REMINISCENCES

OF

ANDOVER

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REMINISCENCES

A SORT OF SEQUEL TO OLD ANDOVER DAYS BY MRS. ROBBINS

Mrs. Robbins in her interesting book, Old Andover Days, speaks of Phillips Inn as made for a Students' Workshop. She gives the impression that the chief industry practiced there was making coffins — but in fact, any mechanical trade was there pursued by any one acquainted with it. Before the formation of the Education Society, this building was erected to enable theological students to earn the means of meeting their expenses. When factories supplanted their industry, and improved means of transporting goods came, their work ceased.

I still have my doll's cradle which was made there by a student named Whitney, and my rolling-pin, which still serves in my pantry, was made there by some theological craftsman.

For many years the building was disused, till it occurred to the trustees to convert it into a gymnasium, for the students and the boys in Phillips Academy.

Mrs. Stowe, when she first came to Andover, had finished her story of Uncle Tom's Cabin, as a serial in the National Era, and was attending to its publication as a book in two volumes by a Boston firm. She boarded at the Samaritan House — now Mr. Stearns's. Going into the gymnasium one day, she discovered the fine prospect from the north windows, and, charmed by it, would accept no other house the trustees could offer her.

In vain they declared it impossible to so reconstruct its interior as to make it fit for a dwelling-house. She gave her own wit to the problem and produced a plan which was carried out to her satisfaction.

The next house on Chapel Avenue was built for a sanitarium by an organization of ladies in Boston — including the wives of the professors and resident trustees, called the Samaritan Society. Here students were to be nursed in sickness, for there were no hospitals nearer than Boston and no means of transporting the sick. Its first matron was Mrs. Osgood Johnson, widow of a former

Principal of Phillips Academy. Mrs. Johnson was to have her rent for nursing cases that befell. No modern trained nurse could have better fulfilled her office, for she was an extraordinary woman, gifted with splendid health, with rare practical wisdom and efficiency. She cared for her five children, took table boarders, and was ever at the service of neighbors in their emergencies.

On the corner of Chapel Avenue and Main Street stood a stone building originally called "Teachers' Seminary"— used for the non-classical department of Phillips Academy. Dr. Taylor used it for his classical recitations, and a small wooden building placed in the rear was given the English Department.

Dr. Taylor lived in the south side of the three-story building now used as a dormitory. The north side of this house has had many tenants, and here began many lives, among them that of Miss Alice French, the author.

Between Miss Parks' and the Archaeological building stood the Treasurer's office. "Squire Farrar," the treasurer for many years, lived in the house now moved down Phillips Street, which then stood on the corner. He was the great builder for the trustees in the days of Seminary growth.

Many of his constructions have now been removed. I remember him as a little old man with a smiling face, and always wearing an old-fashioned ruffled shirt-bosom. For many years he was president of our Andover Bank, before local banks became national, and his likeness was on our bills.

My purpose to continue with sketches of household history on "the hill" has in some measure been forestalled by the "Itinerary and Dedication" handbill issued at the time of the dedication of the Memorial Stone near Rabbit Rock. Still, I will add some items not contained therein — and correct what I think are errors, *e.g.*: The house, corner of Main and Morton Streets, I saw moved from the hill, and it was the barn, not the steward's house which was of different shape. My recollection is fortified by that of others — Mrs. Butterfield and Mrs. Park.

Second. The "old oak" in the rear of Bartlet Chapel is not the one of which Mrs. Stowe wrote — that one was nearly in the rear of the Stone church. The other is the one sacred to the memory of Schauffler, the missionary.

Third. Prof. Stowe boarded at the Samaritan House. His family never resided there.

A sacred place is Mr. Stackpole's study. Here in 1812 was formed a meeting for prayer and for devising ways and means of doing good. It was held every Monday evening — its members were the faculty of the Seminary, resident trustees, the Principal of Phillips Academy, and the pastor of the South Church (Justin Edwards).

Here was drawn up the paper presented to the Association at Bradford which led to the formation of the American Board. Here was instituted the Monthly Concert of prayer for missions, so long observed by our churches. Here originated the first Tract Society, the first religious newspaper in New England, and the Educational Society — suggested to Dr. Porter by one in Vermont.

Here in 1826 was formed the first temperance organization. The project was by Justin Edwards, but endorsed by all the professors. Professor Porter's was the first signature to the pledge. Seventeen names of students in the senior class followed. Of the 194 signatures, a large majority were theological students.

Here the Bible Society received aid in its formation; and the Home Missionary Society was the result of suggestions and plans

emanating from this sacred place. Later was prepared Porter's Rhetorical Reader, long used in our public schools. Later still, Professor Phelps wrote here those precious little books: The Still Hour, The New Birth, and other works.

Mrs. Robbins tells of Madam Porter's zeal in good works. Unfortunately it was not always zeal directed by wisdom. Callers were often taken aside for "a season of prayer". One of Principal Adams' daughters told me that as she was passing Mrs. Porter called her in, took her to an upper room, locked her in, saying that herself and Miss Mary Hasseltine from Bradford would spend the day praying for her, and she must pray too. No wonder the little girl yielded more tears than prayers, and ever after took the opposite side of the street in her trips down town.

Mrs. Farrar was a lady of like mind — a terror to the children.

The Brick House, lately demolished, was the printing office and bookstore. Here the professors published their books, the eccentric Mr. Clough being their much-valued proof-reader. For many years the tracts of the Tract Society were printed here, though at first in the building some of us remember as

Albert Abbott's store. Here was published the first missionary memoir — that of Harriet Newell — a work which drew many others into foreign missionary fields. Here, too, was published the Bibleotheca Sacra, now transferred to Oberlin.

The proprietor of this business, Mr. Draper, narrowly escaped death one night at the hands of a burglar. Twice had the bookstore been robbed at a certain phase of the moon. Mr. Draper determined to watch when the season returned, and, to be sure, the intruder came. Unfortunately, Mr. Draper had laid his pistol on a table, and it was seized by the burglar. In the scuffle which ensued, Mr. Draper received a shot aimed at his head, but fortunately it did not reach his brain, though his face was filled with powder. The young man was traced to his home, tried and sentenced to State Prison. The same youth was suspected of firing the Stone Academy and the Punchard School-house.

Across the street stood the Bindery, now removed. Nearly opposite Brechin Library, on the Seminary campus, once stood a building used as Phillips Academy, and near by, on the Elm Avenue, a dwelling house, removed and used by the Cloughs.

From 1818 to 1876, Bartlet, now Pearson Chapel, was our meeting house. Here we heard those unequalled pulpit orators — Phelps, Park and Shedd, and many distinguished preachers from other pulpits.

Originally, the entrance was where now is placed the third window from the north. On the south end was a false door for uniformity. On the right of the entry the structure was two-storied, the lower room being the Chapel, the upper one the library. On the left there were three stories, each containing a lecture room. First floor for Seniors, second for Middle Class, third for Juniors.

Mrs. Robbins mentions the custom of leaving the Chapel at the close of a service, one tier of seats at a time. This was a necessity, as there was but one aisle and the long pews on either side held ten persons, an uncomfortable crowd if all pushed out at once. The theologues occupied the back seats on the right of the entrance, the Phillipians those on the left and those on both sides of the pulpit, which were at right angles to the body pews.

The choir always consisted of members of the Lockhart Society, a musical club of

students. Often splendid voices afforded rare music.

How many saintly men have occupied those rooms in Phillips Hall and Bartlet Hall! What hours of prayer and scenes of personal consecration those walls have witnessed!

I need not speak of the cemetery in the rear of these halls which holds so much precious dust.

When Sabbath services were held in Bartlet Chapel, the road ran just under the rear windows. As the afternoon service was then held at three o'clock, just at the time those who attended the South Church were returning to their homes beyond the Seminary, and so created some disturbance, the road was moved to its present location.

Before the erection of the present school building the exhibitions of Phillips were held in the upper story of what is now the Dining Hall. Admission was only by ticket, but, even so, we crowded the narrow stairway long before the door was opened. A stage at the opposite end of the hall was reached by the performers by a long ladder outside. When Gen. N. P. Banks was Governor of Massachusetts, he was invited to attend an exhibition. As he was obliged to leave before the

close, and exit could not be forced through the audience, he descended by the boys' ladder — surprising and delighting his boy spectators by not crawling down backwards in the usual way of decent, but tripping down face foremost as in going down stairs.

In the small park in front of this building, on the corner of Main and Salem Streets, was "the training ground" of the militia company in old times when every town had its company. Their arms were kept in a small brick building recently removed — called the Gun House. On this parade ground in 1789 General Washington received the greetings of the people. When the Civil War broke out companies were formed both in the Seminary and in the Academy who "trained" here — the former calling theirs the Havelock Greys, the latter theirs the Ellsworth Guards. The classes in the Seminary were greatly depleted by the students engaging in the works of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions. Andover boys were in forty regiments — many in the navy. Another story is the work of the Andover women for soldiers. But of that little park my most thrilling memory is of what happened there during the celebration

of the fiftieth anniversary of the Seminary, August 5, 1858.

A commodious tent had been pitched here where dinner was served that day on tables so arranged that, when the after-dinner speaking should begin from the platform on the west side, no change of seats would be required to enable every guest to see, as well as hear, the speakers. About fifty ladies were admitted by tickets to seats near the platform. Multitudes of spectators surrounded the tent, the sides having been rolled up on account of the excessive heat. Interesting as were the addresses, it is not of them I shall tell, but of something not on the program. In these days, when modern science has made commonplace what then seemed almost miraculous, you can hardly conceive or appreciate our excitement that afternoon. President Wayland was delivering a eulogy upon the character and services of Professor Stuart when trustee Alpheus Hardy, arriving from Boston, handed the presiding officer a paper. The excited looks and hurried whisperings of one and another near the Chair showed there were tidings of some great event. As Dr. Wayland concluded his address, the President arose and said, "At

the meeting last evening Dr. Budington spoke of Dr. Morse (an alumnus) and the great submarine enterprise in which he is engaged — laying the Atlantic Cable. We little thought then that this anniversary would be distinguished by the consummation of the undertaking."

Instantly — without waiting for details, the multitudes were like people beside themselves — they cheered, they shouted, they clapped hands and pounded on the tables. Hats were swung, handkerchiefs waved — excitement was uncontrollable.

As soon as they could be calmed, the President read from the paper received — "The Atlantic Cable. Successfully laid. The communication perfect. Arrival at Trinity Bay with the particulars following."

Again and yet again cheers resounded, long and loud — eyes were filled with tears, lips moved in silent thanksgiving. Numbers were on their feet trying to speak. Calls everywhere arose for prayer and praise, and forth from thankful hearts pealed "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and again —

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run."

Lips moved in ecstasy that never before

joined in song. For the feeling was that hereby was forged a new link in the chain uniting nations, a step in the fulfillment of the prophecy that all shall become kingdoms of our Lord.

How deplorable was the destruction (1887) of the Mansion House erected for the residence of Judge Phillips (1782). We pointed to it with pride as the place where so many distinguished guests had been entertained, *e. g.* Washington, Lafayette, Jackson, and Webster.

Mr. Sawyer's house was built by Dea. Mark Newman (1811) when Principal of Phillips Academy. Here Oliver Wendell Holmes boarded when a pupil in the Academy. His exhibition ode was delivered in the old brick academy close by, his centennial ode in the great tent, 1878. Here Professor Emerson harbored fugitive slaves — notwithstanding the old statement that all the professors were "pro-slavery."

Mark Newman after entering the book business exchanged this property with the trustees for the estate Samuel Abbott had left them near the South Church. Mr. Abbott's store was on the knoll between the church and his house — now Mrs. Joseph W. Smith's

home. Mrs. Coburn told me that, looking over the early deeds, she found that the plot nearest the church was given to the church on condition no buildings should be put on it or any trees planted. Dame Nature has put the trees there.

When the founders of Abbot Academy were seeking a building lot they first selected one on Main Street, but the mothers of expected pupils objected to it as so many students used that street. So Dea. Newman gave them the land on which it was built. He ended his days in the house once standing where we now have Christ Church — the house having formerly been one of Andover's numerous taverns.

Many buildings we used to see have now disappeared from the hill — the old store, the farmhouse moved to Morton Street, Squire Farrar's, the house now demolished which stood on Phillips Street. Here lived the first Principals of Phillips, the first professors in the Seminary. Here were delivered the first theological lectures, 1808. Later it became a "Commons house" for the boys. During the siege of Boston a part of Harvard College library was stored here.

Gone are the rows of wooden dormitories

— for classical students on Phillips Street, for English below the Academy. A small schoolhouse once stood just above Prof. Stone's on Main Street. It may have been the one mentioned by Mrs. Robbins. The southern half of the lower floor of Miss Cheever's house used to be a bookstore kept by William Peirce. The two doors opened on a long platform, and on its eastern end stood the sign — a large book.

Eliphalet Pearson, the first Principal of Phillips Academy, was very active in the founding of the Seminary and securing its location here. He projected the sites for the buildings, planned the lawns and avenues, and, with his own hands, set out many of the trees — the beautiful elms we so much admire. The sidewalks were made by the students. In those early days, when there were no lawn-mowers, the students used to mow the grass around the professors' houses.

William Bartlet, with whose gifts so many of the houses were built, was a sea captain of the old-fashioned sort, when captains owned the vessels they commanded. His home was in Newburyport. Unwilling to have his portrait taken, the dim likeness in the Seminary

library was obtained by the artist watching him when he was not aware of his object.

The house on Main Street where S. F. Smith wrote "America," is well known. It was then a much smaller house. Opposite was the home of Prof. B. B. Edwards where his widow opened a "family school," dubbed by the Phillips boys the Nunnery, to distinguish its pupils from the "Fem. Sems."

Far over the hill, on that curve in the road to Sunset Rock opposite the large farmhouse, once stood a cottage sometime occupied by Lowell Mason, the writer of so much of our sacred music. When Neesima was brought to Andover he was placed in charge of Miss Mary Hidden, who lived where Mr. Knox lives. Who can tell how much Japan owes to her Christian influence and instruction!

Professor Stone's house was the residence of Mrs. Sarah Abbot at the time of her giving the money which built Abbot Academy. Her maiden name was Abbot — her birthplace the old homestead on Central Street. Both her husband and herself were descendants of George Abbot, one of Andover's first settlers, who came over in the Arbella with Winthrop and Bradstreet in 1630. One branch of the family married with the Lawrences, whose

descendants founded the city of Lawrence. George Abbot built on Central Street before 1676. Mrs. Sarah Abbot is described by early pupils of the school who loved to visit her, as "a small, demure old lady"—"very deaf, but hospitable, and ladylike." Another calls her "a woman of a prayerful spirit."

When the little Hawaiian boy, Obookiah, was brought to Andover by Samuel J. Mills, he was placed in Mrs. Abbot's care for two years. In his memoirs it is recorded that he often came to Mrs. Abbot's room (in the old Stewards House) and knelt by her and prayed — an incident revealing her kindness and piety. Out of the interest aroused by this little waif grew the missions to his native islands. Mrs. Abbot died February, 1848, aged eighty-six.

Down town in the Masonic Hall, in the old bank building, used to be held every winter courses of lectures. Here we heard Emerson, Holmes, and other great men of those times. We had no Town Hall. I remember the Post Office as located in many different buildings at various times. A recent article in the Townsman states that Valpey's market was formerly a tailor's shop kept by John Derby. Mr. Derby kept a variety store — dry goods

and groceries. On the second floor was a tailor's shop kept by William Millett.

The South Church was the mother of all the others. The first house was built in 1711. Its first daughter was the Seminary Chapel in 1816. In 1826 the West Parish seceded, in 1832 the Baptist began its history, in 1835 Christ Church was built by Abraham Marland and sons, who, coming from England, wanted homelike worship. In 1846 the Free Church, chiefly by the instrumentality of John Smith, took the abandoned Methodist meeting-house, which had stood on Main Street near Morton. Divided into three sections it was moved down the hills to the spot it has occupied so long. The Universalist Church stood on the corner of Main Street and Punchard Avenue. When closed to public worship it was used for a Grammar School, but at last moved up to a farmhouse just off Main Street and is still used as a barn.

One Old South pastor was for a while Principal of Abbot Academy. Afterward he became interested in bee culture. Another was for many years treasurer of the American Home Missionary Society. Of him it is related that he was dismissed from this church because the deacon's wife reported

seeing him kiss his wife Sunday morning. This is credible, for in Weiden's Economic History we are told that in old times mothers were forbidden to kiss their babies on Sunday.

Another pastor, going to California, founded *The Pacific* which is for that region what *The Congregationalist* is for us. Also the Pacific Theological Seminary was created principally through his efforts.

In 1832, the year of South Carolina's first efforts at secession, it happened that the West Church pastor had been sent South by physicians to spend the winter. The Nullifiers were then holding their conventions in Columbia and Charleston which he visited. The sessions were strictly private, but somehow a friend obtained admission for him. Being known as a preacher he was asked to act as chaplain. Of course he could pray for them, much as he deprecated their acts. His wife spent the winter with her parents in Boston. Naturally he wrote to her of what interested him so much. In those days letters were about four weeks in getting from South Carolina to Boston. Editors had fewer means of obtaining news. It chanced that one of the callers on the family in Boston was the editor of the *Boston Atlas*. A natural

question of his was, "What do you hear from your husband?" The letters thoughtlessly given to him were a prize, for no other paper could obtain such tidings, and the country was in great excitement.

But when *The Atlas* reached the South there was a tempest. Some traitor had divulged their secrets! Had the preacher been suspected of being the informer his person would have decorated a lamp-post.

The last slave born in Andover was Rose Coburn, who died in 1859, aged ninety-two. Cato Phillips died about seven years before. Slaves were freed here in 1780. Buried in the Chapel Cemetery is the colored servant of President Porter.

I have recently learned that the Governor of Porto Rico, Mr. Cotton, is grandson of Samuel Maclanathen, a former resident of West Parish, living not far beyond the cemetery. Another descendant from West Parish ancestors is Calvin A. Frye, the secretary of the late Mary Baker Eddy.

Until a few years ago curfew was rung at nine o'clock from the South Church steeple.

Looking over old family papers, I came across an aged poster, on which are printed the laws for keeping the Sabbath and giving

the names of the four "tithing men" for Andover, who were appointed to compel the observance of these laws. Two of the names were familiar — Asa Abbot and Ezra Ingalls. There is no date on the poster. Tithing men were chosen by the town or the selectmen and were fined if they declined to serve. In the South Church they used to occupy a front seat in the gallery — each man carrying a white pole five or six feet long, his staff of office, the emblem of his dignity and power. In his right hand he held a short hazel rod, which, with all his might he would bring down with a ringing slap, even in the midst of the sermon, to awaken a sleeper or terrify a playful urchin or a whisperer.

In those days the women sat in the left gallery, the men in the right.

You are all familiar with that part of our first railroad which passes through the grounds of Miss Means and Mr. Thomson. Here all along the route crowds gathered August 6, 1836, to see the first train of cars come in. The road crossed School Street just at its junction with Central Street. Over the track was a high bridge. Then the track crossed Mr. Cann's grounds, and beyond crossed Central Street and Essex Street, Mr.

Michael Walsh's store being the station. Thence it went across Main Street just above the Rubber Works, the site at that time of railroad machine shops — a very dangerous grade crossing, as the buildings concealed coming trains. In those times there were no gates or flagmen.

When the cars first ran from Andover to Wilmington — then the end of the line, for there it connected with the Lowell road — the girls from Abbot Academy went on an excursion to Wilmington to pick berries, and wait for the returning train. One young lady fell into a ditch full of mud and water. At a nearby farmhouse her clothes were drying before the fire in the open fireplace, her stockings suspended on the hooks that hung from the crane, when the engine whistled and rung the bell for the picnic party to return, but the unfortunate miss refused to start till she was ready, so the train waited for her.

And now we will return to the hill. On our way we shall pass Abbot Academy — "the first house built in New England, by a corporation, for the exclusive use of educating women"— for Ida Tarbell is mistaken when she states in a recent magazine article that Mount Holyoke Seminary was the first.

On we go to the home of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who in a talk to the girls at Abbot, before the days when ladies were accepted public speakers, advanced the opinion that women should do whatever their gifts qualified them to do. If they tried public speaking their audiences would soon decide their fitness. Her own view of woman's sphere was that it was that of the home maker, but not of the merely housekeeper.

She was hardly a model housekeeper herself. When the proceeds from her writings enabled her to pay a housekeeper, this good lady — the model for Miss Prissy in "The Minister's Wooing" — used to amuse us by her tales of things as she found them at her advent.

Mrs. Stowe's study was on the lower floor, between the parlor and the stairway. Here she wrote "The Key," "Dred," "Pink and White Tyranny," and all her later books. The adulation paid her abroad by people of great renown and rank never changed her quiet, simple manners, her unaffected kindness and friendliness. The offerings of all nations adorned her apartments. Here first was shown that portrait, always copied for writers of books and magazines, which isn't

and never was, a likeness. She always wore her front hair in loose curls over her ears,—in the portrait it is carried back, etc. She was very hospitable. Grand times we young neighbors had then! Indeed it was the merriest epoch in "hill" history. The stern sway of Ma'am Porter and Ma'am Farrar was past. In winter we had levees every fortnight at the professors' houses, besides parties musical and social, walks, drives, and much tea-drinking together. There were large households in those days. One professor had nine children, and the theologues were numerous and pervasive. At Mrs. Stowe's, Prof. Stowe used to convulse us with his mimicry. So great was the gaiety fostered by Mrs. Stowe that the trustees began to frown on it as too much dissipation for the students. It was when Mrs. Stowe's father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, was President of Lane Seminary, and Mr. Stowe was a professor there and a widower, that Harriet Beecher became Mrs. Stowe. His first wife, who died soon after her marriage, was Eliza Tyler. Mrs. H. B. Stowe's first children were twins, whom she named, one Harriet Beecher and the other Eliza Tyler.

In "Old Town Folks" Mrs. Stowe at-

tributes to her hero, Horace, singular psychological states. These states, and even some of the incidents, are reproductions of Professor Stowe's actual experiences. The presence of his first wife in his study at the Stowe house was often vividly real to him. She had been a very beautiful young lady, and Mr. Stowe was the successful rival of an artist. The disappointed artist never married. Years after, when his life was fading away, her image filled his thoughts and he determined that his last work should be her portrait. As he worked, strength failed, but he struggled on to its completion and soon passed away. The likeness he bequeathed to Professor Stowe. It hung in his study — the front room toward Main Street, second floor.

When my father first moved from West Parish to the hill, 1851, Professor Stuart and wife were still living. He (the professor) died the following year. The first and most eminent Hebrew scholar in this country, he communicated to his pupils in that now discredited study, much of his own enthusiasm. Mrs. Stuart's biography has been preserved in a published eulogy by Professor Park. Of their four daughters, Elizabeth was at that time the wife of Professor Phelps, then

pastor of Pine Street Church, Boston. Later Sarah became the wife of R. D. C. Robbins, a man of striking physique, assistant librarian of the Seminary library. Mary Stuart became the second wife of Professor Phelps. Before (?) her marriage she translated many German works, at that time a rare achievement. Abby became the wife of Rev. George Anthony.

Prof. Stuart and Dr. Woods, his associate professor, were men as unlike each other in character as in face and figure. Stuart was alert, restless, nervous — Woods of benign countenance and cordial manners, the great theologian of his day. "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones," says the poet. So we remember Woods by his foible — his grasp upon money. Of this, many amusing anecdotes are told. Here is one I received from Mrs. Albert Abbott. In his day we had no caterers, and party refreshments were usually nuts, raisins, and apples. Dr. Woods when anticipating such an occasion at his house, went to Widow Johnson asking for some of her "nice apples," supposed to be better than his own. Then he went to Mr. Abbott whose store was on the corner down below Mr. Sawyer's, and

taking a quantity of rags, asked Mr. Abbott to exchange them for nuts. Mr. Abbott was not in the way of doing business by barter, but did not know how to refuse Dr. Woods. In the evening many guests found uncracked nuts on their plates. These were frugally returned to Mr. Abbott with the request of money in exchange.

Two of Dr. Woods' daughters, Mrs. Lawrence and Mrs. Baker became authors of some distinction.

A subsequent dweller in the home built for Dr. Woods was Prof. Elijah Barrows, a good man tho' not equaling in popularity as a preacher his brother professors. One Sunday a notable preacher from abroad was expected to supply the pulpit but failed to appear. It was necessary for Professor Barrows to meet the emergency. Aware of the disappointment his own appearance created, he looked solemnly over his spectacles and announced his text, "What doest thou here, Elijah." Scowls turned at once to smiles. Ida Tarbell in her articles on "Prominent Women in this Country," has truthfully told how conservatives were prejudiced against the abolishionist movement, by its women taking up public speaking in its behalf. I remember

well the prejudice thus excited here. Saint Paul was freely quoted in condemnation. Not until the Civil War gave us such patriotic and eloquent orators as Anna Dickinson did we yield toleration.

Now it happened the Rev. Wm. B. Brown, pastor of the Free Church, was visited by his sister, Miss Antoinette Brown, a graduate of Oberlin and a licensed preacher. The lecture committee invited her to give one of the lectures in our course that winter. Prof. Barrows had already engaged to be one of the lecturers, but as soon as he heard that Miss Barnes was on the list, he withdrew. At Abbot the cantata, "The Haymakers," was given by the pupils. A little hay was piled on the platform to be tossed in accompaniment to the music. But as soon as acting began, Professor Barrows arose, called to his daughter, "Sarah, this is no place for us," and left. I am told his grandchildren now act in dramas.

Professor Phelps was but twenty-eight years old when elected to his professorship here. He was but twenty-two when settled as pastor over a Boston church. No wonder his health failed early in his life. What a preacher he was! A lady, herself a person

of rare scholarship and piety, said on hearing him, "He seemed to have come to us direct from the throne of God to deliver a message from Heaven, whither he expected at once to return."

Professor Shedd used to stir up our consciences mightily. The students had a saying, "Professor Shedd preaches the law — Professor Phelps the Gospel."

Professor Park! How can one in a few words compress a full, adequate appreciation or communicate to others a just impression of his value as a citizen, a teacher, a leader of thought for more than a generation!

An aged dweller on Main Street once said, "I love to see that man walk past my house, he looks so like the Almighty, so grand and solemn!" As Professor Park once said of his neighbor, Samuel Taylor, "The very presence of such a man makes for righteousness," so of himself we realized that we were uplifted by his outgoing and incoming among us. Without him, Andover can never be the same as in his day. Of him, as a theologian, nothing can be added to the delineation given by Dr. R. S. Storrs. When he preached the house could not contain the eager crowds. The students followed him wherever he was

to speak. Even when, like Paul at Troas, "he was long preaching," the Academy boys hung spellbound upon his words and could recall them long years afterwards. A teacher from Abbot Academy who had heard his fame, was asked after hearing him if her expectations were realized. She replied, "I feel as if I had been hearing Plato or one of the old philosophers."

Besides his great thoughts and rare rhetorical gift, there was an indescribable something in his intonations which lifted common words into majesty, pathos, sublimity, and made them thrill.

Although his intellect chiefly impressed his students in the classroom, he had the tenderest sensibility, quick sympathy and deep religious feeling. In the revival in 1857 which so stirred our academies, no one else engaged in the meetings with such intense interest as Professor Park. Often as he opened the way to eternal life to the young and urged them to enter, his tears flowed and his emotion became almost too great to control. Not to his students was it granted to see him, as I have, in his visits to the sick, and heard him administer comfort to the dying by tender guidance through "the Dark Valley." Then

how we ever looked to him for consolation when we laid our beloved in their last resting-places. He had no equal in funeral sermons and eulogies — though never extravagant nor attributing fictitious virtues.

Of his capacity for friendship he gave proof in his undying regard for his neighbor and associate, Bela B. Edwards. His keen sense of humor was the delight of his friends. Strange that such a man should, from his earliest connection with the Seminary, be the target for criticism and depreciation. Prof. Barrows once facetiously remarked, in allusion to his disposition, as we came down the avenue from Chapel through ankle-deep mud, "Now I suppose somebody will be blaming Professor Park for this mud."

It was Professor Park who gave the Seminary its greatest renown, extending to other lands and drawing hither distinguished visitors from abroad. If one doubts it was his popularity which drew students, let him examine the catalogues and see how the middle class — his class — always exceeded the others in numbers.

As I have said, he was always the victim of detraction; for an example of false reports, when Professor Shedd left the Seminary, it

was said because Professor Park persecuted him for his different theological opinions. But Mrs. Shedd, when making her parting call at our house, alluded to this rumor and emphatically denied its truth, affirming that their relations had always been cordial and delightful.

Alas! that his old age was so saddened by unkind neglect and misrepresentation! The burden of old age with its consciousness of failing vigor of body and mind, the giving up of occupations which have given life its significance and value, the being left out and passed by in the new interests and activities of a younger generation — this is enough without the assaults of the envious.

Then, among the most observed dwellers on the hill was Dr. Samuel Taylor, popularly known as "Uncle Sam." His massive frame seemed replete with strength, and a force of character corresponded with the powerful physique. A puritan conscience was the keystone of his mental structure. Woe to the idler, the sly-boots in that day! He believed in the moral efficiency of severity, for to him "life was real, life was earnest." Yet many an old pupil could testify to his beneficience. He was the leading classical scholar and

teacher of his generation. Now-a-days we hear the great teachers of the past spoken of as " mere grammarians." While Dr. Taylor's little book, " Method of Classical Study," shows how deeply he entered into the analysis of language, what thoroughness he required, it indicates his attention to as much rhetorical quality as a young student is usually able to appreciate.

It was my privilege to be one of the only private class he ever consented to instruct. For years I never saw a fair morning dawn without recalling Dr. Taylor's rendering of the opening lines of the Fourth Book of the Aeneid — the discrimination and enthusiasm with which he compared these descriptive epithets with similar passages in English poets.

What a worker he was! Taking upon himself the entire government of the school, hearing all the recitations of the senior class, being also clerk of the board of trustees, joint editor with Professor Park of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* and librarian of the Seminary library, yet he was always the one relied upon to arrange the details and superintend the execution of every public service of " the hill." Phillips Academy was not then so large a school, and the

librarian had an assistant. Also Dr. Taylor's wife was a helpmeet.

Time fails to tell of those who built up the business of Andover. In the Souvenir of the 250th Anniversary, published by the Townsman in 1896, this information is given.

Many "firsts" are credited to Andover — of the manufacture of flax, 1836; the powder mill in Marland Village; the first piece of worsted goods, Ballardvale 1842. The first American poetess was Anne Bradstreet of North Andover. Our theological seminary was the first theological school incorporated in this country. Phillips Academy was the first of its kind in the state and the country, and, as has been mentioned, Abbot Academy was the first incorporated school for girls only.

The November Club was the first woman's club to build and own its house in this state.