Reminiscences

of the

Hoboken Academy

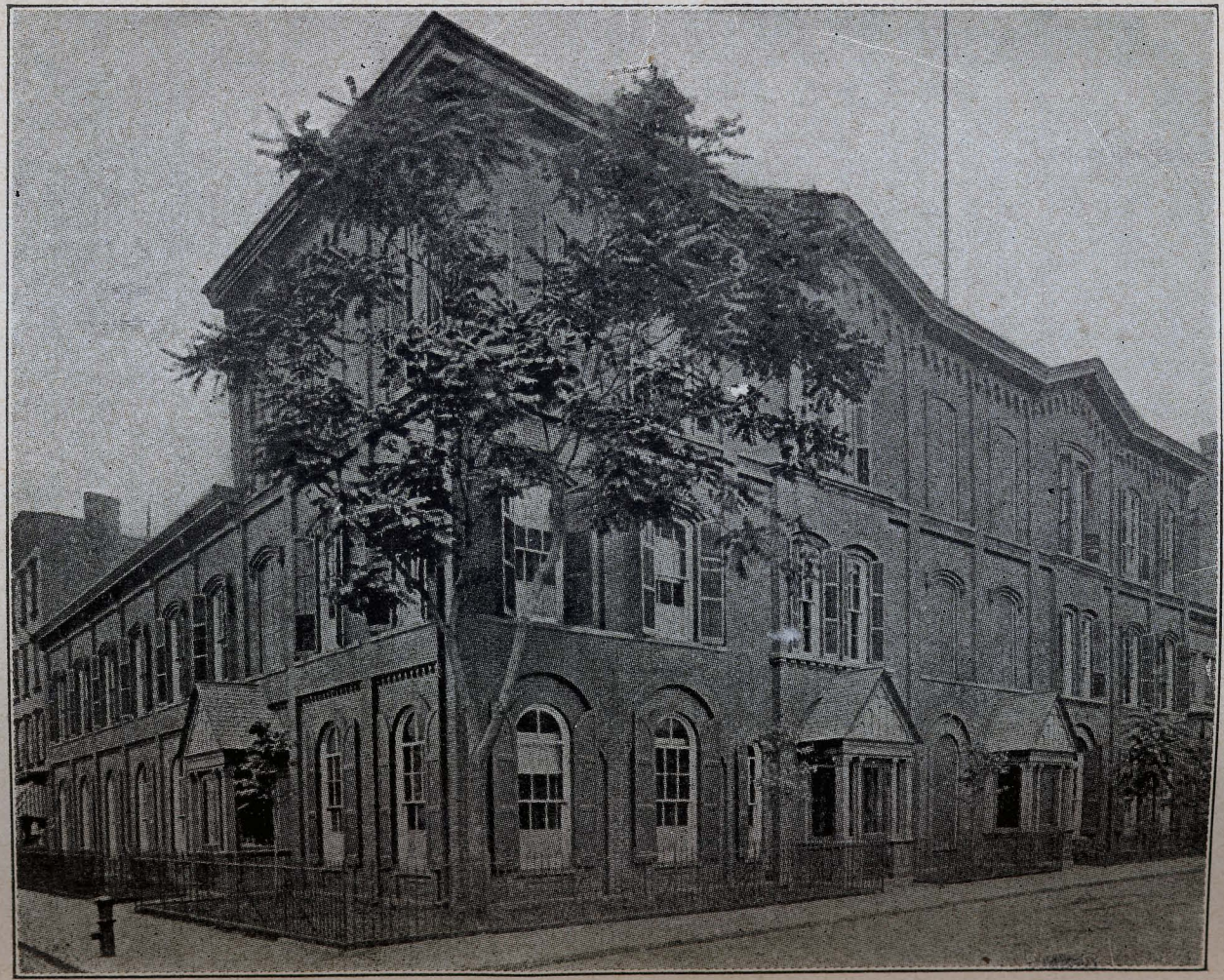
By

Robert Waters

Superintendent of Schools, West Hoboken, New Jersey

E. Steiger & Company

New York



Hoboken Academy.
1904.

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"The Millionaires and Captains of Industry have been extolled and written about quite enough; let us now say a word (how few care to do it!) about those who have lived and labored, suffered and died in the pursuit of higher and nobler things."—DESEAUX.

"It is the contact with people of worth which develops and polishes young men and women and illuminates their every thought and action."—MARIE ZAKRZEWSKA.

E. Steiger & Company

New York

Press of
E. Steiger & Company
New York

TO THE MEMORY

OF

PHILIP KLUND,

MAGNUS SCHOEDER

AND JOSEPH SCHRENK,

THREE OF THE NOBLEST MEN AND ABLEST TEACHERS I EVER KNEW, MEN WHO DEVOTED THEIR LIVES TO THE TRAINING AND DEVELOPMENT OF YOUNG MINDS AND TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION, THIS SMALL TRIBUTE IS REVERENTLY DEDICATED BY

R. W.

A WORD TO THE READER.

This sketch, which was written at the request of a number of the alumni of the Academy, is not intended for the general public, but for those "boys and girls" who studied in the Academy in the time of the author, 1868–1883—a time to which he looks back with great pleasure—and to whom he hopes the story will not be unacceptable. Would that he could reach them all! He imagines that, if they could all be got together from the four corners of the world, there would be such a hearty singing of "Auld Lang Syne" as was never before heard in Hoboken.

Yet, though the story is meant almost exclusively for graduates of the Academy, the author imagines it will not be without interest to others, notably those engaged in the profession of teaching. As to the old scholars of the Academy, now men and women, he hopes that the sketch, slight as it is, will call up pleasant memories of happy school days, and revive the features of some of those men and women whom they loved and esteemed as their guides and teachers in the rosy days of youth.

R. W.

West Hoboken, N. J.,
December 1, 1904.

Reminiscences of the Hoboken Academy

I

WHATEVER may be the future of the Hoboken Academy,—and I hope it will long continue to promote sound learning and true scholarship,—its past is worthy of admiration; and that past can never be forgotten. I never look at the old building in Fifth Street without a feeling of profound respect, and even of veneration; for in that building I witnessed some of the best teaching I ever saw, and made the acquaintance of some of the ablest and most accomplished teachers—men who taught and toiled there for years in the most approved manner, after methods then little known in this country, and by whose efforts so many boys and girls, now successful men and women, have gone forth into the world thoroughly well equipped for the battle of life. Yes, the

mere sight of that old schoolhouse brings back an "auld lang syne" well worthy of remembrance; memories that speak eloquently of character, of culture, of high and noble aspirations; and when I look back, and think of these things, I feel that some of the men and women I knew here, and some of the things I saw, are worthy of remembrance, and perhaps also of record.

So that, with your permission, gentlemen, or rather, at your solicitation, I shall endeavor to relate some of my experiences in this famous school, and sketch, roughly and briefly, the character and manner of some of the teachers, now nearly all dead, with whom I worked during the fifteen years in which I taught here—years which I now regard as among the happiest of my life, and in which I received my best and most valuable lessons in the noble art of teaching.

In this task, however, there is one thing that embarrasses me, which is, that in my narrative of these events, and in my account of these men and measures, I shall be obliged to bring myself, too often perhaps, into the story; but as this, in personal reminiscences, can hardly be avoided, I trust you will kindly overlook the circumstance.

II

After my return from Germany in 1867, where I had taught for four years in the Commercial School in Offenbach on the Main, I was employed for some time in Dr. Gerke's German-American School in New York, where I met Mr. Sorge, the singing-teacher, and Monsieur DeLamenon, the French teacher, and it was through the recommendation of these gentlemen, who taught also in the Academy, that I came to this Hoboken institution. I shall never forget the trial lessons I gave here in the presence of Director Klund, Mr. Magnus Schoeder, Mr. Carl Graupner and others. Mr. Klund simply told me, when the lessons were over, that I had got into the habit of pronouncing the word *accusative* in the German fashion, *accoosative*, and that I had made a mistake in calling the measure of a certain poem *dactylic* instead of *anapestic*. But it was evident from the cordial manner in which he spoke to me, that he was not dissatisfied with my lessons; and, when my engagement was about to be definitely settled, he took me one evening to see the Trustees of the Institution, who had a meeting at the residence of one of them. As it was winter, I wore a pair of

Hessian topboots and a heavy German overcoat; and I thought they looked rather curiously at me in my unstylish garb; but when they had examined my German diploma, the reward of a three days' examination before the Grand Ducal Council of Higher Studies at Darmstadt, I imagined they smiled approvingly, knowing as they did what that diploma meant, and wondering, no doubt, how an Englishman could have learned German and French so well as to secure such a diploma.

Among these Trustees I well remember Mr. Ruebsamen, Mr. Huesmann, Mr. Suedhaus, and Dr. Loewenthal; and especially the fact that Mr. Ruebsamen was the chief speaker among them; for he poured forth, in the course of conversation, such caustic remarks about the conduct of certain politicians of the day, that I could not help observing him, and I saw at once that he was a man of fine culture and fluent speech, bold and confident in thought and action, and bound to be the leader in any company of which he formed a part.

Well, I was engaged to fill the place of my predecessor, Mr. Bateman, brother of the famous actress of that name; for he also, as I understood, was about to enter the theatrical profession. Thus I entered upon my career

in the Academy. Very soon I fell into the ways of the Academy teachers, who received me cordially, and whom I found to be genial, pleasant people.

I found that the school—which was laid out on the departmental plan, consisting of an academic, an intermediate, a primary department, and a kindergarten—contained about 450 or 500 scholars, and that the lady-teachers figured mostly in the primary department, and the men in the academic. Each teacher, besides being responsible for his own class, had three or four branches which he taught in different classes, and for which he alone was responsible. I had to teach various English branches, the French language in two classes, and German by translations with comparative grammar in the academic classes. I liked the work very much, and went on cheerfully with it. The boys and girls were not hard to manage; they seemed to like their new teacher, and he certainly liked them; so we got on very well together. Curiously enough, I found in this school a boy (Bertuch) who had been one of my scholars in Germany, and also a teacher who was intimately acquainted with one of the teachers in the same (Offenbach) school—a circumstance which showed me how intimate

are the relations nowadays between the people of Germany and those of the United States, and how vain it would be for any German to suppose, that after crossing the three thousand miles that separate the two countries, his antecedents would be unknown in this country.

I liked all the teachers too; but with one, Mr. Magnus Schoeder, the teacher of mathematics, I became more intimately acquainted than with any of the others. Go where you will, you will always find one among your companions more congenial to you than any of the others. So Mr. Schoeder and I took to each other, and with him I finally made an engagement to exchange lessons, he to give me a course in mathematics, and I to give him a course in the English language and literature.

So, in his cosy little home, after school hours, we used to come together, during many months, for mutual instruction; and, after our lesson was done, we used to lay aside our books, and, over our coffee and cigars, talk for hours on various interesting subjects. Mr. Schoeder was a ripe scholar, having studied, after his gymnasium course, in the Universities of Breslau and Berlin, till his twenty-eighth year, and was well versed not only in

mathematics, but in Greek and Latin, in ancient history and classic literature, and also in modern European history and literature, especially in all that pertained to German history and literature; and as for the history of pedagogy, no man was better informed.

We talked of all these things; of the improvements that might be made in the teaching of various branches in the Academy; of the famous teachers of the past, their principles and practices and peculiarities, and especially of the great German poets and prose writers, from Hans Sachs down to Lessing and Goethe. I learned much from him in these talks (every young man, by the way, should know that there is no education so impressive and so lasting as that which is received in free conversation with a well-educated man or woman), and to this day I feel grateful to him for the benefit which I received in my conversations with him at this time.

Precisely as the best thoughts come unsought, or are inspired by the occasion, so there is no conversation so profitable as that which takes place between two persons who meet for some purpose other than mere conversation. There is no effort in such conver-

sation; the mind works spontaneously; it is in fact a relieving or unburdening of the mind; the movement of the one impels the movement of the other, and the more one gives the more one gets.

Mr. Schoeder's mental activity was infectious; he kept one's mind in constant action; and in his native tongue he had a marvellous fluency of speech. I, of course, told him much that I had learned in England, France and Germany; much about the books I had read and the people I had known; but his knowledge was more extensive than mine, his method of thinking was sharper, more logical and penetrating, and his acquaintance with history and literature was wider and deeper. More than this, Mr. Schoeder was one of those men who valued culture for its own sake, who loved to learn in order to teach, and who was ever ready to talk or teach what he knew to a willing listener—in fact, he was one of the most unselfish and generous souls that ever lived, preferring a crust of bread in a congenial profession to wealth and luxury in any other, and more willing to acquire or to communicate knowledge than even to make a fortune. So, loving learning more than lucre, he would rather teach a willing scholar for fifty

cents a lesson than an unwilling one for five dollars a lesson. With him indeed Wisdom was "more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her." And yet, poor fellow, I can hardly say, that he found "all her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace."

Those were pleasant days, however, days of great hopes, high aspirations and unbounded confidence in the future. We were both still young, both studious and sanguine, both looking toward advancement in our profession, both firmly convinced that great things were in store for us, especially in things intellectual, and both cheerful and confident in these bright hopes. O happy, hopeful, blissful young-manhood years! How little we knew that the mere struggle for great things affords greater happiness than their realization!

Mr. Tyndall was giving his lectures on Light and Heat in New York at this time; Colonel Parker, fresh from Berlin and recently appointed Superintendent of Schools at Quincy, was telling American teachers all the wonderful things about teaching he had learned in Germany; Bayard Taylor was lecturing to large audiences on Germany and

German literature; and all these things formed fertile themes of conversation with us at this time. I often look back now on those pleasant days with feelings such as Cowley expressed to an early friend when recalling their college days:

"We spent them not in toys, or lusts, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy:
Arts which I loved; for they, my friend, were thine."

III

Mr. Schoeder openly recognized and explicitly stated (what I had at this time but dimly perceived, but, in the face of so many learned pedagogues, dared not express) that it is not knowledge, nor the passing of examinations, nor the securing of certificates, that makes a teacher, but disposition, the love of learning in order to teach, the power of awakening interest, of conveying instruction, of stirring the minds of the scholars and arousing the desire to learn, to excel, to do, and, on the part of the teacher, the desire to enlighten others and propagate knowledge and culture—these are the qualities which make a teacher. He did not require, as many do, a love of children; that is not an absolute ne-

cessity; but a love of making bad scholars good ones; that is better; for in that, he thought, there is some satisfaction. But the prime quality is the preference which any young person has for study, for learning, for self-enlightenment, for culture—these go before anything else. No other qualifications can ever make a teacher. Other qualifications may enable one to make a living in the art of teaching, such as it may be; but the true teacher needs a certain disposition, a certain inclination, a certain genius, quite as much as a poet or a painter; and Mr. Schoeder was one of this sort. There are of course more teachers than poets or painters; but this is because more are needed; that is all.

Nor is a writer of school-books necessarily a good teacher; more frequently is he a mere money-maker. This thing of school-book publishing, by the way, is now a great industry —there are "millions in it"—and some school-book writers have an income of $25,000 a year or more from their royalties. An ordinary book is considered to have a good sale with four or five thousand copies, but a school-book may have a sale of four or five hundred thousand. There are in the schools of the United States about 16,000,000 scholars, each

in the presence of other teachers, but took care that his admonition, whatever it might be, was given "between four eyes," as the Germans say. I used to walk home with him—for he lived on the Hill, as I did—and in those walks he often told me interesting and inspiring things about the books he had read and the people he had known in Europe and America. I shall never forget the energy with which he used to denounce the scandalous manner in which Louis XIV had, by surprise and in time of peace, robbed Germany of Alsace and Lorraine in 1681, and the warmth with which he upheld the old German Emperor and his minister Bismarck in insisting in 1870 upon the restoration of those provinces to their rightful rulers. He often threw out hints, too, regarding methods of teaching and of study, and warned me against certain evil tendencies of the time, which, if not checked at once, would prove disastrous in the end. In fact, Mr. Klund acted like a father, not only to me, but to all of us; for there was no envy or jealousy in his nature; he was loved, honored, and trusted by all of us; and we all felt he was truly a good man,—our leader, our friend and counsellor. He gloried in our success as much as if it were his own;

he loved to hear any teacher well spoken of, and we loved to hear him well spoken of.

Mr. Klund had in fact gathered around him in the Academy a corps of teachers such as has seldom been seen, before or since, in any school; and I know that he alone formed the bond that held them together, causing them all to work in harmony and for the common good of the school; I know that he alone inspired them with the zeal and good will that animated them; and I have always thought that his administration, as long as I knew it, was by far the happiest and most successful in the history of the school.

I never think of Mr. Klund but with feelings of tender regard and profound respect; for he was one of the best men I ever knew; and I cannot help saying that if it be true that "an honest man's the noblest work of God," then Philip Klund was a man of truly divine mould. He was not merely a man of learning, but of culture, which means much more. He had assimilated the things he had studied, made them a part of himself, and did not, as I have seen some men do, make his learning stick out like blackberries on a thornbush.

Mr. Klund had nothing of the so-called

"schoolmasterishness" about him; his whole manner and speech were too modest for anything of that kind; nor had he the characteristics of Charles Lamb's typical schoolmaster. "Why is it," says Lamb, "that we are never at ease in the presence of a schoolmaster? Because he is not quite at ease in ours. He is awkward and out of place in the society of his equals. He comes like Gulliver from among his little people, and cannot fit the stature of his understanding to yours. He is so used to teaching, that he wants to be teaching you."

This is undoubtedly true in many instances; in fact the ordinary schoolmaster assumes too much, thinks "he knows it all," is often narrow and bigoted in his views, and is consequently not unfrequently an unpleasant companion. But Mr. Klund, like Mr. Schoeder, had such a broad education, was so tolerant and liberal in his views, and had seen so much of the world, he could adapt himself to any understanding or to any society, and was ever welcome wherever he went. He spoke and wrote three or four languages, was well acquainted with the best literature of the world, and in remark or suggestion that turned up he was ever fertile and entertaining. No man

is such an intolerable bore in conversation as he who knows only the subjects he has studied in school or college. Mr. Klund's social qualities were derived from large personal experience as well as from books, for he was a great reader; his great characteristic, the no bility, sincerity, and originality of his thought, was everywhere recognized; and though he had nothing of the preacher or the moralizer about him, I have often thought he afforded, all his life, by his daily conduct and conversation, an excellent though unconscious example of the beauty and happiness of an upright life and the grandeur of plain living and high thinking,

Dr. Hans Kudlich, who attended him in his last sickness and whom I met at Mr. Klund's home at that time, said to me: "I have always thought, when a man like Mr. Klund attains his sixtieth year and has enough to live comfortably, he should be able to spend his remaining years at leisure, recording his experiences for those who come after him, or pursuing some favorite hobby." Dr. Kudlich himself, who lately celebrated his eightieth birthday and who was a member of the Austrian Parliament in 1848, has not exactly followed out his own conception, for he still

works and may be seen as active as ever in the streets of Hoboken, running about as lively as a boy, and full of interest in all that goes on in the world. The Doctor was one of the founders of the Hoboken Academy, but he was not, in my time, one of the Trustees.

V

During Mr. Klund's time the Academy had such a reputation that its graduates were allowed to enter Stevens Institute without any further examination; and to-day, some of the best-known architects and engineers, bankers and lawyers in the State are men who graduated from the Academy and then went through Stevens or some other college to study for a professional career. Among these may be mentioned Counsellor Edward Russ, who was for years Chairman of the Hoboken Board of Education, and is now a member of the New Jersey State Board of Education; William C. Heppenheimer, who was at one time Comptroller of the State of New Jersey and is now a well-known bank-president and financier; Charles Kirchhoff, Editor of the *Iron Age*, and Albert Spies, Editor of the *Electrical Age*, the two leading engineering papers of

the country; Alfred R. Wolff, consulting engineer, now one of the Trustees of Stevens Institute, and one of the most successful men in the engineering profession; Professor Adam Riesenberger of Stevens Institute, now Assistant Treasurer and Registrar of that Institution; Joseph Wetzler, manager and proprietor of a College of Electrical Engineering and Correspondence School in London, England; Counsellor Herman Kudlich, at one time Judge in one of the Criminal or District Courts of New York City, where he made himself famous by his impartial and uncompromising decisions; Professor Gudemann of the University of Pennsylvania; Alfred Trautwein, now manager and proprietor of a large steel-manufacturing establishment in Carbondale, Pa; John Reynders, at the head of the Pennsylvania Steel Works in Steelton, Pa; Adolf Sorge, Jr., a successful manufacturer of machinery of his own invention and that of his partner in Chicago; Frederick A. Schwartz, Town Treasurer of West Hoboken, one of the Directors of the Hoboken Trust Company and manager of a large manufacturing house in New York City; the Mehl Brothers, among the largest and most successful manufacturers of leather goods in the country; the Bunzl Brothers,

well-known leaf-tobacco merchants and manufacturers in New York City; and last, but not least, Eugene Schreck, who studied theology, became a preacher and expounder of the Gospel according to Swedenborg, a zealous disciple of the great Swede, and who is now an eloquent preacher and professor somewhere in Pennsylvania. These are a few of the graduates in Mr. Klund's and Mr. Schoeder's time; but of the hundreds who have "gone West" and prospered there and elsewhere, I know but little. Three or four others, I know, became editors, and two or three college professors and physicians.

VI

Well, Mr. Magnus Schoeder now became Director of the Academy—his dream of advancement was being realized—and I think I had as strong a hand in securing his election as any other; for I spoke well of him wherever I went, as I greatly admired the man as a teacher, and thought he would make an excellent Director. As a teacher, Mr. Schoeder was the most brilliant I ever knew—the only man I ever saw who could positively fascinate a class in mathematics, especially in algebra and geometry; and in mental arithmetic he

could make the scholars do marvels. In fact he made them do things that looked like the work of a magician. You marvelled at the rapidity with which he made them instantly solve complicated problems; yet, when explained, it was all very simple; but so is the work of all magicians. Yes, Mr. Schoeder was indeed a magician in the art of teaching. You would think he had some hidden secret in the way he secured the results; but there was nothing of the kind. It was the way he had of *putting* things; the foundation steps he laid out for the scholars to tread, which enabled them to climb of themselves to such great heights.

The great aim of the German teacher is to train his scholars in orderly, logical thinking; and the study of mathematics he regards as more valuable for this purpose than for any other. He subordinates the apparent or superficial to the far-reaching and permanent gain; and thus he makes this mathematical training tell in *all* the transactions of life. Nor does he ever train his scholars with a view to examinations; for he knows that the knowledge so acquired is sure to drop out of the head of the scholar very soon after the examination is over. That kind of teaching

is not culture, but cram; it is for an immediate purpose, not for life.

Sometimes, as Mr. Schoeder stood before a class, I used to look at him with astonishment; for he had a wonderful power of compelling attention and of doing remarkable things in the training of scholars in logical thinking. There is no education without animation, and Mr. Schoeder was all animation. All on fire before his scholars, he seemed to teach with every fibre in his body; his features glowed, his eyes burned; and he appeared to hold his scholars spellbound by his manner of presenting things. For he had not only an original and striking manner of presentation, but a remarkable faculty of seizing upon ordinary things and passing events to illustrate or explain whatever seemed difficult to understand, and he perceived in an instant whether he had succeeded in making the subject plain and intelligible, or whether he had failed to do so; and in the latter case he would instantly change his tactics, vary his illustrations, proceed more slowly, and go over the whole ground again, step by step, with clear, logical precision, until he had reached the desired conclusion, and made every scholar understand the process by which he had obtained it. Then, when he saw

by their answers that they had grasped it, he would smile, perhaps make some jocular remark; and the scholars, by their looks of intelligence, would plainly show that they appreciated and admired the skill of their teacher.

His great power, as I have said, lay in showing the *steps* by which a problem was to be solved; and I remember his saying to me, when I told him I could not solve a certain problem by arithmetic, but could do so by algebra, "All the better, for in algebra you must show *every step* by which you arrive at the solution." He disliked the classifying of scholars as bright or dull, and preferred to speak of them as *fast minds* and *slow minds*, declaring that the slow mind often went farthest. He condemned prizes for scholarship, declaring that prizes led to deceit and cram, and that the best rewards were the honors of rank in the class, the honor of being made valedictorian or the first essayist at the commencement, and so on,—and he regarded any one who was good in language and mathematics as having a broad mind.

I have often heard Mr. Schoeder say, that no lesson, no matter how learned or logical, is a good one, unless it aroused interest or was made interesting; that where there is no en-

thusiasm there is no inspiration and no teaching; that where no fire is kindled in the mind of the scholar, there is no mental life awakened, no knowledge conveyed, no noble aspiration created, no desire to excel, no craving for distinction, and consequently no education; that where the steps in any problem are not clearly explained and made unmistakably intelligible, there is no development of the mind, no reasoning faculty helped, no additional power gained. How many of your stiff, pedantic, conceited word-mongers of to-day, who, because they have been in college, think they know it all, can put inspiration in a lesson in mathematics or stir the mind in a language lesson? Ah yes, a true teacher, like the poet, is born, not made; but such a teacher wears himself out sooner than another; and so did Magnus Schoeder. His true value, like that of the poet, is rarely seen until he is no more, and then appreciation comes too late. For it is hard for unintellectual men to realize the high value of a man of genius, who, in ordinary conversation, looks and talks like one of themselves, and eats and drinks as they do.

But still, entirely successful as Mr. Schoeder was as a teacher, he was (as I afterwards per-

ceived) too fiery, too quick-tempered, too impetuous, too positive in his ideas, to make a good Director. Class teaching and school management are two things; and the training of boys and girls and the management of men are not always equally well done by the same man. Knowledge, skill and talent in teaching the young, and the power of creating interest and of inspiring young minds, will not always supply the place of patience, discretion, foresight and tact in the management of men. Mr. Schoeder was impatient of contradiction, self-confident to a degree, and could not endure the presumption of a layman daring to think he knew better in school matters than a trained teacher like himself. Like Apelles to his critic, he had no hesitation in saying to a member of the Board of Trustees, "Shoemaker, stick to thy last!"

But he made a success of the school, nevertheless. We had so many scholars in his time that parallel classes had to be formed, and the finances were in a flourishing condition. We had pupils from the East and the West, and even from the Isles of the Sea; for our scholars made a reputation for the school wherever they went. To become thoroughly familiar with every branch taught and every grade

formed, and to make the school perfect in every part, Mr. Schoeder never hesitated at any amount of work for himself; he even went down among the little tots and taught for months in the lowest classes, in order to see what might be done with very little children. And, in order to secure an extra elementary teacher of uncommon ability, he even offered a part of his own salary to cover the expense. There were no bounds to his enthusiasm as a teacher.

VII

Soon, however, there began to be heard rumors of dissensions in the Board of Trustees; harmony had given way to discord, and things did not move so smoothly in their meetings as before. The Director was not pliable and politic; he stuck to his convictions, and would not give way. He was a man they could not understand. He seemed to be there to tell the Board what they should do, and not to be told by them what he should do. So cordiality and confidence toward the Director were turned into discontent and dissatisfaction; and disquieting rumors of contentions and disagreements were freely circulated. The fact is, Mr. Schoeder had quite

forgotten that he, as Director of the Academy, was, after all, under the authority of the Board of Trustees, and that they were responsible for any changes that were to be made. He was impatient at what he considered their ridiculous notions, condemned them unsparingly, and thought no internal changes involving pedagogical principles should be made against the advice and consent of the Director. In this he was doubtless right; but in one thing Mr. Schoeder was lacking, namely, tact; and, unhappily, he knew not (how few men do know!) how to disarm opposition by tactful handling of his opponents, or by patiently waiting for his opportunity. In all business, public or private, tact is the essential thing. Mr. Schoeder had, it seemed to me, every good quality except tact; and that deficiency proved fatal to him.

If he had said: "All right, gentlemen, go ahead. You are responsible. I'll put your will into effect," the Trustees might, in time, have discovered their error and come round to his way of thinking. Time works wonders. Bad laws usually right themselves; that is, they speak so forcibly as to compel attention and alteration. "The best thing to be done with a bad law," said General Grant, "is to put it

inexorably in force." And that would probably have been the best thing, as far as his own welfare was concerned, as well as that of the Academy, for Mr. Schoeder to have done. But he refused to enforce what he considered a bad law, or even to consider it as of any force at all.

So that when the Board wished to separate the boys and girls in the higher classes, the Director simply pronounced the plan an unpedagogical and stupid one—and so it was—and declared he could not enforce it. He used to cite the words of a New England teacher: "We cannot improve upon the plan of the Almighty, who ordained that boys and girls should be brought up in the same family," and declared it would be the ruin of the school to separate the boys and girls. The matter being finally referred to a Committee, of which Mr. Schoeder was a member, this Committee prepared a report, in which they stated that the change could not be made for less than three thousand dollars. To this, of course, the Board would not listen. So they let the matter slumber—with a hidden fire beneath—until their opportunity came.

Meanwhile Director Schoeder wrote a masterly essay on the subject of co-education of

the sexes, which he entitled "Trennung der Geschlechter," and in which he showed that the education of boys and girls was favored by all experience, that to separate them was not only a great mistake, but a blunder, a violation of the best qualities of human nature, a loss to both the girl and the boy, and that all the great educators believed in and favored the education of boys and girls together. This essay, which I believe was printed at his own expense, had its effect on those who read it with a view to enlightenment, but not on any others.

An apparently slight incident brought matters to a crisis. An unruly boy, who had given endless trouble to his teachers, was told he would have to stay in after school. He had been told this before, but had repeatedly disregarded the injunction. Director Schoeder, standing at the head of the stairs, while the boys were marching out, saw this youngster quietly walking out with the others.

"Running off again! You have to stay in, sir!" cried the Director.

"I can't; I have piano lessons after school, and can't stay in!" answered the boy.

"That makes no difference; you must stay in, all the same."

So saying, he collared the youngster and pushed him into the room for delinquents, which was close at hand. But the boy, seeing there was another exit at the far-end of this room, made off through this exit and ran away as fast as he could.

The Director was mad. Had he caught that youngster before he had reached the exit, he would have given him a thrashing which he would have remembered for life. For Mr. Schoeder, when sorely provoked, was apt to punish a refractory scholar very severely. As it was, he put on his hat and coat and went straight to the boy's father; but, unfortunately, he did not find the father but the uncle of the boy, to whom he gave an excited account of the matter. But this gentleman smiled at the whole affair and did not think it at all serious.

Next morning Mr. Schoeder came into the boy's class and said to the teacher:

"Erase that boy's name from the roll; he is expelled from the school."

Now, that was contrary to the By-Laws; for a scholar could only be *suspended* by the Director, the Board alone having the power to *expel*. So, when the Board met, the boy's father came before them and made a scathing

complaint against the Director, which the Board considered well founded. And it was; for here was an instance where the Director had acted too hastily, too ill-consideredly. The Board doubtless regarded the Director's act as a high-handed infringement of their privileges, and immediately passed a resolution reinstating the obnoxious scholar.

This created a great commotion among the teachers, none of whom wanted to see that boy reinstated. We felt that, if this boy were forced back on us, in spite of the Director and his teachers, our discipline was gone—the unruly scholars would simply defy us if we ever attempted to punish them. They would appeal to the Board, as the highest authority. So we all determined to stand by the Director.

That day, after school, a meeting of the teachers was called—not by the Director, but by one of ourselves—and here it was unanimously resolved, that if this boy were sent back, we would all, then and there, march out of the building—in other words, we would *strike*, every one of us.

This was perhaps the first strike among teachers that ever occurred in this country; and probably it was quite as reasonable as most strikes are.

The Board was thunderstruck. They doubtless felt that the teachers *had* them this time; so, not wishing to bring such a scandal before the public, they hastily met, reconsidered their first resolution, rescinded it, and left the matter in abeyance till the approaching meeting of the shareholders, where they intended to make a test-case of it, and indeed a test-case of the whole conduct of the Director. They determined to summon an "Extra-Generalversammlung."

For the Academy had been originally established and incorporated by a number of Germans and German-Americans, who wished to found a school modelled on German pedagogical principles, where the German language, history, and literature would be fully and fairly taught. For this purpose they subscribed about $30,000, taking out shares therefor, without ever expecting or desiring dividends on these shares. So that, though the Director was responsible to the Board of Trustees, the latter were responsible to the shareholders, who elected them, and to whom, at an annual meeting, they rendered an account of their stewardship. This meeting of the shareholders, therefore, formed the court of final resort, where any differences between Director and Trustees were adjusted.

That Generalversammlung was a meeting I shall never forget. Every shareholder that could be reached was summoned to the fray; a whip went forth calling out every one that owned a share; for the Trustees knew and the teachers knew that the event of this meeting was vital—either the Director was to be upheld or the Trustees were, and in the latter case the teachers felt that they as well as the Director would suffer a defeat.

VIII

The meeting took place in the long gymnasium of the school-house, where there were seats ranged along the sides of the hall and also on each side of a long table placed in the middle, with a space at the end of the hall furnished with tables and chairs for the Board of Trustees. The hall was crowded, every one was on tiptoe of expectation, and the two parties seemed to face each other with a sort of grim determination that their side should win.

The President of the Board opened the meeting in a business-like manner, stating that he expected everyone present to understand that, when certain matters came to a vote, only shareholders were to take part in the

same. Then he called upon the Secretary for his Report, in which the latter gave a statement of the year's expenses and income, etc., and he also read some other papers of a business nature. Then came a statement of the difficulties and disagreements they had had with the Director, by whom I do not remember; and after some other statements, the Director was called upon to give an account of his side of the question. I cannot now distinctly recall all he said; but I remember he declared that when he undertook the Directorship of the Academy, he expected that the pedagogical management and the principles on which the school should be conducted were to be left entirely in his hands, that no fundamental pedagogical principles were to be meddled with by the Trustees, who were to attend chiefly to its material and financial interests; and he wound up with an impassioned appeal for liberty of judgment on the part of the Director, especially concerning school matters, of which he had made a life-study, claiming that in methods of teaching, in discipline, in the general management of the school, and in all matters touching its intellectual and moral advancement, he should be given a free hand.

Then began the debate, which proved to be a lively tilt between the two parties. It was practically a battle between the friends of the Director and those of the Trustees, in which, however, coolness and decorum reigned throughout. A number of us teachers were also shareholders, and so had the privilege of speaking and voting like the rest. So Mr. Graupner, Mr. Sorge, Mr. Gelinski and myself spoke for the Director, and a number of Trustees spoke against him. Then several others took part in the debate, one of whom, I remember, declared that the whole thing reminded him of the animated debate in the House of Burgesses in which Patrick Henry made his appeal for liberty of action, and advocated a revolt against the tyranny of authority. And indeed it looked like this; but the outcome was different. Another speaker declared it was not easy to get a good Director at any time, let alone a known and tried schoolman like the present Director; and that even if he *had* made some mistakes, that was no reason for declaring a want of confidence in him. "Who has not made mistakes?" he exclaimed. "Usually the man who never made anything."

Finally when it was put to a vote whether

the Director should be sustained or not, the Director came out victorious, but only by a small majority. It was a victory, it is true, but not a "glorious victory," rather something like a drawn battle; and so Mr. Schoeder, feeling and knowing that the war would still be carried on, and seeing that the new Chairman, who had hitherto been friendly to him, had been swung over to the side of his enemies, and that the Trustees would leave him neither peace of mind nor health of body to do his work in the school effectively, determined after a few days to resign and seek employment elsewhere. When he announced this to us, we all regretted his decision very much; but he was resolved to do so, and, when he resigned, several others resigned with him.

Thus the contest ended; the anti-Schoeder party had triumphed and Mr. Schoeder's seven-years' directorship terminated abruptly. But when Magnus Schoeder left the Hoboken Academy, it became evident to me that the star of this noble institution had reached its climax, and that it would be long before it ever again attained the height or ever again shone with such brilliancy as it had under Directors Klund and Schoeder.

IX

Poor Magnus Schoeder! The contest had ended for the Academy, but it had nearly ended him too. For when he left he was far from well and never afterwards fully recovered his health. With the simplicity of a savant, he had some time previously lent and lost $700, the savings of years, to a lone-sky chemical dreamer, who was going to distill sugar from sassafras, or something of that sort. So he left the Academy little better equipped to face the world than one of the Disciples with scrip and staff. He went over to New York City, became the instructor of such college students as could not understand their professors, a coacher of dull students, "slow minds," taught them Greek and Latin, mathematics and political economy, lived very economically in a five-story flat, sent his own children to the public schools, and, for a time, got on fairly well. But the long college vacations, when he had no income, proved disastrous to his finances, and, his resources being low and his health poor, he finally broke down completely and succumbed to hasty consumption. In a few years his wife followed him, and her body was laid in the same grave.

Yes, Magnus Schoeder died poor and in the prime of life, and his name is now seldom mentioned. The man of genius, the born teacher, the unselfish soul, who thought more of others than of himself, who lived for culture, progress, intellectual development, the man who had touched the heights of Knowledge, Science, Truth, and made it his delight to show the way to others—this man died in obscurity, unnoticed by the world, forgotten by those whom he had benefitted, and almost without the means of securing decent burial. But in the minds and hearts of those who knew and appreciated him, he still lives; "though dead, he yet speaketh," and he will long be remembered as one of those rare men who, with uncommon talent, knowledge, skill and teaching power, was possessed of an altogether noble, unselfish, unworldly nature; a man whose words, where those of other teachers only made the darkness darker, lighted things up like flashes of lightning; a man who, for the sake of knowledge and intellectual development, which he regarded as the greatest things in the world, was ever ready to give his time, his strength, his means—in short, to sacrifice all he had. Among the hundreds of teachers whom the present writer has known, Mr. Schoe-

der was the one man who had the perceiving eye, the unfolding mind, the shaping hand of a born teacher, the one man from whom he learned those necessary things which all other teachers had failed to teach him, the one man who discovered to him (as he did to others) where his own talent lay; the one man who taught him how to enlarge his knowledge and excel in his profession by a regular, orderly method of study; the one man who showed him plainly, what no other could, that mathematics, all mathematics, is merely a series of self-evident truths; the one man who taught him logical thinking, the proper training of the mind and the true secret of successful teaching; the one man who, in his opinion, was the least appreciated and the most ill-rewarded of all the men whom he ever knew. "The world," says Henry Taylor, "knows nothing of its greatest men," and unhappily the Board of Trustees were men of the world, who could not appreciate the genius of this remarkable man. Who can blame them? They worked according to their light, and I have no doubt they acted quite as conscientiously in their way as Mr. Schoeder did in his. "Das Gleiche kann nur vom Gleichen erkannt werden;" or in other words, the jury which

sits in judgment upon a teacher must be composed of his peers.

X

Well, then came an interregnum of several months, various candidates for the Directorship were proposed, and finally the Trustees discovered and proposed Mr. Joseph Schrenk, principal of a public school in College Point, New York, as the best man for the position. In this case they were very fortunate and made a good selection, for when Mr. Schrenk was elected in 1880, all went well again. The new Director was a man of fine attainments, an excellent disciplinarian, a good teacher and a man of high character. He had tact too, and he succeeded, in fact, by his tactful management in obtaining from the Trustees nearly all those things which Mr. Schoeder had stubbornly and vainly contended for, and he arranged things so well that everything worked smoothly under his directorship. Yet, somehow, he held himself rather aloof from his teachers, and there never was that cordiality and confidence between them that existed under Mr. Klund and Mr. Schoeder He was our Director, it is true, and we esteemed him as such, but as a man we knew little of him.

There was an instinctive reserve about Mr. Schrenk which he could never overcome, and, for my part, I never felt perfectly at ease in his presence, and probably his feeling was the same towards me. One reason was doubtless because he knew I was a fast friend of Mr. Schoeder's.

Yet Mr. Schrenk was esteemed by us all—honored for his ability, respected for his character and deferred to for his authority, for we felt and saw that he was an excellent teacher and fully competent to be our leader. He spoke and wrote English admirably and his German was, of course, perfect. Unhappily he was over-industrious, he tried to do too much, and, consequently, like so many other men of uncommon ability and industry, he fell a victim to overwork. Being passionately fond of botany, he studied it deeply, made original researches in it, filled his house with all kinds of plants, and gave lectures on the subject in the New York College of Pharmacy. So that, what with his work in the Hoboken Academy and in the New York College, what with the load of study and care and thought which both positions entailed, he broke down and died after a short illness, 1889. This was truly a great calamity, not only to his family,

but to the Academy; for, from what I have learned and from what I saw myself, few men were more deserving of esteem and honor than Joseph Schrenk. His life was an eminently useful and honorable one, his aims were noble, his character was stainless, his home, with wife and seven or eight little children, one of the happiest I ever knew, and few men were more deeply lamented when he died. I cannot help thinking that among the nobility of Hungary, to whom he belonged (for his full name was Joseph *von* Schrenk), there are probably none that are more deserving of honorable mention in the annals of that ancient monarchy; for of how many noblemen can it be said that he had lived for his kind and his country and died a martyr to science, to education and knowledge?

It was during the directorship of this lamented gentleman (1883) that the present writer was appointed Principal of the West Hoboken Public School—a school which, I may say in passing, has grown from one school with 17 teachers and 700 scholars to four schools with 90 teachers and 5,000 scholars, with two new schoolhouses about to be erected—and it was with many misgivings and much regret that he left the dear old Academy, where he had

made so many friends and had passed so many happy years, and in which he had learned so much in his profession as a teacher. For Director Schoeder, after a time, had caused him to drop French and German and take up other branches, notably arithmetic and algebra, which pleased him very much and which he taught to Mr. Schoeder's entire satisfaction. In fact, he had so completely imbibed Mr. Schoeder's methods of teaching, which were the best he had ever known, that he became a teacher after his own heart.

XI

By the way, I must not forget the lady teachers in the Academy. They formed a notable group, all excellent in their way and all highly accomplished women. There was Miss Paterson, a West-Indian Englishwoman of fine manners and noble English speech, who taught English in the lower classes; there was Miss Mussehl, a quiet, stately, refined woman, with great common sense and good judgment, who taught German in the same classes; there was Miss Nitschke, a stout, sturdy, but entirely genial and kindly person, with a kind word for everybody, who also taught German in the lower classes; there was Miss Luther, the kin-

dergarten teacher—a lineal descendant of the brother of the great reformer—a young lady of the most graceful manners and noble character; there was Miss von Raden, quite aristocratic in manner and speech, a great stickler for etiquette and a great admirer of Schiller and Goethe, whose writings she taught to the girls; and there was Miss Favola Allen, teacher of English in the primary department, a handsome young lady whom I greatly admired, but who, having become engaged to a young Western physician, married him and went West with him, where she lived happily for a number of years; but, unfortunately, both she and her husband died early.

All these are gone—"some are married, some are dead"—but they are all kindly remembered by their colleagues and by their scholars and have left none but pleasant memories behind them. All of them were ladies of spotless reputation and unblemished character, teaching both by example and precept and always surrounded by an atmosphere of purity and truth. I have always thought that the chief reason why Americans have, as a general thing, more respect for women than Europeans have, is because Americans are, for the most part,

educated by women, and grow up in esteem for womanhood.

> Ethereal spirits! come to earth once more,
> And let me see each kindly face
> As ye looked in the happy days of yore,
> When virtue, knowledge, truth and grace
> Were dearly prized—nay, valued more
> Than lands or rank or golden ore!

I have a strong feeling that in those days character, learning, honor were more esteemed than they are to-day. The man who wrote, "Character is success, and there is no other," now devotes his entire energies to the other. Is not wealth becoming more and more the criterion of merit as well as success among us? Do not most people nowadays pay more regard to a man or woman of material than to one of intellectual or moral wealth? Will any man deny that the thirst for wealth is greater now than that for honorable distinction? There is something lacking in our whole social and political system—we want something higher and nobler than mere wealth for our young men to aim at. We must down the god Mammon and raise the goddess of honor, wisdom, virtue; we must honor the possessors of wisdom and knowledge more than those who possess mere wealth.

XII

One of the most pleasant things connected with the Academy was the annual or semi-annual reunion of graduates called the Class Union of '71—'72. That is, the graduates of those years had, in 1878, formed a union or society which met once or twice a year to dine and talk, to enjoy a free interchange of thought and experience, and to keep up their friendship for one another. The idea was excellent and its execution was quite a success as long as it lasted. I remember being at one or two of their meetings myself, with some others of my Academy colleagues, and recall the pleasure with which I heard these young men, in after-dinner speeches, tell pleasant stories of their school days and relate their subsequent experiences in business life. There were twenty-four of them; all "boys," of whom I remember seeing eighteen present on one occasion. It would, I thought, have been doubly pleasant if the "girls" could have been invited too; but this would probably have necessitated the attendance of their mammas or their husbands, which would possibly have rendered their meetings more formal and ceremonious than the "boys" desired.

Through the kindness of one of the "boys," who is now Assistant Treasurer and Registrar of Stevens Institute, from which institution he graduated after his academic course, I have had the pleasure of securing the reports of two of these Class Union meetings, which I find exceedingly interesting reading. First, let me set down the names and professions of these "boys," as given in the Report of their first meeting, which took place on October 6, 1878, at the Park Hotel, Hoboken, and then I shall quote the report of their proceedings. The officers were: Edward Russ, Jr., President; Adolph Sorge, Jr., First Vice-President; Alfred R. Wolff, Second Vice-President; Max Kurth, Secretary; Ferdinand Hartwig, Treasurer; Bernard G. Volger, Alfred P. Trautwein, Adolph Henning, Historical Committee. Then the names and professions of the members are thus set down in alphabetical order:

Raphael Bartsch, Teacher of Music.
Gustavus Bunzl, Tobacco Merchant.
Herman Crouze, Bookkeeper.
Ferdinand Hartwig, Bookkeeper.
Adolph Henning, Pharmacist.
Augustus Hundt, Custom House Clerk.
Max Kurth, Insurance Underwriter.
Augustus E. Loewenthal, Physician.

Henry Mehl, Manufacturer of Leather Goods.
Henry Ottens, Clerk.
Philip E. Raqué, Mechanical Engineer.
Henry Riekens, Segar Manufacturer.
Herman Riekens, the same.
Robert Riotte, Merchant.
Adam Riesenberger, Mechanical Engineer.
Edward Russ, Jr., Lawyer.
Charles M. Spangenberg, Manufacturer of Trimmings.
James J. Stettheimer, Jr., Merchant.
Herman Schedler, Lithographic Engraver.
G. F. Adolph Sorge, Mechanical Engineer.
Emil Stolz, Bookkeeper.
Alfred P. Trautwein, Machinist.
Bernard G. Volger, Salesman.
Alfred R. Wolff, Mechanical Engineer.

Some of these young men have, unhappily, long since departed this world, while one or two others have had very sad experiences, but they have all made an honorable record and done well in the various careers they have followed. It is curious to notice the various professions they have followed, and it would be still more curious to know the exact status of each at the present day.

In the report of their first annual dinner, the Historical Committee gives—after an amus-

ing account of the various peculiarities, principles and professions of "the boys," including their names, nicknames, birthplaces, studies, social accomplishments, matrimonial prospects, etc.—the following interesting narrative of the proceedings:

OUR FIRST ANNUAL REUNION.

The First Annual Reunion took place in the private parlors of the Park Hotel, Hoboken, on Saturday, November 26th, 1878, at 8 o'clock P. M. This being the first time since our graduation that we met socially as a class, it was but natural that we took this opportunity of heartily welcoming one another after so many years of separation, and many and pleasant were the reminiscences that were thus recalled. Thus some time elapsed before the assembly was called to order by President Russ, when the call of the roll revealed the certainly very creditable fact that not less than sixteen of the twenty-four men constituting the class of '71 and '72 were present.

It would obviously hardly be just to devote any time to the business meeting which occupied our attention in the first place, since by so doing we would certainly trespass upon the province of our Recording Secretary, Mr. Kurth, whose books exhibit a faithful record of this part of our evening's work. Suffice it to say, that after dispatching sundry routine business, and after hearing read and signing the Constitution, it was moved, seconded and unanimously carried to adjourn for the Annual Dinner, and to partake of the good things which our

Executive Committee in their wisdom had provided for us. While some time, as already hinted, elapsed before the business meeting became fairly organized, little or no time was lost in entering upon our gastronomical work.

The *menu*, a credit to the skill of the *cuisine* of the Park Hotel, left nothing to be desired; and the general arrangements, as perfected with much care by the Committee, elicited universal satisfaction. It need not be surprising, then, when we say that, under these circumstances, our attention, for more than two hours, was almost completely absorbed in contemplating our bountiful repast. We listened, however, with much interest to an address by our President, Mr. Russ; and we are happy to be able to give it in full, defining, as it does so admirably, the aims and objects of our Society, aside from its value as a rhethorical effort.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.

Gentlemen, Friends and Fellow-Classmates:

"We gather here to-night under the shadow of the Hoboken Academy—our *Alma mater*—and are glad to yield to the pleasing reminiscences of our school-days. As I view the many familiar faces, "memory's magic wand" recalls in gay procession the incidents of our life at school. We seem again to chase its fleeting joys, to toil at its irksome tasks; again to indulge in fond illusions, again to exult in the pride of well-won triumphs. Naturally and legitimately we surrender ourselves for the moment to the images and associations of a delightful retrospect, of a delicious past.

"To-night we are about to celebrate our first reunion. It is my earnest and hearty wish that it

may not be our last. For the first time we congregate and meet as a society, as an organized body.

"Our acquaintance and friendship began at a most worthy institution of learning—the Hoboken Academy, to which and to its teachers we are chiefly indebted for that which makes us most proud of ourselves—our education: the foundation to, and the bulwark of our future prosperity and happiness. A faint spark—a kind suggestion to perpetuate that friendship has kindled our hearts, caused them to yearn for old friends and fellow-classmates, and has nursed the flame which I hope will ever keep our society alive.

"It seems but a very short time since we attended school together—a mere tick of the clock of time. Still, more than six or seven years have elapsed since we last sat side by side in the class-room, listening to the voices of our instructors. It seems as but of yesterday. Since then we have outlived childhood, not forgotten it. We have all gone forth into life to fight its hard and oft ill-repaid battles, to taste of its trials and vicissitudes; but prepared to face boldly and calmly misfortune and adversity if such should be our fate. The happy days of fun, frolic and thoughtless life are by, and have made way for days of earnest labor and reflection. We have launched forth into the uncertain future, throbbing with the honorable desire for distinction. We have entered upon the struggles of life; and we have reflected, and we have endeavored to form a distinct idea of the life that awaits, of the

'Long, the rough, the weary road,'

that must be traversed before we can stand beside yon bright image, which, glittering in the distance, may have dazzled our eyes: the pinnacle of fame!

"Friends, I congratulate you; fellow-classmates, I thank you for the kind interest shown in our society by your presence here this evening. But, let me entreat you at the same time, let not this interest flag; endeavor to keep our association alive; love and cherish our society. Uphold our Class Union; it can justly claim to represent classes of which the Hoboken Academy will ever be proud. Our Constitution asks us to foster the friendly relations existing among the members of our classes; let that be our object, friends. Let it be our earnest desire to succeed in carrying out the dictates of our Constitution.

"For the first time we rally at the call of our Union. Let your goodly number here this evening be an omen of our Society's future prosperity and success. When, however, I closely look about this festive board, I miss the old familiar faces of many of our classmates. Some have passed from us, have prematurely been taken away; some have gone, have disappeared from our sphere of observation; others are detained by circumstances, while still others show passiveness and a want of interest in our Society and its object. We heartily regret and deplore the absence of those passed away, and entertain none but kind feelings for the rest.

"The evening will, no doubt, cause us to reflect; will cause us to recall our experiences—what we have learned and might have learned; to consider our status—our present standing as individuals; and to ponder our prospects—what the world expects from us, and what we may expect from it. This covers the past, reflects the present, and foreshadows the future. Let the past be past; forget it, except when it recalls happy, joyous hours;

though the present inspire feelings of regret at bygone, irretrievable days, at lost opportunities, look with happy thoughts of welcome prospects to the future, which must bring us to the goal of our ambition.

"Let us live these few fleeting hours in the memory of our never-to-be-forgotten schooldays; let us recall and revive those happy times; it will prove a glad recollection and a welcome source of enjoyment. Let me hope that when we part we may leave with the conviction that we have enjoyed our resurrection of the past, and may carry with us an earnest desire for many returns of this occasion of congenial intercourse."

* * * * * * *

The cloth having been removed, all restraint to speech and song disappeared with it, and the President immediately gave the sentiment "The Hoboken Academy and its Teachers," whose welfare was drunk enthusiastically, and which was eloquently responded to by Mr. Max Kurth, who paid our *Alma Mater* and our Teachers a glowing tribute. "Our Society and the Day we Celebrate" was the next toast, and it elicited a few neat remarks from Mr. Bernard Volger, who very appropriately, as chairman of the Historical Committee, introduced his report, which was received with a more general satisfaction than the Committee, even in its most sanguine expectations, dared to look forward to; its publication for permanent reference was determined upon, and the recommendation in reference to the "class cup" was adopted. The response to the next toast, "Our Schooldays," devolved upon

Mr. F. Hartwig, who awakened many pleasant recollections of those happy by-gone days. Mr. Jas. Stettheimer was called upon to respond to "The Class of 1872." Messrs. Sorge and Volger distinguished themselves by several vocal solos which filled in the intervals between the toasts. The response to the toast "Our Professional Members," was intrusted to Mr. Alfred P. Trautwein, who subsequently also offered a few remarks on behalf of "The Trades," while "The Merchant" received the attention of Mr. Gustave Bunzl. Mr. P. E. Raqué kindly remembered the "Fair Ones" in a few appropriate remarks, and Mr. Emil Stolz, in a few well-chosen words, spoke for "Our Absent Friends."

Upon Mr. Adolph Sorge devolved the most important toast of the evening, one referring particularly to ourselves, and to which we drank with more than usual vigor: "Our Experiences, Status and Prospects." It is needless to say that Mr. Sorge discharged his duty in a manner extremely creditable to himself and interesting to us all; for he spoke long, effectively and humorously.

This concluded our programme of toasts, but not that of our school and college songs, which were sung over and over again until late in the night. Thus song and hilarity alternated with speeches, humorous and sentimental, until, on motion, we adjourned *sine die*. The next meeting is to be at the call of the chairman.

Thus ended the First Annual Reunion of our Society, full, no doubt, of many pleasing reminiscences, and pronounced by all a thorough success. May the others that follow be equally enjoyable!

THE HISTORICAL COMMITTEE.

How long this union and annual meeting of the graduates of '71—'72 lasted I do not know; but it is evident that the exigencies of business, which caused them to reside in various parts of the country, could not fail to bring the association, sooner or later, to an end. In the report of the second meeting I notice that Mr. Magnus Schoeder, Mr. Carl Graupner, Mr. Page (a highly esteemed teacher who had been in the Academy before my time), and myself, are set down as being present; that Mr. Schoeder made an address on the future of the Academy, and that I recited Oliver Wendell Holmes' poem, "The Boys." I know I was present at several of their reunions, and all my recollections of them are very pleasant.

By the way, I am pleased to see that the Academy alumni of recent years have also formed an association, with regular meetings, and that they have assisted in starting a paper, *The Viva*, edited by the boys and girls of the Academy and by members of the Alumni Association, which augurs well for the school and its future prospects. The Alumni Association also presents a medal each year to the member of the graduating class who has the best all-round standing, and it gives

receptions and entertainments from time to time. At present it has a committee at work gathering statistics of the graduates and former pupils of the Academy, and it hopes ultimately to make a complete list of all who have ever attended the school. By all means, let knowledge and culture, combined with friendly and fraternal feelings, prevail, not only among the alumni of the Academy, but among the alumni and the teachers of all the schools, public and private, of Hoboken and West Hoboken! They are all working for the same good cause, their country and its welfare; and patriotism and prosperity require union.

XIII

AMONG the curious or comical incidents that I remember in the Academy, I may mention first the naïve reply of a boy, who, on being asked why he was absent for two days, answered:

"Why, sir, we were to be surprised—a surprise party was coming to our house—and so we had to get ready!"

Another boy, who had given me a gold pen and penholder at Christmas, was one day chewing away at something during the lesson, when I called out to him:

"Charlie, what have you got in your mouth?"

Glancing grimly at me, he replied: "Teeth, sir!"

"Very well, Charlie," I replied, "I have something in my pocket which I cannot keep there any longer, and which I must return to you," whereupon I handed him the gold pen and holder. He looked fearfully abashed; hung his head, and wept; but he never was rude to me after that. I am still waiting, however, for the return of that pen and penholder.

I never had much faith in corporal punishment, and have less to-day than I ever had. When a teacher cannot get along without inflicting corporal punishment, he should select some other profession; he was never made for a teacher. There are a hundred ways of punishing a refractory scholar besides that of corporal punishment; and when a teacher can touch the feelings of a scholar, or move his spiritual nature, and make him understand that he is hurting himself even more than his teacher, the result is vastly better than that attained by corporal punishment. I confess, however, there are some brute natures that cannot be made to understand how to behave

except by physical suffering; but that had better be left in the hands of the parents.

There were one or two instances, however, where I did inflict corporal punishment; but I never did so without regretting it almost immediately afterwards. One boy, who had said something rude to one of the girls, being complained of to me as his class-teacher, I took down to the office, and gave him three or four strokes on the hand with a rattan. The next day this boy came to school with his wrist all wrapped up in a bandage, and the story went round that I had lamed him for life. He got over it, however, all right; but I made my mind up from that hour that I would never again punish a scholar in that way.

I remember one of my colleagues in the Academy—a strong, dark-haired, dark-complexioned man—who was noted for his severity in this respect. Every scholar must remember him too. He was an excellent teacher in the primary department; but he had a way of using his rattan that made him a terror—the determined, relentless way in which he gave four or five forceful strokes on the hands of the shrinking delinquent was such as to inspire even the onlooker with dread. I am

pretty sure that no scholar who ever came under his rod of correction has forgotten him. But long before he left he changed or modified his method of chastisement—advisedly; and I am sure he has long since given it up altogether.

We had another—a young man too, and an M. D. and LL.D.—who was such a terror that his mere presence in any class-room even during recess was sufficient to cause a "hush" of silence until he had passed out again. This young man was an astonishing phenomenon to me—with great learning and boundless confidence he had positively no knowledge of child nature, and seemed to think that severity and a fear-inspiring demeanor were the chief requisites of a teacher. After a few months in the school, his resignation was demanded, and he returned to Germany.

We had still another—a thorough-going pedagogue of the old style who taught in both departments—who had a habit of coming up quietly and unobservedly behind an inattentive or thoughtless scholar, and giving him a "Patch" that made him jump—a practice that simply made the recipient of such unexpected kindness an enemy for life. For sometimes he did this where there was really no

reason for it—probably from a mistaken diagnosis of the case.

In speaking of individuals, I may mention one boy, J. H. C., who, for his ability and gentlemanly conduct, silently compelled an entire class to change the whole course of their conduct. He has ever been to me an example of what a single scholar may do in the way of influencing his classmates for good. The First or lowest Academic Class was, at the beginning of one school year, apparently turning out badly, some evil elements from New York City having got into it, and I was much distressed by the indolent, careless, and indifferent character of the scholars. Suddenly, this boy, J. H. C., who had remained in the country till October, returned and took his place in the class. No sooner had he begun to study, and to show what he could do, than his surpassing knowledge and ability, together with his quiet, unassuming, gentlemanly conduct, caused his classmates to open their eyes, fascinated them, and literally shamed them into attention and good behavior. He made such an impression on them that he fairly turned their minds in the right direction, roused the better qualities of their nature, and made them emulous of his ability

and character. You may well imagine that the other teachers were as much pleased as I was; and you may be sure that that influence, which was so strongly felt in boyhood, still works in manhood, and there is no telling how far it has extended or how far it may still extend.

XIV

Among the other things that come forcibly back to my mind, thinking of the old days in the Academy, are the triumphs of the young orators and actors on the nights of the Closing Exercises at the German Club, when all the friends and patrons of the school were present, and when cheers and flowers greeted the successful performers; then the great rejoicings and speeches on the occasion of the German victories in 1870; the Friday afternoon debates in the highest class, in which the scholars took an intense interest, and in which the late lamented Cora Kudlich so signally distinguished herself; the great interest taken by the scholars in the Shakespeare lesson—for, instead of a Fifth Reader we had Shakespeare in the highest class, each scholar taking a character in the first reading, and then all going critically over the play in the

second reading*; the races of the boys around the Park, in which I used sometimes to take part myself; and the happy pic-nic foot-journeys of the whole school to the Schuetzen Park, led by old Dr. Schroeder, with his big Panama hat, his snuff-box and his stout cane; there was the Academy Fair in the German Club, where money enough to pay off the land-mortgage on the Academy to the Stevens estate ($8,000) was raised in a week; and where, in a drawing or lottery contest for a teacher's prize, one of them, who shall be nameless, received a gold-headed cane, probably to remind him that he did not do enough caning, and should now begin to do more; then the contests of the scholars for prizes in the pic-nic games; and the wining and dining of friends and teachers, the merry dancing of the young folks, and so on. Ah yes! those were red-letter days in our existence at this time.

But we had our shadowy and cloudy days too; and among these was the day on which

* It was in this study, and in a quotation from Shakespeare in the Life of Buckle, that the conviction was forced upon the writer that the great dramatist had portrayed himself in one of his own characters; hence his book, "Shakespeare as portrayed by Himself," Worthington Co., New York.

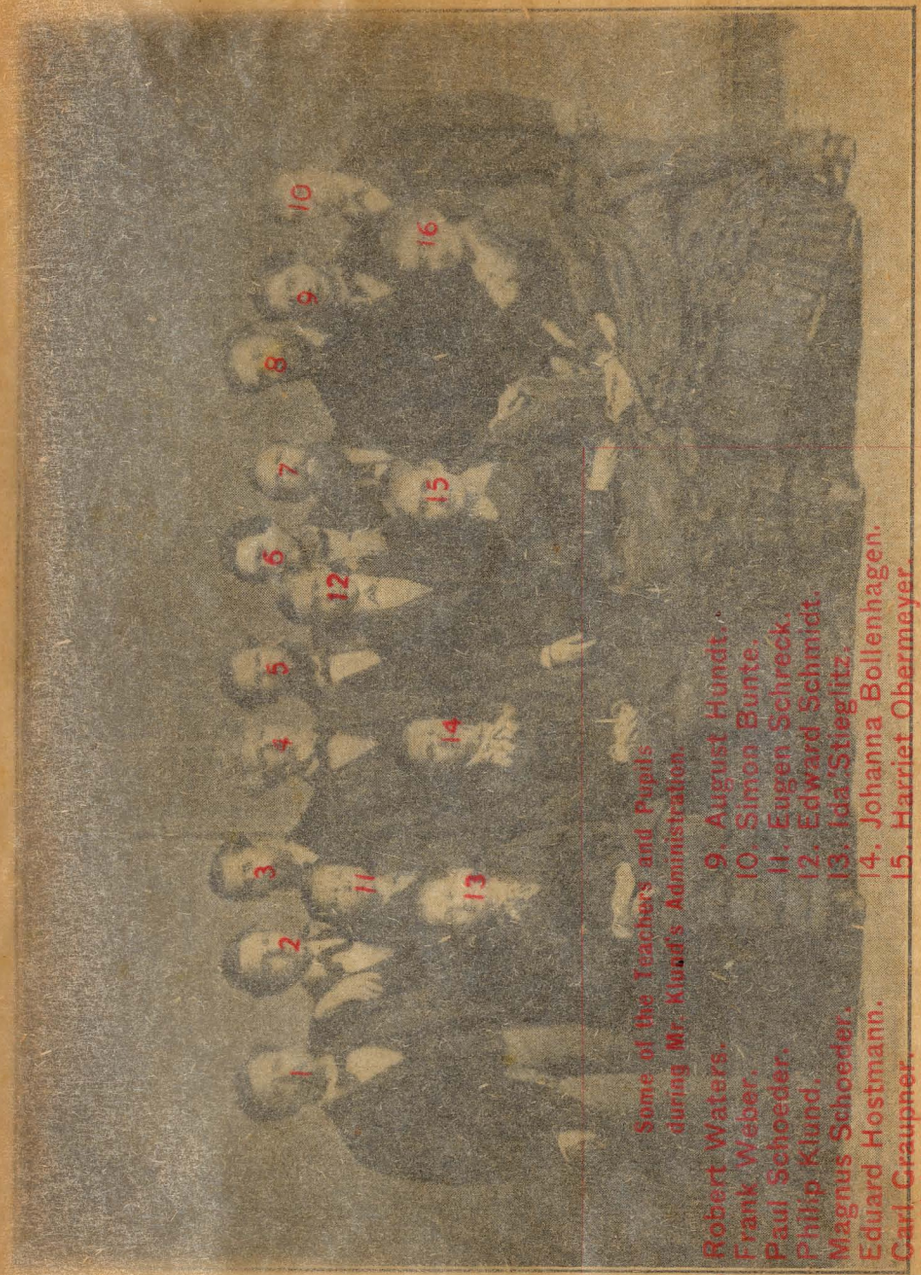
dear old Dr. Schroeder died, and the day of the funeral ceremonies at the German Club. On this occasion Mr. Ruebsamen, President of the Club, made one of the most touching and eloquent orations I ever heard—an oration which made a profound impression on every hearer and left few dry eyes at its conclusion. He knew what the trials and troubles of a teacher are, and he knew also the benefits conferred by a teacher; and he expressed this knowledge eloquently. Mr. Ruebsamen, by the way, was not only a successful business man, but a man of fine talents and extensive literary culture, familiar with the best literature of modern times, and a brilliant converser as well as orator. Had he entered public life, I feel confident he would, by his gift of eloquent speech, have won a name for himself rivalling even that of Carl Schurz, and lived

> "To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
> And read his history in a nation's eyes."

XV

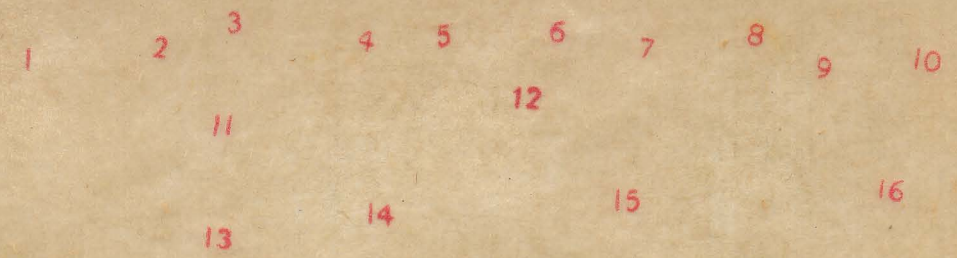
Well, all honor to the Hoboken Academy, which has done a vast amount of good, not only to its scholars, but to all connected with it. It has rendered invaluable service to the cause of education by bringing out good

teachers and making known good methods of teaching; and it has accomplished a glorious mission in its service to German history, language and philosophy, and in spreading among Americans a knowledge of the riches of German literature, art, and science. For although I have taught in Germany and have known many excellent teachers there, I never saw, even in Germany, the home of good teachers, better teachers or more admirable teaching than that which I witnessed in the Hoboken Academy. There, for instance, were Graupner and Schoeder, Gelbach and Keller, Klund and Pollmar, Sorge and Traeger, Gelinski and Miller, Noble and Weineck, Paul Schoeder and Dr. Schroeder, Haeseler and Hostmann, the Misses Paterson, Mussehl, Luther, Allen, von Raden—all of them first-class teachers, men and women of earnest character and fine abilities, striving to do the very best that could be done in their respective branches. And there was Monsieur De Lamenon, the French teacher —a born gentleman, "sans peur et sans reproche," perfect in thought, manner and speech —with whom, in the highest class, nothing but French was spoken, all questions in grammar and literature being asked and answered



Some of the Teachers and Pupils during Mr. Klund's Administration.

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2. Frank Weber.
3. Paul Schoeder.
4. Philip Klund.
5. Magnus Schoeder.
6. Eduard Hostmann.
7. Carl Graupner.
8. Daniel De Lamenon.
9. August Hundt.
10. Simon Bunte.
11. Eugen Schreck.
12. Edward Schmidt.
13. Ida Stieglitz.
14. Johanna Bollenhagen.
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in that language—I have never seen anything like it since in any other school in America.

"They were men, take them for all in all,
You shall not look upon their like again."

XVI

One reason—perhaps the chief reason—why German-American and other private schools in this country have not prospered so well in the last twenty years as they formerly did, is the fact that no educational institutions in the United States have made such rapid and extensive progress in the art of teaching as our public schools. They have adopted and assimilated the best methods found in German and other European schools; they have improved upon these schools by inaugurating a more humane, gentle method of discipline, a more democratic or republican spirit, and the most civilizing of all influences, that of woman, who attains by tact and gentleness and skill what the male teachers of Germany endeavor to attain by force and severity; and they now have Public High Schools which are equal to any Academic Schools in the country. Foreign students of our American public school system pronounce it the most promising in the world.

In fact the American people have been suddenly awakened to the fact that the future of the nation, the welfare of the Republic, both in peace and war, depends upon the public schools, and that the art of teaching, instead of being the old despised occupation it used to be, is the most important of all arts, *above* all other arts, as high above other arts as the art of moulding living beings is above that of shaping dead clay into mere ornamental parlor figures. In short, they have built better schools, hired better teachers, and paid better salaries than formerly; and the people now know that, as a profession, that of the teacher is far more important, far more influential in its results, than the profession of any other class or rank whatever.

Hence the eloquent addresses of public men on education, the sudden establishment of chairs of pedagogy in the colleges, the rise of great educational institutions, the publication of numberless school journals, the writing of great books on education, the munificent donations for educational purposes, the increased attention paid to education everywhere—these show the general awakening. In some States, half of the entire sum raised by taxes goes for the schools and education. And mind, it was not

the colleges that awakened the people, but the people that awakened the colleges—men like the American soldier, Col. Parker, who, after coming back from the wars, went to Germany, studied there for two years, and came back full of new ideas on education—men like Horace Mann, who also went to Germany, studied the schools there with care and brought into play those radical changes which have worked so well in Massachusetts—and men like the German teachers who came here in forty-eight and in the fifties, founded schools like the Academy, and spread the knowledge of true pedagogy, of development of the mind instead of cramming the memory—these were the men who awakened the college professors to a perception of the new order of things. And in this business the Hoboken Academy has played a prominent part; for here the teachers taught according to the principles of Pestalozzi, of Froebel and Herbart long before the term "new education" was even known in America; and from this school have gone forth into the world hundreds of young men and women who have carried these new ideas of education wherever they have gone; some of them going into these very chairs of pedagogy of which I have just spoken, others into the

legislature, the editorial chair, the college of physicians and even into the pulpit.

The only danger comes from the school-book makers, who, by théir innumerable books on every subject, pushed in everywhere and by every means (read the evidence in the Missouri legislature scandal), are in many places smothering the individuality of the teacher, undermining all true teaching, and rendering rote-work the main thing. Teachers like Mr. Schoeder could not breathe in such an atmosphere. Already, I am told, the Superintendent of a great city has only to touch a button in his office to set a-going the whole great army of teachers and scholars in every school, spelling from pages so and so of such a book, or reciting paragraphs so and so from such a book, or analyzing or parsing sections so and so of such a book! And this is his method of testing knowledge and intellectual discipline! A fine example of the power of a superintendent truly, but no proper method of testing education. This is what has been well called "factoryizing education," making the teacher an automaton, fit only to do mechanically and unquestioningly what he is told to do. Col. Parker would say, "Let me talk for ten minutes with your class, and I shall tell you what

degree of progress, of intellectual life, they possess." This is the way in which a teacher would see, if scholars are increasing in knowledge and progressing in intellectual life; and not by the everlasting book, book, book method. In the Academy, various branches were taught —notably arithmetic and grammar—without any book at all; none were placed in the hands of the scholars. In history, for example, the teacher had only a skeleton of events and dates; the rest was taught orally, in narration and description, by the teacher; and a note-book was all that the scholars used. A certain use of books is necessary; none more necessary than those used in the study of a foreign language; all good teachers must use such books to a limited degree; it is the constant and exclusive use of books *in all studies* that is unpedagogical and uneducational.

However, the seeds planted by Klund and Schoeder, Graupner and Gelbach, have taken root, sprouted and grown in places they never heard of; they are now growing all over the Union; and I trust they will not, can not be killed, even by the school-book makers. Even if the Academy had died after Mr. Schoeder's time, it would deserve veneration for the good work it had so far done, and for the useful

example it had afforded in the display of true, philosophic, fertile, developing methods of teaching, which were so little known here before its time. For, come what will, no good work or good example is ever entirely lost.

And I sincerely hope that the new regime in the Academy, under its wise and capable Director, Dr. Walter Knox, the first English-born Director, who knows how to shape things to suit the changed condition of the times, may prove eminently successful, and cause this famous old school to flourish in the future quite as brilliantly as it has flourished in the past.