

minds, produces slavish indifference, apathy that must be forced into attention by punishments and rewards, by the excitement of competition for prizes and flattery. This is not teaching—this is cramming; and its most showy success turns out failure in the end.

The first attempts at conducting primary schools on the developing system were private, isolated, most of them transitory, after enjoying some partial success. My uncle began his private boarding-school in 1816; I was one of his first five pupils. From that time till I left the school in 1827, the establishment was in the state of chronic bankruptcy. So much for Fröbel's success in the ordinary sense of the word. Bankruptcy, however, was not enforced, out of consideration for my uncle's private character, and of the benefits that were expected from the final success of his enterprise. But in this latter respect opinions were divided. Some of the wise and prudent of this world, when speaking of Fröbel and his plans, smiled and shook their heads; others called him a queer original, others a fool. Some of us boys looked on him as a prophet.

His trust in the final success of his cause, and his conviction of its blissful consequences for the welfare of society, never faltered. He appeared to me a thoroughly religious man, full of love toward his fellow-men, and of confidence in God. He planned and erected the wooden frame of his house without possessing any money. There had been a famine in Germany, soon after the war, and Napoleon had before drained the land of money and men. Money was scarcely to be got, and provisions were still excessively dear. The wooden frame-work of the school-house was exposed for several years, before it could be covered with slate and filled in with stone. One fine day, in 1817, we were surprised by a holiday. We were allowed to go into the woods for wild strawberries, each with a piece of bread and a little basket. We might eat as many as we liked, and stay out until we were called. We liked our lessons as well as any holiday; but on that day we felt particularly happy. Evening drew near, before we heard the familiar call. We had quite forgotten our dinner, though at last we were rather hungry. When we came home we were treated to milk and nice cake, warm from the oven. A new agreeable surprise. Long afterward, I learned the reason of that holiday. There had been no bread, and no