

# THE PHILLIPPIAN.

VOL. IV.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS., DEC. 3, 1881.

No. 7

## THE OLD SCHOOL.

Those who have read "Tom Brown at Rugby," can understand the intense affection which a man may have for the school of his boyhood. Phillips Academy, St. Paul's, and Easthampton are to many of us at Yale and Harvard, what Eton and Rugby are to English collegians. Perhaps I speak strongly, but I speak earnestly, for I write with the memory of a visit to my old school at Andover still vividly real, and with a re-awakening of my mind in regard to certain events which I had long since nearly forgotten.

My readers must pardon me then if I indulge too much in extravagances in writing of my visit to the old school after two years absence. It was a soft, mellow September afternoon that I once again found myself in the dingy, dirty, modern structure which the inhabitants dignify by the name of depot. As we slowly rolled up the hill, all the old associations came rushing back upon me. The "Fem. Sem." came in for its share in the reminiscences of the past.

How many foolish boys I had known who had had their first love fever in connection with that place, and how well I remember that sweet, thoroughly refined face of her, who for so many years had been foremost among New England ladies in educational matters, and whose reputation as a teacher had extended to wherever the name of Andover as an intellectual centre was known, and it gave me no little pain to think that she was one whom I should never meet more on earth. But still slowly advancing, we came in sight of the "Academy" at last. Climbing down from the coach I entered the grounds, and, sitting down under the old oak, I abandoned myself to my reflections. The sun was just setting. Towards the west, as far as one could see, the whole expanse was enfolded in a robe of golden light. Tier after tier of hills arose, the one above the other, all gaily attired in their autumn dress of slowly changing leaves. Sitting there thus, I fell to musing over the past, thinking of the old fellows I had once known so well, wondering what had become of them, where they were living, and, above all, whether they remembered me. I thought of "Old Tank," who got up in Biblical recitation one day and insisted that there was such a book as "Julia," in the New Testament. My thoughts wandered back also to "The Duke," who on eating chicken salad for the first time in his life, mistook it for oat meal, and seasoned it with a little milk and sugar, to our intense amusement. Many, indeed, were the faces that appeared to me in the mirror of the past, and I was getting gloomy and beginning to wish I had never come back at all, when a hearty voice shouted out my name, and bade me welcome once again to the classic shades of Andover.

For the benefit of those who have

never visited the place, I will say that there is, running through the theological grounds, from north to south, a walk which is shaded by a large number of peculiarly graceful elms, which have grown so as to form a complete arch over its whole extent. Beautiful as it is by daylight, it is not until it is softened and enhanced by the silver light of an autumn moon, that this arch is seen in all its grandeur. It was under such conditions that I walked through it that night, and my mind fell into a train of thoughts corresponding to my surroundings. I began to upbraid myself for my want of appreciation of the place before. It seemed to me that a man brought up for four years in the midst of such surroundings, ought to have made more of himself in college than I had, and the more I thought it over, the more firmly I stood convicted. The old man in the moon looked solemnly at me and seemed to acquiesce in the verdict I had given against myself. I left the old place then, and as I left the old man beamed gently on me, his rays seemed to give promise of something brighter in the future, and the old brick buildings looking like the ruins of some old classic period, relapsed somewhat from their usual gloom, and half seemed to me to whisper, "Do your best and leave the rest."—*From the Yale Record.*

*Dear Phillipian:*—The stupidity of a certain class in the study of ancient history has forced itself upon the general notice. It is difficult to find any specific cause for this, and consequently, difficult to suggest any remedy.

But here is a prevalent notion that this study is so unimportant that it matters little whether a lesson is thoroughly mastered or merely skimmed over. It is not uncommon to find a person, who, with a mere smattering of a preparation, goes into the class and trusts for the rest to good fortune and a good supply of cheek. The average recitation rank is a source of misfortune to some of the weaker brethren, who, by the way, seem to constitute the majority of the class. Such is the weakness of our natures that all are contented to do as well as others. And contentment with small attainments, though a source of peace, has also become a source of much poor scholarship. This is the more remarkable because the class flatters itself that it is one of the finest that ever graced the halls of our Academy. Indeed, it is a class not to be despised, for it has done many things unprecedented in the annals of the school. It is, however, to be lamented that it does not spend more of its strength in feats worthier of classical scholarship, and that it does not set a high standard in the study of history, as well as in the field sports.

A feeling of carelessness, which prevails more among those who have the power to become most successful, than among those who are brilliantly endowed by nature,

may be the cause of this seeming stupidity; for we not unfrequently hear a person telling of how little time he had spent on a lesson, and how fortunate he was in not having to recite, or in making a "rush" by a series of splendid guesses. In fact, there is a spirit abroad that prides itself on such practices as require a sharp lookout, rather than any real, mental effort. Like the Spartans, they do not hold deceit itself to be a vice; but to be caught in it, that is dishonorable indeed.

If the study is undervalued, it clearly indicates a false estimate of its importance; for we are unable to read any standard work without meeting numerous references, to the names and deeds of Grecian heroes, statesmen, orators and poets. Though Greece may have declined and fallen as regards her material empire, yet she lives in all the literature of her own and subsequent ages. Class reputation is not measured by the estimate which the conceit of its members puts upon it, but by a standard much more correct.

Though the case before us has been treated somewhat superficially, the principles involved will apply to more than one class, and it is to be hoped that our criticism will be received in the same spirit in which it is given. '83.

## College Notes.

It is no news to most of our readers that the Yale-Princeton game, resulted in a draw. Yale, however, receives the championship, as she defeated Harvard, which Princeton failed to do.

Yale '85, and Harvard '85, played in Boston, on Saturday. Yale won.

There are nine freshmen in the class at Middlebury.

Dartmouth musters four hundred and twenty-six students, in all its departments, inclusive.

Teacher, to infant class in Sunday-school. "What is promised to the righteous?" Chorus: "Eternal bliss, Marm." Teacher: "And to the wicked?" Thin voice from the end of the class, "Eternal blister." There was one penny less on the plate that day.

The Agricultural College at Lansing, Mich., is in rebellion. The students voted, eighty-five to thirty-five, to rebel and leave in a body. Cause, trouble with the faculty about melon scrape. (Melon-choly affair).

The Willistonian declares that P. A. '79 will have a reunion in Boston, this fall. News to us.

The Yale Seniors sent in a petition to the Faculty, to have their work lightened, and it was refused.

It took the Harvard Seniors eight hours to elect their class officers.

There is a report to the effect that Harvard and Princeton will play off their draw game.

# THE PHILLIPIAN.

Published Fortnightly by the Students of Phillips Academy,  
Andover, Mass.

Annual Subscription, \$1.00. - - By Mail, \$1.25  
Single Copies, 10 cts.

L. J. PHILLIPS, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ASSOCIATES

J. CASHMAN, C. S. THOMPSON,  
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THANKSGIVING has come and gone. The orphan turkey dryeth his eye, the small boy thinketh life an empty dream, the homesick youth returneth to his cold room, and the weary editor seateth himself once again, and in vain racketh the place where the human brain is wont to lie. To come to stern fact, and write something about the day, which shall fill space in the PHILLIPIAN and prove of interest to its readers, is the work at hand. It is a hard task, for one enjoys so much during these few days, that any written attempt to comment upon them falls flat. That our readers have all passed a pleasant time and done conscientious duty to the memory of departed turkeys, goes, we hope, without saying. Therefore it is that a line upon this time-honored custom itself may not be out of place.

It is a fact well established by history that the tide of emigration tends westward. Very few exceptions to this rule appear, and when a prominent one does show itself it is worth our observation.

Western people have said a great deal of late upon the advantages of their homes over the eastern portion of our country. Chicago, they say, is destined ere long to become the metropolis of the United States. They sneer at the fact that so many Vermont and New Hampshire farmers are turning westward, and even imply that the day is not far distant when the East shall be to the West what Scotland is to England.

However right or wrong such people may be does not concern us, yet it is an unmistakable fact that this old New England custom of inaugurating a day for national thanksgiving not holds its own only, but so far spreads that a majority of the states of our Union suspend business and cast their thoughts back to that little company of Puritans at Plymouth Rock.

It is a well-worn saying, that a straw shows which way the wind blows. The country is growing in more ways than one, yet Thanksgiving day more than holds its own, and its influence is more potent than idle boasting. When a custom has made its way from a few colonists to command its adoption by a nation of fifty millions of people, an argument is held up which will have to be met and fairly answered ere our Western friends can convince us that New England is degenerating.

A complaint is almost continually brought forward by one or another of the students here in the Academy, that very little society is extended to them. And if there is one problem which is a source of annoyance to the boys it is this one of Andover society. No one has yet succeeded in finding a method by which the boys and the young ladies can meet each other. As a consequence the unhappy youths bewail their lots and submit under protest. Yct,

as we have said, they never tire of pouring forth a string of complaints and piteous ejaculations.

It will do no good for any one to discuss this question. The vexed point is decided against us, and there it will remain until the powers that be see fit to change it. And while so many boys cannot see the "whys and wherefores" of all this, and think that they are treated unjustly, it may be well for us all to think a moment and see for ourselves whether we have proved ourselves worthy of having our many requests granted.

Does it seem as if young men who make it a business to hang around the grounds of Abbot Academy, night after night, were behaving in a gentlemanly manner? Does it seem in keeping with the character of a gentleman to be engaged in any such proceedings? Would a gentleman make himself week in and week out a constant source of annoyance to a lady? There is but one answer to these questions. Well, then, surely you would not run the risk of introducing ladies to any one who is not what he should be?

We may find, if we look long enough, that our own conduct is a good reason why we should be treated as we are. Just as long as we keep up this sort of thing, and show that we are not old enough to be above such business, just so long will people be justified in keeping themselves, and everybody under their control, out of our way. Casting the right or wrong, the politeness or impoliteness, out of the question, it is not policy for us to behave in this way. It is not to our interest, and does just so much harm, every time we demean ourselves.

N. B. We don't wish to overdraw this, but it applies to a few and for these it is intended.

THE men have just been chosen who are to compete for the Draper prizes. Since the competition is at hand, our readers may like to know a few facts about it. The prizes are three in number, and are offered by Mr. Draper of Andover. The first consists of twenty, the second of twelve, and the third of eight dollars. They are awarded with reference to declamation alone. The first object seems to be to secure elocutionary excellence as shown in the recitation of chosen selections.

The competitors are chosen in the following manner: The Senior Classical Class selects its best six speakers, the Senior English its best four, the Middle Classical its best four, the Middle English its best four, and the Junior Classical its best two. These make in all twenty speakers. They declaim before a committee made up usually of Prof. Churchill, and two or more members of the faculty. This committee selects from the Senior Classical class three men, from the Senior English and the two Middle classes two each, and from the Junior Classical one. These make in all ten persons who are to compete for the prizes.

The competition has heretofore had the reputation of being very interesting, and judging from present appearances, this year will not fall behind its predecessors.

*Editors of the Phillipian:*— There is, just now, a great rush of students from our academies to Harvard. Harvard is

fast becoming the goal of many a fellow's ambition. Now, do our academies give the fitting which they should?

Harvard has taken away from the Sophomore, Junior and Senior years, and eventually will from the Freshman, a single prescribed course and substituted elective courses, thus giving to the student a chance to pursue any particular course which bears upon his chosen occupation. But, when the whole course is of this kind, the studies of the Freshman year will necessarily fall back upon the last year at the academy.

By this method the curriculum is greatly extended, and the standard made equal with that of the far-famed English Universities.

Now, I only know of one academy, which in its *specified and regular course* gives a full fit for Harvard, and surely this cannot be Phillips Academy, Andover.

To take minimum subjects at Harvard, the candidate must pass a satisfactory examination in Physics. *We* have nothing of this study, and would we go to Harvard, we must take it up as an extra. In the maximum subjects—consisting of four groups—the candidate must take at least two of them. With regard to amount of Latin and Greek, we are all right; but should we care to take the other two, we would have to take up Logarithms, Plane Trigonometry, and Solid Geometry, and in the Natural Sciences, more Physics and either Chemistry or Botany. It may be said that no one ever takes all the maxima. Well, should not the Academy which we call the best in the land fit her students so that some of them may take the highest courses.

Our graduates take high rank wherever they go; they are fellows of broad knowledge, and have a thorough appreciation of their studies.

This is our reputation; but, why can we not have a better fit for Harvard? '82.

Oh the long and dreary winter!  
Oh the cold and cruel winter!  
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,  
Froze the ice on lake and river.  
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,  
Fell the snow o'er all the landscape.  
Scarcely could the sleepy student  
Wend his weary way to chapel.  
'Twas the close of drear November,  
And the fates in council chamber  
Long ere this had passed their mandates,  
And the time was now completed  
When the portents should be uttered.  
Bleak and cold was that chill morning,  
And each wan-faced, haggard student,  
As he crossed the wintry campus,  
As he entered that grim building,  
As he reached his well-worn settee,  
Looked up to the desk before him,  
Where he saw the smiling visage  
Of a chieftain shrewd and crafty;  
And beside him was the figure,  
Fierce and stalwart in its manhood,  
Of one skilled in derivations.  
(He it was who by the magic  
Of the potent lost digamma  
Of the yod well known to students  
Wrought strange changes 'mongst the letters.)  
Others were there of that council  
Stern and fierce as were their brethren,  
And the shrinking, timid student  
Shuddered as he looked upon them,  
Shuddered at the words they uttered,  
Sat down on his bench in silence,  
Hid his face and made no answer.  
Then uprose the mighty chieftain,  
Spoke in words of supplication,  
Read the words of goodly wisdom.  
Like the shrieking of the sea-gull,  
Like the blare of brazen trumpet,  
Rose the voices of the singers.

It is ended. And the keen one,  
 He so skilled in worldly wisdom,  
 Thus addressed his fearful children:  
 "Hark ye now unto my dictates,  
 Harken to my words of warning.  
 In this quiet little hamlet  
 Stands the wigwam of a stranger,  
 Who unto his thronging patrons  
 Selleth sparkling, foaming  
 Selleth too the bitter ginger,  
 Selleth too the fragrant peace-pipe;  
 And upon his polished counters,  
 Ever lies the last PHILLIPIAN.  
 For this reason, if no other,  
 Give I to you admonition.  
 Go out hence no more to Findley's,  
 Cross no more his friendly threshold,  
 Day nor night, nor morn nor evening.  
 Put no queries, ask no questions,  
 We are wiser far than you are;  
 Even as the Medes and Persians  
 Make their laws unchanged forever,  
 So have we, in solemn conclave,  
 Voted to a man this order.  
 If ye disobey, my children,  
 Six weeks hence shall surely see you  
 In the gathering shades of Boxford,  
 Or the cursed shades far northward,  
 In the realms of outer darkness,  
 In the land of the hereafter."

N.B. The above was forwarded by mail, and was accompanied by nothing that would give a clue to the writer. We hereby offer a reward of a thousand mills for the author, dead or alive.

### Alumni.

August Saint — Gaudens, the New York sculptor, has under way, among other works, a large memorial tablet of bronze, with an alto relief portrait, to be placed, in honor of the late Alexander H. Vinton, D. D., in the Emanuel Episcopal Church, in Boston.

Abell, late of P. A. '82, is captain of Freshman eleven at Oberlin.

Baltz, formerly of P. S. '82, has been spending a few days in town.

Codding, of P. A. '83, is leading his Latin class at Easthampton, so report says.

Patterson, business manager of the *Phillipian* last year, has obtained a position on the *Boston Journal* as composer.

Chapman, P. A. '82, 3, and P. S. '82, is also at Easthampton.

Phelps, P. A. '79, spent Thanksgiving at his home in town.

### Phillipiana.

We knew that he was a first division man when he uttered this sententious speech upon coming out of church, on a recent Sunday afternoon. "No danger of the *Cads medizing*, hey, Charley."

Mr. Riddle is expected here in January, if report speaketh aright. Andover will be glad to see him again.

We are pleased to hear that most of the '81 donors to the campus fund have paid their subscriptions. We earnestly hope that the balance (some one hundred and fifty dollars) of the amount pledged will be paid without delay.

The storm doors are just going up at the Academy. They are a great convenience and are well appreciated.

"Inquiry" is having her constitution revised. The "Mirror" is about to make its appearance. It should be well patronized.

Preparations have been begun on Prof. Churchill's new house. It will be built on the site of the old Farrar House, and will be a much more sightly structure than that well-known building.

The foot-ball eleven went to Boston on Wednesday to have their pictures taken.

The Senior class ought to be-stir themselves and elect a picture committee.

Hope to have some college letters next time. We intend to devote our first page as far as possible to the free discussion of matters of school interest. We are always glad to hear from anybody, either with regard to any thing which we may have published, or subjects of common interest.

Where has Thanksgiving gone to? Well, we fared better than the Exeter fellows: they only had a day and a half.

No more spreads at Findley's this term. What is the Senior Class going to do in the way of an entertainment at the Town Hall this year?

Tantalization — a snow-storm without any sleighing or sliding.

Good skating at the rink. A prep. distinguished himself by being the first man to get a cold bath.

At a recent school meeting, the committee for selecting the school nine next spring was chosen. It consists of Messrs. Stewart, Watson and Parkhurst.

The first of last week we were disturbed by a horrible discord proceeding from the Fem. Sem. grounds. If the Glee Club had been organized then, we should have laid it at their door.

Last Tuesday week the classes selected the men for the Draper prize-speaking. Below we give the names: Senior Classical, Phelps, Roe, Smith, Fullerton, Quimby, Safford; the Senior English, Cashman, Ward, Swoope, Peck; the Middle Classical, Perry, Beers, Cochrane, Helliwell; the Middle English, Fitch, Van Valkenburgh, Marshall, Easton; the Junior Classical, Johnson, Paradise.

The members of the Glee Club, as announced by Mr. Merriam, are as follows: 1st Tenor, Helliwell, Grant, Harris, Goadby; 2d Tenor, Whitehill, Johnson, Cashman, Parkhurst, du Pont; 1st Bass, Meacham, Dutton, Kennon, Roe, Butler; 2d Bass, Carpenter, Cochrane, Peck, Schaffler. In the organization, Schaffler was elected President; Peck, Vice President; Helliwell, Secretary and Treasurer. Only one more issue this term.

Brace up for the coming examinations. How late did you sleep during the recess?

Prof. Churchill will read to the Seniors, at the next elocution exercise, two selections from Edgar Poe's "Raven," and two scenes from the Merchant of Venice.

Mr. Dole has offered his services to the school on the same terms as last year. He proved a thorough teacher in the gymnasium, and a good athletic trainer. The fellows ought to secure him this winter before it is too late.

The Senior Classes have appointed the following gentlemen to constitute a committee which shall make the necessary arrangements for the class entertainment: Stewart, Richardson, Cashman, Smith and Phelps.

Afternoon recitations at two and three instead of the half hour later. If the change had been made two weeks earlier, nobody would have growled.

The more interesting exchanges of the PHILLIPIAN may always be found in the reading-room of the Theological Seminary, and any one so inclined may examine them, with the proviso, of course, that they are not mutilated.

Obituary: On Tuesday, November 22, the lecture course proposed by the two Senior classes met with a violent death at the hands of the Faculty. Strangled in its infancy!

The result of the Draper prize elections was various. The Senior Classical Class, with a craft worthy of Themistocles, elected their first five men, and found that the recitation hour was but half consumed. It took them the rest of the time to elect the sixth man, and the result was announced just as the bell rang which ends recitation.

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