

THE "HOW I WAS EDUCATED" PAPERS

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649608027

The "How I Was Educated" Papers by Various

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

VARIOUS

**THE "HOW I WAS
EDUCATED" PAPERS**

38

THE

"HOW I WAS EDUCATED"

PAPERS

FROM THE FORUM MAGAZINE

LIBRARY

NEW YORK
D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

1896

B.

579931
C

COPYRIGHT, 1887,
BY D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

STANFORD LIBRARY

AUTHORS.

	PAGE
EDWARD E. HALE	1
THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON	10
F. A. P. BARNARD, PRESIDENT OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE	21
JOHN H. VINCENT, CHANCELLOR OF CHAUTAUQUA UNIVERSITY	31
PROFESSOR WILLIAM T. HARRIS	42
S. C. BARTLETT, PRESIDENT OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE	52
J. R. KENDRICK, FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF VASSAR COLLEGE	61
TIMOTHY DWIGHT, PRESIDENT OF YALE COLLEGE	71
E. G. ROBINSON, PRESIDENT OF BROWN UNIVERSITY	83
JAMES B. ANGELL, PRESIDENT OF UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN	94
ANDREW D. WHITE, FORMERLY PRESIDENT OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY	104

FIRST PAPER.

By EDWARD E. HALE.

THE editor of THE FORUM has thought that a series of papers, in which different people shall describe the methods of their school education, may be at least amusing, and perhaps profitable, if only by way of caution. He has, therefore, induced a good many men to pose on his platform as "awful warnings," and, as it happens in the story of the Indian march, he selects a little elephant to lead the risky way down into the river. I anticipate so much pleasure from reading the revelations of those who come after me, that I have promised to be as frank as Rousseau pretended to be, and much more than he was, in telling my story. "Story—God bless you, I have none to tell."

Really, I am selected as pioneer in this march because there was nothing exceptional in my school or college course. It was just like that of thousands of other men of the last fifty years. I never was sent to Germany to study. I never played with an abacus. I never sat at the feet of any Fellenberg. I did see Mr. Alcott's amusing schools, but only as a base Philistine, who went in to scoff and came away to report transcendental vagaries. The everyday education of a boy born with good health, of good parents, in New England, sixty odd years ago—this is what the reader is to follow, and what came of it, unless he judiciously skip to the next article, to read what Bishop Coxe says of cremation.

I had the great good luck to be born in the middle of a large family. What saith the Vulgate? "Da mihi nec primum esse nec ultimum." Is that the text? My Vulgate is in too small type to consult, and the passage will be hard to find, but when found will be well worth noting. I lived with three brothers and three sisters; I was the fourth, counting each way; and I should advise anybody, who is consulted in such matters, to

select that place in the family economy. And all well-meaning parents would do well could they arrange to give that place to each of the nine or thirteen children. A large family and a good place in it: that is the thing to be very grateful for.

While you are planning, also, you might to advantage put in absolutely sound health; a good vigorous constitution. For a boy or young man, particularly, put in a digestion which, as Dr. Holmes says, does not shrink from hot gingerbread just before dinner; that is an excellent marching companion. I will therefore suggest that also for people who are asking the fairies for good gifts to their children.

The fourth child will be apt to wish to go to school when the three older children go. The mother will not object if the school be unscientific, happy-go-lucky, and simply a place where a good-natured girl of twenty keeps thirty children reasonably happy for three hours in the morning and two in the afternoon. To such a school, mis-called a dame school by writers now, I went or was led, willingly enough, for four years. I remember four realities there. One was the flickering of motes of dust in the sunbeams, when the shutters were closed—curtains there were none in those primeval days. My observations then have assisted me in following out Mr. Tyndall's since. One was the method of making sand-pies on the floor. One was the first page of the New York Primer—and I wish I had the book now. The fourth was sitting in a yellow chair in the middle of the school-room, reading an interesting book. I was quite absorbed in the book when Abel Fullum came for me. Abel Fullum was the "hired man," who was then, in 1826, in my father's employ, and who now, in 1886, kindly oversees my daily duties, lest I should go far astray. He accompanied us to and from school four times a day, the distance being too great for inexperienced feet. "Doctor," said Fullum to me, when we were well in the street, "what-ure-been doin' that was naughty?" I said I had done nothing wrong. But Fullum assured me I had, and that no one ever was placed in that yellow chair who had not been naughty. This I then remembered to be true. But it had not crossed my mind before. Nor do I now know, nor have I ever known, from that time to this, why I was thus

punished. I did not then know, but by accident, that I was punished. It is not the only time, I believe, when I have wounded my friends without meaning to and without knowing it, and have borne their wrath with equanimity from sheer ignorance that they were displeased, for which I now apologize to them. And I mention the anecdote by way of suggesting to teachers that it is well for them to tell children why they punish them, if, by good luck, they know themselves.

From this school I went at five to another school kept by a man. I went because it seemed best that I should go to a man's school, not because I had learned all that Miss Susan Whitney knew. Sweet saint, she died, honored of all men, not long since, and now is in a world where they do not need to learn or teach the letters. By great good fortune, a young man whom I will call Simple had come to town after graduating at the college where a friend of my father was educated. This friend had a son named Edward, who was a crony of mine at the dame school. His father had Simple to take care of, and Simple had opened a boys' school. To this school my friend and I were sent, he a few days before me. I wondered, in my boyhood, why my father, who was the most sensible man I ever knew—indeed the only thoroughly sensible man I ever heard of except Ben. Franklin and two other men who shall not be named here now — why, I say, he sent me to Simple's school. But I found out, long since. He had tried other schools for my older brother. He knew the tomfoolery of the Lancastrian system then in vogue, and the kindred tomfoolery of the martinet systems, much in vogue since. Having found Simple, he found what he wanted—a good-natured, innocent fellow, who would neither set the bay on fire nor want to, who could and would keep us out of mischief for five or six hours a day, and would never send us home mad with rage, or injustice, or ambition. A feather-pillow sort of man Simple was. I have been sorry to know since that his last days were not comfortable. For I owed him much, that he never nagged me, nor drove me, never punished me but once, and then I was probably in the wrong, though again I do not know, "no more nor the dead," as the vernacular says, what I was punished for. Possibly I gained