teaching in this town. He is in the same fix that we are in regard to drowsy scholars, with no interest in study.

Oh! that I possessed the power to scatter the firebrands of ambition among the youth of the rising generation, and let them see the greatness of the age in which they live, and the destiny to which mankind are rushing, together with the part which they are destined to act in the great drama of human existence. But, if I can not inspire them with that spirit, I intend to keep it predominant in my own breast, and let it spur me forward to action. But let us remember that knowledge is only an increase of power and is only good when directed to good ends. Though a man have all knowledge and have not the love of God in his heart, he will fall far short of true excellence.

Well, Corydon, you will write me a letter (you need not call it an answer to this) and direct it to Chagrin Falls, Cuyahoga Co. I know you will. Believe me, yours,
J. A. GARFIELD.

My school closed on the 12th of February, and I was free, with something over a month of leisure before me, as the Spring term at Hiram did not open until March 22. I found employment part of the time at Chardon. In a letter written Feb. 24 to my father and mother, concerning the approaching term, I wrote:

James A. Garfield, of Orange, Cuyahoga county, will be back. I believe I have written to you of him as being one of the *number ones* of last term. I like him the best of any one of the students with whom I have become acquainted. He will distinguish himself, if he lives. I suppose he will be a preacher, and if so he will be a superior one.

On the 2nd of March I went to Chagrin Falls and Orange, to visit Mr. Garfield and the Boyntons, and other school friends. I found Mr. Garfield at Dr. A. Harlow's "Writing Academy," as he called it, taking lessons in penmanship and pen drawing. In this as in everything else he was making wonderful progress. It had occurred to him that he could fit himself to teach penmanship by taking a four weeks' course, and thus earn some money while attending school at Hiram; and the result fully justified his expectations. He became an excellent penman, and taught writing not only at Hiram, but while a student some years later in Williams College. I spent a week at Orange and Chagrin Falls, and enjoyed myself very much. The Boynton family was one of those delightful circles which are the glory and pride of our country. The father, Amos Boynton, was a noble specimen of the American farmer; fairly educated, and of fine native ability. His wife was the sister of the mother of James A. Garfield,

a Ballou; and the three sons and three daughters were all of excellent habits and character, devoted to each other and to their father and mother. Of the sons, Dr. Silas A. Boynton became widely known from his faithful attendance upon his illustrious cousin during the eighty days he lay struggling with death. The youngest daughter, Cordelia, also became known to the public through her tragic death. Both she and her uncle, Thomas Garfield, were killed by the cars in 1881.

During this visit I also became acquainted with Grandma Garfield, as she is usually called. She was then in the prime of life, and though very small in stature, she seemed a worthy mother of her stalwart son. She was living with her oldest son, Thomas, on the old farm. I was very cordially treated by all, as the friend and class-mate of James. I made many pleasant acquaintances, and at the end of the week returned to Chardon. It was during this visit that I first met the talented daughter of the great pioneer preacher, William Hayden, a brother of the President of the Eclectic. She is mentioned in some of the letters of Mr. Garfield, of whom she was a life-long friend. She married Wallace Collins, who died many years ago, and for several years she has resided at Hiram, while educating her two sons and daughter. She is still a widow. Her brother, Alexander Hayden, was the first husband of Cordelia Boynton. After his death she married a man named Arnold, with whom I was not acquainted.

On the 19th of March, 1852, I started for Hiram, and on the 20th commenced boarding at Mr. Zeb Rudolph's.

On Monday, March 22, the term opened, and about forty students were enrolled, among whom was Mr.

Garfield. The class in Sallust consisted of Symonds Ryder, Jr., J. A. Garfield and myself. Our first lesson was three pages, and we decided to complete the author in seven weeks.

On the 1st of April Mr. Garfield was not well, and the next day we discovered that he had the measles. On the night of the 4th, at 10 o'clock, I wrote a letter to my mother, of which the following are the opening sentences:

You will think I am writing at rather an unseasonable hour, but I am watching by the sick bed of James A. Garfield. He is here, some twenty miles from home, and is very sick with the measles. Still, he is getting along very well, and we think is now near the worst. I know you would like him, and if you come here you will be sure to get acquainted, for he thinks as much of me as I do of him. He is really a noble fellow; talented far above the generality of young men, of sound principles, he must, if he lives, make a man in the world, and one whose influence will be felt.

Mr. Garfield was very sick for several days, but his cousin, Henry Boynton (my room-mate), and myself took the best care of him that we could, and on the 12th he was able to resume his studies. On the 30th of April I have noted that our lessons were as follows: Three pages of Sallust, one of Virgil, five of geometry, five of algebra and one of Latin grammar. Besides this I taught a class in Latin. Some of my young readers will infer that we had not much time for mischief. We usually studied in company, and I am free to confess that our amazing progress was due in a large measure to him. His wonderful endurance enabled him to work almost unceasingly, and I was at that time very ambitious not to be a drag upon the class, and managed to complete the task assigned us without any discredit. The first four weeks of the term, not-

withstanding the interruption occasioned by Mr. Garfield's sickness, we read seventy-two chapters of Sallust, and learned seventy-five pages each of Legendre's Geometry and Bourdon's Algebra, besides the grammar, review of Virgil, etc. We were all very proud of our work.

In these days, when every school devotes special attention to music, it will appear astonishing that in such an institution as the Eclectic, with an attendance of not less than 175 ladies during the school year, there was not a piano in Hiram. The only musical instrument owned by the school was called a "melopean;" a few of the ladies took lessons upon it. President Hayden was a fine singer, and classes were taught in vocal music, but entirely without the aid of an instrument. We were allowed to call upon our lady friends at certain times, and Mr. Garfield usually found time to avail himself of such opportunity. He was very fond of music, and we seldom failed, when the rules permitted us to do so, to visit the Raymond boarding house to hear Misses Sarah A. Soule, Julia Soule and Hattie Storer play and sing. The old songs, long since obsolete—"Lillie Dale," "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" "Tell me, ye winged wings," "Woodman, spare that tree," "Blue Junietta," etc.—were our great favorites. The queenly and beautiful Sarah lies under the sod in Michigan, where she has slept for more than a quarter of a century.

Late at night, after an evening thus spent, I wrote these lines:

AMBITION'S DREAM.

My brain is throbbing heavily to-night,
And spirits of the dead past hover round

And whisper burning words unto my soul,
Dreams of the glorious future, brighter far
Than fairy visions of the days of yore.
My hand seems gifted with Omnipotence!
Oh! tell me not that man is weak and frail,
The creature of a day, that fades and dies
And disappears e'en as the summer flowers.
The Almighty's hand bestowed the priceless boon
Of immortality upon him, and
The hidden fire that blazes in his soul
Is brighter than the sun that shines in heaven:
Thoughts, burning thoughts, are flashing thro' my brain:
Ambition's all-consuming fire inflames
My soul! Oh! I would soar to heights beyond
The loftiest spot that man has ever reached!
Yea, like Jove's bird, with daring pinions rise
Till I could disappear among the clouds,
The glittering clouds within the heaven of heaven,
Then gaze upon a world beneath my feet.
I'd weave my banner of the sunset clouds,
Stripe it with heaven's own blue, yea, paint its folds
With sunbeams, and its stars should be orbs
That twinkle in the far-off midnight sky.
And when grim Death should summon me to sleep
I'd shroud my form in this, and then I'd die.
My pall should be "the raven wing of night;"
The wild winds and the thunder's voice should chant
For me an everlasting requiem.
Then willingly I'd bid the world adieu.
But, oh! to die and be forgotten! this
Is tenfold death! to pass away and leave
No mark to tell the world that I have lived!
I could not sleep in peace even in the grave,
Were I to know that none remembered me.
Then grant, O Ruler in the heavens above,
That I may live till I have done some deed
To clothe my name with immortality.

CHAPTER VII.

JOSEPH TREAT.—FAMILY OF ZEB RUDOLPH.—END OF
SPRING TERM.

Early in May, 1852, a strolling lecturer named Joseph Treat, came to Hiram. He was a miniature edition of the Bob Ingersoll style of philosopher. He had less brains, but this want was more than balanced by his impudence and egotism. He had read Paine's "Age of Reason," possibly a few chapters of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and the works of Andrew Jackson Davis. Thus armed and equipped, like Goliath of Gath, he went about the country defying the armies of the living God; boasting of his power to overthrow Christianity and bring discredit upon all its adherents. Of course, many of the students turned out to hear him. At the close of each speech he was accustomed to challenge any one in the audience to answer him, but for several evenings no one accepted his challenge. But one night we prevailed upon Prof. Munnell to answer him. But we all felt that he was not fitted for such an encounter. The Professor was a splendid Kentucky gentleman, conscientious, cultured, earnest, honest, reverent and sincere. He was not the man to deal with a braggart, who could swagger and amuse the unthinking, and raise a laugh at the holiest principles of truth without compunction and without a blush. So, finally, we pre-

vailed upon Mr. Garfield to agree to avail himself of the first opportunity to give the fellow such a drubbing as we all knew he was capable of administering. The opportunity soon came. Very many of the students were present, as all were expecting the encounter.

I do not think Mr. Treat had any intimation of what was to come. He had been able to raise a laugh at the expense of the courteous Munnell, and felt that he had gained a victory. He made a most venomous attack upon the Bible, and charged all who believed it with the grossest credulity. He boasted of the superiority of unbelievers over the superstitious multitude who received as true the fables of a savage age, and used all his powers of ridicule against all who accepted the teaching of the Scriptures. He also attacked the reliability of the translations of the Scriptures, showing that the Bible was written in Hebrew and Greek, and affirming that it had been translated to suit the notions of designing and dishonest priests, and was wholly unreliable either as history or revelation. He closed with his usual challenge to any one to answer his indictment.

Mr. Garfield arose and said that he had listened with great attention to the gentleman's speech, and hardly knew what to say in answer, but he would like to ask him one question. Would he be so kind as to tell the audience what was the present participle of the verb *to be*, in Greek, or in other words, the Greek word to correspond with the English word "being"? Mr. Treat made no answer, and Mr. Garfield repeated his question and challenged him to answer, but *the poor man did not know*. Then, turning to the audience, he asked them what they thought of a man traveling over the country criticising the work of the world's great

scholars, when he did not know the very first thing the school-boy learned in his Greek grammar. He took pains to explain to the audience that he did not reproach the gentleman because he had no knowledge of the Greek, but because he sought to overthrow the Christian faith and dethrone the Christian's God, while passing himself off under false colors—pretending to knowledge he did not possess. He showed how the lecturer and such men as he labored only to destroy; they proposed no substitute for the Christian religion; they would rob us of the faith we learned in cradle hymns, and at our mother's knee, and leave us without a chart or guide, sailing upon an unknown sea. He then uttered a most impassioned eulogy upon the Bible as the source of civilization, the creed of all the mighty nations; the accepted moral guide of all the grandest men in history; the only light through a dark world to lead a suffering and a sorrowing race to the blessed hills of eternal life and peace.

It is impossible for me to give any idea of his speech or of its effect upon his audience. Before he had spoken five minutes he had the sympathy of almost the entire assemblage, and the applause was constant and deafening, until he began his eloquent eulogy of the sacred volume; then the audience became as orderly and quiet as a religious assembly. He spoke with a readiness and power and eloquence which were perfectly overwhelming. I do not think Mr. Treat ever attempted another speech at Hiram.

I have already stated that I boarded during this term in the family of Mr. Zeb. Rudolph. The family consisted of Mr. Rudolph, his wife and four children: Lucretia, John, Joseph and Ellen. Lucretia was at

this time about nineteen years old. The other children were younger, Ellen being, as I remember her, some nine or ten. Lucretia was absent part of the term, teaching a small district school, some two and a half miles north of Hiram. She was at home each week, over Sunday, and we became pretty well acquainted, though at that time I remember thinking her a little diffident and hard to get acquainted with. But later I changed my mind somewhat, and learned to appreciate her very highly. Mr. Rudolph was very highly respected by every one. He was a preacher, often filling the pulpit at Hiram; he was slow spoken; logical rather than eloquent, and could not always command the undivided attention of his younger hearers. But of his sincere piety and sterling honesty no one had the slightest question. His wife was a sweet-faced, motherly woman, quiet and apparently even tempered, and beloved by all.

During this term of school my intimacy with Mr. Garfield had greatly increased. Almost all our lessons were studied together, and frequently we spent the night at each other's room. Under date of May 29, 1852, I have noted in my journal: "Stayed all night with Garfield at the seminary. We lay awake a *little while and talked.*" In fact, we not unfrequently spent most of the night in such conversation. He would tell me the stories of his boyhood, of his hard struggles and his hopes; of his life on the canal, and at the carpenter's bench, and the incidents of the two preceding years at Chester. With no other man was I ever so intimately associated.

Early in June the appointments were made for the annual exhibition, which was to come off at the close

of the term, June 25. I was designated for an oration, and Miss Booth, Mr. Garfield and myself were appointed to write an original colloquy or dialogue, and assist in its presentation. In his eulogy on Miss Booth, which is found in his published works, Mr. Garfield ascribes more of the credit for this colloquy to Miss Booth than I think was really her due, though she wrote quite a portion of it, and aided in shaping its general outline. But many of the finest passages were written by Mr. Garfield, and his acting in the principal part was highly applauded by an audience of fifteen hundred people, though I do not mean to assert that they were critical judges.

The students all liked Miss Booth, and some of us, at least, recognized her fine abilities; but it is a fact, which can not now give pain, that we regarded her as exceedingly homely. She was rather above the medium size, and very coarse in her features. She was not very particular as to her dress; seemed to care nothing for ornament; had more interest in the problems of Euclid than in her personal appearance. We boys thought Miss Clark almost a beauty, but the unanimous vote would have been that Miss Booth was very plain.

I will venture to transcribe from my journal my notes upon the exhibition, June 25, 1852:

A cool, pleasant day. About fifteen hundred persons present and everything went off first rate. The celebrated vocalists, "The Spencers," were present and sang a farewell song. Nearly all the speakers did tolerably well, but this could not be said of *all*. Miss Calista O. Carleton surpassed all the ladies and James A. Garfield did nobly. Henry Boynton's piece was first rate; also several others. The colloquy went off very well, and everybody is praising it. On the whole, the exhibition was very good, and a fair exponent of the talent of the school. Miss Mary L. Hubbell, of Warrensville, was present.

The Spencer Family gave a concert in the evening at the chapel of the Institute, which I attended in company with Miss Lucretia Rudolph. A very fair performance, but too many of the pieces were of a trivial character to suit the sober and thinking. A word as to Miss Rudolph. I find upon a more intimate acquaintance that she is in every respect, a very superior girl. She has very few equals in this world, in all respects. Intellectual, educated, sober, dignified and refined, she comes very near to my ideal of what a lady should be. I have never met with a more sensible girl, and her principles are well established: she is a Christian. As to her personal appearance, she is tidy in her dress, pleasing in countenance and engaging in her manners. She has none of that pomp and pride which are characteristic of our would-be ladies—no affectation—but is in reality what she pretends to be. It is very seldom that I have liked a lady better for having lived in the same house with her, for this discloses the secret character: discovers to us what one really is; but with Lucretia I am much better pleased than I was before I became so well acquainted. Miss Hubbell accompanied Mr. Garfield to the concert.

The summary of the work of our class (Symonds Ryder, Jr., James A. Garfield, myself, and a few others part of the time), is as follows: all of Sallust, three books of the *Æneid* of Virgil, and six orations of Cicero; 200 pages of Latin grammar, geometry, and Bourdon's algebra from equations of the second degree. We all congratulated ourselves upon our progress, which our teachers assured us was rather extraordinary. In a letter to my father and mother, I wrote:

Prof. Munnell says he never saw a class do as well in Latin as we have, and James A. Garfield and myself have recited more than any other three every day this term. James is a perfect giant; we get along first rate. He sometimes says he wishes we were in a class by ourselves. I think if this had been the case we should have read about one-third more than we have. In geometry, James and I were beginners, and the only ones in the class that had not been over it once, or were only reviewing; but we have managed to keep up. So in everything else: we, and one or two others, go ahead, and the rest follow—sometimes at quite a distance.

CHAPTER VIII.

VACATION.—MR. GARFIELD AND I WORK AT HOUSE-BUILD-
ING.—FALL TERM OF 1852,——BOARDING CLUB.——IM-
PROBABLE STORIES.

The spring term of the Eclectic closed, as I have already stated, June 25, 1852, and was followed by a vacation of two months. None of the non-resident students, as far as I remember, remained at Hiram during this vacation, except Philip Burns, Mr. Garfield and myself. Mr. A. S. Kilby was building a house near the Eclectic, and a Mr. Buckingham one about three-fourths of a mile north. Mr. Garfield engaged to work for Mr. Kilby at seventy-five cents a day and board, and I made a similar contract with Mr. Buckingham, at the same price. I think we both earned our wages. I find in my journal that I spent at least eight nights during the two months with him at Mr. Kilby's, and he spent nearly as many with me at my employer's. I have also noted a number of calls upon Miss Rudolph, and have an extended note of a visit made in his company to his home in Orange, upon which occasion I was obliged to console myself for a time with the company of his excellent cousin, Hattie Boynton, while he paid a visit to Miss Mary L. Hubbell.

I do not wish to convey the impression that my acquaintance with Miss Rudolph was more than such

friendly intimacy as may exist between a really sensible, talented girl, who has not completed her education, and a young man ambitious to become a good scholar, yet wholly dependent upon his own exertions, and conscious of the folly of any entangling alliances to interfere with his cherished plans. That I had a very sincere admiration for her, as one of the noblest girls I had ever known, I do not care to deny; but my visits were not of the love-making kind. I was very grateful for the kindness I received from her father and mother, as well as from herself, and I know that her exalted ideas and sentiments were an inspiration and a stimulus, not only to myself, but to all who enjoyed the honor and privilege of her acquaintance.

On the whole, we got through the vacation very pleasantly, and if any of Mr. Garfield's biographers have been led to believe, or have tried to make others believe, that he regarded it as any particular hardship to work at the same trade as did the Saviour of men at his lowly home at Nazareth, such biographer knows nothing of the facts or of the man of whom he writes. We used to lie awake nights and talk of the past and future, and build air-castles; we were both young; he was strong and vigorous, and I was in good health and very hopeful, and we spent very little time in regretting that we had not plenty of money we had not earned. I think we both rather prided ourselves on working our way, and we *knew* that we were better scholars than those whose bills were paid without any exertion on their own part.

On Saturday, the 3d of July, Philip Burns and I went to Warren, Trumbull county, to attend the celebration of Independence Day and to visit one of our school

friends, Mr. Cyrus Bosworth, Jr. The celebration occurred on the 3d, the 4th being Sunday. Col. Cyrus Bosworth, the father of our friend, had a beautiful farm of three hundred acres, and owned more than a thousand sheep. On Sunday, the 4th, we attended church at Warren, where for the first time I heard Isaac Errett. He was then in his early prime, and I thought him one of the very best preachers I had ever heard. I have many times since had the pleasure of listening to him, and still entertain the same opinion, which was duly chronicled among the records of that day.

During this vacation we had arranged as follows for the fall term: We secured rooms in one of the boarding houses, which were furnished with tables, chairs, bedsteads and a cooking stove. My aunt, at Chardon, furnished bedding and some cooking utensils, tableware, etc.; and my cousins, Sophronia and Maria Smith, Mr. Garfield, my brother, Ceylon C, and myself made up the boarding club. Part of the furniture James and I manufactured out of old boxes, etc. We made up a very happy family. It was my misfortune to be sick about two weeks in the early part of the term, and James took me to the home of some of my friends at Chardon. I was very kindly cared for by my aunt, Mrs. Lucia Cowles, mother of Clifford S. Cowles, now of Des Moines, Iowa, the general agent of the Royal Fire Insurance Company. James stayed with me a day or two, and then returned to Hiram. The term opened August 23, 1852. James taught several classes, but still continued his own studies. He continued to teach in the Eclectic during every term until he left for Williams College, and the stories that his

biographers tell of his working "for the village carpenter" are mythical.

The following letter, dated Sept. 22, 1852, I received during the absence I have noted above:

Dear Corydon:—Having opportunity to send a word to you by Mr. Rexford, I will improve it now—about ten o'clock—after having read my Horace.

We (the firm) are in usual health, and getting along as well as can be expected, seeing that we are deprived of one of the trio. Several in the lower part of the house are unwell, and C. D. Wilber is quite sick with the intermittent, or perhaps, typhoid fever. I fear it will be sickly here. Everything is moving on in good order, with five new names added to the list, among which are S. P. Merrifield and Laura Beaman, *alias* Clara Modelle.

A few mornings ago Sutton gave some of both sexes a regular going over for breaking rules. The one particularly flayed was Mr. E. Harnit.

I have had one or two glorious opportunities to castigate our *common enemy* in Horace, and I have improved them.

I have a private class in penmanship of about twenty-seven, besides Sutton's large class of sixty. This latter class coming at the same hour with trigonometry, I concluded to leave the class till they got to surveying, and then go in again. Ceylon has received news from home; your mother got there safe and found them well. They talk strongly of coming here. He also took a letter from the office for you, from your friend Rhodes, now attending Rochester University, N. Y.

I hope you will soon be able to be with us, for we are lonesome. Please excuse this poor, prosy, matter-of-fact letter, for I am very tired, and the nodding Morpheus invites me to his drowsy embrace. Give my kind regards to your friends with whom I am acquainted, and accept the warmest wishes of

JAMES.

The worst fears in reference to the illness of C. D. Wilber were more than realized. He lay for several weeks the victim of typhoid fever, and when at last he began to regain his health, it was found that he had temporarily lost his reason. He imagined himself very wealthy, and was ready to purchase everything which could be bought. He engaged the entire products of

several orchards, to be delivered at the Institute; he bought several horses and carriages, a jewelry store, etc. He went about singing a new and original version of "Old Grimes is dead." As I remember, it was something like this:

Old Grimes est mortuus,
That agathos old anthropos;
He wore an old togam
All ante-buttoned down.

No one seemed to have any influence over him except James. He could manage him, and finally took him home, where, happily, he fully recovered his mind. He became the Superintendent of the Illinois Scientific Survey, and was the founder of the Museum of Geology and Natural History of that State. He graduated at Williams College in 1856, and ranks among the leading scientific men of the day, having received the honorary degree of LL. D. His friends may well rejoice that the eclipse of his mind at that time was only temporary.

On my return to Hiram, on the 7th of October, I had the pleasure of hearing a speech by Horace Greeley. The following were my notes concerning him and his speech: "In the afternoon, listened to Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune*, in a speech of two and a half hours. He is a great man, but does not look at all as I had supposed. He is a very good natured looking man, perhaps thirty-eight years old, bald-headed, and what hair he has is very light colored, and sandy whiskers. His eyes are very small, and he is sometimes troubled for words, but still he is a very good speaker, and I have gained many new ideas from him." In a letter to my father, I state the further fact

that "he wore on a cord a brass watch-key, worth six-pence."

In Mr. Garfield's letter he mentions "our common enemy." I remember very well our feud, but am now utterly unable to tell why we so cordially detested the man alluded to. I think we both hated him. He was from Pennsylvania, and as I remember him, of a morose and quarrelsome disposition, though a very good scholar. He was the only student with whom we were not on friendly terms, and it seems now, after the lapse of almost a third of a century, that we really had no very good excuse for our enmity. I think he is long since dead.

About the middle of October, while out chestnutting one evening, Mr. Garfield jumped over a log, and his foot striking on a smooth, round stick, his ankle joint was so terribly sprained that for several days he was a great sufferer. I do not think he stepped on that foot for at least four weeks, but went about on crutches. Twenty years later he mentions, in one of his letters to me, meeting with a similar accident. For two or three days he lay on the rude lounge we had constructed, and we bathed his swollen ankle and did all we could to relieve his suffering.

I suppose the Hiram students were about as obedient to rules as other students usually are, but it is certain that there was more visiting among the young gentlemen and ladies than the faculty approved. After a hard day's study it was very pleasant for the young ladies and gentlemen to take walks, or meet for a visit, and I suppose that where a couple of hundred young people of both sexes are thus associated it will always require a pretty strong police force to prevent their

finding some way to enjoy each other's company. I know that the efforts of the teachers at Hiram to prevent it were not conspicuously successful, and young people will forgive Mr. Garfield for being about as willing to enjoy such occasions as any one else. The Boynton girls were his *cousins*; the Smith girls were *my* cousins, and we had a great many other second cousins or more distant relatives, mostly by adoption. We did not like to be partial, so we visited them all.

I remember one occasion when one young lady had an experience which most persons would have disliked, but which she took with surprising coolness. She had been at a card-party at a place which was not in favor with the faculty, and had been detected in some falsehoods concerning the matter. At the morning exercises, where the whole school were assembled, after the close of the services, President Hayden said, "Miss _____, please arise." She stood up and looked about wholly unabashed. He went on to state what he had learned, and to give her a very severe reprimand. He then dismissed the students, to go to their several classes. We passed out of the chapel into the hall, and the young lady came tripping along, and as she reached the place where perhaps a dozen of us were standing, she said:

"I think the President was rather personal in his remarks this morning."

Notwithstanding the intimacy between the students, I do not remember of a single scandal while I was connected with the Eclectic. It is true there were a large number of marriages subsequently between the students, but I do not know that any of them were less advantageous than those resulting from acquaintance in

other places. I am sure that Mr. Garfield, even with the ripened experience of years, favored schools where both sexes were admitted and allowed to compete freely for academic honors.

During the term of which I have been speaking there was a great amount of visiting, but so far as I know it did not result in less study than is usual in similar schools. We made excellent progress, and did not spend as much time in our visiting as young men in our colleges do at base ball and other sports. I think it quite probable that we were occasionally guilty of the violation of wholesome and necessary rules, but as I am telling a true story, I can not conceal even that which may deserve censure.

We had no base-ball or lawn-tennis; no boating clubs; no gymnasium. Croquet was not yet invented. It was not regarded as respectable to play cards; as I have before stated, there was not much music, though we went as often as possible to enjoy what there was. A few of the young ladies took lessons on the one instrument owned by the school, and there were a number of good singers, both male and female.

Mr. Garfield was very athletic. He could easily throw any man among the students, and could jump further than any. In placing a heavy weight, he had no competitor. He was fond of exercise in such ways, though he spent but little time at it. He said that when on the canal he learned to box, and had to whip a man or two, but after I knew him I never heard of his having a quarrel of any kind.

There is a story to be found in most of his biographies about his going to Dr. J. P. Robison and asking for an examination so as to know whether he had bet-

ter take a course of study. As told, the story is preposterous, and it is a wonder that any sensible writer should for a moment believe it. I heard him once laughing about the story, and wondering what Munchausen tale would next appear. It would be improbable, if told of any one; but of a robust, athletic man, splendidly endowed by nature with an iron constitution, and a brain as large as that of Webster, and a will that laughed at difficulties and courted even danger, that such a man should gravely go to some physician and meekly ask him to decide the question whether he should use the powers tingling in every nerve, and bounding in every heart beat, or quietly give up his glorious hopes and crush out his noble ambition, is too ridiculous for sober contemplation. If not wholly invented by some fruitful fancy, he must have been making fun of some conceited man, whose measure he had quietly taken, and whom he had determined to flatter for his own amusement.

CHAPTER IX.

DR. HARLOW'S WRITING SCHOOL.—LETTERS FROM MR.
GARFIELD.—TRUE STORY OF HIS INTIMACY WITH MARY
L. HUBBELL.

The fall term of the Eclectic closed Nov. 14, 1852. I had decided to spend a few weeks at Dr. Harlow's Writing School, at Chagrin Falls, and then try teaching penmanship, rather than a district school, as my experience the preceding winter had been so distasteful that I then thought I would never try to teach again. Accordingly, I went directly to that place and commenced my work. It will be remembered that Mr. Garfield had spent four weeks with Dr. Harlow the preceding spring. One of his biographers puts this a year and a half too early, and credits the Doctor with giving him his first lessons in elocution. This is a great mistake, as I have all the dates, from my journal written at the time and on the spot. In fact, every date I shall give can be relied upon as positively accurate. Dr. Harlow was a fine penman, but in nothing else did he excel. He was conceited, somewhat bombastic, and in many respects a great humbug. His instruction was all right so far as plain penmanship was concerned, but his so-called drawing and painting were very crude and deceptive. During my stay at Chagrin Falls I had the pleasure of visiting again my friends, the Boyntons, whose home was only three miles distant. I also made

the acquaintance of the venerable Adamson Bentley and his excellent daughters, Laura and Emily, who treated me with much kindness. William A. Boynton was also taking writing lessons at the same time.

The winter term at Hiram opened Nov. 22. James was at home most of the vacation, but when it expired he returned to Hiram to take his place as one of the teachers, as well as to pursue his own studies. He called on us at Dr. Harlow's frequently before his return, and Dec. 4, 1852, he wrote me the following letter:

Dear Coryon:—I received your letter in due time, and was much pleased with the improvement manifested in your penmanship, of course knowing that a person never does his best in a letter. My health at this time is not very good. The school is in full operation, with about 250 students enrolled, and more arriving daily. There are now thirty-two classes in school, besides the primary. I have four of these—Senior Grammar and Arithmetic, the former of sixty and the latter of eighty members. X also have a class of thirteen commencing Geometry and a class of eight commencing Greek. These, together with Horace and the Greek Testament, take my entire time and energy.

I very much regret that you can not be here to go on with your studies, but I anticipate great things for you in your penmanship excursion, and would be very glad to take one also. I should be very glad to see, and hear your lecture, but I can now judge something of its merit from knowing its author. Our lyceum has started as favorably as could be expected, considering the timber of which it is composed. We have admitted three members—Clayton, Orris Atwater and a New Yorker by the name of Pratt. Atwater will be ousted this evening, for we have learned that he joined the Eclectic Lyceum before he proposed his name for admittance into ours. There are now ten members and we shall try to shut down the gate and receive no more, but save a vacant place for the old members next spring, so as not to have it too large then.

We had a new election, on motion of John Horner, for he said he did not like to build fires such cold weather, being marshal. The motion being carried, both for this and another reason, viz., that of getting a Pennsylvania President, we proceeded to the canvass. John

Harnit and another man were up as candidates for the last named office, and an Ohio President was the result. This much for that part. Harrah was made Secretary, as contemplated, and John W. Horner was re-elected as Marshall by the vote of every member except himself, notwithstanding his aversion to building fires.

I did not feel the spirit that filled me in days of yore, when in that body I was surrounded by and associated with congenial spirits. But now I feel as if I were standing alone in a barren waste, with here and there a Bohan Upas with its adverse atmosphere. Hence my spirit is dampened, my fire extinguished. Where shall you be New Year's evening? We have decided to have a public lyceum, and have deferred it till that time, in order that you and several other members may be here if possible. Please let us know as soon as possible if you will be here. If there is any prospect of your coming, prepare an oration for the occasion. We expect an oration from Henry and another from Ceylon that evening also. You must send me some pieces for the paper, *i. e.*, "The Banner," for I want its folds to float, though lazily till the warm breath of spring and the warmer breath of genius shall fling it proudly to the loftier gales of the literary heavens. But enough for my lame metaphor.

You are aware that I have written this on the run, and you will therefore excuse my penmanship and composition. Ceylon has just arrived and will put some in this letter. He seems in fine spirits and circumstances; but he will tell you the particulars of his school and other kindred subjects. Please write soon and report progress and all the concomitants. Yours, etc.,

JAMES.

The "other man" who was a candidate for President of the lyceum was J. A. Garfield. The "Pennsylvania" man was John Harnit.

My term of lessons with Dr. Harlow ended about the middle of December, and my first writing school was at Shalersville, a small village some seven or eight miles west of Hiram. On the 18th I went to Hiram and spent a day or two with Mr. Garfield. Miss Booth was very sick, and James was not well. The following letter, written Dec. 17, 1852, and received by me on my return to Shalersville, will be of interest:

Dear Corydon:—Your very acceptable letter came to hand yesterday. I was glad to learn that you were doing so well and had so good prospects; and I hope you may succeed to the extent of your wishes and hopes. The school is flourishing finely with about 240 names. I do not feel very well yet, and hence work at a disadvantage all the time thus far. I am alone in Greek, John Horner and Miss Booth being sick. They have both had the fever. John is better, but will not study before two or three weeks. Miss Booth is yet very low; but if she has good care may be considered as nearly out of danger. Aside from these, the health of this vicinity is very good. I have not yet started a writing class, and don't know when I shall. Brother Errett commences a protracted meeting here this (Friday) evening, and it will continue nine or ten days. We expect a first-rate time, and I wish you could enjoy it.

We have decided upon New Year's day and evening for the public lyceum. The discussion will come off in the afternoon and the other exercises in the evening. The order for the exercises is like this:

Declamations.....	W. M. Pratt, O. C. Atwater, W. A. Faddis.
Essays.....	Ellis Ballou, Ezra Harnit.
Scotch Oration.....	Philip Burns.
Paper.....	W. D. Harrah,
Editor.	
Co-Editors.....	C. C. Foote, J. A. Garfield
German Oration.....	C. C. Foote.
Orations.....	H. B. Boynton, C. C. Fuller, S. Ryder, Jr., C. E. Fuller.
Instrumental Music Accompaniments.	

During the arranging for the public lyceum, Mr. John Harnit, of Pennsylvania, moved that the editors of the "Banner" be required to read the paper at a private lyceum, one week before the public one, in order that the members might criticise it, and see whether all were willing that the pieces should be read. He made a fiery speech in favor of his resolution, and it referred to that piece last term and to me as its author, and made some big denunciations. I arose and made a short speech, stating that "I claimed the right of speaking, discussing, declaiming or writing upon whatever subject I pleased, and should do so, and was willing that every other member should do the same." The motion was put and lost, to his great chagrin and discomfiture, and we expect to insert whatever we please, and read it too; and if the muse of the Keystone State goes upon another hunting excursion they intend to "join in the headlong chase to hunt that bird," etc. The conclusion from all these facts is, that the fires of hatred were only smothered for a season; or in other words, he was perfectly flayed and whipped into the traces, to stay there only till another opportunity shall present

itself of raising a mutiny. But let him remember that he has had only the introduction, and the body of the work is at his service at any day he requests it.

I hope you will not fail of coming and giving us a New Year's oration and making a social visit. There is a matter closely connected with my future destiny about which I would gladly fill two or three sheets to you, if time and space would permit, but to commence now would be merely an aggravation to both of us. I presume you suspect what it is, and I need not mention it now. But I feel that there must be some decided action taken soon, and I confess I hardly see where the path of duty and justice lies. I would gladly receive advice and suggestion from you upon that subject. Shall the inconsiderate words and actions and affections of thoughtless youth fasten their sad consequences upon the whole of after life? Or is it right to shake them off and let mature judgment revoke the false decisions of verdant youth? Corydon, write me a long letter, for my mind is at a culminating point, the decisions of which will tell fearfully, or deeply at least, upon my future destiny. I remain as ever, your friend,

JAMES.

I have heretofore alluded to our differences with John Harnit, and explained that they were really of trivial importance. In after years, I know that both Mr. Garfield and myself realized that we had only slight cause for our dislike of a man who really possessed many good qualities.

I have also spoken of the intimacy between Mr. Garfield and Mary L. Hubbell, which was too well known at Hiram to be any betrayal of confidence to speak of it now. The winter before coming to Hiram (1850 and '51), he taught school at Warrensville, and made her acquaintance, she being one of his pupils. The following autumn, both were students at Hiram, and their regard for each other was open and unconcealed. In November, 1851, he returned to Warrensville and again taught the public school, she being again his pupil. She visited Hiram during the spring term of 1852, and Mr. Garfield paid her at least one visit

speaking. The subject was the Kansas-Nebraska struggle, and the efforts of the antislavery minority in Congress to save Kansas for freedom. Says the classmate, Mr. Lavallette Wilson, of New York: "As Mr. Goodrich spoke, I sat at Garfield's side, and saw him drink in every word. He said, as we passed out, 'This subject is entirely new to me. I am going to know all about it.'"

The following day he sent for documents on the subject. He made a profound and careful study of the history of slavery, and of the heroic resistance to its encroachments. At the end of that investigation, his mind was made up. Other questions of the day, the dangers from foreign immigration, and from the Roman Catholic Church, the Crimean war, the advantage of an elective judiciary, were all eagerly debated by him in his society, but the central feature of his political creed was opposition to slavery. His views were moderate and practical. The type of his mind gave his opinions a broad conservatism, rather than a theoretical radicalism. Accordingly, when on June 17, 1856, the new-born Republican party unfurled its young banner of opposition to slavery and protection for Kansas, Garfield was ready for the party as the party was ready for him.

It was shortly before his graduation, when news of Fremont's nomination came, the light-hearted and enthusiastic collegians held a ratification meeting. There were several speakers, but Garfield, with his matured convictions, his natural aptitude for political debate, and his enthusiastic eloquence, far outshone his friends. The speech was received with tremendous applause, and it is most unfortunate that no report of it was made. It was natural that much should have been expected of this man by the boys of Williams. He seemed to be cast in a larger mold than the ordinary. The prophecy of the class was a seat in Congress within ten years. He reached it in seven.

At graduation he received the honor of the metaphysical oration, one of the highest distinctions awarded to graduates. The subject of his address was: "Matter and Spirit; or, The Seen and Unseen." One who was present says:

"The audience were wonderfully impressed with his oratory,

and at the close there was a wild tumult of applause, and a showering down upon him of beautiful bouquets of flowers by the ladies;" a fitting close to the two years of privation, mortification and toil.

Speaking of his mental characteristics, as developed at Williams, Ex-President Hopkins, one of the greatest metaphysicians of the age, writes:

"One point in General Garfield's course of study, worthy of remark, was its evenness. There was nothing startling at any one time, and no special preference for any one study. There was a large general capacity applicable to any subject, and sound sense. As he was more mature than most, he naturally had a readier and firmer grasp of the higher studies. Hence his appointment to the metaphysical oration, then one of the high honors of the class. What he did was done with facility, but by honest and avowed work. There was no pretense of genius, or alternation of spasmodic effort and of rest, but a satisfactory accomplishment in all directions of what was undertaken. Hence there was a steady, healthful, onward and upward progress."

To pass over Garfield's college life without mention of the influence of President Hopkins upon his intellectual growth, would be to omit its most important feature. No man liveth to himself alone. The intellectual life of great men is largely determined and directed by the few superior minds with which they come in contact during formative periods. The biography of almost any thinker will show that his intellectual growth was by epochs, and that each epoch was marked out and created by the influence of some maturer mind. The first person to exercise this power is, in most cases, the mother. This was the case with Garfield. The second person who left an indelible impression on his mental life, and supplied it with new nourishment and stimulant, was Miss Almeda Booth. The third person who exercised an overpowering personal influence upon him was Mark Hopkins. When Garfield came to Williams, his thought was strong, but uncultured. The crudities and irregularities of his unpolished manners were also present in his mind.

He had his mental eye-sight, but he saw men as trees walking.

only myself, and the other course affected many, besides injured my reputation.

Write soon, and a long letter. In haste. Yours, etc.

JAMES.

In answer to this, as well as to his former letter, I advised him under no consideration to continue his intimacy with Miss Hubbell, as he would do her as well as himself a positive wrong were he to marry her while entertaining such sentiments as he had expressed, and which I believed were just. As he had now realized the fact that they were not suited to each other, a fact which all his friends had long before discovered, there was no other course than to tell her frankly that their intimate association must be broken off. My answer was written January 21, and on the 27th he wrote:

Dear Friend Corydon:—I very thankfully received yours of the 21st, and must say that its contents strengthened me very much on the most difficult question that was ever propounded to my mind. It has stirred my mind to its very depths, and when having my thoughts upon that subject, instead of beholding my "mind's sky unclouded," I see a blackened concave across which the thundering of contending emotions rides in his fury, and his red chariot wheels blaze with the fierce lightnings of his vengeance. But I am determined not to quail before the thunder-shod footsteps of his terror, but rise up in the might of a manly strength and break the shackles that would bind me to earth, if long endured.

All goes right at the Eclectic, except that Clayton is very sick and will only recover with the greatest care. Good many visitors here now.

Hattie Storer and Hattie Spicer and Mary Howard here to-day. Enclosed I send you a line from Sutton. It may help you. The bell will ring for my Greek recitation in a moment, and I must close. Excuse brevity and write often and tell me your success, give me advice, etc. Your friend, as ever,

JAMES.

CHAPTER X.

MY RETURN TO GRAND RAPIDS.—FURTHER CORRESPONDENCE.—"A VISION."

During the latter part of the winter and early spring of 1853 I taught classes in penmanship at Ravenna, Parkman and Garrettsville, and was frequently at Hiram; but having taken a very severe cold, my lungs became seriously affected, and I determined to return home to Grand Rapids, Mich. Accordingly, on the 22nd of March I left Hiram, and by way of Ravenna, Cleveland, Detroit, Ann Arbor and Battle Creek, reached home at midnight of the 25th. The journey by stage from Battle Creek was exceedingly wearisome. We left that place at 3 o'clock in the morning, and as I have said were until midnight traveling seventy miles. The roads were very muddy and the coach heavily loaded, both inside and "on deck," and we were frequently obliged to walk for miles in order to make any progress. On my arrival at home my ill health was found greatly aggravated; I had some hemorrhage, apparently from my lungs, and my friends as well as my physician appeared to fear that my days were numbered. But I refused to be convinced, and resolutely determined to disappoint them all by recovering my health.

I wrote to Mr. Garfield a few days after my arrival at home, and received the following reply:

HIRAM, April, 9, 1853.

Dear Corydon.—Yours of the 30th ult. was duly received and I will attempt to respond. As you are aware, my manifold labors so consume my time that I can scarce find space to commune with my absent friends or myself. In regard to our school, it is progressing very pleasantly. We have nearly 190 students, and still more are coming in. I still have six classes besides "Memorabilia," for Bro. Munnell has not yet returned; but we expect him soon, and then I shall be relieved of one or two classes, so that I can take "Tacitus."

The Philomathian has received new members, so that we now number twenty-two. It is useless for me to tell you the state of things in the Society. There is a good degree of zeal and energy there—so there is in a dromedary. I sat last night as critic, and endured the "had comes," "proces," scowls, genuflexions and circumgyrations of the Pennsylvanian; the sepulchral tones of the "Geographer," "the iron heel of despotism," "Greece and Rome," "rock-ribbed mountains" and "everlasting hills," and all the other hackneyed phrases which abound among men of the monkey genius; add to all the murderous mangling of grammar, logic and rhetoric, and you can perceive the patience necessary to preserve one's temper as well as gravity, and also how much pleasure and benefit I derive from my literary associations.

I tell you, Corydon, each day convinces me more and *more* an I MORE of the utter hollowness of the world and all human affairs. The present organization of society is based upon soulless formality and heartless principles. To my mind the whole catalogue of fashionable friendships and polite intimacies are not worth one honest tear of sympathy or one heartfelt emotion of true friendship. Unless I can enter the inner chambers of the soul and read the inscriptions there upon those ever-during tablets, and thus become acquainted with the inner life, and know the inner man, I care not for intercourse, for nothing else is true friendship. Hence, as you know, my circle of intimate friends is small. I have very many *physical* acquaintances, 't is true, but their spirits seem to possess a repelling power at every point, and to possess no congeniality.

It is with the deepest regret that I learn of the state of your health, yet I trust you will soon be better. . . . You must remember that that soul of yours dwells in a frail tabernacle, which will need your constant care or it will be uninhabitable. To my heart the thought is chilling. Oh! that you had a share of my physical power. . . . Corydon, you will be careful—attend to the wants of your

physical system, bathe often in pure cold water—take all the outdoor exercise you can bear—refrain from all mental excitement; permit not your imagination to take the wings of the wind and soar through the ethereal realms of thought, for it will cause "the keepers of the house to tremble."

Oh that I could be with you in your Western home, and stroll over the broad prairies—view the rolling streams, and listen to the solemn, dirge-like music of the wind among the aged pines of the forest. That day may come. I have very glowing (perhaps fanciful) conceptions of the young West and all its associations. It seems as if the people were imbued with the spirit of reform, and possessed more vigor and soul-inspiring energy, caught from the free spirit of their native wilds, than have those of the Eastern States. But I am wandering.

Mary *is* here, and I tell you, Corydon, my heart bleeds for that poor girl; but what more can *I* do? I fear there is a thorn in my heart that will pierce when years have left their impress upon me.

But I must close. You will excuse this poor penmanship, for I really can not spend time to write any better. Of course you will write me soon. You know I have no very intimate associates here, and hence, if it please you, I will be sociable with my pen, and be often cheered by a letter from you. Let us in all the varied fortune of human life look forward to that lamp which will enlighten the darkness of earth—the valley of death—and then become the bright and morning star in the heaven of heavens. Give my love to your father and mother, for they seem like mine also, and you know you have the love of your brother, JAMES.

I do not think that Mr. Garfield ever alluded, in any of his subsequent letters, to his unfortunate intimacy with Mary L. Hubbell. By many persons he was very severely censured, and, as will be seen, he did not, apparently, fully excuse himself for failing to discover at an earlier date the impossibility of a true union between them. I have been informed that after two or three years she married; the date I can not give, but I think before his marriage, which did not occur until 1858. I think she has been dead for many years. From my acquaintance with both, I can not

feel that he was particularly censurable. He became acquainted with her when only nineteen years old, while the circle of his acquaintance was limited, and in return for her kindness and sympathy permitted his affections to become deeply interested. I do not doubt that for nearly or quite two years he regarded her as his future wife. But the wider vision and the broader experience which came to him as the months passed by convinced him that his choice had been unwise, and that his marriage with her could not conduce to the happiness of either. Let the man or the woman who has always judged rightly measure out to him the proper meed of censure.

I have decided that it is right to give the true story of his acquaintance with her, and the attendant circumstances, rather than to allow the fanciful inventions of a half-dozen of his biographers to pass unchallenged into history; because I know that these facts are familiar to many of the old students of the Eclectic, as well as to hundreds of others on the Western Reserve; and because the time is certain to come when so important an event in the life of such a man will be told, perhaps by those who had less knowledge of the inner facts than the writer of these pages.

A few weeks of rest from overwork, with the care I received at home, sufficed to restore me to about my usual health, and in the latter part of May I entered the Union School at Grand Rapids as Assistant Principal, under Prof. E. W. Chesebro, of Guilderland, N. Y. The term continued until the 12th of August, during which time I received five letters from Mr. Garfield, the first of which was as follows:

HIRAM, May 16, 1853.

Dear Corydon:—With seven unanswered letters by *my* side, and seven lessons demanding my attention before I sleep, and it being now nine o'clock, I sit down to answer your brotherly and thrice welcome letter. It cheers my heart to hear from you, and know that you are improving in bodily health and strength. I know it is ingratitude in me (at least apparently) in not answering your letter before now; but in extenuation here is a fact: for the last three weeks I have not been in my bed before eleven o'clock, and often not before twelve; but I shall not have so hard times hereafter, and shall write as often as you will, be it every day. I have just received your letter of the 12th inst., and also your "Eagle," for both of which I am very thankful. I am very much delighted with your poem, and with your permission I will read it before the Philomathian Society.

Things at the Eclectic are moving off very harmoniously. It is again most beautiful weather, and almost every hour brings memories of one year ago, and a thousand mingled emotions follow in the train.

It is now a glorious evening. The glittering hosts are marshaled forth with all the heavenly train, and the Goddess of Spring has veiled the earth with (he richest of her beauties. My spirit fain would leap to revel in the solemn beauties of the night and the mingled memories of the past, and were the time *my own* I feel that *I could write*; for the thoughts are gushing from the deep fountains of my soul and struggling up for utterance; but here am I, and their low murmurs tremble on the midnight air alone, with no responsive heart that strikes a note in unison. I would that you were here to spend this glorious night alone with me! But I must forbear. Some hour will find *me free*, both heart and *hand and tongue*.

The reason of Munnell's absence is that he is going to die, unless he has speedy help. He was here and could not pronounce an audible farewell to the weeping students. Bronchitis is his disease. Symonds has returned to school again. His trouble was, he could no longer hold his place in Greek, and he decided never to study any more, and was a perfect picture of despair. But he has come back again with renewed energy, fallen back with John Harnit in Greek, while Almeda and I are doing from three and a half to four closely printed pages per day in "Memorabilia," and expect to commence Homer next week. John Harnit is no more a teacher here than in Oxford University; although he made an application for a chance, yet his talents seemed not to be appreciated. The disposition of classes is something like this:

Dunshee has nine; I have seven, besides a writing class. They are Arithmetic, Grammar, Algebra, Geometry (or now Trigonometry), Caesar, Greek Reader and Virgil. Almeda has also seven, all of which make the burden of the school. We are hoping for Munnell's recovery and return by next term, but fear for him.

I have a thousand things I want to write, but I can not, must not, write any longer. I hope to hear from you soon and a longer letter than before. I have not time to read this miserable scrawl over to correct it; so be kind enough to do it for me, and believe me your true friend and brother,

JAMES.

The "Almeda" mentioned several times in the above letter was Miss Almeda A. Booth, whose name has been immortalized by the eloquent eulogy of her famous classmate which will be found in Mr. Garfield's published works. Prof. Munnell happily recovered from his serious throat trouble, and lives to mourn for his immortal pupil. The allusion to Symonds Ryder, Jr., should be tempered by the recollection that the classmates with whom he could not keep pace were Mr. Garfield and Miss Booth, and it is hardly to his discredit that he could not perform the herculean tasks which were accomplished by them. I have before explained that both Mr. Garfield and myself had allowed ourselves to dislike John Harnit, and, as I now think, to judge him too harshly. This fact will account for free expressions of opinion concerning him which frequently entered into our correspondence.

The following is the poem which Mr. Garfield complimented, and proposed reading to the Philomathian Society:

A VISION.

'T was night. Luna was shining mildly down,
Her face half buried in a fleecy cloud,
While here and there a smiling star peered forth
From heaven's blue dome upon a sleeping world.

The mighty multitude was silent now,
 The busy streets deserted, and no sound,
 Except the murmuring of the distant stream,
 Disturbed the stillness of the quiet night.
 There was a hazy softness in the air,
 And a refreshing coolness in the breeze
 That played so gently mid the forest leaves:
 And, sauntering forth into the stilly night,
 Alone, I turned my footsteps toward the place
 Where sleep so peacefully the clay-cold forms
 Of the departed.

Mid the monuments

That love had reared in mem'ry of the dead,
 I wandered on, till 'neath a spreading tree
 I sat me down, and mused upon the world,
 And all its fleeting, transitory scenes.
 The glittering moon-beams fell in misty gleams
 Upon the cold, white marble, and revealed
 The names of those within their "narrow home."
 I thought of those that I had loved, who now
 Were lying 'neath the "green grass of the grave,"
 And thrilling memories of other years
 Came rushing o'er my spirit like a dream.
 Again I stood beside the cottage hearth
 Where the bright years of childhood had been passed;
 Again I wandered through the forest paths
 And rocky glens, as I was wont to do
 When but a thoughtless inexperienced child.
 A vivid panorama of my life,
 With every incident imprinted there,
 Seemed passing rapidly before my eyes.
 I felt my brain throb heavily, and lo!
 I saw a fearful form slowly arise,
 Emerging from a grave, a nameless grave
 Within the "potter's field."

The hand of Time

Had left the marks of many a year upon
 The stranger's brow. His locks were white as snow;
 His step was falt'ring, and his form bowed down;
 His garments were the robes of penury;
 And, at his near approach, a chilling fear

Crept o'er my spirit like the touch of death.
 The specter, stretching forth one bony hand,
 His dark eyes flashing in the moon-light, said;
 "My father loved the sparkling wine cup, and
 He gave it to his child, his only son.
 He said 't was good to cheer the fainting heart,
 To lend a brilliance to the eye of youth,
 And kindle fires of genius in the soul.
 I drank the poison draught he gave to me!
 My constitution crumbled to decay,
 And I was prematurely old; gray hairs
 Crept o'er my brow. My health was blighted, and
 My reputation lost.

My father died

A mad-man, raving in delirium,
 A victim of the "serpent of the still."
 I saw his foaming lips and flashing eyes,
 And heard his maniac laugh, as wild, he strove
 With phantom forms he fancied hov'ring round!
 I saw the death-dew on his pallid brow
 Slow gath'ring as the lamp of life went out;
 And then I followed in the meager train
 That bore him to a pauper's lowly grave.
 I drank more deeply than before to drown
 The memory of the past in Lethe's waves.
 My kindred perished like the Autumn leaves;
 My wife and children all were in the grave;
 Yet still I lived, abandoned and despised,
 A wanderer and an outcast on the earth.
 And then I cursed the world and all mankind—
 The fiends who placed temptation in my way,
 And led me down the fearful path of shame—
 I cursed the GOD who gave me life, and *died*.
 I come, to-night, to tell thee of the fate
 Of him who sips the sparkling waves of death.
 'T will blast his pleasures, poison every joy,
 And breathe a mildew on his every hope;
 Rob him of peace and health and happiness,
 And give him infamy and pain and death.
 And now I charge thee, warn the multitude
 To shun the poison cup, the envenomed draught

With which is mingled every woe. It rolls
A fiery wave of desolation o'er
The brightest spots that cheer man pilgrimage;
Dries up the purest fountains in the soul,
And leaves the heart bereft of hope and love,
Withered and desolate."

The vision fled:
I was alone. 'T was past the "noon of night,"
And, turning from the spot, I sought my home.

C. E. FULLER.

GRAND RAPIDS, April 28, 1853.

CHAPTER XI.

SPRING TERM OF 1853 AT HIRAM.—MR. GARFIELD DESCRIBES A VISIT TO BETHANY COLLEGE.

My next letter from Mr. Garfield bears date May 31, 1853:

Dear Corydon:—Your very welcome letter of the 25th was received last night. I am rejoiced to know that in the providence of God your life is yet preserved, and your health is improving. I trust you may soon fully recover your wonted vigor, and "the keepers of the house may no longer tremble," but may guard the fountains of your life. My health is very good with one exception. I fear I am threatened with bronchitis. My vocal organs seem raw, from the epiglottis to the center of my lungs. This is especially dangerous in teaching, for it is almost impossible for one to favor himself while talking incessantly. The school is moving on very harmoniously, and has about 180 in regular attendance. There have been two public lyceums this term, of which I have not now time to speak. The Eclectic (Lyceum) makes a public display next Friday evening. Of course it will be splendid, bearing the impress of such mighty minds as _____ and the redoubtable _____. There is some excitement here concerning the coming exhibition. The timber has been selected, and some appointments made. Symonds Ryder has been put on for a Greek speech; King for the Valedictory; McBride for a German oration; Burns and a young man from Russell, by the name of Everest, for a discussion on the utility of studying the dead languages. Misses Booth, Carleton and Rudolph, and myself, are selected to write a colloquy. There were two other young men chosen on the committee, but we do not expect any assistance from them in writing it. I heard Miss Booth remark that there were no young men on the list who could assist me in my part of the labor, which will be the greater portion of the colloquy. She said she "wished Corydon were here to assist . . ." Many are making mighty efforts for that occasion. I have not yet written a

word, but if I can get time I think of taking for a theme, "The influence of Napoleon Bonaparte upon the World." Had I time I should hope to do something upon that theme. Have n't you some suggestions to make upon the subject? Do so.

Your questions concerning my future course I can not now answer. They want me to allow my name to go before the board of trustees as a settled teacher in this Institution, and I am at a loss what to do. I shall certainly make no arrangements that will cut off the opportunity of my finishing a thorough course. I am unwilling to stay here and teach the more common branches, for it seems to me I can do more in the world than that. I have, however, thus far been very highly favored with classes which have improved me nearly as much as studying alone. For instance, the Virgil class is now reading about one hundred lines per day, and has just commenced book seventh. Day after to-morrow my class finishes Plane Trigonometry. Another is in the Greek Reader, and another has finished Caesar entire and has been in Virgil one week. Thus you see I am driving my studies some. I want your advice upon my future course. You are at a distance and can see me as I can not see myself.

You did not tell me your future course—how long you were employed for—your wages, etc. Please do so. I think now I shall go down to Bethany to the Commencement, to see the place and the school. We have got up a small school here to be held in vacation—Dunshee teacher. It is to be held six weeks. Henry and I, Miss Booth and several others intend to stay and study. I wish I had the leisure to visit you in vacation, and if it were not for the school I should. I presume it would be better for my health if I should, but I must bring my studies along.

Now, write soon. Give my love to your father and mother and accept the unworthy love of

JAMES.

Concerning the personal allusions in the foregoing letter, it may be remarked: "King" was Joseph King, the well-known preacher at Allegheny City, Penn., for over twenty-five years. After an interval of nearly thirty years in our acquaintance, I met him in November, 1883, at Pasadena, Cal., where he and his excellent wife were seeking the restoration of his health. We spent the winter in Southern California, a part of

the time boarding at the same place, and enjoyed frequent opportunities of reviving old recollections of the school days at Hiram. "McBride" was Sterling McBride, who studied for the ministry, but lived only a few years, leaving behind him an unsullied name and many who mourned that he should so soon be called away from his field of usefulness. "Burns" was Philip Burns, who also became a preacher, and like McBride, lived only to begin his work. The "young man from Russell, by the name of Everest," is now known as President Everest, late of Butler University, one of the ablest of our educators, and an author of acknowledged worth. Miss Rudolph is mentioned for the first time in this letter, as the associate of Miss Booth, Miss Carleton (now Mrs. Dunshee) and himself in the composition of the Commencement colloquy.

This colloquy was entitled "Mordecai and Haman; or the Scales Turned," and the *colloquii personae* were:

Ahasuerus.....	J. A. Garfield
Esther.....	Lucretia Rudolph
Mordecai.....	W. M. Pratt
Ezra.....	Sterling McBride
Hatach.....	J. H. Clapp
Memucan.....	Ezra Harnit
Haman.....	G. L. Applegate

This colloquy should not be confounded with the one mentioned by Mr. Garfield in his Memorial Address in honor of Miss Booth, as the reference there made is to the one written the preceding year, entitled "The Heretic." But "Mordecai and Haman" was no doubt largely written by Mr. Garfield and received high commendation. I do not know that any copy of it has been preserved. I have a copy of "The Heretic."

The discussion of the question, "Is the study of the ancient languages essential to the highest improvement of the human intellect?" was affirmed by Philip Burns and denied by H. W. Everest. Mr. Garfield's criticisms upon the exhibition will be found in a subsequent letter.

June 15, 1853, he wrote me the following brief note:

Dear Corydon: —I have only time for a word. I have not heard from you for some weeks, although I have written. I presume, however, your letter is on the road. I write this to know what it will cost me to go to Ann Arbor to the Commencement and back here again. If it does not cost too much and consume too much of my time I almost think of attending the Commencement. Would you like to meet me there? Please write immediately. I am tolerably well. All things as usual. You may think strange of my proposition, but my future course must soon be decided. No more. Yours in love,
JAMES.

In those days the mails were provokingly slow. It frequently required ten days or more for a letter to pass from Hiram to Grand Rapids, and I think in no case was the time less than five or six days. Twenty-four hours would now be ample time. I received the above note the evening of the 20th, and mailed my answer the 22nd, but it did not reach him until the 12th of July. As the Ann Arbor Commencement occurred on the 29th of June, the nature of my answer is not material.

My next letter from Mr. Garfield is as follows:

HIRAM, July 19, 1853.

Dear Corydon:—Yours of June 22 was not received by me till July 12. Not hearing from you in time, I concluded to go to Bethany. But first, a word about our exhibition. There were, according to the general opinion, between two thousand and twenty-five hundred people in attendance. It was held in the same place as before, and the stage was prepared in the same manner. We had good singing, having six persons selected for that especial purpose, and at the close an original song

—music by Walter S. Hayden, and words, for want of _____'s muse from—you may guess whom. For want of time, several speakers withdrew voluntarily, and were not on the programme for orations. Among these were C. C. Foote, H. B. Boynton, Walter S. Hayden, Pratt A. A. Luse and J. A. G. You know that we had only ninety students to select from last spring, and the aggregate of talent was not so great as now, and from that reason, on the whole, it was a better exhibition than last year. Some say that last year multiplied by two would just equal this. I think it is true, for we had this year no such pieces as _____'s, _____'s, _____'s, _____'s, and several of that class. Wealtha Ann Hayden had a great essay. Oh, you ought to hear it. Mary Atwater and Parintha Dean had grand orations. The discussion was excellent. You remember Everest, brother Soule's wife's brother. He is a smart fellow, and sustained his own side better than we Latins like to hear. But it is needless to particularize. You will see some more by the enclosed programme. How I wished you were here to make the bower resound again with your long absent voice. Well, the parting scene was over, and we hastened home.

The next Wednesday, Henry and I took the cars at Bedford for Wellsville, where we arrived in due time and strolled through that dusty town for a few hours. Among other things we visited the Union School, or rather Miss Sarah Udall, who teaches there, you know. About five o'clock p. M. we took the steamer for Wellsburg, Va., twenty-five miles from Wellsville. The water being very low, our course was *not fearfully rapid*, but we had a good time to view the free hills, piled up on the rock-girt shore of the blue Ohio. The old steamer coughed along down her smooth surface, and on account of numerous stoppages and the extreme shallowness of the water it was after mid. night when we first stood upon the soil of the "Old Dominion," on "Old Virginia's shore." I had strange feelings to think that I was in the native State of Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Madison and others of earth's brightest glories.

The next morning we were whirled across the handle of Virginia to Pleasant Hill Female Seminary, in Pennsylvania. We attended the examination and exhibition, which were very fine. Eleven graduated. The next morning we left the confines of the Keystone State and were soon in Bethany. I can not now enter into minute details about the place, but hope ere long to tell you *viva voce*. The village is girt about with everlasting hills, their tops almost cloud-gut, and on one of the highest stands Bethany College. There are three society rooms, done off like the parlors of our hotels as to magnificence, and furnished in a

very elegant and imposing manner. By the way, the South do the adorning physically, while the North fill the casket with intellectual jewels. The place is very romantic, but I was very much disappointed in the talent. I listened with profound attention, for from the trappings and preparation I expected that Mount Olympus would be shaken to its roots, and the cold fountains of Parnassus would boil. But the sun sank to his western home and the hills even of Bethany stood unmoved, and I fancy that not even the bald head of the Eclectic bowed at the sound. Suffice it to say, that a good, thorough, determined Northern boy, of "*mens sana, in sano corpore*" can go there and lead them through the course. But Munnell told me that they had not so brilliant a set this year as usual. Yet there was some fine talent there. Bro. Munnell is not yet well, and knows not how it will eventuate. He is attending a water-cure establishment and hopes for the best.

We returned via Pittsburgh, and stopped at Salem, Columbiana county, to attend a debate on the evidences of Christianity, between Jonas Hartzel and Joseph Barker. It continued five days. It will be published. Last Saturday week we reached Hiram. Henry has gone home to work. I, with several others, am here studying. I am reading Homer's Iliad, one hundred and fifty lines per day, and the Georgics and Bucolics of Virgil. My health is first rate and I never felt better for study in my life. That trip gave me new life. I take only two studies, and do not work very hard, I have now hired to teach here for one year for \$300, with the privilege of studying some. They will get a thorough man to take Munnell's place in the fall and henceforth. I will tell you more next time. Write soon. I want to hear from you very much.

Yours as ever, in love,

JAMES.

P. S. I had a letter from Ceylon not long since. He is in Savannah, Ashland county, O., and doing well, I believe. Give my love to your father and mother and write soon. I know not why, but I want to see you more than I ever did before. When will you come here? What are your plans for the future? Write all. I have not time to look this over, and so you correct it for me, and oblige

JAMES.

CHAPTER XII.

THE MOONLIGHT BURIAL.—VISIT TO OBERLIN COLLEGE.

In October, 1852, a child was buried at Hiram by moonlight. The solemnity of the scene was deeply impressed upon my mind, and in July, 1853, I wrote for the *Grand River Eagle*, a descriptive sketch, entitled:

THE MOONLIGHT BURIAL.

There is a little village in the northern part of Ohio called Hiram, and here is located a flourishing seminary known as the "Western Reserve Eclectic Institute." It is truly a romantic place; one of the most beautiful that I have ever seen. The institution, a noble brick edifice, is situated on a rising ground, and from its lofty dome to the east may be seen the distant hills of Pennsylvania, while to the north the villages of Burton and Troy, at a distance of several miles, lie spread out before one like a map on which is pictured every tree and shrub as well as tenement of man. To the south and west the eye rests upon green meadows, fertile fields and luxuriant orchards, stretching away for miles in the distance. A little to the west of the village is the spot consecrated for the burial of the dead. It contains no imposing monuments to flatter the vanity of the living, or magnify the virtues of the departed, yet here and there is a simple marble slab to point out the resting-place of one whose epitaph is graven on the hearts of those that mourn, and whose life needs no eulogy. In one part of the cemetery is an old gray stone, from which the corroding touch of time has erased the greater part of the inscription, but there still remains the name of one of the officers of the army of Washington. It took some pains to decipher the half obliterated inscription, and read (if I remember correctly) that he was with the heroic band who spent that fearful winter at Valley Forge. But his form has lain in that old graveyard for nearly half a century, and his grandchildren's sons and daughters are the pilgrims at his tomb.

Not far distant is an enclosure containing two graves, and a number of beautiful rose bushes were scattering their fragrant leaves upon them when I last visited the spot. I have one of those roses now, which I have carefully preserved as a memento of the green mound on which it grew.

I was present at a burial in that graveyard which I shall never forget. The frosts of autumn had tinged the foliage of the maple and the chestnut, and their leaves were glittering in the moonlight with a thousand variegated hues. But you could scarcely have heard the rustling of a leaf, and the moon—the full moon—poured down a silvery flood of radiance till the earth fairly sparkled in her loveliness. It had been announced that a child of some twelve years would be buried that evening at seven o'clock, and in company with two or three friends I wended my way to the graveyard. The procession had arrived just before us, and a group was gathered around the open grave. The father, a tall and noble looking man, was standing there, his arms folded on his breast, and his eyes fixed on the spot where so soon would lie his first-born son. At his right stood the noble President of the Eclectic, frail in form but mighty in soul; his character a model of what man's should be, almost without a fault, unless it be possible to be too good, too kind, too generous and true. Perhaps a hundred more were standing there, and you could almost have heard the beating of their hearts, the stillness was so deep and almost fearful. The coffin was lowered into the grave, and then we heard

"Upon the silent dwelling's narrow lid
The first earth thrown, sound deadliest to the soul."

I know not what was said; there was something so impressive in the scene that tears were glistening in the eyes of those who seldom weep, and I fancied that spirits from the shadowy land of the departed were standing in our midst. We turned away, but the whole scene of that funeral is daguerreotyped upon the tablets of my memory, and till I forget "the name my mother called me by," 't will never be erased. The moonbeams fell in wavy undulations on the fresh earth as we left the graveyard, but the turf covers it now, and the child-like form which was buried there has again commingled with the elements. But "The grave is not a bourne whose sombre portal

Closeth eternal o'er the bright and fair,
But through its gate to blessedness immortal
The spirit passeth, endless life to share."

Our term of school was to close August 12. I

had decided to return to Hiram and again take my place in the Eclectic. The following letter was received the day our school closed:

SUTTON'S, Aug. 6, 1853.

Corydon, My Brother:—Happy am I to know that I shall so soon see you. I received yours of the 25th ultimo, and hasten to send this by return mail, which will leave in about fifteen minutes. Hence I have only time for a word.

On the 15th day of this month I shall go to Oberlin to attend the examinations there, and remain about one week. I wish you could meet me there and then come on to Hiram with me. Charles D. Wilber and Almada Booth will be there with me, and I suppose we shall have a good time.

My thanks for your letter and paper containing your poem to Miss H. F. S. I think that is the happiest effort you have ever made in touching the high-strung chords of the heart. Your "Moonlight Burial" I have seen. It is very fine. I intend to show it to brother Taylor.

Almada is sitting here, and says, "Tell Corydon I shall be very glad to see him. My kind regards till he come." I am prospering finely in Homer and Latin. Don't fail to come soon. Till then remember I am your affectionate brother,

JAMES.

It may have been noted that in many of Mr. Garfield's letters he uses the Christian name only of many persons to whom he refers. In the above letter he dates it from "Sutton's." This referred to the President of the Eclectic, with whom he boarded at this time. The President was widely known as Sutton Hayden, though I think he always wrote it A. S. Hayden. It was surely from no want of respect for the person, but from a hearty, familiar manner which, in Garfield, seemed natural and proper. For several years, I find in my journal, and in letters to my friends, that I never thought of referring to him in any other way than as "James." To me there was no other James.

On the morning of Monday, August 15, 1853, at 2

o'clock, I started for Oberlin, which place I reached Wednesday, at 1:30 o'clock P. M. I found four of the Hiram friends there: James A. Garfield, John Harnit, Almeda Booth and Lucretia Rudolph. The "Village Hotel" at Oberlin was kept by L. S. Coffin, the present well-known Iowa Railroad Commissioner. Here we found excellent accommodations. I have noted several unique features in my record of the time spent there. After breakfast all the guests were invited to repair to the parlor for morning worship. Everything about the place was as quiet and orderly as in a well regulated Christian home. I learned that Mr. and Mrs. Coffin were old acquaintances of James and Lucretia, at Chester, and I found them very pleasant people. President Finney was at that time in his prime, and we were all very favorably impressed with all we saw at Oberlin. We attended a concert Thursday evening, given by the choir of one hundred and thirty singers, and we unanimously voted it excellent. On Friday we proceeded to Hiram, arriving just at night. Mr. Garfield, Miss Booth and myself spent most of the next day at paperhanging for President Hayden. I presume we did a good job, as the foreman was always accustomed to make a success of whatever he undertook, whether it was driving a horse on the tow-path, teaching geometry, working at house-building, at anything else.

CHAPTER XIII.

MISS LYDIA L. SEYMOUR.—LINES TO HER SISTER.—
FALL TERM OF 1853, AT HIRAM.—MR. GARFIELD AT
NIAGARA.

I suppose few boys reach the age of seventeen without at least imagining themselves very deeply interested in some young lady. In after years they frequently wonder at the strange infatuation, and find it impossible to recognize in the young lady of twenty the subtle charm which they discovered in the school girl of fifteen. The boys at the Grand Rapids Academy were very much like other boys, and I think I am betraying no confidence in stating that with scarcely an exception they regarded Lydia L. Seymour as the most beautiful and accomplished girl they had ever seen. Charlie Moore, the artist of our number, was an especial admirer, and most of us were very jealous of him, as we all recognized his genius and his fine appearance. He became a few years later a portrait painter of no mean ability. A. L. Chubb was also a very devoted worshiper at a respectful distance. But why particularize? There was not one of us who could not have said of her:

Like some fair enchantress she lured us the while
By the light of her eye and her beautiful smile,
Till we worshiped the ground upon which she had trod
And for hers would have bartered the favor of God.

I think that had we possessed the genius of Raphael, and attempted to paint an angel, we should only have tried to paint her likeness. I thought then that she was talented; in later years I was not sure of this. But of her goodness of heart and her girlish loveliness, forty years have caused no revision of judgment. A few years later, when she married an ordinary dry goods clerk of no particular genius or ability, we wondered at her choice, though still we thought him very fortunate in winning her.

On my return to Grand Rapids in the spring of 1853 she was dying of consumption, I first saw her early in April: she was perfectly conscious that she had but a few weeks to live, but death had no terrors. The ravages of disease had not robbed her of her "beauty. Her eyes were as bright and lustrous, and her smile as sweet, as they had been in the years gone by. Her mother was waiting for her on the other shore, and to her enlightened vision heaven seemed very near. She had one unmarried sister, Harriet, to whom she was very tenderly attached, and whom we all greatly respected.

The spring slowly passed into summer; the smiling May, redolent of blossoms, and June, decked with roses, counted their bright and tearful days, but with the coming of burning July she passed away. I chanced to call a few minutes before she died, and watched the death pallor gather over her wasted features, and three days later followed in the sad train which bore her to the quiet cemetery. On my return, I wrote the lines of which Mr. Garfield spoke in his letter of August 6:

TO MISS H. F. SEYMOUR, ON THE DEATH OF HER
SISTER.

Too gifted, good and beautiful for this cold world of ours,
She bade its scenes a last farewell to dwell in Eden's bowers;
And mid the starry hosts on high she sings with angel-choirs,
While seraphs joins in unison upon their golden lyres:
Then hush the voice of weeping and dry your burning tears,
For God in mercy spared her the weight of lengthened years;
And though the earth is beautiful and gemmed with glories now,
Weep not that Death's cold coronet is placed upon her brow;
For though the body molder and crumble to decay,
The soul, as God, immortal, can never fade away.

The rainbow's hues are glorious; there's beauty in the flowers;
God's seal is on each leaflet that rustles in the bowers;
There's music in the thunder, and in its jarring roll
There is a fearful majesty that moves the very soul;
There 's brilliance in the lightning's flash and in the meteor's blaze,
And there's a milder radiance in Luna's paler rays;
There 's grandeur in the mountain, for in its pride sublime,
As God's eternal monument, it scorns the lapse of time;
There 's glory in the sunlight at the approach of even,
When hill and vale are glowing with "colors dipped in heaven."

But oh! there is a brighter land where rainbows never fade,
Where flowerets in perennial bloom adorn each hill and glade;
There tones of heaven-born melody are floating on each breeze
And golden-plumaged warblers are singing mid the trees;
No chilling winds are blowing upon that radiant shore,
And tears and sighs and mourning and partings are no more;
And when our years are numbered upon the chart of Time,
With loved ones reunited within that glorious clime,
Long as eternal ages roll, no hand shall rudely sever
The tie that binds each kindred heart in union there forever.

The autumnal session of the Eclectic Institute opened August 22, 1853. Mr. Jasper Hull, of Sharon, Mercer county, Penn., but for many years past of Mahaska county, Iowa, was my room-mate. Many of the old students were there with whom I had been associ-

ated the preceding fall. Harriet and Cordelia Boynton, Sarah and Julia Soule, and Edward L. Craw, of South Butler, N. Y., were of the number.

Prof. Dunshee was teacher of both Greek and Latin; he also had occasional students in Hebrew, German and French. Drake University now has the advantage of his profound scholarship, which even thirty years ago was recognized by all who were competent to judge.

On Sept. 2 Mr. Garfield and I started for Euclid, to attend the annual meeting of the Cuyahoga county churches. We drove as far as Elder William Hayden's, near Chagrin Falls, where we were kindly received. We enjoyed an excellent visit with his talented daughter, of whom I have before spoken. We reached Euclid Saturday morning, and during the day heard sermons by William Hayden, D. S. Burnet, Isaac Errett and A. B. Green.

On Sunday morning the vast congregation gathered under the great tent and was addressed by Alexander Campbell. His theme was: "What think ye of the Christ?" That sermon was worth a journey of a thousand miles. In the afternoon D. S. Burnet gave a most eloquent and powerful discourse. He held the audience of several thousand for fully an hour, and none seemed weary. Burnet was at the time one of the great men of the church, and many preferred hearing him to Campbell.

At the close of the afternoon service a great concourse found their way to the shore of Lake Erie, to witness the baptism of a number of persons who had determined thus to enlist in the Master's service. The spectacle was particularly impressive. Old

Erie, blue as the vault of heaven, was slowly rolling its crystal waves against the sandy shore, with a low murmur, as if a requiem for the thousands who were sleeping beneath its calm surface. It was near the spot where a few months before a great steamer, hot with seething flames, had been buried beneath the waters, while the mass of struggling passengers went down to death. William A. Lillie led one whom I had known from boyhood into the crystal water, and said:

"By the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ, I baptize thee into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen."

Then gently he buried the strong man beneath the yielding wave, and as he came up, pledged to walk a new life, loyal and obedient to his Saviour, the waiting multitude broke forth in a song of praise and thanksgiving. As James and I stood on the shore and witnessed the solemn rite, we felt that we understood the great apostle when he spoke of the Christians of his day as "buried with Christ in baptism."

The meeting lasted through most of Monday, and we did not reach Hiram until Tuesday noon. There are few matters of any general interest to relate concerning the remainder of the school term. The days passed with the usual routine of lessons, relieved of monotony by the association of classmates, among whom were a large number of ladies and gentlemen gathered from the best homes of Ohio and other States. Mr. Garfield had some six classes to teach, and at the same time kept up his studies in Latin and Greek. With him I spent much of my time, out of school hours; together we usually made our calls and tramped over the hills in the vicinity of Hiram. The

term closed on the 10th of November. I came out about \$18 in debt, and so was obliged to spend the winter teaching school in order to replenish my purse, I may say here that this was my last attendance at school. I had spent four terms at the Eclectic, devoting the principal part of my time to the study of Latin and mathematics, though I commenced Greek, but made no great progress. It was my intention to return for the spring term, but fate decided otherwise.

At the end of the term I accompanied my roommate, Mr. Jasper Hull, to his home at Sharon, Penn., and took a school for the winter, about one and a half miles west of that city, in the township of Brookfield, Trumbull county, Ohio. I received one dollar per day, with board at the several homes of my pupils.

Mr. Garfield and I at once resumed our correspondence. The following is his next letter:

NIAGARA FALLS, NOV. 17, 1853.

Corydon, My Brother:—I am now leaning against the trunk of an evergreen tree on a beautiful island in the midst of Niagara's foaming waters. No breath of wind disturbs the leaves of evergreen, which hang mute and motionless around me. Animated nature is silent, for the voice of God, like the "sound of many waters," is lifted up from the swathing cloud of hoary foam that rests upon the dark abyss below.

"O fearful stream,
How do thy terrors tear me from myself
And fill my soul with wonder! "

I gaze upon the broad green waters as they come placid and smooth, like firm battalions of embattled hosts, moving in steady columns, till the sloping channel stirs the depths and maddens all the waters. Then with angry roar the legions bound along the opposing rocks, until they reach the awful brink, where, all surcharged with "antic fury, they leap bellowing down the fearful rocks which thunder back the sullen echoes of thy voice, and shout God's power above the

cloudy skies! O man! frail child of dust thou art to lift thy insect voice upon this spot where the Almighty thunders from the swelling floods that lifts to heaven their hoary breath, like clouds of smoking incense. Oh that the assembled millions of the earth could now behold this scene sublime and awful, and adore the everlasting God whose fingers piled these giant cliffs, and sent his sounding seas to thunder down and shout in deafening tones, "We come out of the hollow of his hand, and haste to do his bidding."

I have been here since yesterday morning, and shall take the cars for Buffalo, at 2 P. M., and then proceed to Hiram. I have not time to tell you anything about this wonder of the world, but will do so sometime. Write soon and often, and I will answer.

In love and friendship I am your brother,

JAMES.

P. S.—Not having had time to put this in the office, I leave it here. I am now on board the steamer Ohio, and soon start for Cleveland. I hope for a moonlit lake, but fear a stormy one. Farewell.

JAMES.

CHAPTER XIV.

MY SCHOOL AT SHARON, PENN.—LETTERS FROM MR.
GARFIELD.

The village of Sharon, Penn., lies in the coal and iron region of Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio. In 1854 it contained a large rolling mill and nail factory, and was surrounded by extensive coal mines, and the larger part of the inhabitants were interested in these industries. To the west of the village was a hill, rising rapidly until it passed the line dividing the two great States, and my scholars were able to start on their coasting sleds in Ohio, and make the journey for quite a distance into the Keystone State, at a speed rivaling the fastest railway train.

My school-house was one of those unique specimens of architecture, not found under the Grecian, Roman, Doric or Gothic orders, but which formed an order of itself. It seemed as though the lowest and least suitable parcel of ground in the district had been selected as its site, and the furniture and conveniences of the house were in keeping with the taste displayed in its position and style. But many of my pupils were bright and intelligent, and it was a pleasure to me to see the eye brighten with intellectual fire as the mind comprehended a new thought, or seized upon a new principle. To feel that they were profiting by my labors, and gathering up the priceless treasures of useful knowledge, and that in after

years, when they were mingling with the busy crowd on life's great battle-field, they would remember and appreciate my humble efforts in their behalf, formed no small part of my enjoyment during that winter. I have never revisited that part of the country, and I often wonder what has been the fate of a few of my pupils. There were some of the oddest names ever bestowed upon innocent and unoffending babies by eccentric parents. One of my scholars, a boy, answered to the name of "Niagara," and his sister was called "Velocity."

I have never forgotten the many acts of kindness I received from the family of Mr. Hull that winter. I spent many of my Sundays there, and always received a warm and hospitable welcome. I was a stranger, far away from my home, yet I was treated by them more as a son and brother than as a stranger.

Prof. Thomas Munnell, formerly of the Eclectic Institute, was at this time pastor of the Church of Christ at Sharon, and his counsel and sympathy, as well as that of his family, were much appreciated by me.

As I have said, I had frequent letters from several of my Hiram friends, and especially from Mr. Garfield. I append the following:

HIRAM, NOV. 30, 1853.

Dear Corydon:—Yours of Nov. 25 is just received, with \$17.25 enclosed, which I will hand to Mr. Faurot in the morning. I explained to him the circumstances when I received your other letter; so that is all right.

After a stay of one day and a half at the Falls, I returned to Buffalo by railroad, and thence to Cleveland on board the steamer Ohio. I was on the lake from 4 o'clock Thursday, P. M., till Friday, at 11 o'clock at night. However, I had a very good time. I started alone, but found

Craw on his way home, and he went by way of the Falls, but did not stay but a few hours. I will not desecrate the scene by attempting a description so hurriedly as I should be obliged to do it now; but I hope to do it sometime.

The Eclectic batteries are again playing against the ramparts of ignorance, with an army of 230 students, and receiving reinforcements daily. I am, as usual, teaching seven classes: Arithmetic, Grammar, Geometry, Senior Algebra, History, Greek and Latin. My Arithmetic class numbers ninety-nine, and more are coming. But I must stop now. Write soon and long. In love, I am as ever, your brother,

JAMES.

The following letter will give a slight idea of the immense amount of work which was done that winter by Mr. Garfield. I think there is scarcely a case on record that will equal it:

HIRAM, Dec. 26, 1853.

Dear Corydon:—I know you will pardon my long delay in answering your letter of the 9th inst., for my time has been pushed out of existence as fast as humanity can bear.

The school is prospering finely, but my health is not good. My throat is worse to-day than it ever was before. I spoke before a large audience in Aurora yesterday, and now my words are almost bloody.

I am conducting a class of near seventy in penmanship, besides my seven classes, which, you know, makes me more labor. Still I hope by care to stand it through. I want to hear from you often, and will write as often as I can. My writing school will close next week, and then I shall be relieved. * * Do write to me soon, and tell me your calculations for the future, next spring especially. It is now nearly eleven o'clock at night, and I must retire. Give my love to Bro. Munnell and family, and all my Sharon acquaintances.

In love and friendship, I am your brother,

JAMES.

It should be explained that in those days the teacher of penmanship *wrote all the copies* for his pupils, and for a class of seventy this was no trifling task. But while teaching for five days in the week, *seven classes*, as stated in his letter of Nov. 20, and doing it well, he wrote the copies and gave instructions to the class of

seventy in penmanship, and on Sunday preached an excellent sermon to the church at Aurora, ten miles west of Hiram. If he had not possessed an iron constitution, such work would have been impossible. And this was not the work of one week merely, but was continued for months. That winter he was accustomed to preach nearly every Sunday, and he gave sufficient time and study to the preparation of his discourse to make them everywhere acceptable.

I answered his letter at once, and about a month later received the following reply.

HIRAM, January 28, 1854.

My Dear Brother:—I sit down in the still old night, to write a few words to you in answer to your welcome epistle of twenty-one days ago.

My health is very good, with that *guttural* exception, in regard to which I am in some doubt, though I have quit speaking on Sundays, which I think will help me some. I, however, hope for the best, and keep my head up.

The school is prospering finely, and going on pleasantly in its usual course, but I presume you are well posted on these matters by your *female* correspondents from this place.

Well, Corydon, I wish you were here to sleep with me to-night, or rather to lie awake with me. I feel like waking up the ghosts of the dead past, and holding communion with spirits of former days. In this calm "night that broodeth thoughts" the shadows of bygone days flit past, and I review each scene "volucris simillima somno." That long, strange story of my boyhood, the taunts, jeers, and cold, averted looks of the rich and the proud, chill me again for a moment, as did the real ones of former days. Then comes the burning heart, the high resolve, the settled determination, and the days and nights of struggling toil—those dreary days when the heavens seemed to frown, and the icy heart of the cold world seemed not to give one throb in unison with mine. I thought of our early, peculiar and intimate acquaintance; of all that well-remembered band of strangers then—now friends forever. Some of them are rocked in dreamless slumbers, waiting for their God to sound the trumpet notes that, shaking earth and heaven, shall waken them again. Others survive. Some climb the

rugged mounts that overlook the broad Pacific's bosom, and some are tossed upon the boiling surge, where howl the winds and sweeps the hurricane. All, all are scattered, never again to meet till Time's unmeasured years are done. But 'twixt all these, from heart to heart, a golden chain is linked, girdling the earth, and growing brighter by the lapse of years, when viewed with memory's vision. May rolling suns and gliding years 'twixt us that chain ne'er sever.

Let me often hear from you, and know your joys and sorrows, hope and prospects. But the night draws on and my throbbing temples bid me seek the blissful revel in the land of dreams.

I enclose you a programme of the "Ladies' Public Lyceum." Corydon, write very soon and often. Excuse my delay, for I am not my own as to time. In faithful love I am your JAMES.

The programme alluded to was for Jan. 19, 1854, and among the attractions announced were the following:

China—An Essay	Mary L. Hubbell
A Leaf from Memory	Almeda A. Booth
The Dark Ages.....	Nancy E. McIlrath
Ambition.....	Sarah A. Soule
EVIL SPEAKING—A Colloquy.	
Parts by Barbara E. Fisk, Wealtha A. Hayden, Mary Hubbell, Mary E. Turner, Sarah A. Soule, Nancy E. McIlrath, and others.	
Land of Palestine	Mary E. Turner
Immortality.....	Wealtha Ann Hayden

Among the ladies named, Mary E. Turner is the wife of President B. A. Hinsdale, of Cleveland; Barbara E. Fisk married Arthur D. Downing, of Chardon, Ohio, but has been dead for many years; Nancy McIlrath married Philip Burns, who early left her a widow, and she is the present wife of A. M. Atkinson, of Wabash, Ind.

The last letter I received from Mr. Garfield, while at Sharon, was as follows:

FOREST CITY HOUSE,
CLEVELAND, February 27, 1854.

Dear Corydon:—I take a few moments while waiting for the cars to drop a line to you so that you may know my whereabouts.

Our school closed on Thursday last, and I suppose you have been informed before this time of all that affair by the kindness of Bro. A. Hull. I went home on Friday and now am here, waiting for the cars, to Zanesville, where I am going to visit Ballou and his family. I shall probably visit the Ohio University at Athens before I return, and I shall return via Columbus and visit the city a few days, as I have a cousin living there.

I have just heard from the debate which J. J. Moss has been holding with Joel Tiffany. I had my information from a non-professor, and he said that Bro. Moss flayed the man alive, proved him to be an infidel, and gained a complete victory before the bar of public opinion. But I have not time to particularize.

I expect to be in Hiram this day two weeks and spend the last week of vacation there. Shall I see you there? If you will direct a letter to me at Columbus as soon as you receive this note, I shall receive it at that place. I would also be pleased to meet letters there from Bros. Jasper and Amaziah Hull. Remember me to them, Bro. Munnell and all.

Hoping to see you soon, and hear from you sooner, in great haste, I am your faithful brother, JAMES.

My school closed on the nth of March, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that in the estimation of my patrons it had been very successful. Unsolicited, I received the following flattering testimonial:

BROOKFIELD, March 13, '54.

This may certify that Corydon E. Fuller has taught our District School, No. 4, in said Township, for the last four months and has given full satisfaction to all; much the best ever taught in said District.

E. S. BUDD,
Dist. Director and Clerk.

While the writer fails to express his idea in perfect English, yet his meaning could not easily be mistaken, and I have preserved his certificate among others through all the intervening years.

CHAPTER XV.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH MISS MARY P. WATSON.—MY SCHOOL
AT SCHRAALENBURGH, N. J.—WORLD'S FAIR OF 1854.

In order to explain certain events and incidents in my subsequent acquaintance and association with Mr. Garfield, it seems necessary to give some account of matters not heretofore mentioned.

In the latter part of November, 1852, I spent an evening at the residence of William Hayden, near Chagrin Falls, in the company of his talented daughter, Wealtha Ann, of whom I have before spoken, and during the evening she showed me some letters from a young lady friend who resided in the State of New York, and whom she seemed to esteem very highly. Half in jest, I expressed the wish that I had such a correspondent, and she replied that possibly she might induce her friend to correspond with me. I at once urged her to do so, and promised to do my best to make my letters interesting. I had arranged a correspondence with Miss Hayden, and about the first of February, 1853, I received a letter from her, in which she stated that her friend had consented to receive a letter from me, but she forgot to give me either her name or address, and I had forgotten both, save that her given name was Mary. But on February 2 I wrote a letter to her, and enclosed it to Miss Hayden, to be directed and forwarded. In due time I received an answer, and thus

was begun an acquaintance which has continued up to the present time; and since January 1st, 1855, the Mary P. Watson, to whom my letter found its way, has been known as Mary P. Fuller. Her home was near Wolcott, Wayne County, New York, Our letters for a year were merely of a literary character, and neither of us hesitated about showing them to our intimate friends. I think Mr. Garfield read nearly all of them, and as he was very frequently mentioned by me, she became thus acquainted with him and his history.

During the latter part of my term of school at Brookfield (near Sharon, Perm.), through the friendly interest of Mr. Edward Chesebro, principal of the Union School at Grand Rapids, Mich., I received an offer of the school at the village of Schraalenburgh, Bergen County, N. J., which had been in charge of George J. S. Chesebro, his brother. As I had never visited the East, and had a strong desire to visit its great cities, and especially as I had by this time become sufficiently interested in my stranger correspondent to desire a personal acquaintance, I decided to accept the proposition, and on my way to pay her a visit.

I have made these explanations to render intelligible many subsequent allusions in Mr. Garfield's letters, and to account for the visit we made together to the "Old Stone House" in Butler that summer.

As I stated in my last chapter, my school closed at Brookfield March II, 1854, and on the 15th, in company with Jasper and Benjamin Hull and their sister Almira, now Mrs. J. D. C. McFarland, of Des Moines, Iowa, I went to Hiram. I was much disappointed to find that Mr. Garfield had not yet arrived, but after waiting one day I was obliged to go to Chardon, as I

was to receive a letter there from the school board at Schraalenburgh, informing me how soon I must report for duty.

On arriving at Chardon I found the expected letter awaiting me, from which I learned that I would be expected the first week in April, as Mr. Chesebro would close his school on the 3d, and not more than one week vacation was desired. But I could not start on my journey without seeing James, and on Monday, the 20th, I went back to Hiram to pay him a visit. The spring term of the Eclectic had just opened, and many of the old students were there I staid one night only, but managed during the twenty-four hours of my stay to see quite a number of old friends, many of them for the last time. Only twice since have I been at Hiram, once in March, 1861, when the black cloud of civil war was gathering over the land, from which a few days later came the thunder which awoke a sleeping nation, as it echoed from the crumbling walls of Sumter, and again, after the lapse of a quarter of a century, in June, 1886.

After a visit to Chagrin Falls, and also among my relatives at Chardon, on the morning of March 27, 1854, I started for the East. The next day I reached South Butler, and on the morning of the 29th paid my first visit to my stranger correspondent. A day or two later I proceeded on my journey, via the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. While on the latter road, about 5 o'clock P. M. of March 31, at a point some fifty miles below Albany, we came in collision with an immense rock, which had rolled down the cliffs, with which every traveler is familiar, at whose base the road finds its narrow pathway along the water's

edge. The train was running at full speed, and the shock was terrific. The locomotive was demolished, and the tender, baggage car, etc., completely wrecked. The engineer and two brakemen were killed, or fatally injured, and others severely hurt. We were detained for several hours, and did not reach New York until the next morning.

It was my first visit to the great metropolis, and there were very many objects of engrossing interest. To my unaccustomed eyes it was more than I had dreamed of, though New York in 1854 was not what it is now. The most prominent building I remember on Broadway was Barnum's old museum; the post office was then in the old Dutch church; the Astor House was the principal hotel. Old Trinity stood, as now, in the center of its acre of graves, at the head of Wall Street. The tomb of Alexander Hamilton and other monuments preserved the memory of the ancient dead, while Broadway rumbled with the thunder of traffic, and forbade the quiet sleep of even those in their graves. But no elevated railroad was then seen behind the church; no electric light lit up the streets at night.

At 3 o'clock that afternoon I took passage on a little steamboat for Huyler's Landing, a point at the foot of the Palisades, some seventeen miles north of the city, nearly opposite Yonkers, where we arrived in due time. I climbed the mighty ledge of rocks which rises so majestically from the water's edge, and was fortunate enough to secure a ride with an accommodating Dutchman to Schraalenburgh, some four miles distant.

How can I describe Schraalenburgh? It was not a village; there was not enough of it to deserve such a

cognomen. There were two churches, both of stone, old and grim as the creeds of those who worshiped in their somber pews. There was one small store kept by Mr. John Quackenbush, and a pretty school-house with a small front yard neatly flagged with stone. My home during my residence in the place was with Mr. Cornelius Quackenbush. He and his family were descendants of the Hollanders who settled in Bergen County some two hundred years before, and I am not certain that a single new idea had found a lodgment in his head during the sixty years he had breathed the quiet air of his sleepy home. All the farms were small and well tilled, and the people were mostly wealthy. Their principal crop was strawberries for the New York market. Mrs. Quackenbush was a good old motherly soul, and raised the finest dahlias I ever saw—of course, for market. They took no paper, and their family library consisted of the Bible, an old volume of Whitfield's Sermons, Jacobus' Notes on Matthew, Walker's Dictionary, Page's Theory and Practice of Teaching, Blake's Philosophy, a Dutch Reformed Psalm Book, and one other book. These were all. The language spoken by the older people was a mongrel dialect supposed to be Holland Dutch, but so provincialized that one Sunday, when a Dominie from Holland attempted to preach to the people in his native tongue, he was but partially understood. Dominie Blauvelt was a man of some culture, and had two quite interesting daughters.

On Monday, April 3, Mr. Chesebro closed his school, and, as I was not to commence teaching until the 10th, I paid a visit to New York to see the Crystal Palace and the "World's Fair," which was then in progress. There is no doubt but, in comparison with

the Centennial or the New Orleans Fair, the display of 1854 was of small proportions, but to me it was large enough; and within the walls of the Crystal Palace were displayed a variety of objects sufficient to satisfy for the time my curiosity. The gallery of paintings especially attracted my attention, though the multitude of objects was too great for me to attempt a description. I find my notes in my journal are not at all full. During the week I wrote to Mr. Garfield, and the following is his answer:

HIRAM, April, 16, 1854.

Dear Coryden:—Your very welcome letter was received in due time, and I hasten to respond. I rejoice and give thanks to the Ruler of all things that your life has been preserved amid dangers seen and unseen, and you have arrived safely at your destination.

I am happy to inform you that my health is better than formerly. The difficulty in my throat is not so much aggravated by the labor of this term as of sessions hitherto, although I have a large amount of labor to perform.

I hear a Virgil class recite at 5 o'clock in the morning, which makes me arise in good season. My other classes are: Grammar, two Algebra classes, Geometry, Sallust and Xenophon. Also, Hull, Almeda and I recite in Demosthenes, to Dunshee. This, you see, gives me more *mental* but less *guttural* labor than Arithmetic, History, etc., would do. The term is moving off pleasantly, with 180 students enrolled.

I was never absent from town a day since I commenced to teach here till last Thursday and Friday week. On Thursday, April 13, I witnessed the marriage of our mutual friends and Eclectic school-mates, H. B. Boynton and Susan E. Smith. They were married by Bro. Lillie, at Bro. M. Soule's, in the presence of a large company. *Happiness* and *cheese* are before them; may they have an abundance of both.

All else is *in statu quo*. It is snowing furiously now, and has been all day. April is frozen to the heart.

I suppose you have ere this commenced your school. I feel the greatest anxiety for your success. You will, of course, be obliged to study and conform to the peculiarities of the country and community somewhat. Much depends upon your success the first session. Allow me to say that you and I need to use great care in a new community, or

they will become cloyed. We should reveal ourselves *gradually*. All can not endure *sudden thunderbolts*. You understand me, of course. Then you have seen Old Ocean, and exclaimed:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore.
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar."

You told me nothing about it. Of course you will give me a long description of it, and your residence, etc., etc. I want to hear from you very often. You must pardon this worst writing I ever did for you; I think perhaps I'll do better next time. With the best wishes for your temporal and spiritual welfare, I am as ever, fraternally your

JAMES.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. GARFIELD AND I VISIT BUTLER, N. Y.—A NIGHT ON THE HUDSON.—HIS VISIT TO SCHRAALENBURGH.

HIRAM, May 13, 1854.

Dear Corydon:—Your very welcome letter was received in due time, and after ten days I snatch the first breathing place to make a short response. I very much thank you for that good long and interesting letter. Be assured it does me much good to receive such an one from you.

Right glad I am to hear that you are succeeding well in your school, since so much depends on your first effort; for when one gets his name and reputation established, especially among a slow-paced German population, he can then sway them easily.

It is strange to me that any set of Christians can hold so tenaciously to any dogma so cold and comfortless as the Calvinistic faith, and at the same time regard the gospel as a scheme of benevolence and even-handed justice. Certainly I could never rejoice in such a gospel. May the day soon come when the nations, tongues and people that lie in darkness may see the glorious light and liberty of the gospel of our blessed Lord.

The affairs of the Eclectic are prosperous, and the term passes with great evenness and pleasantness. I am now doing more than I ever did before, but shall be relieved soon by the finishing of my class in penmanship, consisting of thirty-two members at \$1.25 each for sixteen lessons. This will do a little for me.

My mind is very much drawn out upon the subject of colleges, and where I shall go. This question must be decided by me very soon. You know my views concerning Bethany, and are not a total stranger to the fires of ambition that burn within my soul. But necessity will sometimes lay its iron hand upon the proudest resolves. If I go to an Eastern college it will take me two years to finish the course, and at the extremely high rates of expenses I could not stay more than one year without stopping and laboring for another year or so to enable me

to complete the course. Now, whether to do that, or go to Bethany and finish in one year, is the question. What say you? While trying to peer into the future my temple throbs even at the lone midnight, when the world is asleep and quiet dreams are falling from the morphean leaves of Pluto's somber elm. Would that the path of life might be marked out for me by a wiser being than man. So uncertain are all of life's feeble plans, and so changing are human pursuits, I know not which way to turn.

Corydon, I have not an intimate, congenial associate among all the young men of Hiram. The world does not know me, and I care little to know it. But I am running away with time and thought. I must stop. Let me hear from *you* often, and lengthy, and I know you will ever have the heart to forgive my hasty and pointless letters, considering my circumstances. With the best love, I am, dear Corydon, your brother,

JAMES.

The above letter reached me at sleepy Schraalenburgh on the 20th of May, and was answered promptly. I had always had a strong prejudice against Bethany College, as I believed it impossible for an earnest Northern man to go there unless at the sacrifice of his manliness. It was well known that no discussion was allowed upon the subject of slavery; perhaps it would be more accurate to say that no word must be spoken in criticism of the barbarous institution; those who cared to defend it could speak freely. It will be remembered that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the attempt to open Kansas and Nebraska to slavery had just been accomplished. The Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 was occasionally enforced, and the nation was stirred to its profoundest depths. I felt that it was not possible for James A. Garfield to spend a year at Bethany, and surrender the right of free speech at the command of the insolent sons of slaveholders. I knew too well his hatred of tyranny, and his impatience at any attempt to suppress free discussion, and I did

not believe he would be safe among the class who would be his associates, and I urged him not to think of going there to graduate.

I had decided to spend a few days before and including the Fourth of July at Butler and vicinity, and had so informed Mr. Garfield. During the strawberry season nearly all my scholars were usually picking the fruit, and a vacation of two or three weeks was customary. Accordingly, on the 15th of June I dismissed my school until the 10th of July. I spent a few days in New York city and at Guilderland, a small village near Albany, and reached Butler the evening of the 24th. I received the following letter a few days later:

CHAGRIN FALLS, June 26, '54.

My Dear Corydon:—The last link is broken, and I have snapped the last arrow upon the grave of my fathers. The scenes of our dear Eclectic are over and she is left covered with glory. I can never go to Bethany. Next Thursday I start for the Old Bay State. Within ten days I shall be at Williams, Mass., where I may remain two years. Again I am to stand alone, among strangers and in a strange land. Must I not see you? I know not where to stop. I will look out of the station nearest to South Butler, and if I could see Corydon and E. L. Craw I should be very much rejoiced. I think I shall be there next Saturday. I have no more time to write, but shall hope to see you soon. In love, I am as ever.

J. A. GARFIELD.

Everest sends his love.

JAMES.

The village of South Butler lies about four miles north of Savannah, a station of the New York Central Railroad, about midway between Rochester and Syracuse. It was one of the few points in Central New York where there was a church of Disciples of Christ, one having been built up here under the able teaching of J. I. Lowell and other pioneers in the Reformation.

The home of my stranger correspondent was some four miles still further north, and I did not receive Mr. Garfield's letter in time to meet him at the railroad. But E. L. Craw, whose name he mentions, was a son of Morris Craw, of South Butler, former student at Hiram, and Mr. Garfield found his way on Saturday to that hospitable home, where he was warmly welcomed. On Sunday morning the Watsons, where I was visiting, went to church at South Butler, and upon entering we found Mr. Garfield, who had arrived before us. His fame had preceded him and he was at once called upon to preach, which he did to the delight of his hearers. I have no notes of his subject, and may here say that it was not my good fortune often to hear his sermons. While we were both at Hiram he occasionally went to some of the surrounding towns to fill an appointment, but did not speak at home, as Hiram was full of older preachers.

In the afternoon we all went to hear Rev. Antoinette Brown, who was then pastor of one of the village churches. We were much pleased with her discourse, and were unanimous in pronouncing her a lady of talent.

This was the 2d of July, 1854. Just at night we—that is, Mr. Garfield, Miss Watson and myself—returned to the "Old Stone House," where we spent the next two days. I have a very full account of the events of those and the succeeding days until the 10th of July. The old farm had been the home of Joseph Watson for nearly fifty years. He had planted the long avenue of sugar maples which interlaced their branches over the highway, and the hot sun of burning July could not penetrate the dense foliage. The stone dwelling was

cool and pleasant. The inmates were intelligent people, and James and I were ready to enjoy the rest and pleasant company with full appreciation. We read Ik Marvel's "Dream Life"; we read two or three of George D. Prentice's poems; we read letters, and we visited; and I am confident we all enjoyed ourselves.

On the morning of July 5 James and I started for New York City. We went to Clyde by a stage which in those days made regular trips between that place and Wolcott, passing half a mile west of the Watson homestead. We arrived at Albany in time for the evening boat for New York. It was the Hendrick Hudson, long known as the finest boat on the river. Both of us had anticipated much from this, our first journey on the beautiful Hudson. We had heard it called the American Rhine, and of the real Rhine Longfellow had said: "O, the pride of the German heart is this noble river! And right it is; for of all rivers of this beautiful earth there is none so beautiful as this. There is hardly a league of its whole course, from its cradle in the snowy Alps to its grave in the sands of Holland, which boasts not its peculiar charm."

We watched Albany as it faded in the distance, and then we watched the dying daylight; but soon the moon arose in her beauty and cast a silvery radiance over the sparkling waters. Then a train of cars rushed by along the water's edge to our left; the iron horse was more than a match for the Titan who turned the great wheels which urged forward our floating palace. We spoke of Robert Fulton, and of the first trip of his crude steamboat over these same waters, and of the mighty results from his faith and hope and work! Ever and anon we passed a schooner, either lazily floating

along or towed by some toiling but ambitious little tug, with nerves of iron and lungs of fire.

We sat upon the deck, among a great crowd of strangers, until late into the night, and then sought our state-room for a few hours of sleep; but with the first rays of approaching day we again took our places on deck. We were still some twenty-five miles above the great city, near Sunnyside, the home of Washington Irving; on our right arose that mighty wall of rocks known as the Palisades, and on the left were smiling villages, beautiful homesteads and a city or two, the latter dwarfed by their proximity to the metropolis. At 6 o'clock, July 6, the steamer reached her wharf at the foot of Liberty street. After breakfast we proceeded to the "Crystal Palace," and there spent the forenoon. In the afternoon we visited the Washington Market, Trinity Church and Barnum's Museum. The next morning we went to Greenwood Cemetery, and spent the forenoon. We also called at the *Tribune* office, and I have noted that we had the good fortune to see Mr. Greeley. I am not so sure that *he* saw *us*.

While walking about the city during one of these two days we noticed bunches of fruit at some of the fruit-stands which were new to us. It should be remembered that this was over thirty years ago, and tropical fruits seldom found their way into our Western villages or cities, and it need not be accepted as proof positive that either Mr. Garfield or I was exceptionally ignorant. He called my attention to a fine bunch, and asked me what they were. I admitted that I did not know, and he then turned to a gentleman standing by, and asked him the name of the fruit. The man at first seemed to suspect the question to be a joke, but finally

answered that they were bananas. We passed on, and Mr. Garfield said: "He thinks we are exceedingly green, not to know what every street urchin here knows; but what difference does it make what he thinks of us? We shall never see him again, and we have learned something which we did not before know. I have long since determined not to let an opportunity pass for learning something, simply because I must expose my ignorance in so doing." I think one secret of his marvelous fund of information upon almost any subject was his acting upon the principle above expressed.

At 3 o'clock, Friday, July 7, 1854, we started for Schraalenburgh, where we arrived in due time, and were cordially received at the cool stone dwelling of Mr. Cornelius Quackenbush. Mr. Q. was a fine specimen of the thrifty descendants of the Hollanders, who for two hundred years had cultivated the red sands of Bergen county. He was honest and pious; his creed was the same as that of his forefathers, and he never had a doubt or a fear but that its teachings were truth itself, without alloy. He read very little; the fact that the mail came twice a week seemed to him a useless extravagance, as once a week, or once a month, for that matter, would have done just as well. His farm was not for sale; it had no price. He owed no man anything, and had money in the bank, and possibly in some covert hiding-place in his old house. On Sundays he went to church, and slept peacefully in his high-backed pew through the long and tedious sermon of the good old dominie; he gave thanks before and at the close of each meal; and at family worship his good wife read from God's word, and he always prayed that

we all might go "where the wicked cease from *trouble* and the weary are at rest." New York was only sixteen miles away, but the life pulsating in every vein of the great city had utterly failed to stir the sluggish heart of Schraalenburgh. There was not much difference between the sleepers in the homes and the sleepers in the church yards.

Now and then a bright young man or woman burst away from these quiet homes and found a place in the great city. Very few ever went further from home. The great West was an unknown land, and tales of its rising power were seldom credited.

Politics could not excite such people. They took no papers; what mattered it to them whether Nebraska should be tilled by freemen or by slaves? As well expect them to take an interest in the domestic affairs of the moon. Of course, there were exceptions. Dr. Hasbrouck was a talented, well educated physician, thoroughly posted in the affairs of the day. He managed to receive the city dailies by private conveyance,, not satisfied with semi-weekly mail. Domine Blauvelt was a man of some education, but his mind was dwarfed by his creed, and he studied to avoid rebuking any of the sins of which he feared his hearers might be guilty. Some of them bought lottery tickets and many got drunk; so gambling and intemperance must not be censured.

Mr. Garfield and I spent Saturday and Sunday writing letters and making calls among my acquaintances; of course attending church on Sunday morning and hearing Dominie Blauvelt. I have remarked of the sermon in my journal that we "were very much pleased—when he got through." If heaven was to be one

"eternal Sabbath," we sincerely hoped he would not be the preacher.

We had one of our old-fashioned visits, and talked over our hopes and plans, as we had so often done before.

I have been particular in giving all these details of facts and dates, because in several of his biographies there are found erroneous statements as to the time Mr. Garfield went to Williams College. Every date I have given I know to be absolutely correct.

CHAPTER XVII.

MISTAKES AND FABLES OF MR. GARFIELD'S BIOGRAPHERS.
—HIS JOURNEY TO WILLIAMSTOWN, AND EXAMINATION
BY PRES. HOPKINS.

My last chapter left Mr. Garfield my guest in quiet Schraalenburgh, where he had come to spend a few days before going to Williamstown, Mass., to enter Williams College. Before tracing his history further, it may be well to note more particularly a few facts concerning the three years which had passed since we first met at Hiram, as there are numerous errors which have crept into his biographies now before the public: some of these errors may be deemed of little importance, but it may be of interest to ages that are to come to be possessed of more accurate statements than many which have heretofore appeared.

As stated in a former chapter, the first term of the Eclectic Institute commenced November 26, 1850. Mr. Garfield and I entered the school Aug. 25, 1851, at the beginning of the third term, which closed November 14, 1851. The winter of 1851-2 we were both absent, he teaching his second winter term at Warrensville, and I teaching at Hambden. The following spring, on March 22, 1852, we both returned to Hiram. This term of the Eclectic closed June 25, 1852, and was followed by a vacation of about eight weeks, and it was during this vacation, and this only,

that Mr. Garfield worked at carpenter work at Hiram, and he never after worked at any manual labor, but during all the subsequent time spent by him at Hiram, he taught in the school, usually teaching seven classes, and at the same time pursuing his own studies. He was esteemed by those in his classes an excellent teacher, and, while I was at no time under his instruction, and therefore can not give any personal testimony as to his methods or his excellencies, I am confident that even at this time his ability as an instructor has been rarely equalled. The date of his attendance at Dr. A. Harlow's writing school was between the close of his school in February, 1852, and the opening of the term at Hiram, March 22, 1852. The fall term of the Eclectic for 1852 opened August 23, during which term Mr. Garfield and I were room-mates. Most of the term he, and two of my cousins, my brother and myself, formed a boarding club.

From this time until June, 1854, Mr. Garfield was a teacher in the Eclectic. I was absent from the close of the fall term of 1852 until the beginning of the fall term of 1853, and my attendance closed finally with that term. The dates here given may be positively relied upon, as I know they are absolutely correct.

William R. Balch, in his biography, puts the date of Mr. Garfield's attendance at Harlow's Writing Academy in the fall of 1850, or more than a year and a half too early. He says that Garfield was Harlow's janitor, which is not true.

He also states that Mr. Garfield took his "first lessons in elocution" of Harlow, and "received his first real encouragement to fit himself for public life." All this is sheer nonsense. Dr. Harlow was a good pen-

man, but further than that he was in no wise remarkable and when James A. Garfield first attended Harlow's school, the student was vastly the superior of his teacher in all else save penmanship.

Mr. Balch also, in the same connection, speaks of Mr. Garfield teaching Geometry at Warrensville during the winter of 1850-1. This is one year too soon, as can be verified from his letters to me, and also from his address in memory of Miss Booth. In fact, Balch subsequently contradicts his own statement.

The same writer takes great pains to make it appear that Garfield's reasons for not graduating at Bethany were very remarkable, while the fact is that nearly all the Hiram students had a prejudice against Bethany, and quite a number of them went elsewhere. In chapter six the same biographer states that Garfield reached Williams College in June, 1854, while I have shown that he was at Schraalenburgh until July 10, and did not reach Williamstown until July 11. He also states that Garfield attended the recitations of the Sophomore class, in order to test his own ability to pass examination for the Junior year. His first letter to me from Williamstown shows that this is not true. The statement that the library of Williams College was the first large collection of books which Garfield had ever seen can hardly be true, when it is remembered that he had seen the State Library at Columbus, Ohio, the library of Oberlin College, which he visited in August, 1853, containing many thousand volumes, besides the city library at Cleveland, etc. It may be very difficult for an Eastern author to believe it, yet I fearlessly affirm that as far back as 1854 Northern Ohio was not a primeval wilderness; nor were its inhabitants one whit behind

those of New York or New England in general intelligence.

E. E. Brown, in his biography, falls into many of the same errors as Balch, though he is usually more accurate. He has the same error as to Garfield's class in geometry at Warrensville, and gives the date of his first attendance at the Chester Academy ten years too late. The Munchausen story of his appearing before the board of trustees at Hiram in the attitude of an awkward boy begging for an opportunity to ring the bell, etc., will not be believed by the old Hiram students who knew him. As Mr. Garfield at the age of twenty was nearly six feet high, and weighed at least one hundred and eighty pounds, it is hardly probable that his first year at Williams College, at the close of which he was almost twenty-four, had produced so great a physical change as to astonish his little mother, or that she exclaimed with open-eyed wonder on meeting him, "What a tall manly fellow you have grown to be!"

Major J. M. Bundy, in his biography, apparently copies a number of the mistakes of his fellow-historians. He says that Garfield entered the Eclectic when nineteen years old; he was twenty years old five days after the term closed. He states that Garfield taught district school *two* winters after he entered Hiram; he taught *one* winter.

James R. Gilmore, who takes more pains to be accurate than some of those who have attempted to write biographies, also puts Mr. Garfield's first term at Hiram a year too soon. He states further that Garfield became a member of the Church of Disciples at Hiram. He united with the church a year or more before he went to Hiram. The same author states that Father Bentley,

was pastor of the church at Hiram, while the fact is that Bentley lived for many years at Chagrin Falls, near Garfield's home, and was never pastor at Hiram.

Whitelaw Reid, in his "Ohio in the War," mars his fine descriptions with many ridiculous stories concerning Mr. Garfield's boorish manners, uncouth ways, shabby dress and outlandish provincialisms at the time he entered Williams College. I have no patience with such nonsense. At this time Mr. Garfield was nearly twenty-three years old. For five years he had been a faithful student, and had enjoyed the benefits of thorough instruction from able and experienced teachers. Prof. Munnell was a fine scholar and a polished Christian gentleman; Norman Dunshee was the peer in scholarship of the ablest professors in the best colleges of New England. With a splendid physical organization and a mind of the very highest order, Garfield came now royally equipped for the work before him, ready to demonstrate that he was the peer of any man who might contend with him for the highest honors. His brain was like some perfect machine, turned out from the workshop of the Almighty as a master-piece—the wonder of angels and of men. For perhaps two years he had preached frequently, before cultured and critical audiences, and everywhere had been received with favor. His powers had also been disciplined by teaching, not only the grammar of the English, but of the Latin and Greek languages; and the colossal impudence shown by those who represent him at twenty-three as an ignorant boor, his language disfigured by border barbarisms, and his attire the rough habiliments of the rude frontier, is only equalled by the patronizing and snobbish condescension which hastens to claim that a few months

among the superior order of beings who gathered in the little village at the foot of Green Mountains was sufficient to civilize him. Far be it from me to underestimate New England, from whose rocky hill-sides and sterile valleys have gone forth some of the grandest men in history; but I fearlessly assert that James A. Garfield was in no sense inferior to the proudest of her sons when, in July, 1854, he appeared at Williams College, conscious of his own powers and determined that he would "stand, at least, among the *first* or die."

On the morning of July 10, 1854, Mr. Garfield left Schraalenburgh on his way to Williams College, and on the following Sunday he wrote me the following letter:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, July 16, 1854.

My Dear Corydon:—I am seated this gloriously beautiful Lord's day afternoon to give you the history of my pilgrimage since I took your parting hand last Monday morning, on the hills of New Jersey.

The Dominie's daughter and I reached the city without accident, and I left her at Amos street and proceeded immediately to Savery's. I waited till an hour after the time, but for some reason Page did not come, and so I did not see him.

I went to Fowler's and had my head examined by L. N. Fowler, and got a chart. He gave me one for a dollar; a quarter less than he did for others, he said. He said I had never brought out my powers of mind and he feared I never would. He thought I was inclined somewhat to be lazy, and not make that mental effort that I might. I asked him how high a place in the world I should aim for. He said, "Just as high as you please, for your self-confidence is too small." But I do not know how far he was right.

At six o'clock I was on board the "Rip Van Winkle," bound for Troy. Again I viewed the golden glories of the sunset Hudson—now sailing along its broad bosom expanded into a hill-girt lake, and then gliding along its narrow channel where the dark cliffs sink their rough shadows in its crystal depths. But I gazed alone, and thus half the pleasure was lost.

When I awoke next morning we were *safely moored* in Troy. I went immediately to the depot, found my trunks in safety, took break-

fast at the "Fulton House," and at 7½ o'clock was on the cars of the Troy and Boston Railroad. I bought a ticket to Williamstown for \$1.25. The railroad company own also the stage line, and you will do better to buy a through ticket at Troy. I left the train at the Hoosick function and from there came in a horse-car to Hoosick Falls, to which place my trunks had been checked. A stage was waiting our arrival. We stepped in and soon were whirling away to Williamstown, where we arrived at one o'clock P. M. Took dinner at the hotel, and then went immediately to the residence of President Hopkins; gave him my letter, and within two hours more had passed examination in mathematics, Greek and Latin, and been allowed to enter the coming Junior year. I am, however, to bring up Mensuration and Conic Sections privately. I very much regret that I came here so soon. I could have entered next September at the beginning of the next term nearly as well, and thus saved a considerable expense. But I must stay now. This is a quiet little village nestling in the lap of the Green Mountains, and girt about on all sides by towering peaks of mantled green that prop the skies with their bushy heads. It is certainly a beautiful place, and would be a pleasant one to me did I not cling so fondly to the friends and scenes of other days. I have been very lonely, but when I am fully at the work of study I shall feel differently. I have attended some of the recitations and think they are very thorough.

I listened to a fine sermon from Pres. Hopkins, very unlike the long-drawn groans of your Dutch Reformed (!) Dominie. However, he was not so eloquent as sound and logical.

Dear Corydon, do write to me very often and I will as often respond. In the truest affection, I am, as ever,

Your brother,

JAMES.

It will be seen from this letter that Mr. Garfield passed his examination by President Hopkins, July 11, 1854, the day of his arrival at Williamstown, and therefore before he could have attended any recitations or become at all familiar with the modes of teaching or the proficiency of the class he was about to enter. He told me subsequently that he was assured by President Hopkins that he could enter the Senior class and graduate in one year, but that in his judgment it would be best for him to stay two years, thus availing himself of

the opportunity for more reading and more thorough training. In deference to this advice, as well as in accordance with his own determination to lay deep and broad foundations for the highest culture, he entered the Junior class, or class of 1856.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THREE INTERESTING LETTERS FROM MR. GARFIELD.—A
FAVORITE POEM.

During the last year or year and a half which Mr. Garfield spent at Hiram before leaving for Williams College, he had succeeded in earning some three hundred and fifty dollars more than his expenses, and thus was provided for most of the cost of his first or Junior year. He added somewhat to this amount after reaching Williamstown by teaching a class in penmanship during the fall vacation, and I think received a little compensation for preaching at Poestenkill, etc.

The letter of July 16, which was given in my last chapter, was answered by me at once, and two weeks later I received the following, which I think will be found of great interest:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, July 30, 1854.

My Dear Corydon:—Your kind favor of the 23d, post-marked the 25th, was received in due time, and I am seated alone in my little chamber to respond. 'T is a quiet and lonely afternoon—a season which has from boyhood brought feelings of peculiar loneliness over my spirit, and I feel them now. They are closely intertwined with my early life and all its scenes. For several years the return of every Sunday afternoon in summer has brought these same emotions.

I was glad to hear from you and to know that you were well.

. . . According to request and my own pleasure, I wrote a letter to Mary a few days since, and hope to receive a like favor from her gifted pen. Truly shall I rejoice with you when your weary weeks at Schraalenburgh are done and you are free again.

You ask me how I am situated, who I board with, etc. I am boarding at a widow woman's, where I have the best of board and everything done up in the finest style, but the boarders happen to be about the roughest in college. I tell you what, this one-legged system of education is attended with many evils. The absence of females from table and society takes away a very wholesome restraint and leaves roughness in its stead.

Everything is high here, in comparison with Ohio. I pay \$2.25 for board alone, and other things in proportion. But you know it costs something to get initiated. Next season I shall get into a club, where I can board for \$1.50.

Though I am reciting in two classes, yet I have not taken my place as a regular student, and shall not till September 15. I have as yet formed but very few acquaintances, but no intimate ones. I am reconnoitering the ground. There is a high standard of scholarship here, and very many excellent scholars; those that have had far better advantages and more thorough training than I have. I have been endeavoring to calculate their dimensions and power, and, between you and me, I have determined that out of the forty-two members of my class thirty-seven shall stand behind me within two months. There are four or five that know no such word as fail, and they are determined to take an honor. Of those four or five I mentioned, a young fellow by the name of Lamberton stands at the head. He is a noble fellow. I have not yet heard him speak. I think perhaps he is a better scholar than speaker. He looks very much like my friend Gilbert, of Chester, that I have told you about. I shall keep my eyes on him.

Oh! Corydon: those fires that we so oft have felt, come bursting up from the very nadir of my soul and sweep along my veins till my throbbing brain seems bursting through my skull! I know not whether they are lit from heaven or hell, but I believe it is not an unholy impulse if only guided. They can never be quenched until the building falls. I lie here alone on my bed at midnight, tossing restlessly, while my nerves and sinews crawl and creep, and I almost feel that there are but two tracks before me—to stand at least *among* the first, or *die*. I believe I can do it, if granted a fair trial.

I have visited one or two literary societies, and I have as yet heard no one that I should fear to stand before. They have splendid halls, and each (of the two) has a library of four thousand volumes. I have not joined either yet, but shall soon. I think I can stand pretty well in that respect. Remember that many are here from old Amherst, Harvard, Yale and all the ponderous institutions of New England. The

last two years of the course here are said to be superior to any in America. When the Commencement exercises come off I will give you a report.

It has been excessively warm here till a few clays ago, but it is cooler now. The atmosphere here is different from that in Ohio. I do not understand it. I have taken cold every night since I came, and have had a severe headache for the last seven days almost incessantly, but I hope to get acclimated after a while.

Don't think that my object of labor is so low and groveling as the *honor*. No! I have higher motives, but when I am in a class I can not bear to be behind.

This is the 120th letter page that I have filled since I left Ohio, and I have received sixty pages in return. I have a letter from O. P. Miller saying that Sarah A. Soule's sister, Mrs. Robinson, is no more. I am beginning to feel uneasy about mother, as I have written twice to her since I left but have not heard a word.

My dear brother, write to me very often, and remember the faithful love of
JAMES.

I did not receive the above letter until August 5, as sleepy Schraalenburgh, as I have said, had only two mails a week, but it gave me great anxiety. I knew that my friend was in a state of mental excitement so intense that he must be in great danger. I could appreciate as no one else his determined purpose to demonstrate his own God-like power, by distancing all his competitors. He had never met an equal; was he now to take a subordinate place? I believed he would die rather than stand second, even, in the class in which he was about to enter. And yet, as he said, many of them had enjoyed far better opportunities than he.

The protracted and intense headache of which he spoke—the throbbing temples—the sleepless nights—all foretold brain fever, and I was not surprised by the following eloquent and touching letter:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Aug. 10, 1854.

My dear Corydon:—I have been down near to the gates of the "Silent City" since last I wrote to you. Perhaps it were better had I entered; God knoweth. But the crisis is past and I am slowly returning now. Your kind letter was received to-day, and I will respond immediately.

I think I told you, in my other, that I had taken cold nearly every night since I came, and had had a severe headache for about ten days. I however kept on studying till Friday, the 4th, when the hot water streamed from my eyes so that I could not see, and I was obliged to stop and send for a physician. He feared I would have inflammation of the brain, or brain fever; gave me medicine and forbade me reading at all. Friday, Saturday and Sunday I endured the most agonizing pain, but on Sunday afternoon it began to subside, but I found it had wrought ruin with my strength, for when I tried to walk I was as weak as a child. I have walked but little since, and am still weak, though gaining strength. I shall doubtless be quite recovered before long, though I can not study any more this session. I am now so as to read most of the time, and I can thus kill my *ennui*.

I was very glad to get your letter, for of the nineteen I have received since I came here, yours and one from Almeda are the only ones I have had for the last nine days.

I shall have to do something to recruit in vacation. I have received a cordial invitation from those stranger Garfields in Berkshire, Mass., to visit them, and I think I shall do so, after a couple of weeks. In about five weeks C. D. Wilber will be here to enter college. We will have a good time when you come here, I hope.

Oh, how much I have felt the absence of dear friends during the long, dreary hours of pain. I must subjoin some lines that have been ringing through the chambers of my soul, and though I do not know the author, yet they possess the elements of immortality in them. I know you will love them and feel them:

"Commend me to the friend that comes
 When I am sad and lone,
 And makes the anguish of my heart
 The sufferings of his own:
 Who coldly shuns the glittering throng
 At pleasure's gay levee,
 And comes to gild a sombre hour
 And give his heart to me.

"He hears me count my sorrows o'er,
 And when the task is done

He freely gives me all I ask—
 A sigh for every one.
 He can not wear a smiling face
 While mine is touched with gloom..
 But like the violet seeks to cheer
 The midnight with perfume.

"Commend me to that generous heart
 Which, like the pine on high,
 Uplifts the same unvarying brow
 To every change of sky:
 Whose friendship does not fade away
 When wintry tempests blow.
 But, like the winter's ivy crown,
 Looks greener through the snow.

"He flies not with the flitting stork
 That seeks a southern sky,
 But lingers where the *wounded* bird
 Hath laid him down to die.
 Oh! such a friend I he is in truth,
 Whate'er his lot may be,
 A *rainbow* on the *storm* of life,
 An *anchor* on its sea."

Thank God! I enjoy such friends as that, though they are not with me. But I must stop; let me hear from you soon. Please do not feel troubled about me, for I think I shall be entirely well soon. Be careful about your throat and lungs. Give my love to your father and mother and Ceylon, and I need not say I am, as ever, your brother,

JAMES.

The time at Schraalenburgh dragged somewhat heavily, as the society was very different from that to which I had been accustomed. There was a great deal of hard drinking, and the standard of education was very low. The young people were possessed of good natural abilities, but it was not customary to send children to school after they were fourteen or fifteen years old; the teachers were, without exception, from other States, mostly from New York. Many of the customs were very different from those of other parts of the country where I had lived, and I was becoming somewhat impatient for the termination of my engagement.

While I was very busily employed during school hours, I had plenty of leisure before and after school and on Saturdays and Sundays, not only for reading Blackstone, but for letter-writing. My letters from Mr. Garfield were answered promptly, and he seldom delayed an equally prompt response. The following was my next letter:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Aug. 22, 1854.

My Dear Corydon:—Your welcome letter of the 19th is here, and I respond. I am glad to tell you that I am well again, and am enjoying myself well. I have removed to a room in the college building, and now in vacation, "am monarch of all I survey." I have 20,000 volumes within a few feet of me, and am luxuriating upon the beauties of the mighty dead, that have left their works behind. I have read several volumes of history, and Byron's immortal "Childe Harold," and lastly, five plays of Shakespeare. These are feasts, you know, especially in hours of leisure.

But stop! Look there! Oh! that you now could sit beside me, and gaze with me upon that mountain that I am now looking at, where W. C. Bryant wrote his celebrated "Thanatopsis," when he was a student here. The sinking sun now rests gloriously upon the summit of the tallest peak, and looks like a head of gold upon a colossal statue of marble. And now the Day-God has gone down behind the mountain, and left only the tuft of his golden mantle on the pine tree tops. The sun, when departing, looks larger and more glorious—so do our friends when leaving us, seem doubly near and dear. Could we stand on the summit, and look down, Williamstown would look like a diamond in an emerald casket. But I am straying.

The last ten days have been a secession of addresses, orations and exhibitions, and last Wednesday was the commencement, an account of which you will doubtless see in the *Tribune*. Among all their meetings, I attended one that was especially interesting to me—the meeting of the alumni. I never saw so large an assembly of hale old men. They looked noble and patriarchal; there were many of them that graduated thirty, forty and fifty years ago, and now these hoary-headed classmates were met, and walking arm in arm over the old college grounds and counting the scars received in the great battle of life. Among them were Gov. Washburn, present Governor of Massachusetts,

ex-Gov. Briggs, and a score of Judges, editors and preachers of distinguished notoriety.

On Tuesday evening I listened to an address from Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Boston, and I must say, he is the most startlingly original thinker I ever heard. Each bolt which he hurls against error, like Goethe's cannon ball, goes "fearful and straight, shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches." I could not sleep that night, after hearing his thunder-storm of eloquent thoughts. It made *me* feel so small and insignificant to hear *him*.

Last Friday I received a most excellent letter from your Mary. It was every way worthy of her superior talents and generous heart. At the same time I received a first rate one from Almeda.

You surprise me by saying that Prof. Hull is about to take unto himself a "better half." I can not imagine who that "E. J." can be. I heard, in a letter from Everest, that Hull was in that vicinity, but did not suspect the object. *Pax cineribus ejus.* . . . I am almost afraid to have any of my trash published, but I guess I will write a little. I hope you will see Durham before long. "Thereby hangs a tale," perhaps. You must excuse the execution of this letter, for I have much to do to-night to get ready for the stage at five in the morning. I then start for Monterey, to visit those Garfields of whom I have told you. Accept this as an apology, and write to me soon. In the warmest affection, I am, as ever,

JAMES.

CHAPTER XIX.

A LETTER FROM MR. GARFIELD TO MISS WATSON.——SOCIETY AT SCHRAALENBURGH.

In a former chapter mention has been made of the visit of Mr. Garfield and myself over the 4th of July, 1854, at Butler, N. Y., at the home of Joseph Watson, the father of Miss Mary P. Watson, who subsequently became my wife. After Mr. Garfield arrived at Williamstown, he wrote at least two letters to Miss Watson, which I have no doubt will be of great interest to all his friends, as revealing the depths of tenderness in his great heart, and explaining, in some degree, his wonderful power in attracting to himself friends, and holding them to him as by links of steel.

The two days we had spent in the cool old stone house, reading Ik Marvel's Dream Life, and favorite poems from our favorite authors, as well as enjoying the society of our intelligent hostess, and that of each other, had passed very pleasantly; and we left somewhat regretfully, I for my monotonous task at Schraalenburgh, and he to enter new fields and form new associations among strangers.

Mr. Garfield had arrived at Williamstown July 11, 1854, and had passed his examination the same day. On the 16th he wrote me the letter given to the reader in a former chapter, and a week later he wrote the following:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, July 23, 1854.

Mary, My Dear Sister:—Is it a part of Marvel's "Dream Life," or an actual reality, that I have been in Butler, and am now addressing a letter to "Little Mary"? Well, if it *be* a *dream*, I should rejoice to receive a little white-winged messenger from the airy regions of cloud-land, that would tell fairy tales of its sun-lit home—hence, dream or not, I'll write.

There *are* days that do the work of years. Such were the days of my delightful visit to Butler. That visit seems to me more like the continuance of a friendship of early years than the acquaintance of a day. Well, suppose I assume that we are life-long friends, and that you would like to hear of my pilgrimage and whereabouts.

You have doubtless been informed of our journeying to the city. Oh, how we wished you could be there on the deck of the "Hendrick Hudson," and view the golden glories of a sunset scene on the noble river, which looks like a silver scarf wound around the "landscape's verdant waist." We stood and gazed until the sinking sun had clothed the western heavens in bright red garments trimmed with glittering gold, and, as the twilight faded, in the east the moon rose up above the green old hills, and led her jeweled hosts along the paths of heaven, and with all twinkling eyes looked down and smiled at their reflected faces in the crystal depths below. Oh, there is a majesty in a river that rushes smiling to the Ocean's arms! But Corydon has told you of this, and our visit to "Greenwood," which was more to me than all the pomp and show of the noisy city. Oh! Mary, there's the place to read Gray's immortal *Elegy*, and *feel* it.

I have just room to tell you what a charming visit I had with Corydon (I want you to practice pronouncing the name) in his Jersey prison. I pity him from my soul. He is alone, like a gushing fountain in a wilderness of sand. On Sunday we heard the Old Dominie, as with a long-drawn countenance, and a longer sermon, he fed his flock of Dutchmen on the wholesome food of "Original Sin" and "Depravity." The society there is anything but desirable, and I hope the hour will quickly arrive when Corydon can leave them.

On Monday I returned to New York, and that evening took a boat for Troy, where I found myself when I awoke next morning. At seven o'clock I was again on the way, and after treading on the granite toes of Vermont and brushing the verdant fringe of her mountain mantle, we entered the precincts of the "Old Bay State," and soon were in Williamstown. I went to the office and found a letter from my dear sister, Almeda Booth. Her kindness and sympathy brought back a flood-

tide of memories that stirred again the deep fountains of my heart. Oh! what a precious boon it is, that loved and loving friends open to us within the heart's warm center a welcome home—a refuge from the chilling storms of this cold and heartless world! May God reward my friends for their kind love to me. I never can.

That afternoon I passed the ordeal of a college examination, and was permitted to enter the Junior class. Thus I have taken on my shoulder two years of labor. This is a quiet little village nestling in the lap of the Green Mountains, and on all sides, like huge sentinels, stand the towering peaks that prop the bending heavens with their wood-crowned heads; and now, this quiet afternoon, after a refreshing shower, those tall mountains wearing a girdle of shining clouds loom grandly up and swell the soul that gazes on them. I intend, ere this summer is gone, to spend a few days on their summits and taste the ocean breeze.

The College and its officers bear the marks of stern New England strength, and the surrounding country reminds one of the classical antiquity of castellated Europe. I have as yet formed very few acquaintances, for whenever I think of socialities (and how often that is!) my heart goes back to the dear ones I have left, and lingers around them till the sharp notes of duty call me back again. Few know how fondly my heart clings to friends, and how my spirit leans upon them. Must the bitter lesson be learned to live independently of friends, within the sanctuary of my own heart? Must that privilege be taken away, of pouring out all the little joys and sorrows of life into the bosom of sympathetic tenderness? But such is life.

But my sheet is full. Were I to let this strange, strange heart rule the pen, I should blot another sheet. But I am sure I have grown tedious. Mary, you do not know how gladly I shall read a well-filled sheet from you, if you deem it worth your time to write me. The contrast between the past and present of my life at limes will make me lonely. Ambition's fire, Time's onward rushing and its attendant duties fill up the day, but when the twilight weeps its gentle dew my heart forgets life's sterner cares and lives 'mong scenes and days long dead, and calls around me many familiar friends that look lovingly upon me for a moment, and then hie away to their homes, some in the graveyard and others in the wide, wide world. But I stopped once!

Give my love to your dear parents, brother and sister, and may that Eye that never slumbers nor sleeps guard and watch over you till the day of Jesus Christ, is the prayer of your brother,

JAMES.

Mary, you must pardon the *rectangularities* on the other side for I couldn't help it; my hand would write. I do not feel a necessity of asking pardon for my freedom in writing to you. Should I? I hope not. Oh, I wonder if you are sitting on the little bench now, watching that Butler sunset?

Direct your letter to Williamstown, Mass. If you see our good sister Wealtha Ann this summer, remember me kindly to her,

JAMES.

Three letters to me, written subsequent to the above, have already been given, in my last chapter, dated respectively July 30, August 10 and August 22. In his letter of August 22, he mentions having received a letter from Miss Watson, in answer to the above letter, and characterizes it as "excellent." I have no doubt as to the correctness of his literary taste, or as to his sincerity. That of August 22 reached me on the 28th, on my return from a three days' visit in the city of New York. As the time for the close of my school and my final departure from Schraalenburgh approached, my daily life grew more irksome and unsatisfactory. While many of my scholars were bright and intelligent, there were more who were dull and careless of the opportunity afforded them for improvement. The people were different in many respects from any whom I had ever known before. While they had many excellent traits, they were much more ignorant than the average people of the West, and they were very penurious. Mr. Quackenbush, with whom I made my home, was said to be worth \$25,000 or \$30,000, yet he charged a widow twenty-five cents for a ride of four miles to the river, whither he was going. This was but a sample of similar meanness, of which many of the people were guilty: such as the average American could never

perpetrate. Our daily bill of fare was such as might be expected of such people. A cup of execrable coffee, some cold rye bread, butter, and a few slices of dried shad, usually made our breakfast; the addition of four cold boiled potatoes, one morning, was so notable that I mentioned the fact in my journal. Drunkenness was very common, and to be strictly temperate was *to* be unpopular. Almost everybody used liquor, and good old Dominie Blauvelt did not dare to rebuke this darling sin of his people. Even in the very house dedicated to the worship of the Almighty, the drunkard came maddened with drink! At a funeral, I saw a wretched wreck march up the aisle of the church, and shake the coffin; and when an attempt was made to eject him, he gave a frightful shriek, as if possessed of a howling devil! In those days I was a little prejudiced against such bacchanalian customs.

All the teachers whom I met in New Jersey were from other States, principally from New York and New England. Three miles from Schraalenburgh was Teaneck, the spot where the army of Lord Cornwallis lay camped one winter during the war of the Revolution. A Mr. Case taught the school there, and I paid him a visit, and have noted him as an intelligent man.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. GARFIELD VISITS THE SOUTH PART OF BERKSHIRE COUNTY.—ALSO, WEST RUPERT, VERMONT.

The last half of August and first nine days of September were hot and dry. On Sunday, Sept. 10, I have written in my journal:

The long looked for rain has come at last. Thank God! The sky is dark and the thick drops keep falling, and the parched and thirsty earth drinks it up greedily. It commenced raining last night at half-past nine o'clock, and has rained very steadily every since. It has been many weeks since we have had rain enough to thoroughly wet the earth. Such a drouth has not been known before *for* many years. All parts of the country have suffered alike. Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, New York and New England, and many other States, are parched and withered. But I think this is an extensive rain, as it seems to fall from all parts of the heavens. The wind blows fitful gusts and the rain patters against the window panes with the dismal sound of an autumn storm. Here is a little song by George P. Morris, which I wish to preserve, and so I copy it here. To me it is very beautiful. It is set to music:

NEAR THE BANKS OF THAT LONE RIVER.

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water-lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
doomed and faded years ago.

How we met and loved and parted
None on earth can ever know;
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted
Beamed the mourned one years ago.

Like the stream with lilies laden
Will life's future current flow,

Till in heaven I meet the maiden
Fondly cherished years ago.

Hearts that love like mine forget not;
They're the same in weal or woe:
And that star of memory sets not
In the grave of years ago.

. . . It is cold this afternoon; the thermometer is down to 56°; which is a great change from yesterday. The wind is whistling mournfully through the withered leaves, and the world looks dreary and desolate. It has been a very lonesome day to me. . . . The storm is too quiet to suit my spirit. I love the jarring thunder that makes the hills tremble as at the tread of the Almighty. I love the glittering lightnings that make the very heavens blaze, and light up the ethereal concave as the light of a burning world, for there is grandeur in such scenes; but the quiet rain-storm is always tedious to me. Yet I know I am wickedly impatient, for the rain is what a thirsty nation has prayed for for weeks, and even now it is quenching the hungry fires that are feeding in the forest.

On Sept. 15 I wrote:

One thing is perhaps *worthy of note*: we had some FRESH BEEF to-day for dinner! It is the second time we have had such a dish since I have been here—more than five months. Nevertheless, the beef peddler has passed the house daily for the greater part of the season. And judging by the way they took hold to-day, the reason is not because they do not *like* beef; no: it is simply the result of a little, miserly, penurious disposition. And yet these people are rich; but notwithstanding their riches they hardly have enough to eat, and that of the very cheapest quality. Only four weeks more. Hail Columbia!

On the 19th I received the following letter from Mr. Garfield:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Sept. 14, 1854.

My Dear Corydon:—Your favor of the 2nd inst. was found by me in the office yesterday, on my arrival *from* a trip of three weeks. In my absence sixteen letters found their way to this place to cheer me with words of kindness and love.

I went to visit the Garfields in the south part of Berkshire county, and staid there two weeks. They had made preparations for having a good time when I came, and so we did. One day I spent fishing on a

beautiful pond for pickerel, and then Cousin Harriet Garfield and I took the horse and carriage and went on a visiting excursion of three days. One evening we went to Lee and heard H. W. Beecher deliver a lecture before the "Young Men's Library Association." I was much pleased with him.

I found some dozen families of Garfields, and all of them claimed some relationship this side of Adam. On my way I stopped in the evening at a village called Great Barrington, and at the hotel picked up a copy of the "*Berkshire Courier*" containing a piece called "Morning in Berkshire." I was pleased with it, and the next morning I wrote a response inscribed to the writer, Miss Hattie A. Pease. I inclose a copy. I signed it, "A Stranger." The latter part of it I sent to Howard Durham, and have since received a very cordial letter from him. When I gave the piece to the editor of the "*Courier*," he read it, and said to me, "My columns are open to you for anything you may please to write." Since my return I have sent him a piece on Temperance.

After staying down there two weeks I went to West Rupert, Bennington Co., Vermont, to attend a Disciple meeting. That is about fifty miles from here, and where Charlotte Weed and Anna Sherman live. I visited them both, and had a good time. Bro. J. D. Benedict, of Newburgh, Ohio, was the speaker. On Sunday evening I spoke, and on Monday the meeting closed. Twelve in all were added—eleven by immersion and one from the Baptists. I stayed there one week, and yesterday reached Williamstown.

I hear from mother that she saw your father at Bedford. She is now on her way to Michigan to visit Thomas. Prof. Hull is now the President of Fairfield Academy, Indiana, at a salary of eight hundred dollars per annum, and Jasper is his assistant. Last Sunday, W. D. Harrah was married to Hester Hartzel. W. S. Hayden has gone to Newtonia, Mississippi, to teach in Brother Risley's Academy. He gets five hundred dollars per year for the primary department, and has besides what he can make in teaching Latin, Algebra and Music. There are twelve teachers and two hundred and fifty students in Hiram.

I have been expecting Wilber for two or three days, but I hear he is sick. Well! this makes quite a news-letter. Upon the items themselves I make no comments.

I wish you might get a situation in Cincinnati, but I do not know but you would do better to go farther South and teach. However, we will soon see each other and talk face to face. This great stack of unanswered letters will, I trust, be a sufficient excuse for the haste of this. I have not yet answered Mary's letter, though I shall do so soon.

The college term has commenced and soon its labors will be crowding upon me. Let me hear from you soon. As ever, your brother,

JAMES.

A word as to some of the persons named in the above letter. Charlotte Weed and Anna Sherman, then of West Rupert, Vermont, had been students at Hiram, and were mutual acquaintances of Mr. Garfield and myself. The latter subsequently married Warren L. Hayden, now a well-known preacher, whose home I believe is at Washington, Perm. In June, 1884, I met him for the first time in more than thirty years, at West Rupert, and again, a few days later at Swampscott, Mass. The Prof. Hull of whom Mr. Garfield speaks is now of Oskaloosa College, and his brother Jasper, also resides in Mahaska county, Iowa. W. D. Harrah, formerly of Davenport, Iowa, and now of Detroit, Mich., is engaged in the insurance business. I had the pleasure of meeting W. S. Hayden (a cousin of the one before named) in August 1885, at Chardon, Ohio. He has been a preacher and teacher for many years, most of the time at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, only three miles from the place where Mr. Garfield was born. I had not seen him before since 1854, when I left Hiram for Schraalenburgh.

Howard Durham, to whom Mr. Garfield sent a part of his poem in answer to that of Miss Pease, was at that time the editor of a literary magazine known as the "New Western," published in Cincinnati. He had been associated with Coates Kinney in the publication of the "Genius of the West," of the same city, but for some causes they parted company, and Mr. Durham commenced the publication of the "New Western." It shared the fate of many other similar

enterprises, surviving only a few months, and has long been forgotten. Its gifted young editor has been dead for almost a third of a century.

The "Mary" whose letter Mr. Garfield had not answered was Miss Mary P. Watson, and the unanswered letter was the answer to the one dated July 23, 1854, given in the last chapter. His poem, as well as the promised letter written two days later, will be given in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXI.

LINES TO "HATTIE".——A LETTER TO MISS WATSON.——A
VISIT TO TAPPAN.

In the letter of Mr. Garfield dated Sept. 14, 1854, already given to the reader, it will be remembered he spoke of a poem written by him in answer to one by Miss Hattie A. Pease, entitled "Morning in Berkshire." My efforts to secure a copy of the lines of Miss Pease have not been successful, but the lines of Mr. Garfield were as follows:

TO "HATTIE."

The western sun had sought his ocean bed
Behind the granite hills, and sable night
Had spread her raven wing wide o'er the world,
When first I gazed upon the evening star
From this, the lovely village where perchance
Thy home is, Hattie, though I know it not,
Nor thee. But as the rosy-fingered dawn
Doth ope the gates of morn, and paint a blush
Of crimson hue upon the Day-God's brow,
At which the child of nature loves to gaze,
So in the "*Cottier*" of yesternight
The golden glories of a "Berkshire Morn"
Thou didst, in glowing verse, to me portray
Ere I beheld it; and no fairer is
The scene that I this early morning view,
Than was the picture which you drew.
But yet
Where'er is home, sweet home, there beauty is.
My native State! I love thy welcome name,

Ohio. 'T is a word that echoes back
The names of mother, sister, brother, friends,
And all that clings so fondly to the heart.
It speaks of home, of boyhood's happy years,
Of days long buried with the solemn past;
Of scenes, bright, joyous scenes, now gone for aye,
But graven in gold on Memory's faithful page.
It calls companions from their graveyard homes
To look on me as they were wont, before
The dark and voiceless tomb o'er them had closed
Its sombre portal, and had left the worm
To riot on their loved but mouldering hearts.
Beloved spot, where first I breathed the air
Of heaven, and looked upon the morning sun,
I've left thee now; but though 'neath fairer skies,
Where cloud-capped mountains prop the bending heavens
And nobler streams go murmuring through the vales
And bathe the granite foot of greener hills,
Yet when the day is done, and I am sad,
And fond Remembrance from her temple brings
Her diamond treasures, that can win the soul
Away to other scenes, I'll wander back
And linger on the banks of thy pure streams,
Or climb the wood-crowned height, and fondly gaze
On Erie's bright blue waters as they roll,
And listen to the music of their voice
That shouts to me a welcome home again.

A STRANGER.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Aug. 25, 1854.

Among all Mr. Garfield's writings there are very few attempts at poetry, though very frequently there appears a rich vein of poetic thought and expression in his prose writings which is far beyond the reach of many who have been ranked as poets. In our school at Hiram he occasionally attempted rhymes, but he seemed to feel intuitively that his thought was most clearly and elegantly expressed either in blank verse or prose. I think the reader will agree with me in the opinion that

there are lines in the foregoing poem which would do no discredit to the genius of any poet of the last century.

The following is the answer to "Mary's" letter, which was promised soon:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Sept. 16, 1854.

Sister Mine:—One month ago this day you sent me a thrice-welcome letter. Three weeks of the time since then I have been absent from this place, which fact I hope will atone for my long delay, and now I sit down, though recovered from sickness, and enjoying good measure of health and happiness, yet weary and worn with the *sentimentalities* of fitting up a suit of rooms for a year's residence.

Since I wrote to you we have had our Annual Festival—the Sixtieth Commencement, an account of which you have heard from some of the newspapers of the day. Hence I will not weary you with a description of it, though I should probably differ in many particulars from many that have written. On the whole I was much pleased.

Since the last session closed I have been two week in Southern Massachusetts, forming the acquaintance of some hundreds of stranger Garfields, all of whom claimed a relationship somewhere this side of Noah. I had a pleasant visit, and moreover did not a little in the way of recruiting my health.

From thence I went to West Rupert, Bennington county, Vermont, where was in progress a Disciples' meeting, and Bro. Benedict, of Ohio, was the speaker. I found two Hiram students residing there, and also Bro. M. J. Streater, formerly of Ohio, who has been their settled speaker for two years. Toward him my heart was immediately drawn out in sympathy. The shadows of deepest sorrows rest upon him. He wandered away to New England, and has just now, in a strange land, buried the companion of his bosom among the solemn mountains, and is now returning sadly to Ohio, with his only child, a tender daughter of ten years, so as to put many long miles between him and the grave of his young heart's hope and love. He seemed to me like a tall oak that had been scathed by the lightnings of heaven, its heart scorched out, and only one little green twig remaining on its top. He will be at the Cato meeting, and doubtless you will see him. They had an excellent meeting. Eleven in all were immersed and one added from the Baptists. I was much refreshed and strengthened. Oh! how I long to be among our dear brethren again! I know we have the truth, and I be-

lieve that our brethren are the noblest and best men that live. If God's Truth can make men godlike they ought to be so.

I am now settled in my mountain home, and am just commencing the labors of a new College year. I look forward to the coming scenes and duties that seem to be before me with a good deal of faith and hope and love—and I feel reasonably vigorous and strong for waging life's battle again. Oh! 't is a glorious thing to live and labor. Labor is prayer, and may our Father assist me to perform his holy will, while I am thus treading ground to me unknown.

I have done a considerable reading since I came here, and had just finished "The Heroines of History" as I received your letter. I was also much pleased with it.

I have lately heard a lecture from Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Concord, Mass., and also have been obtaining some of his writings. He is one of the most startlingly original and attractive men I have heard or read. I am almost intoxicated with his thoughts and manner of expressing them. I am also culling the beauties from Shakespeare, the "Immortal."

Bro. Charles D. Wilber has come, and brings good cheer from Hiram and the friends. I have been blessed with a good many dear letters from my beloved ones that are so far away. Now, Mary, I do thank you for your kind and good letter, and earnestly hope that I may hear from you again and again. Forgive this commonplace letter, and let me have a chance to do better by answering another. Corydon will be here to see me in a few weeks.

Most sincerely, I am your brother,

JAMES.

Among all my acquaintances at Shraalenburgh the one most highly esteemed was Miss Eliza Blauvelt, the daughter of the old Dominie. As she was known to be engaged to be married to a gentleman named Richard Doremus, and as my own preference for a lady in Central New York were also known, we became very well acquainted and very good friends. Mr. Doremus was intelligent and more of a gentleman than most of the young men of the neighborhood, but he had the one all-prevailing fault of the country, he occasionally got drunk! They were married on the

first of October, in the old stone church, before the morning service, by the bride's father. A day or two later I had a farewell visit with them, and in some way—how I do not now remember—I was enabled to speak very plainly with him on the appalling danger before him. He received my warning very kindly; acknowledged that for him there was no safety except in total abstinence from strong drink. I have often wondered whether he was able to break his chains and live a sober man, or whether it was the fate of the sweet-spirited, lovely girl, who gave her life and happiness that autumn day, to find herself in after years a drunkard's wife!

The following sketch of a visit to one of the many historic localities in the vicinity of Schraalenburgh was written not long after, for the columns of the *New Western*, to which both Mr. Garfield and myself were contributors:

TAPPAN.

There is a little village in Rockland county, New York, known by the name of Tappan, which possesses some interest from its Revolutionary associations. It is the place where the young and noble Major Andre perished by the stern and relentless usages of war. I had the pleasure of visiting the place in October last (October 8, 1854). It was a pleasant Sunday morning that we left the quiet little village of Schraalenburgh, New Jersey, and after a ride of some half-dozen miles through a highly cultivated country inhabited principally by the descendants of the original Dutch settlers, we crossed the boundaries of the Empire State, and were soon at the place of our destination. It is a small place, containing perhaps some four or five hundred inhabitants, and would possess little to interest the stranger were it not linked with our country's early history. But to the native of the West particularly these spots so intimately associated with the great events of the memorable struggle for Independence, possess a strange and abiding interest. Every spot on which the heroic defenders of our liberties bivouacked around their lonely watchfires, or met the foe in deadly encounter, in

his eyes are classic ground. Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown are fraught with as much interest as Borodino, Jena and Waterloo.

Finding ourselves too early for church, we strolled into the old graveyard a little north of the town. The moss-covered tombstones bear dates further back than the commencement of the Revolution. In one place I noticed a gray old stone with the inscription half obliterated by the frosts and rains of almost fourscore years, which was reared in memory of one whose steps tottered on the verge of the grave when the distant sound of the approaching contest came to his aged ear. But he saw not the serried hosts of the invaders, nor heard the thunder shock of battle as it echoed among the rocky hills; for, ere the first blood flowed at Lexington, he gathered up his feet in death, and his children laid his worn-out frame in its last long resting-place.

A short distance from this graveyard, we were informed, had stood the gallows on which Andre was executed, and at whose feet he was buried. The house is still standing in which Washington had his headquarters, and the room is still shown in which Andre was confined, and from which he was led forth on the morning of the 2nd of October, 1780, to die a felon's death. Seventy-four years had passed away, and the form of the youthful warrior had long since mingled again with its kindred dust, yet as I stood leaning against an old tombstone, that fatal scene seemed repassing before me. I seemed to see Andre, full of the life and activity of youth, led forth from his prison chamber in the bright and glorious autumn morning, to look for the last time on this beautiful world and then to die! Oh! it is hard to bid adieu to earth in life's sunny spring-time, for then there are a thousand tender ties to bind one to existence. When the frame is worn out with disease and racked with pain and the proud spirit bowed and broken, even then it is hard to close one's eyes in death, and lie down in the dark, cold charnel-house! But when the pulse is bounding with life's crimson tide; when hopes are as bright as the dreams of Paradise, and

"Life has yet to borrow
From blighted hopes and withered joys
The bitterness of sorrow,"

how fearful it must be to die! He was no weary pilgrim, worn and wasted by the toils of life's uneven journey; no friendless outcast on the world's wide waste, but a youth whose every future dream was one of glory.

Poor Andre! What must have been his feelings as he cast his eyes for the last time on the beautiful hills that environed him, clad in the gorgeouslyness of their autumn glories, and thought of the loved ones

in his dear old home beyond the sea, and of her whom he had chosen as his bride, when he should return to his native land. What mattered it to him, that when forty years had passed away his country should send across the blue Atlantic to gather his ashes for a burial among the bravest of her sons in Westminster Abbey? Denied by a stern un pitying necessity the last request he had to make on earth—to be allowed to die a soldier's death—with no friend near him to hear his dying words, bravely he met his ignominious fate. The last hour had come. The youthful form swayed in the morning breeze, as it hung between the heavens and the earth, and the beating heart grew still and cold; the flashing eye grew dim and lusterless, and the mysterious spirit of life had fled from its earthly tenement, to return no more till the blast of that trumpet which shall awake the pale nations of the dead.

The memory of this unfortunate man is scarcely less honored by the American people than by his countrymen. While the name of Arnold is but another word for traitor, and his dark deeds have shrouded his character with the pall of immortal infamy, the virtues of Andre are remembered and respected even by his enemies. When the British Government obtained permission to remove his ashes from Tappan to England, they supposed a military force would be necessary to enable them to accomplish their object, as they feared resistance from the people; but so far was this from being the case, that they received the assistance of the citizens, who were more than willing to do honor to the warrior's memory. This took place in 1821, and in November of that year his remains were deposited in their final resting-place among England's noblest dead.

The bell of the village church aroused me from my reverie, and turning away from the old burial place, we entered the large brick edifice, and seated ourselves among the worshipers. I must confess I was not much interested in the sermon, and was glad when the services were ended. Slowly we drove through the principal street, pausing a moment in front of the old stone house which I have mentioned before. It is now, as it was in the days of the Revolution, a public house, and the name on the old sign is the "Seventy-six Stone House." One more lingering look I cast upon the ancient structure and the winding street of the quiet village, and then bid it adieu forever.

One more letter from Mr. Garfield reached me at Schraalenburgh:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Oct. 11, 1854.

My Dear Corydon:—After waiting for a letter from you for about

two weeks, I will try to stop the delay by writing a few words to you. I wrote to you a day or two before receiving yours of Sept. 19, and it may not have reached you. We are finely situated and are doing first rate in our studies.

I have just come down from the meeting of the Philologian Society, of which I am a member, and in which I have this evening made my first speech. It was a debate, and I do not feel altogether dissatisfied with my effort. Three weeks from to-night I deliver an oration.

Charles is here and doing very well. He came here the next day after I wrote you the last time. I believe it is next Monday that you start away from Schraalenburgh, and one object in writing you this is to request you to do some business for me in New York. I wish you would get me a half ream of that Bath Post paper, and also go to the "Bible Union Rooms" and get me a copy of the revised version of the New Testament. They have published a bound volume containing five or six books of the New Testament, and I wish to obtain it. I presume you can get it of Bro. S. E. Shepard. Bro. Wilber wants you to get him a copy of Cicero's "Tusculan Disputations," Anthon's edition. If there are any other books of the New Testament revised and in a bound volume, please get them. When you come we will make it right.

Excuse the brevity of this note; it is not a letter. It is nearly midnight, and I must go to bed. I would say much about the mountains, but you will soon be here and then *we will look*. As ever,

JAMES.

"Charles" was Charles D. Wilber, of whom I have spoken heretofore in these sketches. The reader will not wonder at Mr. Garfield's enthusiasm over the mountains about Williamstown when he remembers that they were the first mountains he had ever seen. They were in their glorious autumn garb, resplendent in green and gold, and to eyes all unaccustomed to nature's grander scenery they may have been overestimated.

My school at Schraalenburgh closed October 13, 1854. I had taught six months, for which I received \$200, \$50 of which I paid for my board. My predecessor,

George J. S. Chesebro, was present during the last day or two, having come from Guilderland, 150 miles, not so much to see the children or the teacher as to make a visit to Miss Hannah Demarest, with whom it seemed he had left his heart when he departed the preceding spring. I could not then understand why a bright, well educated gentleman, of far more than ordinary ability, should choose as his life-companion an ordinary, uneducated Jersey girl, in preference to half a hundred other girls, who were greatly her superiors, whom he might just as well have chosen. But it was none of my business, as I was entirely certain I did not want her. The same problem has perhaps puzzled wiser men and women for thousands of years, and I suppose will continue to do so until the end of time.

I was about to leave quaint, quiet Schraalenburgh, with its sleepy virtues, its strange old customs inherited from its Dutch ancestors; its mixed and marvelous dialect, in which the speech of old Holland and new America were strangely blended, and seek my home again in the mighty, restless, growing West. Before closing this chapter of my life history, and bidding a final adieu to my Jersey experiences, there are a few things more which I desire to note.

Were you ever a school teacher? Have you ever attended the close of a term of school, where you were to take the place the ensuing term of the present teacher? Have you noted the inquiring glances of the bright-eyed children, who were making a mental estimate of your talents, education, etc., and comparing you with your predecessor? If so, you have been subjected to an embarrassing ordeal. When I commenced my engagement at Schraalenburgh I knew I was to

succeed one who had given almost universal satisfaction, and who was greatly beloved by his pupils, as well as by their parents. Himself of Dutch ancestry, though he had enjoyed the advantage of a good education in the New York State Normal School, he had few prejudices to overcome, and as he was really a superior teacher, he had succeeded admirably in his work. But I had come from a distant State, which seemed as far removed from them, and was as utterly unknown to the great majority, as the jungles of India. Their idea of the mighty West, which in its career to greatness had set aside the experience of the past, and accomplished in a quarter of a century the work of ages, was of interminable forests, filled with wild beasts and savages, with here and there the rude cabin of some daring settler. A people, the most of whom were unable or unaccustomed to read and keep up with the progress of the age, were hardly able to believe that Ohio was better cultivated and better supplied with churches and school-houses than their own State, and still less that Michigan, which I gave as my residence, was really within the pale of civilization. In addition to their prejudices, I was wholly unacquainted with their customs, as well as the language in which most of the conversation of the older people was carried on. That I succeeded under such circumstance, and was offered an advance of salary to remain, was more than I expected, or really felt that I deserved. More than thirty years have passed away since I closed my work among them, and not one of them have I ever met since that day. For a time I kept up a correspondence with some of my pupils, but for many years I

have had no tidings concerning them. The children used to sing:

"When shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever?"

Sweet little Gitty Bell and Louisa Hasbrouck!
How has life used you? And a score of others, whose
eyes filled with tears that sad "last day of school,"
when I bade you the final "good bye."

CHAPTER XXII.

A VISIT TO MR. GARFIELD, AT WILLIAMS COLLEGE.—THE
"IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT."

I left Schraalenburgh on the morning of October 16, 1854, in company with Mr. Chesebro, and spent the day in the city of New York. At 6 o'clock P. M., we took passage on the steamer "Isaac Newton," bound for Albany, where we arrived early the following morning. The topic of absorbing interest was the loss of the steamship Arctic, which came in collision with the steamer Vesta, off the coast of Newfoundland, and sank three hours after, carrying with her two hundred passengers and crew. Capt. Luce, her commander, arrived at Yonkers that evening. At Albany I bade Mr. Chesebro good-bye and proceeded to Troy, and after much difficulty, at 6 o'clock in the evening, arrived at Williamstown, having been obliged to travel from Troy to Pittsfield, and thence to North Adams, and from there to my destination. It was my first night in Massachusetts. At six o'clock Wednesday morning I went to the College chapel and there found Mr. Garfield and Mr. Wilber.

I may have noted the fact that my first teacher in the Grand Rapids Academy was Prof. Addison Ballard, who had then recently graduated at Williams College, in the class of 1842. In 1854 he had been elected to a professorship in his Alma Mater, and I

was much pleased to meet him. He is now (1885) a Professor in Lafayette College.

After the lapse of more than forty years there comes fresh to my mind one lesson which Prof. Ballard gave us one morning, in the little one-story building known at that time as the Academy, at Grand Rapids. Old settlers will remember it, though it has long since passed away. He told us how, "in feudal times, after the lands of England had been parceled out among her lords, the people were all required to pay an annual rental for the use of the lands. But now and then there came a year when the seasons were unpropitious and the crops failed and the wretched cultivators of the soil could not pay their rent. At such times it became a custom to allow them, in lieu of the rent due, to bring a single peppercorn and deliver the same to the nobleman to whom they were indebted. This became known as the "peppercorn rent," and was understood to be a badge of servitude; an acknowledgment of their dependence. It did the lord and manor no good, but was a confession of their obligation and that they were his servants. In this day PROFANITY is the peppercorn rent which men pay to the Devil; it does him no good, but is a simple acknowledgment of their willing allegiance; a badge to show that they are his servants."

I spent Wednesday and Thursday with Mr. Garfield, visiting the objects of interest about the College. As the notes in my journal are very full concerning the events of these two days, I copy them at length:

At 3 o'clock we attended the rhetorical exercises of all the classes at the chapel. President Hopkins acted as critic. He is a venerable man, and has been here as President for the last eighteen years and

has been offered the Presidency of Vale. Some of the exercises were good, but I could not help thinking that if I had enjoyed the same privileges as the performers I might have done as well as many of them.

The clouds have been lying on the mountain sides all the afternoon, and we have had several showers. I never *felt* the idea of a "cloud-capped mountain" till to-day, and I can never regret that I have visited this glorious place. At 5 o'clock we attended the chapel exercises, and this evening have attended the meeting of one of the Literary Societies. James is a member of the Philologian Society. This was the evening for the election of officers, and after the conclusion of this we listened to an address by the retiring President, Mr. Forbes, of the Senior Class. His subject was "Individuality," and his address was a very good one. I am much pleased with all things seen here, and only wish that I was fated to cope with the band who are gathered here, from Massachusetts' rugged hills, Ohio's fertile plains, and beyond the "blue world of waters," as well as our own native land.

I am satisfied that James is doing well, and shall not be at all surprised to hear that he has taken the highest honors of the class in which he will graduate. He must inevitably acquire an influence here which will make *him felt*, and I shall rejoice in his highest success, unless it should dry up the fountains of affection in the heart and turn him into a cold, unfeeling man. God grant that it may never have this effect upon him; to make him forget those who have loved him and cherished his affection as the apple of the eye. For three years we have been more intimate than brothers, and Heaven knows that I have cherished no other friendship as I have his. In the golden future which will be his lot, may he remember me, as I shall ever remember him. Away such thoughts! for were he fated to fill the loftiest position in the land, he could never forget the days of yore.

I can not help thinking of these glorious old mountains; hoary-headed Grey-lock, that stands with his feet on the earth and his head in heaven; around whose brow the tempests gather, and whose mantle is woven of the thickest storm-clouds! There can not be found a finer location for a college in all the world than in this place. But I dare not attempt a description, since that of others more gifted than myself has failed to convey to my mind an adequate idea of its grandeur and beauty.

James and I have conversed of our future; and I feel better satisfied with my half-formed plans than I did before I came here. We have read several letters to each other. He has received many excel-

lent letters from Almeda A. Booth and from Lucretia, and has also received two from Mary, which I was not disappointed in reading. But it is now time to rest, and I lay aside my pen and seek sleep, for the second night in glorious old Massachusetts. Then, busy, bustling world, a kind good night.

Thursday, Oct. 19:

Again it is morning, and the mountains around are snow-capped, and the fleecy flakes are falling thick and fast upon the earth. Storms gather round the mountain tops and come down in the valley.

We have just returned from the recitation of the class in Quintilian, and it went off much better than it did yesterday morning. I shall stay here till to-morrow and hurry away to Butler and then to Michigan.

12 o'clock.—This forenoon we have attended a lecture on Philosophy, by Prof. Albert Hopkins. It was a most excellent lecture, and I would be very much pleased to be able to attend the whole course. His illustrations were very fine and he made all things so very plain that there could be little danger of his being misunderstood. He has traveled in the old world, and this is of inestimable benefit to the thinking man. His experiments to-day were simple, as the subject was the gravity of bodies, or, more properly, the center of gravity. The recitation of the class was not as perfect as I had expected to hear, several of the students making very bad blunders.

The day thus far has been very changeable; alternate snow, rain and sunshine. The clouds seem piled upon the mountains in massive heaps; the high peaks are white with snow, while ever and anon the sunshine lights them up, revealing the autumnal livery of the forests mingled or variegated by the white robes of winter. Stern Winter, on his icy throne, already looks down from Grey-lock, while Autumn still has possession of the valley; but the old tyrant is daily extending the area of his dominion, and soon will wrap all our northern lands in his icy mantle.

It is now twenty minutes past one o'clock. James and Charles are studying their Greek lesson, which they will soon be called upon to recite, and I am amusing myself by writing down something of this place and thoughts suggested by it. To-morrow morning at 9 o'clock I am to leave for Troy. I have never seen any other village which was similarly situated to this. The mountains are on every side of it, and the College buildings are all situated on beautiful hills, within this val-

ley. The prospect can not be said to be very extensive, for vision is bounded on every side by the giant hills. Yet from the top of some of these mountains the Hudson and Connecticut rivers can both be seen, as well as a vast extent of country around. I wish I had time and a favorable opportunity to climb one of them and thus get a sight of this whole region. But Winter's breath is now too icy for me to wish to visit his eternal habitation. I must postpone that visit till it is warmer in the valleys.

I have little idea now when I shall revisit Williamstown. If James and I both live I shall very much wish to come here when he graduates, which I suppose will be in August, 1856. But God only knows where we shall be then. I am sorry that our paths are so divergent as we journey over the hills and plains of life, yet so it must be. Many a long and weary month will roll away before I shall again grasp his hand after we have again parted.

It is now half-past seven o'clock p. M., and I again take my pen to write a few more lines concerning my visit here at Williamstown. This afternoon I have attended a recitation in Greek, by the Junior Class. James did first rate, and I have just been conversing with one of the class, who says that he will take one of the first honors. I have not doubted this from the first, and Heaven knows I hope he may succeed in every laudable undertaking. I am to leave to-morrow morning, and know not when I shall see James again. May God preserve him is my earnest prayer. He is ambitious, but his ambition is good and generous and one which would scorn to build on the wreck of a rival's hopes. If his health holds out I know he must succeed in his undertakings.

There are many things around the college which I have failed to mention, that make it a lovely spot. But I can not say more of it now, for my eyes and hands are weary.

Friday, Oct. 20:

Last night I had the pleasure of seeing the planet Saturn through the large telescope belonging to the Lawrence Observatory. It was a novel and very interesting sight. The planet looked very large and beautiful and the rings were very plainly to be seen. The heavens look glorious through this wonderful instrument.

The foregoing extracts from my journal were written at the room of Mr. Garfield, and while some-

what extended, yet they do not mention some facts of interest. In his letter of July 30, he had expressed his determination "that of the forty-two members of his class thirty-seven should stand behind him within two months." Of course I was anxious to know how he succeeded, and I made inquiry of several members of the class. The uniform testimony was that he stood either first or second in the class. I was told that only one man attempted to dispute the place with him, and even he was not clearly entitled to the first place. There was a broad, far-reaching grasp in his intellect which enabled him to seize upon principles at once and appropriate them so completely that henceforth they became a part of himself. His mental discipline was so much more thorough than that of the average student, trained as he had been in the hard school of experience, that it was little wonder that he distanced all competitors.

It may not be out of place here to call attention to certain events of importance, contemporaneous with those I have been narrating, which unquestionably had a great and abiding influence upon the life and character of Mr. Garfield, as exhibited before the world in after years.

In May, 1854, the Congress of the United States had passed the so-called Nebraska Bill, and repealed the "Missouri Compromise;" in words more intelligible to readers of this day, had provided for the organization of a territorial government over the lands now included in the States of Nebraska and Kansas, and repealed the law which, from 1820, had prohibited the introduction of slavery into territory north of latitude 36 deg. 30 min. The famous Dred Scott case was

pending in the courts, and the fiery debates which a few years later were to be transferred from the forum to the battle-field, were stirring the people as they had never been stirred before. For four years the fugitive slave Jaw had made it the legal duty of every Northern man to assist in apprehending and returning to the hell of slavery every fugitive who had possessed enough intelligence and spirit to flee from the unpaid toil of the bondman. In June of the same year, Anthony Burns had been captured in Boston, and by order of President Pierce a United States vessel had been sent to convey him back to slavery in Virginia. The whole North was excited over the almost daily occurrence of tragedies in connection with the enforcement of the brutal statute, and public sentiment in every neighborhood of the free States was beginning to crystallize into hatred of the infamous institution which demanded such shameful services of those who had supposed themselves freemen.

In a public meeting in Ohio, where Joshua R. Giddings was making a speech, one of his hearers, of the opposite party, said:

"Mr. Giddings, may I ask you a question?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am told you said a few days ago that if you were a slave you would make your way to freedom, if you had to walk over the dead bodies of slave-holders all the way from Georgia to Canada. Did you say so?"

"Yes, sir; and wouldn't you?"

"I do not wish to have any controversy with you, Mr. Giddings. I merely wished to know if you made the statement I have quoted."

"Controversy! What do you mean? Answer my question. If *you* were a slave would not *you* make your

way to freedom, if need be over the dead bodies of those who had enslaved you?"

Mr. Giddings had fixed his eagle glance upon the man, and pointing his finger at him, repeated his question in a voice of thunder, "Answer me; wouldn't you?" When the answer came back, "Yes, Mr. Giddings, I believe I would," the shout that went up from the multitude was such as to bode ill success to the slave-hunter who sought his game on the Western Reserve.

It is not to be supposed that young men as intelligent as James A. Garfield and those with whom he was associated were ignorant or uninterested spectators of the conflict being waged between freedom and slavery. While his time was principally occupied with his collegiate studies, he was accustomed to keep himself well informed as to the news of the day, not only of his own, but of foreign lands. The attempt to fasten slavery upon Nebraska and Kansas raised a storm of indignation, even as early as 1854, and each passing month added to the excitement.

Mention has already been made of the dispatch of a national vessel, by President Pierce, to return Anthony Burns to his master in Virginia, all at the expense of the Government. The following famous poem, inspired by this disgraceful act, and indicative of the rising tide of anti-slavery sentiment, appeared that summer in the columns of the New York *Tribune*:

HAIL TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Hail to the Stars and Stripes!
The boastful flag all hail!
The tyrant trembles now,
And at the sight grows pale;

The Old World groans in pain,
And turns her eye to see,
Beyond the Western Main,
The emblem of the Free.

Hail to the Stars and Stripes!
Hope beams in every ray!
And, shining through the bars
Of gloom, points out the way;
The Old World sees the light
That shall her cells illumine;
And shrinking back to night,
Oppression reads her doom.

Hail to the Stars and Stripes!
They float in every sea;
The crystal waves speed on,
The emblem of the Free!
Beneath the azure sky
Of soft Italia's clime,
Or where Auroras die
In solitude sublime.

All hail the flaunting Lie!
The Stars grow pale and dim—
The Stripes are bloody scars,
A lie the flaunting hymn!
It shields the pirate's deck,
It binds a man in chains",
It yokes the captive's neck,
And wipes the bloody stains.

Tear down the flaunting Lie!
Half mast the starry flag!
Insult no sunny sky
With Hate's polluted rag!
Destroy it, ye who can!
Deep sink it in the waves!
It bears a fellow man
To groan with fellow slaves!

Awake the burning scorn!
The vengeance long and deep,

REMINISCENCES OF

That till a better morn
Shall neither tire nor sleep!
Swear once again the vow,
O freeman! dare to do!
God's will is ever NOW!
May His *thy* will renew!

Enfurl the boasted Lie!
Till freedom lives again,
To reign once more in truth,
Among untrammelled men!
Roll up the starry sheen—
Conceal its bloody stains;
For in its folds are seen
The stamp of rusting chains.

Be bold, ye heroes all!
Spurn, spurn the flaunting Lie,
Till Peace, and Truth, and Love
Shall fill the bending sky;
Then floating in the air,
O'er hill, and dale, and sea,
'T will stand forever fair,
The emblem of the Free!

CHAPTER XXIII.

JOURNEY TO MICHIGAN.—LETTERS FROM MR. GARFIELD.—
HE PREACHES AT POESTENKILL, N. Y.

On the morning of Friday, Oct. 20, 1854, I left Williamstown, after bidding good bye to Mr. Wilber and Mr. Garfield, and made my journey westward as far as Utica, N. Y., where I arrived at half-past ten o'clock that evening. The next day I continued my journey as far as Butler, where I remained about a week. On Monday, Oct. 30, I again started homeward, proceeding that day as far as Williamsville, a village some five or six miles from the city of Buffalo. Several of the Hiram students lived there, among whom were Miss Frank Witwer, Misses Fanny and Elizabeth Frick, Miss Martha Root and Miss Mary J. Chapin, all of whom were valued acquaintances. I think several of those named subsequently removed to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, but I have never met the first three since that time. Miss Chapin died many years ago, and Miss Root, now Mrs. Cyrus Bosworth, resides in Cleveland.

The next afternoon I returned to Buffalo, and took passage on the steamer Plymouth Rock, for Detroit, where we arrived Wednesday evening, and thence by the railroad I reached Kalamazoo, Mich., at 3 o'clock A. M. of Thursday. The stage for Grand Rapids left at half-past seven o'clock, with twenty-two passengers, of whom I was one. and after a ride of fifty miles I ar-

rived at home, having been absent about fifteen months. At that time no railroad had reached Grand Rapids, and all the travel to and from the great outside world was by the old-fashioned stage-coach. Thirty years have wrought great changes, and now Grand Rapids is a great manufacturing city of sixty or seventy thousand inhabitants, with half a dozen or more railroads, and all the wonderful conveniences and luxuries of the age.

On Sunday, Nov. 5, 1854, I wrote a letter to Mr. Garfield, announcing my safe arrival at home, and in answer received the following letter:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, NOV. 12, 1854.

My Dear Corydon:—Your welcome letter of the 5th inst. came duly to hand, and brought cheering news of your safe arrival. I was beginning to feel anxious about you, not hearing in so long a time. It must be a joyful thing for you to meet them all once more around "the old hearthstone"—a joy which I can never again know. One year ago this present month I met for the last time my mother, brother and sisters at our own little home, but now they all are scattered, and that home is ours no longer. I almost feel as if I ought to have been there with you and claimed a place, for you all seem like my own folks.

Where is Ceylon? Am I never to hear from him again? I hope the *dear old friend* has not become absorbed in the *merchant*. But I suppose time changes feelings, as it does occupations. Still, I do hope he has not quite forgotten me.

My health is very good now, and I am doing first rate in my studies. I have got fully afloat in the literary department. Two weeks ago I delivered an oration on "Chivalry," and when the meeting was dismissed several Seniors came to me and wanted me to speak on their side of the debate for the next week. So I did, and *was not altogether sorry*.

I have never had so good an opportunity to improve in speaking as now, and I mean to labor a good deal in that direction, and do what I can. The library furnishes information on almost every subject, and a person can prepare himself.

I am pleased with your proposed arrangement, and hope it may be

effected according to your wishes. The West, broad, liberal and free, is the place, I am sure, for an indigent young man to "rise and shine." I feel somewhat the restraint of New England conservatism. But still, it will be beneficial to me in some respects, though I long to breathe the free air of the wild West; and if my life is spared, I will some day feel the lakes beneath me that wash the forest ground.

I see no reason why you can not do as well in Grand Rapids as in Cincinnati; and certainly it will be easier starting there than in the crowded and bustling Queen City.

. . . May no chilling winds blast your fair prospects, and no cloud ever darken your bright sky. True, there was a time when I hoped you might be with me till we should both wear the Delphic Bay together, *sed visum aliter Deo*, and our life paths seem to have diverged—yours to happiness, and mine to lonely labor. Yet we may meet again this side the Jordan, to recall past scenes, and "live them o'er again."

Next Saturday, twenty-three years ago, a man child was born, and they called his name J. A. G. Where will he be when twenty-three more are gone?

Give my best love to your father and mother and Ceylon, and let me hear from you soon. Remember me to Desdemona. She seems like a sister of mine.

As ever, I am your brother,

JAMES.

Accompanying this is a catalogue of Williams College.

"Ceylon," it will be remembered, was my brother, who, with Mr. Garfield and myself, made the trio of room-mates at Hiram during the fall of 1852. At the date of the above letter he was employed as a salesman in the mercantile house of William H. McConnell, at Grand Rapids, Mich. He subsequently studied law, and is now Circuit Judge of Mecosta and Newaygo counties, in Michigan.

"Desdemona" was Miss Desdemona Harrington, who had been one of the students at the Grand Rapids Academy most of the time from 1846 to 1850, and who was one of the most talented ladies graduated from

that excellent school. Subsequently she was for several years one of the most highly esteemed teachers in the Union Schools of the same city. We were always very warm friends, and during my absence from Grand Rapids we had kept up a constant correspondence. Through this means she had learned to know and admire Mr. Garfield; as my own admiration of his great abilities, as well as my personal regard, was very frequently expressed, not only to her, but to all my friends. I had shown him many of the excellent letters I had received from her gifted pen, and at one time a correspondence between them had been contemplated, though I am not sure it was ever begun. I think she is still living somewhere in Northern Michigan, though I have not seen her for more than twenty years.

Mr. Garfield's letter was received Nov. 16, and was answered the next day. The following is his next letter:

POWNAI, Vt., Dec. 14, 1854.

My Dear Corydon: —The last ten days have been such hurried ones that I have delayed all my letters, and now that I have more time I will answer them, and first of all, yours.

I came to this place by invitation, to deliver a lecture before an Academy here, and that being over, the audience gone, and I alone, I will write to you. One of my classmates has the charge of the Academy, and during the winter has a course of lectures delivered on literary and educational topics. The first in the course was by a minister in this village, and the third by myself. It was at least a novelty to them to hear an *extempore* address. It has been proposed that I get up a class in penmanship here, and I presume I shall do so.

The college term closed on the 12th, and I feel pretty well satisfied with my beginning. I have done something in the way of speaking and writing, and begin to feel somewhat at home among the college boys. Shortly after I commenced to speak in debate there were several Seniors that manifested a great degree of uneasiness, and one especially, by the name of Edwards, took occasion to get up next after me

every time I spoke, and try to make out something cunning against what I said. His desire to hit me off became so manifest that several, of my class mentioned it, and said he ought to be put through a course. A few evenings since I was appointed to write a censor, and by virtue of office, you know, I was allowed to say what I pleased. I wrote about thirty stanzas, and devoted five of them to Edwards' particular case, the last of which ran as follows:

A hollow head for hollow sounds,
Great length of tongue for yelping hounds,
A lusty calf to bawl;
A vaunting pugilist to brag,
A grinning monkey for a wag,
But *Ed-wards* for them all.

The effect was salutary, and the tide seems to have turned. He is an enlarged edition of *our* friend *Harnit*. I am sorry to say that _____ does not succeed so well as I hoped he would. The students think that he appreciates his own abilities rather highly; and nothing uses a man so completely up as this. I hope, however, that he may have fairer sailing in the future. The world is a hard schoolmaster, and teaches us some hard lessons sometimes.

I expect to spend the vacation in teaching penmanship, and have already several invitations to go to teach. I do n't know how I shall succeed. I want to hear from you, and know how you are prospering. I shall have more time for the next two months, and can write a great many letters.

I wrote to Ceylon a few days ago. He has doubtless received it before now.

I hope our brethren may build up a congregation in your place, and also where Thomas is.

Give my best love to your folks. Why won't your mother write a word to me sometime? I should be very glad if she would. Direct as before, to Williamstown, and accept the constant love of your brother,
JAMES.

As has been stated, I arrived at the home of my parents, in Grand Rapids, Nov. 2, 1854, and had decided to remain in that city for a time, hoping to obtain suitable employment. Subsequently it was arranged that Miss Watson and I should be married on the 1st of January, 1855, and accordingly I left home

for Butler, December 29, 1854, via Kalamazoo, Detroit, Suspension Bridge and Rochester. The railroad through Canada, from Windsor to Suspension Bridge, had been only recently completed, while the railroad track was not yet laid across the bridge. At 2 o'clock P. M. , on the 27th, we crossed in an omnibus, and I continued my journey as far as Rochester, where I spent the night, reaching my destination the next day.

The events of the next few days were of more interest to ourselves than to the reader, and let it suffice to say that on Monday, January 1, 1855, Elder J. I. Lowell, of South Butler, performed the ceremony which united Miss Mary P. Watson and myself in the bonds of matrimony.

We remained at Butler a week, and then started for my home in Michigan, spending one day at Niagara Falls and a couple of days at Galesburg, Mich., where Mrs. Fuller had friends, and reaching Grand Rapids Saturday evening, January 13. Such personal details seemed necessary, as many of Mr. Garfield's subsequent letters were written to Mrs. Fuller and myself jointly, or partly to each of us.

Two weeks after our arrival in Grand Rapids, I was offered employment as Assistant Principal in the Union School, for the remainder of the term. Classes were assigned to me in Algebra, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Rhetoric and Spelling, giving me sufficient work, especially as I had never devoted an hour's attention to book-keeping, and was obliged to keep in advance of my class, and teach them the mystery of double-entry.

It will be noted that my last letter from Mr. Garfield left him teaching or about to commence teaching

a class in penmanship, at Pownal, Vermont. The next letter from him was the following:

No. 12 SOUTH COLLEGE,
Thursday, Feb. 15, 1855.

My Dear Corydon:—Last Monday evening I returned to college, and found twenty unanswered letters which are now lying before me. Among them are two from you, Dec. 25 and Jan. 23, and one from Ceylon, of Dec. 15.

I have been traveling a good share of the time. I will give you a short sketch of my history. I believe I wrote to you while I was in Pownal, Vt. I closed there and visited a little while in Western Massachusetts, and after traveling through the southwestern corner of Vermont and into New York, I started a class in Poestenkill, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., where our brother Streator is located among a little congregation of Disciples.

After closing the school, I expected to return to college to begin study, and so my letters did not come to me. But when my school closed, Bro. Streator commenced a series of meetings, and insisted on my staying with him a week. I did so, and by the close of the week the burden of the meeting had nearly all fallen on me, and a deep interest was awakened. They would not consent to let me go, and so I remained another week. During my stay I spoke fifteen discourses, and visited with all the brethren in the neighborhood. There were several immersions, and I think much good done. Nothing else could have kept me away from college, but I am glad I stayed. I think I can make it up in a short time.

Since the last term closed I have earned eighty dollars—cleared sixty-five. That will help some.

Well, I am rejoiced to know that you and Mary (who now seems doubly dear to me) are happily joined by the holiest ties. The bright, romantic vision has at last become a reality. Permit me to rejoice with you both, and may heaven grant that your sky may be as cloudless as this chilly world will permit. I trust ere this you have reared the family altar, and are burning your morning and evening incense thereon.

How I should love to sit down and enjoy this stormy evening with you. Oh,

"Tis cold without, the winds are up,
The snowflakes with their spotless lips
Now fondly kiss the window pane,

And as they ask me let them in,
The cold winds call them back again."

But doubtless you can say to-night, surrounded by all the home joys:

"Sweep on, ye storms; ye snowflakes fall;
Sounds soft and sweet float from above
Like zephyrs from Æolian strings,
Like raptures from the lips of love."

But hundreds of weary miles intervene, and I must be content. May I not soon receive a full letter from you and Mary? It will do me much good.

My love to you and yours forever.

JAMES.

You must pardon this hasty scrawl. I have so many to write just now.

JAMES.

I do not know whether any notes of his religious discourses will be found among Mr. Garfield's papers, when they come to be carefully examined by his biographers. I was not a little disappointed when Prof. Hinsdale, himself a preacher of high standing, made so little mention of Mr. Garfield's work among the churches. To me there is not the slightest doubt that for two or three years, at least, Mr. Garfield fully expected to devote his splendid talents to the work of preaching the gospel.

If the fifteen regular discourses delivered at Poes-tenkill, at the meeting of which he speaks, could be reproduced, or even if the notes of the same could be given to the public, I believe there would be shown one of the most masterly and logical presentations of the first principles of Christianity which the world has ever seen. His comprehension of true principles was so intuitive, and his rejection of unreasonable and untenable tenets so bold and fearless, that he could not fail to present the living and burning principle of the Christian faith so lucidly and so earnestly as to

carry conviction to his hearers. I still have hopes that among the many manuscripts preserved at his home in Mentor there will be found many outlines of his sermons and religious discourses.

CHAPTER XXIV

"NEBRASKA."——LETTERS FROM MR. GARFIELD AND MISS
BOOTH.

I think it was some time in January, 1855, that Mr. Garfield sent me a copy of a poem of forty pages, then recently issued from the press of John P. Jewett & Co., of Boston, entitled, "Nebraska; A Poem, Personal and Political." It was published anonymously, and I have never learned the name of the author. As illustrative of the growing anti-slavery spirit of the time, as well as almost prophetic of the certain effect of the measures so popular among the politicians of the day, the poem has few rivals. It also shows the interest which Mr. Garfield felt at that time in the mighty question which no shuffling or cowardly compromises could possibly settle. We were both so thoroughly satisfied that slavery was the "sum of all villainies" that I don't suppose the thought ever occurred to either of us that its character was even debatable. It does not follow that we thought all slaveholders criminal; we realized their difficulties as well as their temptations, and were not at all certain that instant emancipation was practicable or possible. But upon the question of spreading the baneful, blasting curse over free territory, we had no more doubts as to the duty of the Nation than we should have had over

the question of sowing the deadly seeds of some noisome pestilence in our cities.

I think the reader will be interested in some extracts from the poem itself:

Now let us climb Nebraska's loftiest mount,
 And from its summit view the scenes below.
 The morn comes like an angel down from heaven;
 Its radiant face is the unclouded sun;
 Its outspread wings the overarching sky;
 Its voice the charming minstrels of the air;
 Its breath the fragrance of the bright wild flowers.
 O blessed day! rich gift of God to man;
 Brimful of beauty to delight the eye,
 And thrilling music to enchant the ear:
 It lights me to the unreturning past—
 A dreary waste where other days have fled
 With the dear souls they pioneered to heaven.
 The past is night, in which these souls are stars!

Yonder behold the monarchs of the wood;
 For ages they have battled with the storm.
 The envious clouds have pelted them with hail,
 The lightning pierced them with its quivering lance,
 And the fierce whirlwind wrenched them in its wrath.

As mortals, chastened by affliction's rod,
 Grow firmer and grow faster in the faith,
 So these tall Titans of the forest glade
 Are stronger for their struggle with the storm.
 When at their feet their predecessors fell,
 Spring covered their remains with mourning moss
 And wrote their epitaph in pale wood flowers,
 And gave sweet berries to the gentle birds
 To stay and sing their sad, sweet requiem.

Fair land of silver streams and mountain green,
 Of boundless prairies and pellucid lakes,
 Of rocks, and hills, and plains, and woodlands wild,
 Shall slavery clank her galling fetters here?

Or Freedom wave her starry flag for aye,
 And make these forests blossom like the rose,
 And build great cities on these fertile plains,
 And launch her floating fabrics on the waves,
 While streams are serfs to turn the busy mills
 Which soon must wall the waters of the west?

God heard the blood that shrieked to Heaven for help,
 And held the flaming North star in his hand,
 And sent an angel down to tell the slave
 To follow where the torch of Freedom led.
 The negro from his humble cabin crept
 While echo slumbered and the dogs were dumb;
 The North star crowned the lofty hills he climbed,
 And watched his weary footsteps o'er the plain.

The panting fugitive had reached the shores
 Of a free State, and dreamed that he was free.
 But he, alas! was seized by human hands,
 And, like a felon, dragged before the judge,
 Charged with the crime of seeking liberty,
 Unpardonable sin in this free land!

The above extracts will give but a slight idea of the whole poem, as I have said of forty pages, all bristling with poetic imagery, and every line overflowing with sympathy for the enslaved, and unutterable scorn for the God-forsaken demagogues, who sought "to sell their country as they sold their countrymen." Not a few of the leading politicians of the day were so accurately described that there was no possibility for those who were intelligent in current history to mistake them. In the light of the thirty eventful years since the poem was written, one can not but wonder at the infatuation of men of brilliant mind and great experience, who cast their lot with the mad defenders of the abominable system of American slavery.

The letter of Mr. Garfield dated Feb. 15, 1855,

given in the last chapter, was answered by Mrs. Fuller and myself a week later, and in due time received the following dual response:

No. 12 SOUTH COLLEGE, WILLIAMS,
Tuesday, March 13, 1855.

Dear Corydon:—Your very kind and acceptable letter of the 23d ultimo was received about two weeks since, and I am improving my first possible opportunity to respond. When I returned to college there was the accumulated labor of three weeks to be brought up and over twenty letters to be answered; and so till this time I have used the days and a large share of the nights in getting my work up even. I am nearly free from this drawback now, and can breathe a little easier. I have, however, had no trouble at all, and I have never stumbled before the professors since the morning you were here.

Our work for this term is Political Economy, Astronomy, Evidences of Christianity and Latin. We have had beautiful spring weather all this month, till within a few days; but it is now evident that Capt. March is determined to show a cold shoulder for a time. But next month Williams will begin to put on its green glories. My health is now first-rate, and I have strong hopes that I shall recover the full use of my throat before my course is done here.

You speak of proposing my name as a member of your "Scientific Association." You may do as seems best to you, in reference to it. I should be glad to be one among you, if I could do you any good.

I hope you will be exceedingly careful of your health, for you now have a reason doubly strong why you should do so. May you and Mary be long blessed with life and health. I rejoice with you in your consummated happiness, and hope the bright links of love's chains may never be broken.

My love to your father, mother and Ceylon. I wish they would all write to me. Let me hear from you soon

JAMES.

Almeda is now in Oberlin. Charles is well.

My Dear Sister Mary:—Many thanks to you for your kind letter to me, and your kind wishes on my behalf. Under how different relations are you now placed than when a few months ago I wrote a letter to "Little Mary Watson" of Butler! You lived then as it were in Marvel's. "Dream Life," but now I suppose cloud land has become a continent of firm realities, glorious and joyful; and still doubtless the horizon of your future has clouds of glory and joy piled up against its

purple and golden sky. I trust this is so. True, as you say, there may be among them clouds of threatening portent from which the cold night winds may blow, "chilling and killing" the noble and true; but you will remember that He rules the storms "who maketh the clouds His chariots and rides upon the wings of the wind." May Heaven long lend your noble Corydon to you and you to him.

I have told you, I believe, in a former letter, of our Brother Streator. Since I returned from Poestenkill several have united with the congregation there. While I was there I formed many pleasant acquaintances, and among others that of a Sister Learned, who had a sweet little girl about five years old. She was the most precocious child I ever saw, and of sweet temper. She became very much attached to Bro. Streator and me, and when I came away, kissed me and said, "I shall never see him again." Brother Streator and I used to sing to her, and she was fond of hearing hymns. Last week Bro. Streator wrote me that she was dead. A few hours before her death she wanted Bro. Streator to come and sing,

"There are no tears above."

He was then five miles away. They sent for him, and when he came she was almost gone. But she opened her dying eyes and whispered, "Sing

"There's no weeping there."

He did so, and she went away to sing with the angels.

Bro. Streator says in his letter: "I felt that it was the highest honor ever bestowed on me, to be called by so lovely a creature to sing of heaven when she was so near it."

This may not be interesting to you, because you did not know her, but I can never forget the impressions on my heart of such a scene.

I would write much more, but time will not now permit. I hope to hear from you often, for I need not tell you that I feel an abiding interest in your prospects and happiness.

JAMES.

The society alluded to by Mr. Garfield, whose name I had asked for honorary membership, was "The Lyceum of Natural History," organized by a number of the leading citizens of Grand Rapids, prominent among whom were Prof. Franklin Everett, my old teacher. W. L. Coffinberry, Dr. J. H. Hollister, Hon. John Ball and others. I presented his name

and he became a member, and I think contributed one or more articles to be read at its meetings. He alludes to the letter announcing his election in a subsequent letter.

The frequent cautions to take the greatest possible care of my health, contained not only in the letters of Mr. Garfield, but those from other friends, were based upon the supposition, at that time universal among my acquaintances, that I was in great danger of fatal disease of the lungs. I was slight in form and pale, and had no great amount of physical strength, but I was conscious of possessing much greater powers of endurance than were credited to me by my friends. A busy life of no little labor, through more than thirty years, has shown that I was not altogether wrong, and that the sympathy bestowed upon Mrs. Fuller when we were married, on account of the alleged certainty that within a few months she would return a widow to her old home, was a little premature. Most of the sympathizers have been long in their graves.

It seems to me that the touching incident of the death of the little child, as related by Mr. Garfield in his letter gives one a glimpse into the tenderness of his great heart, as well as reveals one of the sources of his wonderful power over his fellow men. While he was as brave as Julius Caesar, as tenacious of honor and right as Abraham Lincoln, as indignant at oppression and as ready to champion the cause of the poor and the friendless as Wendell Phillips or William Lloyd Garrison, his heart was as loving and tender as that of an innocent child.

I think I can forgive cheerfully almost any personal wrong, but to me the unpardonable sin is the cruel,

malignant and fiendish malice displayed by the ghouls, who, after their bravest and most honorable brother has struck down to death the victim of their merciless hate, hurl their missiles at him as he lies in his grave. These cowardly miscreants who slander and vilify the dead, to me are so infamous and so unworthy of the countenance of honorable men, that beside them the vilest thief becomes respectable.

The following letter reached us at Grand Rapids, early in April:

No. 12 SOUTH COLLEGE,
April 1, 1855.

Dear Corydon and Mary:—Your kind letter of March 25 was received last evening, and I will enclose a brief response in your mother's letter. I am very glad you are so kind as to write punctually to me, for it does me much good to hear from you. We have had a terrible March, especially the latter half of it, and now while I write, the wind howls like a troop of demons. Doubtless you are cozily sitting side by side, holding sweet converse, or reading some treatise in which you enjoy the soul communion between author and reader. How many fierce blasts are howling between us? And yet, through this long, weary space, the spirit can commune unseen, and feel somewhat, the pleasures of intercourse of souls.

Oh, I wish you both could go with me some of these clear, bright nights and look at the moon and stars through our ponderous telescope! How it lifts the soul away from earth to contemplate the wonders of the heavens! Your question concerning the moon and planets is one of deep and thrilling interest. Mathematics prove that the moon has an atmosphere so light that beings organized as man is, could not exist there; but with many of the planets this is not the case, and though there is no sure evidence, I love to believe the planets are inhabited. Indeed it can hardly be supposed that the vast machinery of the universe was all set in motion and no orders of intelligences to inhabit it save man; and he only the smallest grain of sand on God's seashore. There is a work entitled "Plurality of Worlds," by Whewell, that treats on this subject, and you would find it intensely interesting to read it.

But the hour of midnight will be here in five minutes and I must

close. Please let me hear from you both as soon as convenient, and remember me ever as your affectionate brother,
JAMES.

Mention has frequently been made in the papers of Miss Almeda A. Booth, for many years one of the most valued teachers at Hiram, and who, for many years, was very intimately associated with Mr. Garfield in his studies. All of Mr. Garfield's biographers have mentioned her, and the splendid tribute to her memory, in his eloquent and touching memorial address, is found in full in his "Works," as compiled by Pres. Hinsdale. She has been frequently mentioned in terms of the highest respect and admiration in some of his letters already published, as Mr. Garfield's high appreciation was no afterthought, only expressed when she had passed away, but was shown in every mention of her name.

There are very few words from her pen which the public has ever seen, and I have no doubt that some of my readers will be interested in a letter or two written by her to me.

Miss Booth left Hiram and entered Oberlin College at the same time Mr. Garfield became a student at Williams. Had it not been for the Monkish superstition, which locks the doors of the costliest and best equipped colleges of New England against all women, no matter how talented, she would have been his classmate still, and Ohio would have furnished two immortal graduates to the class of 1856, instead of one.

The following is a letter I received from her in April, 1855:

OBERLIN, April 13, 1855.

Dear Friend:—Your kindly and interesting letter reached me a few days ago. I was glad to hear from you and learn of your future

since I saw you last, and farther, I am so grateful that you remember me as a friend. Indeed, James always said that "Corydon was a true and fast friend." I believe I love the friends I found in Hiram better than those I ever found in any other place. I like the Oberlin people pretty well, though they have peculiarities that are not exactly agreeable to me. But I think they are honest, sincere and zealous Christians. I never saw in any place, the standard of morals so high, and I am surprised to see so large a school carried on with such perfect order. The discipline here is most admirable, the course of instruction extensive and thorough.

I congratulate you, Corydon, in having won your Mary, for she is worth the winning, if what I hear of her is correct. James described her to me. I hope I shall be so fortunate as sometime to make her acquaintance. Now, I am not sure but I ought just to give you a little lecture upon your new duties, and insist upon you being a real good husband; not that I think you especially need it, or have any bad tendencies; only a notion that I have of the *sex* in general, that they are not half so self-sacrificing as women. "That's just like an old maid," you'll say. O, no, I have great regard for mankind, I am sure.

I was at Hiram several times during the winter. They are doing quite as well as could be expected under the circumstances. The drought last summer has caused a great pressure which the Eclectic feels somewhat. Mr. Munnell is there, and you know he has some life. Lucretia wrote me the other day that Mr. and Mrs. Crane have gone to Covington, Ky., to take charge of Walter Scott's school.

When do you think he will get through college? He is still reading Caesar and in the beginning class in Greek. Lucretia is teaching some and studying some, but she seems rather dispirited with her progress. Lucretia is a good girl, and I hope good fortune will attend her. John Hamit and Ellen Wood are married; also Philip Burns and Nancy McIlrath. Harvey Everest is teaching an academy in Shalersville and is very popular. He is a noble fellow. Perhaps you know that Eliza Merrill, of Chardon, is teaching in Hiram. I suppose you know her; she gives fine satisfaction, and I think it will be for their interest to keep her.

I can not see very clearly what fate has in store for the Eclectic, but surely it will be a great oversight to allow it to remain in its present position. I have a great desire to go somewhere to the western country to teach, when I get through here; but perhaps I shall not go immediately. I have not consulted probabilities, nor hardly possibilities, but I am bent on graduating next Commencement. I am doing

full two years' work in one, but if my health holds out, I shall get through. I have reviewed over two hundred pages of Greek, Demosthenes and Æschines de Corona, and the Anabasis, in something less than three weeks, for private examination, besides my regular recitations in all the classes of the Senior class. I must be examined in everything in the whole course, although I am here but one year. It is only three years this spring since I began to study Greek, and they study it here six. So you will know I have made rather a daring attempt.

I hear from James very often; he seems to be doing well. I feel great desire that he should make the man he ought to be, and can be, if he pursues the right course. The life you propose for yourself this spring will be very pleasant, I think. How I should love, these genial sunny days, to hoe in the garden, make beds and plant seeds. But, indeed, you must take care of your health; you have not a tith of the constitution that James and I have, and so you must take the more care.

I received that paper, and am greatly obliged. Please send me more, if it is convenient. I was interested in the report of your school. There is a goodly effort made in our State in behalf of Union Schools, and yet our district schools are deteriorating all the time. Does your mother teach now?

Now, Corydon, I have deferred writing to you for several days, just on purpose to find a chance to write a decent, proper letter, but I have got into such a habit of hurrying, that when I try to do anything deliberately and respectably, it comes out with just that hurried, crude look that characterizes all I do. Still, if you have "charity that suffers long and is kind," and so can tolerate me, I shall be very glad to have you write again. I send my love to Mary, your father and mother, and Ceylon. I had quite a visit with your father, coming from Bedford on the cars, last summer.

Yours, with sisterly regard,

ALMEDA A. BOOTH.

Amaziah Hull is teaching somewhere in Indiana, and represents himself as in a very nourishing, condition. James is coming home in the summer.

It is scarcely necessary to say that among his friends, there was but one "James" in those days. The "Lucretia" whom Miss Booth complimented as "a good girl," was Miss Lucretia Rudolph.

The reader will note the fact that the progress of Miss Booth in her classical and other studies, was simply wonderful. In fact, it was fully as remarkable as that of Mr. Garfield. In a little more than three years, she accomplished the preparatory and collegiate work usually requiring six years, and for nearly the whole time, taught from five to seven classes in the Eclectic Institute at Hiram. She graduated in 1855, and subsequently returned to Hiram, and after teaching there for a number of years, as well as at Cuyahoga Falls, she died in 1875.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. GARFIELD HOLDS A PROTRACTED MEETING AT POESTENKILL.—MISHAWAKA.—A SECOND LETTER FROM MISS BOOTH.

With me the summer of 1855 seemed to drift slowly by. I could find no satisfactory employment, and I suppose I was not very well fitted for such work as perhaps I might have obtained. I had plenty of leisure for reading and writing, and busied myself part of the time in constructing all sorts of projects for the future. Of course Mr. Garfield's letters were promptly answered, and in May I received the following:

ALBANY, N. Y., May 23, 1855.

My Dear Corydon:—Your welcome letter was received a few days before the college closed, but in the midst of examinations I had no hour of the day or night at leisure. We had the studies of the whole year to be examined upon, and that at Williams is no slight affair. But I passed the ordeal without a scar.

On Monday, April 30, I left for Southern Massachusetts, and spent one week traveling and visiting, and then went to Poestenkill, N. Y. I immediately commenced a meeting, and have been speaking ever since. I have spoken ten discourses since I came, and six have been immersed. Bro. Streater's health is so poor that he has only preached one discourse since I came. We now have adjourned the meetings till Friday evening, when we shall again commence, and continue over Lord's day; and on the Monday following I return to college, and Bro. Streater starts for Ohio.

My health is not very good now, but I only need a little rest, and I shall be well again. We have had large audiences most of the time,

and it is no easy task to speak three long discourses in a day, as I did last Sunday. We are still hoping for more conversions.

I am in the capital city to-day on business, and am now waiting for the cars. I have been appointed one of the editors of the *Williams Quarterly* the coming year, and my business here to-day is to find what the printing will cost. We have heretofore had it done in Pittsfield, Mass., for \$416 a year, and we now talk of getting it up on better paper and in better style than did our predecessors. I would *you* were also one of the *board*.

I have been appointed to deliver a poem before the Adelpic Union, next July, and I would like to have you suggest some themes for that occasion. I should like very much to see you now.

I received a letter from Almeda a few days ago, and she spoke in high terms of a letter she had just received from you. I hope you will still favor her with letters. She is one of Nature's true noblewomen. She is going back to Hiram next fall.

I expect to be in Ohio by the 20th of August, if my life and health are spared, and I have some hopes of meeting brother Thomas there. You will probably see him before he goes.

Now, Corydon, let me hear from you soon, and tell me all about your health, and what you are doing and enjoying. My best love to Mary and your folks, and you know I am, as ever,

Your own brother,

JAMES.

The cars are whistling, and I have no time to read this over.

J.

It will be remembered that Thomas Garfield, the only brother of James, at this time lived and ever since has lived on a farm a few miles south of Grand Rapids. I had visited him at his home and had frequently seen him in the city.

Of course no great length of time elapsed before an answer was dispatched to my distant friend, and in due course I received the following:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Mass.,

Tuesday, June 19, 1855.

My dear Corydon:—Your favor of the 4th inst. was received about ten days ago, but I have been entirely unable to answer it till this

time. A day or two after it came I left for Pittstown, N. Y., to attend a yearly meeting of Disciples, where I spent some four days, and last Saturday I left again for Poestenkill, and spoke to the people Saturday evening and three discourses on Lord's day. Yesterday morning at five o'clock I started from there, and at nine and a half A. M. was here, twenty-one miles distant. We had good meetings in each place, and much interest. I can not resist the appeals of our brethren for aid while I have the strength to speak to them.

Bro. Streator's health has failed and he has gone to Ohio, and they are alone. I tell you, my dear brother, the cause in which we are engaged must take the world. It fills my soul when I reflect upon the light, joy and love of the Ancient Gospel and its adaptation to the wants of the human race. I look upon old New England as a wilderness of dead pines, where the winds moan solemnly, and, though they play an orthodox tune, yet they can not much longer keep time with the on-rushing spirit of free thought, free speech and free gospel. Our Reformation is the greatest light of the nineteenth century: I believe it. I long to be in the thickest of the fight, and see the army of Truth charge home upon the battalions of hoary-headed error. But I must be content to be a spy for a time, till I have reconnoitred the enemy's strongholds, and then I hope to work.

I was glad to hear of Mary's improving health, and hope your next letter may tell of her entire recovery. I was sorry to learn that Ceylon was sick. I presume he has received a letter from me. I wrote to him several days before your last was received.

I must say I am pleased with your proposition in reference to going to Mishawaka, for you will then be brought among our brethren. You know how to appreciate that privilege, and so do we all that have been deprived of it. I shall wait with anxiety an answer from you to learn still more of your intentions for the future. I hope you can get where you can ail put your shoulders to the wheel and push the Truth forward. It is the most hopeful feature in the Reformation that it commenced and is going forward in the valley of the Mississippi, where the life currents of our nation are bounding so briskly. Ere many years America's heart will be filled with Primitive Christianity.

You speak of the *Williams Quarterly*, and very kindly offer to subscribe for it. I would I were able to send you and all your folks a copy as a present, but I suppose with all our exertions it will no more than pay for itself; and the last year it has not quite done that. However, I will send it to you any way. Our first number will be out about the middle of August.

If I had time I would give you a sheet more on some of my experience and adventures in college, but I must close for this time. Pardon this poor writing, for the noon of night will soon be behind me, and I have yet work to do before I sleep. My love to Mary, and I hope she will write more in the next. Love to Ceylon, and your father and mother. Now do let me hear from you both soon,

As ever,

JAMES.

Mishawaka is a little manufacturing village in Indiana, situated on a bend of the St. Joseph river, not far from where it leaves the State of Michigan and enters the Hoosier State. It is four miles east of South Bend, the home for most of his life of the late Vice President Colfax, and about ninety miles east of Chicago, on the line of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad. The St. Joseph is a clear, cold, spring-fed river, flowing swiftly through a beautiful section of the country, and at Mishawaka there is sufficient fall to afford an excellent water-power. It is more like a New England stream than many Western rivers, and at various points along its bank there are thrifty manufacturing towns. Thirty years ago Mishawaka was far more promising than now. Its neighbor on the west, South Bend, had even then begun to stretch out its hand and gather in the interests which had been the sources of its prosperity, as well as its only hope for the future. There were many pleasant homes; there were a few stores—too many to be prosperous—there were the St. Joseph Iron Works and the Milburn Wagon Factory, and a few less important manufacturing establishments. There was also a little church of Disciples, at that time stronger I think than the church at South Bend.

It had been ten years since my father had transplanted his family from Northern Ohio to Grand Rapids, and during the time which had elapsed he had

gathered together about \$10,000. For the latter portion of the time, he had been in the employ of a successful merchant, and like very many other men who have never enjoyed a business training, he supposed he was able to manage business for himself. As for myself, of course, I had no experience in business matters, but had no doubt of my father's ability to enter a mercantile career with every prospect of success.

It was toward the moribund Mishawaka, the village drying up under the shadow of a successful rival, that we were to commence our experiment in mercantile life. We were so destitute of business judgment that we did not perceive that success would be impossible, and no kind friend with clearer vision gave us a word of warning. It was an experiment hopeless from the start, even with experienced and skillful management, and we undertook it without the capacity to give it either. My parents chose it because of the little church, where they hoped to worship God as they had been instructed in their youth, and out of our removal grew a train of events which perhaps changed our whole after history. It was of our contemplated removal from the busy, bustling Grand Rapids, glowing with life, and just entering upon a proud career of prosperity and greatness, that Mr. Garfield spoke with warm approval; and it will be noticed that he bases his approval wholly upon the fact of the existence there of the little church. Of course he could not be expected to judge of the business prospects, or of the thousand reasons which should have prevented the ruinous removal.

About the 1st of July, 1855, I received the following letter from Miss Booth:

MANTUA, Ohio, June 24, 1855.

Dear Corydon:—Don't think I am such a negligent creature as to leave your last welcome letter unanswered until this time, without some overpowering reason. I waited awhile after receiving your letter to hear from Mr. Hayden, and upon what terms I was likely to go back to Hiram. At length he wrote, but perhaps you know he is not always explicit, and so he happened to omit what I chiefly wished to know. But by that time I was so driven by studies that I could find time to write to no one. We were finishing up the last Greek in the course, and they hurried us without mercy. Now, I 'a certain my excuse will prevail with you, for its length if for nothing else.

The senior class are having a few weeks' vacation. O, such rains! For the last three weeks, nearly every day the heavens have poured down with the most lavish profusion, as if rain was not at all the scarce commodity it had seemed for these long dry months that preceded. In consequence of the cold, dry spring, fruit and crops are several weeks behind the time, but everything looks promising now.

I had a letter from James last night. I think he is doing nobly. I have felt great anxiety lest something untoward might befall him, and he should fail of making the man that *we* know he can be. But I see no indication of it yet. He seems still to possess the same frank, generous, warm, open hearted nature that endears him so much to his friends. He says he is coming home about the middle of August to stay several weeks. I wish you and Mary could come down to Ohio at the same time. We should be very glad to see so many of our friends together once more.

There is nothing in this strangely constituted world that I feel to rebel against more than the breaking up of friendly circles. We are thrown together, reserve gradually wears away, and at length we recognize kindred souls and rejoice in the genial warmth for a little season; but soon, restless time, envious of such blissful scenes, widely sunders loving hearts, and each one goes forth into the chilly coldness of strange hearts to live over again the same scenes. It can't be, Corydon, that there is no brighter world than this.

I was at Hiram Thursday, to their exhibition. It was down in the corner under the apple trees, just as it used to be when you were there. You would hardly perceive any change, only in the performers. Sutton was there, with the same gentle voice and bland smile; yet there are more wrinkles in his face, and gray hairs are more abundant. And Bro. Munnell was there, looking as earnest and determined as ever; and Norman, too. Time deals kindly with him; his lank face has assumed

fuller proportions, and he looks more noble. But of all that spoke, I think you would have recognized only one old familiar face—Lucretia, bright as ever; she remains just as when you knew her. Oh, yes, I think you knew Miller. He was on the discussion, "Do the Signs of the Times Indicate the Downfall of Popery?" His opponent was J. H. Rhodes, a German boy, from Stark county. He got up with a little patched coat on, looking very humble; but he is tremendous smart. He rolled off a perfect torrent of eloquence, and argument, too. Bro. Munnell says he will make James' place good. Miller has finished his studies now, and goes to take charge of the Ravenna church. He has a very ministerial look and address. Charley Foote was there. He is minister at Sharon, Pa. He is as little and boyish as ever, but I think he is a very good fellow.

It has been a hard year for the Eclectic; the unfavorable season last summer bore heavily upon farmers, and (hey were unfortunate in their teachers. Bro. Munnell says their prospects are better now. I expect to go there the next day after our Commencement at Oberlin. I am not going so much from inclination, and I still hope to go west before many years, but it seems that I ought to go there now.

Corydon, you will not think I have been negligent in answering your letter? I have done better than by most of my correspondents, and I shalt really be very glad to hear from you as soon as convenient. My love to Mary and all your folks. Yours sincerely,

ALMEDA A. BOOTH.

The "Miller" spoken of in the foregoing letter, was Elder O. P. Miller, a well-known preacher, late of Iowa City, from whence he removed to Dakota Territory, where he died in 1886. J. H. Rhodes, the German boy, whom Miss Booth compliments so highly, is an attorney at law, in Cleveland, Ohio. "Norman" is Professor Norman Dunshee, of Drake University, of whom frequent mention has been made in these papers. Charley Foote became a preacher, and for many years stoutly maintained the faith he professed at Hiram, but at length left the body of Disciples, and became a Baptist. He was for some time in Philadelphia, but it had been several years since I

last heard from him, until I noticed the announcement of his death, which recently occurred at Wooster, Ohio. Of course "Lucretia," was she whose name has become known throughout the world, as the heroic and noble wife of Mr. Garfield.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"SAM."—MR. GARFIELD REVISITS OHIO.

The following is my next letter from Mr. Garfield:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, Mass.,
July 17, 1855.

Dear Corydon and Mary:—I am commencing what must be a provokingly short letter, but I must and will take time to answer your dear, good letter of the 3d inst. You do n't know how fresh and joyful was the flood of recollection it brought back over me at the mention of one year ago. I have lived that scene over and over again. How ethereal and almost heavenly were the hours of those few fleeting days we passed in Butler, N. Y. It brings feelings of inexpressible sadness over my spirit to know that those scenes and days have gone forever, and left me alone, as it were. And when, in four weeks, I am passing Savannah and Clyde, I shall feel, oh! how keenly, that I have nobody to see in that region! But my mind wanders on to the free, wild West, and I *see* you so comfortably and happily enjoying life there, that I am rejoiced again.

You do not know how much courage and strength it gives me to receive such good, kind letters from you. They sweeten the lonely hours I have to pass in this weary land, as it sometimes is.

I am laboring very hard just now, and am having much more than the ordinary college duties to perform. To-morrow the Adelpic Union Exhibition comes off, and I must be ready. I send you a programme and card of invitation. I don't much expect you will be here, but I'll try you and see.

Some twelve examinations we are to pass this term, covering the studies of three years, which gives us any amount of work. You remember the 'Logian election, when you were here. There has been great excitement among the aspirants for office within the last three weeks, and a strong secret society coalition was formed to run in their own men to the offices, and there is always a great strife for the first Presidency. Last Wednesday evening, much to the chagrin of that

clique, I was elected to the first Presidency for the coming year, by a vote of 46 to 30.

I have the main labor of getting out the first *Quarterly*, which is to be published about the middle of August. I send you our circular. Perhaps if you would speak to Mr. James Ballard, and show him the circular, he would love his Alma Mater enough to subscribe. Please do so, for we want to increase our list all we can.

Your note and Mr. F. Everett's are received, and I have just now answered him. I am grateful to you for that appointment. Is that Everett your old teacher? Do let me hear from you both soon. Give my love to Ceylon and all your folks. In much love I am as ever,
Your brother, JAMES.

The "Order of Exercises," of which Mr. Garfield speaks, was as follows:

ADELPHIC UNION EXHIBITION.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

Wednesday Evening, July 18, 1855.

MUSIC.

1. Oration.....The Opera
James Orton, Lisle, N. Y.
2. Oration.....Old Times and New
James Gilfillan, Rockville, Conn.
3. Oration.....Antagonism
Hamilton N. Eldridge, Williamstown.

MUSIC.

4. Poem.....Sam
James A. Garfield, Hiram, Ohio.
- 5.....Dispute Ought Americans to Sympathize with England in the
Present War?
Aff.—B. Y. Averell, Chicago, Ill.
Neg.—Walter Edwards, New York City.

MUSIC.

6. Oration.....The Conflict of Ages
S. W. Bowles, Boston, Mass.
7. Debate.....Was the Banishment of Roger Williams Justifiable?
Aff.—W. W. Adams, Chicago, Ill.
Neg.—S. B. Forbes, Ashland.

MUSIC.

8. Oration.....Plus Ultra
 E. P. Ingersoll, Oberlin, Ohio.
9. Poem.....The Bondman's Dream
 L. C. Rogers, New London, Conn.
10. Oration.....Rough It
 D. J. Holmes, Waukegan, Ill.

MUSIC.

11. Oration.....Expression—Its Relation to Thought—With the
 Valedictory Address.
 W. P. Prentice, Albany, N. Y.

MUSIC.

On the fourth page of the programme is pencilled:

You will be surprised to see such a title from me, but there is generally so much Puritanic sobriety here, I thought I would add a little nonsense and satire.

JAMES.

The following is Mr. Garfield's poem:

SAM.

We sing no more in lofty classic strain,
 Of gods and heroes, demigods and war,
 Nor soar above the clouds and 'mong the stars,
 Extol the grandeur of the rolling orbs.
 Nor ride we more upon the cloudy car
 Along the threat'ning heavens 'mid the murky storms,
 Where the deep thunder rolls and lightning plays;
 Nor revel in the fairy land of dreams,
 Where crystal rivers murmuring roll along
 O'er sands of gold and sparkling diamond stones.
 An *earthly* theme be ours to sing in humble verse,
 The wonder of our age—*Immortal Sam*.

'T was noon of night, and by his flickering lamp
 That floated o'er his dingy room and damp,
 With glassy eye and haggard face there sat
 A disappointed worn-out Democrat.
 His eloquence all wasted—plans all failed,
 His spurious coin fast to the counter nailed.

Deception's self was now at length deceived;
 His lies political, no more believed.
 Fair type was he of many Solons more,
 Whose bodies politic lie rotting on the shore,
 Needing *one Free Soil gift*, at least some friendly clay
 To hide the unburied corpse from light of day.
 At length he rose in haste, "I have it now,"
 (A smile of joy lit up his darkened brow,
 "The people cast me off, I'll raise a storm,
 I 'll stir the nation with the cry ' Reform,'
 J 'll tell them treason floats on every breeze,
 And danger whispers in the sighing trees.
 I'll call them gallant heroes, patriots, braves,
 Defenders of their homes, their fathers' graves!
Me, they shall call the nation's savior then;
 Then gold and office shall be mine again."
 He gathered round him many of his kind,
 Waste lumber, by all parties left behind.
 They sat that night in council, and at morn,
 When all the stars grew dim, then "*Sam*" was born.
 Illustrious son of more illustrious sires!
 How glowed within his heart the patriotic fires!
 What love he cherished for the sacred cause
 Of the *Dear People* and their fathers' laws!

The alarm was sounded; over hill and dale,
 It flew upon the wings of every gale;
 The granite mountains heard it, and the plains
 Of the wild West caught the awakening strains.
 Freedom in peril! the great crisis comes!
 Arouse, ye millions! beat the signal drums!
 Vengeance upon the mercenary brood
 Of papal minions, pouring like a flood
 Over fair Freedom's land, the Freeman's home!
 Behold the swarming thousands as they come!
 From lip to lip, the startling rumor flies,
 With ears erect and wide distended eyes,
 All eager listen to the growing tale,
 Which gains new terror from each passing gale.
 The sturdy yeoman, in his midnight dream,
 Saw the red flag of war, the saber's gleam.

Heard the loud death shriek, saw the assassin's stroke,
The pious layman saw in visions dire
The Inquisitorial rack, the martyr's fire.
Pale ghosts went trooping up the midnight sky,
Beck'ning with shadowy hands to raise the warning cry.

The cry was raised, the people's voice went forth;
From Sacramento's sands to the far North,
Sam's army mustered. Bold to war they go,
To fight, how manfully! their phantom foe.
And Massachusetts, puritanic State,
Whose very *smiles* are *solemn*, was not late
In sending forth the sons of pilgrim sires
To lift on high the Salem broom, and light again the fires.
"War, to the knife," they cry, "on popery!
No foreigner oppressed shall hither flee;
Drive back the poor to homeless misery,
Who left the tyrant's land beyond the sea.
Down with the papal church nor heed its loss,
The stars and stripes shall wave above the cross!"
The storm grew darker; like a foaming tide,
That drinks the mountain torrent in from either side.
So grew the people's wrath, which, with resistless force
Swept down all party lines in its swift course,
And tossing on the foam-capped waves were seen
The struggling forms of what had lately been
Whigs, Democrats, Barnburners, Silver Greys,
Exploded fragments of other days.

The *lightest* floated foremost, the least known
Rode into office, while the old sank down.
And he, the Æolus, who raised the storm,
Our quondam Democrat, sank down forlorn,
With all his motley crew; there still they sleep,
And 'mong their bones the slimy monsters creep.
Sam's aspirations grew; he longed to gain
Nebraska's wood crowned hight and Kansas' plains,
The rolling prairie, broad and wild and free,
An ocean of sweet flowers, a waving sea
Of verdure spread; from out its hallowed soil
He'd wring vile gold, bought by the bondsman's toil.

For this foul end he sent the summons forth
To all his legions in the South and North,
To meet in solemn conclave and prepare
Fetters for millions yet unborn to wear.
Unhappy Sam! that was his fatal day,
When 'gainst the slave his power he did array;
When on the hands outstretched, imploring aid,
He would have bound the chains himself had made.
Freemen then saw beneath his robe of light,
A fiend incarnate from the realms of night.
That was the rock on which the millions dashed,
And as a wave to foaming fury lashed,
Thunders its rage against the rock-bound shore,
Then roll away and with a sullen roar
Seeks its deep ocean waves; his gathered band
Poured murmuring away and on the strand,
Left *him*, in all his vileness there to lie,
Where *yet* he *gasps*, refusing still to die.

There may be many of the present generation who will need to be informed that "Sam" was understood to be about equivalent to what was then known as the "Know Nothing" party. A full account of the rise and fall of that remarkable political organization will be found in Cooper's American Politics. It was a secret society, and one mode of recognition used by the members, was to ask one whom they met, "Have you seen Sam?" If he was not a member, he would ask, "Sam who?" and the questioner could name some mutual acquaintance by that name. Thus it became common, after the secret work of the society became publicly known, to designate the organization itself as "Sam." The name "Know Nothing" had a similar origin. If a member was questioned about the society he was instructed to answer "I don't know nothing about it." Thus while the questioner supposed the answer to involve a little bad grammar, but to as-

sert one's entire ignorance, the member was carefully instructed as to the force of double negatives, and that he could, with entire truthfulness, assert that he "did not know nothing about it." Thus, in time, the whole organization became known as the "Know Nothing Party." It is probably well known that the fundamental principle of the party was opposition to all foreigners, and especially to the Roman Catholic Church, and the maintenance of the proposition that Americans, or natives of the country, alone should hold office. It was, of course, short-lived, but for a time exerted considerable influence. The party was also known as the American, or Native American, Party. It will be seen that Mr. Garfield had no sympathy for the principles of such a party.

The latter part of August I received the following letter, while still at Grand Rapids:

SOLON, Cuyahoga Co., O.,
Monday, Aug. 20, 1855.

My Dear Corydon and Mary:—Your kind letter of July 31 was received in the middle of a perfect rush of business, and this is the first moment I have had to answer it. You have doubtless received the *Quarterly* before this time, as I sent it to you one week ago to-day. I must make some apology for the haste manifested in some of the articles, for we had but about five weeks to get it up in. I would like to have you write a notice, review and criticism of it, for the *Eagle*, and send it to me. Won't you do it? The papers are noticing it all over the East. It has been much improved in typographical appearance since last year, and we hope to improve it still more. I read the proof-sheets of the first forty-eight pages myself, and there are but few typographical errors in that; but the last forty-eight, which they had not time to send to me, have a few blunders in them. You don't know how many times I have wished you were with me as one of the quintette of editors. I had nine-tenths of all the labor of criticising, correcting proof, keeping the books, and carrying on the business correspondence.

Our Commencement came off on the 15th, and they had a good time. Hundreds of old graduates were back, to behold again the scenery around old Williams; and old men., who graduated forty years ago, were seen walking arm in arm among the classic bowers, or in the shade of the granite mountains.

When the excitement was over I made preparation for leaving for the Buckeye State; and after twenty-four hours' travel, I arrived in Cleveland. Saturday night I reached Uncle Boynton's, and the next (yesterday) morning I came here, where mother is. I reached here just as she was starting for meeting, and I went with her, and spoke in the Disciple house at the center of this town. I go to-morrow to Hiram, on my way to the yearly meeting in Warren, where I hope to see many of our dear brethren and sisters. I shall also attend the meeting at Euclid, and hope to meet your father and mother there. Would that you and Mary and Ceylon could all be there.

I am very grateful for your kind intentions and endeavors in regard to the *Quarterly*, and if you could get a few subscribers, I should be very glad. I am ashamed to accept the two dollars you so generously sent, and were I master of my necessities, I would not. But I am much obliged to you for it. (You perceive I have a horrible old pen here, and can not write even as good as I usually do.)

I have not yet made any arrangements for money for next year, but I think it will come some way. I have managed to live thus far, and I think I shall still do so.

In going to Hiram, I shall hope to find your sister, and form her acquaintance. I feel as if she would be my sister, just as you have always been my own brother.

Now, Corydon, one word: I want, for a certain reason, to know the exact day when you *must* leave for Mishawaka, and I want you to write me immediately by return mail. But I see it will be necessary for me to tell you the reason, after all, or I may fail of my object. I have written a very urgent request to my brother Thomas to come and visit us in Ohio. I very much hope, and some expect, that he will come. But if he does not come, *I shall go there*. Now, I can not bear the thought of going to Michigan, and not see you. Now, I want him to come here, for I have not the money to spare; but if he will not, mother and I will go there, and stay about ten days. I think that William and Harriet Boynton will accompany us. Now, please don't tell Thomas anything about it, or he will not come; and even if we do go, we want to take him by surprise, for he does not expect us. If we go, we shall start the moment the Euclid meeting is out. I must leave

for Massachusetts as soon as the 13th or 15th of September, and must use my time to the best advantage.

I am very grateful to both of you for your affection and kindness to me, and your dear, good letters that are always received with many thanks. You are never remembered by me, without a prayer for your happiness and prosperity. Give my best love to brother Ceylon. I shall write to him soon.

Now, don't discommode yourself or alter your calculations on my account; but if we come, and you do not leave till the 15th, we can see you and have a good visit. Write to me immediately at Solon, and believe me as ever,

Your own,

JAMES.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A POEM BY MR. GARFIELD.—LETTERS.

The first number of the third volume of the *Williams Quarterly* was issued in August, 1855. Mr. Garfield had been chosen its chief editor, and, with his characteristic energy and ambition, he at once decided to make a marked improvement, not only in its typographical appearance, but in its literary character. In his letter of August 20, given in the last chapter, he gives a full account of his labors in the issue of the first number. That he was eminently successful in the improvements he had planned, is too well known to need proof. The *Quarterly* for the year it was edited by him has probably never been equalled by any publication of an American college. Among the articles which he contributed to its columns were the following:

"The Geology of Literature."

"The Province of History."

"Memory." A Poem.

"Körner."

"Editor's Table."

The review of "Körner" was very highly complimented by the metropolitan press of the day, and ranks as one of the finest and most appreciative criticisms of the great German which has ever appeared in America.

His poem entitled "Memory" possesses high merit,

and richly deserves a place among his writings. It is as follows:

MEMORY.

'T is beauteous night; the stars look brightly down
Upon the earth decked in her robe of snow;
No light gleams at the windows, save my own,
Which gives its cheer to midnight and to me.
And now with noiseless step sweet Memory comes,
And leads me gently through her twilight realms.
What poet's tuneful lyre has ever sung,
Or delicatest pencil e'er portrayed
The enchanted, shadowy land where memory dwells?
It has its valleys, cheerle s, lone and drear,
Dark shaded by the mournful cypress tree;
And yet its sunlit mountain-tops are bathed
In heaven's own blue. Upon its craggy cliffs,
Robed in the dreary light of distant years,
Ave clustered joys serene of other days;
Upon its gently sloping hillsides bend
The weeping willows o'er the sacred dust
Of dear departed ones; yet, in that land,
Where'er our footstep falls upon the shore,
They that were sleeping, rise from out the dust
Of death's long, silent years, and round us stand,
As erst they did before the prison tomb
Received their clay within its voiceless halls.
The heavens that bend above that land are hung
With clouds of various hues; some dark and chill,
Surcharged with sorrow, cast their sombre shade
Upon the sunny, joyous land below.
Others are floating through the dreary air,
White as the fallen snow, their margins tinged
With gold and crimson hues; their shadows fall
Upon the flowery meads and sunny slopes,
Soft as the shadow of an angel's wing.
When the rough battle of the day is done,
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,
I bound away across the noisy years,
Unto the utmost verge of Memory's land,
Where earth and sky in dreary distance meet,

And Memory dim with dark oblivion joins,
 Where woke the first-remembered sounds that fell
 Upon the ear in childhood's early morn,
 And wandering thence, along the rolling years
 I see the shadow of my former self
 Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.
 The path of youth winds down through many a vale,
 And on the brink of many a dread abyss,
 From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,
 Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf,
 And beckons toward the verge. Again the path
 Leads o'er a summit where the sunbeams fall.
 And thus, in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,
 Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along.

Mr. Wilber contributed several articles of merit, while the graduating address of Miss Booth, at Oberlin, entitled, "The Future of the English Language," is a very eloquent and appreciative tribute to our noble mother tongue, as well as a prophecy of its becoming the ruling language of the world and in coming ages, acquiring "a power far surpassing all Grecian and Roman fame."

Prof. Chadbourne contributed a series of very interesting articles of travel, and other writers of promising ability aided in filling its ample columns.

After receiving Mr. Garfield's letter, which of course, was answered at once, I awaited with impatience his anticipated visit. But I was doomed to disappointment. Early in September, I received the following letter:

SOLON, Sept. 7, 1855.

My Dear Corydon:—Your most welcome favor of the 28th ult. was received after some delay, and I will take a *few* moments to respond. I had expected to grasp your friendly hand ere this, but I am deprived of that privilege, and must submit. Brother Thomas arrived here to-day, and you may be assured we are rejoiced to see him.

I can not tell you how much I am disappointed in not being by your side to-day, but suppose it is all for the best. We had a glorious meeting at Euclid, and I am rejoiced to tell you your—yes, *our*—dear sister Elma is now a doubly dear sister in the Lord, and is with us a partaker of the good hope of immortality and eternal life. I have become well acquainted with her, and would that I could be near enough to her to assist her in anything that she might need. But I have surrendered her into the hands of our good and noble sister, Almeda, who is now a graduate of Oberlin College. It reminded me of two years ago, when at the same place our dear brother Ceylon obeyed the Lord in his own appointed ordinance.

I hope to hear from you soon and hear of your recovered health, as well as that of Mary also. I have snatched this moment from visiting to write to you, and you must pardon this short letter. I leave for Williams one week from to-day, and your letter will find me there.

You know I am very thankful for your kind offers and warm affections; but I am glad to inform you that I have secured money for next year from my uncle, Thomas Garfield, of Newburgh. I got my life insured, and gave him the policy as security should I die before the year is up.

But I must close. Give my love to Mary, Ceylon, and your father and mother, and let me hear from you soon, and I promise a longer and better letter next time. As ever, your brother,

JAMES.

The "kind offer" above referred to, was to furnish him the money necessary for his last year at college. This, my father had promised to do, and I had so written to Mr. Garfield, but, as he states, he had already made arrangements with his uncle for a sum sufficient to meet his needs.

About the 8th of August, Mrs. Fuller had been taken down with typhoid fever, and for forty days did not leave her room. It was during this protracted illness that Mr. Garfield's letter was written, and hence his expression of hope concerning her recovery. For many days she was apparently near the border land of the world beyond, but about the 20th of September she

was so far recovered as to sit up part of the day. Her long illness had caused some delay in our preparations for removal, and we did not leave Grand Rapids until Sept. 27, 1855, arriving at Mishawaka the next day. My father had purchased a pleasant place of a *few* acres some half mile east of the village, and contracted for extensive additions and repairs to the buildings, which were incomplete on our arrival. The place was covered with fruit trees, which we found loaded with fruit. I was too busy for a *few* days to write letters, but, as soon as I found leisure, I answered Mr. Garfield's letter, and in due time received the following:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, MASS.,
Friday, Nov. 2, 1855.

My Dear Corydon and Mary:—I select yours from a pile of twenty-two unanswered letters, and am glad to spend a few moments in sweet converse with you. I have had a public debate, an exaugural address and some speaking abroad to do within the last three weeks, and, till within the last twenty-four hours, I have not written any other than business letters for two weeks.

On the 16th of October my class went over the mountains thirty miles to meet the Senior class of Amherst College. There, they in company with their President, Dr. Stearns, and ex-President, Dr. Hitchcock, of geological memory, christened a mountain with appropriate literary ceremonies, and after this was done they treated the Williams boys to a grand dinner at the best hotel in Shelburne Falls. Three *of our* men were chosen, before we left Williamstown, to respond to three toasts that were to be given—one to our class, one to the *Quarterly*, and one to the Literary Societies. To the last, I responded. I will send you a paper containing an account of our trip, as soon as they come. We have sent for several hundred.

The week after my return we had a public debate, a programme of which I send you. Last Wednesday evening I delivered my exaugural address before the Philologian Society, and now I am comparatively free again.

I may be allowed to say to you what I do not say to many, that my standing and influence here are all that I could wish, and, notwith-

standing the prejudice against Western men, still I can make no complaint of the respect shown me by the New Englanders.

Yesterday I commenced the study of Hebrew. It is not in the course, but I want a knowledge of it. I have read several pages of German since I came here, and I intend to pursue it still farther.

I received a letter from our dear sister Elma a few days ago. I think she is doing well in her studies, though no doubt a little lonesome at times.

Have your folks moved on to Mishawaka? There are a hundred things that I want to write, but have not time. Excuse this short and hasty letter, and write to me soon. I will do better next time. Affectionately yours,

JAMES.

The above letter reached me the 9th, and was answered the nth, of November. On the 12th, I have noted making the acquaintance of Schuyler Colfax, at that time member of Congress and editor of the *St. Joseph Valley Register*. My acquaintance with him continued for nearly thirty years, and I am glad to say that I never had a doubt of his incorruptible integrity and patriotism. I shall have occasion to mention him frequently hereafter.

December 3d I received the following letter:

TROY, N. Y., November 28, 1855.

My Dear Corydon:—Your favor of Nov. 12 was duly received. In the hurry and bustle of the closing labors of the term, I delayed answering it till now. The session closed yesterday, and I have come so far on my vacation tramp. We had a fine term, very pleasant and profitable.

The Berkshire Mountains have donned their white caps, and, though the Old Winter has not yet made his arrival, yet he has announced his approach by a flourish of trumpet winds and a flurry of fallen snow, and these pearly moonlights remind me of Ohio sleigh-rides in the olden time. I seem to hear again the merry sound of the tells—

"As they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
On the icy air of night,
While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight."

I suppose that you are enjoying the soft, mild days of an Indian summer in your Western home. Would that I could be with you, and spend this coming six weeks of vacation time. You do n't know how often my mind turns away to you and my heart sighs for a quiet evening's communion with you by your own fireside. But I must buffet the waves alone yet a little longer, and hope ere many months have rolled away to grasp again your brother and sister hands.

I shall spend my vacation in reading, writing, visiting and traveling. There are six secret societies in college, and the anti-secret society, to which I belong, has been making some exertions to counteract their evil influences. They became very indignant, and challenged us to a discussion. They chose three champions, and our society three. The principal labor of the discussion comes upon me, and, as the speeches are to be written out in full and published in book form, I am desirous of doing the thing as well as I can. I told them, since they gave the challenge, we had the right of choosing our weapons; so I proposed an oral discussion. They refused, and, on being pushed for the reason of their refusal, they said they had not as good debaters as we, and would prefer to write. So we accepted. I shall visit the Astor Library, New York, and probably the Public Library in Boston, and make researches on the general subject of Secrecy and Secret Organizations.

I am now going to visit Bro. Streator, at Poestenkill, where he has lately returned with his newly wedded wife, she that was formerly Sister Rebecca Hubbard, of Deerfield, Ohio. She was at Hiram last term and was a good friend to Elma, and I presume she has told you of her. I am going to spend Thanksgiving (to-morrow) with a friend here in Troy. You know that New England customs govern those bordering on the land of the Puritans. The proclamation of the Governor of Massachusetts not only commands the "good people of the Commonwealth" to engage in thanksgiving and praise, but also to make it a day of joy and conviviality, and the best of good feeling, and so I must try to obey. But there are so many visitors around me, and so many questions asked, that I am sure I am not producing a very sensible letter; so I'll stop soon.

I sent you the *Quarterly* a few days ago. I had but one small article in it, "The Charge of the Tight Brigade," a parody on Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." "The Future of the English Language" is Almada's graduating speech, and a fine thing.

Let me hear from you both soon. I hope Mary will be able to write some to me next time. Direct as before, and it will be forwarded to me. With much love, I am your brother,

JAMES.

I am not quite certain that those who read these articles will be interested in all the trifling details of daily life which are revealed in the letters of Mr. Garfield; yet, I think they give a deeper insight into the heart and real character of the man than all his public speeches. As I have already said, they always came to me as the sincere and unstudied expression of a very dear friend, and were cherished accordingly. The winter of 1855-6 passed rather monotonously to me, as I had considerable leisure, and the little village afforded few opportunities for employment or amusement. We were not to commence our mercantile business until spring, and I had plenty of time to prepare our memoranda of goods to be purchased, as well as to keep up a large correspondence, and each day to write in my journal notes of passing events, whether of little or great importance. We read "Ruth Hall" and "Rose Clark," then new books from the pen of "Fanny Fern," and other current literature. Of course, Mr. Garfield's letters were promptly answered, and early in January I received the following:

DORCHESTER HEIGHTS, MASS.,
Saturday eve., Jan. 5, 1856.

My Dear Corydon and Mary:—I want to pencil a few lines to you from this enchanting spot on the sea shore, six miles from Boston, and when I return perhaps I will *ink* it into a letter to you. I am spending the night here with a classmate of mine, one of the dearest friends I have in college. I am in an old house—every timber of oak—built more than a hundred years ago. To one who has seen cities rise from the wild forest in the space of a dozen years, and has hardly ever seen a building older than himself, you may be assured that many reflections

are awakened by the look of antiquity that everything has around me. The quaint old beams and panelled walls, the heavy double windows that look out ocean-ward, in short, the whole air of the building speaks of the days of the olden time. To think that these walls have echoed to the shouts of loyalty to George the King—have heard all the voices of the spirit-stirring Revolution, the patriotic resolve, the tramp of the soldier's foot, the voice of the beloved Washington (for within a few rods of here he made his Revolutionary encampment), the cannon of Bunker Hill, the lamentations of defeat and shouts of victory—all these can not but awaken peculiar reflections.

To how many that are now sleepers in the quiet church-yard, or wanderers in the wide, cold world, has this been the dear ancestral hall, where all the joys of childhood were clustered. Within this oaken-ceiled chamber how many bright hopes have been cherished and high resolves formed! How many hours of serene joy, and how many heart throbs of bitter anguish! If these walls had a voice I would ask them to tell me the mingled scenes of joy and sorrow they have witnessed. But even their silence has a voice, and I love to listen. But without there is no silence, for the tempest is howling and the snows are drifting. The voice of the great waves, as they come rolling up against the wintry shore, speak of Him "whose voice is as the sound of many waters." Only a few miles from here is the spot where—

"The breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed.
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore."

Dear ones, do you know how much I wish you were both here with me to-night, to talk of all these things? But the coal has sunk to the lowest bar in the grate beside me; 'tis far past the noon of night, and I must close. I'll try to forget my loneliness, and think of your quiet and joyful happiness, and bid you good-night.

As ever, your affectionate

JAMES.

WILLIAMS, Jan. 12, 1856.

Brother and Sister Dear:—Three days ago I returned to college after my tramp in New York, New Haven and Boston. Your very dear letter of Dec. 10 was most thankfully received. It is such a com-

fort, in my hours of loneliness, to receive such good, kind letters from you both. I hope it may not be so long again before I shall hear from you.

During the first two weeks of the vacation I was sick with the bilious fever, but I was among very dear friends in Poestenkill, and was very kindly treated. I am now very well, and feel strong for the work of the term which has just commenced.

I have some extra work this term, as I always have—that discussion of which I told you; and I am also studying Hebrew. I hope to leave college with a tolerable knowledge of German and Hebrew, besides the regular studies of the course.

I received a letter from Elma a few days ago. She was then in Chardon, and was about leaving for home. I presume she is there by this time. She has written me some very good letters since I came from Ohio last. I regret that her poor health obliges her to leave school. Do n't you think your mother will write again? I very much wish she would. How is Ceylon getting along? and your Father? Give my love to them all, and let me hear from you soon again.

As ever, your own brother,

JAMES.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MR. GARFIELD APPOINTED FOR THE METAPHYSICAL ORATION AT COMMENCEMENT.—SEVERAL LETTERS.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, MASS.,
Monday, Feb. 11, 1856.

My Dear Corydon.—Your long-looked-for and most welcome favor of the 1st inst. came to hand last Friday, and I take this early opportunity to respond. I am always *very glad* to hear from you and Mary, and any of your folks, and I was especially glad to hear from you at this time, because there has been a great dearth in my letter receipts for the last three weeks, on account of the deep snow which blocks up the railroads and hinders the mails. And, indeed, it has been a *LONG time* since I have heard from you. We are having a terrible winter here. For six weeks the snow has lain over two feet on a level (*i. e.*, supposing there were any level places here), and the thermometer most of the time several degrees below zero. Yet I love to sit here at my window in the early morning time, and drink in the beauty of the scene without. The earth lies wrapped in a robe of purest white, while floods of voluptuous moonlight stream all over her as if to woo her from her coldness. It makes me think of a warm, loving cheek laid against such cold marble as sometimes walks the earth in the semblance of flesh and blood, trying to find some life and warmth; but ah! poor cheek! you only freeze your own warm currents and grow chill yourself. And thus I see the clear moonlight is filled with glittering frost—the very stars rain clown coldness. All is cold purity, but beautiful, oh! so beautiful—and yet, I'll go to the fire!

But, then, I am enjoying myself very well this winter. We are now gathering the ripest fruit of the college course, and our beloved and powerful President Hopkins is leading us with a strong hand along paths of thought which my feet have never before trodden. I hope to save some of the treasures he is giving us, to use in coming life.

I do not know the origin of that rumor concerning the Presidency of the Eclectic, but I have heard it from several different sources. I

presume there is nothing in it, though perhaps there may be, I do not expect any such thing, and shall make no moves to bring it about, though perhaps I might echo the sentiment of Sam Houston, "If the Presidency is thrust upon me, I shall do as I please about accepting."

A recent letter from Almeda has a little in reference to it, which I will tell you, though I would not like to have it go further than your family. She says: "Brother Hayden thinks you are morally bound to come back here, but I think the moral obligation resting upon him is quite as strong to give up the management to you if you should come. I know you can never endure to work under him, for it is ten times as irksome to me as it was before I went away. James, would you risk to come here and see what you can do with the school? It certainly is a good location, and I know you would succeed, if you were not embarrassed by dictation or management."

So she writes, and in a similar strain several others have written. I have had an offer of \$1,000 per year to take the charge of the city schools in Troy, N. Y., but I have refused because it would take me from my studies next March. I wish you would tell me what you have heard, and from whom it came, in reference to Hiram, and also what you think about it. Let me hear from you soon. My health is very good, though I was sick two weeks in vacation with the bilious fever. Much love to Mary and all your folks. I shall write to Elma soon. I hope Mary will write to me also, next time. Your own

JAMES.

It will be seen by the foregoing letter that Mr. Garfield's friends at Hiram were watching with pride and confidence his course at Williams. They were fully aware of the numerous friends he was making in New England and New York, and feared that inducements might be offered to tempt him not to return to Ohio. While President Hayden was universally respected and greatly beloved for his gentle and winning traits of character, it was evident that he lacked many of the essential qualifications of a college president. He was not himself a graduate of college, and he did not possess sufficient energy and push to suit the needs of such a position. It need not, therefore, be thought strange

that the eyes of those who were seeking for the "coming man" who should revivify the Eclectic should be turned toward the daring youth who had proved more than a match for his fellows in one of the best colleges of New England, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which he had entered the contest. Miss Booth, especially, had watched with more than a sister's interest his triumphant course, and, with unquestioning faith in his ability to accomplish anything he might undertake, she greatly desired to see him at the head of the Eclectic, where only five years before he had been the bell ringer. He would have been less or more than human not to have been proudly conscious of the superb compliment implied in such a promotion.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, MASS.,
Tuesday, March 18, 1856.

My Dear Corydon:—Your kind favor of the 26th ultimo has been neglected much longer than I intended it should be, but not long after I received it I found the *Quarterly* out of copy, and, though I had already written one article for it (the March number 1, yet the editors decreed that I must come to the rescue with another. So I went at it, and have just completed an article of thirty-three manuscript pages, and sent it to our printers. We expect the number out in about three weeks.

This is the eighty-fifth day that the snow has lain heavy and deep on all our mountains and in all our valleys, and we have had no thaw during that time. It has been by far the coldest winter I have ever experienced. I have, however, enjoyed excellent health during the whole time, and have had but one cold, and that a slight one.

I have accomplished more this term than I ever did in any term before. Yesterday I read the first verse of Genesis in the original Hebrew. I am delighted with that noble old language. Though it is not in the course of college study, yet I recite to one of the professors, and he says I will be able to read a chapter an hour by the time I graduate. I have also done a good deal of miscellaneous reading this term, for I want to improve my opportunity to use libraries while I am in reach of them. I am now reading Irving's new work, "The Life of Washing-

ton." It is one of the most beautifully written and charming books I ever read. I am now reading his campaign in New Jersey, and I constantly think of you, there in Schraal—etc. (I haven't paper to waste on so long and Dutchy a name), and of our tramp up the long hill, where a part of the patriotic army passed up. Do you remember that lady that kindly offered to "*ride us up*" to Schr., etc.? How much I should love to go down the Hudson with you again, and have Mary and L. along with us!

Many thanks for your suggestions in reference to my future course. I want very much to see you and have a long talk on a good many matters. I am very happy here, but I am tired of this long, weary winter weather. I long for the time when gentle spring, with all her "ethereal mildness," will stand upon these mountain tops, and breathe upon the drifted snows till they shall relent and weep themselves away.

I want to be especially remembered to Almon S. Kilby. Please remind him of his promise to write a letter to me, and tell him I am hoping to receive it soon. I have not yet heard anything very definite from Hiram, but am expecting to before long. As you say, I must first go at something to clear myself of debt, and then decide upon some fixed course of life for the future. I want to hear from you very often. How is your health and Mary's? Won't she write to me in the next letter? Tell Elma to do so likewise. I will always answer you all as promptly as *I* can. Give my best love to your father and mother, and Mary and Elma, and please do n't delay answering because I have been obliged to. With the strong love of early and later years, I am as ever,

Your own brother and friend,

JAMES.

The article for the *Quarterly* above referred to was the review of the works of the German poet, Körner, to which reference has already been made. Almon S. Kilby, to whom he sends his regards, was the gentleman for whom Mr. Garfield did his last carpenter work, at Hiram, during the summer of 1852. Mr. Kilby was building a house that summer, a few rods southwest of the school building, and Mr. Garfield did most of the work. Subsequently Mr. Kilby had removed to Mishawaka, where he remained for some years. He was engaged in the daguerrotype business, and died, I think,

in 1884, at Huntington, Ind. He was a genial, hospitable gentleman, and made many friends.

In due time, the following letter was received:

WILLIAMS, May 15, 1856.

Dear Corydon and Mary:—I have for several weeks been hoping to receive a letter from you, thinking that I had answered your last before I left for my vacation term. On returning last Monday, I found your letter in the pocket of a coat which I had not taken with me, and then I was in doubt whether I had answered it or not. So I will now write, and, if it makes two letters from me in succession, you must not grumble.

I was absent a little more than four weeks, and I had a very pleasant time. Two weeks of it were spent just on the line of Connecticut, in full view of the Sound, and the Island beyond, with its long line of blue hills and white, sandy beach. I could sometimes count forty sails upon it at once. Chatting, rambling, reading and driving added wings to the hours.

Four days I spent in the Empire City purchasing books for the Philologian Society, and then I came up the Hudson on the "Rip Van-winkle," and spent the last ten days of my trip in Poestenkill. I was nearly used up at the end of last term, but am now fully recruited.

The graduating honors have been awarded. All who average nine and nine-tenths on a scale of ten, in all departments of college duty, receive honors. A man must average six in order to be permitted to make a graduating speech. Out of our forty-five members there are twenty-eight only who marked high enough to obtain this last-named appointment, and six who received graduating honors. I am one of the six, and received the Metaphysical Honor, which is considered second only to the Valedictory, which last is always awarded to one who has been here the full time, other things being nearly equal. I have been thus particular in telling you of this, for I know you will rejoice with me in any distinction fairly gained, especially with the disadvantages under which I labored in coming in so late in the course.

Twelve weeks from yesterday, if life and health are spared me, I hope to graduate, and I hope to meet you both here. Lucretia expects to come down, and probably some other of our Ohio folks. I want you to tell me in your next if I may not look for you.

I suppose you have received the last *Quarterly* (for March), though it was a little behind the time and was not sent till after I left for vacation. My articles are the poem, "Memory," and the article on

"Körner." Wilber's are "The Dying Flower" and "Modes of Expression." Please give me your criticisms on those and on the whole number.

I am having my likeness lithographed, and when I get them I will send you one. I want your and Mary's likeness, if you are willing to send them to me.

Late letters leave the friends in Ohio well. Henry and Susan have been blessed by the advent of a daughter—their first-born.

If I did not answer your last, you will pardon my *seeming* neglect, I know, for it was only seeming. Now, I hope to hear from you both soon. Give my love to all your folks, and believe me, as ever, your brother,

JAMES.

Agreeably to Mr. Garfield's request, I wrote some criticisms of his article on Körner. At that time I was considerably interested in the efforts of the American Peace Society, and had a very keen appreciation of the horrors of war; and as some of the finest passages of the great German poet were in honor of war and warriors, I thought their tendency would be to kindle a love for military glory in the hearts of those who should be led to admire his impassioned words. A few years later, when the crisis came with the attack on Sumter, and the President of our Peace Society started out to recruit a regiment for service in the Union army, and we all revised our ideas upon the subject of both war and peace, I presume I should have modified my criticism of the poems of the young German patriot, who gave his life for his country. I have no copy of what I wrote, but the following was his reply:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, May 31, 1856.

Dear Brother Cotydon:—Your very kind and prompt letter of the 25th inst. is just received, and I take the first moment to respond.

It gives me the greatest joy to think that I am so soon to meet the twin brother of my heart, whose throbs have ever been responsive to your own. I long to grasp again the warm, true hand which has never deceived me, nor been held back from blessing me. Our friendship has

always been such an unselfish one, that to me all the changes thus passing years have wrought have not sufficed to dim its brightness or diminish its worth. We learned its Alpha in the halls of the Eclectic, but I trust that its Omega will not be reached this side of the eternal world.

A thousand things I want to say to you, which must be postponed till I meet you. Many thanks for your kind notice of my article in the *Quarterly*, and especially your criticisms on the spirit of Körner. I am by no means an advocate of war, and I especially deprecate that ambition that "Seeks the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth," regardless of the rights or lives of men; but perhaps we would both agree in justifying such a war as that of the Revolution, or any one where liberty or slavery were in the struggle. Körner often speaks in his letters and poems of fighting for glory, but I do not at all agree with that spirit, and did not intend to give countenance to it in my article. In the main I very much admire the character of Körner, and I doubt not my enthusiasm for him and his poems led me into some expressions which I should not otherwise have made. I am very grateful to you for your suggestion, and will endeavor to profit by it.

I hope you will write for the *News Boy*, for I take it, and also write for it occasionally. Does Ellis send it to you?

The morning train (8 o'clock) connects with the stage at Hoosick Falls, but no other during the day. At the Union Depot at Troy (Troy & Boston Railroad office), you can purchase a ticket through to Williamstown, and thus save a dollar. In regard to entertainment while here, I will see to that myself. There will be a great crowd, and I may not be able to have everything just as I would like, but I will have it fixed so that we can be together. I some expect quite a company from Ohio; Sutton talks of coming, and probably Lucretia will be here.

I do not yet know whether I can leave immediately after Commencement or not, but I shall in a short time after.

My work for the next year is not yet fully decided. I may go to Hiram, but I can not yet tell. I hope you will be here as soon as the Sunday before Commencement, to hear Dr. Hopkins' Baccalaureate sermon.

I am in a whirlwind of work now, and have twenty examinations to prepare for by the 7th of July. Best love to Mary and your folks, and let me hear from you again soon.

Ever your brother,

JAMES.

The *News Boy* was a weekly newspaper, published at Malta, Ohio, by Ellis Ballou, a cousin of Mr. Garfield. Mr. Ballou has before been mentioned, as well as his wife, formerly Miss Laura A. Clark, who was one of the teachers at Hiram in 1851. They have lived for many years at Helena, Montana, where Mr. Ballou has since been an officer in the United States Land Office. At the request of Mr. and Mrs. Ballou, both of whom were valued friends, I contributed quite a series of articles for the columns of their paper during the summer and autumn of 1856.

I had informed Mr. Garfield that Mrs. Fuller and myself would be present at the Commencement, where he was to graduate. It was to be a great occasion at Williamstown, as the fiftieth anniversary of the American Foreign Missionary Society was to be held there in connection with the Commencement exercises.

On receipt of the above letter, I wrote him an urgent invitation, on behalf of the church at Mishawaka, to become its pastor. He had so excellent a reputation as a preacher that the church was anxious to secure his services, while personally, on account of our long and intimate friendship, and my high appreciation of his great abilities, I was doubly anxious that, he should come among us. My letter was written on the 9th of **June**, and his answer was as follows:

WILLIAMS COLLEGE, June 17, 1856.

Dear Brother Corydon:—Your very kind letter of the 9th inst. was duly received, and I respond immediately. Be assured, my dear brother, that my heart is very grateful to you for the kindness and affection which you have ever manifested for me, and that you still do. Would that I were fully worthy of it. Surely nothing could give me more pleasure than to live near you and labor, shoulder to shoulder, with you in such a noble enterprise as that of carrying forward the gospel of our

Redeemer and God. The proposals which you make are very generous; they are just like your noble self, and you know there is no person on earth to whom I would be more willing to commit my interests than to you. I would have been glad had your letter arrived a few days sooner. Since I wrote you last, I received a letter from the Eclectic in reference to going back there to teach. In answer, I told them on certain conditions and for a sufficient price, I would go there *one year*, but for the present I would not engage for a longer time than that. The reasons why I would not stay longer than one year, in the present aspect of affairs, I did not tell, but you know. I am in daily expectation of a letter from them, and, if they accede to my conditions, I shall be in duty bound to go.

I have also refused (partially) several other offers to teach and speak east of the Hudson, in consequence of that conditional pledge, so that, on the whole, I do not think it possible for me to think seriously of being with you, though you know I would very much love to.

Give my love to brother Almon for his kind wishes in my behalf. Now, all these things, and a good many more, we will talk over when you are with me. When shall you be here? Tell me the time, and I will make preparations accordingly. Probably Lucretia and Almeda will be here, and possibly Bro. A. S. Hayden.

Did you know Harrison Rhodes, at Hiram? He is to enter here next year. Also O. P. Miller talks of coming here one year to study, though not to graduate. Best love to Mary and your folks, and let me hear from you soon. Charles sends love.

In the love of early and later years, I am ever

Your own brother,

JAMES.

"Bro. Almon," above mentioned, was Almon S. Kilby; "Harrison Rhodes" was the well-known attorney-at-law, J. H. Rhodes, of Cleveland, Ohio. "Charles" was Prof. C. D. Wilber, of whom I have often spoken. "Lucretia" and "Almeda" will be easily identified as Miss Rudolph and Miss Booth.

CHAPTER XXIX.

VISIT TO WILLIAMSTOWN.—MISSIONARY JUBILEE.

We had commenced our mercantile business about the first of April, 1856. I was nominally a junior partner, with one-fifth interest in the profits or losses, and was allowed to draw a very moderate sum for current expenses. I was, of course, wholly without experience, and, unfortunately, my father had never learned the fundamental principles which are essential to success in such business. I worked very hard, and as I read over the daily history of those busy months I almost wonder how I found time for many things outside of my routine duties, which I accomplished. The one pleasure of the summer, which I had anticipated for many months, was the visit to Williams College at the Commencement in August.

I received two short letters from Mr. Garfield, after the last one given to the reader, before meeting him. The first was received at Mishawaka, and was as follows:

WILLIAMS, July 1, 1856.

My Dear Corydon:—Your kind favor of the 27th ult. was received by last evening's mail, and I will respond immediately. The number of my duties increases as the close of the year draws on. One week from to-day the final examinations commence, and I am now reviewing all the studies, or the main ones, that we have been over since Freshman year. Among others, we shall be examined on the same old Horace that you and I read together, and I have just been reviewing the "Ars Poetica" this morning.

The Commencement occurs on Wednesday, Aug. 6. The President delivers his Baccalaureate on Sunday, the 3d of August. I am expecting Lucretia, Almeda and Sutton here, but I do not yet know what day they will arrive. I wish you would, at the earliest moment, let me know what day you will be here, and I will try to have arrangements. There will be a great crowd.

I rejoice with Mary in the prospect of so soon seeing again the home of her childhood. May she have a safe and happy journey. I have not yet fully closed a bargain with the Eclectic, and am not fully certain as to the conclusion.

Give my love to all your folks. Excuse this great haste, and please write again soon, to your own brother,

JAMES.

The above did not reach me until the evening of July 7, which will give some idea of the increased rapidity of our mail service over that of thirty years ago. A letter from Williamstown now should reach Mishawaka the next day.

On the 30th of June Mrs. Fuller had left for a visit to her old home in Butler, which she had left eighteen months before. As I could not leave my business for a long period, I deferred my departure until July 18. As I stopped on my journey, to visit friends at Sylvania, Ohio, and at Williamsville, N. Y., I did not reach Butler until the 23d, and on the 28th I received the following letter from Mr. Garfield:

POESTENKILL, Rens. Co.,
July 25, 1856.

My Dear Corydon:—Your last welcome letter was received a short time since, having been forwarded from Williams. I have been here all the time since the 16th inst., trying to recruit my exhausted powers. I have done little but to sleep and lounge. To-day I go to Troy, where I expect to meet Lucretia. I shall remain here until next Saturday week, when I hope to meet you at Williamstown. I am rejoiced to know that we are so soon to meet. I have not now time to tell you half that is in my heart. I shall be in Troy early Saturday morning, and shall expect to find you and Mary on the 8 o'clock (A. M.) train, and we will go to Williamstown together. Should we miss each other

you can stop at the "Mansion House," in Williamstown, till I arrive, and then we will go to our rooms. I have engaged a couple of pleasant chambers in a private house (Mrs. Mills') near the "Mansion House," one for you and Mary, and one for Lucretia and Rebecca I. Selleck, a newly-found sister—a noble Connecticut girl.

In the hurry and bustle of the examination, and the weariness that followed, I have but poorly prepared myself for the duties of Commencement Day. However, I hope to do something. I shall try to make it so that we can have a few drives among the pleasant scenery of Williams

Excuse this hurried note. The carriage is waiting to take me to Troy, and I must close this immediately. Love to Mary and her folks, and all the brethren who may inquire for me.

In hopes of meeting you soon, I am, in great haste,
Your brother,

JAMES.

On the morning of Friday, August 1, 1856, Mrs. Fuller and I left Butler, bound for Williamstown. After a pleasant ride of eleven miles we reached Clyde, a thrifty village on the line of the New York Central Railroad, where we took our seats in the cars, and reached Troy at 8 o'clock in the evening. For the events of the next few days I am much indebted to my journal, and I shall transcribe from its faded pages the account then written, supplementing the same with such facts as my memory thus refreshed may furnish.

Saturday, August 2:

Arose early, and soon after breakfast proceeded to the depot, which was only a few rods distant, and after waiting half an hour or more, James arrived, and I assisted him a little, by getting his baggage checked, etc, while he went for Lucretia and Miss Rebecca I. Selleck. He soon returned with them, and we immediately took our seats in the Troy and Boston cars, and soon were on our way to Hoosick Falls, where we arrived in due season. Several students were on the train, and some more important individuals. A brother of the poet, John G. Saxe, was among them, and an old man named Halsey, who graduated at Williams in 1811, or forty-five years since, and had revisited the college but once since, and that was forty years ago.

The stage from Hoosick Falls to Williamstown was very heavily loaded, a part of the way having nineteen passengers aboard it. The road over which we passed is an extremely romantic one, and abound in varied and beautiful scenery. It is environed by mountains a d winds along through the pleasant valley at their feet.

We arrived in the beautiful village of Williamstown at 3 o'clock P. M., and proceeded immediately to the rooms which James had engaged for us at Mrs. Mills'. After a pleasant visit and some time spent in refreshing wearied nature, we all took a walk up to Stony Hill, distant a little more than a mile from our boarding place. It affords a fine view of the village, and of the circle of mountains which are around it. Soon after our return we retired to rest, to recruit our wearied frames for the pleasing duties of the approaching morrow.

It is as dry and dusty here as elsewhere.

Sunday, August 3:

In the forenoon we heard a sermon from Rev. Mr. Thompson, and in the afternoon the President, Mark Hopkins, D. D., delivered his baccalaureate sermon, which was a very interesting and eloquent production. He is a great man, and seems to be almost adored by the students as well as the Alumni. In the evening we listened to Rev. Dr. Cox. He is an eccentric speaker as well as a very interesting one, and I listened to him till a late hour with pleasure and profit. He is quite an old man, but his voice is clear and full, and he sometimes deals in wit and withering sarcasm, as well as logic.

We have had some rain to-day, sufficient to lay the dust, at least.

Monday, August 4:

This morning James, Lucretia, Rebecca, Mary and I visited many of the places of interest around the College. We visited the chapel and the large geological and mineralogical cabinets, examining the ancient specimens of various kinds which are preserved for their antiquity and rarity. The collection of shells and crystals is much the largest I have ever seen. We then went to the observatory, but we saw very little there, as the vines which run over the whole building were very wet.

We next visited the Jackson Hall, which has recently been erected. It is designed for the use of the Society of Natural History, and is already occupied by a portion of the cabinet of the Society. The collection of stuffed animals is quite extensive, as well as that of preserved

birds reptiles and insects. We went up to the deck of the building and from it we had an excellent view of the surrounding country. One chain of mountains seems to surround the little valley in which nestles the beautiful village of Williamstown.

The girls and Mary were so much wearied by our walk that they spent most of the afternoon sleeping. All day the clouds hung over us, and we have had a number of showers.

In the evening we all attended the concert of the Germania Band from Boston, which is said to be the best band in America. Not being a good judge of music I can say but little of the concert, more than to echo the universal judgment of those who heard it that it was a great triumph. All were pleased, and nearly all delighted.

Musicians may be interested in the programme of the great concert, and I transcribe it from a copy I have preserved:

GERMANIA CONCERT.

WILLIAMSTOWN,

Aug. 4, 1856.

PROGRAMME.

Part First.

1. Overture—Fra DiavoloAuber
Orchestra.
2. Solo, Flute.....Boehm
By H. E. Teltow.
3. Grand Quickstep, from the opera of *Il Trovatore*.....Verdi
Brass Band.
4. Waltz—"Dreams on the Ocean "..... Gung'l
Orchestra.
5. Solo, Violoncello.....Romberg
By W. Fries.
6. Champagner Galop..... Lumbye
Orchestra.

Part Second.

1. Wedding March, from *Midsummer Night's Dream*.....Mendelssohn
Brass Band.

2. Solo, Cornet..... Handley
By A. Pinter.
3. Carnival of Venice..... Riha
Orchestra.
4. Solo, Violin, "Sounds from Home "..... Gung'l
5. Paulin Polka..... Gung'l
Orchestra.
6. Pot-pourri of Popular Airs..... F. Heinicke
Brass Band.

The rain, which fell in torrents for a large part of the time we spent at Williamstown, and interfered sadly with the arrangements and plans of those who had charge of the exercises and entertainments, was a great disappointment to the hundreds of visitors, as well as to the citizens and students.

Tuesday, August 5:

This was devoted to the fiftieth anniversary of the American Board of Foreign Missions, the great Missionary Jubilee. Fifty years before a few earnest Christian students had met under the shelter of a hay-stack to hold a prayer-meeting for the conversion of the heathen, and from their apparently feeble beginning had grown the mighty institution which had planted the banner of the cross on a hundred wild, barbarian shores; had sent out a great host of devoted, god-like men and women, who had gone as the spirit of their Master to "rescue the perishing" from the degradation and darkness of paganism, and teach them the way to happiness and heaven. David Dudley Field, of New York, was President of the day, and opened the exercises by an eloquent and appropriate address. It was followed by the singing of the hymn:

"Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
How mean their writings look."

This was the same hymn sung fifty years before, at the prayer-meeting under the hay-stack.

The 67th Psalm was then read, and a prayer offered

by Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, D. D., of Spencertown, N. Y., after which a hymn was sung, of which the first verse was:

"Saw ye not the clouds arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies—
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land."

This was followed by the Jubilee Address, by Prof. Albert Hopkins.

The exercises of the forenoon closed with the singing of the hymn:

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home."

The afternoon session was opened by singing "Coronation," and prayer by Rev. Chester Dewey, D. D. Addresses were delivered by Pres. Mark Hopkins, Rev. Dr. Anderson, ex-Gov. George N. Briggs, Rev. Dr. Wyckoff, Rev. Dr. Tyng, ex-Gov. Washburn, and others.

The following original hymn was then sung:

Just fifty years are numbered,
Since, where we meet to-day,
A little band of Christians
Were gathered oft to pray;
A youthful band and feeble,
Nor wealth nor fame was theirs;
Yet here with God they wrestled,
And mighty were their prayers.

No earthly schemes or wishes
Those young disciples swayed,

REMINISCENCES OF

And led their feet so frequent
 To seek this quiet shade;
 But deep within their bosoms
 A holy flame burned bright,
 Which soon 'round earth's broad circle
 Should shed its glorious light.

The love that moved the Saviour,
 That drew him from the sky,
 Moved them with tenderest pity
 O'er heathen woes to sigh;
 They yearned with quenchless ardor
 Their Master's steps to tread,
 And bear his parting message
 To lands with death o'erspread.

Now pause we here a moment
 That sacred group to see;
 Not bending 'neath the covert
 Of some o'erarching tree;
 A *hay-stack* forms their shadow
 From careless eyes to screen,
 Their roof's the clear blue heaven,
 Their carpet, earth's broad green.

Do not glad angels, hover
 On folded wing around?
 Bends not the Saviour's presence
 Above this hallowed ground?
 Are not the prayers here uttered,
 So fervent and sincere,
 Breathed from each pleader's spirit
 Into *His* listening ear?

Where 's now that band of brothers?
 Some found an early grave
 Afar from home and kindred,
 Where India's palm trees wave,
 But Ocean's pitying surges
 A requiem long have wept
 Above the dreary chamber
 Where Mills' dust has slept.

Let *us* inscribe their tablet
 In holy thoughts and aim,
 In high and earnest effort
 To spread the Saviour's name;
 To keep the sacred beacon
 They kindled, burning bright,
 Till lesser flames shall vanish
 In full millennial light.

Oh! watch there not around us
 A glorious train to-day,
 Of those who caught their mantle
 And walked their holy way?
 And hear we not their voices
 Call us from sloth to rise,
 To follow in their footsteps
 And meet them in the skies?

The singing of this hymn was followed by short addresses from missionaries from Constantinople, Madras, the Sandwich Islands, Ceylon, etc., after which the following hymn was sung to the tune of Old Hundred:

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

Behold the islands with their kings,
 And Europe her best tribute brings;
 From north to south the princes meet,
 And pay their homage at his feet.

There Persia, glorious to behold—
 There India shines in Eastern gold;
 And barbarous nations, at his word,
 Submit and bow, and own their Lord.

Let every creature rise and bring
 Peculiar honors to their King;
 Angels descend with songs again,
 And earth repeat the loud AMEN.

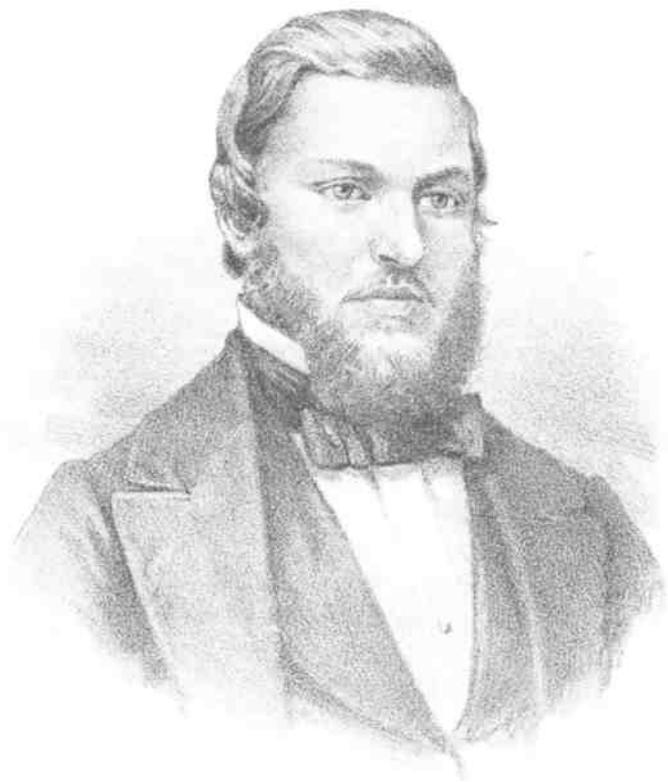
The exercises of the day were of great interest, and the audience remained until the close, with scarcely an exception.

The evening was devoted to the Prize Rhetorical Exhibition. The Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes each furnished three speakers, and the best of each class received prizes. Some of the orations were very good, though not of a remarkable character.

The exercises closed with an excellent oration by Prof. F. D. Huntington, of Harvard University. He commenced speaking at fifteen minutes before 10 o'clock P. M., to an audience which had been listening to speeches since 9 o'clock in the morning, and yet succeeded in gaining and holding the attention of nearly every one until he closed. I know of no higher compliment to give a speaker.

All day the rain was falling, and the streets were almost impassable.

The great Commencement day, with its crowded programme, must be reserved for another chapter.



James A. Garfield.

CHAPTER XXX.

MR. GARFIELD GRADUATES WITH HIGH HONORS.—POLITICAL CANVASS OF 1856.

The notable day, Wednesday, Aug. 6, 1856, had arrived, but it came in storm and tempest. The mountain tops were hidden in misty clouds, and the valley was dark and dismal. For three days the windows of heaven had been open, but the blessings poured forth came, I fear, upon an unthankful people.

For five years this had been the day to which Mr. Garfield looked forward with hope and determination; to be worthy of its honors, and of a place among the illustrious men whom Williams had sent forth to bless the world, had been a high object of his ambition. But at one time, when the end was at hand, he almost decided to deny himself the pleasure of being enrolled among the graduates of the College. His purse was nearly empty. To graduate would require a considerable expenditure, and he called upon the venerable President and announced his purpose, and when pressed for his reason he frankly gave it? The President at once placed in his hand, as a loan, a sum sufficient for his needs, which I need not say was repaid in due time, but his grateful remembrance of the kindness was lifelong.

At half-past nine o'clock A. M. the officers of the college, the students and many of the visitors marched in

procession from the chapel to the spacious church where the exercises of the sixty-second Commencement of Williams College were to be held.

After prayer by the President, and music, we listened to orations from the several gentlemen of the graduating class who were entitled to that honor. Some of them were very good, though the reporter for the *Springfield Republican* stated that "few of them were decidedly brilliant," and I think he was right.

There were nineteen orations before that of Mr. Garfield, his being the twentieth. As announced in the program, it was: "Metaphysical Oration—Matter and Spirit," James A. Garfield, Hiram, Ohio.

President Hopkins sat in the high pulpit, and the speaker stood on the platform before and below him. From the first, Mr. Garfield commanded the attention of the entire audience, and as his eloquent sentences filled the great church, and he grew earnest under the inspiration of the occasion, the President leaned forward and looked down upon the stalwart orator with the pride and affection he might have felt for a son. When Garfield reached his peroration, and finally closed his speech, the church shook with the thunder of applause, and dozens of bouquets were showered at his feet. Notwithstanding the fact that the audience were impatient for dinner, and had been restless during several of the preceding speeches, he had been successful in securing the favor of all, and the universal verdict was that his was the great oration of the day. The reporter before referred to was enthusiastic in his compliments, and subsequent notices of the Commencement in the great papers of Boston were equally complimentary.

The afternoon was filled with the remaining orations,

there being twenty-nine in all during the day. The valedictory was by Charles S. Halsey, and was very fine. At its close the degrees were conferred and the audience dispersed.

There was a reception for the alumni and students at the residence of the President in the evening, and when it was over Mr. Garfield was busy till long past midnight in settling up the affairs of the *Quarterly*. It had failed to pay expenses, and the editors were assessed some ten dollars each to meet the deficiency.

The next day we left for home, and at Troy Mr. Garfield and his companions bade us good-by, going to Poestenkill, while Mrs. Fuller and I continued our journey as far as Clyde, and thence to Butler. It was more than four years before I again saw Mr. Garfield.

Mrs. Fuller and I remained with our friends in Butler until the 18th, when we started for home. From Buffalo to Toledo we were passengers on the steamer "Western Metropolis," that being her fifth trip, and we pronounced her the finest boat we had ever seen. We reached home on Wednesday morning, Aug. 20.

A few days later I received the following letter:

HIRAM, Monday, Sept. 8, 1856.

My Dear Corydon:—I have just this moment returned from the yearly meeting at Chagrin Falls, where I had the most confident expectation of seeing you, and especially so because I had not heard from you. But I saw your father there, and found that you had gone home shortly after I saw you. I feel very badly indeed that you have gone away without our having a longer and more satisfactory visit. It seems as if everything had stood up in the way during the few days we were together, to hinder us from having all the quiet hours I had hoped we would have. But I shall hope that before many months we may have an opportunity to bring up the unwritten chapters of our Jives more fully than we then did.

After I left you, I was quite unwell for several days, and, indeed,

I am not yet fully recovered from the severe labor of the last college term.

We left Troy the Tuesday after you left us, and spent Wednesday at the Falls. Took the Buffalo boat that evening, and the next morning were in Cleveland. From there I went to Solon to see mother. I spent the time until Monday among my friends, and then came here. Since that time I have been constantly at work in the school. We have about 275 scholars, and about the same amount of drudgery that we always had here. Sutton is away most of the time, and _____ can't govern, and I won't, under present arrangements. I want very much to give you a view of the state of things in Ohio in general and Hiram in particular. There are many undercurrents of maneuvering that never see the light. I am inclined to say with Shakespeare, "There's something rotten in the State of Denmark."

My stay here will certainly be very short; no longer at most than the year for which I have engaged. Had I known before all I now know, I would not have come here at all. But I am in for it now for a time.

I had but a moment to see your father at the meeting, and was there myself only on Sunday. I am anxious to hear from you, and to know how you got home and what you are doing. Lest I may not get this out in to-day's mail, I will stop and take it to the office. My love to Mary and your folks, and believe me, as ever,

Your own brother,

JAMES.

It will be remembered that the famous political canvass which resulted in the choice of James Buchanan as President of the United States, over John C. Fremont, was at this time in progress. The Democratic National Convention had been held at Cincinnati, June 6, and had indorsed the Fugitive Slave Law, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and every other demand of the insolent and aggressive slave power.

On the 17th of June the first National Convention of the Republican party met at Philadelphia. Its platform was a bold and manly declaration of the immortal principles of the Declaration of Independence,

which were expressed in no uncertain terms. Its righteous words rang like a bugle call, marshaling the friends of human rights for the fierce and desperate conflict impending between freedom and slavery. It also declared in favor of the building of a railroad to the Pacific and the improvement of rivers and harbors. Its candidate, Col. John C. Fremont, was famous at that time as the "Path Finder," the gallant explorer of the Rocky Mountains, and he commanded the enthusiastic support of the giant young party which was destined four years later to place Abraham Lincoln in the President's chair.

In May the same year, Preston S. Brooks, a Representative from South Carolina, had entered the Senate chamber during a recess of the Senate, and finding Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, sitting at his desk writing, totally unconscious of danger, had struck him repeatedly with a heavy cane, and left him senseless and bleeding on the floor of the American Senate. For this murderous assault upon a defenseless man, greatly his senior, the pro-slavery court at Washington imposed upon the blood-thirsty ruffian a fine of three hundred dollars. The House of representatives refused to expel him, but passed a vote of censure, whereupon he resigned, and his admiring constituents at once unanimously reelected him to his seat.

Upon this occasion the students at Williams College had held an indignation meeting, and Mr. Garfield made one of the speeches, fitly characterizing the cowardly and brutal deed of the slave-driver. He became thoroughly awakened to the impending struggle, and after his return to Hiram, took an active part in the canvass, as will be seen from the following letter:

HIRAM, NOV. 9, 1856.

My Dear Corydon:—I have long neglected to answer your last welcome letter, and for reasons which I know you will consider sufficient. Though very much tired out, as you know, when I returned from Williams, yet I have delivered forty addresses since then, and taught six classes per day in the school. In the great political issue of the day, I felt myself justified in taking an active part, and the moment I was fairly afloat I had more calls to speak than I could respond to. I held three debates—the chief one at Garrettsville. The Democrats challenged me to meet any speaker they might choose in Portage county, for they were not satisfied with their champion (a Warren lawyer), with whom I had debated there before. I accepted and they chose the strongest Democrat in the county—the editor of the Portage *Sentinel*. We had an immense audience and made three speeches each. The Republican papers said he was demolished and his Democratic friends did not deny it.

I have delivered twenty-six lectures before the school and several in the churches, making forty in all, as I before stated. In doing this I have been obliged to neglect all correspondents, and even now I have only a breathing spell of a week. I don't *intend* to do as much next term, but I have a very poor faculty of getting rid of work, and I presume I shall do all that is piled on.

I am greatly pleased with your serial articles which are appearing in the *News Boy*, and I hope you will continue them along down to your last trip in New England. You can make them very interesting, I think. By the way, Cousin Ellis is making the *News Boy* quite a fair paper, though he has not the fire I like to see in an editor. There are but few papers here in the West conducted with that talent which that important field demands. What do you think about entering that field? I have long thought you would succeed admirably in catching the cue of the times and leading your patrons along with you. I think it might be made a useful and profitable business. WHAT THINK YOU? I have often thought I should like to try conducting a paper.

Let me hear from you as soon as you can. As ever, your brother,

JAMES.

The foregoing letter was written five days after the election, which resulted in the triumph of James Buchanan, he having carried nineteen States, John C. Fremont eleven, and Millard Fillmore one State. In the

meantime I was busily employed in the store, but was becoming very discontented. I had begun to see clearly that our experiment at merchandising was likely to prove a disastrous failure; that it would be impossible to meet our maturing notes was so plain that no amount of inexperience could longer conceal the fact. I lost a year of precious time, and the only compensation, aside from bare livelihood and some valuable experience, was the probability of being involved in a hopeless load of debt, and the disgrace attending an unwise and fruitless enterprise.

About the same time Mr. Garfield's letter was written I had written to him, and by a strange coincidence had asked his opinion of my prospects of success in the newspaper business, if I could obtain employment in some office. In due time I received the following letter:

SOLON, Dec. 14, 1856.

My Dear Corydon:—Your last kind favor was received while I was in the midst of the work of preparing a lecture on "Education," to be delivered here at Solon. About midnight of the night before it was to be delivered, I had nearly finished it, and had retired for the night. By the carelessness of another person, the fluid lamp caught fire, and my lecture was all burned up. The next morning I commenced to write another, and after the duty of the school was done, I sat down, and by seven o'clock next morning I had written one of an hour's length, and Friday evening I delivered it. To-day I spoke here in the the church at Solon. In the morning I shall return by the first train to Hiram.

We have a school of about 180 students, and are doing quite well. I have all the influence there I could ask, but you know I am not contented to stay there. . . . As soon as this year is out I shall have different surroundings, even if I have to go away to make them different.

What my course of life will be is an extremely doubtful question. There are many dark clouds hanging over my spirit at times, and I do not know whether I am in the morning or the evening twilight. I sometimes think that my twilight tints are fading rather than brighten-

ing. Whether there is light or darkness behind the cloud, God knoweth.

It was indeed a singular coincidence that we should both have written on the same theme without knowing each other's feelings upon it. But I have for a long time thought it would be the best thing you could do. What for a plan would it be to buy out some paper of fair reputation and retain the hands in the printing office, and have something of a start to begin with. I do not know how the East and West compare in this respect.

Do you know whether _____'s paper pays or not? You know he is more skillful with the scissors than the pen. It seems to me he might put more fire into his paper. Why can not a man learn to catch the cue of the times to rise on it?

I hope you will continue the romance of your life in the *News Boy*. Many thanks to Mary for her kind letter in yours. Hoping to hear again soon, I am always yours, JAMES.

I do not care to dwell upon the dark days of November and December, 1856. With the dying year our disastrous career at merchandising came to a close; the hard earnings of more than ten of the best years of my father's life had been sunk, and with a great load of debt, and the weight of fifty years, he was to commence again the hard battle of life. For myself, I had nothing to lose, as I was, and always had been, destitute of wealth, even in a small degree, and my principal concern was for my father and mother. It seemed hard that the fruits of the heroic struggle through which they had passed, since they left Ohio in 1845, and the splendid success which they had achieved, should now be swept away and they should be crushed beneath a load which they could never hope to remove.

I was employed by our successor during the remainder of the winter, in assisting to settle the business, make collections, and keep books; and in the meantime, was laying many plans for the future. I kept up my correspondence and wrote freely in my journal.

I noted my indignation, as well as that of many of my friends, at the dastardly and insulting message of President Pierce on the assembling of Congress in December. For complete and unblushing surrender of every manly conviction, and entire subserviency to the slave-holding oligarchy, he could have no superior, and heaven is to be thanked that he had few equals.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LIFE IN ARKANSAS.—SLAVERY IN 1857.

On February 7, I received the following letter:

HIRAM, Feb. 3, 1857.

Dear Bro. Corydon:—Nearly four weeks ago your welcome letter was received, and I should have answered it sooner if it had been possible. For the last two weeks I have scarcely touched my pen at all. We have been holding a meeting day and evening, and it just closed Sunday evening. I have never seen a more happy meeting than that. There were thirty-eight immersions, and three were reclaimed. I spoke more or less every day, and delivered several full discourses, and this, together with my labor in the school, has worn me down considerably; but still my health is good, and my throat is no worse than when the meeting began. The flower of our school was turned to the gospel, and the hands and hearts of the church were much strengthened. I wish you and Mary could have been with us to enjoy it.

I was very sorry to learn that you had been unfortunate in business; but, my dear brother, you need not have told me that your course was honorable, because *I know* that it has always been and always will be while the heavens stand. I hope the loss will not be irretrievable.

I formed a very pleasant acquaintance with Bro. Baldwin, of Chicago, whom, I presume, you have seen since he was here. He spoke very affectionately of you. He spoke to me in regard to going to Mishawaka to hold a meeting during the coming vacation, if the church had not employed some one else. I thought, however, from the whole premises, that they would not want me. Now, Corydon, if you think I could do any good, and it would be the best plan for the church, tell me so. I want you to be very frank with me about it. If I go there, I want to know it as soon as possible, for I have a call to hold a meeting in Solon. Please write to me soon.

Will you pardon this short letter for I have a dozen to write immediately. Love to all your folks, and to Bro. Kilby. As ever,

Your brother,

JAMES.

Of course, I answered the above letter promptly, but the project of a meeting at Mishawaka was not realized, for what reason I can not recall.

I spent the remainder of the winter in the employment of George Milburn, the great wagon manufacturer, who at that time carried on his large business at Mishawaka. But I was not contented, and finally determined to accept the agency of J. H. Colton's Great Atlas, for the southern part of the State of Arkansas. It was a work of merit, and was sold only by subscription, at \$15 per copy, in one volume, or \$27 to \$30 in two volumes.

On Monday morning, the 13th of April, 1857, Mrs. Fuller and I left Mishawaka, bound for Southern Arkansas. We reached St. Louis the next morning, and at 4 o'clock P. M. went on board the steamer H. R. W. Hill, which, however, did not leave the city until 10 o'clock the next morning. We left home in a snow-storm, but a hundred miles below St. Louis the peach trees were in full bloom: The pages of my journal betray the vibration of the great steamer under the mighty strokes of her paddle wheels, as we hurried down the Mississippi. Thursday morning we reached Cairo, and at noon the village of Hickman, Ky., where we remained until night, the steamer adding to her freight some three hundred hogsheads of tobacco and a few bales of cotton. It was our first trip on the great river; our first sight of slaves working at their tasks; and the journey was anything but monotonous.

On Saturday we reached the city of Memphis, and Sunday morning at an early hour we reached our destination—the town of Napoleon, Ark. We had heard of it before; of its being the haunt of thieves, robbers,

cut-throats and pirates; the chosen rendezvous of the villains and outlaws of the Southwest; but that bright Sunday morning, as we looked upon the reality, we were disposed to exclaim with the Queen of Sheba, that the half had not been told us.

We sought, accommodation at one of the hotels—the Arkansas Hotel. There was only one other in town, and we wished we had selected that. The town was more wretched and dilapidated than any we had ever seen. In all the great North there was nothing like it. The curse of God seemed to have struck it; everything was hideous and mean. A few slaves were at work; ruffians were gathered about the doors of grogshops; the only white men who seemed to be employed were the devil's clerks who were selling liquid fire to the ragged and dirty vagabonds who sojourned in the accursed town. We had been for a week enjoying the comforts of a fine steamer, and the change was such as we imagined an angel might find if banished from Paradise to Hades.

The beautiful spring was already clothing the trees in green robes of beauty; roses were in full bloom; all nature seemed glorious in the warm sunlight. It was the glad morning of the First Day of the Week, and we looked about for a church or a place of worship, hopeful of finding even in this Sodom some stray saints whose presence might be an assurance of immunity from the fate of its illustrious prototype. We found a rude hut, with neither doors nor windows; a sad-faced young missionary had come among the heathen, but his only hearers that day, aside from ourselves, were a *few* wretched old slaves. The white people "feared not God nor regarded man."

We had expected to meet Mr. Edward L. Craw, of Butler, N. Y., here at Napoleon, but we found he had gone up the river to Helena, and during the afternoon we hailed a boat northward bound, and, with a fervent thanksgiving for our escape from this earthly hell, where red-handed murder was deemed a merit rather than a crime, we went on board. A few years later, I am rejoiced to say, the great river swallowed the town, and blotted from the face of the earth the spot it had polluted.

We arrived at Helena on Monday, and found our friend, who was the agent of Messrs. Colton for the north part of the State, and from whom I was to obtain my outfit and the necessary instructions. We found Helena a very pleasant Southern town. The hotel of Landlord McGraw was good enough for any one not too fastidious, and we were not, after our experience at Napoleon.

That afternoon, April 20, Mr. Craw and I visited the plantation of Gen. Gideon J. Pillow, which contained about five thousand acres, and upon which were about one hundred and fifty slaves. It was my first visit to a great plantation. The cotton was just coming out of the ground, and we learned that four hundred and fifty acres had been planted. The owner was not there, and I am not sure that he ever spent much time there. The plantation was in charge of an overseer, who appeared to us to be an estimable gentleman. I was much interested in all that I saw, as all was new and strange.

We remained at Helena until Thursday, the 23d, when we took passage on the steamer Baltic for Columbia, Chicot county, Ark. We reached our destination on Friday, at 3 o'clock P. M., and found the town a

small affair, though better than Napoleon. I describe it in my journal as "a little, decayed and perishing wreck of a town. The bank of the river is covered with logs, snags and other relics of forgotten forests, so that the boats find difficulty in effecting a safe landing. All is going to decay, and will soon pass into the hands of some planter and be covered with the snowy cotton. The county-seat has been removed to Lake Village, some ten miles distant. We stopped at the 'Planters' Hotel,' an unpretending edifice, old and rickety, half the glass out of the windows, and its place supplied with rags. It is a heathenish looking place, and I more than half suspect that heathen inhabit it."

Saturday we spent making a portfolio in which to carry my sample atlas, and Sunday we wrote letters to our friends. There were no religious services in the town. The weather was very fine, and the transition from the cold winds which blew chill and damp off Lake Michigan to the sunny Southern spring was very pleasant and agreeable.

On Monday morning I started out to make a beginning at my untried business. My first subscriber was a murderer; in fact, he was not a common, vulgar murderer; he had slain four men, and was, therefore, entitled to rank as a gentleman in that community. Of course I learned all this later.

While I had always been anti-slavery in my sentiments, I had supposed that the stories of fiendish cruelty which were told by those who were known as abolitionists were exceptional instances, if not exaggerations of the real facts, I had come among the Southern people determined to see for myself the real

facts, and to judge fairly of the effect of the system of slavery both upon the slaves and their masters. The low condition of these wretched towns, and the class of people found in them; the absence of schools and churches, and the squalor everywhere prevalent, were the first lessons we received as to the merits of the "peculiar institution."

We remained at Columbia a few days only, and then transferred our sojourning place to Lake Village, a little new village on the banks of a small lake, about ten miles back from the river. There were a brick court-house and a gallows beside it, upon which a black man was hanged a day or two before our arrival; a hotel of fair proportions, but built of rough pine lumber, and a few dwellings. But about the lake and in the vicinity were a number of fine plantations, and the county was said to be one of the richest in the State. Of course the service in the hotel was by slaves, and among them one woman especially attracted our attention. She was perhaps thirty years old, nearly white, and fully as intelligent as the average. One morning soon after our arrival, a man rode up to the hotel and shouted for the jailer. We looked out and saw a sight entirely new to our Northern vision. The man on horseback had a heavy whip in his hand, a pair of heavy pistols and a huge bowie-knife in his belt; before him on the ground stood a black man with his arms tied behind him and a rope around his neck and fastened to the horn of the saddle. The rider had arrested a runaway slave, and wanted him put in jail until his owner should come after him.

While we were looking through the window, Tempe (the slave woman I have mentioned) came into the

room, and, looking out, saw the party. With eyes flashing like coals of fire, and a furious look, she shook her fist and exclaimed, "You kin rope up niggers now, but you '11 git roped up in hell one of these days." One day Mrs. Fuller asked her if she had any children. She answered that she had had one, "but, thank God, it's dead!" She was endeavoring to earn enough money, by overwork nights, etc., to buy her freedom, and had quite a sum already.

A few days later we moved to a plantation in Bolivar county, Mississippi, where Mrs. Fuller had engaged to teach a family school. The proprietor was a widow, named Miller, who owned about eight hundred acres of land on the east bank of the Mississippi River, about one hundred acres of which were cultivated by her force of twenty-five slaves. She was uneducated, not able even to write her own name, but was a lady of good natural ability and kind in disposition, and will always be remembered by us with respect. Her eldest son, George, was a lazy, ignorant, drunken egotist, who supposed himself the superior of every man born on free soil. He was a typical specimen of the legitimate product of slavery on plantations remote from civilized society. He was too contemptible to be the object of hatred; to class him as a donkey would be an insult to a comparatively intelligent and useful animal. Of course he was a fire-eater.

The other children—there were six in all—were William, Mary, Sue, Hiram and Sarah. Sue was a bright, pretty girl of perhaps sixteen; Mary was good, but not so intelligent. Bill was dull—stupidly dull. Though a young man, he could not tell the time of day by the clock. But he could kill a bear, or hunt runa-

ways with bloodhounds. He said that "Squire Manly is *wuth* half a million, and he can nuther read nor write," and he "didn't care a red whether he ever knew any more or not."

Upon this plantation Mrs. Fuller remained until January, 1858, when she returned to the North.

We reached Mrs Miller's the 19th of May, 1857, and a day or two later I left for a trip in Arkansas. I traveled from one plantation to another, and was reasonably successful in taking orders for the Atlas. A few days later I witnessed another phase of the "patriarchal institution." It was at Monticello, the county seat of Drew county, some forty miles west of the river. It was announced in the local paper, and by posters, that at 12 o'clock M., May 23, 1857, at the court house, there would be a sale of four slave children, the property of a Mr. Skinner, lately deceased. To be sold for cash to the highest bidder. As I had never seen anything of the kind, and had read that stories of selling children away from their parents were "abolition lies," I watched the scene with great interest.

The widow of the deceased, and the father and mother of the slave children were present. The first to be sold was a boy of about thirteen years. The first bid was \$700, and this was slowly raised by the bidders to \$1,000, at which price he was struck off to Stephen Gaster. The others were girls, aged about five, eight and eleven years. The oldest was sold for \$949; the next for \$675, and the youngest for \$450. The girls were purchased by a Mr. Wells, though it was said that all four were really the purchase of Mr. Gaster.

The widow repeatedly told the little girls not to cry, but for some reason her cautions were not heeded.

After the sale was over, as I sat on the "gallery" of the hotel, I heard Dr. Wallace, the editor of the paper, say that the father of the children asked him where Mr. Wells lived, and he in return asked the black man why he wished to know, and if Mr. Wells had bought him. He said he answered, "No, but he has bought my children," and as he said so a look of the most intense anguish he had ever seen on a human countenance passed over his face. The Doctor looked around on his hearers and said, "I tell you, gentlemen, this selling little children away from their parents is the damnable feature of our whole slave system."

I had begun to learn that the only lies ever told about slavery were told by its friends and apologists. The imagination could add nothing to the appalling horrors of the barbarous system. Day after day the damning atrocities which were everywhere perpetrated were the common theme of conversation. The last Sunday in May I spent with a planter whose brother had been recently murdered by his slaves. As provided by Louisiana law, three Justices of the Peace had met to investigate the crime, and one of them remarked to the widow: "We have come to give your niggers a fair trial, but we'll hang them, by God!" And before sunset, three of them had been hanged, and all the others awfully whipped.

I learned that the cause of the murder was this: One of the slave women wished to marry a man living on an adjacent plantation, and her master forbade her doing so. He told her to choose some one of his niggers, or if that did not suit, he would buy her a hus-

band when he got able. The unreasonable woman was not satisfied, and she raised a conspiracy and killed him.

On the 4th of July, 1857, I attended a celebration, styled in Southern parlance, a barbecue. There was a fine dinner, and then one Scotchman read the Declaration of Independence and another of the same nationality delivered an oration. The president of the day in his attempt to make a speech was pathetic in the extreme. In one of his bursts of eloquence he exclaimed: "We was weak when them men signed the Declaration, but now the States contain a heap of people."

There was one attempt at fight, and bowie knives were drawn, but fortunately, those who were sober interfered before any blood was shed, and the scowling combatants were separated, though there were oaths and threats of a future settlement. The day ended with what was termed a "bran dance." A cleaned space of ground was covered with saw-dust, and on it they danced and waltzed to the music of a fiddle, sawed by a darkey worth twelve hundred dollars.

On a plantation in the same vicinity I witnessed a scene I shall never forget. Mrs. Carroll, the owner, had sold one of her slave woman to a ruffian looking trader, but had retained possession of her little child, an infant some six or eight months old. The trader was to take the woman away that morning, and Mrs. Carroll had just informed the slave that she had sold her. She shrieked and wrung her hands in the most frantic manner, continually repeating, "Oh! my God, missus, don't sell me away from my little child." Her mistress tried in vain to still her shrieks, but she still

cried in tones of heart-broken anguish, "Oh! my God, missus, don't sell me away from my little child." I hurried away with a smothered curse on the hellish institution that annihilated the rights of man and deprived him of the sympathy which would be freely given to the brute.

The price of that poor creature's flesh and blood was to be in part devoted to the purchase of a piano for the widow's daughter. But to my ear, there would have been a tone of sadness, aye, of wildest sorrow, in the trembling *of* its strings, and every note would echo with the wail of the despairing mother, as she pleaded with her iron-hearted owner, "Don't sell me away from my little child."

CHAPTER XXXII.

A FIRE-EATER.—MR. GARFIELD BECOMES PRESIDENT OF
THE ECLECTIC.—SLAVERY IN ARKANSAS.

One of the eccentric characters with whom I became quite well acquainted while in Arkansas, was Charles McDermott, the owner of a large plantation some twenty miles west of the Mississippi river, on the Bayou Bartholomew. He owned several thousand acres of rich and fertile bottom land, whose soil was of fabulous depth, and was the owner of some two hundred slaves. He was a pious Presbyterian, and claimed that the institution of slavery was divinely ordained; liberty was a humbug, and the reopening of the foreign slave trade would be a national blessing, and the source of untold benefit to the men and women who should be seized in the jungles of Africa and transplanted to a Christian land. He hoped the war would speedily begin between the North and the South (in this he was gratified only four years after), and if a little younger he should delight to fight the Yankees. Such a conflict would result in a great Southern Confederacy; the slave trade would be reopened, and he could buy five hundred negroes, strong and athletic, for the price he would now have to pay for fifty.

With all his ultra notions, I rather liked the man. He was far more logical than many of his class who pretended to believe it right to buy slaves from Vir-

ginia and Kentucky and wrong to buy them in Africa. I received many kindnesses from him, and would be glad to know how he fared when a Northern army marched perhaps over his broad plantation, and he learned that Northern "mudsills" not only knew how rifles *were made*, but how to *use them*.

I had written once or twice during the summer to Mr. Garfield, and about the middle of September received the following letter:

HIRAM, August 30, 1857.

My Dear Bro. Corydon:—I have come home late at night and I find your letter of the 13th inst. lying on my table. My head throbs wearily and my tired heart and body are calling for rest; but I can not obey that call till I have told you that you are still the same dear brother to me that you have ever been, and have never for an hour ceased to be since first we met within those walls around which the silent moonlight is resting so mournfully to-night. No! from the first when we met and claimed each other as kindred spirits I have felt that you were my brother, not in name only, but in deed, in heart and in truth.

But wherefore then, say you, have you not written? Well, I have been buffeting such waves as I have never before breasted; and doing such work as I never before have done. There has come a great crisis upon the Eclectic Institute. There was much dissatisfaction, as you know, with the Principal, and when my enemies feared I might be placed in the chair, they commenced the most unholy warfare that one can well imagine, against me. All the lies of ancient and modern date were arrayed and marshaled against me, and yet I had never by word or action manifested the least desire to gain the Presidency of the Eclectic. However, the Trustees were urging me to take charge of the school, and after a long time I determined to do so, partly to hold it up and partly to stop the mouths of the barking hounds around me. I have taken it, and I am determined that it shall move for *one year*. A score are looking on with vulture eyes and longing for me to fail, and I am resolved that they shall not be gratified, if work and nerve and backbone can avail anything. So you see how I am engaged. I have not written a dozen letters, except business letters, for the last three months, but I have been working for this school.

We have raised over \$400 to build a fence round the Eclectic grounds. We have remodeled the government, published rules, published a new catalogue, and have now, the fourth week, 250 students (no primary), as orderly as clock-work, and all hard at work. Our teachers are Dunshee, Everest, Rhodes and Almeda. I teach seven classes and take the entire charge of the school and its correspondence besides. I have the most advanced classes in the school and deliver the most of the morning lectures.

Now, my dear Corydon, I do not tell you this for any other purpose than to let you know what I am doing, and how my time has been sold out. I am just getting the school round into a shape by which I shall have more leisure to look around me and correspond more.

I am glad to hear of your success in your business there, and I want you to write to me often. I will answer just as promptly as I can.

I suppose you have heard of William Boynton's death. He was engaged in the same business that you are. But I must close. The stars are sinking westward and I must rest my aching head. Give my love to Mary, and remember me as ever.

Your own brother,

JAMES.

There is no doubt that the work done by Mr. Garfield that year for the Eclectic was herculean in its scope and character. He was determined to achieve a permanent success, and justify the confidence of those who had committed the interests of the institution to his hands; and to this end he bent all his energies and the splendid and well disciplined powers with which he was so richly endowed.

I had spent the summer traveling on horseback from one plantation to another, taking subscribers for Colton's Atlas, and for part of the time had been quite successful. During the spring and early summer, cotton was selling in the New Orleans market as high as 16 cents per pound, and money was plenty. On the fertile lands along the Mississippi and the bayous in the interior, a bale of 400 pounds of cotton could easily be

raised upon every acre, and a negro with one mule could plant and cultivate from twelve to twenty acres. The gathering of the crop was the hardest work of the season, as a man could plant and tend easily more than he could gather. About 150 pounds of cotton in the boll was a full day's work for the picker, and in every gin-house, on a post by the scales where the day's task was weighed, hung a heavy black whip, known as the nigger-whip, and woe to the man or woman or child whose return fell short of what the overseer deemed a reasonable number of pounds.

It will readily be seen that the planter who had a number of slaves could count on an average yearly income of seven or eight hundred dollars from each of them; and as they were cheaply clothed and coarsely fed, the profit was very liberal, especially as the increase of the black live-stock had a market value of no inconsiderable amount, when a boy of twelve years could be sold for a thousand dollars, and every likely pickaninny was worth a hundred dollars as soon as it was born.

But with the autumn of 1857, came the disastrous financial crisis, which prostrated every industry and whelmed in one common ruin almost every interest of the country. The currency in those days was furnished by some fifteen hundred banks organized under the varying laws of the several States, and even at the best was taken only at a discount when it strayed beyond the State in which it was issued; and now, in this time of panic and distrust, much of it became utterly worthless, and the best was taken with fear and reluctance. Cotton fell at once to half its former price, and the planters who supposed themselves rich and inde-

pendent, found it necessary to practice the most rigid economy to meet their maturing obligations.

Under such circumstances, of course, it became difficult to make sales, or even to deliver the works I had already sold; and, to add to my misfortunes, I began to suffer from that scourge of the Southwest, the *chills*, or *ague*. I took the powerful drugs which were supposed to be a specific, and for a time appeared to be cured; but the malarial curse still lingered about me, and the malady frequently returned until the autumn frost brought relief.

In the meantime I was learning more and more of slavery. Each night on a different plantation, some new atrocity of the hell-born system was revealed in all its hideous features. Let it not be understood that I thought all the Southern people heartless or cruel; such a charge would be the grossest injustice. Many of them were as noble and generous as any people God ever made; but it was impossible to maintain the system of chattel slavery without the accompaniment of wrongs at which humanity stands appalled. From earliest childhood, the boy or girl of the dominant race was taught that it was his or her right to receive unquestioning obedience from every slave child, and a refusal to obey was to be resented and punished. Thus the white child became a tyrant, in order that the other should become a slave. I heard a young man tell his Christian father that his servant, a boy of equal age, gave him an insolent answer, and that he "knocked him down and stamped him in the face, to teach the nigger his place," and the good old man no more thought of rebuking his son for it than he would if the young man had spoken of training his dog.

There was not a neighborhood which was destitute of a nigger-hunter, with his pack of bloodhounds, trained with matchless skill to follow the fugitive; and the wonderful sagacity of these awful brutes, fiercer than the demon dogs which old Aeneas found at the gate of hell, was the pride and boast of their ruffian owners. More than once did I narrowly escape an attack from them, and many times did I hear their deep baying as they followed the track of some daring or despairing negro, whose bondage had become so intolerable that he was ready to brave death rather than longer to endure his servitude.

On a plantation adjacent to that of Mrs. Miller, a man was captured by the dogs and great pieces of flesh torn from his limbs, so that for days he struggled between life and death. One runaway was buried in the earth up to his neck, and left for three days in the broiling sun, without either food or drink, with the flies swarming about his face. These were only samples of punishment upon many of the plantations of the Southwest.

On the afternoon of Saturday, the 14th of November, 1857, I rode up to the gate of a fine plantation in Ashley county, Arkansas. There was a large yard in front of the house, finely set with flowers and evergreens; the house was hewn timber, but neat and comfortable; the cabins for the slaves were nicely white-washed, and everything seemed to betoken the place as the home of refined people. In answer to my inquiry of the pleasant lady who appeared at the summons, whether I could stay with them until Monday, I was cheerfully welcomed, and a slave was ordered to take care of my horse. Not long afterward the master of

the place came home and gave me courteous greeting. He appeared to be quite well informed and agreeable in his manners, and I had every reason to congratulate myself upon the good quarters I had secured. In the course of our conversation he asked me if I had heard of the recent burning of two negroes in that neighborhood. I replied that I had heard that such an affair had been enacted, but knew nothing of the details, as I had only that day arrived from another part of the county. He replied, "Well I am the man who did it, and as you may hear the story from others, I will give you the facts." I expressed myself as curious to know the truth concerning the affair, and this is the story he told me, as I wrote it down in my journal, which, travel-stained and yellow with more than a quarter of a century, now lies before me. The name of the planter at whose house I was a guest was J. L. May.

He said that about a mile from his house, on a distant part of his plantation, there had stood a house which was occupied with his consent by a widow named Hill, and one of his negro women lived with her. One morning he rode over there and found that during the night the two women had been murdered and the house burned, and amid the ashes were their half-consumed bodies. He at once gave the alarm and the people soon came together; a careful search was instituted and a bloody ax was found with which the deed had been perpetrated. Several slaves living in the vicinity were flogged without eliciting any testimony, and among them was a boy named Ike, owned by a Mr. Perdue. Mr. May said that from the first he suspected Ike, and that he whipped him until he "thought the cursed nigger would die," but he positively denied any knowl-

edge of the crime. Mr. May said he was not satisfied, and that he took the nigger and *poured spirits of turpentine over his back, now raw from the flogging, and set it on fire!* This made the boy confess that he was present and aided in the murder; he also stated that a white man named Miller hired him and Jack, a negro belonging to a planter named J. R. Norrell, to help him commit the deed I learned subsequently that a deadly feud had long existed between Norrell and May.

When this confession was obtained, Jack's cabin was searched and a shirt was found with blood upon the sleeve. Jack explained that in the morning when the dew was on the cotton his master required him to put on an extra coarse shirt, and that he was subject to the nose-bleed when stooping over to pick cotton, and that the blood on the shirt-sleeve came there in that way.

But his story was not credited. He was terribly flogged, but no word of confession could be extorted from him. The crowd decided that Ike and Jack should be burned alive, and two stakes were driven into the ground and the two victims chained to them. A vast pile of pine knots was placed around them and Mr. May said that he applied the match. Jack died denying any knowledge of the affair.

Mr. May was a candidate for the Legislature the next summer. He was a gentleman in appearance, but was like nearly all the planters, addicted to drinking and gambling.

Before leaving the neighborhood, I called at the plantation of Mr. Norrell and heard their version of the tragedy which had taken from them one of their

slaves. Mrs. Norrell said they had raised Jack, and that he was trustworthy and utterly incapable of such a deed. She said that on the night of the murder he was at home late in the evening and early in the next morning, and that his explanation of the bloody sleeve was undoubtedly true. With tears streaming down her face, and the children crying, she said that after the fire was kindled Mr. Norrell approached the blazing ring and said to the dying man: "Jack, you are about to die! No power on earth can save you. I do n't know that you ever told me a lie, and now, before God, tell me truly, do you know anything about this murder?" The slave replied, "Master, I know I'm goin' to die. I don't know any more about it than you do," And thus he died; and the family who had raised him believed he had died innocent.

In commenting upon this and other tragedies resulting from the institution, and the efforts of Northern men to make Kansas and Nebraska slave States, I wrote:

The white man is debased and ruined by an institution that mocks at law and justice, and every base passion runs riot) prostrating in the dust the noblest specimens of humanity. There are facts, dark, damning facts, arrayed against the institution of slavery that ought to sink it to the depths of hell! And what shall I say of those who, born and bred in a land of liberty, where the soil has been polluted by the tread of no bondman, plead the cause of the oppressor against the oppressed? Will a just God listen to their sophistry in trying to extenuate their guilt in the last day? What plea shall they make in the court of heaven, in justification of their agency in spreading slavery's blighting curse over a land consecrated to freedom? Africa's Sable children are mourning in their far-off homes for broken households, for the pirate slaver has stolen strong men and helpless children, and carried them over the sea to toil in the burning sun, and for what? What shall compensate them for the loss of home and kindred? What shall God require of the Nation in satisfaction of such a crime?

The answer came, when only four years later the land trembled beneath the tread of armies, and every Northern as well as Southern home was called upon for a sacrifice upon the altar of the infernal Moloch, to atone for the guilt incurred by the nation in buying and selling men for two hundred years.

The barbarism which prevailed in the State of Arkansas, especially along the Mississippi river in the years preceding the war, can hardly be realized from any description which it is possible to give. Human life was of but the slightest value. Almost every man went armed, usually with both a revolver and a bowie knife; and drinking, gambling, fighting and hunting were the principal employment of the "respectable" citizens. The "poor whites" were accustomed to work when absolutely necessary, but those who possessed property regarded it as disgraceful to be engaged in any useful employment.

There is no doubt but the slaves were more harshly treated than in the older States. While there were many extensive plantations on the Mississippi and its tributary streams, where a large number of slaves were employed, yet the great mass of the slave-masters owned only from one to half a dozen human chattels; and as all were anxious to increase their possessions, of course they used every endeavor to make the most of their hands. Cotton was the great staple, and the rank of the planter was expressed in the number of bales of cotton he raised and the number of his slaves.

Under the laws of all the slave States, it was a criminal offense to teach a slave to read, and such laws were a positive necessity, if the institution was to be maintained. To keep in bondage a people who could

read and write, would have been impossible; and this was so evident to the dominant race that few offenses would have been so severely punished as teaching the alphabet to a slave.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE SOUTHERN AGUE.—INCIDENTS AND EXPERIENCES.

Early in January, 1858, Mrs. Miller, the lady by whom Mrs. Fuller was employed as a teacher, decided that she could not afford to continue the school, and on the 20th of that month Mrs. Fuller started on her return to Mishawaka. But it was impossible for me to close up my business, as I had made many sales of the Atlas, to be delivered the ensuing spring.

I have spoken of the barbarism which prevailed, especially in the little towns along the great river. As illustrative of the state of society, I may relate an incident which occurred at Gaster's Landing, Arkansas, the night of the 21st of January. An old man named Pierce, whose home was said to be in Cincinnati, had been traveling in Arkansas, selling a little machine for use upon the plantation, which took raw cotton in the bolls, as it came from the field, and ginned it and spun it into yarn. He had a machine with him, which appeared to be perfectly adapted to its purpose. Unfortunately he had the habit of hard drinking, and it was said that on a wager he had drunk a pint of brandy and a pint of whisky, and in consequence was in a dying condition. When I first saw him he lay in a back room, with his head on a pile of mail bags, and was groaning piteously. He said he was cold, and finally two of the drunken crowd took hold of his arms and dragged him

into another room and laid him down on the floor before the fire. They then got a violin and asked him if he did not want them to play to him. He replied, "I'm going to die," and one of them answered, "Yes, you're as good as dead and damned now," and the wretches laughed at and cursed him, mocking at his groans.

I endeavored to get him a bed, but was utterly powerless, and, sick at heart, was obliged to leave him. The next morning his stiffened corpse lay on the floor, with a sheet thrown over it. The blood had issued from his mouth and the bright red stains had colored the sheet. I was obliged to leave, and know not what became of the body.

At that time the whole State of Arkansas had not one mile of railroad. It was about destitute of schools, and the few that existed were of the rudest character. Drunkenness was alarmingly prevalent; murders were so common as to excite very little comment. I am sure I knew of more than twenty homicides during the sixteen months I spent in the State, and in no case was a man-slayer punished.

The following letter from Mr. Garfield reached me the 27th of February, having been on the road more than forty days:

HIRAM, Jan. 16, 1858.

My Dear Corydon:—Several months of toil have elapsed since last I wrote you and received your last letter. I am doing all the work in the school that I formerly did, and Sutton's beside. Added to this, I speak somewhere every Lord's day, and have written and delivered several lectures this season.

A few weeks ago I cleared up the last of my college debts, and am now, for the first time in several years, free pecuniarily. But while I am free from debt, I am likewise free from money. Having reached this point, I next come to inquire for a permanent occupation in life.

You and I know that teaching is not the work in which a man can live and grow. I am succeeding in the school here better than I had any reason to hope, but yet my heart will never be satisfied to spend my life in teaching. Indeed, I never expect to be satisfied in this life; but yet I think there are other fields in which one can do more. I have been for some time—indeed, for years—thinking of the law, though my early prejudices were very strong against it. How far these objections were valid, and how far not so, I can hardly tell. I have been reading law a little from time to time, and should I conclude to practice I could begin without a great deal of delay. I would like to hear your thoughts upon it, and know what plan of life is lying before you.

The friends of our former days are being scattered one by one—some *to* their homes in the grave—and others to their homes in the wide, cold world. Harriet and Phebe Boynton are both married, and Cordelia will be soon. This and the death of William has broken that household. Of those who assembled in the Eclectic halls with you and me, but a few are near you or me. Everest is married, and living in the house where Thomas Young formerly lived. Barbara Fisk is married to a young Downing, that was a student here. Ellen McCleery was married to Frank Wood a few days since, and John Harnit and Ellen were here at the wedding, with a rosy-cheeked boy of theirs.

How much I wish that we could sit down together and renew in memory the scenes of former years. But life presses its work—its duties are urging us onward—each in his path of life. There are many roads—but the great goal, the Eternity toward which we hasten, is the same. May we so live that we may meet there.

Give my love to Mary, and let me know of your success in your Southern home. When do you return? and "when shall we three meet again?"

With a love that time can not destroy, I am,
Your own friend and brother,

JAMES.

Among my Arkansas acquaintances whom I remember with pleasure, was John W. Baar, of Camden. He was born in Mexico, of English parents, and was a man of fine ability and good education, and I received many acts of kindness from him. After the close of the war of the Rebellion I had several letters from him, from which I learned that he entered the rebel

army on the commencement of hostilities, and fought through until the final surrender. During the time his excellent wife died, his property was destroyed, and he left the army with one dollar and twenty-five cents in Confederate money as the sum of his earthly possessions. He never owned a slave, and had no personal interest in the slaveholders' war, and could not have been in favor of disunion. I have not heard of him for many years.

Under date of April 20, 1858, I have noted in my journal:

Dr. Comer's overseer, named Goyne, whipped one of his slaves so awfully that he died within one-fourth of a mile of the place. Comments are unnecessary: all right under the "patriarchal institution." The murderer will receive no punishment whatever for his crime. My authority for the above is old Mr. Duckworth, a planter owning a drove of slaves.

On the 22nd of May I received the following letter:

HIRAM, March 23, 1858.

My Dear Corydon:—Your two favors are before me. I have been busier this winter than in any other period of my life. I have had the most to do in two or three protracted meetings. One in Hiram, 34 additions; one in Newburgh, 20 additions. I have spoken every Sunday, and fulfilled my duties as teacher and manager of the school.

We have just got the spring term started, with about sixty more than we ever had in the spring before. We already number 207, and they are still coming in.

In reference to my future course, I am greatly puzzled to decide. The decision *must* come, however, before long. I am teaching the following classes this term: Grammar, English Literature, Mental Philosophy, Thucydides (Greek), Sallust and Horace.

You must be quite lonely with Mary so far away from you, but she is having a fine time, I doubt not, in her happy Butler home. How vividly it brings to my mind the sweet memories of years ago, when we three were seated in her parlor, reading the beautiful dream visions of Donald G. Mitchell! I have experienced some of the sunshine and

some of the sadness of which he speaks. I know that you do not forget those scenes.

I am pleased with the views of slavery you give in your letters. I mean, I am pleased with the way you handle the subject. Many of our white-hearted Northerners go South, and see a little of Southern hospitality, and then suppose that slavery is all right, because all the masters are not cut-throats. I recognize in you the Northern backbone which you carried when you were here.

Who can read the doings of the present Administration and Congress, and not feel his whole soul aroused at the enormities and the cursedness of slavery? I am always pleased to read your letters, and if mine must frequently be short and hurried, you must bear with me, and not forget that my heart is ever the same toward you.

When you write to Mary, send her my love. Write to me soon, and tell me more of your experiences and hopes.

With a friendship and love that know no change "by changing Time,"

I am your brother,

JAMES.

I remained in Arkansas until the 26th of August. The time from the early spring had been spent in efforts to close up my agency business, which I had found to be a work both slow and difficult to accomplish. Unfortunately, I had ordered quite a large number of copies of the expensive work I was trying to sell, and they must be sold, or I could not meet my obligations to the publishers. So all through the hot and unhealthy summer I had traveled through the cane-brakes and swamps of Arkansas, half sick with the positive knowledge that every day I was not only periling my health, but losing money, and, for a considerable part of the time, suffering from the ague. More than once that terrible summer, when the awful chill, like the cold touch of Death's palsying fingers, crept over me, did I alight from my horse, and, under a tree by the roadside, lie down with my saddle-bags for a pillow, and wait until the cold stage passed off and the burning

fever had succeeded it, and then continue my sad pilgrimage.

The fore part of the season had been very rainy, and the creeks and bayous had become rivers. In summer the Bayou Mason and Bayou Bartholomew become so small that one can cross them at almost any point without difficulty, but in winter and spring they become rivers, upon which the largest steamer could easily be navigated. In fact, the entire bottom, from the Mississippi to the hills, a distance of nearly forty miles, becomes almost impassable, all the lower ground being entirely overflowed. So along the Saline and Ouachita, the low bottom lands are submerged, in some places to a width of ten or twelve miles. When the waters finally disappear, and the burning sun of July and August penetrates the damp dark forests along these streams, the miasma spreads over the whole adjacent region, and every human being suffers from it. It is probable that the negroes endure it better than the whites, but from a discussion I heard at Camden I inferred that in the opinion of intelligent planters it was not conducive to the longevity even of slaves. The point was raised whether it was not more profitable to grow cotton on the high, rolling land, where the yield was only half or three-fourths of a bale to the acre, or in the river bottoms, where from a bale to a bale and a half could easily be raised. In the former case the slaves would last very much longer, and the pickaninnies would live and become valuable, while in the bottoms the slaves would not live over six or eight years and all the little ones would die, and thus no profit could be realized from this source. In the course of the discussion one of the planters brought up the case of a young man who had

not long before entered into possession of the estate of his late lamented father. The old man did not believe it paid to raise the little niggers. He raised cotton in the bottom, and within a few years had lost one hundred and forty little niggers, besides many old ones. Now, his son thought he could make it pay to raise the little niggers. He had fitted up a house on the high ground, and put two old wenches into it to take care of the children, and the speaker said he believed Bob would make the experiment pay. Bob also believed there was more money in farming the uplands than the bottoms, in the long run.

I spent from the 2nd to the 6th of July at a little village in Columbia county, called Falcon, attending a meeting of the Christian churches of that region, and was very kindly received and hospitably entertained by a Bro. Cook and his excellent family. I formed the acquaintance of many excellent brethren, besides meeting many others with whom I had become acquainted during my travels. Four weeks later my kind entertainer was shot in one of the rencounters for which Arkansas was then famous. His son was badly wounded, and one of their enemies also nearly killed. The *casus belli* was a political difficulty, in which Cook fired the first shot.

In company with some of those who had attended the meeting, I journeyed towards Camden. One of the party owned a fine plantation ten miles west of that city, and we were his guests. He said during the evening that if he could live his life over again he would never own a slave. He had always been an anti-slavery man, and he said there were hundreds of them in the South, but they dared not express their sentiments. But

he did not see what he could do. His father had stipulated on his death bed that the slaves should never leave the family. He had one little slave girl about twelve years old, so white that I did not suspect her of belonging to the servile race.

The night of July 19, 1858, I spent at Henry Taylor's, in Claiborne Parish, Louisiana. He told me of an Alabama acquaintance who punished his runaway slaves by forty-eight hours' imprisonment in his cotton press, a space the size of a bale of cotton, without food or drink, and then he exposed them to the fire till their backs were blistered, when he took a card and scratched off their skin and flesh.

It was impossible to avoid hearing of the unspeakable horrors of the slave system. The people everywhere would speak about it. Many times I found it impossible to get away from a plantation where I had called, without giving offense—until we had had a long talk on the subject of slavery. Of course I had learned that no Northern man could speak *against* the system. I therefore tried to avoid the subject, but found it impossible. It was only three years before the war, and the state of public feeling was so intensely excited that the people could not talk or think of anything else.

The Methodist Church South had recently expunged from its Discipline the article forbidding the "buying and selling of men, women and children with the intention of enslaving them," so that it need not hurt a man's standing in the church to be engaged in the African slave trade, a barbarism which all civilized nations styled piracy and made punishable with death.

Henry Le May, a fine old gentleman, a life-long Missionary Baptist, said that he had been troubled in his

conscience in his earlier years over the subject of slavery. One of his slaves was an excellent, trustworthy, Christian man, a member of the same church as himself. He had made him overseer of one of his plantations, and to maintain the necessary discipline, he was frequently obliged to whip him for the fault of the slaves who were under him. Could it be right thus to flog his Christian brother? He had at one time had doubts, but for many years all had been clear. The Bible said, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth," and now he could see how he could use the cowhide as a manifestation of his Christian love!

On the 2nd of August I met a funeral procession. The hearse was an ox-cart, and the father of the dead boy drove the oxen. Two or three women followed on horseback. At another time I saw the rough coffin in which were the remains of a woman, carried in a rude wagon, drawn by a horse upon which rode along-legged man, while the orphan children rode upon their mother's coffin. When the grave was reached, they buried her, with no word of prayer or other ceremony.

On the 5th day of August I drove to Marie Saline Landing to await the steamer Red Chief, upon which I was to receive a box of books. I found the place to consist solely of a warehouse built upon posts to be above the high water mark, with not another building within five miles. One white man and one negro slave were the sole inhabitants. In this lonely, deadly spot I remained until the 8th, when the steamer finally arrived. I have mentioned these awful days, because during this time I breathed in so terrible a portion of the miasma of the swamps that for many months it

seemed scarcely possible that I should ever be well again.

The water in the Saline river had subsided to a very low stage, and small alligators and slimy water snakes crawled out upon the sandy slopes along the edge of the stream. There was in the warehouse one old book, with about half the leaves out of it; no other reading matter of any kind. It was the loneliest spot I remember ever to have seen. The road out to the higher ground was through a dense forest, and the trees showed that the water had been from eight to ten feet deep for several miles back from the river during the recent overflow.

On the 8th of August, as I have stated, the steamer reached the landing, and having secured my books, I started at once for the settlements. I felt that I had reached a point where only a few days more would close my business so that I could return to the North, and I lost no time. One thing which made me more than ever anxious to get away was the knowledge that I was threatened with being driven out of the country on account of my supposed anti-slavery sentiments.

With each passing day my hatred of slavery had become more intense, and though I had been as discreet as possible in the expression of my opinions, yet a few had come to the conclusion that I was not sound in the faith, and had suggested to each other the propriety of hastening my departure. So long as I had said nothing of leaving, and there seemed a probability that I might make Arkansas my permanent home I was in little danger, but as soon as it became known that it was my intention soon to leave, the chivalrous slave-driver inferred that I must be an abolitionist. But I had deter-

mined as speedily as possible to return to a country where one could think and speak his honest sentiments without endangering his life, and on the 26th of August, 1858, I started for home.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PINE WOODS OF NORTHERN MICHIGAN. — MR. GARFIELD ELECTED TO THE OHIO SENATE.

The pages of my old journal, upon which I was accustomed, at no little risk, to note the incidents of each day during my weary pilgrimage in Arkansas and Louisiana, contain occasional attempts at poetry, often written to while away hours of the most intense loneliness which I have ever experienced.

The leaden hours of one dreary day in January, 1858, were somewhat lightened by spending them in writing the following:

LADY LESLIE.

Colder than the wintry starlight,
Sleeping on the drifted snow,
Was the heart of Lady Leslie,
In the days of long ago.

Lady Leslie was a Christian—
So, at least, she claimed to be—
And her robes of silk and satin
Came from far beyond the sea.

Blessed by heaven with worldly riches,
And all that mortal heart could crave,
Lady Leslie ne'er remembered
She must leave all at the grave.

From her door a half-clad orphan,
Naught to shield his shivering form,

REMINISCENCES OF

Once by cruel words was driven
 Forth into the blinding storm,
 With the night's dark curtain 'round him,
 With the damp, cold earth his bed,
 Mid the thunder and the darkness
 Back to God his spirit fled.

Yet the stately Lady Leslie
 Dropped a tear for "*Erin's* woes,"
 And she wept that *heathen* children
 Perished where the Ganges flows.

Lady Leslie had forgotten
 That the Lord's apostle said,
 Pure and undefiled religion
 Was to give the orphan bread—
 Was to seek the couch of suffering,
 And to dry the mourner's tear;
 Watch beside the dying pillow,
 And the widow's heart to cheer.

Again, a few days later, I find the following:

LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

What gem shall I call from the treasures of truth
 As an offering to thee in the freshness of youth?
 What thoughts on thy Album's smooth page shall I trace
 That Time's busy fingers can never efface?

Since all that is e"rthly must vanish away,
 Since Life's brightest hopes often fade in a day,
 Since the brilliance of noonday is followed with gloom,
 And the glory of life by the night of the tomb—

Then let each fleeting moment some pleasure impart,
 To some sad and desponding and desolate heart;
 And when Life's brittle ties by Death's hand shall be riven,
 Secure with the good, you shall find rest in heaven.

It will be remembered that, in 1858, in Southern Arkansas, the principal amusements of the wealthier plan-

ters and their sons, were drinking, gambling and hunting; and little interest was manifested in education, or in anything else not connected with cotton-raising and the increase of slave property. To one educated among the "mudsills" of the North, the tastes, employments and amusements of such a people were not very highly appreciated, and such want of appreciation was expressed in the following lines:

Ancient moralists tell us true happiness lies
 In improving each moment of time as it flies;
 But the moderns have learned that it always abounds
 In possessing a gun and a good pack of hounds.

'T was the silly conceit of some lunatic wild,
 That long years of training were good for a child;
 But progression has shown a more feasible plan,
 For transforming by magic a child to a man.

Education's a humbug and learning a cheat;
 They provide you with nothing to wear or to eat;
 And the world all believe that the "chief end of man"
 Is to keep all he gets and to get all he can.

Of what use is the college? its Latin and Greek
 Is a horrible jargon that no one can speak;
 And what matters it, pray, to this wonderful age,
 Whether Cæsar was greatest as warrior or sage?

Go see the poor pedagogue cooped in his den,
 Dispensing instruction to miniature men;
 Perseverance and talent in him are combined,
 To develop and polish the infantile mind.

Half a lifetime he's spent to prepare for his task,
 And what is his salary, pray let me ask?
 You 'll find that he gets but five hundred a year,
 While a thousand 's the price of a good overseer.

Old fogy philosophers, childish and blind,
 Long have talked of the grandeur and greatness of mind;

But the myth is exploded, and men in our times
Always estimate greatness in dollars and dimes.

Fools may prate as they please about gold being trash;
The standard of all things in this world is cash;
And the man is not shrewd, as I've already said,
Who pays dimes from his pocket for sense in his head.

The following was written at Camden, Ark., in
August, 1858, a *few* days before leaving for the North:

Long I've been a lonely stranger,
Wandering in this Southern land;
Oft beset by unseen danger,
Far from home and household band.

When the daylight fades to darkness,
And the twinkling stars grow bright;
When the vaulted heavens are glowing,
With the glories of the night—

Loneliness steals o'er my spirit,
Like a shadow o'er the sun;
And I'm weary, ever waiting
Till my heavy task is done.

Though the frozen snows are drifting
Into every vale and nook;
Though the Frost King's icy fetters
Fast have bound each babbling brook—

Yet I love the hills and valleys,
Clad like Winter's snow-robed bride,
Where I spent the years of childhood,
More than every land beside,

Here I see the towering forest,
Where the cypress and the pine
Rear aloft their regal columns,
Interwoven with the vine;

Here the never-fading holly,
With the slender, graceful cane,

And the mighty forest monarch,
Blend their beauties on the plain.

Yet the sterner, grander glories
Clustered round the mountain's brow,
And the broad and fertile prairies,
Burst upon my vision now;

And my heart beats wilder, faster,
As the thronging memories rise;
And the homes of all my kindred
Pass before my longing eyes.

May the lazy moments hasten
Till my eyes once more behold
Those I love and those that love me,
In those cherished homes of old.

As stated in the last chapter, I left Arkansas on the 26th of August, 1858, having taken passage for Cairo on the steamer Delaware. The plantations along the river had nearly all been inundated in June and July, and in place of the beautiful fields of cotton which usually at this season of the year are in their glory, were weary wastes half covered with the debris left by the retreating waters. The great levees which for hundreds of miles guard the homes of the river planters from threatened destruction had proved insufficient in very many places, and the mad waters, like a hungry giant, had burst their frail barriers to consume and destroy in their rapacious and merciless greed. We reached Cairo the fifth day, and from thence to Chicago and Mishawaka required another day; but at 9 o'clock P. M. of the 31st, I arrived in safety at my father's house.

I had been absent about seventeen months, and aside from some valuable experience I had made noth-

ing. But I had brought with me from the canebrake and the swamp the deep-seated quartan ague, and for eight months I suffered all that it was possible for me to endure and live. I was so utterly prostrated that for a part of the time I could not walk across a room without assistance. Hope nearly died during those bitter months; I could not work, and much *of* the time I could neither read nor write; the dark and gloomy days slowly dragged along, bringing no hours of sunshine.

In November we received the wedding card of Mr. Garfield and Miss Rudolph, who were married on the 10th of that month. Mr. Garfield was 27 years old on the 19th of the same month.

During the winter my father had decided to return to Michigan, and with my broken health and poverty I saw no other way than to accompany him. Our removal from Grand Rapids had resulted in the total wreck of our hopes and the loss of our entire property, besides leaving us in debt. It sometimes seemed to me as if it would be about as well to be dead as to have so unsatisfactory an existence prolonged.

My father was at this time 50 years old, and of a strong constitution, and usually of a hopeful disposition. The loss of the property for which he had toiled so hard did not cause him to abandon effort, but he had decided as soon as practicable to move into the pine forests of Northern Michigan, and there seek once more to build a home.

We left Mishawaka in January, but Mrs. Fuller and I spent about a month at Galesburg, Mich., with friends, and did not reach Grand Rapids until about the middle part of February. I was still suffering from the

ague, though at this time not quite so severely as earlier in the season.

In April we decided to make our home at the new town of Leonard, now known as Big Rapids, Mecosta county, Mich., about fifty miles north of the city of Grand Rapids. It was merely a lumber station; a mill, and not to exceed half a dozen other buildings, comprised the village, in the dense forest. The Muskegon river at this point reached a lower level, by a mile and a half of gradual descent, affording a fine water power, and showing unmistakable indications that Nature had here planned for a city.

The only means of access was by the heavy lumber wagon, over horrible trails through the dark woods, and four days were required by loaded teams to make the journey from Grand Rapids by the circuitous route which was alone passable. From the last human habitation to the new town the distance was eighteen miles of unbroken forest. Over this wild and solitary stretch we passed May 1, 1859, and just at dusk reached the little cluster of rude homes in the wilderness.

We had carried with us a small stock of various articles of merchandise such as would be needed in the new settlement, and opened the first store. The one notable fact which I remember with gratitude is that among the dark pines I left my ague, and have never had a touch of it since; though more than twenty-five years have passed away.

The village had been surveyed and staked out without felling one of the giant trees which thickly covered its side. A reservation for a public square had been planned, and the lots fronting upon it seemed to me to be desirable, and I selected two, which in due time were

cleared of the very heavy timber which for centuries had grown upon them, and upon one of them I erected my house. There were a few Indians in the vicinity, and from them we purchased furs, deer skins and venison, and sold them powder, articles of clothing, etc.

On the 15th of May, father arrived from Grand Rapids, and brought me the following letter from Mr. Garfield:

HIRAM, May 6, 1859.

My Dear Corydon;—Your most welcome letter has been unanswered for a long time, and now I take a moment to write a few words to you. The ladies had a public lyceum last evening, and one of the gentlemen's societies is to have one this evening. When I saw the audience filling the chapel, and the young minds struggling with their embarrassment and presenting the fruits of their intellectual efforts, I recalled vividly the time when those same seats were filled, and another band of youth stood before them, and you and I were among the number. I tell you, Corydon, as the thoughts of former days came crowding thick and fast upon me, I felt my heart beating wildly, and I wished I were again with you, a student, fired by the same ambition which fired us then, and surrounded by the hearts who cheered us then. Many, alas! how many that were then by our sides are far away! How they are scattered! Some to their graveyard homes, and some to their homes in the wide, cold world! And it must always be thus: one ever-revolving cycle of change, which knows no rest this side the grave. In moments of weariness like this, there comes over me the terrible feeling that I am growing old; I mean that I am being left alone by those who were with me, and I shudder to think of a time when there will be near me none who knew the joy of those early days. When the names and scenes which were so sacred to me shall sound as strange words to those around me, then I shall lose the delight of mutual remembrances of the past, and be obliged to cherish them in the chambers of the memory alone.

We are well, and as happy as mortals usually are in this state of existence. I am very hard at work, and hardly have time for the sleep I need, but yet my health is good. We have a school of over two hundred students. I wish you could be here at our Commencement on the 9th day of June. The yearly meeting is here the Sunday before. Can't you and Mary come and attend both? Do, if possible.

I am always glad to hear from you; and, Corydon, if I do neglect to answer your letters promptly, do not think it is because I care less for you. One thing in my nature I am proud of: when I give my heart to a friend, he never loses it but by his own desire or act; and while I live you may know I love you. Crete joins me in love to both of you.

Ever yours,

JAMES.

Twenty-five years have wrought wonderful changes in many parts of our wonderful country. In 1859, the country a few miles north of Grand Rapids was an immense pine forest, interspersed occasionally with tracts of a few thousand acres, densely covered with sugar maple, elms, linn, beech, ash, and other hard timber. Bordering the east bank of the Muskegon, at Big Rapids, were the pines, but on the west bank, where the town was located, the forest was of the hard timber I have named. Two railroads now reach the village, which has long been a city, and its present inhabitants will hardly realize the hardships of those who laid its foundations in 1859.

The enterprising proprietors, both of Lansingburgh, N. Y., have been dead for many years.

There are few matters of lasting interest in the history of such a village, and after the first few weeks had passed we found life very monotonous. We had but one mail a week; the incidents of the great world reached us only when those who lived in the centers of civilization had half forgotten them. Our own freight-teams made their regular trips to Grand Rapids about once every nine days, and kept our store supplied with the provisions and other articles of trade necessary to supply our customers.

We took the New York *Tribune*, and papers from Grand Rapids, etc., and the *Atlantic Monthly* after Jan-

uary, 1860. In October, 1859, came the tragic story of old John Brown, of Ossawatimie, and his mad capture of Harper's Ferry, and later, the incidents of his trial and execution.

September 15 I had received a copy of the Cleveland *Herald*, announcing the nomination of Mr. Garfield for the Ohio Senate, from the district composed of Portage and Summit counties, and I wrote him at once, congratulating him upon this, and here is his answer:

HIRAM, NOV. 9, 1859.

My Dear Corydon:—Seven weeks have elapsed since your kind letter of Sept. 20 was received. I desired to answer it immediately, but it found me, as you would see from the paper I sent you, in the midst of the campaign, and quite unable to command my own time.

During the campaign I delivered some thirty political speeches, averaging about two hours each. The Democracy and a few envious Republicans made me the center of attack, and so papers and stumbers were active in secret and open slander and abuse. Of course I returned the fire with interest.

The result was that I had 1,430 majority in the two counties (Summit and Portage), it being 130 more votes than Gov. Dennison obtained in the same territory.

Long ago, you know, I had thoughts of a public career, but I fully resolved to forego it all, unless it could be obtained without wading through the mire into which politicians usually plunge. The nomination was tendered me, and that by acclamation, though there were five candidates. I never solicited the place, nor did I make any bargain to secure it. I shall endeavor to do my duty, and if I never rise any higher, I hope to have the consolation that my manhood is unsullied by the past.

I wish that you and I could be associated in some work in life, and I shall hope that your health may be restored to you in full, and the sun rise on the future of your home in the West.

Our school is in as prosperous condition as it ever was before. We closed the last term with 270 students in attendance—and its strength is increasing.

We have just returned from attending a Teachers' Institute of one

week's continuance, in Stark county, and next Tuesday begin the work of a new term.

Lucretia and Almada send love to you and Mary, and I hope to hear from you often.

Forever and ever, your brother,

JAMES.

In the notes in my journal, recording the receipt of the above letter, I wrote: "He is bound to rise; he will be in Congress before five years." My prophecy was fulfilled four years later.

One of the privileges to which we had been accustomed, and which we sadly missed in our new home in the wilderness, was the attendance upon religious services on the Lord's day. We found Sunday the long and lonesome day of the week, and could not become reconciled to the heathenish customs which so generally prevailed. There was not a minister of the gospel in the whole county, and for several months after our arrival there were no religious meetings of any kind, though several of the citizens were members of churches, and were anxious to spend the first day of the week as they had been accustomed to do in the homes they had left.

We completed a school-house in the fall of 1859, and at the urgent request of the citizens, for many months I was pressed into the service, and taught as well as I was able the great truths of the everlasting gospel to those who cared to come together on each returning Lord's day.

The inhabitants were, many of them, intelligent and well educated; some were rough and rude, but there were none who did not treat with respect the subject of religion. At times the school-house would be filled with those who were anxious to hear the old yet

ever new story of the Man of Sorrows, who came from heaven to teach earth's toiling multitudes the way of life; some could sing the grand old hymns which loyal hearts delighted to raise in honor of their princely Saviour, and the worship was as sincere as that in more pretentious temples.

I remember one rough lumberman, who thought nothing of embellishing his conversation with rude oaths, and whose daily life was not above criticism, yet I am certain he would have resented the slightest word of disrespect shown to any of those who participated in the services, and would have fought for me as for a brother.

One day a lady came to my house and said she felt it her duty to be baptized, and that she was unwilling to postpone the performance of what she believed to be her duty. While I had never regarded myself as a minister, I had always believed that any disciple of the Master had a right to do for him whatever ought to be done, and I decided that I ought not to refuse. Word was accordingly given that at dusk that evening the ordinance of baptism would be administered in the Muskegon river, and at the appointed hour almost all the inhabitants of the village had gathered on the river bank.

The water was clear as crystal, and the soft air of the summer evening was hushed, and the song

"In all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue"

echoed across the still waters, which for the first time were to be used in the sacred ordinance.

My friend, the lumberman, with a long staff, at once waded into the river to select a suitable spot, and then "we went down both into the water," and she was "buried with her Lord in baptism," and arose I trust to walk with him through life's pilgrimage.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GARFIELD IN THE SENATE.—ELECTION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. —SECESSION.

In the last chapter I gave some account of my experience as a substitute for a minister, and I may add that seldom has any mortal been employed at greater variety of duties than those which employed my time while at Big Rapids. I was clerk and book-keeper in the only store; Notary Public and Justice of the Peace; insurance agent, carpenter and joiner, shingle manufacturer, school teacher during the winter; and correspondent for about a dozen papers and other publications.

Our mails were provokingly slow and irregular, and the following letter from Mr. Garfield did not reach me until January 26:

SENATE CHAMBER,
COLUMBUS, O., Jan. 7, 1860.

My Dear Corydon:—Your letter of more than a month ago has lain unanswered because of my hurry in preparing for the approach of the Legislature. I have read a large part of Blackstone, and some other works which I thought would be of use to me this winter and hereafter.

I came here the 30th of December, and on Monday, the 2nd of January, the session began. We have been thus far chiefly occupied in preliminary business, though there has been some discussion, and the "irrepressible conflict" has been aroused to some extent. Next Monday Gov. Dennison will be inaugurated, and then we shall be ready to work in earnest.

I do not intend to say a great deal this winter, though I have been drawn into some little debate already. Nor do I intend to sit still and do nothing.

I should be delighted to meet you and Mary once more, and renew the days and memories of long ago. Years have no power to chill the affections of the heart. I am glad to hear that your health is good, for that has been my great fear for you, that you would not be able to meet the emergencies of life in consequence of poor health. I am also glad to hear that you are speaking to the people of that new region on the subject of the gospel. Much more good can be done there than where prejudice has already assumed the place of candor.

I want you to write me again, and tell Mary to write, too—or, better, tell her to write to Crete, now in her temporary widowhood. I would write more, but I must keep watch of all the movements of our body. We have a fine company of men. I am the youngest of them all.

With the love of early and later years, I am now, as ever,

Your brother,

JAMES.

An examination of the Journal of the Senate of Ohio for the sessions of 1860 and 1861, shows that Mr. Garfield was seldom absent from his seat, and that he took an active and intelligent part in the legislation. Though only twenty-eight years old, he at once took a prominent place among his fellow-members, and was recognized as a rising man. In March, 1860, I received a copy of the *Cleveland Herald*, giving an account of Mr. Garfield's visit to Louisville, as a committee to invite the Legislatures of Tennessee and Kentucky to visit Columbus, and a full report of the speech on that occasion. The Legislatures of those States had met at Louisville to celebrate the completion of a railroad joining that city and Nashville. His speech was warmly complimented, and served to bring him prominently before the public; and the reporter for the

Herald spoke of him as "one of the ablest men in the Senate."

With me, the spring and summer of 1860, seemed to drag very slowly. I could not be contented in my home "in the wilderness. I had contracted with my father to work for him for about one dollar a day, and as my many months of helplessness the preceding year had not only exhausted my means, but left me badly in debt, I could not leave to seek a more satisfactory location.

On the 16th of May, 1860, the Republican National Convention met at Chicago to nominate candidates for President and Vice President of the United States, but it was not until the 24th that we received news of its action. Our mail arrived on Thursday of each week, and as it was brought on horseback, in case there was more than could easily be brought a part was laid over until next trip. We usually received about a dozen papers each mail, as well as the *Atlantic Monthly* and a few other magazines, after they were two weeks old.

The news of the nomination of Abraham Lincoln was very satisfactory to the majority of our people, and we at once organized a club to aid in his election. We did not learn the results of the Democratic Convention at Baltimore until the 28th of June. Thus we heard of the great movements of the outside world, while we were isolated from its life and strife.

With the hot summer came much sickness, and a few deaths. We had only one physician, and he had only recently entered the ranks of that profession, and perhaps it had been better for his fellow-mortals if he had devoted his talents to some other field of labor.

In September came the session of our Circuit Court,

his honor F. J. Littlejohn being the presiding Judge. It was the first court of criminal jurisdiction which had ever been held in the country, and among the cases heard was one of very rare occurrence, though society would be greatly benefited if a few more could result as that one did. An old man, named Van Tassel, with a smattering of legal knowledge, but utterly devoid of principle, had come into the village a few months before, and in his eagerness for business had induced a number of persons to bring suits for the collection of mythical debts, and had done all in his power to stimulate business. The proprietors of the town plat had lost their account books by a fire which consumed their office, and the old pettifogger had induced many of the former hands to sue for pretended wages, though the same had long since been paid.

Under the statutes of Michigan at that time, any offense which was indictable at common law was declared to be a misdemeanor which might be punished by fine and imprisonment, and under the common law the stirring up of law-suits, termed barratry, was such an offense. Accordingly a warrant was sworn out before me, as Justice of the Peace, for the arrest of Matthias W. Van Tassel, on a charge of barratry. It would be impossible to describe adequately the indignation of the prisoner when he made his appearance.

I gave the case a long and patient hearing, and studied the law as well as my limited facilities would permit, and feeling fully satisfied that justice demanded his punishment, I held him for trial, fixing his bond at \$200. He vowed he would go to jail rather than submit to my order, and accordingly I made out a mittimus, ordering the Sheriff to take him to Newaygo

county jail to be held until our court in September. This was the 24th of July, and only twenty days after I had assumed my office. But when the accused found there was no use of blustering, he furnished bail.

Of course I was quite anxious to see what the result would be when the case came on before the higher court, with a Judge of the extensive learning and high character of Judge Littlejohn. Van Tassel had his trial, and was convicted and fined \$100, and if not paid, was to be committed to jail for sixty days. The learned Judge said it was the first and only case of the kind which had ever come before him, though the law was a wholesome one, and the community would be greatly benefited if it were frequently enforced. The effect in that part of the country was very salutary.

On the 11th of October the following reached me:

HIRAM, Oct. 3, 1860.

My Dear Corydon:—I never felt that I needed your pardon so much as now: your two letters lie before me, so long unanswered, and one of them on business, too. But you can hardly imagine in what a whirlpool of excitement and work my life is passing. I had the good—or bad—fortune to make a speech in the State Convention in Columbus, in July, which was somewhat applauded throughout the State, so much so, at least, as to overwhelm me with calls for speeches. I have made more than forty within the last two months, and have refused more than that number, of calls. The times of 1840 are being re-enacted here. I have this morning returned from a trip to Akron, Summit county, and to-morrow I leave for Columbus.

When your last letter arrived, we were in the middle of the Fall term, and I thought William would not want to come till the Winter term began; and so I did not hurry so much. I send you a catalogue, which gives most of the necessary information. Board is \$2.00 per week. If he should wish to board himself, he could reduce the cost somewhat. Dear Corydon, it will seem like reviving the light of other days to have one of your brothers here with me. I am sure I shall love

him for his own sake; but the memory of you will make him doubly dear to me. I shall be very glad to do for him anything I can.

I do n't know when I wrote you last, and so I do n't know how late you have heard news from us. We had a daughter born on the 3d of July, and she and Crete are doing finely. We call the girl Eliza Arabella—after her two grandmothers.

Corydon, I have been thinking whether it would not be a good move for you to come to Ohio, and see if you could not get a position in some Republican county as editor of the county paper. If you would like to do so, I believe I could assist you—and you know anything in the world I could do would be done most gladly. Write me and tell me what you think.

Give my love to Mary and all the family.

Your brother,

JAMES.

The proposal contained in the above letter was very thoughtfully considered. I had earned sufficient to pay my indebtedness, but had only a small amount besides. I had commenced a house, and got it so far along that it was habitable for the summer and fall, but could not be made comfortable for the cold winter which was approaching, as neither brick nor lime was to be had.

The election was on the 6th of November, and on the 15th we were rejoiced to know that Abraham Lincoln had been elected President. A week later we learned of the preliminary steps taken by South Carolina and Georgia to secede from the Union.

I had finally come to a decision to leave the pine forests and seek a home and employment *somewhere else*: but where it should be, was not yet decided. In accordance with this determination, Mrs. Fuller had determined to spend a part of the winter in her old home at Butler, N. Y., and I was to finish up my business at Big Rapids and then look for a suitable location. The snow lay deep in all the forests before the 20th of November, and there was every prospect for a

cold and dreary winter; and on the 21st Mrs. Fuller started on her journey.

On Nov. 29 the mail brought me the following letter:

HIRAM, NOV. 19 (my birthday), 1860.

My Dear Corydon:—Your kind favors are received, and also one from William. I am sorry that he did not come. It would have been a great pleasure to have given him any aid in my power. But I shall hope to see him in the spring.

In my last letter to you I spoke of what I have been thinking for a long time, though I did not have any opening in my mind when I wrote, nor have I now; but I think one may be found, and I assure you that nothing would be more delightful to me than to see you here in Ohio again. I have written to a friend of mine in Columbus, who has an extensive acquaintance throughout the State, and I think he can find some eligible point where you might either purchase a paper or make an engagement as editor of one. I will do all I can to find some opportunity.

I wish you would tell me what you would like, and how much you could bring to bear upon some enterprise of the kind. I am, you know, still poor, and have a good prospect of keeping so, but I would try to invest something with you if I could. Excuse my hurry and brevity, for it is now near midnight, and I have been busy every moment since dark.

Crete and Almeda send love to you and Mary, and you know that I am still, as ever,
Yours,

JAMES.

It may be proper to explain that my brother William had intended to attend the Eclectic during the winter term, but had finally decided to teach until spring, which he did, near Paw Paw, Mich.

December, January and February, 1860 and 1861, were historic months. The South was busily preparing for the great conflict which was to shake the nation from center to circumference. James Buchanan, timid and irresolute, if not wholly in sympathy with the insurgents, sat in the seat of power, and saw several of

the members of his Cabinet openly aiding the rebels in their treasonable designs. By a sentence smuggled into an appropriation bill, the Secretary of War had been authorized to sell the arms and munitions of war in the national arsenals, which he deemed unnecessary; and thus whole cases of improved Springfield rifles and other arms, entirely new, were sold at a mere nominal price to the States which even then were in rebellion. Our few naval vessels were ordered to distant seas, and heavy ordinance was transferred from the loyal States to arm forts and batteries in the South. Treason was active and unblushing in every department of the National Capital, and a long suffering people looked on in hot indignation, with no power to resist the gathering hosts of those who were bent upon the Nation's destruction.

The New York *Tribune* kept us informed of the progress of events, by daring correspondents in every part of the South. One at Charleston described the batteries being constructed for the capture of Forts Moultrie and Sumter, and gave us the details of the condition of the beleagured garrison, under brave Col. Anderson, and his call upon the President for provisions. Then came the trip of the "Star of the West," which sought to carry food to the famishing soldiers, and the firing upon the National flag, and the driving back of the vessel with her mission unaccomplished. And even this outrageous insult failed to provoke indignation in the breasts of those who were in power, and the great loyal North waited and wondered what would be the next insult to be endured.

Early in January the Legislature of Ohio again convened, to hold the most important session ever held

in the history of that noble State. Of course, Mr. Garfield was in his seat, and greatly interested in the portentous events of the hour.

In January he presented himself for examination before the Judges of the Supreme Court as a candidate for admission to the bar, and received authority to practice in all the courts of the State.

On the 13th of February I left Big Rapids, having closed up my business, and being fully determined to find some more congenial place of labor. I was in my 31st year, and had thus far failed to demonstrate that I had any of the necessary elements of success in life. I had failed to accumulate any property of any consequence, and had no very flattering prospects of doing better in the future than in the past, if I remained there. How could I do worse by leaving? Thus I reasoned, and had come to the determination I have seated.

I spent a few days at Grand Rapids and then went to Paw Paw, where my brother William was teaching, as well as Dr. J. B. Crane and his accomplished wife, who were valued friends at Hiram several years before. After spending a few days, I went to Mishawaka, where I was especially anxious to see my friend, Archibald Beal, who had published a paper in that village for several years, and who had been quite successful. I had some idea of taking some interest with him in his paper, but upon close investigation, decided that the business would not justify a divided ownership.

Remaining only a day or two, I proceeded on my journey as far as Mentor, Ohio, where I stopped for a visit over Sunday, and then went to Painesville, where

my friends John and James Encell and their families resided, the two preaching alternately for the church at Painesville, while half the time of each was employed at Perry and Russell. After a short visit I went to Buffalo, and thence to Butler. It had been arranged before I left Big Rapids that I should visit the city of New York to make some arrangement, if possible, for the settlement of some of my father's business, and accordingly I reached that city March 5, 1861, the day after the inauguration of President Lincoln. The inaugural address was in the papers for sale on the cars, and I read it with much satisfaction. While breathing the spirit of kindness and conciliation, it was firm and manly, and declared in unmistakable terms that the laws would be executed and must be obeyed.

I remained only two days in the city and then returned to Butler, where the next few days were spent in visiting, and studying as to my future line of action. I was corresponding with friends and acquaintances in different parts of the country with a view of securing employment, and was anxiously awaiting letters which should show some prospect of accomplishing that which I sought. A letter from Elder Thomas Munnell expressed the opinion that I could find employment in Kentucky as a teacher or as a preacher. But I had long since decided that the latter vocation was one for which I was not fitted, while the former would be a last resort. In fact, it was an unsolved problem whether I was really good for anything, and at times I was almost discouraged and sick at heart. It seemed that all my training had been useless; all the hard lessons of the last ten years had gone for naught; all my ambitious

hopes and determinations had resulted in miserable failure. The world had no place for me, where I could win the rewards due to honest work and feel that life was worth living.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I VISIT COLUMBUS.—MR. GARFIELD AND MYSELF VISIT MC ARTHUR.—THE FIRING ON FORT SUMTER

On the morning of March 21, 1861, I received the following letter, which had been mailed to Big Rapids, and thence forwarded to me:

COLUMBUS, Feb. 26, 1861.

Dear Corydon:—I should have written you long ago, but I wanted to wait until I could have something more decisive to say. I have been making inquiries of all the men I could find, in regard to papers and editors. I have two offers which I desire to submit to you:

1. The Hon. Mr. Plants, a member of the Lower House, is editor of the *Telegraph*, a Republican paper of Meigs county, a copy of which I send you. His is a large county, and his paper has a circulation of nine hundred, and a large advertising list. He desires to sell it, because he is a lawyer, and has not time to attend to the paper. There is a large job business in connection with the paper, and they have both a newspaper press and a good job press, and a full, new assortment of type.

He will sell the office, presses, type, paper and all for \$3,000; one-third down and the rest on time. So much for this offer.

2. The Hon. Mr. Stanley, member of the Senate, tells me they have a paper in Vinton county, entitled the *McArthur Journal*, a copy of which I will send you this afternoon. The present editor is a drunken man, and the Republicans want to get rid of him. The county is small—about 13,000 inhabitants—and the circulation of the paper is at present only five hundred. They have good fixtures for doing all the necessary printing of the county, and the office does the county printing. The whole establishment can be had very cheap; indeed, at less than cost, for they desire to have a good and reliable man in it, and the party will stand by him, and back him up. It could be arranged by paying but little down, say \$200 or \$300. Mr. Stanley is

a very warm friend of mine. I have told him of you, and he is anxious to have you come and see them, and thinks no doubt an arrangement can be made.

It would not be a very heavy business at first, but your industry and talent would, I am sure from what Stanley tells me, make it pay. The first paper is the more desirable, but I think the second more feasible.

Now, Corydon, I feel very anxious in this matter, and I want to suggest what seems to me the best course. I think you had better come here immediately, and Mr. Stanley and I will go with you to McArthur and look into the matter fully (I ought to have said there is a large church of Disciples there), and I am sure we can make some arrangement. It will be a great joy for me to meet you again. If you are in want of immediate funds, I can aid you.

Write to me fully on the whole matter, or else come without writing.

Give my love to Mary and your folks, and let me see or hear from you soon.

Yours truly,

JAMES.

As I have said, this letter did not reach me until the 21st of March, and the next day I started for Columbus, reaching Painesville on the morning of the 23d. From there I telegraphed Mr. Garfield to know whether it was still desirable that I should come to Columbus, and received in answer directions to come the next Thursday, the 28th. As I had a few days leisure, I went to Chardon and spent the time visiting among my friends, whom I had not seen for a considerable time, and it was nineteen years before I again visited that place.

I arrived at Columbus on the 28th and went immediately to the Capitol, where I found Mr. Garfield. It had been about four and a half years since I last saw him—the fall of 1856, the next day after he graduated.

Mr. Garfield and Senator J. D. Cox boarded with Mr. Bascom, the Private Secretary of Gov. Dennison,

occupying the same room. Their table was covered with books on military science, and both of them spent all their leisure time in studying the art of war. I spent the remainder of Thursday and all of Friday with Mr. Garfield, at the Senate chamber during the session and at his room the rest of the time. He requested his roommate, Senator Cox, to take another room at night, and thus I shared his room. He found that he could not leave to visit McArthur as soon as he had expected, and therefore procured a pass for me to Cleveland, so that I could visit Hiram for a day or two, and on Saturday morning I started for that place. At Cleveland I called at the law office of my old friend John H. Clapp, whose wife was formerly Phebe M. Boynton, and had the pleasure of meeting not only John, but his brother James and their sister Mary, and with them went to John's residence and took dinner. With a promise to return on Tuesday and spend a night at their hospitable home, I continued my journey, reaching Hiram that evening, and found my brother William, and with him called to see Mrs. Garfield and Miss Booth.

Mrs. Francis D. Gage was at Miss Booth's rooms, and as she was to lecture that evening at the chapel of the Eclectic, on "The West Indies, Santa Cruz and San Domingo," we all attended.

On Sunday I met a great many of my acquaintances, and had a pleasant visit with Miss Booth, Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Gage. Mrs. Gage was in her 53d year and I thought her a talented and very interesting woman. She spoke in the evening on "Education," and was strongly in favor of mixed schools, rather than educating the sexes separately. Among my calls was

one at Zeb Rudolph's, the girlhood home of Mrs. Garfield.

Monday was a dark, dreary, rainy day. I attended several classes during the morning; among them were Miss Booth's class in English Grammar. After dinner I left Hiram—it was more than twenty-five years before my next visit—and returned to Cleveland, and spent the night at John H. Clapp's. The next morning I returned to Columbus. It was the last time I ever saw Mr. Clapp. He was a noble fellow, and I could never feel reconciled to his untimely death, which occurred a few months later. He had raised a company for the war, and while riding through the streets of Cleveland was thrown from his horse and received fatal injuries.

I arrived at Columbus at 2 o'clock p. M., and found Mr. Garfield in the Library. That evening, in company with Senator Cox—Mr. Garfield was engaged upon committee work—I attended a lecture by Mrs. Lippincott, better known as Grace Greenwood. I did not like her so well as I did Mrs. Gage.

On Wednesday morning, April 3, 1861, at 5 o'clock, Mr. Garfield and I started for McArthur. We traveled forty-five miles by stage coach, from Columbus to Chillicothe, and thence by the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad to McArthur, where we arrived a little before night. We found Senator Stanley, who took us at once to his home, where we were hospitably received.

The next morning we saw the proprietor of the paper, and soon found that the sanguine hopes of Mr. Stanley were groundless, and as the owner would not sell unless at a price so exorbitant that no one could think of purchasing, that afternoon the two

Senators returned to Columbus and I visited the county seat of the next county to see if there was any better chance there for buying a newspaper. But I had no success, and returned to McArthur and remained over Sunday. I found that I was among a very different population from any with which I had ever been acquainted, and while they seemed kind and obliging, I was satisfied that the light of the nineteenth century had not yet any perceptible influence in dissipating the thick darkness of antiquity. It is needless to say that the sympathies of many of the people were with the Southern States in their rebellion, and I was rather pleased than otherwise that I was not to live among them.

On Monday I returned to Columbus and remained there until 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. Mr. Garfield was very busily employed, though he gave me all the time and attention I could possibly accept and far more than I wished, under the circumstances. He was preparing his report on weights and measures, as chairman of a committee to whom had been referred a series of resolutions of the Legislature of Maine, asking Congress to appoint an international committee to consult with commissioners of other Governments and agree upon a uniform system. With his usual wonderful research, he had thoroughly studied his subject, and his report began with the rude efforts of ancient peoples to find a standard of measure, and he came down from age to age, quoting from Magna Charta, 650 years before; the legislation of the early colonies and Congress; the French system as framed under the orders of the great Napoleon; he explained the manner in which the unit of measure was found, and

from this as a basis, how weights were ascertained, and, indirectly, crushed the crude and childish nonsense of ignorant charlatans who would measure distance with that which has no extension; weight with that which is imponderable, and value with that which has no value. The report was one of the most complete and valuable which has ever been made on the subject.

Having become satisfied that my prospect of obtaining a newspaper in Ohio, with my present means, was impracticable, if not impossible, I left Columbus, April 9, and proceeded to Mishawaka, where I arrived the next morning. My friend, Mr. Beal, had gone to Wyandotte, Ohio, with a view to the purchase of a paper, and in case he should make the arrangement I hoped to buy the *Mishawaka Enterprise*, and so I awaited his return.

During the previous three months great events had been transpiring in our country. Between the election of Mr. Lincoln and his inauguration, seven States had seceded from the Union; a new Confederacy had been formed, and on the 9th of February Jefferson Davis, who had resigned his seat in the Senate of the United States a few days before, was inaugurated its first President. The days drifted slowly by, while the great North stood silently watching the progress of events. The old flag which had been for more than four score of years the glory and pride of the Nation, and which no people was so barbarous as not to respect, was daily torn from its rightful place over the forts and custom houses which the Nation had built, and trampled under the feet of a mad and rebellious populace, and the men to whom the honor of the Republic had been intrusted

took no steps to avenge the insult. Traitors were in the halls of Congress; traitors were in the Cabinet, and imbecility if not treason sat in the chair of the Chief Magistrate. The long and abject subserviency of the politicians to the haughty lords of the lash had crushed out the little native manliness which nature had given even to the doughface and the demagogue, and like cringing spaniels at the feet of their masters, they only sought to know if there was not some deeper pit of humiliation into which they could plunge to placate the haughty arrogant slave drivers who were threatening the Nation's life.

With the 4th of March, the authority of the Government had passed into loyal hands. The open traitors had sought their true place, while a pestilent brood of spies and assassins still lingered about the capital. But the rebellion had been the slow growth of more than thirty years. In fact, it was a great truth, written by the finger of God in imperishable characters, that "no nation could permanently exist half slave and half free." There was and always must be an "irrepressible conflict" which could be ended by no cowardly compromise. Mr. Lincoln was right when he announced and emphasized these immutable truths. His inaugural address was remarkable for its eloquent expressions of a desire for peace, but firm in the announcement that the laws of the nation must be obeyed.

March and the first eleven days of April passed, and every moment was busily employed by the rebels in preparing for war. Col. Anderson and his little garrison, suffering from want of provisions, bravely held Fort Sumter, while they saw each day the batteries ap-

proaching completion, which were to belch forth iron hail for their destruction. The great dailies of the North gave details of the progress of the rebellion; of the gathering of armed regiments under an alien flag, commanded by men educated at the expense of the national treasury, but so careless of a soldier's honor as to break rudely and treacherously their oaths of allegiance to their country in this, her hour of need.

On Friday, the 12th of April, 1861, I was at Mishawaka, assisting in mailing the *Enterprise*, when the news came that the rebels had that morning, at 4 o'clock, opened fire upon Fort Sumter. We received but little news—no details—until Saturday morning, when the Chicago dailies arrived and told us of the progress of the fight. The rebel forces were reported at ten thousand while Col. Anderson had but seventy men. For Saturday, the 13th, I wrote in my journal:

The news must thrill the heart of the mighty North, and arouse a spirit of desperate resistance to the hordes of the secessionists. If war must be, may it be quick and terrible, and may traitors learn that the arm of the government is not yet powerless in the vindication of National honor and of the glory of the old flag.

Our little village was out of the noise of the great world, and on Sunday, the 14th, the people gathered at their places of worship, still uninformed of the fate of the gallant defenders of Sumter. But on Monday morning came the news of the call for seventy-five thousand volunteers to serve three months, and what a shout went up from the loyal hosts of the great North! No words can ever adequately describe the effect of that proclamation. It was received with one universal shout of joy and rejoicing. The tension upon the patriotic public had been so intense that they hailed

the hour and the opportunity of striking a blow for the defense of the menaced Government. Young men, who had never known what hardship meant, crowded forward to enlist, as though war was some glorious carnival.

It is hardly possible to estimate the power which may be concentrated in a word, or a phrase. In March, 1858, in the Senate of the United States, the haughty J. H. Hammond christened the laboring men of the Free States as "Mudsills," and the sneering and insulting epithet burned the quick sensibilities of the mechanics, the artisans, the farmers and the laborers of the nation, as molten lava might burn their physical frames, and they never forgot or forgave the atrocious and cowardly insult, until they lit their pathway through South Carolina by the light of blazing homes and burning palaces.

So, during the Mexican War, at the battle of Buena Vista, an Indiana regiment, through the incompetency of its officers, was left unsupported, and when half annihilated by the deadly fire of the enemy, which it was unable to return, was at last routed, and the remnant retreated in disorder from the field. Ever after, it was the custom of the South to sneer at the men of Indiana as cowards, and no possible opportunity of repeating the libelous insult was ever neglected by the chivalry of the Slave States. Now, when the time had come to wipe out the insult, the war cry was, "*Remember Buena Vista,*" and a hundred Southern battle fields attest the gallantry of the Indiana soldiery.

On Monday, at 3 o'clock P. M., we put up the bills for a war meeting that evening. The fife and drum rallied the people until the largest hall was densely

filled, and speeches were made in behalf of the Union, Thirty-two volunteers were obtained in a few hours at Mishawaka, two out of Mr. Beal's office, and by Thursday a full company was ready and started for Indianapolis. Before Saturday night the President had been tendered two hundred thousand troops and vast sums of money.

There is no doubt but the enthusiastic response of the people to the call for troops was a surprise and a revelation to the rebel chieftains. They had been so accustomed to boast of their ability to fight ten times their number of "Northern mudsills" that they really believed in their own invincibility.

There were, even at Mishawaka, a few of that class of persons subsequently known as copperheads. The postmaster, who held his commission from James Buchanan, true to his instincts, had not sufficient sense or discretion to refrain from expressing his treasonable sentiments, and at a war meeting held on Saturday night, the 20th, a committee was appointed, to warn him and those like him to be cautious, as to their expressions, under the present state of public feeling.

The chairman of the committee, accompanied by many others, called on the postmaster, and announced his errand about as follows:

"Mr. Hurd, we have come to give you fair warning of your danger. You have vilified the government and talked treason long enough. We put up with it in time of peace, but this is time of war. Our boys are going down South to fight, and many of them to die, for their country. The bones of my old grandfather lie in the ditch at Bunker Hill, and I swear by the living God I will help hang you if I know of another treacherous word from your cowardly lips."

The wretch trembled like a leaf and was as pale as

a ghost, but he did not seek to know whether the committee were in earnest.

At South Bend, Mr. Colfax was a master spirit in the warlike preparations. Always liberal, and almost idolized by his fellow-citizens, he worked day and night to have the county and the old Ninth District, which he had so ably represented in Congress, honorably do its whole duty.

Almost the whole male population began to drill, and the usual school-boy sports all gave place to learning the art of war. It had been as when men stand and look upon a burning building, where property and life are at stake, and are utterly powerless to do anything. Now that the call had come to arms, they could aid in the work of quenching the fires which threatened to destroy the Republic, and every drop of patriotic blood inherited from brave and noble ancestors went dancing through their veins and arteries, and each quiet rural neighborhood showed that its inhabitants needed only an opportunity to write their names as heroes on the imperishable pages of history.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

BUYING A NEWSPAPER—THE WAR.—"THE BRAVE AT HOME."

The following letter, written during my stay at McArthur, the day after Mr. Garfield and Mr. Stanley returned to Columbus, did not reach me for nearly a month:

COLUMBUS, O., April 5, 1861.

My Dear Corydon:—I arrived here at half-past two in the morning, and was very "weary indeed, and have been very busy ever since. I find Stanley is exceedingly anxious to have you there, and will do all in his power to arrange it. I am anxious to hear from you, and know all about it.

Bro. Brown is here again from Akron, and says he has been talking about the Akron paper, and the chances of getting you a place there. He thinks quite probably an arrangement could be made there by and by. I can not tell you how anxious I am to have you succeed in getting a foothold in Ohio. It was part of the dream of our early life that we might some day work together.

No letter has come.

Yours, truly,

J. A. GARFIELD.

I have narrated in the last chapter my failure to accomplish anything in Ohio, and my return to Indiana, where I found that I could not make any arrangements with Mr. Beal which would be of mutual advantage. I had become entirely discouraged, and on the 23d of April had decided to return to Big Rapids, and to start **the** next day.

I have never been a believer in special providence,

yet I can not account for the fact that the next morning, not two hours before I expected to leave for my former home, a gentleman whom I had never heard of called to see me, to propose that I should buy a printing office at Rochester, Fulton county, Indiana.

The late Publisher, John H. Stailey, had received an appointment to a clerkship in the Dead Letter Office at Washington, and was anxious to leave for that city, and the Republicans were unwilling to have the paper discontinued. For three seasons, Lewis J. Brown, Esq., for many years of Des Moines and later of Davenport, Iowa, had visited South Bend in search of a suitable party to continue its publication. He met Hon. George C. Merrifield, of Mishawaka, who suggested my name, though he was wholly unaware that I was in search of a paper. I do not think Mr. Brown and I had talked ten minutes until I agreed to visit Rochester and see if any arrangement could be made. This was on Tuesday, and on the following Saturday, April 27, I proceeded to Rochester, which is about fifty miles due south of South Bend.

That evening, on my arrival, Mr. Brown met me at the hotel and took me to his home. I can not neglect this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the many acts of kindness and friendship shown me by Mr. Brown and his excellent wife. More than a quarter of a century has passed away since that time, but I have never forgotten, and should despise myself if I was capable of forgetting, the favors they bestowed upon me and my family, and the sympathy and brotherly kindness they always manifested toward us. May the blessings of heaven follow them and theirs, and no shadows darken their advancing years.

As I look back to that time, I wonder that I should have dared to undertake such an enterprise. I was little past 30, and in tolerable health, but my total cash capital was *seventeen dollars*. I had perhaps two or three hundred dollars invested in my late home at Big Rapids. I knew nothing of the art of printing, and had never had the slightest experience in the newspaper business.

The owner of the printing office had died a year or two before, and the material had been rented by Mr. Stailey. It consisted of an old Foster press, broken, but mended by a country blacksmith, a font of long primer, a font of worn brevier, and sufficient display type for a country newspaper. It had been used by a lot of boys, and was dirty and in wretched condition. The late editor was a good-natured, lazy politician, who loved a glass of beer and a pipe, and had run the paper during the political canvass of 1860 with the sole end and aim in view of obtaining a clerkship in Washington, after the election. The office was the rendezvous of half the loafers of the village. I suppose the other half congregated at the rival office.

Such was the appearance of the "*Rochester Mercury*" as I found it, on Monday, April 29, 1861, and within an hour I had bought it, giving for it four notes. I managed to give security on my Michigan property, and the others Mr. Brown indorsed, and I entered into immediate possession. The room occupied for an office did not suit me. It was on the ground floor, with only one room and in all respects unsuitable for the required purpose.

It will be remembered that this was only two weeks after the proclamation of the President calling for

75,000 volunteers. Fulton county was heavily "Democratic;" but the wave of excitement which was rolling over the land reached its drowsy borders, and war meetings were being held, and a company being raised. The village contained a Republican majority, while the country townships, buried in Egyptian darkness and ignorance, voted solid for Andrew Jackson's ghost. Among the Republicans were many of the most excellent and patriotic men I had ever known. Not a few of them sleep in soldiers' graves, a part of the fearful price the nation was compelled to pay to atone for the damning crime of slavery. I would not forget that many of those whose former affiliations had been with the so-called Democracy answered their country's call and fought bravely in her defense; but when they came back they did not vote with their old associates.

I think I never worked so hard for any period of my life as I did the first few weeks after I began my work at Rochester. I took each case of display type and emptied it upon a table and assorted the type, and after cleaning the case thoroughly, put the type back in its proper place, and thus I learned the case. I obtained a new office, in a better place, and when loafers came they found me too busy to gossip with them. Sundays the office was closed, which was another new departure.

I had some very blue days, for my cash was soon exhausted, and for a time it seemed impossible that I could keep my craft afloat. Business seemed to be perfectly dead. The paper was furnished at one dollar a year, and advertising was hard to get and always payable in trade, while paper cost cash, and my one printer had to be paid. Mr. Garfield had kindly offered to

lend me a little money until I could sell my house and lot, if I needed it, but even this resource failed in my hour of sorest need, as will be seen from the following letter:

COLUMBUS, May 10, 1861.

My Dear Corydon:—Your favor was duly received, but I have been away, and so overwhelmed with military matters that I have not been able till now to answer. I am glad to hear that you have succeeded in getting a paper. It was very mortifying to me to have a failure here in Ohio. Now that the piping times of war are upon us, I hope and believe you will be able to make a good thing out of it.

I have resolved that I can not remain quiet while the war is around us. I am going into it in some capacity.

I am sorry that I can not now accommodate you in the matter of money at this time. I have not drawn my pay for several weeks, and on the receipt of your letter I went to the Treasury, and found there was not a dollar there for members of the Legislature, and will not be for several weeks. I have not now money enough to pay my board and washing. I am very sorry indeed. I want you to write to me at once, and tell me if you have been able to secure the amount named. If not, I will hope to be able to get hold of some as soon as possible.

In the war now upon us, we can not tell the outcome either to individuals or to the nation. If I live through it, we shall some time meet again.

Love to Mary when she sees you, and believe me, ever and faithfully,
Your brother,

JAMES.

It will be remembered that I was an entire stranger to the people of Rochester, not one of whom had ever seen or heard of me until I met Mr. Brown at Mishawaka. He had kindly consented to board me and my printer until I could send for my wife and commence housekeeping, and I could not ask him to do more.

I think I shall always know how to sympathize with those who are struggling with poverty, and I shall never forget how a loan of *five dollars* obtained of a mechanic named J. J. Smith, perhaps saved me from

utter and ignominious failure. With it I bought a bundle of paper which was sufficient for two weeks' issue, and after that time I never had any serious difficulty in obtaining what money was indispensably necessary. As I did not receive Mr. Garfield's letter until May 23, and before that time had triumphed over my most serious difficulty, I was not disheartened by its contents.

Poor as were our facilities for doing decent job work, we were ahead of our competitors, and I got the contract for printing 600 pamphlets for the Agricultural Society, and for these and some advertising included in them I received \$50, and by May 26 was courageous as need be. I wrote in my journal under that date:

I feel first rate in health, and weigh more than usual, and am bound to make this newspaper live and pay expenses, if hard work can make it do so. I *can work*, and am bound to do so, as I have never worked before, rather than to fail in my plans.

I may add that my *heavy weight* was about 130 pounds. It was but a few weeks till I could set from one to two columns of type in a day, and many of my articles were not *written at all*, as I composed and set them at the same time.

I have before me now a bound volume containing my paper for about three and a half years. The first number bears date May 2, 1861. Its typographical appearance is not prepossessing, but the sentiments expressed in my first editorial I have no desire to revise. I extract from it the following:

The paper will continue to be an unwavering advocate of the policy of the Republican party, so long as that party remains true to the principles of the Founders of the Republic; but free at any time to defend the *right* and condemn the *wrong*, wherever they may be found.

In the present crisis we recognize the duty of all good citizens to be, to stand by the Government, and assist in patting down the unrighteous rebellion of secession traitors. While we would favor any measures not inconsistent with National honor tending to conciliate Union men in the South, we would make no terms with armed rebels.

We love the Union; and in matters of policy would sacrifice much for the sake of peace; but when we are called upon to purchase it at the price of principle, honor and self-respect, even peace is purchased at too high a price.

The Legislature of Indiana had been convened in extra session, a week before, and the paper had Gov. O. P. Morton's message and the proceedings of a great war meeting in the city of New York, where speeches were made by Daniel S. Dickinson, John A. Dix, Robert J. Walker and others.

I extract a few lines from an article in the Richmond *Examiner*, which I copied a week later:

If we except Benedict Arnold, there never was a Northern man who was fitted to command, if you give him a chance to run. Like cowardly boys pent up on shipboard without chance of escape, they gather courage from despair, and fight desperately. But with ninety-nine Northern men in a hundred, on all occasions, duty, honor, patriotism, has ever been considered, and will ever be considered, a mere matter of profit and loss.

In a subsequent number appeared the following lines, written by the editor:

Have ye heard the din of battle
 In the far-off Southern land?
 Have ye heard the cannon's rattle
 Echoing o'er the ocean strand?
 Hark! the Northern hosts are waking,
 And the war-cry rolls along;
 And a million voices joining,
 Swell the nation's rallying song.
 From the rocks of bleak New England,
 From Ontario's pebbly shore,

From the mighty Empire City,
Never came such shouts before.

And the freemen from Ohio
Sang the song with wildest glee;
While Illinois and Indiana
Joined the anthem of the free!

Louder than Niagara's thunder,
Louder than the ocean's roar.
Rolled the spirit-stirring pean
To the Mississippi shore.

By our glorious star-gemmed banner,
Waving o'er the brave and free,
By the rights our fathers purchased
With their blood on land and sea;

By the blue heaven bending o'er us,
By the earth on which we tread,
By our homes and by our hearthstones,
By the memory of our dead—

Hear us swear Columbia's banner
Soon again in pride shall wave
O'er the battered walls of Sumter,
Or we'll fill the soldier's grave!

Soon may haughty, perjured rebels,
Gloating o'er their deeds of shame,
Feel the might of Freedom's armies,
Fighting for their country's fame!

The same paper in which the above lines were published announced the death of Stephen A. Douglas, which occurred at Chicago, June 3, and also contained a letter from Gen. Beauregard on leaving Charleston, expressing the opinion that no sane person could for a moment entertain a doubt as to the result of the war.

It was but a short time after the beginning of the war until most of the papers in Indiana which had opposed the election of Mr. Lincoln began to oppose

every action proposed or inaugurated by the Government for the maintenance of its existence and the restoration of the Union. I think I do not allow the hot prejudices of those days to influence me when I affirm that, so far as the rival paper in Rochester was concerned, it never contained a single sentence concerning the war, during the four years of its duration, which could have been fairly construed as reflecting in the slightest degree upon the rebels or any of the acts of those who were fighting for the overthrow of the Union.

As a consequence of this, the feeling between the Union men and the anti-war party was often so intense that it is a wonder it did not result in bloodshed. As the terrible months passed slowly by, each day freighted with the awful details of the unutterable woe which follows in the track of armies, and as those who had gone out from among us at their country's call, with hearts fired by the patriotic determination to do their whole duty, came back wan and wasted by disease, or with frames shattered by the cruel bullet or shell, or in their coffins, it required wonderful self-control to hear men who had enjoyed all the blessings of our glorious Government openly expressing their sympathy for its enemies.

I have no reason to doubt that hundreds of men in Indiana really believed that "the South was fighting for her just rights;" as the editor of the anti-war paper at Rochester declared, and of course their sympathies must have been with those whom they thought in the right. Yet this did not make it any easier for those to bear whose friends were in the army. The prejudice against colored men was so great that the statutes of Indiana

made it a crime for any negro to come into the State, for which he was liable to fine and imprisonment, and a similar penalty was incurred by any white man who brought one into the State.

In glancing over my early editorial writing, I am glad to find I did not join in the censures of Mr. Lincoln which frequently appeared even in Union papers. When General Fremont was removed from the command of the Western army there was a great deal of dissatisfaction and much severe censure. Even as good and true a paper as the Indianapolis *Journal* contained some very bitter articles. The *Mercury* said:

"Many of our exchanges are censuring the Government in the strongest terms for the removal of Gen. Fremont from the command of the Western Department. Now, while we have not the slightest doubt of the ability of any of our editorial brethren to command an army with such masterly ability that they would never lose a battle, or to administer the Government with such consummate skill as to give universal satisfaction, never making a blunder or failing to do the right thing at the right time, yet, unfortunately, all the world have not as much confidence in their ability as we have; and for that reason Gen. McClellan is in command of the army, and Abraham Lincoln is President of the United States, and however desirable it may be that his place should be filled by some of these critics, it is doubtful whether it can be effected before another Presidential election.

"The Government has seen fit to remove Gen. Fremont, a man whom the West has delighted to honor. All the reasons for his removal we do not know, but our confidence is still unshaken in the honesty and integrity of our noble President. We believe he has done what he thought was for the public good, and knowing that his opportunities for forming a correct judgment have been vastly better than ours, we are willing to suspend our verdict as to the policy, justice, or necessity of the act until we have all the facts."

In my paper for Nov. 21, 1861, I published that immortal poem, by T. Buchanan Read, written at Rome, the preceding July:

REMINISCENCES OF

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smiles that well her pain dissembles,
The while, beneath her drooping lash,
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,
Tho' heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know the story,
The heart has shed a drop as dear
As ever dewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones that weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word—
What though the heart be rent asunder?
Doomed nightly, in her dreams, to hear
The bolts of war around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses;
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

COL. GARFIELD'S VICTORY OVER HUMPHREY MARSHALL.—
POEM, "GOD SAVE OUR LAND."—EMANCIPATION IN
THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

How vividly are the memories of those terrible years of war burned into the consciousness of all who were of an age to know of its daily history! It was almost the only theme of daily conversation. Not one but had a friend—perchance a father, a brother, a son—exposed to its dangers and hardships. Each little village had its recruiting office, and the shrill notes of the fife and the roll of drums were familiar sounds. And ever and anon, those awful zinc-covered boxes were unloaded at some door, within which were the remains of those who had given their lives that we might have a country. The Church Aid Society was changed to Soldiers' Aid Society; the news of the last battle and of the probabilities of the next; the merits of this General and that; and all the mighty events which now are history, superseded the common gossip of periods of peace.

Mr. Garfield had entered the service, and in my journal, under date of Dec. 7, 1861, I find the fact mentioned that he had been appointed Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Volunteers, and was at Camp Chase.

In my paper of January 16, 1862, I had the pleas-

ure of announcing his victory over Humphrey Marshall, which was rewarded by his promotion to the rank of Brigadier General. Of course I had the most unbounded confidence in his ability to do anything within the range of possibility. A week later I published the dispatch in which he announced his success to the Government:

HEADQUARTERS 18TH BRIGADE,
PRESTONBURG, Jan. 11, 1862.

To Capt. J. B. Fry, A. A. G.:

I left Paintsville on Thursday noon, with eleven hundred men, and drove in the enemy's pickets two miles below Prestonburg. The men slept on their arms. At 4 o'clock yesterday morning we moved toward the main body of the enemy, at the forks of Middle Creek, under command of Marshall. Skirmishing with his outposts began at 8 o'clock, and at 1 P. M. we engaged his force of 2,500 men and three cannon posted on the hill. We fought them till dark, having been reinforced by 700 men from Paintsville, and drove the enemy from all his positions.

He carried off the majority of his dead, and all his wounded. This morning we found twenty-seven of his dead on the field. His killed can not be less than sixty. We have taken twenty-five prisoners, ten horses, and a quantity of stores.

The enemy burned most of his stores and fled precipitately. Today I have crossed the river, and am now occupying Prestonburg. Our loss is two killed and twenty-five wounded.

J. A. GARFIELD,
Col. Commanding Brigade.

While the battle above reported may be of trifling importance compared with some of the great engagements of the war, yet it occurred at a time and in a community which vastly magnified its effect. We had for months been accustomed to record battles in which the dashing Southern troops usually came out with the principal honors, and the country hailed the victory of the young Ohio Colonel over a superior force commanded by experienced officers.

Early in February came the glorious news of the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson, with many thousand prisoners, and the occupation of Nashville. From that time onward the name of General Grant became a household word.

By the help of my Union friends I was enabled in April, 1862, to obtain new type for my paper, and not being satisfied with the name which my predecessor had chosen, changed it to THE ROCHESTER CHRONICLE. The first number under the new name and in the new dress contained the following lines, written by the editor:

GOD SAVE OUR LAND.

God in heaven! earth's mighty Monarch,
From thy burning throne on high
Look with pity on our Nation—
Let it not untimely die.

Art thou still the God and Father
Of the poor and the oppressed?
Dost Thou love Thy stricken children?
Wilt Thou give Thy children rest?

On the land and on the ocean,
Wilt Thou break th' oppressor's power?
Slavery's doom is surely written
On the records of the hour.

But, O, must this damning plague-spot
Then be washed away in blood?
Does the only path to freedom
Lead through storm and fire and flood?

Must it be as when from Egypt
Thou didst lead the Hebrew slave—
That each home must mourn a loved one
Filling an untimely grave?

REMINISCENCES OF

Pity us, O Lord, our Father!
 Spare, O spare th' uplifted rod!
 Let Thy vengeance not consume us:
 Be, as Thou hast been, our God!

Lead us from the gloom and darkness;
 Oh! dispel the shades of night;
 Let the glorious light of morning
 Come to give the land delight.

Lo! the thunder-shock of battle
 Rocks the sunny Southern land
 And the cannon's fearful rattle
 Echoes o'er the ocean's strand!

Thou, O God, in days departed,
 Wast the God of Sabbaoth!
 Hast thou still the unseen armies
 Thou didst send in vengeance forth?

Proudly o'er each field of battle
 May our star-gemmed banner wave;
 Grant, we pray, that RIGHT may triumph,
 Though each traitor find a grave.

To the people of to-day it will seem scarcely possible that for many months after the beginning of the war many of the officers of the army were accustomed to arrest all escaped slaves and send them back to their rebel masters! In fact, a very large number of the officers educated at West Point were so intensely pro-slavery in their sentiments that they were unwilling to do anything which might hurt the "peculiar institution." It was not until the war had been waged a whole year that Congress, by a vote far from unanimous, passed a bill to emancipate the slaves in the District of Columbia, paying their masters \$300 for each slave set free.

In my paper of April 17, 1862, I thus announced it:

EMANCIPATION IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

After a struggle of nearly half a century, during which time the champions of Right have been slowly but surely gaining ground, a law has been passed ridding the District of Columbia of African slavery. Henceforth the National Capital will no longer be disgraced by the brutal exhibition of the slave-trader driving his chained victims through its streets.

Slavery at the capital has been a burning disgrace to the nation, and has always caused the blush of shame to mantle the cheek of every patriot when the foreigner saw its hideousness and pointed at it the finger of scorn. While no other civilized nation permitted slavery at its capital, yet America, boasting of her free institutions, cherished the infernal system; and men were bought and sold like dumb cattle, even at the seat of government. Congressmen spent the time filched from public duties in speculating in the blood and bones of slaves, and in the shameless traffic the greater the per cent, of pure Anglo-Saxon blood, the higher the price of the victim. The city bearing the honored name of the father of his country became a den of thieves; the brothel of the debauchee and the hell of the gambler were the fitting counterparts of the loathsome market-place of the dealer in slaves.

There has never been a doubt as to the constitutional power of Congress to remove the curse, and yet the minions of the slave power, aided by the venal demagogues of the North, have hugged the rotten and reeking system, and have managed to defeat justice through the long years of the past. Thank God! the right has triumphed at last.

In the same paper is announced the battle of Pittsburg Landing, with the sad record of the awful price paid for our victory.

In my paper of Sept. 18, 1862, appear the following notices, among the current news:

Gen. James A. Garfield, who distinguished himself by defeating Humphrey Marshall, and by the daring capture of a rebel camp in Eastern Kentucky, has been ordered to report at Washington in person, and it is rumored that he is to receive an important command.

The following notices, copied from the *Chicago Tribune*, also appeared in the same paper:

Gen. Garfield, known as the "praying Colonel," is the Republican nominee for Congress in the old Giddings district, Ohio. Col. Garfield,

when the war broke out, was President of Hiram College, in Ohio, and graduated from that as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-second Ohio Regiment. He has since been made successively a Colonel and Brigadier General, for bravery and ability displayed on the field.

At the election that fall for members of Congress the Republican candidate in our district in Indiana was Schuyler Colfax. He had held the place for many years, and his earnest patriotism and generous and unselfish labors for the soldiers had rendered him exceedingly popular with the Indiana regiments. In his own county—St. Joseph—when requested to write an article for his old paper, he wrote:

You ask me to write an editorial for this week's *Register* on the War. It will be my first one after an eight months' absence, and probably the last for months to come. It will be brief, for time is precious, and the armies of the Union are longing to hear the tramp of hundreds of thousands of armed men, not only for their own reinforcement, but to aid them in crushing the hydra heads of secession before the forests are filled with the falling leaves of autumn. And here it is: To the first fifty volunteers who after this date are enrolled in the companies raising in St. Joseph county, I will give ten dollars each. . . . SCHUYLER COLFAX.

A few days later he deposited \$100 in addition to the above \$500, to be used for the benefit of the sick of a company going out to the field. His generous contributions for the soldiers and their families, so far as I know, were not excelled by any man of his means in the country. He had made a vow that while the war lasted he would spend his whole income for the Union cause, and he nobly redeemed his promise. That fall I had the pleasure of becoming quite intimately acquainted with him; an acquaintance which continued until his untimely death, and a nobler man I never knew.

Mr. Colfax was elected, but by a very small majority, and we were greatly rejoiced at his success.

A few days before the election I wrote the following lines and published them:

TO HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

Bold champion of the RIGHT, toil on;
 For truth shall triumph at the last;
 Though demons hiss and traitors rave,
 Though skies are dark and overcast,
 Though cowardly foes traduce thy name,
 And seek to blast thy well-earned fame,
 Ne'er falter in the glorious fight;
 For God himself will aid the RIGHT.

Great men now sleeping in their graves
 Prayed for the sight our eyes behold,
 When ill our Nation's capital
 Slaves should no more be bought and sold.
 Could envy reach the "shining shore"
 And spirits feel earth's longings more,
 Then souls of the immortal dead
 Might covet honors from thy head!

That one great act of righteousness
 Which struck the fetters from the slave
 Still live in history and preserve
 Thy name from dark oblivion's grave!
 Columbia's capital is free!
 No more the wail of agony
 From broken hearts to God shall rise,
 Invoking vengeance from the skies!

Then labor on for GOD and RIGHT!
 Strike boldly in our holy cause:
 Fear not the threats of ruffian foes
 Who'd nullify Jehovah's laws!
 Whose knavish brains ne'er coined a thought
 That might not be for dollars bought;
 Mistaking infamy for fame,
 They grovel on to graves of shame.

In September, 1862, I received the following letter:

HOWLAND SPRINGS, Trumbull Co., O.,
September 5, 1862.

My Dear Corydon:—Your kind letter of the 25th ult. was received a few days ago. I was exceedingly glad to hear from you. I have not heard from you for a long time, only by way of your paper, a copy of which has from time to time found its way into camp and reached me. I ought to have left the field two months ago, but I had hoped to ward off disease, but for being put on that miserable Court Martial, where I was shut up for near forty days in a hot room, where I could get no exercise; and at last I broke down. It was doubted by some whether I could live to get home. I lost forty-three pounds of flesh, and was so weak that I had to lie on a couch in the court the last ten days of my attendance. I had the jaundice very badly, and the chronic diarrhoea. I am getting better; indeed, I am nearly free from disease, but I am very weak. I have come away here to a quiet farmer's home, where there is a medicinal spring, and I could get rest away from the school and the crowd of visitors.

I hope to be able to take the field again in a few weeks. I have just received a telegram from Secretary Stanton, ordering me to report at Washington in person for orders, as soon as I am well enough. It is rumored that I am to have a larger command, but what and where I do not know. The doctor says I will not be fit for duty before the first of October, but I am very restive under this restraint, I assure you.

After so many months of preparation, there now seems to be a hope of active work, and it is a great trial to me to have to lie here and do nothing. Crete and Trot are with me, and but for the war I should be very glad to enjoy their society once more. Trot is twenty-six months old, and I have lived with her but eight months of that time.

On the 2nd inst. I was nominated to Congress from this district. I had taken no part in the canvass, and did not even attend the convention. It was a spontaneous act of the people.

The Eclectic is doing well. We have nearly two hundred students. I hope you may not fail in your paper. Can I aid you in any way? Let me know. Give my love to Mary. Crete joins me in love to you both. Let me hear from you again. Direct to Hiram, and if I am gone it will be forwarded to me.

With much love, I am, as of yore,

Your brother, JAMES.

Mr. Garfield's great learning and his love of justice were recognized as eminently fitting him for service upon courts martial, and for these reasons he was compelled to serve, even at the sacrifice of health and strength. Among the important trials in which he had a part was that of Col. Turchin, who was accused of permitting the burning of Athens, Ala., and other conduct not becoming to an officer. While the court was obliged to find him guilty of some of the charges, there must have been palliating circumstances, as Mr. Lincoln soon after made him a Brigadier General.

Capt. M. T. Russell, of Des Moines, who was serving in an Indiana regiment, and who was well acquainted with the circumstances, informs me that a few bushwhackers had assassinated Gen. McCook, and for this cause the soldiers of his command burned Athens, as well as many of the buildings on adjacent plantations. Col. Turchin probably sympathized with the soldiers, and was not as energetic in repressing their unlawful conduct as was required by the laws of war.

At the election in October, 1862, Mr. Garfield was triumphantly elected to the seat in Congress so long and so ably filled by Joshua R. Giddings. But as his term of service did not begin until December, 1863, he remained in the army.

A few weeks after the above letter was written he reported at Washington, and was detailed to serve upon the court Martial for the trial of Gen. Fitz John Porter, the trial lasting from December 1, 1862, to January 10, 1863.

Early in September, -President Lincoln had issued his preliminary proclamation of emancipation, in which he had announced that on the first of January, 1863,

all slaves within the States at that time in rebellion should be declared forever free, and pledged the entire military power of the Government to maintain their freedom.

The shadows which brooded over the Nation during the closing days of that eventful year were dark indeed. The disastrous battle of Fredericksburg had been fought in December with a loss to our army of many thousands, and there was mourning in a multitude of Northern homes for those who should return no more. While the hosts of those who were loyal and true to the Government were as determined and resolute as ever, there were not a few whose sympathies were with the men who were bent upon the destruction of the Union, that they might build upon its ruins a new nation whose corner-stone should be African slavery. The course taken by these misguided if not unprincipled men could not fail to prolong the gigantic struggle, and no one could foresee the end.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NEW YEAR'S, 1863.—LETTER FROM MURFREESBORO.—
ROSECRANS.—DEATH OF DR. BRACKET.—OHIO ELEC-
TION.

[From the Rochester *Chronicle*, Jan. 1, 1863.]

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

"The year, alas! is gone
Forever from the world! He seemed too strong
Too mighty e'er to die. He laid his hand
On breathing millions, and they sank beneath
The green grass of the grave! He blew aloud
The trumpet-blast of battle, and dark hosts
Met in the mortal shock, and when the flame
And smoke of conflict had gone by, they lay
Like Autumn's red leaves on the plain. He passed
O'er earth, and at each wave of his broad wings,
Volcano, earthquake, whirlwind, storm and flood
Sprang up beneath the silent spell, and wrought
The fearful ends of their destiny.
Yet now, his own great mission done, he lies
On scorched and broken pinions, with the dead,
There, there to sleep."

The year 1862 has passed away, and its mighty record is made up for time and eternity. Few of the years that go to make up the vast cycles of the past have witnessed greater events than the last year. A gigantic system of oppression, so dark and damnable in its features that history affords no parallel, has inaugurated a struggle for the overthrow of free institutions; and the mighty North, strong in its consciousness of right, has marshalled its thick hosts for the fearful conflict. Eight hundred thousand of the noblest young men of the land hail the light of this New Year's morning from the tented field; and more than five hundred thousand Northern homes, as their inmates gather around the hearthstone, count some member absent, perhaps slumbering in a bloody shroud,

"On the banks of some lone river,"

in the land of the snowy cotton, or exposed to all the perils of the battle-field.

Within the last twelve months our heroic soldiers have performed deeds of daring that vie in glory with those of the immortal heroes whose names have been the theme of poets and orators for the last forty centuries. On the fields of Donelson, of Shiloh, of Antietam of Prairie Grove and of Fredericksburg, as noble blood has been as freely shed as ever flowed from Spartan veins, or from the hearts of the soldiers that carried the victorious eagles of the Caesars from the gates of the Eternal City to the distant shores of proud and haughty Albion. Nobly has the North vindicated her title to a place in the van of nations, by her heroic devotion to the cause of right.

But if our hearts are sad as we think of the homes desolated, of the orphans and widows to whom the New Year brings no thought of joy and gladness, yet let us not despair. All is not lost. A brighter day is surely coming, for it can not be that the pall of an eternal night is about to settle in rayless gloom over the land for which Washington fought and Warren fell! Oh, no! Ere the year upon which we are now entering shall have passed away, light will burst forth, and the darkness that now environs us shall flee away.

This day our noble Chief Magistrate is to proclaim liberty to the captive, the YEAR OF JUBILEE to the oppressed and downtrodden millions of toiling slaves, who have long been held in a bondage more bitter than has cursed any other portion of the human race since time began. The inspiring cry shall echo from continent to continent, and the good and great of every land will sympathize with us in our struggle for the restoration of the Union and for the establishment of the eternal principles of truth and justice. With such aims and objects, failure must be impossible. Every attribute of the Infinite Jehovah will be enlisted in our favor.

'T is true, we shall have the bitter and unscrupulous opposition of all the fiends of the infernal world, with every ally the Prince of Darkness has on earth. Those who love iniquity and hate right and righteousness, have always stood in the way of every reform, and loaded with contumely and reproach the best men earth has ever known. Just such men as now oppose freedom, and vomit forth their malicious lies concerning all who are actuated by true and holy principles, persecuted the Saviour from one end of Palestine to the other, and finally triumphed, for the time, by accomplishing the murder of the Son of God! But truth is mighty, and must ultimately prevail.

Slavery has been the only thing antagonistic to our national unity, and when it is swept away forever, as we believe in the providence of God it will be, no man can predict the career of prosperity and glory that will be opened to our enfranchised country. Purged of the only stain which has disgraced her fair escutcheon, she will be in truth the land of the free. To such a prospect we confidently look forward, and though dark clouds now hang around our horizon, we have an abiding trust that from the terrible ordeal of fiery trial through which we are now passing, we shall emerge purified and ennobled, with higher purposes and higher aims, and more worthy of the blessings which God has so richly bestowed upon our favored land, and which he has in store for us in the future.

To the kind friends who have so generously stood by us during the past year, we tender our most sincere and heartfelt thanks, and promise that no effort shall be wanting on our part, in the future, to render the weekly visits of the *Chronicle* both pleasant and profitable. Let us labor together for the dissemination of the principles of truth, and success will at length reward our efforts. With such hopes and such determinations, we most heartily wish all our friends a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

In the spring of 1863, General Garfield was appointed Chief on the staff of Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, then in command of our army in Tennessee. The duties of this office were very important, and history has told how ably and faithfully he performed them. A great army was being gathered at Murfreesboro for the purpose of opposing and crushing the rebel army before them under the command of Gen. Bragg. At Vicksburg, Gen. Grant was slowly but surely gathering about the beleaguered city, with that indomitable purpose which never contemplated any other possible end of the struggle except unconditional surrender.

The days drifted slowly by, and not only the country but the army grew tired of the long delay. Garfield himself was growing impatient, and felt that the hour was come when a decisive blow should be struck,

and he believed it would result in the annihilation of the rebel army. But Gen. Rosecrans still waited, whether from timidity or disinclination to crush those who had been and have since been his political friends, may be a question; one excuse after another was given why the struggle should be postponed.

It was about this time that Gen. Garfield wrote the letter to Salmon P. Chase, which subjected him to severe criticism from men who believed that every strippling who obtained his education at West Point must be infinitely the superior of all who learned the art of war only on battle-fields, and who were unskilled in the petty tactics of holiday soldiers. Within a few days of the same time he wrote the following letter to me, expressing precisely the same sentiments:

HEADQUARTERS
ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND,
MURFREESBORO, May 4, 1863.

My Dear Corydon:—Yours of April 1 was received by the hand of Lieut. Beeber, and I assure you it was read with great pleasure. When I was in Washington last winter, I saw Mr. Colfax, who spoke very kindly and highly of you. I have now fully recovered my health, and for the last three months have been hardy and robust. My duties are very full of work here, and I have never been more pressingly crowded with labors than now. I have not retired, on an average, before two o'clock for the last two months and a half. Gen. Rosecrans shares all his counsels with me, and places a large share of the responsibility of the management of this army upon me, even more than I sometimes wish he did.

This army is now in admirable condition. The poor and weak material has been worked out, and what we now have is hard brawn and solid muscle. It is in an admirable state of discipline, and when its engineeries are fully set in motion it will make itself felt.

From all the present indications, it can not be long before we meet the rebel army now in our front, and try its strength again. When the day comes, it bids fair to be the bloodiest fighting of the war.

One thing is settled in my mind: direct blows at the rebel army—bloody fighting—is all that can end the rebellion. In European wars, if you capture the chief city of a nation, you have substantially captured the nation. The army that holds London, Paris, Vienna, or Berlin, holds England, France, Austria, or Prussia. Not so in this war. The rebels have no city, the capture of which will overthrow their power. If we take Richmond, the rebel government can be put on wheels and trundled away into the interior, with all its archives, in two days. Hence our real objective point is not any place or district, but the rebel army wherever we find it. We must crush and pulverize them, and then all places and territories fall into our hands as a consequence.

These views lead me to hope and believe that before many days we shall join in a death-grapple with Bragg and Johnston. God grant that we may be successful. The armies are nearly equal in numbers, and both are full of valiant soldiers, well drilled and disciplined.

I am glad to hear of your success in the *Chronicle*, and especially in the triumph in your region over the copperheads.

The little circumstance you related to me of the soldier in the 51st Indiana, touches my heart. I wish you would write a letter for me to Joseph Lay, and express my sympathy with him for the loss of his brave son, who was many times with me under the fire of the enemy. I want to know of the health of his family, and especially of that little one to whom the affection of the father gave my name.

John E. McGowan is here, visiting me. He is a Captain in the 111th Ohio. He wishes to be kindly remembered. Give my love to Mary, and let me hear from you both. With the love of other days, I am, as ever,

Your brother,

JAMES.

Capt. McGowan was one of the students at Hiram at the time of my attendance, and we had been well acquainted.

Joseph Lay was a highly respected citizen of Fulton county, Indiana, and his son, Thomas, leaving his wife in his father's care, had gone forth at his country's call, as it proved to give his life for her defense. During his absence his wife had given birth to a son, and from his dying cot in a rude hospital he had sent home

the request that the child he had never seen should be given the name of his beloved commander. It was to this incident that the great hearted Garfield alluded in the above letter. Lieut. Beeber, the bearer of my letter to which his was an answer, was a brave and faithful officer from our own village.

It will be noted that as early as May 4, 1863, Gen. Garfield thought the time had come to strike Bragg's army. He argued that so soon as Gen. Grant should take Vicksburg, the rebel army which had been endeavoring to raise the siege of that stronghold would be at liberty to unite with Bragg, and thus add largely to his effective force. Further, the hot southern sun must produce sickness in their own camps, and disease would deplete their ranks and reduce their strength. Recent developments have shown that Gen. Grant entertained precisely the same opinions and repeatedly urged that Gen. Rosecrans move against Bragg while the army under Johnston was detached in order to relieve Vicksburg. But there was too little of a real soldier in Rosecrans to secure effective work. He waited and waited, under one pretext or another, and the precious months drifted by. Who believes that a General like Napoleon Bonaparte would have wasted a whole summer watching an army not his equal in numbers and far less effectively equipped, and postponed the day of battle? Who believes that Gen. Grant would have fought the battle of Chickamauga late in September instead of May? It was a sad fact that the inefficiency of our commanding Generals cost us countless lives and prolonged the struggle many terrible months. The late efforts of the egotistical Rosecrans to prove himself an abler General than U. S. Grant will not be apt

to reverse the verdict of history; neither will his malicious and cowardly kicks at the dead lion add to his own reputation or mar that of the hero of Donelson, Vicksburg and Appomattox.

In those days not a few of us firmly believed that, while the citizen soldiery longed for the end of the war and desired most earnestly to return to their homes, not a few higher officers, who were professional soldiers, were in no hurry to conquer a peace. They were well paid and the way was open to their promotion, and they were of far more importance while the war should last than they could ever hope to be in time of peace. Of course, this would not apply to all, but far too many showed unmistakably that they were either cowardly and incompetent or not at all anxious to hasten the end of the struggle.

Garfield had gone into the army, not because he loved its terrible work, but because he believed that only by it could the nation be saved from ruin. Every pulsation of his great heart was with the most earnest desire to see the end of the terrible contest. But while it was to last, he believed the true course to be such quick and terrible blows as should convince the rebellious States that they must surrender and come back to their allegiance or be destroyed.

History has already accorded to him great military ability, and his friends have always greatly regretted that he could not have had an independent command in the field, believing he would have more than justified their proudest hopes and expectations. There is no doubt that Gen. Thomas shared in this opinion.

Among the priceless contributions of our village to the war for the Union was the life of Dr. Charles

Brackett, who went into the army almost at the beginning of the struggle, and died at Helena, Ark., Feb. 20, 1863. He was Surgeon of the 9th Illinois Cavalry, and was widely known as a man of incorruptible integrity as well as an ornament to his profession. He was only 38 at the time of his decease, and his loss was keenly felt in the community where he had enjoyed a very large practice and was known in almost every home.

The following lines by the editor, as a tribute to his memory, were published in the *Chronicle* of March 12, 1863:

Smooth back the locks from his high, noble brow;
 Take the last look as he lieth there now!
 Noble and god-like, true-hearted and brave,
 He died as a martyr, his country to save.
 Far from his home and his loved ones he fell,
 Doing his duty both bravely and well;
 Kneeling at night by the sick soldier's bed,
 Watching with him till the spirit had fled.

Staunching the life-tide that flowed from the spot
 Mangled and torn by the death-dealing shot!
 Lay his body to rest in its dark, narrow bed;
 Number him, too, with our patriot dead;
 For the hopes that we cherished "grown suddenly dim,
 Let us weep in our sadness, but weep not for him!"
 Tho' bitter the tears that in anguish we shed,
 Let us weep for the living, and not for the dead.

For tho' clouded our skies and our vision be dim,
 Vet bright were the angels that beckoned for him;
 And the spirits that dwell on the bright, "shining shore,"
 Where earth's sorrows and sadness can trouble no more,
 Have welcomed him home to that beautiful land,
 And found him a place in their radiant band.

The early months of 1863 had been signalized by no decisive victories, and the loyal people hailed the cap-

ture of Vicksburg and the success at Gettysburg with unbounded joy. It is true, there were discordant sounds, for many of those opposed to the war complained of usurpation on the part of Mr. Lincoln, and every abusive word in the English language, or which could be coined from any foreign tongue, was daily applied to him and those who expressed a determination to crush the rebellion at all hazards. Vallandigham had been arrested for his seditious language and sent to his friends within the rebel lines, and his admirers had at once nominated him for Governor of Ohio, in token of their sympathy. He was beaten only by about *one hundred thousand majority*.

From early in 1863 until the close of the war, two years later, the prejudices between the supporters of the war and those who opposed its further prosecution were more intense than it is now possible to realize. In our village there were two celebrations on the Fourth of July, the supporters of the war for the Union refusing to join with those whom they believed to be traitors to their country in observing the national holiday, and the following is a sample of toasts at the celebration by the unconditional Union men:

"The first copperhead: he was found coiled in a tree in the garden of Eden, preaching treason; the race has not improved with the lapse of six thousand years, but is now, as then, engaged in the same vile work."

Morgan's famous raid into Ohio occurred in July, resulting in the loss of his command. Also, the great draft riots in New York city were during the same month.

In September came Chickamauga with all its horrors. Our soldiers were in the fight, and not a few homes in

our little village mourned for those who should return no more. But even more bitter to us than our sorrow for the dead was the ill concealed joy of those whose sympathies were with their country's enemies. Indiana was full of them, and to say that we hated them a thousand time more than we did the soldiers in the rebel army would be no exaggeration of our intensity of feeling. The score of peaceful years which has intervened between those dark days and the present has not been time enough to cover with the mantle of forgetfulness those bitter memories, and enable those who loved the old flag and sacrificed their costliest offerings upon their country's altar, to forgive those who were false at heart and treacherous to the land which gave them birth in her hour of supremest sorrow and trial.

CHAPTER XL.

GARFIELD MADE A MAJOR GENERAL. THANKSGIVING DAY IN 1863.

The battle of Chickamauga was reported as a defeat of our army, and would have proved disastrous but for the gallantry of Gen. Thomas, who resolutely refused to retreat, but held the hotly contested field. The heroic ride of Gen. Garfield, through the tempest of iron and lead, to carry aid and encouragement to that illustrious General are matters of history, and need not be recounted here. In his report of the battle, Gen. Thomas spoke in the highest terms of Gen. Garfield, and when the latter, as the bearer of dispatches, reached Washington a few days later, he received the well deserved honor of a commission as Major General.

Early in November, Gen. Garfield made a speech at a Union meeting at Baltimore, which was well received and widely published. The election that fall had resulted generally in favor of the friends of the Government; in Ohio the notorious Vallandigham had been beaten by nearly one hundred thousand majority, while Pennsylvania, Iowa and many other States had spoken in no uncertain sound their determination to crush the rebellion at all hazards, and at any cost.

The Congress to which Mr. Garfield had been elected the preceding fall was to meet in December, 1863, and though he was very anxious to return to the

army, where he had the promise of an important command, yet at the urgent request of President Lincoln he resigned his commission and entered upon his duties as Representative of the Nineteenth District of Ohio, so long and so ably represented by Joshua R. Giddings.

A *few* days after the opening of the session, I received the following letter

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13, 1863.

My Dear Corydon:—On my arrival here one week ago, I found yours of the 1st of November awaiting me. I am sorry it was not forwarded to me, but it lay here with fifty or sixty others.

I had expected to get here some time before the session began, to secure rooms and take a more active part in the organization of the House, but I was detained at home for the saddest of reasons. We buried our precious little "Trot" the day before I left home. I sat by her bedside for nearly two weeks, watching the little dear one in her terrible struggle for life.

We had at length reached a point where the fever was over, and we had hopes of her recovery, when the diphtheria set in, and we were compelled to sit still and see her die. We buried her on the third day of December, at the very hour she would have reached the end of her fifth month of her fourth year.

I have no words to tell you how dreary and desolate the world is since the light of her little life has gone out. It seems as if the fabric of my life were torn to atoms and scattered to the winds. I try to be cheerful, and look up through the darkness and see the face of our Father looking upon me in love, but it is very, very hard. I will try to be cheerful.

"Yet in these ears till hearing dies
One set, slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever looked with human eyes,"

You must pardon me, dear Corydon, if I seem almost dead to life and all that belongs to it.

My bereavement made me still more want to go back to the army, but the President did not think it safe to risk a vote, and so I resigned the Major Generalship and took my seat.

You have seen how triumphantly we elected your friend Colfax. I talked with him of you, and he spoke of you in high terms.

I wish I knew of some way in which I could assist you to a position which would put you into better opportunities for work and usefulness. Tell me if you find any place where I can be of service to you.

Give my love to Mary. I wish she would write to poor Crete, and I wish you would, too. You must forgive this hurried note, for I have a great crush of work upon me just now.

With much love, I am, as ever,
Your own,

JAMES.

The year 1863 had seen many desperate battles between the armies of the Union and their misguided enemies. Great victories had been achieved, and it did not seem possible that the awful struggle could be much longer prolonged. The Mississippi was free from its source to its mouth; all of Kentucky and nearly all of Tennessee were held by our armies; and best of all, incompetent Generals were being relieved and abler men placed in command. Rosecrans was ordered to turn over his army to Gen. Grant, whose transcendent abilities were beginning to be recognized, and before the close of the year the preliminary steps were being taken to place him in supreme command of all the armies of the Union.

But the burdens of the war had grown heavier with each passing month. Vast armies were in the field and the expenses of the Government were enormous. The currency was depreciated, and the prices of all things were daily rising. The white paper on which I printed my little newspaper was two and a half times as high as in 1861. The internal revenue laws placed taxes before unknown upon every branch of business. Stamps must be placed upon every legal paper, and all incomes exceeding \$600 were taxed. Each congressional dis-

trict had its Assessor and Collector, and each had a deputy in every county.

But far worse than all else, almost every home was in mourning for some costly sacrifice laid upon the nation's altar. The land was filled with widows and orphans, and sorrow and mourning brooded over every neighborhood. And yet, despite the sufferings of the year, the annual thanksgiving was heartily observed. The causes for thankfulness were summed up for the readers of the *Chronicle* as follows:

The noble band of Pilgrims, who for the sake of civil and religious liberty exiled themselves from their homes to the wild forests of North America were the men who originated the custom of devoting a day annually to the especial purpose of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God for the blessings of the past year. The men who laid the foundation of American liberty, the immortal heroes who braved the perils of the stormy sea, and in the bleak December of 1620 landed on a frozen rock at Plymouth, were the men who put their trust in God, and taught their children in each returning autumn, when the harvest was past, and they had garnered the bountiful gifts of earth; when the golden corn was gathered and the luscious fruits were safely stored from the hungry teeth of the ice-king; when the bleak winds told of approaching winter and the cheerful fire blazed on the hearth, to acknowledge their dependence upon Jehovah, and to gather around their altars in devout thanksgiving for His countless blessings, and humbly supplicate a continuance of His favors.

In accordance with this time-honored custom, the American people are called upon to-day to unite in devout thanksgiving for the blessings God has vouchsafed them during the past year. It can not be improper for us to call to mind some of these blessings in order that we may be intelligently thankful.

Our harvest, if not so bountiful as in some past years, have been sufficiently plenteous to amply supply our wants. There is enough and to spare of both food and raiment, and gaunt famine must look for other fields in which to find his victims.

No fearful pestilence has visited us, decimating our cities and depopulating our villages. There has seldom been a year in which health has been more generally enjoyed. The thousands of our beloved

friends who for the first time saw and felt the burning sun of June in the hot southern sky have escaped those fearful diseases whose touch is death! No yellow fever has rioted in our crowded hospitals; no cholera has made havoc in our noble armies!

While the flames of war have lit up the Southern sky, and men and women "have gathered round their blazing homes," we have not so terribly felt its ravages. True, alas! we mourn for brothers slain, and with blinding tears and choking sighs we have followed some to the soldier's grave, while for others we weep that we have been denied the poor boon of caring for the crumbling tenement from which the spirit had fled, and may not even know that their bones are decently consigned to a resting-place in the bosom of the earth.

But we owe our thanks to the God of Sabaoth for the great and signal victories he has given to our armies. The world has seldom seen such victories as have been achieved by our gallant soldiers. With a devotion unequalled in history, these noble men had forsaken home, with all its endearments, to peril everything in defense of the country which a benevolent God had given them. Not for military fame—not for the laurel wreath which beauty weaves for the victor's brow—not at the beck of some godless leader, the blind devotion of mad ambition, did these men forsake the peaceful walks of life to learn the fearful trade of war! It was only when the country which had nurtured and cherished them felt the bony hand of the assassin at her throat, and cried in agony to her loyal sons for help, that they left the plow and the workshop, and with a patriotism worthy of Cincinnatus, hastened to defend their native land from the ruffian traitors who had assailed it. And nobly have they performed their work. Shiloh, Donelson, Prairie Grove, Murfreesboro, Gettysburg, Chickamauga, and a score of other fields—where the immortal flag under which our fathers humbled the haughty pride of Britain, though torn by shot and shell, and soiled by the battle's sulphurous smoke, when the thunders of the conflict were hushed, still waved in triumph, the nation's pride and hope—attest their valor to a land that will never forget the deeds of glory they have performed.

Their work is almost accomplished. The waning of the hopes of the ambitious chieftains who plunged the nation into war that they might secure their own aggrandizement becomes every day more evident. No hope now of foreign intervention. No hope now of a divided North. They realize that until the rebellion is crushed the business of the United States is war that her people have so decided with a voice so overwhelming that the cowardly traitor who "waits and watches

over the border" no longer listens to the eternal *roar* of Niagara, but stops his ears to shut out a sound more terrible, which tells him and his treacherous allies that his native land has disowned him. The end is drawing nigh.

Last, though not least, the withering, blighting curse which has been the cloud in our horizon for a century; the giant wrong which has sapped the foundations of the Republic and infused its poisonous venom through every stratum of society; the dark spot at which the good of all nations have pointed when we spoke of ours as a land of liberty; the infernal, cowardly system of Slavery has received a mortal wound. The nation has set itself right, and henceforth our actions will not give the lie to our professions; we shall no longer be the by-word of a mocking world! Our land will be indeed the asylum for the oppressed; our cities will not be disgraced by the infernal traffic in the souls and bodies of men. For the progress of the cause of freedom every believer should thank God! *Te Deums* should be chanted in every temple dedicated to the service of the Most High.

Let one universal song of glad rejoicing, one pealing anthem of praise, this day roll from sea to sea, and the whispering winds bear it up from earth to heaven, and the angel bands who sang on the plains of Bethlehem at the Redeemer's birth will catch the exultant notes, and all the glorious company of the redeemed from every nation, tribe and tongue will join their rapturous voices in celebration of another mighty step that men have taken in the path that leads them up from the valley of death to the radiant home of God!

It is a matter of astonishment at this day, when more than a score of peaceful years have elapsed since slavery was overthrown, that so many were willing only a quarter of a century ago to defend an institution which the enlightened judgment of the age has pronounced the crowning infamy of modern times. But it is a sad fact that in 1860 there were multitudes of men and women in the North who had no personal interest in the slave system, and yet were apologists for its inhuman atrocities and defenders of its unspeakable horrors. And it is unquestionably true that such persons, almost without exception, sympathized wholly

with those who were in rebellion against the Government, and earnestly desired their success. The fact of their sympathy was well known to the insurgent leaders, and stimulated by the hope of assistance from these friends, the contest was protracted many months after success was hopeless, unless through such assistance.

Thus the people of almost every neighborhood in the free States were divided into two parties, between whom there often was no sympathy, and not infrequently ill-concealed hatred. The family who had sent an idolized son into the Union army could not be friendly with those who hailed a rebel victory with pleasure. The mother who mourned over the coffin of her boy who had died for his country did not pretend to love those who said he had met his just deserts, and the widow whose husband lay in the bloody shroud in a soldier's grave neither felt nor pretended to feel any affection for the brute who, like the Auditor of Marshall county, Indiana, gave an order for \$5 to aid her in feeding her fatherless children, heading it, "War Pauper Expense," and writing in the same, "Charge this damned abolition war."

CHAPTER XLI.

NEW YEAR'S, 1864.—DRAFT LAW.—HOW MR.
GARFIELD
PREPARED THE ACT.—CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

[From the Rochester *Chronicle*, Dec. 31, 1863.]

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

With the present number of the *Chronicle* we close the labors of 1863, and at such a time it seems not unfit that we should look back upon the departed year, and from its varied events seek to gather wisdom for the future.

When the fierce passions and excitements of the present have passed away, and, after the lapse of years, the philosophic historian shall gather up the events of 1863 and weave them into the web of history, he will find no lack of materials to render his story one of absorbing interest. In all ages the page of history has been a continued record of blood and strife. Not an age has elapsed since the primal pair were driven from the peaceful bowers of Paradise, that has not been the scene of conflict; green fields have been wet with the warm life-blood of brave hearts, and the mission of man has almost seemed to be the destruction of his fellow man.

The fierce and unnatural ambition of godless men has cost the blood of thousands. Philip of Macedon asked not how many brave men's lives must be the price of the enlargement of the boundaries of his kingdom, and his ambitious son, the mighty Alexander, had even less scruples than his royal father. The Caesars reckoned not the hecatombs of dead that must pave their pathway to universal empire. Later down the stream of time, when the ambitious Corsican numbered kings as his subjects, he asked not whose rights must be trampled under his iron heel, in order that he might sway the scepter over conquered nations.

War has always been the same never-ending contest between insatiate, grasping ambition on the one hand, and LIBERTY, often crushed and bleeding, on the other; and, alas! too often the wrong has been

triumphant. In the light of Christian civilization, we are compelled to look upon all war as cruel, and to decide that nothing can ever justify an appeal to the sword, except the most imperative necessity; and we do well to think of the verdict of a coming age upon the mighty conflict in which we are now engaged.

For our own part, we are firm in the belief that the North is engaged in a righteous contest, upon which the devout Christian may ask the blessing of that God who sustained our fathers in their efforts to rescue the land they loved from the tyranny of Britain. We are fighting for National existence, and to preserve the best heritage that God ever gave to any people, from the vandal hand of the man-stealer, and if such a war be not right, then war is never right.

Success is not always a proof of the justice of a cause. Poland was dismembered and destroyed, and acts of cruelty perpetrated upon her noble sons, which the world has long since condemned, though she still groans under Russian and Austrian despotism. Hungary, too, has lost her place among nations, and Spain crushed the brave Moors and placed her victorious banners upon the dismantled turrets of Granada, while the verdict of history, from which there is no appeal, is against the conquerors.

In our cause, also, success will not be conclusive as to its justice, and we will calmly and trustfully leave the decision of that question to the impartial judgment of a coming age. But that we shall be successful, no longer admits of a doubt. The last fear was quelled when glorious Ohio sent her withering condemnation to the treacherous villain who sought to make her the ally of Davis and his fellow-conspirators. The hour is certainly approaching when the "banner of beauty and glory " will wave triumphantly over all the territory of the old Union. This is conceded, even by the rebels themselves, as well as the more intelligent among those in the North who affect to believe the war nothing more than "a huge John Brown raid to liberate slaves."

Any man of intelligence must see that another year of such success as the past year has given us will place the so-called Confederacy wholly at our mercy. We have not time to enumerate the victories of the past year, nor is it necessary. The man who does not know of them, and whose heart does not beat with honest pride at the daring deeds of our brave soldiers, is not fit to have a country; he ought to be transported to some lost shore which no mortal footsteps have ever trod, and left in eternal solitude.

We commence the new year under the most favorable circumstances. Plenty smiles upon us, and we rejoice in our own strength,

and well may we rejoice. Even in the midst of our gigantic struggle, with a million men in the field, and another million ready to go rather than see the nation dishonored, we have food enough and to spare. Our people are well clothed, and want is unknown. Produce of every description brings a remunerative price; labor is in brisk demand, and the stranger would little dream, as he mingled among our people, either in the busy streets or in our public gatherings, that we were engaged in a war of gigantic proportions, and had armies in the field beside which those of Napoleon at Jena, Austerlitz and Waterloo were insignificant in numbers and equipment.

The coming year can scarcely fail to see the close of the war. The National authority will be reestablished, and we shall begin to repair the losses occasioned by the struggle which has taxed our energies for the last two and a half years. Slavery, the accursed root from whence treason sprang, will be torn from the soil which it has polluted, and no more will it curse us with its bitter fruits. The South, redeemed from its despotic and iniquitous system of labor, will commence a career of prosperity unknown in the past; its resources will be developed by the magic touch of intelligent labor, and justice will triumph over wrong; freedom over tyranny. Then let every patriot look hopefully upon the coming year, realizing that every sacrifice will have its reward, and with steadfast and unwavering confidence in God, press onward in the path of duty. To all we heartily wish a Happy New Year.

A source of much perplexity, to which I was subjected in the publication of my paper, was the enlistment of nearly every one of my employes. One man, Mr. Theodore P. Reid, remained with me about three years, but nearly every other man and boy became a soldier. In sheer desperation I at last engaged a young man who was bitterly opposed to the war, and all or nearly all whose relatives were copperheads, supposing I would be safe, as far as he was concerned, but before three months he enlisted. My only alternative was the employment of girls, and finally Mrs. Fuller learned to set type, so that in any emergency she could come to our assistance.

I have omitted to mention the fact that when the

internal revenue law went into effect I was appointed Assistant Assessor for the Eleventh Division of the Ninth Collection District of Indiana. Hon. David Turner, of Crown Point, was the Assessor, and the Government never had a more conscientious and efficient officer. As the law was new, and many of its provisions crude, there was at first some difficulty in its administration; scarcely a man living had ever paid a dollar of direct tax to the United States Government, and those who were not in sympathy with the war made vigorous protests against its enforcement. Not a few designing demagogues purposely misrepresented its provisions, in order to intensify the prejudice of their partisan friends against it. A few absolutely refused to comply with the law, and in one case, after exhausting all my powers of persuasion, as well as explaining the consequences of refusal, and the only result being threats of personal violence, I reported the case to the United States District Attorney. The valiant rebel against National law was summoned to Indianapolis and fined *three times* the amount of the tax demanded, and when he returned he still had to pay the tax, which he did not very cheerfully, but with few open manifestations of his unwillingness. I had no further difficulty, except with whisky sellers, whom I have never known to comply with any law which they supposed it at all practicable to evade or defy. One man paid a fine of \$60 for selling a drink out of a jug, and another \$200 for the illegal sale of a keg of beer.

On the 13th of February I received the following letter:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 9, 1864.

My Dear Corydon:—Yours of the 31st came duly to hand. I should be glad to be as prompt and punctual as in other days in answering your letters, but the crush of work in which I constantly find myself involved will not give me a solid moment that I can call my own. I grow weary, very weary, at the prospect of a life spent as I have been spending mine for the past five or six years. I have lived at home less than one year in the last three and a half, and it seems now as if my future gave no promise of home and rest this side the grave. I can not tell you how much I long to be once more free, and feel that a few days are my own to give to my own heart and to friendship; but it does not now look as though that time would ever come. The revolutionary times in which we are living will probably keep the whole of your life and mine in a whirl.

Your suggestions in reference to the excise law seem to be good and just. I will try to get them before the committee on that subject. There are no copies of Boutwell's book now left for distribution, but I may be able to find some of the old members who have a spare copy. If so, I will send it to you.

Give my love to Mary, and do excuse hasty and unworthy letters. I have sent you a copy of my speech on Confiscation.

Ever your brother,

J. A. GARFIELD.

The act of Congress under which the draft was made in 1863 was found to be very defective in many particulars, and failed to furnish the needed reinforcements to our decimated armies. The time had come when men realized more vividly than in 1861 that enlistment in the army was a very serious matter. Those who went forth gaily, with the inspiring music of fife and drum, bearing silken banners presented by fair hands, came not back, unless maimed and broken in health, or in their coffins; and, alas! many would come back no more. Discontent had been the natural consequence of the wild harangues of those who hoped for the success of the rebel armies, and

in many parts of the country enlistments had almost ceased.

Mr. Garfield had been placed on the Committee on Military Affairs, and, as a sub-committee, the duty was assigned to him to draft a bill under which the armies might be again replenished. He entered at once upon this duty, and for six weeks he spent every available hour, working far into the night, in reading how armies had been raised in the past. He began with the ancient legions of Rome, under the Caesars; he studied the methods of every nation in Europe which has raised great armies, giving especial attention to the plans of the great Napoleon, as well as those of Germany and France in more modern days. Thus prepared, he drafted the bill which, almost without amendment, was passed by Congress, and under which subsequent drafts were made.

It was always characteristic of Mr. Garfield to be as thorough as possible in all he undertook. He was never satisfied to half understand any subject, and it was very seldom that any question came up in Congress to which he did not give the most careful and painstaking attention. Further than this, while he had no superstitious veneration for precedent, he always desired to know the opinions and sentiments of those reputed wise in the past, upon any question upon which they had been called to act. Thus he was a great reader and a constant student. While he might not adopt their sentiments, he had great respect for the illustrious men of other days, and never supposed that all the wisdom of all the ages was the discovery of the nineteenth century.

As the season advanced, the Presidential election which was to occur in the following November began

to fill the public mind. The war had now lasted more than three years, and, while the majority of people were still confident of victory, and had no thought of asking or accepting peace on any other terms than a complete restoration of the Union, there was a powerful minority who were ready and anxious to purchase peace at any price, and very many of them would undoubtedly have preferred the complete success of the rebels and the establishment of their so-called Confederacy. The expenses of the war had become so enormous that many believed the nation could never recover from the load of debt which was being contracted. At that time the philosophers who have since taught that when the Quartermaster bought a horse and gave Uncle Sam's due-bill in settlement, *the horse was paid for*, and no debt incurred, had not made their appearance. The simple-minded people of that day supposed that the promise of the Government to pay any number of dollars, whether the promise was printed on green paper or paper of any other color, constituted a debt until such promise was fully redeemed; they did not know that it was merely a promise in a Pickwickian sense, which could be kept by merely making another promise. In the paper money of the Government, a gold dollar was worth \$2.75, and all the necessaries of life were valued in proportion. Cotton goods, especially, were held at enormous prices; a fair article of unbleached muslin sold at about sixty cents per yard. As all foreign goods had to be paid for in gold, it will readily be seen that they must be sold at very high prices in currency. For many years not a single dollar in either gold or silver was to be found outside of the great

cities, and there such dollars were articles of merchandise as much as iron or coal.

The Republican National Convention met at Baltimore, in June, and nominated Mr. Lincoln for reelection, adopting a platform pledging the party to a vigorous prosecution of the war until the rebellion should be subdued; demanding the radical and complete extirpation of slavery from every foot of American soil, and indorsing unreservedly the administration of Mr. Lincoln.

The Democratic Convention was not held until late in August, when Gen. McClellan was placed in nomination for President, and a platform adopted declaring the war a failure; condemning in unqualified terms most of the acts of President Lincoln and those in sympathy with him, and demanding an immediate cessation of hostilities.

As Gen. McClellan had not been conspicuous for his success in injuring the rebel cause, and was accused by not a few of not being in favor of the overwhelming defeat of those who had been his friends, hoping for a compromise by which slavery might be saved, his nomination was recognized as a fit one on a peace platform. It has always been claimed that Vallandigham was the author of the cowardly and treacherous declaration of principles, or want of principles, and whether this be true or not, it was in entire harmony with his expressions.

On the 30th of June our district had renominated Schuyler Colfax, by acclamation, and all his friends were, of course, enthusiastically in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. Gen. Grant was day by day strengthening his powerful grip upon the throat of his

adversary; there remained only one hope for the rebels, and that was in the success of those in the North who sought the defeat of Mr. Lincoln.

I suppose there has never been a more exciting political conflict on this continent than that of 1864. The Union men believed that the very life of the nation depended on the result; that the defeat of President Lincoln would insure the acknowledgment of the independence of the Confederate States by every nation in Europe, and an alliance with several of them. The blockade would be at once raised, and foreign arms and munitions of war would be freely furnished in exchange for cotton, so badly needed by the great manufactories of England and France. "An immediate cessation of hostilities" would be a public acknowledgment of the hopelessness of the restoration of the Union by war, and justify the interference of other nations to end the contest at once.

It was well known that the public authorities of the rebel States were in full sympathy with the opponents of Mr. Lincoln, and hoped earnestly for their success; and in all lands the enemies of popular liberty were interested spectators in a contest which seemed to promise the downfall, during its first century, of the only Republic which they feared.

Early in the canvass I wrote to Mr Colfax, urging him to secure, if possible, the assistance of Mr. Garfield in his district, where we knew the opposition would show considerable strength, for the reason that several thousand of his friends were in the Union army; and the proposition to allow the Indiana soldiers to vote in the field had been defeated in the Legislature of that State.

Mr. Colfax promised me to try to arrange it, and the last of August I received the following letter:

SOUTH BEND, Ind.,
August 29, 1864.

C. E. FULLER, ESQ.—*My Dear Sir:*—I will be at Rochester Thursday, Sept. 22, when Mr. Wilson is to speak, without fail. Have to change my programme some to bring me in that part of the district at the time, but will do so.

Gen. Garfield has replied to my letter of last month, that he will come after filling his own appointments at home. I have mapped out a route for him as follows, and so written him (to avoid his leaving home before a Sunday):

Peru, Tuesday, Sept. 27, 1 P. M.
Rochester, Wednesday, Sept. 28, 1 P.
M.
Plymouth, Thursday, Sept. 29, 1 P. M.
Westville, Friday, Sept. 30, 1 P. M.
South Bend, Saturday, Oct. 1, 1 P. M.

At Westville I am to have a mass-meeting that day for La Porte and Porter counties.

I have asked him to write if this will suit. I thought better to have him the next week after, than to crowd Wilson, himself and myself all up into one meeting.

Yours, truly,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

It was Hon. James Wilson, of La Fayette, Ind., who is referred to in the above letter.

I must reserve for another chapter an account of Mr. Garfield's speeches at the dates above given.

CHAPTER XLII.

MR. GARFIELD VISITS INDIANA. — HIS SPEECHES.—
ELEC-
TION OF MR. LINCOLN.—LETTER FROM MR. COLFAX.

HIRAM, September 15, 1864.

My Dear Corydon:—Yours of August 24th has lain unanswered for some time in consequence of my absence. I have just got home—temporarily broken down with a cold. I find myself overwhelmed with a world of work in the way of correspondence. I have, therefore, only time to say that I promised Colfax that I will speak for him from the 27th inst. to October 1st inclusive, beginning at Peru. I hope to see you and have you with me as much as possible. Crete and Almeda join me in love to you and Mary.

Ever yours,

JAMES.

Of course I lost no time after receiving the letter of Mr. Colfax, given in the last chapter, and the one above from Gen. Garfield, in advertising as thoroughly as possible his coming. The following is the closing part of a column article in the *Chronicle* of Sept. 22:

Gen. Garfield is one of the rising men of the nation, and there are very few who have fairer prospects of reaching the highest position within the people's gift. We have omitted to state that Mr. Garfield is a Christian, and is widely known as a preacher of great ability and power.

We have written the above imperfect biographical sketch from the standpoint of a friend, having for the last thirteen years enjoyed an intimate personal acquaintance; and we early learned to love those noble qualities of mind and heart which have made him almost the idol of his constituents. We might say more of the rare abilities of the orphan boy who, thrown penniless upon the world, before attaining the age of thirty-two years had won the stars of a Major General and a seat in the American Congress, but it is unnecessary. He comes among us to speak

in behalf of his country—the only one on God's green footstool where it is possible for talent to win distinction, and for the poor boy without influential friends to attain the proud position he has won. Let the people turn out and hear his burning words of patriotism—a patriotism inspired by every memory of the past, and baptized anew in sulphurous smoke and blinding flame, on a dozen battle-fields.

On Monday, Sept. 26, I went to Peru, and found that Gen. Garfield had just arrived, and I spent the night with him at the hospitable home of a well-known Union man. The forenoon of the next day, he received many calls; among those whom I noted in my journal were Judge Bearss, James N. Tyner, W. S. Benham and others. Mr. Benham will be remembered as subsequently editor of a paper at Newton, Iowa, and many have not forgotten his tragic death, together with his wife, by the wreck of a steamer a few years ago on Lake Michigan.

At 1 o'clock P. M. a very large audience had assembled to hear him, and for more than two hours he held them almost breathless by a speech of wonderful power. I had expected a great speech, but was more than satisfied. I had not heard him speak since his graduating oration at Williams College, in August, 1856, more than eight years before. I knew he was acknowledged to be one of the greatest orators of his native State, and that he had already held the attention of Congress in more than one masterly address. The Union men were enthusiastic in their praise.

After the speech we drove to Rochester, a distance of some twenty-five miles, reaching my house at a late hour that evening.

Wednesday, Sept. 28, was a bright, beautiful day. There had been rain the preceding evening, but the sun

came up unclouded and shone brilliantly, and the whole country was astir, the people all eager to hear the great orator who was to address them. The forenoon was spent mostly at my office, and after an early dinner we repaired to the finely shaded public square, where a great multitude had already assembled.

It is usual for most political speakers to prepare one speech with great care and then to repeat it in the different places where they have appointments. Not so with Mr. Garfield. I had been greatly pleased with his speech on Tuesday, but that on Wednesday was almost entirely new. He spoke with a grandeur and power which I have never heard equalled. At times, tears dimmed the eyes of strong men, and it was evident that he held the audience under a spell. There were dozens of children in the audience, and they sat and listened with breathless attention, and for days afterward were heard repeating his arguments on the great questions which have divided parties and engaged the profoundest thought of our statesmen.

He gave particular attention to the dogma, then so much insisted upon, that the several States were each sovereign. He defined sovereignty, and then gave the several attributes of a sovereign State, something as follows:

A sovereign State can declare war; conclude peace; coin money; make treaties with foreign nations; regulate commerce; put ships in commission on the high seas; have a flag! Which one of the indispensable attributes of sovereignty does any one of the States of our Union possess? Can Indiana declare war or conclude peace? Can she coin money? If she authorize one of her citizens to coin a half-dollar, of pure silver,

and he act under that authority, he would be liable to imprisonment for counterfeiting the coin of the real sovereign. Can any State regulate commerce or send out ships, under her authority? Any such ship would be seized as a smuggler; and no loyal State has any flag but "the banner of beauty and glory," the flag of the Union. While States have their rights, yet no State is sovereign, because it lacks the attributes which alone constitute sovereignty.

He traced the progress of our armies and showed that the end of the gigantic struggle was surely approaching. He painted in colors of appalling truth the brood of recreant men,-craven in all their instincts and treacherous in all their aims, who called for the surrender of the armies of the Union to those in arms against them.

The speech lasted for nearly three hours, and even those who were most bitterly opposed to his sentiments acknowledged that he had made the most powerful speech they had ever heard by one of their opponents, while the Union men were jubilant, and could not express in terms sufficiently complimentary their admiration of the speaker and their appreciation of his speech.

In the evening a torch-light procession came to my house and escorted Gen. Garfield again to the Court House square, where he made a brief address. It had been a great day for the Union men. So far as I was personally concerned, it was one of the happiest days of my life. I was in full and complete sympathy with my illustrious friend, and I was proud of the praise so lavishly given him.

Thursday morning was dark and rainy. But with a close carriage, Mrs. Fuller, Gen. Garfield and I

started at 8 o'clock for Plymouth, the county seat of Marshall county, twenty miles north of Rochester. At Plymouth the sympathizers with the rebellion were greatly in the majority, and threats had been freely made that no man should be allowed to speak in favor of the Union cause. The few friends of the Government seemed to be frightened, and had made little preparation for the meeting. Gen. Garfield did his best to raise their spirits, and made a very fair speech to a small audience; but the circumstances and surroundings were so depressing that he could not do himself justice. At the close of the meeting we bade him goodby, and he left for La Porte, where he had an appointment for the evening, and we started on our return home.

On Friday a great meeting was held at Westville, which was addressed by Gen. Garfield and Mr. Colfax, and on Saturday St. Joseph county gathered almost *en masse* at South Bend to do honor to their beloved representative, then Speaker of the House of Representatives, and his honored and distinguished guest. It was a day to be long remembered. Mr. Colfax had lived among them for nearly a quarter of a century, and there was scarcely a man in the county whom he could not call by name, and who did not regard him as a personal friend. As editor and publisher of the *St. Joseph Valley Register* for almost twenty years, he had chronicled the birth of their children, the marriage of their sons and daughters, and written words of tenderest sympathy when they mourned beside the graves of their dead. Genial, true-hearted, honest, generous and patriotic, he enjoyed the confidence of his constituents, and when ten years later envious and unscrupu-

lous politicians endeavored to rob him of his good name, the fact that his friends at home, without distinction of party, refused to believe that he had bartered his integrity for a pitiful bribe, was the only solace to his wounded heart.

On Sunday, Oct. 2, Mr. Garfield spoke in the afternoon, at South Bend, on the duty of the Church toward the Government in this supreme hour of trial. It was reported to have been a very able and exhaustive presentation of the subject.

The State election came off on the nth of October, and while our opponents were successful in our own county in electing their candidates, several of whom were notorious drunkards, in the State as well as in the Congressional District the "peace at any price" party were overwhelmingly defeated. In Ohio, seventeen out of the nineteen Congressmen elected were friends of Mr. Lincoln, and in Pennsylvania the triumph was equally glorious. We all felt that the election of Mr. Lincoln was assured, and the triumph of Grant over the despairing Confederates near at hand. At this juncture, against the advice of politicians who said it would imperil his election, the President issued a call for 300,000 more troops. On the 8th of November Mr. Lincoln was re-elected by a vote which was so decided that the determination of the people to crush the rebellion and slavery, its cause, was manifest to all the world.

I would not be understood as calling in question the loyalty of all those who called themselves Democrats, a great host of whom were as true to the Union as Andrew Jackson himself, when he threatened to hang John C. Calhoun, the great nullifier. Thousands of

them went into the army or sent their sons, and in every possible way aided in saving the nation from the armed hosts banded together to accomplish its overthrow. Their services were doubly valuable, for by their patriotic example they held in awe the cowardly recreants who were false to every trust; who loved slavery not from any self-interest, but simply because it was vile and atrocious, and therefore sympathized with those who fought for its extension and perpetuity. Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, had been a leader of the Democratic party, and had been a candidate before its National Convention for President. But his love of country was stronger than his love of party, and he gave the whole weight of his splendid abilities to the cause of the Union. During the canvass of 1864, when asked if he was not for peace, he replied in the following spirited lines:

For the peace which rings out from the cannon's throat,
And the suasion of shot and shell,
Till rebellion's spirit is trampled down
To the depths of its kindred hell.

For the peace that shall follow the squadron's tramp,
Where the brazen trumpets bray,
And, drunk with the fury of storm and strife,
The blood red chargers neigh.

For the peace that shall wash out the leprous stain
Of our slavery—foul and grim—
And shall sunder the fetters which creak and clank
On the down trodden black man's limb.

I will curse him as traitor, and false of heart,
Who would shrink from the conflict now,
And will stamp it with blistering, burning brand,
On his hideous, Cain-like brow.

Out! out of the way! with your spurious peace,
Which would make us rebellion's slaves;
We will rescue our land from the traitor's grasp
Or cover it over with graves.

Out! out of the way! with your knavish schemes,
You trembling and trading pack!
Crouch away in the back like a sneaking hound
That its master has driven back.

You would barter the fruit of our fathers' blood,
And sell out the Stripes and Stars,
To purchase a place with rebellion's votes,
Or escape from rebellion's scars.

By the widow's wail, and the mother's tears,
By the orphans who cry for bread,
By our sons who fell, we will never yield
Till rebellion's soul is dead!

Any sentiments which I may have expressed or revealed not complimentary to the enemies of the National cause, living in the loyal States, have no reference to the party affiliations of any man, but refer solely to those who in the darkest hour Columbia ever knew, or which we pray God she may ever know, gave their influence to those who madly sought to blot out the name of their country from the roll of nations.

When the contest of 1864 was over, and the triumph of the Union cause assured, I concluded that my apprenticeship at the newspaper business in the village of Rochester had lasted about long enough, and I began to look about for a more inviting field. I had published the paper three and a half years, and had succeeded in accumulating about fifteen hundred dollars, making a reasonable discount for the losses inevitable in carrying on such business on credit. But it would

require a year at least to collect my dues and make my little capital available, and I determined to ask my friends to secure me a clerkship in one of the departments at Washington, where I supposed I would have some opportunity of increasing my knowledge of political affairs, and thus be fitted for the newspaper business, which I fully intended to return to at an early day. I had some conversation with Mr. Garfield as to my desires and plans, and had written to Mr. Colfax in reference to the matter, and on the 9th of December the following letter reached me:

WASHINGTON CITY, December 3, 1864.

My Dear Sir:—As I left home the Friday after the Presidential election, have just received your letter remailed here.

I think you err in desiring to come here as a clerk, for the pay, \$1,200, will, at the high rates of living here, barely support you and your family, and promotion is very difficult and won only by merit; for I have so many favors to ask for constituents constantly that all the clerks from my district know I can not ask their promotion as a political favor.

But I recognize how faithfully you have labored for the cause, and *I intend to get a clerkship for you*, in preference to a dozen other applicants from my district pressing for appointment. So be ready to come.

Yours very hurriedly but truly,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

I had not explained my plans for the future to Mr. Colfax, and was not therefore discouraged by his preliminary words of warning as to the drawbacks attendant upon a position as clerk, and so commenced immediate preparations to close my business at Rochester.

About the same time I received the following letter from Mr. Garfield:

HIRAM, November 25, 1864.

My Dear Corydan:—Yours of the 13th came duly to hand. I am glad to inform you that Crete is now convalescent. She has had a ter-

rible run of typhoid fever, which for some days seriously threatened her life, and which left her exceedingly weak and reduced; but she is now on her feet again and rapidly gaining strength.

I rejoice with you in the great victory, but greatly regret that your county is not redeemed from the dominion of the enemy. I think, however, that Fulton county can confidently say that if she has not won her first victory she has suffered her last defeat. After I left you I finished my appointments in Colfax's district, and then went to Ohio. My work grew heavier as the campaign drew on to its close, and I made eighteen speeches in the last two weeks preceding the Presidential election, and traveled nearly four thousand miles. I was thoroughly exhausted when the end came, but I am now quite well again, and hope to enter upon my winter's work in good health.

I start for Washington next week. I do not think Crete will be able to go before the holidays, when I intend to take her with me.

In regard to your own matters, I need not assure you how ready and willing I am to do all in my power to aid you. I will see Colfax as soon as I get to Washington and consult with him on the best way to secure a place for you. If a place can be got by us two, it shall be.

Write me soon. Ever truly yours,

JAMES.

On Friday, Dec. 16, 1864, I received the following document, inclosed in an envelope directed to Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Speaker House of Representatives, Washington, D. C, and by him inclosed in an envelope, bearing his frank, with a brief note by him upon the first envelope, and directed to me:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Provost Marshal General's Office,
WASHINGTON, D. C, Dec. 10, 1864.

Corydon E. Fuller, Esq., Rochester, Indiana:

SIR:—Your application for a clerkship, forwarded by Hon. Schuyler Colfax, has been favorably considered.

You will report to this office at your earliest convenience. Salary \$1,200 per annum!

I am, sir,

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

THEO. MCMURTRIE,
Captain Vet. Res. Corps.

I could not settle my affairs so as to leave until Jan. 12, and as we stopped on the way, at the old home of Mrs. Fuller, at Butler, N. Y., where she remained for a few weeks, I did not reach Washington until the morning of Jan. 21, 1865.

CHAPTER XLIII.

I REMOVE TO WASHINGTON.—RECEPTION AT THE WHITE HOUSE.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—FALL OF CHARLESTON.

As stated in the last chapter, I reached the National Capital on the 21st of January, 1865. At that time Washington was a city of camps and hospitals. The magnificent improvements which have been made during the last twenty years were not then dreamed of. Under the enervating influence of its slaveholding citizens, for more than a half a century it had remained an overgrown village, with few of the conveniences of modern civilization. But the war had greatly stimulated its growth, and, with the release from the incubus of slavery, had made progress possible.

I called on Mr. Garfield, at his rooms, at 452 Thirteenth street, and he accompanied me to the Post-office, where I found Mr. Stailey, my predecessor in the newspaper at Rochester, who was a clerk in the dead-letter office, with whom I arranged for board for a few weeks. The next day was Sunday, and I heard the Chaplain of the House, Rev. Wm. H. Channing, preach in the hall of Representatives, and after dinner again called on Mr. Garfield and had a very pleasant visit.

On Monday, January 23, 1865, I entered upon my duties as a clerk in the office of the Provost Marshal General, J. B. Fry, having been furnished with a let-

ter of introduction from Speaker Colfax, whom I had called upon in the morning. My duties in the office were "briefing letters." Letters received by the departments at Washington, no matter how unimportant, are not only filed and preserved, but a synopsis of their contents is prepared and recorded, with every proper name carefully indexed. While we were required to be at our desks from 9 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock p. M. the work was usually light.

On Tuesday afternoon, Jan. 24, the Smithsonian Institute was very seriously damaged by fire.

The office of the Provost Marshal General was in the old War Department building, a short distance from the President's house; the office of Mr. Stanton, at that time Secretary of War, was in the same building. Of course there were many occurrences, each day, of great interest to me. The city was full of soldiers, while every hill was surmounted by its long, white hospital, every ward of which was crowded by sick, wounded and dying men.

Under date of Feb, 3, I noted in my journal that President Lincoln had gone to City Point to confer with A. H. Stephens, R. M. T. Hunter and Judge Campbell, rebel Peace Commissioners; also the fact that on Tuesday, Jan. 31, Congress passed the Constitutional Amendment forever abolishing slavery throughout the United States, and the next day the State of Maryland ratified it, being the first State taking such action. Friday evening, Feb. 3, Speaker Colfax had a reception, where I saw Gen. Banks, Senator Wade, Gen. Schenck, G. S. Orth and other notables.

On Sunday I usually attended meeting at the City Hall, where the small church of Disciples of Christ

was accustomed to meet. Among the constant attendants was the wife of Judge Black, and the Judge was frequently present. The church had no regular pastor, and the services were usually conducted by Elder Morbaley, a clerk in the Land Department, from Dubuque, Iowa, Elder Benjamin Summy, and such others as they called to their assistance.

Monday evening, Feb. 6, I first saw President Lincoln. There was a grand reception at the White House, and a great crowd was in attendance. I have noted that toward the close of the evening the President, accompanied by Mrs. Senator Morgan, and Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by Senator Foote, of Vermont, promenaded twice around the rooms, so that all had a good chance to see them. Gen. Garfield and his wife were there; also my old friend, Aaron B. Turner, of Grand Rapids, Mich., under whom I took my first lessons as "printer's devil" while he worked the old hand-press, in 1845.

Of course, I spent an occasional evening in the gallery of the House of Representatives, though I seldom heard or saw anything of enough interest to repay the trouble of attendance. I called quite frequently on Gen. and Mrs. Garfield, where I met Senator Allison, Speaker Colfax, Hon. A. G. Riddle and other noted personages.

On Monday, Feb. 20, the news reached us of the evacuation of Charleston and the capture of Columbia, South Carolina, which events were celebrated by one hundred guns. On the 22nd we were given a half-holiday, in honor of recent victories and of the birth of Washington. At night there was a magnificent illumination of the public and many of the private buildings.

My notes on the 3d and 4th of March, 1865, are copious, and I hope the reader will be interested in the events they chronicle. I extract from my journal:

FRIDAY, March 3: The city is filled with strangers who have come here to witness the inauguration. The rain fell heavily last night, and the streets are very muddy, but this afternoon it looks some like clearing off. I hope to-morrow may be pleasant, and an omen of the coming four years, which, God grant, may be years of peace instead of war.

SATURDAY, March 4: The morning broke with black clouds and driving rain, and the prospect seemed exceedingly gloomy. After breakfast I walked down to Pennsylvania avenue, under a dripping umbrella, and later, went to the Hall of Representatives. Spent an hour there, witnessing the close of the session. Nothing was done while I remained, except call the yeas and nays, amidst much confusion. The hour having arrived for the inauguration, I obtained a place in the mud, near the front of the platform, and stood there through the ceremonies. Many thousands were present; how many, I dare not attempt to guess. At 12 o'clock noon President Lincoln and Vice-President Johnson appeared upon the platform, which by that time was filled with Senators, Foreign Ministers, and other distinguished personages. The appearance of Mr. Lincoln was greeted with tumultuous shouts from the thousands gathered around, and after a short delay he arose and read his inaugural address. I heard every word of it. At its close, Chief Justice Chase arose and administered the oath of office, the President taking the Bible from his hands and kissing it, at the close of the oath. All the members of the Supreme Court, were standing by. The crowd then began to disperse, amid the thunder of artillery which shook the Capitol, massive as it is, until the windows rattled at each explosion. I have omitted to mention that the rain ceased about half-past ten o'clock, and just as Mr. Lincoln arose to read his inaugural the sun burst through the clouds and shone full upon him and the company around him, as well as the thousands gathered there. The remainder of the day and evening was glorious. Was the clearing up the stormy and unpropitious weather of the morning at midday an omen of the sunlight of success that shall soon gild the clouds that now hang so darkly around our national sky? Toward night I called at James' room and had a pleasant time until about eight o'clock. He is tired out, and seems worn down by the excessive

labors of the session. I then went to the President's house, and after a long time succeeded in entering the east room. There were an immense number present.

This was the last time I ever saw Mr. Lincoln, until he lay in his coffin, a few weeks later.

It will be remembered that it was at this time that Andrew Johnson, the Vice-President, brought a blush of shame to the cheek of every one of his countrymen who was capable of blushing, by the maudlin speech he made in the Senate Chamber, as his inaugural. He was so drunk that he was incapable of comprehending the deep disgrace of that shameless exhibition of his condition. It is the custom to inaugurate the Vice-President first, and afterward he accompanies the President elect to the platform, where the latter delivers his inaugural and takes the oath of office. This day, when the multitude hailed the appearance of President Lincoln, the drunken Vice-President supposed the applause to be in his own honor, and he crowded forward to acknowledge the compliment, and was only prevented from attempting a speech by the marshal of the day, who forced him back so that Mr. Lincoln could deliver his address. It was reported that Mr. Johnson was ashamed of his drunken exhibition of himself when he got sober, and attempted to excuse his condition by saying that he took brandy as a medicine. Unfortunately he was very often in need of medicine.

On the 15th of March Mrs. Fuller arrived in Washington, and the next day we commenced housekeeping. We had rented part of a house about three miles north of Pennsylvania avenue, on Seventh street.

The papers of March 26 gave us an account of a

great battle and important victory won by Gen. Grant's army. Twenty-seven hundred rebel prisoners were reported captured, and three thousand killed and wounded. On the same day President Lincoln and Gen. Grant were reported to have gone within sight of Richmond.

Under date of Monday, April 3, my journal says:

Richmond has fallen! The flag of the Union waves in triumph over the rebel Capitol! The news reached the War Department about 11 o'clock this forenoon, and such a scene of rejoicing and shouting and general jubilee I have never before seen. Old men acted like boys, and young men are half crazed with delight. The first intimation we had of it in our office was from a wild hurrah from the next floor below, on which is Secretary Stanton's room, and within five minutes at least a thousand men were gathered about the west door, and shouting and shrieking in their wild delight. Every office was abandoned; the clerks determined to take a holiday, and the Secretary of War soon after issued orders to close all the offices. Speeches were made by Secretary Stanton, Vice-President Johnson, Gen. Nye, and others. Salutes were fired all about the city, and not less than five hundred guns spoke in echoing thunder of the glorious victory. Great preparations are being made for a grand illumination. The latest reports say that we have taken 25,000 prisoners, and that the capture of Lee's entire army seems certain.

TUESDAY, April 4: During the day great preparations had been made for the grand illumination to come off in the evening. About 7½ o'clock p. M., we rode to the city, with Bro. Summy's people, and remained until near 10½ o'clock. We rode down Seventh street, past the Post-office, to E street; then along that street to Ninth street; then down Ninth street to Pennsylvania avenue, and then up the avenue to the War Department, where we left the carriage and walked down Seventeenth street, past the War Department, nearly to the Navy Department. Four bands were at the War Department, and made excellent music all the evening. Over the north portico was erected a magnificent evergreen arch, beneath which was suspended a transparency with the motto, "The Union must and shall be preserved," and beneath, the word "Richmond." The pillars were wreathed with flags, and in each window were twenty-four lights. The effect was

very brilliant. Several thousand people filled the avenue and Seventeenth street, both north and west of the War Department. The Navy Department, Winder's building, the "Art Hall," and several other buildings near, were brilliantly illuminated, and added much to the effect. We then went around to the President's house, which was a blaze of light; while from Lafayette Square beautiful rockets were sent up, exploding in a shower of stars. We next went down the avenue past the Treasury. Over the north door of the State Department, which is in the Treasury building, was the motto, "At home, Union is Order, and Order is Peace; Abroad, Union is Strength, and Strength is Peace." Over the east door the motto was, "Peace and good will to all nations, but no entangling alliances and no intervention." Over the door of the National Currency Bureau of the United States Treasury Department, was the motto, "U. S. Greenbacks and U. S. Grant; Grant gives the Greenbacks a metallic ring." Below this was another transparency presenting a *fac-simile* of a ten dollar compound interest note. Jay Cooke's banking office had transparencies as follows: over the north window, "5-20"; over the south window, "7-30." These were connected by another, bearing the inscription. "The bravery of our Army, the valor of our Navy, sustained by our Treasury, upon the faith and persistence of a patriotic people." Hundreds of other buildings were illuminated, but I can not mention them. We walked down Pennsylvania avenue as far as Seventh street; then up Seventh street to the Post-office, and down F street, stopping in front of the Patent Office, where some ten or fifteen thousand persons were congregated, listening to speeches. We did not go up to the Capitol, as the cars were crowded and the walk too much for Mary. It was very brilliantly illuminated to the very top of the dome, and in the distance presented a magnificent spectacle. Taken as a whole, the illumination was by far the best I have ever seen, and is said to have been the best ever seen in this city.

At the close of my duties for the day, on the 5th of April as I passed through Lafayette Square, and reached the gate-way near the northeast corner, I saw a team attached to a close carriage dashing at headlong speed down the street in an easterly direction, and as they attempted to turn into an alley the front wheel struck the corner of the brick wall; and one of the

occupants, an old, gray-headed man, was thrown with fearful violence upon the pavement. I hurried forward, but when I reached the spot a number of others were carrying the insensible victim into the house. I learned that it was Hon. William H. Seward, the Secretary of State. His face was covered with blood, his arm broken, and it was said that he had sustained severe internal injuries. The other occupants of the carriage were Miss Fannie Seward, Miss Titus and Frederick W. Seward, none of whom were injured, as they retained their seats.

On the 7th we received news of a splendid victory by Sheridan, over a part of Lee's army, and the capture of several thousand prisoners.

On the afternoon of Sunday, the 9th, Mrs. Fuller and I went to Alexandria to see a young man in the hospital, the son of one of our friends in Indiana. It was our first visit to the Old Dominion, and I have noted that we were not very well pleased with the appearance of the city. The streets were dirty, and the pavements and sidewalks rough and broken. The city was under martial law; it was filled with hospitals, within the wards of which lay many thousand of sick and wounded men. While we were spending the beautiful Lord's day afternoon in our errand of mercy, not very faraway was transpiring at Appomattox Court House the crowning event of the war, the surrender of the remnant of Lee's army to the indomitable and immortal Grant. We first learned of the surrender on Monday morning, when we were awakened by the thunder of heavy artillery, which echoed over the hills which environ Washington, and carried the tidings to all the surrounding country. I reached the War Department

in good season, but we were dismissed at 11 o'clock. Though rain was falling, the streets were filled with pedestrians, and at Willard's Hotel a great crowd was gathered, listening to speeches.

On Tuesday night there was another splendid illumination; the President made a speech, and there was great rejoicing, though the splendor of the occasion was much diminished by the unpropitious weather.

On Thursday, April 13, the sun shone brilliantly, but the streets were muddy and the sidewalks wet and disagreeable. The city authorities had another splendid illumination that evening, which was said to have surpassed all before it. We did not go into the city to witness it, as the walking was bad, and we were wearied with the excitement and labors of the preceding days. The tension upon every one had been so great that a little quiet had become a necessity to those whose nerves were not made of steel. For nearly three weeks the people had been half mad with joy. The day for which they had struggled and labored and fought and prayed was in sight. The four terrible years were over; the sunlight of peace had come to a mourning nation. America was not to die! The land had been saved by the valor of her invincible sons! Slavery the black curse which had hovered over her for two hundred years, had been swept away. The world was to know that a republic could not only defy alien foes, but quell a rebellion of her own misguided citizens! The old flag, the "banner of beauty and glory," again floated over all her forts; it hailed the sunlight of each blessed morning on every mountain top, and waved triumphantly over the veteran armies camped in all her valleys. Once again could her sons

visit the remotest foreign shores, safe from every insult, and secure in the panoply of their country's protection. They were the citizens of a Nation careful of the rights of others, but strong enough and proud enough to maintain her own rights wherever challenged or by whomsoever denied. That night joy and gratitude and hope filled all loyal hearts, but oh! what shall the morrow be?

CHAPTER XLIV.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—SUBSEQUENT EVENTS.—
END OF THE WAR.—THE GREAT REVIEW.

The 14th of April, 1865, was a beautiful day. The foliage upon the trees was beginning to appear; the peach trees were loaded with their pale, pink blossoms, and the warm rains of the preceding days had given a greener tint to the grass-carpeted lawns. It was Good Friday, and services were held in many of the churches; a large number of clerks were absent from their desks, ostensibly to attend the religious services of the day, though the offices were not closed. Flags were floating gayly everywhere, and while the exuberant rejoicing of the last few days was becoming a little more temperate, everybody seemed happy.

We were dismissed at 2 o'clock, by order of Gen. Fry, as our duties had been light, and it was a time for the lenient enforcement of rules. I went home, and after a late dinner Mrs. Fuller and I returned to the city. We spent an hour at the Smithsonian Institute and in its beautiful grounds, and then went to the hall of the Sons of Temperance, on the west side of Ninth street and immediately in the rear of Ford's Theater, which was on the east side of Tenth street. The meeting of the Sons of Temperance did not close until about 10½ o'clock, when we left the hall and walked two blocks east to Seventh street, and entered a north

bound street car for home. As we stepped aboard the car, a man followed us and stated that President Lincoln had just been shot at Ford's Theater, and, it was feared, mortally wounded. He said he was in the theater and heard the shot, but that there was great confusion, and it had been impossible to learn certainly whether Mr. Lincoln's wound was mortal, though such it was supposed to be. Every person in the car seemed stupefied by the awful tale—I can not remember that a word was said. We reached home, but not to sleep, except a "troubled, dreamy sleep." There was still a hope that the assassin might have failed in the full accomplishment of his fiendish purpose.

On Saturday morning thick clouds veiled the heavens: the great sun had hidden his face, and would not look upon a nation's sorrow. It was a day of awful gloom. The President expired at twenty-two minutes after seven o'clock, and a few minutes later the signals had been given, and a thousand flags at half-mast told the terrible story to the thousands waiting between hope and despair.

I hurried to the city, but on the hill, north of the city limits, I passed a soldier who was guarding the street. He offered no objection to those going into the city, but no one was allowed to go out. When I reached the office I learned the particulars of Mr. Lincoln's murder, and of the attempted assassination of Secretary Seward, who was still helpless from the accident described in the last chapter. During the night strong patrols had been placed at every street corner, and the whole city was under the strictest martial law. It was said that one reckless fool expressed his gratification at the murder, and within a second was

pinned to the earth by a soldier's bayonet. It did not require much time for rebels and rebel sympathizers to learn that it was wise to conceal their satisfaction, if such they felt.

About 9 o'clock a small cavalcade entered the White House grounds bearing the body of the dead President, which had been placed in a temporary coffin; the body was borne by six young men from the Quartermaster's Department, and was accompanied by a small escort of cavalry, under command of Lieut. Jamison. Notwithstanding the rain, there were thousands upon the streets, the greater number being freedmen, who manifested the most intense sorrow. They were gathered in little groups, where one held an umbrella over another, who would be reading the details of the awful tragedy, and frequent groans and sobs interrupted the reader. Every species of wild and fearful rumor was afloat upon the streets, and no tale of deep laid schemes of blood and murder, of pillage and rapine, was too dark or improbable to receive ready credence from not a few of the excited multitude.

I was dispatched as bearer of the following letter;

WAR DEPARTMENT,
Provost Marshal General's Bureau,
WASHINGTON, D. C, 15th April, 1865.

Hon. D. K. Carter, Chief Justice Supreme Court:

Please give me by bearer a pertinent description of the assassins of the President and Secretary, that I may telegraph it to the Provost Marshals on the frontier.

Yours truly,

N. L. JEFFRIES,
Acting Provost Marshal General.

It was settled at once that the chief assassin was John Wilkes Booth, as he was recognized by dozens

before he escaped from the house. But the identity of the other villains was not clear, and it was some time before it was positively known who were his accomplices. The injuries sustained by Secretary Seward and his son, Frederick, were so severe that for a time they were supposed to be mortal; and it was said that the plot had included Speaker Colfax, Gen. Grant, Vice-President Johnson, Secretary Stanton, and perhaps others, among the victims.

Of course, the only business attempted by the military or civil authorities was the detection and arrest of the assassins. The War Department at once offered \$10,000 reward, and the City Government \$20,000, for their arrest, and a few days later the new President, Andrew Johnson, offered \$100,000 for the same service. During the day Mr. Johnson took the oath of office, and entered upon the duties of President. His few remarks upon the occasion were modest and in good taste, as he was sober.

I was excused from further duties at 2 o'clock P. M., but was detained for nearly two hours in obtaining the following pass:

No. 2691.

HEADQUARTERS
Department of Washington,
WASHINGTON, D. C, April 15, 1865.

PASS C. E. Fuller, on Seventh street, near the toll gate, and return.

REASON. . To go home and business.

This pass will expire April 23, 1865.

By command of Major General Augur.

J. A. SLIPPER,
Capt. and A. A. G.

On the back side of the same was the following:

OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

In availing myself of the benefits of this PASS, I do solemnly affirm that I will support, protect and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign; that I will bear true faith, allegiance and loyalty to the same, any ordinance, resolution or law of any State Convention or Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding; that I will not give aid, comfort or information to its enemies; and further, that I do this with a full determination, pledge and purpose, without any mental reservation or evasion whatsoever: So help me God.

C. E. FULLER.

During the day, the city had been draped in funeral black; every public, and nearly every private building, displayed the insignia of the overshadowing sorrow. The dwellings of the rich were shrouded in costly drapings, while the homes of the poor and lowly manifested the grief of their humble occupants by those of less expensive material. I do not think there was the home of a single freedman in all Washington which did not display some badge of mourning.

Sunday, April 16, was my day of service in the office, as on every Sunday one clerk had to be on hand for any duty which required immediate attention, and all were required to take their regular turn. Accordingly I received the following pass:

PRO. MARS GEN'LS BUREAU,
WASHINGTON, D. C, April 15, 1865.

Guards will pass the Bearer, Mr Fuller, Clerk on duty, to and from the War Department, to-morrow, April 16, 1865.

N. L. JEFFRIES,
Bvt. Brig. Gen'l and Acting Pro. Mar. Gen'l.

I reached the office at 9 o'clock, and remained until half-past 3. As there was nothing to do, I whiled away the time by writing letters and reading details of the events of Saturday. I still have copies of the

Washington papers of those awful days, freighted with the particulars of the great tragedy.

On Tuesday the body of the dead President lay in state in the East Room, where a few weeks before I had received the warm, hearty grasp of his right hand, as with the throng I passed before him. At 3 o'clock Mrs. Fuller and Eliza, our foster-daughter, came to the city and went with me to look for the last time upon the face of the Nation's dead. The coffin in which he lay was of solid mahogany, covered with cloth of the finest texture and lined with lead, inside of which it was cushioned with white satin. The trimmings were of massive silver, with a heavy silver plate on which was engraved the following inscription:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
16th President of the United States.
Born February 12, 1809.
Died April 15, 1865.

The coffin was placed under a magnificent *catafalco*, consisting of an awning or covering made of black cloth and lined with the richest white silk, supported by four posts and surrounded by beautiful curtains, looped up, while a great profusion of the rarest flowers lay about the coffin. We had only time to pass by and take a hurried look at the pale sleeper, as many thousands were in the hurrying procession.

The next day, Wednesday, April 19, occurred the funeral. When we arrived at the Treasury Department we found the crowd immense beyond anything we had ever seen. Unnumbered thousands had come from every quarter to pay a last tribute of honor and respect to the Great Emancipator, the grandest and noblest character of the century. Mrs. Fuller and

Eliza found a rough seat on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue, between Ninth and Tenth streets, where they remained for nearly five hours, witnessing the great pageant.

There were many thousand soldiers and marines, including infantry, cavalry and artillery, while members of Congress, Governors, Foreign Ministers, Clergymen, Masons, Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, thousands of clerks from the departments, delegations from a score of cities, etc., all served to swell the procession to enormous proportions. Thus attended, the magnificent funeral car passed slowly from the White House to the Capitol, where the body was transferred to the rotunda, to remain until the morrow, when it should enter upon its last journey to his old home in Springfield, to sleep among the people who beneath a rough exterior had discovered in the soul of Abraham Lincoln a diamond of imperishable worth—a precious and priceless gem, which the lapse of centuries should not tarnish.

On Thursday, while all our hearts were bowed under the great and overshadowing sorrow, a copy of a newspaper, published at Ashland, Pennsylvania, reached Gen. Fry's office, containing an editorial suggesting that "when Abraham Lincoln reached his bloody end the fit emblem to be carried at the head of his funeral procession was a negro's skull with a white man impaled, and the motto, 'This is all the result of the slaughter of two millions of human beings, and a load of debt under which unborn generations shall groan;' and at his burial there should be no Christian rites, but only Scylla mingling the Centaur's feast of blood."

It was fortunate for the malevolent and infamous

writer that he was not at Washington that April day, for, under the state of feeling then existing, he would have ornamented a lamp-post, unless defended by a regiment of soldiers, and even then it is doubtful whether they would have been sufficiently earnest in the performance of so disagreeable a duty as to have insured his safety.

Almost daily, word reached our office that some miscreant had met a speedy death for expressing satisfaction at Mr. Lincoln's murder; in all parts of the loyal States it was extremely dangerous to express such sentiments. I do not believe it would have been possible in any community to have inflicted punishment upon the man who had visited swift vengeance upon such wretches.

On Friday morning, April 21, the employes of the Government from the State of Indiana assembled at the National Hotel, to accompany Gov. O. P. Morton on a visit to President Johnson. There were about one hundred and fifty of us. Gov. Morton made a short address, pledging President Johnson the same generous support and confidence which had been extended to his illustrious predecessor. Mr. Johnson replied at great length, speaking more than an hour. At the close of his speech, the Governor introduced all of the delegation to him. I can recall but very little of the speech of Mr. Johnson, but remember that he repeated several times that "treason must be made odious," intimating that in order to make it odious, the leading conspirators ought to suffer death. While he was always ready for a speech on every possible occasion, every sentence betrayed his want of education; but of this he was happily unconscious.

As I had been in Washington only a few months, Mr. Colfax, to whom I was indebted for my appointment, secured for me a transfer to the office of Internal Revenue, then under the charge of Hon. Joseph J. Lewis as Commissioner. I remained in the Provost Marshal General's Office, however, until the close of the month. On the 27th the body of John Wilkes Booth reached the city. His companion, Harrold, also arrived at the same time.

While the events of the last few days were transpiring, the grand armies which had achieved the complete overthrow of the rebel forces were being gathered about the city of Washington. By the middle of May at least 200,000 troops were camped within ten miles of the city. On the 23d and 24th of the same month occurred the grand review of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the Tennessee. In the former were more than two hundred regiments of infantry, cavalry and heavy artillery, besides twenty-four batteries of field artillery, comprising not less than 75,000 men, while the batteries alone had 3,600 horses. The Army of the Tennessee contained about the same number of infantry, but less of cavalry and artillery.

It was a pageant never before equaled on this continent, and which I trust may never be again witnessed. Among the distinguished military men were all of the illustrious generals of the war; among them were Grant, Sherman, Meade, Hancock, Logan, and a hundred more, while great men in civil life had gathered from every part of the Union to witness the final act of the greatest war known to history. I have no words to fittingly describe the scenes of those two memorable days. The regiments which years before marched

forth clad in their new uniforms and with richly wrought silken banners floating proudly over them, came back with only a remnant of their number, travel-stained and bronzed by hard service, their banners torn and tattered and blackened by the sulphurous smoke of battle, yet proud of the glorious work they had accomplished for their country.

Oh, what would we not have given if the martyr President could have been upon the stand in place of his unworthy successor, to witness this glorious march of the hundreds of thousands whom he had summoned from peaceful homes, as now, their mission done, their country saved, they came to receive an honorable discharge from the Nation's service, to return again to the peaceful industries of life.

On the first day of May I entered on my duties in the office of Internal Revenue. Our rooms for a short time were in the Treasury Department, but we were then removed to a new building which had been built for a hotel, but was rented by the Government for the use of the Internal Revenue Bureau. My duties were the examination of the accounts of the various collectors, and I found the work exceedingly monotonous and unsatisfactory. I think I never attempted any task so exhausting to my nervous system as I found my work that summer, and I was more than ready to leave to others the coveted place. I remained until October 1, and then tendered my resignation, though I still have the notice received a few days before, requesting me to appear for examination and promotion to a higher grade. But I had accomplished the purpose for which I sought a place in Washington, and was ready

to enter once more my chosen vocation as editor of a newspaper.

I can not refrain from saying a few words for the benefit of the multitude of young men who think a place as clerk in one of the Government Departments desirable. My words of warning may be useless, but to any young man possessed of any ability to fit him to be useful in the world, such an appointment is certainly a curse. A few years of such service is sufficient totally to unfit one for any legitimate business; to render him timid, and rob him of all self-reliance. The pay barely affords a living, and when by chance he is no longer needed, he is thrown helpless upon the world, irresolute and discouraged. Be a farmer, an artisan, a mechanic; be a doctor, a lawyer or a preacher, but never seek to be a mere clerk in a Government office, with its monotonous daily duties and its emasculating influence upon one's life and character.

We left Washington Oct. 3, 1865, and proceeded at once to Berlin, Mich., where my father and mother were then living, only stopping on the way at Muir, Mich., to visit Capt. Edward L. Craw and his family, who have been mentioned in the early chapters as being among my early friends at Hiram, as well as of Mrs. Fuller during her girlhood days at Butler, N. Y. We spent most of the month of October visiting among our friends at Newaygo, Grand Rapids, Big Rapids, etc. Nearly five years had elapsed since we left Northern Michigan, and they had been eventful years; crowded with the greatest changes in American history. It was my first month of leisure, and I determined to spend it in recreation before again entering upon active business.

CHAPTER XLV.

LETTERS FROM MR. GARFIELD AND MR. COLFAX.—ARCHIBALD BEAL.

About the middle of October I received the following letter, in answer to one written by me before leaving Washington, announcing my resignation:

HIRAM, O., October 3, 1865.

My Dear Corydon:—Your welcome letter of the 26th is received. It rinds me at home, and, for the time being, a cripple. Four weeks ago I sprained my ankle precisely where it was sprained thirteen years ago, when we roomed together. You remember what a long siege I had with it then. I have not yet been able to use it, more than to bear a part of my weight upon it, and the rest on a cane. Indeed, I have had some fear that, in view of the former hurt in the same joint, it would be permanently injured, but I hope not.

I am greatly distressed to hear that your health is failing, so much so that you are compelled to resign your position in Washington. I beg of you to take all pains to restore your health first of all.

I was hard at work in the State campaign when my accident occurred. Since then I have made no speeches, nor shall I be able to make any more during the campaign. The early part of the season I was engaged in the oil business, and hope yet to realize something from my investments in that direction. I am trying to do a good d'al of reading to prepare myself for the struggle which will be upon us when the 39th Congress meets. I look forward with great anxiety, not unmixed with alarm, at the signs of the times in the immediate political future. I fear that President Johnson is going too fast on the road toward reorganization. I fear it leads too far into rebeldom. I agree with you, that it would at least be decent to wait until the grass is green on the graves of our murdered patriots.

. . . Your letter has made me very anxious for you. Be

assured, my dear brother, that I cherish the same old love, and my heart responds as ever to all your joys and sorrows.

With all my heart I am, as ever,
Your brother,

JAMES.

P. S.—"John Jordan" came to hand a few days ago. It was news to me in many particulars. Such is "rags and lampblack" fame.

J. A. G.

The references in the above letter to my impaired health were called forth by the fact that during the last few weeks of my employment in the Treasury Department I had suffered from severe pains in my sides and lungs, which, however, almost at once disappeared after I was relieved from the enervating and exhausting work of the office.

"John Jordan" had reference to an article in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1865, entitled "John Jordan, From the Head of Bain," written by Edmund Kirke, *alias* James R. Gilmore. It was a well written story of Garfield's expedition in the winter of 1861-2, which resulted in the battle of Prestonburg and the defeat of Humphrey Marshall, but many of the incidents related were doubtless the invention of the bright and versatile author.

After spending the most of the month of October visiting among our Michigan friends, we proceeded to South Bend, Ind. During my stay in Washington I had been in frequent correspondence with my friend, Archibald Beal, whose name has been frequently mentioned, with reference to the purchase of a good newspaper, he to take the business management and I the editorial work. On our arrival at South Bend, Oct. 31, 1865, I found that Mr. Beal had just completed the purchase, for \$6,000, of the *St. Joseph Valley Register*,

the newspaper established in 1845 by Vice-President Colfax. It was a nine-column folio paper; the office contained an old Hoe cylinder hand press, a Washington hand press, an old job press, and a large supply of old type. Mr. Colfax had sold the paper a few years before, and from various causes it was not in first rate condition, though it was a bargain at the price for which Mr. Beal purchased it. The next day, November 1, I purchased of Mr. Beal a one-fourth interest in the office for \$1,500, and secured a contract for the purchase of another one-fourth at the end of one or two years, for the same price, plus one-fourth of the sum which should have been expended for improvements.

The current issue of the paper was nearly ready for the press, and I did not contribute anything for its columns, though my good friend, Mr. Colfax, contributed the following:

Messrs. Beal & Fuller:—The interest I naturally feel in the *Register*, the first number of which I issued over twenty years ago, in the days of my earliest manhood, and with which I was for so many years so closely identified, may justify me in writing this note to express to you the gratification I feel that when my old associates, Messrs. Wheeler & Hall, determined to seek other fields of duty, they transferred it to such competent and worthy successors. For years I read with interest and pleasure the *Mishawaka Enterprise*, edited by the senior of your firm, and the *Rochester Chronicle*, edited by your junior; and, with your devotion to principle, and experience and aptitude in publishing papers, I have the fullest confidence you will win that success in your new undertaking which you so well deserve.

Yours truly,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

South Bend at that time was a thriving manufacturing city of some ten thousand inhabitants. It contained the famous Studebaker wagon and carriage factories,

the Oliver plow works, a manufactory of Singer's sewing machines, a large paper mill, and a number of less important industrial establishments. There was but one other newspaper, and we soon found we had been very fortunate in our purchase. We at once added a new jobber and a supply of the latest styles of type, and, as a consequence of our better facilities, we were crowded with job printing, while our advertising patronage was so liberal that we were obliged to issue a supplement almost every week.

My partner, Mr. Beal, was an excellent business man, thoroughly reliable and eminently trustworthy. During the two years we were associated we never had a word of difference, and for the last eighteen years it has been a constant source of regret that we could not be again associated in business. He has been for several years the manager of the *Herald-Chronicle*, at La Porte, Ind.

It will be remembered that it was during the first few months of our ownership of the *Register* that President Johnson abandoned the principles he had professed during the war, and joined his fortunes with the late Confederates. For a time a large class of politicians were disposed to follow him, or at least to acquiesce in his betrayal of the party which had elected him, as by so doing they hoped still to control the public offices. A delegation of these time-servers called on us to suggest great caution in the expression of any positive opinions, telling us that it was uncertain what course the leading politicians would decide it best to take: When they had retired, I had a consultation with Mr. Beal, and told him if he wished to have any ambiguous, double-faced editorial expressions as to Mr.

Johnson I would be glad to have him write them, as I would not. He answered that he was satisfied to have me say what I pleased, and I wrote an article which must have been satisfactory to the committee, *as they never gave me any more advice as to the way to write and still say nothing.*

I told them that the political corpses of just such time-servers as themselves were moldering along the shores of the past, while men with positive convictions, who were neither afraid nor ashamed to express their own honest sentiments, had been successful; and that it was a poor time for cowards to succeed just after the nation had sacrificed a million lives and untold treasure to maintain its principles and preserve its honor. I assured them that so long as I conducted the paper it would at all times be ready to take a position on any public question, without any delay to ascertain the opinion of those who waited to know what was likely to prove popular.

In the *Register* for Jan. 4, 1866, the "New Year's Greeting" was in these words:

The year 1865 will occupy a place in history as important as any, perhaps, since the illustrious one from which all Christendom count each cycle earth describes around the sun. The rays of its first morning fell upon the snowy tents of fifteen hundred thousand soldiers with the starry flag of the Union and the mongrel banner of treason and rebellion floating over them. The advancing spring beheld the complete and overwhelming triumph of the right, and the annihilation of the military power which for four bloody years had sought the nation's life. Who has forgotten those glorious days in April when the bells rang out the glad tidings of victorious peace; a peace which patriots were proud of—not purchased at the price of honor and self-respect, but wrested from heroic foes, who, had they been fighting in a good cause, would never have been conquered. The nation's capitol was illuminated from its massive foundations to the feet of the statue of the

Goddess of Liberty, and shone with dazzling brilliancy, while in every city, village and hamlet from the rocky shores of New England to the far off Pacific the glad news was greeted with thanksgivings and rejoicings.

Then came that awful deed which overwhelmed every true-hearted son and daughter of the Republic with a sorrow such as is felt when a fond and loving father falls by the ruthless hand of violence, while here and there a demon in human shape, a *thing* of which even hell might be ashamed, could not quite conceal the fiendish joy which animated its fiendish heart at this appalling deed of wickedness.

And thus the months rushed by, each freighted with great events, until to close the year December came, and was made most illustrious of them all by the final, the everlasting overthrow of that atrocious system which for more than two hundred years had cursed and disgraced us as a people—the damnable institution of human slavery. No year since 1776 can be compared, in the importance of its events to the American people, with the year which has just closed. May God in mercy grant that 1866 may witness such advances among us in righteousness and truth—in the love and practice of justice—as shall render us worthy of his blessing. May he turn away from our shores the pestilence, fill the land with plenty, save us from foreign wars and domestic violence, and lead us by his guiding hand in the paths of pleasantness and peace. Thus will this be to all of us, in its brightest and best sense, a Happy New Year.

In February, 1866, my partner, Mr. Beal, desiring to use some money, offered to sell me another one-fourth of the office at once, if I could raise the necessary means—\$1,500. Of course, I was exceedingly anxious to accomplish the purchase, and was willing to pay any rate of interest required. I did not succeed, and my failure cost me \$1,200. In other words, our earnings for the year were \$6,000, of which, by our contract, my partner received \$4,200 and I \$1,800.

While endeavoring to borrow the sum required, I wrote to Mr. Garfield to learn if he could aid me, and received the following reply:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C, Feb. 15, 1866,

My Dear Corydon:—Yours of the 11th is received. I am always glad to hear from you, for it brings over my heart a flood of old happy memories. I would have answered your good letter of more than a month ago, but for the great press of work upon me, and the faith I had in you, that you would not think my neglect arose from any lack of affection. I am sorry I am not in a condition to loan you the money you need. It would give me the sincerest pleasure to do so. I am just now straining every nerve to help my brother Thomas to get a home. The noble fellow did all in his power to help me in early life, and I would cheerfully share my last crust with him. I should think it would be an easy matter to secure the loan you need. I will talk with Schuyler about it. May be he can suggest some one who would be able and willing to do it.

I will send you a copy of my speech to which you refer. I am glad to know it has been so well received here and abroad. It was an attempt to stay the tide that Stevens and his followers have been setting in motion, and which, if continued, will destroy the Republican party. I am thankful for the kind and brotherly manner in which you mention it in the *Register*. Schuyler told me he should send three hundred of them to his constituents. Crete and her sister Nellie are with me, and our two little boys. All send love to you and Mary.

Ever your brother,

JAMES.

Of course, the reader will recognize the hearty, friendly style of expression characteristic of Mr. Garfield, wherein he speaks of the honored Speaker of the House of the 39th Congress as "Schuyler." He and Mr. Colfax were for nearly twenty years intimate personal friends, and I have reason to know that Mr. Garfield had no doubts as to the incorruptible integrity and genuine worth of his friend.

The speech alluded to by Mr. Garfield was delivered in the House of Representatives, Feb. 1, 1866. It was upon the "Restoration of the Southern States," and attracted wide attention. It will be found in the first volume of Hinsdale's "Works of Garfield." It con-

tains some very fine passages, and will well repay reading even at this late day.

I shall refrain from wearying the reader with the daily history of the next year and a half. My duties as editor engaged my entire time, and, as I look over the files of the *St. Joseph Valley Register* for the period during which I controlled its columns, I am rejoiced to find, after nearly twenty years of more ripened experience, but very little I would care to change. If its utterances were at times seemingly harsh, they were directed at what I regarded as flagrant evils or crimes against humanity. When a poor wretch died in the county alms-house after *thirty-one years* of helplessness, the cause of whose fall as from heaven to hell—from the glorious promise of a splendid young manhood to a helpless, wretched, maimed, idiotic burden upon public charity for a whole generation—was a single pint of whisky, sold by a licensed fiend, I rejoice to find I characterized the liquor traffic in words of hot indignation, which were pronounced by some as fanatical. When, by a gigantic scheme of fraud and villainy, known as a "gift enterprise," a Chicago scoundrel fleeced a credulous and dishonest public out of half a million hard earned dollars, the *Register* used no honey-eyed words in describing the atrocious crime, and the dealers in lottery tickets did not speak well of either the paper or its editor.

While the political articles of the paper were, perhaps, tinctured with the bitter memories of the four terrible years of blood, which were so recently ended, and whose sad relics were always before us, yet they were the sincere expression of honest opinion, and, therefore, need no apology, and so far as the writer is

concerned, he still cherishes the sentiments then expressed.

I must be pardoned for introducing here an extract from an article published in the *Register* Oct. 18, 1866, as expressive of convictions then cherished, and which the writer still believes to be sound:

On the Friday preceding the election, the . . . party had a rally in this city. In numbers it was respectable, as was to have been expected from the herculean efforts of the party leaders to make it a success. Among other features, the procession had in it a large wagon loaded with boys, ranging perhaps from ten to fifteen years. As this wagon passed through Market street, these boys, led and instructed by a full-grown man, were singing a profane doggerel, as follows:

"In eighteen hundred sixty-six
Colfax is in a hell of a fix."

varied, as we are credibly informed, when passing the house of Mr. Colfax, by vulgar and insulting language.

On the succeeding Monday the . . . party had the final rally of the campaign, and, prominent among the interesting features of its procession, was also a similar wagon loaded with boys of a similar age. The motto on their banner was "We'll Stand by the Flag, by and by," and the song they sang as they passed along the street was:

"Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!"

The Union forever,
Hurrah, boys, hurrah,
Down with the traitor,
Up with the star,

While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom!"

These two incidents afford fitting types of the two parties arrayed against each other in this country—the former, of that party which scoffingly terms its opponents the "God and Morality" party; and the latter, of the party which blazons upon its banner the grand old principles of the founders of the Republic, and with faith in God, and the broadest Christian philanthropy, seeks to mould ours into a nation which shall deserve the smiles of the Almighty.

Let any thoughtful, patriotic Christian man or woman contrast the ideas and principles shadowed forth in these rival exhibitions of the two parties, and then ask, Which ought to prevail and shape the destiny of this heaven favored land? From which of these two types of boys are to come the future legislators and governors of this country, and from which the inmates of its prisons and penitentiaries?

We trust in God that ours IS the "Higher Law" party, and that the time is far distant when it shall cease to acknowledge the sacred and binding force of the moral principles which lie at the foundation of both natural and revealed religion. May it never cease to press home to the hearts and consciences of all its friends the question, "Is this law right? Is it just?" rather than, "Is it constitutional?" and if any law or custom or regulation violates those eternal principles which emanated from the mind of God, let not only such law be repealed, but the Constitution which sanctions it be changed. Let us be proud, not only to wear, but to deserve the title derisively given us by our enemies, of the "God and Morality party."

In awakening the public mind to the importance of free schools, and helping forward the establishment of every institution whose object was the education of the people, we labored earnestly. At that time the city of South Bend maintained only *seventy days* of free school during the year, and her school-houses, which were a discredit to her citizens, I am glad to know, were replaced a few years later by buildings at once convenient and attractive.

During the two years of my residence at South Bend I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Colfax intimately, as, when at home, he usually spent a part of nearly every day at our office. I learned to respect him very highly, as an upright, high-principled Christian gentleman, whose heart responded with quick sympathy to the plea of human suffering, and whose hand was ever ready to aid any and every worthy cause.

CHAPTER XLVI.

FURTHER LETTERS FROM MR. GARFIELD.—MY
REMOVAL
IN 1867, TO DES MOINES, IOWA.—"BILL AND JOE."

In November, 1866, I had purchased of my partner another one-fourth of the paper, and thus we became owners one-half each. We were quite successful, and during the summer of 1867 other parties were making arrangements to start a new paper, which I believed would divide the business so as to make it unprofitable. I therefore decided to sell my interest to the gentlemen who were so anxious to have a newspaper at South Bend, and my partner, Mr. Beal, reluctantly consented to the arrangement. The sale was agreed upon in September, and consummated November 1, 1867, and in the issue of the 7th I bade good-by to my friends, as follows:

It is with some degree of regret that the undersigned announces the fact that with the present number of the *Register* he surrenders his position of editor. For two years he has labored with a zeal inspired by earnest conviction to defend through its columns the great principles of the party of Equal Rights. Always proud to be styled a Radical, he has sought to inculcate that kind of Radicalism which is ever found ready to defend the Right and combat the Wrong.

For the many kind words and wishes of those who have proved themselves friends, he tenders his grateful acknowledgments, assuring them that their encouragement will ever be cherished by him. His relations with Mr. Beal, for whom he has learned to cherish an almost brotherly affection, have been of the most pleasant character, and render his withdrawal from the establishment—a withdrawal dictated solely

by business considerations—and the sundering of associations which have been so intimate, a source of real regret.

Trusting that the *St. Joseph Valley Register* may long continue to prosper, and may year after year increase in ability and usefulness, never faltering in its defense of Truth and Right so long as Error and Wrong find champions, he bids its ten thousands readers good by.

CORYDON E. FULLER.

Mr. Colfax wrote me the following letter, when he learned of my sale of the *Register*:

SOUTH BEND, Ind., Sept. 13, 1867.

My Dear Fuller:—I am sorry that we are to lose you editorially from my district, where you have done such efficient service for the Right so many years. But having known and appreciated you so long, and valued you so highly as a friend and a co-laborer in the good cause, you will carry my best wishes for your happiness and success wherever you go, and I shall always be, in the future as in the past.

Very truly your friend,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

I have omitted to mention that the *Register* often had occasion to mention the splendid work of Mr. Garfield in the House of Representatives, where he was winning laurels each session, and steadily pressing forward toward the proud position of leadership which in after years he so grandly maintained. His constant study and deep research into the great questions of statesmanship fitted him for intelligent action when called upon to lead smaller men, who looked only at the surface of proposed measures, and studied not so much to be right as to be popular.

As I was again out of business, and saw no satisfactory opening in Northern Indiana, I decided to remove to Des Moines, Iowa, where myself and family arrived Dec. 6, 1867. I have omitted to mention that before we left Rochester, in 1864, Mr Lewis J. Brown and his family had removed to Des Moines; and thus a

second time we were indebted to them for many acts of kindness.

My first venture in Des Moines was the partial purchase of a large interest in a temperance newspaper, but learning, in time to save myself, that the concern had not been truly represented, my investment was changed to a loan, secured upon the office. I worked as editor and printer until the spring of 1869, when the collapse which I had foreseen occurred, and the material was sold under the chattel mortgage. I lost some money, but gained some valuable experience. No *professional reformer* would be able again to inspire me with full confidence either in his ability or his honesty.

The summer of 1868 I spent in company with Mr. J. M. Coggeshall, in the business of manufacturing stoneware, at a factory in the north part of Des Moines, having purchased a half interest in the business. The same fall I went into a job printing office, where I remained until March, 1869, when Lewis J. Brown, Esq., and myself purchased of Judge John G. Weeks the Pioneer Abstracts of Polk county, Iowa, and also opened a real estate office in connection with the business of furnishing abstracts.

I had not heard from Mr. Garfield for some time, and when the poem, "Bill and Joe," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1868, I sent him a copy. The following is the poem:

BILL AND JOE.

Come, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,

And all was bright with morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail,
Proud as a cockere's rainbow tail;
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tarn O'Shanter's luckless mare:
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in peoples' eyes,
With H O N. and L L. D.
In big, brave letters fair to see—
Your fist, old fellow! off they go!—
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You've worn the judge's ermine robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again:
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say,
"See those old duffers bent and gray—
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it means"—
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe—

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes—
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,

That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go—
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill;—
'T is poor old Joe's "God bless you, Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears;
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,
Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear;
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

On the receipt of the poem, Mr. Garfield at once sent me a copy of his immortal oration delivered at Arlington, Virginia, on the occasion of strewing flowers on the graves of Union soldiers, May 30, 1868, and wrote on the cover:

Dear Corydon:—The verses from Holmes, which you sent me, touched a thousand old and precious memories,

Ever yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

My next letter from him was the following:

HIRAM, Ohio, May 10, 1869.

My Dear Corydon:—Your letter of April 17th was forwarded from Washington and came duly to hand. I am glad to hear of your health and prosperity, and wish it were in my power to visit you this summer.

I have thought I might do so, and shall be most happy if I can. I don't yet know whether I shall be able to take the trip to California or not. I am chairman of the committee on the next Census, How long the work will keep me, I can not tell,

I wish I were able to purchase some of the land of which you speak. I have thought I might find some person who would furnish the means and join me in a purchase. I will try, and if you have any fine lots come into your hands, which you think would be pretty sure to make some profit by buying and holding awhile, if you will send me a statement about them, I may be able to secure a purchaser for you.

I am here at the old place, so full of dear old memories. Crete sits near me and our three little ones are playing about us. The delicious spring weather of Hiram gives fragrance and balm to the air, and I believe if you were here we could stroll out into the old familiar woods and feel as we did seventeen years ago. How delightful such a visit would be to my heart! It would roll back the years of toil and trouble, storm and tempest, that have fallen upon us, at least for a time, into the sweet sunshine of those early days. It is a precious thing for me to treasure, this friendship of ours, which was formed in those days of unselfish life, before we had been meeting the ugly and hard collisions of life. Let us live in the light of it, and in the hope and faith of a better life beyond the storm and the tempest of this. Crete joins me in love to Mary and yourself.

Ever yours,

JAMES.

The reader of these Reminiscences will probably be glad to know that with the close of the year 1869 I discontinued my daily journal, which I had kept up without intermission from July, 1851, to that time. As a consequence, my few remaining articles will contain less of an autobiographical character.

The last of December, 1869, I received the following letter:

WASHINGTON, Dec. 24, 1869.

My Dear Corydon:—Yours on the nth inst. came to hand while I was in the midst of the census bill, which kept me on my feet, or constantly on the watch, for more than ten days. It passed the House in pretty near the same shape I reported it, but the Senate did not have time to act on it before the holidays. I have no doubt, however, that

it will be a law by the middle of January. I should be very glad to see *you* appointed District Superintendent for your district, and will do all I can without interfering with the right of your Representative in the matter. You had better write to him and refer to me as your friend and classmate and tell him I will give him any help he may need.

Crete and the children are well; mother is with us and is well. I have run in debt for a small house here, and by that means am saving a considerable share of what I should have to pay in the shape of rent. My work has grown more heavy and complicated every year since I came here, and I sometimes grow very weary of public life, and long for some quiet place, away from the roar and noise of political strife. I wish we could meet and have one of our old fashioned visits. I hope you will write me again and let me know how you are doing. Is there a Disciple Church near you? We have a small church here and have bought a meeting-house.

Crete and mother join me in love to you and Mary.

As ever, yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

As will be seen from the two foregoing letters, Mr. Garfield had taken great interest in the Census bill. He was anxious to have a much more comprehensive work done in the census of 1870 than had ever before been attempted, and had spent much time and labor in perfecting the bill. If it had become a law it would have furnished such a mass of facts as the real statesman needs in shaping the legislation of a great people. As he states, under his personal charge it passed the House, but he had overrated the capacity of the Senate to comprehend its many excellencies, and it failed to pass that body. Ten years later Congress had made some progress in its knowledge of the needs of civilization, and adopted pretty nearly the bill defeated in 1869. Had his bill become the law for the census of 1870, perhaps we might have been saved from the absurd claim of some of our economic writers, based upon its figures, that the decade from 1860

to 1870 was the most prosperous in American history.

I was not anxious for the position of District Superintendent, as I was busily employed, and therefore took no pains to secure it. It had no doubt been promised long before to some political "worker," as the reward for party services, so that it was well for me not to be dependent upon such precarious chances. Had Mr. Garfield's bill passed, I should have been proud to aid in carrying out his comprehensive plans, **but** with its defeat I lost all interest in the matter.

It was more than a year before I again heard directly from my friend, though I received all his speeches under his own frank and nearly always sent by his own hand.

About the middle of May, 1871, I received the following:

HIRAM, Ohio, May 11, 1871.

My Dear Corydon:—We reached home night before last and the same evening had the pleasure of reading your welcome letter of April 27, which was awaiting me. I can not realize that twenty years have passed since you and I were students here, and were walking arm in arm over the fields which I now see from my window. I think it is always a surprise to any one to grow old. I never see a young man who was a little boy when I was a young man without a feeling of surprise and wonder that I can be so old, while I do not feel in myself any sense of age, more than I felt when I sprained my ankle when you and I were running in the woods west of the Seminary. I wish we could ramble over the old paths together this afternoon, and live for a few hours in the calm, beautiful past. I look back upon the world we lived in twenty years ago as an enchanted land, where life, especially its future, was all tinged with the hues of a rose; where friendships were neither commercial, professional nor political. The friendships of those days have never failed me, and they grow brighter with advancing years.

I live in the second house west of the house which Sutton Hayden built and occupied when you were here, and within ten rods of the

house where you and Ceylon and I roomed, when we messed with the Smith girls, your cousins. The place would be familiar to you, though the trees are large, and some new houses are built. We have four children—three boys and one girl. The oldest, Harry Augustus, will be eight years old in October next. The second, James Rudolph, will be six in October next. The third, Mary, is four, and the fourth, Irwin McDowell, is nearly ten months old. My mother, now seventy years of age, lives with us, both here and in Washington.

In addition to my congressional work, I have kept up and increased my law practice, in the State courts and in the Supreme Court of the United States, and have from that source realized about \$2,000 a year for the last four years. In 1865 I made a successful deal in the purchase and sale of oil lands by which I realized about \$6,000. By prudent investments and careful economy I have got what is probably worth about \$25,000, and have besides given some help to my brother and sisters. My brother Thomas is on a farm in Ottawa county, Michigan, not far from Grand Rapids, and my sisters live in Solon, Ohio. Crete's father and mother are still living in Hiram. Her brother John died in the army, 1862. Her brother Joseph is unmarried, and living at home. Her sister Nellie is married and lives in Akron.

I wish you and Mary would come here on the 22nd of June, when we are to have a grand reunion of the old students, Can't you come? The school and church are doing well and have fair prospects of long life.

I am ashamed to tell you that last November I was in Iowa City and did not go to see you. I tried to do so, but found it impossible and so did not write to you. I own a farm in Johnson county, Iowa, and went to see it. I hope some day to visit you, and I hope you will never come so near me without calling.

Write to me whenever the spirit moves you, and be assured that I am, as ever,

Your friend and brother,

J. A. GARFIELD.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CREDIT MOBILIER SCANDAL. — LETTERS FROM MR. GARFIELD AND MR. COLFAX.

Every word of the many letters of Mr. Garfield given in the previous chapters of these Reminiscences was written by his own hand. But those given hereafter were partly from the hand of a stenographer. Such is the following:

WASHINGTON, D. C, Oct. 25, 1871.

My Dear Corydon:—I am on a sentimental journey, taken for my mother's sake, and now nearly ended. One week ago last Monday, my mother, her only sister, Mrs. Boynton, and Silas Boynton, my cousin, whom you know, left Cleveland for the East. We stopped for a day at Niagara Falls, and passed thence, by way of Schenectady and Saratoga, New York and Rutland, Vt, to the town of Keene, in Cheshire county, New Hampshire. There, turning aside from the railroad, we went twelve miles into the fastnesses of the New Hampshire mountains to the spot where mother and her sister were born. Mother is seventy years old, and Aunt Althea is sixty-six. They left their birthplace sixty-two years ago, and had not seen it since. On reaching the place, mother remembered every old landmark; pointed out the old houses, giving the names of the people who lived in them with all the distinctness that we might have expected had she left them a week ago. We found the old house where they were born with the same clapboards still on it. It gave me a strange feeling to see my little girl mother visiting the place where she had played sixty-two years ago; showing me the little pond where she had waded; the trees where she had gathered apples, and the place where she went to school.

From there we visited Boston, went thence by Fall River steamer to New York City, and then came here, arriving at 10 o'clock last night. Crete had forwarded a large package of letters, and among

them I found yours of the 14th. As I am to stop here but a day, and must be very busy for two weeks, I use the phonography of a friend rather than my own hand in answering your letter.

I need not tell you that I am always glad to hear of your success, and to know that the old flame burns brightly on the altar of our friendship. I hope the time may not be very far distant when I can visit you in your Western home.

You are at liberty to refer to me always and everywhere as a voucher for you and your trustworthiness. I inclose a note which you may use in any way you please.

I shall reach home in a few days, and shall hope to find the family as I left them, well and hearty. They would all send love to you and Mary, were they here.

As ever, your friend and brother,

J. A. GARFIELD.

It may be necessary to explain that in the fall of 1871, when the above letter was written, I was a partner in the firm of Fuller, Heartwell & Coffin, and we were desirous of obtaining funds from the East for the purpose of making loans to farmers and others in the vicinity of Des Moines, and I therefore solicited a letter of recommendation. The following was the note to which he referred:

To whom it may concern :

Corydon E. Fuller, of the firm of Fuller, Heartwell & Coffin, Des Moines, Iowa, is an old and intimate friend of mine. I have known him for more than twenty years, and I take great pleasure in commending him as a man of sterling integrity, who will perform, to the utmost, all that he promises or undertakes.

Respectfully,

J. A. GARFIELD.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 25, 1871.

A year later, after the organization of the Iowa Loan and Trust Company, I again asked his permission to refer to him in our circulars, etc., and received the following reply:

WASHINGTON, D. C, Jan. 6, 1873.

My Dear Corydon:—Yours of the 3d inst. is received. It is a long time since I have heard from you, but I hope you will get time soon to write me in full. I infer, from the substance of your letter, that you are doing well, which, of course, rejoices me.

Of course you are at liberty always to refer to me, in any matter where my recommendation will be of the least service.

We have a new baby in our house, which makes four boys and one girl.

As ever, yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

During the autumn of 1872 the charge that Mr. Garfield and some dozen other members of Congress had been interested in the stupendous fraud perpetrated in the name of the Credit Mobilier Company was first made public. Upon the meeting of Congress, Hon. James G. Blaine, Speaker of the House of Representatives, who was one of the parties accused, called to the chair Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York, and moved the appointment of a committee to investigate the charge, which was done, and during the winter and spring the whole matter was probed to the bottom. In their report the committee stated that they found "nothing in the conduct or motives of either of these members in taking this stock that calls for any recommendation by the committee of the House," having previously named Mr. Garfield and several others against whom charges had been made. They, however, recommended the expulsion from the House of Oakes Ames and James Brooks.

The testimony against Mr. Garfield was very conflicting: Oakes Ames swearing that he agreed to buy ten shares of stock, though not claiming that any explanation was made as to its true character; while Mr. Garfield swore positively that he never agreed to buy

any of it; that he never saw a certificate, or received a dollar on account of it.

After the report of the committee, Mr. Garfield prepared a brief statement of the whole affair, giving all the testimony against himself, as well as his defense. It consisted of twenty-eight pages, and closed as follows:

If there be a citizen of the United States who is willing to believe that for \$329 I have bartered away my good name, and to falsehood have added perjury, these pages are not addressed to him. If there be one who thinks that any part of my public life has been gauged on so low a level as these charges would place it, I do not address him—I address those who are willing to believe that it is possible for a man to serve the public without personal dishonor. I have endeavored, in this review, to point out the means by which the managers of a corporation, wearing the garb of honorable industry, have robbed and defrauded a great national enterprise, and attempted by cunning and deception, for selfish ends, to enlist in its interest those who would have been the first to crush the attempt had their objects been known.

If any of the scheming corporations or corrupt rings that have done so much to disgrace the country by their attempts to control its legislation have ever found in me a conscious supporter or ally in any dishonorable scheme, they are at full liberty to disclose it. In the discussion of the many grave and difficult questions of public policy which have occupied the thoughts of the nation during the last twelve years, I have borne some part, and I confidently appeal to the public records for a vindication of my conduct.

I lost no time in writing to Mr. Garfield to assure him of my sympathy and unshaken faith in his integrity, and in reply received the following letter:

HIRAM, O., June 11, 1873.

My Dear Corydon:—Your welcome letter of the 3d inst. came duly to hand. I knew that you would require more testimony than newspaper scandal to convince you that I had done anything of which my old friends need to be ashamed, and I am glad to know that the reading of my defense has justified your faith in me. We are living in an era of slander and personal assault, and I suppose that the Provi-

dence that presides over our lives saw that I needed the discipline of trial and adversity for my own culture. At any rate, I am trying to receive it with that view, and do not propose to be crushed or made sour by it.

I do not yet know what my summer is to be. I have just now on hand several engagements to lecture and to write a political article for a new magazine lately established in Washington, called the *Republic*. When these things are off my hands I shall try to get a little rest, and I would be very glad to make a trip to your home. Perhaps I can do so. Please keep me advised of your movements, so that I may know where you are. If you go East, you will not fail to bring Mary this way and make us a visit.

I will send copies of my defense to Dudley and Brown, as you suggest. There has been a great storm here in Ohio, over the salary question, but I think the tide has turned. The little set of malignants in Warren have been opposed to me for many years, but without success. I don't think they can kill me off now.

In memory of our past, and in the faith and hope of the future, I am, as ever,

Your friend,

J. A. GARFIELD.

The above letter is in his own handwriting. C. A. Dudley, Esq., of Des Moines, and his former partner, the late Levi J. Brown, Esq., are the persons alluded to as "Dudley" and "Brown." Both were from Portage county, Ohio, and were personal acquaintances of Mr. Garfield, and students in the Eclectic Institute at Hiram, while he was its President.

When it is known that Mr. Garfield voted steadily against the increase of salary and refused to accept the back pay which it gave him it will be seen how supremely mean and contemptible men may become in their efforts to destroy a successful rival. It is gratifying to know that all such malicious and cowardly opposition was fruitless, and injured only those who resorted to it.

Soon after the close of the investigation by the Congressional committee above referred to, I wrote an ar-

ticle for the Des Moines *Republican*, expressing my unshaken faith in the integrity of Vice President Colfax, who was among those charged with complicity in the Credit Mobilier fraud. It was dated March 24, 1873, and from it I venture to extract the following:

For twenty-five years Schuyler Colfax has been prominent before the public. From a humble position, without the aid of powerful friends, and with few advantages for education, he steadily won his way from the printing office to the Vice-presidency. For six years the Speaker of the House of Representatives, an honor which no other of our statesmen save Henry Clay has ever received, he enjoyed the universal respect and confidence of his associates of all political parties. During the terrible years of war, when Death brooded over our hospitals, and the Grave was gorged with slain heroes, no hand in all this wide land of ours was more ready to give for the relief of the sufferings which are the inevitable accompaniments of the battle-field. The writer has a distinct recollection of more than one check, with not the initials only, but the full name of Schuyler Colfax attached to it, calling for hundreds of dollars, and accompanied with directions to apply the proceeds to relieve the wants of the widows and orphans of our dead soldiers, or to minister to the sick and suffering heroes in the prison or the hospital. While many of those who were active in the Union cause had no scruples as to cotton speculations and other devices for profit afforded by the war, Mr. Colfax came home to his friends in South Bend, when the conflict was done, worth not one dollar more than on that April morning when the first shot was fired at Sumter.

And pray, what is the gist of the charges which the (Sod-forsaken demagogues have trumped up against him? "Tell it not in Gath!" the lie has not even the merit of decent plausibility. One whose spotless name the breath of calumny has never assailed, and whose whole life was a living proof of the impossibility of such a deed, had sold his character, bartered the reputation of a lifetime and leagued himself with thieves, for the pitiful sum of \$1,200.

The estimation in which Mr. Colfax is held by his friends among whom he has lived from boyhood, is shown by the reception given him on his return home from Washington a few days since. So hearty, so spontaneous a greeting, and such expressions of abiding trust and unshaken confidence, were almost enough to pay him for the abuse which

has been heaped upon him. The oaths of as many men of the Oakes Ames stamp as would people a hemisphere, with the added vilification of all the scribbling miscreants who disgrace journalism, would not be sufficient to convince those who know Schuyler Colfax, as we who were his neighbors and friends know him, that he would be guilty of a dishonorable or mean action.

My article was widely copied, and a few days after its publication at Des Moines, reached Mr. Colfax, whereupon he wrote me the following touching letter, now first made public:

SOUTH BEND, Ind., April 3, 1873.

[Not for publication.]

My Dear Friend:—I have just read in to-day's *Register* your kind and cordial words of sympathy, esteem and confidence, copied from the Des Moines *Republican*. Please accept my grateful thanks for them. Till some fierce and pitiless storm of calumny and falsification bursts unexpectedly upon you, you can not realize how welcome are such words of vindication as yours. I have had faith that He who knoweth all things would in His own good time make my entire innocence of this wicked and cruel charge manifest to all.

Always as of old,

Yours truly,

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

Now that Mr. Colfax sleeps peacefully in the cemetery at South Bend, among the people who so loved and trusted him, and whom he so faithfully served, for all the best years of his life; now that he is beyond the reach of the cruel and malevolent enemies who, jealous of his popularity, sought for their own base ends to rob him of his good name and shroud in infamy the luster of his fame, I feel that his letter may be given publicly with no violation of confidence.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE CURRENCY QUESTION.—DEATH OF MR. GARFIELD'S SON.—ELECTION IN 1876.

The profound research and exhaustive study which Mr. Garfield was accustomed to give to the great questions of statesmanship upon which he was called to act have been recognized by all his biographers. While the average member of Congress was satisfied to give careful attention to the distribution of post-offices and to rewarding the faithful henchmen to whom he was indebted for his position, and whose aid he hoped to secure for the future, and knew little and cared less for the great principles which lie at the foundation of government, Mr. Garfield devoted all his splendid abilities to the mastery of those principles and their crystallization into statutes which should promote the wealth and greatness of his country.

During the war the expenditures of the Government had been so enormous, and the disbursement of promises in lieu of money so great, that thoughtless people mistook the reckless waste for prosperity, and wondered why it could not always last. As well might one stand some stormy midnight by his blazing home, and while warming himself in the heat created by the ruin, rejoice over the transient comfort afforded, all forgetful of the morrow when he should shiver beside the cold and desolate ashes.

It may seem amazing that men of apparent sense in other things seemed honestly to believe everybody might be made rich by the unlimited disbursement of the Government's paper promises, which could not by any possibility ever be redeemed. A great brood of these crazy inflationists appeared, not only among the people at large, but in the halls of Congress, who were so ignorant of all the financial history of not only our own but of all lands that they clamored for a debased and depreciated currency, and pretended that they did so in the interest of the poor! Demagogues at once recognized their golden opportunity, and were willing to serve the dear people for a consideration.

Mr. Garfield foresaw the inevitable conflict upon this great and vital question, and for many months gave it the most careful and unremitting study. He familiarized himself with the whole history of irredeemable paper currency, not only in America but in other countries, and arrived at the conclusion, which every thorough student of financial matters has arrived at, that a currency of uncertain and unstable value is a curse to any country, and results invariably in the robbery of the poor. He made a number of speeches during 1873 and 1874 on the currency question, and his arguments in favor of uniformity of value in all our money, whether gold, silver or paper, have never been answered, and never will be, until Congress can change the eternal principles that lie back of all constitutions and statutes.

The speech of April 8, 1874, on "Currency and the Public Faith," is impregnable in its positions. It begins like a sermon, and his texts are from the Book of God: "Thou shalt have a perfect and just weight;

a perfect and just measure shalt thou have, that thy days may be lengthened in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." "A false balance is an abomination to the Lord, but a just weight is his delight." I quote only a few sentences:

How many years of disastrous experience are needed to enforce the lesson that there are immutable laws of nature which no Congress can safely ignore, and which no legislation can overturn? Underlying all exchange, all trade, all active industry, there are three elements which can not be ignored, elements that enter into every contract, and are of the essence of every exchange; elements that are recognized in the National Constitution.

They are the measure of extension, whether of length, breadth, depth or capacity; the measure of weight, which is intimately related to that of extension; and the measure of value, which is closely related to both. The Constitution empowers Congress to fix the standards of weights, of measures, and of values. But Congress can not create extension, nor weight, nor value. It can measure what exists; it can declare and subdivide and name a standard; but it can not make length of that which has no length; it can not make weight of that which has no weight; it can not make value of that which has no value.

One would almost say that these clear-cut statements of immutable truth were axioms, and yet multitudes still delude themselves with the amazing fallacy that Congress can create value out of nothing!

During the winter of 1873—'4, Capt. M. T. Russell, who had served under Gen. Garfield, in the 51st Indiana, was threatened with removal from a position he had held for some time under the Government, and I wrote to his former commander to secure his assistance in defeating the schemes of the Captain's enemies, and received the following in reply:

WASHINGTON, D. C, Jan. 8, 1874.

Dear Corydon:—Yours of the 3d inst. came to hand yesterday. I am glad to hear that you are doing well, in the midst of these pinching times, when almost every business interest is suffering heavily.

I wrote the instructions for the expedition of Col. Streight, which resulted in the capture of Capt. Russell, and anything I can do for him, consistent with courtesy to his Representatives, in the House, and Senate, I will cheerfully do. I will try to see his Senators and get them to assist him.

I have had a summer of very hard work, and a good deal of opposition from malicious men in my district. But I think I have conquered most all the difficulties of the situation. I had hoped to visit Iowa during the past season, but having failed, I look forward to some future time when I may call upon you in your pleasant home.

I am sorry to tell you that the hurry and work of the past few years have been making some inroads upon my health, and I am starting out on the heavy work of this winter with an uncomfortable threat of dyspepsia which hangs over me. I am taking medicine and doctoring up as carefully and prudently as I can.

I send you a copy of an address I delivered at Hudson College last summer, which you may care to read.

With all the sacred memories of other days, I am, as ever,
Your friend and brother,

J. A. GARFIELD.

One day later came the following:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 9, 1874.

Dear Corydon:—Since writing you last, I have called on your two Iowa Senators, and made arrangements to unite with them in asking that Capt. Russell be allowed to remain undisturbed in his present position. I went this morning with Senator Allison to the Treasury Department, and urged the Solicitor of the Treasury to interpose and prevent Capt. Russell's removal. We learned that it was the purpose of the Chief of the Detective Force to remove him on the 1st of February, and that our visit this morning had prevented it.

With kindest regards, I am, ever yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

While the efforts of Gen. Garfield in behalf of his old comrade in the field were temporarily successful, the gallant Captain did not long escape the official guillotine, but I am happy to say the decapitation has not resulted disastrously, as he appears to be still happy and prosperous.

The following note explains itself:

WASHINGTON, D. C, Jan. 10, 1874.

Dear Corydon:—Twelve years ago to-day I fought my first battle, and won my Brigadier-Generalship, at Prestonburg, Kentucky. I send you this memorial of it, written by the *Type Writer*, a recent and interesting invention. The gentleman who writes for me says he can complete a letter with this machine in one-third the time that he could with the pen. I send you this specimen of his work, with my compliments.

Very truly yours,

JAS. A. GARFIELD.

I acknowledged the above letter, and here our correspondence ceased for nearly three years. Of course, I always noted what was said of him in the public press, and rejoiced in his success and advancement. I read all his speeches which were published, and found no cause to revise my estimate of his unflinching integrity and great ability.

Our correspondence was renewed by the following letter:

WASHINGTON, D. C, Oct. 23, 1876.

My Dear Corydon:—On Saturday last I addressed a large Republican meeting at Hackensack, four miles from Schraalenburgh, where I went with you twenty-two years ago. I have never been so near there before, and it brought up the old memories to be so near. I was called here by telegraph to the bedside of our little boy, Edward, who is very ill, and I fear will not recover. He was recovering from the whooping cough, and his disease went to his brain. He has now been lying in an unconscious state nearly four days; and unless the pressure can soon be removed he can not last long. He is a beautiful child of two years, and the thought of losing him rives our hearts. But he is in the keeping of our good Father, who knows what is best for us. All the rest of us are well.

I have worked very hard this campaign, having spoken almost constantly for two months. You have probably seen that I was re-elected by about nine thousand majority, this being my eighth election. But of what avail is public honor in the presence of death?

It has been a long time since I have heard from you, and I hope you will write soon.

As ever, your friend and classmate,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

Of course, I answered the above letter at once, with such words of consolation as I could give in his hour of sorrow, and early in November received the following letter, written the day after the Presidential election, while the country was in doubt as to the result:

WASHINGTON, D. C, NOV. 9, 1876.

My Dear Corydon:—I arrived in this city yesterday afternoon, and found your kind letter of the 2nd inst. awaiting me. Our precious little Eddie died on the 25th of October, and the same evening Crete and I left with his body, and on the 27th we buried him beside our little girl, who died thirteen years ago. Both are lying in the graveyard at Hiram, and we have come back to those which are still left us, but with a desolation in our hearts known only to those who have lost a precious child.

It seems to me that we are many years older than we were when the dear little boy died. His little baby ways so filled the house with joy that the silence he has left is heart-breaking. It needs all my philosophy and courage to bear it.

It was very hard to go on with the work of the great campaign with so great a grief in my heart; but I knew it was my duty, and I did it as well as I could. I spoke almost every day till the election; but it now appears that we are defeated by the combined power of rebellion, Catholicism and whiskey, a trinity very hard to conquer. What the future of our country will be, no one can tell. The only safety we can rely on lies in the closeness of the vote, both on the Presidency and the members of the House of Representatives. We have so far reduced the strength of the Democratic House that I hope they will not be able to do much harm. Still, we shall have a hard, uncomfortable struggle to save the fruits of our great war. We shall need all the wisdom and patriotism the country possesses to save ourselves from irretrievable calamity. If we had carried the House of Representatives, it was almost certain that I should have been elected Speaker. But of course that has gone down in the general wreck.

I hope the time may come when we can sit down and renew the memories of other days, and enjoy a long visit. I am nowhere for the winter, and shall soon be at work in the Supreme Court, where I have a number of important cases.

With much love, I am, as ever,

Your friend and brother,

JAMES A. GARFIELD.

It will be noted that Gen. Garfield attributed the supposed defeat of 1876 to precisely the same cause which Dr. Burchard recognized as conspiring to defeat Mr. Blaine in 1884. The alliterative form of expression was the only thing original with the noted preacher, and while he was so bitterly censured for the sentiment he expressed, it was the truth of history that the trinity of enemies which have been allied against the great principles supported by those who fought to save the Union, and which have succeeded in defeating the party of Lincoln and Garfield was recognized and fitly characterized both by the much abused doctor and his immortal predecessor.

CHAPTER XLIX.

MR. GARFIELD NOMINATED FOR PRESIDENT.—A VISIT TO HIM AT MENTOR.

During the four years from 1876 to 1880, I received only a few brief letters from Mr. Garfield. The heavy labors of his position as Representative of a populous district, and his varied and manifold duties in other fields, of course, left little time for mere social and friendly correspondence. I received his published speeches and an occasional note. Among them was the following, in answer to an urgent invitation for a visit to Des Moines:

MENTOR, O., August 8, 1878.

CORYDON E. FULLER, ESQ.:—*My Dear Friend*—Yours of the 19th of July came duly to hand. I wish it were possible for me to go to Iowa, as you and your friends request, for I have long wanted to visit you. But my engagements here and in the East are so numerous that I fear it will be impossible, for me to get as far as Iowa, although I may speak once in Chicago.

My family are all well, and on the farm in Mentor, Lake county. I wish you and Mary could visit us.

With kindest regards, I am, as ever,
Yours,

J. A. GARFIELD.

In January, 1880, Mr. Garfield was elected by the Legislature of Ohio to a seat in the Senate of the United States, and I wrote an editorial article for the *Des Moines Journal*, thus announcing the fact:

It is with no little pleasure that we announce the election, by the Legislature of Ohio, of Gen. J. A. Garfield to the Senate of the United States. His history, from a poor fatherless boy to a seat in the highest assembly in the nation, has been that of a triumphant march, every step of which has been glorious. The writer first met him in the fall of 1851, at Hiram, Ohio, when he became a student of the "Western Reserve Eclectic Institute," a few months before his twentieth birthday. Athletic, broad-shouldered, in the full vigor of health, both of mind and body, even then his fellow-students recognized him as a giant among them, whom they cheerfully and gladly accepted as their leader.

He was wholly dependent upon his own resources for the means of obtaining his education, and was then earning his tuition by ringing the college bell to call the classes to recitation. Less than five years later we saw him graduate with distinguished honors at Williams College, from whence he returned to Hiram, and soon after became President of the Institution where we first met him.

Five more years passed by, and he had been admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of Ohio; had served a term in the Senate of that great commonwealth, and had gone forth at the head of a regiment of the flower of her youth to help save the nation from the armed traitors who sought its destruction. Two years later he wore the stars of a Major General, and had been chosen to a seat in the American Congress. Here for nearly eighteen years he has held his place by almost the unanimous suffrage of a district not excelled in intelligence by any in the Nation.

And all through this magnificent career he has maintained his integrity, and shown the world a pattern of the far-sighted, clear-headed, great-hearted Christian statesman, whose study has been to legislate, not for the narrow bounds of his own district, but for the great Nation which he recognized as his country. No selfish schemes for the aggrandizement of his immediate constituency at the expense of the National Treasury have ever found favor with him, but, despising the petty arts of the politician, his has been the work of the statesman.

It was not to have been expected that one so prominent, and held in such high esteem by good, true men of every shade of opinion, should wholly escape the malicious attacks of those whose souls are too small and whose instincts are too mean to comprehend true greatness and unselfish devotion to principle. The preposterous slanders of such men are the tribute knaves pay to real worth.

In the Senate of the United States, Gen. Garfield will take no

mean rank. In the prime of his manhood—he is now only forty-eight years old—of vigorous constitution, temperate and well balanced, it requires no prophet to predict for him still higher honors than he has yet received.

The above was published Jan. 15, 1880. The canvass had already begun among Republicans for a suitable candidate for the Presidency, and so far as Iowa was concerned, the universal favorite was James G. Blaine, even as early as January. While Gen. Grant had a great host of friends and admirers, there were but few who were in favor of attempting to elect him a third time to the high office which even Washington and Lincoln had held but twice. It had become the unwritten law of the Republic that eight years was the full measure of service as President, and even under the magnificent leadership of Conkling, Logan and Cameron, success in a scheme which involved the overthrow of all the cherished precedents of our history was from the first almost an impossibility.

As the months passed on, and the time approached for the great quadrennial assembly, which was to decide for the dominant party in a nation of fifty millions who should be its standard-bearer in the great contest, John Sherman, the great Ohio Senator, also appeared among the aspirants, while others with less following were named among possible candidates.

The Convention was to meet at Chicago, the 1st of June, and as I was about to visit the East on the business of the company, I decided to spend a day or two at the Convention, and I therefore wrote a line to Mr. Garfield, requesting him, if convenient, to save an admission ticket for me. I received the following reply:

GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL,
CHICAGO, May 29, 1880.

My Dear Corydon:—I have just arrived here this morning, and find yours of the 28th awaiting me. I shall be glad to grasp your hand again, after so long a separation. No arrangement has yet been made for tickets, and I fear it will not be possible for me to get more than the small number I shall be compelled to give to fill promises already made. But if there is any possibility of my aiding you I shall certainly do so.

Give my love to Mary, and be assured I am, as ever,
Your friend,

J. A. GARFIELD.

I arrived in Chicago on the morning of June 1, and soon after 9 o'clock called at Mr. Garfield's rooms at the Grand Pacific, where he received me with all his old-time cordiality. He introduced me to Gov. Foster, who was with him, as one of his old classmates, and excused himself for a time to renew old associations; but I knew he was very busy, and told him I could not take his time from his duties. So we arranged that on my return from the East I was to spend a day or more at his home in Mentor. I am sure that neither of us then anticipated his receiving the nomination.

As it was evident that the work of the Convention would require a number of days, I decided to proceed on my journey, and accordingly I left the city at 5 o'clock P. M., and with a few stops on the way, reached Geneva, N. Y., on Thursday, and the old home of Mrs. Fuller, at Butler, on Saturday.

The most of Monday was spent at Wolcott, where we could receive bulletins of the work at Chicago. The balloting had commenced on Monday morning, and twenty-eight ballots had been taken up to the hour of adjournment. I was hoping for the nomination of Mr. Blaine, while the most of those about me were for Gen.

Grant. In the evening I had returned to the farm, some two miles from the village, and did not hear any news until Tuesday, about 3 o'clock P. M., when some parties who were shingling on the roof of a barn on the adjoining farm commenced swinging their hats and shouting, and though they were nearly a quarter of a mile away, we distinguished the name of Garfield. I lost no time in going to them, and learned that word had come announcing the nomination, on the thirty-sixth ballot, of my old friend as candidate for President of the United States. It would be impossible for me to express my gratification at this crowning honor to one who for nearly twenty-nine years had seemed to me as a brother.

The next day I continued my journey, and arrived in the city of New York at 7 o'clock Thursday morning. It was not quite twenty-six years since Mr. Garfield and I had arrived in the same city, on his way to Williams College, when he accompanied me to Schraalenburgh, N. J., where I was teaching. Now, his name was on a thousand banners and his fame upon a million tongues.

After spending some ten days in the city and at sundry places in New England, I started on my return, and reached Chardon, O., my native town, in the dusk of the evening of the 18th of June. It had been more than nineteen years since my last visit, and I felt like a stranger even among kindred. Many of those whom I had known best were in their graves, and a new generation had taken their places. I remained at Chardon, visiting among my relatives and friends, until Wednesday morning, June 23, when, in company with Miss Emma J. Smith and Miss Ella Smith, I started for

Mentor, to pay the promised visit to Mr. Garfield. Miss Emma was a niece and Miss Ella a cousin of my two cousins who in 1852 kept house for Mr. Garfield, my brother and myself at Hiram. It was a beautiful morning, and our ride over the hills for the dozen miles was very pleasant. The girls were familiar with the country, and as both were bright and intelligent, even a longer journey would not have been monotonous.

We arrived at the farm of Mr. Garfield about 10 o'clock. I found him in the little office, which all the world has heard of, dictating letters to two phonographers while in one corner of the room lay a pile of newspapers sufficient to fill a large wagon-box. He had about five thousand unanswered letters and telegrams, and was busily employed upon them. I assured him that I had not come to take his time from his duties, as I fully appreciated the circumstances, but determined, before returning home, to see him for a few moments, as well as the place where he lived. He gave some rapid directions to his secretaries, put on his coat and hat, and led me out to the carriage which I had hitched at the gate, jumped in himself, and bade me do so, and taking the lines, drove into the yard and down the long lane which leads back north through the farm and across the Lake Shore Railroad. As we drove along, he said he had not desired the nomination he had received at the present time, but would have preferred to spend a few years in the Senate. He said he did not deny he should have hoped at some future time to receive it, after he had become better prepared to execute its great duties; but as it had come unsought, he should accept it, and, if elected, do the best he

could. He showed me the improvements he had made on the farm and others he had planned which were yet to be made; pointed out a fine peach orchard he had planted; stopped a few minutes to give directions to his foreman as to some hay which had been cut and which he thought sufficiently cured to be put into the barns. When we reached the yard, he ordered a hired man to put up the horse, as he said we were going to stay to dinner.

We entered the house through the old-fashioned brick-paved court in the rear, and there, by a table, was his aged mother, busily engaged pitting some cherries to make pies for dinner. As we came up to her, he said, "Do you know this little old woman?" laying his hand affectionately on her shoulder, and adding, "Mother, don't you remember Corydon?" She gave me a cordial greeting, and we passed on into the house. His daughter Mollie had been entertaining the young ladies who came with me, and he welcomed them heartily, recalling incidents of the time when we had been at Hiram, before they were born, when their aunts, now long since dead, were with us.

While we were talking, Mrs. Garfield, who was absent in town on our arrival, came home and added her greeting. Her father, Mr. Zeb Rudolph, was also present, and Mr. Garfield excused himself to return to his letter-writing, until dinner time.

At dinner there were some four or five guests besides ourselves. Among them was Hon. A. G. Riddle. After dinner I requested Mr. Garfield to explain his connection with the pavement matter at Washington, which his enemies were already attempting to use against him, assuring him that it was only to be able

to refute the charges, which I knew could be explained, that I made such request. He went to the east end of the porch, and sitting down on the floor with his feet on the ground, went over the matter to my entire satisfaction; I need not attempt to repeat here the facts, which have been fully stated and are accessible to those who care to know the truth.

We remained until about 3 o'clock, when we bade him and his family good by, and drove to Painesville, where I took the train for home, at 6 o'clock, while my companions returned to Chardon. It was my final good-by to James A. Garfield.



Young
C. E. Fuller

CHAPTER L.

THE CLOSING TRAGEDY.

I arrived at home on the 26th of June, and found that the mass of the people were fully satisfied that the Presidential nomination had fallen upon Gen. Garfield, since the choice of Mr. Blaine by the Convention could not be secured. The Republican newspapers were busy hunting up every scrap of his wonderful history, and such of them as in the past had affected to believe some of the merciless lies against him were active in their efforts to beat a graceful retreat from their old positions. One Iowa paper, whose editor had seldom mentioned his name without a sneer, experienced an almost instantaneous conversion, and became at once his enthusiastic friend and champion. On the other hand, the papers and orators opposed to him proved to their own satisfaction that he was not only dishonest and villainous, but destitute of ability. For my own part I never had the slightest doubt of his triumphant election. He had never been defeated, and I had such faith in his destiny that it seemed to me an impossibility that he should fail now.

Early in October I made another visit to New York, arriving there the 8th. On the evening of the 11th the Republicans had the grandest torch-light procession I had ever seen. It was said that more than forty thousand men were in the procession, which reached

for miles along Broadway. I started for home on Tuesday night, and on Wednesday morning learned of the result of the election the day before in Ohio and Indiana. The slanders and insults of unscrupulous enemies had failed to shake the faith of the people in the incorruptible integrity of Mr. Garfield, and the victory seemed already won. At South Bend I made a short stop to see Mr. Colfax and other friends, so that I did not reach home until Saturday.

I had two or three brief notes from Mr. Garfield during the canvass, relative to some of the slanders which were afloat, and concerning which I was anxious to have the truth. Of course, I could not and did not expect any letters other than in answer to my requests for information, as I knew he was overwhelmed with an enormous correspondence, and his time belonged to fifty millions of his countrymen, and my share would be very little. After the election I had no correspondence with him.

As the time approached for his inauguration I decided that I did not care to be one of the vast throng which would gather on that occasion at Washington. I had seen the ceremonies in 1865, when Abraham Lincoln was inaugurated the second time, and heard from his lips that immortal speech which has never been excelled in human language, and I thought I should prefer to visit the city at some later date when the multitude had departed. So I contented myself with reading the accounts of the pageant, though my brother, C. C. Fuller, who, as has been before stated, was one of the three room-mates at Hiram, was present and was warmly received by our illustrious friend.

My story is almost done. All the world knows the

history of the four busy months that followed, while the new President was organizing the Government for the accomplishment of those far-reaching plans which he so much desired to carry out, every one of which was worthy of the enthusiastic support of all good and honest men. With his long and intimate acquaintance with governmental affairs, he not only knew what needed to be reformed but how to bring about the reformation. Despising the cowardly arts of the demagogue, he had never asked whether a measure would be popular, but had fearlessly supported that which he believed to be right, and his friends might safely challenge the minutest search into every detail of his eighteen years of service as a representative to find a single vote cast for a selfish or dishonorable purpose. Now that he had been elevated to the Chief Magistracy, he was filled with a noble ambition to leave a record of great deeds done for the honor and aggrandizement of the country which had conferred upon him such supreme distinction.

Before the election he had suffered from the unscrupulous zeal of his enemies, who stopped at no disgraceful or dishonest means to compass his defeat; after the election he was compelled to enter a contest with a faction of those claiming to be his political friends, who were equally destitute of principle, equally unscrupulous as to the means of accomplishing their base and selfish ends, and far more dangerous than his open and avowed enemies. One of the partial compensations for the loss of Mr. Garfield, cruel and horrible as it was, has been the everlasting overthrow of the vile and conscienceless men whose rapacious greed and unbridled ambition, like Samson of old, when pulling

down the pillars of the temple to destroy the enemies they hated, buried themselves among the ruins.

It was on Saturday, July 2, 1881, about 10 o'clock in the morning, that the telegraph brought us the awful news of the assassination. It seemed like some stunning blow to me, and I went about wearily, and I have only a dull remembrance of that direful day. Only one incident is clear and distinct, and that is the cruel and mean insinuation of one prominent man in Des Moines, made to me in the first terrible hour of sorrow, that Mr. Garfield was in league with thieves and robbers. I see him often but I have not forgiven his heartless words, and never shall until they are retracted.

The days that followed—days of alternate hope and despair, when all the world waited and watched by the bed of the illustrious sufferer—passed slowly by. The hot July, the sultry and suffocating August, and then the cool breezes of the murmuring sea, which tempered the bright September days—I need not recall their sad, their mournful history. He slowly died, and we waited for the tolling bell to tell us that the hours of anguish were over. Millions heard the knell as it was borne on the still air of night, that 19th of September and needed no other to announce that James A. Garfield had passed from earth.

The details of the funeral honors which his admiring countrymen bestowed upon the dead will be found in any of the score of volumes devoted to his biography. I will not attempt to repeat them here. The sad journey from the cottage at Elberon to the Nation's capital, and thence to his beloved home on the shore of Lake Erie, and his princely obsequies—

all these have been told more eloquently than they could be in any words of mine. I had no heart to be one of the thronging thousands that joined in that mournful pageant.

A few months later, I spent a few hours at his country home, where last I saw him in all his glorious strength, only awaiting the crowning glories of November, when the American people were to choose him as their Chief Magistrate. Though the summer sun shone over the landscape, and though his family had learned to bear their grief, yet the shadow of a great sorrow seemed to brood over all; the place seemed to me so sad, and so bereft of all hope and gladness, that I could not have endured a longer sojourn.

Once I have been to Lakeview Cemetery and stood before the tomb within which rested his mortal remains. A file of soldiers guarded the entrance, while through the grated door was visible the casket, covered with flowers with which loving hands had sought to hide the horrors of a charnel house. Near by, on a commanding eminence, is soon to rise a fitting monument, and under the granite he will find a grave, until the "mortal shall put on immortality."

But the true monument to James A. Garfield will not be of granite. More imperishable than the rocks, or the metals hid away beneath the foundations of the mountains, the record of his immortal deeds will be cherished by the generations that are to come, and will grow brighter with the flight of years. The history of such a man will outlive the crumbling shaft, and ages hence will be a stimulus and an inspiration to all that is noble and good.

I look back over the checkered history of the thir-

ty-five eventful years which have passed away since we first met at Hiram. I see him in the vigorous strength of his maturing manhood, with his loving heart binding to him in closest affection those who were so fortunate as to come within the sunshine of his presence. I see him as he stands before the listening assembly telling in tender words the simple story of the cross, and pointing troubled souls to the hope and joy and triumph of a brighter morning beyond the trials, the toils and the temptations which meet us in our earthly pilgrimage.

Again, seated by his side, I see the green hills and the glorious landscape that lie along the Hudson, as we sweep over the glassy surface of that noble river, toward the great city, where for the first time he was to gaze upon the mighty ships under a hundred alien flags as they floated in her beautiful harbor, and feel again the impulse which had so moved his boyish heart, when the climax of his ambition had been to tread the quarter-deck as a great naval Captain.

The months drift by, and with him I look out upon the mountains which environ Williamstown, and then I see him stand before the literati of Massachusetts to receive the honors he had so grandly won, and the sons of the Pilgrims are proud of the genius and eloquence of this blue eyed, Saxon-haired stranger.

The next scene in the wonderful panorama is when he stands among the law-makers of a great commonwealth, and while the black cloud of civil war is gathering in the heavens and the muttering thunders tell of the breaking of the fearful storm, and men's hearts are failing them for fear, in words of tremendous power he defends the right of his country to protect her life

against her misguided sons who are seeking to blot out her name from the roll of nations and bury freedom in a grave with no hope of resurrection.

Again I see him for three terrible years, wearing the Nation's blue, and periling life itself in defense of his country; and I listen to his burning words as he urges his countrymen to forget party and stand by the Government until Peace spreads her white wings over a suffering and bleeding land.

I see him watching, oh! how tenderly, beside the dying couch of his first-born, struggling in that hour of anguish to bear the loss so bravely as not to add to the sorrow of her who shared it with him; and yet crushed as it were to earth, as he so keenly realized how powerless mortals are to drive away the angel that comes to call our loved ones to the better land; and then I see a grave and on a humble headstone:

"LITTLE TROT."

"She wears the crown without the conflict."

I see him for nearly a score of busy years in the halls of Congress, honored and trusted by all who were noble enough to recognize his matchless ability and his solid worth; hated and feared by the rapacious robbers who live by plunder and grow rich on the rewards of villainy. He is the friend of Lincoln; he is on the the right side of every great question; he is the champion of truth and justice, of good faith and national honor.

Once more, and he has reached the supreme height of mortal ambition; he is the chosen Chief Magistrate of a nation of fifty millions of the most intelligent and noble people of the earth; and yet, crowned as was

never king or emperor by the free choice of so grand a people, he is the same great-hearted, noble, unselfish, God-fearing man whom the humblest of all his countrymen might approach with confidence and full assurance of his sympathy and aid in his hour of need. His powerful intellect, trained in the school of experience, and his conscience enlightened by the precepts of God's holy word, he is bending all his energies to accomplish those far-reaching plans and purposes which distinguish the statesman from the politician; he would promote peace and good will among the nations and open up a closer intercourse between them; stimulate commerce and bring back the days when our starry flag was known in every harbor and floated over every sea. He would disseminate among his own countrymen a juster and more generous appreciation of each other; break down the cruel walls of prejudice and hasten the day when north and south and east and west should become one united and homogeneous people, proud of their common country and cemented by ties which never more could be broken.

And now, his work but half begun, there fell, as falls the thunderbolt from the sky of June, the blow of the cruel assassin, followed by the long nights and days of suffering, while with alternate fear and hope the world awaited the end of his earthly career. How bravely he endured the agony of those weeks of pain; how tenderly he cared for those about him, and with what faith and trust in God he closed his eyes in the dreamless sleep which men call death—all this is a familiar story and need not be told anew.

The days of struggling toil are over. He has found a grave among the people who loved and trusted him,

but this fame belongs not to them alone. In far off lands, among the teeming multitudes of the Orient; in the palaces of kings and in the hovels of the poor and lowly, the story of this man, born in the rude log-cabin in the wilderness, has become as household words and all the earth has learned to love and praise him.

In all that ennobles and dignifies human nature; in a heart tender and true and loving; in a mind wherein was garnered the richest treasures of knowledge; in an intellect mighty in its grasp; in a physical frame wonderful in its perfection; in a character free from every stain of dishonor; in a conscience ever true to the right as he saw it; in a soul grand in its loyalty to duty and to God, you may search in vain for his superior, whether among the living or the dead.

And when the multitudes who now delight to honor him shall have slept for centuries in their graves, and the monument which his admiring countrymen shall erect to his memory shall have crumbled into dust, history will retain upon her imperishable records the name of James A. Garfield as

"One of the few, the immortal names,
Which were not born to die."