

Taken from The Penman's Art Journal, November 1898

Mr. Packard at Rest.

S. S. Packard has passed away.

The clearest voice in our profession is silent; our most trusted leader has paid the final tribute to nature on these dim shores, and the hearts of his people are touched with sorrow.

His people are all the people who have wrought in the field of commercial training. They all knew him and loved him and looked up to him. He came to this work fifty years ago as a coadjutor of the "Father of Business Education," and has devoted to it continuously since his splendid talents and character and industry. He labored unceasingly to broaden his profession, to uplift it, to break down the barriers of ignorance and prejudice that for so many years fenced it off from the approving recognition of the educational world no less than of the business world. He lived to see a splendid realization of all these hopes to see the commercial school in close touch with every important American business community; to see its grafts flourishing on our literary schools, and its virile roots struck deep into our great public school system. We have no need to speak specifically of his professional achievements. They are known to all our guild, and the wholesome influence of them is felt by all men.

Mr. Packard was a man, of singularly charming personality. He was one who loved his fellow men and whose great delight was to be loved by them. No one could remain in his presence without being cheered by the sunshine that radiated from his nature. No one could miss the magnetism of his voice and manner, or the wonderful sweetness of his character. Both within and outside of his profession his friends were legion. Literary and artistic by taste and cultivation, he was on terms of social intimacy with most of the important painters, authors, editors, preachers and other striking figures in the cultured circles of the metropolis during the past forty years. The beautiful Packard home off Central Park has long been a temple of hospitality whose portals were open to a host of friends.

As a writer, Mr. Packard had a clear-cut, precise style that brought out his meaning with the sharpness of a cameo. But there was no coldness in it. As with everything he did, the all-pervasive warmth of his genial nature glowed through it and a peculiarly subtle humor touched in the high lights with true artistic intuition. His tongue was as ready as his pen. He was always a forceful and entertaining talker, whether in a drawing room or an office or on a rostrum.

His accomplishments were many, his achievements were great; but many like the writer, who were brought into close personal contact with him, will remember above all things the great heart of the man and the sweetness it shed upon the lives of others.

New York, Oct. 28, 1898

Frank E. Vaughan