

THE PHILLIPPIAN.

VOL. I.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS., MAY 24, 1879.

No. 14.

ABBOT ACADEMY.

SCHOOL life is quiet, busy and progressive. The best work of the term is done now, while the mornings are cool for study. Of late the mercury has been getting quite too much up in the world:—

"Oh, for a little one-story thermometer,
With nothing but zeros, all in a row!"

Occasionally we hear a note of the preparation for the semi-centennial, — sometimes, extracts from autobiographical letters, with accounts of the doings of the girls of other days, who do not seem to have been so very much wiser and more sedate than we are. Some of them have since found life very real, however. The last one read told of years on the frontier, with hair-breadth escapes from Indians, encounters with guerillas, and the varying fortunes and adventures of gold-mining life; it sounded like a chapter from a romance.

Tuesday, May 6th, was the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of Abbott Academy. Some brilliant mind suggested a half-holiday as an appropriate celebration. This view was not wholly accepted, however, and the class gathered as usual for Prof. Churchill's lesson in Elocution. But, after a short session, he said he had been requested to do something for our pleasure in honor of the day, and would read one or two selections. He read nearly an hour to a delighted audience. The first selection was "Father Phil;" after that the pathetic "Engineer's Story," which left more than one of us suspiciously "teary around the lashes," and so, "to take the edge off," as he said, he gave us the "Spelling School," from Eggleston's Hoosier School-master, and we laughed till we cried again, and the reading closed with enthusiastic applause.

A large delegation went to the reading on Friday night, and it was universally enjoyed. We were amazed to find how late it was when we left the hall.

It is true, as the last letter to the PHILLIPPIAN said, that the arbutus has come to us through the mail, too often with much of its sweetness wasted on the desert air of post-offices; but one of our number received the otherday a bunch of genuine arbutus gathered in Andover. It is said that real Scotch heather also grows somewhere here, but only the very wise ones know where to look for it.

A day or two ago a package came to one of the sisterhood containing two gilt objects, presumably buttons, but unlike any buttons ever seen in this institution. Was it the device of some enterprising "drummer" to obtain custom? or were they nitro-glycerine, ready to explode at a touch? "What can they be?" "Why," said an experienced maiden passing by, "have you friends at West Point?" And at last it dawned upon her that her devoted cadet cousin (?) had sent her two military buttons, doubtless thinking she would prize

them as highly as do those light-minded Vassar girls.

There have been some warm discussions among us lately over those much talked-of books, Howells' "Lady of the Arnoostook," and Mr. James' last novels. Both these writers seem to delight in a minute study of human nature; but Howells has a genial, kindly spirit, while James apparently takes a purely scientific interest in people. The "Lady" is just as true to life, and as much an American girl as Daisy Miller; Howells likes her, and he makes us like her, for her sweet, womanly character, but James would have passed her by as not striking enough for a heroine. He seems anxious to impress one with his cleverness, and he is clever. Howells' story shows the real chivalry of the American gentleman. Dunham and Staniford are true knights to Lydia, and, if they have in some degree the masculine trait of conceit, are much more interesting specimens of humanity than Lord Lambeth and Percy Beaumont, in "An International Episode." Altogether, Howells has the majority of admirers here.

The annual Draper Reading will soon take place. The date is not definitely fixed, but will be either May 30th or June 3rd.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Dr. H. M. Jessup, of New York city, a former missionary, is to give the address at Commencement before the Society of Inquiry.

Persistent canvassing is being pushed among the members of the Senior Class in order, if possible, to ascertain the number of years of which each man can boast, — or feel ashamed. Exact returns cannot be received because of a reluctance on the part of some to reveal their age, which we had always supposed to be the peculiar mark and privilege of the *genus mutabile*. It may be stated, however, in confidence, that many are so old as to leave no hope of their out-growing their folly, while a yet larger number are plainly too young to have any right to the air of profound wisdom which they effect.

Rev. L. H. Adams, a missionary from Turkey in Asia, gave an interesting address before the Society of Inquiry at its last meeting.

Prof. C. F. Mead and wife sailed for England, May 17th, by the National line.

The enthusiasm for base-ball in the Seminary is something unprecedented. The two victories of the nine over Phillips seems to have aroused in many hearts the belief that they, too, could play ball if they only tried. Accordingly they do try, and the field exhibits a marvellous spectacle. Men, of whom it had been doubted whether they knew which end of a bat to strike with, may now be seen proudly displaying the crooked fingers and various bruises which mark the accomplished ball-player.

A second nine has been organized, to which, if it were not unkind, we would commend the attention of the Phillips nine. Wild rumors of challenging the combined Theological world have been afloat, and it is very certain that some of the Seniors are negotiating for a position on a professional club, where they see a promise of greater success — pecuniarily — than in the pulpit. All this must rejoice the hearts of every one interested in Theological education.

The following has been handed us for insertion in the PHILLIPPIAN.

Editors of Phillipian. — I beg your indulgence for introducing so worn-out a theme as the Shawshin Club, which, however, is the subject of my remonstrance. As I take it the members of the Club are interested enough in the matter of good board to listen for a moment to some remarks on that subject.

In the first place, two statements may be made which will receive instant recognition and approval, namely, a poor student wants good, wholesome food, and secondly, it must be cheap. Now how are we to attain so desirable a consummation? Are we to live on soups and greasy steak, and fried hasty pudding, during the months of May and June? Is this the way to live healthily and cheaply? I think not. It seems to me that food which is wholesome and at the same time palatable and cheap can be obtained at the cost of a little or perhaps a good deal of careful thought and observation on the part of the executives.

The matter of food, vulgar though it may be, is yet one of the most if not the most important matter which ought to excite a student's care. And we believe that good board at a reasonable price can, with proper management, be obtained. By adapting the bill of fare to the different seasons of the year, by exerting common sense and determination, we might have not only something to eat, as a member recently said, but something to subsist on. But as long as the executives persist in putting on such heating articles as soup and corn meal (chicken food in the vernacular), the attainment of good board is far from reached. There is not much opportunity left for a reform in this matter this term. Three weeks or less will make but little difference. But succeeding generations of Shawshiners may take warning by this grave dissertation. If not, the writer will not feel at all disturbed himself, but he may perhaps pity the victims of a system which only needs a little thoughtfulness to make it an excellent one.

COMMONS.

1st Senior to 2nd: "Ha! guess you've been up in the garret by the looks of your coat."

3rd Senior (at a distance): "Oh, no! He's only been reading attic Greek."

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We have been painfully and pleasantly apprised during the past two weeks of the short time still left us here in Andover this term. Painfully, by reason of certain long-deferred reviews and editorials, as well as the change in the weather, which has been decidedly warm. Pleasantly, by the sight of spring clothes and the thought of graduation-day awakened within us at the selection of the honor men. We are at last drawing near the end. But we will reserve our sentiment for the next and last number.

Yet certainly it is not out of place, to say a few words about the sterling advantages and pleasures which, some of us surely have gained from two, three, or four years at Phillips. Nothing is so apt to deceive as the few years spent in a school like this. Either we look back upon them in after-life as the brightest and best, or we make such a poor use of our opportunities that such a view is impossible in the future. It is seldom that we get a true estimate, the wisest of us even, of the meaning of these years of training. Are we simply to regard three or four years of our lives as a means to reach an end? Or are we to look upon our present studies, our present opportunities and advantages, as something more than a means, — in short, as a part of the whole educated man, and in many cases the best part?

It cannot be denied that there is a rush, a scramble as it were, in preparation for college life which makes a preparatory course painful to a student of true sensibilities. The idea is apt to get possession of him that the time which he spends here is of necessity mere drudgery, and he must not look for any pleasurable and exhilarating studies. It should not be so. If a man cannot enjoy his education when in a school like this, when can he? If the dread of college examinations, or of a failure in one or two departments, hangs over him like the sword of Damocles, he had better never have come here at all. Such an education would lose its best charm, — the quiet, pleasing pursuit after knowledge for knowledge's sake.

Let us not be too hasty to make up the average of our stay in Phillips. For we can and will judge better, ten years from now.

It must seem to every Phillips boy who is beginning to be an old boy, that it would be hard to obtain a better idea of the general changeableness of human affairs than he would get from thinking over the events which have happened since he came here. It is hardly a week since that we were talking of old times with a classmate. He mentioned a certain X, who departed this Andover life two years ago. We were obliged to confess that we couldn't remember him. "Why, don't you remember X,

who was here in our Prep year?" exclaimed our friend, "he was the fellow who —" and here followed the recital of some not very reputable performances on the part of said fellow. No! we could not recall him. In vain we tried; the miserable young man really weighed upon our mind for several days. At last we accidentally recollected him. Yes, there had been such a fellow here. We remembered him, not very reputable performances and all. "Alas," we reflected, "how quickly the remembrance of all men's performances (whether reputable or otherwise) vanishes away and is forgotten!"

When the present Senior Class graduates there will be very few left who will remember the men of '77, and all the gay doings of that time. How few will then remain to tell of the Fish-horn troubles, the Mock Programmes, the magnificent funeral rites of Cæsar, as performed by the Junior Class. How many will remember the athletic exhibition, and how the Glee Club distinguished itself on that occasion? Where are all the great men whom we used to admire so much in those days? Where is "the acknowledged Holder of the palm of eloquence," as the *Mirror* jocosely called him? They are all growing misty, traditionary, forgotten. So shall we, dear fellow-Phillipians, as well as the upstarts who will slip quietly and easily into our places. The more we think of these things the more are we constrained to weep and howl *vanitas vanitatum*; in our state of mind a class picture becomes the most affecting object under the sun, and an old catalogue has all the fascination of the Book of Fate.

But it is impossible not to admire the ameliorating influences of time. How many school excitements have been kindled, have raged, and burned themselves out; within our recollection! It is needless to recall them. They are, most of them, nearly forgotten. For ourselves we confess that, at the time of Philo elections, last December, we could never meet a "White" man in the street without experiencing a lively desire to choke him; and now we scarcely give the deluded individual a second thought. And where now (socially speaking) are the unlucky characters who used to have their shoes stolen and their eye glasses smashed, who used to be rushed on the campus and generally butchered to make an Andover holiday? Even they have come to be treated like ordinary people; even their infinite powers of affording amusement have come, in time, to be neglected and "played out."

We fear that we have become rather tedious upon this subject, but it is one which the approaching close of the year must suggest very strongly to many of us.

For a long time it has been generally believed throughout the school that misdemeanors of the students have been frequently and systematically reported to the Faculty by some of their own number. Indeed, some affirm that their footsteps have been followed and their actions spied out by members of the school whose names they do not hesitate to mention. We cannot conceive that these persons are in the employment of the governing body of the Academy, as is generally believed. We reject such a supposition as a

silly and slanderous assumption. Nor are we inclined to believe that information thus furnished them is often acted upon. Still the fact remains, if fact it is, and certainly such it seems, — that we have spies in our midst, who, taking a mean and despicable advantage of their unrestrained association with their fellow-students, report violations of discipline to the Faculty. Such an act is nothing else than a breach of trust. The student *per se* is trusted by his fellows; he comes into a knowledge of all that transpires among them, sometimes by direct information, sometimes by hearsay. To act the informer under these circumstances is to become a traitor and by implication a liar. We are not defending wrong doing; we are not pleading that any malefactor may escape the punishment due to his transgressions. But we do say that it is not the place of a student to assist in the discipline of the school. And we think that it is extremely dangerous and foolish for a student to set himself up as a judge of others. Then again we are utterly at loss to discover the virtue of this moral blood-hound, who frequents a billiard-room, or takes up a position in the shadow of a depot on the arrival of a theatre train, or dogs the footsteps of some dissipated youth in his midnight peregrinations to the wicked metropolis of Lawrence, for the purpose of reporting evil-doers to the head-centre. While we are by no means sure that the various and conflicting rumors have any degree of truth, yet it is generally a fact that where there is smoke there is fire. There is no sure remedy for this evil. All the pump water in Essex County could not remove such stains of meanness. The rational way to work a reform will be to cut off a convicted traitor from every social relation with his fellow-students; to make him an absolute nonentity in the school life.

EXCHANGES.

We notice for the first time in this column, the *Horae Scholasticæ*, although we believe it is not the first time it has been on our table. The present number, May 3, is, we suppose, a fair specimen of all the numbers. If so, it does S. Paul's school credit. One feature of the paper, which we have in vain endeavored to acquire for the PHILLIPIAN, is the department called "Correspondence," where short letters, written by the members of the school, are given a place. This is probably one of the most interesting portions of the paper to the Concord students.

The *Tyro* has again put in its appearance. As a western sheet, and thereby a representative paper of western schools, it speaks well for them.

The *Tablet*, May number, is not quite as interesting as usual. A long article entitled, "How They are Married in the Flowery Kingdom," takes up three columns and a half, and the other articles are not very spicy or animated. The paper, however, is printed in a pleasing way and presents a fair appearance.

The last *Brunonian* is jubilant over the University's success in base ball this season and prints a long account of the games played by the nine thus far.

The *Crimson* too, as usual, is full of athletic news and contains an account of the Harvard vs. Yale game.

In looking over our Exchange column for this term we are struck with the sameness of the criticisms. But we can't help it. And we rejoice that we have only one more issue this term in which to slay and slash and make to ourselves enmities for wickling a severe pen.

As we were going by the Shawshin Club the other night a figure came out of the well-known door, put the following manuscript into our hands, and vanished. We found written on the first page a request that we would publish the manuscript as the last favor to a miserable wretch who had drank the dregs of life to the full. We take pity on his manes and herewith are the lines:—

When I was a Prep. I took my grub
In the dingy halls of the Shawshin Club.
I ate the bill of fare right through,
And I never swore or grumbled when my bill came due.

I swallowed down those victuals so carefuller,
That now I'm but the shade of what I used to be.

As a hungry chap I did my best
To fill up the void beneath my vest.
I got so reckless that I ate my plate,
And soon I found myself reduced to fighting weight.

I became reduced so frightfuler,
That now I'm but the shade of what I used to be.

In eating cheese I'd an appetite
That never was discouraged by the smallest mite.

And soon that cheese came too recognize me,
For whenever I whistled it would run to me.
It ran and frisked so mightilee,
That now I'm but the shade of what I used to be.

For beans and pork I acquired such a taste
That sometimes I ate to much in my haste;
And then I'd crawl to my room with toil,
And immediately take a dose of castor oil.
I attacked those beans so hastilee,
That now I'm but the shade of what I used to be.

I grew so thin I resolved to go
And travel as a skeleton in Barnum's Show.
Said the great showman, with his well-known grin,
"See here, young man, you're a little too thin."
I've grown so very poor, you see,
That now I'm but the shade of what I used to be.

Now fat folks all, whoever you may be,
If you wish to take advice from me,
In looking around for a place to grub,
Shun as you would the Evil One the Shawshin Club;
Or sometime or other regretfuler,
You'll sigh as you think how fat you used to be.

PHILLIPIANA.

THE fire-escape is at last finished, and from this time on fires are in order.

The Theologues are bearing off all the laurels this term so far.

The Shawshin Club has a new bill of fare again.

Daniel Pratt, G.A.T., paid his annual visit to us last Tuesday. We failed to notice any change in our friend Daniel. His coat was perhaps a trifle more seedy, but his periods were as flowing and his gestures as graceful as ever. The more we ponder his sayings the more we are in-

clined to believe that he is more than half right about "harmonious discipline" and "order."

The game on Wednesday of last week between the North Andover nine and the Commons nine resulted in favor of the former, in a score of 17 to 7. The Commons men lacked a good catcher part of the time, while Newton, the pitcher for Commons, seemed to have let his right hand forget its cunning in the control of the sphere.

Hughes of the Preparatory Class is back again. He has been detained at home by sickness.

We give below a few directions for keeping cool. We will not answer for them all, invariably, but if they are faithfully followed out there is no fear but what there will be a decided change of some kind in the atmosphere.

- 1st. Don't study. (This is of prime importance.)
- 2nd. Don't exert yourself.
- 3rd. Be careful about getting heated.
- 4th. Never wear a coat.
- 5th. Never drink anything but ice water and lemonade.
- 6th. Never go out in the sun.
- 7th. Always sit in the shade.
- 8th. Don't get excited.
- 9th. Eat ice-cream.
- 10th. Don't borrow trouble about your college examinations.
- 11th. Keep cool.
- 12th. Keep your feet in a pair of ice water.
- 13th. Wear a bandage of ice and salt about the head and chest.
- 14th. Don't flunk. (This is of great importance. One good flunk may destroy all the advantages derived from all the other directions.)
- 15th. Read the PHILLIPIAN, but don't curse the editors. (Very important.)
- 16th. Buy six fans and use 'em.
- 17th. Keep quiet.
- 18th. Don't move about.
- 19th. Restrain yourself.
- 20th. Don't do anything.

Two representatives of the class of '78 visited the Senior Class in Latin last week, Mr. Bailey and Mr. Eaton, better known as Xenophon. The latter gentleman is at work at the "Hub," in the office of Ginn & Heath, Publishers.

Map canvassers were numerous last week. Take an agency.

The game between Harvard and Yale University nine played in Boston last Saturday, the 17th, was won by the former by a score of 2 to 0. Good for Harvard.

Brown is covering herself with glory this year in the base-ball field. According to the *Brunonian* she has the best university team she has ever had. Her victory over Trinity last week is one more plume in her cap.

The united exhibition of Philo and Inquiry, which is a foregone conclusion at last, is to come off, circumstances not forbidding, on Friday, the 13th of June.

The ten honor men selected from the Senior Classical Class on the basis of scholarship, and who are obliged to write themes, are Gile, Fairbank, Southworth, Gardner, Byington, Knowlton, Hatch, Hewitt, Warren, and Chang. Three orations are left open to the class, two of them

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The above is a sketch of B. writing out his honor oration for the 17th

[Set honor in one eye and death in the other,
And I will look on both indifferently.
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.]

Julius Caesar

open to those above sixty in every study, and the third open to all, irrespective of standing.

A very interesting game between the Junior Classical and Middle Scientific nines was played Saturday afternoon in the presence of but few spectators. The score stood at the close, 19 to 17 in favor of the Middlers.

Second Division finished the Anabasis Tuesday. The glorious Homer now.

The campus fire has been. Two Sundays ago the men in Commons, as they looked out of their windows in the morning, saw a smouldering heap under the west goal posts. Simply that and nothing more. No demonstration was made in the night owing to circumstances, and consequently very few saw the fire in its glory. But we are assured by those who were so fortunate as to behold that it was fully up to campfires built by former classes, and with this we are content.

Prof: "What is the comparative of satis?"

Senior: "Satius."

Prof: "If satis then means enough, what does satiis mean?"

Senior, after due reflection: "More than enough."

Another. — Senior, inquiring after the truth: "Can 'vacuus' be compared? If a thing is empty can it be any more than empty?"

Prof: "Well, we say, 'he's the most empty-headed person I ever saw.' Yes, I think it can be compared." Prolonged grin.

We understand that the united exhibition will occur about the 13th of June. Music will be furnished by the Germania Band of Boston. The parts will consist of a declamation, *Mirror*, oration, and debate. It ought and probably will be an interest-

ing entertainment and a credit to the two societies.

The Senior Class-Biblicals are to be omitted the rest of the term. During the time that they have been a matter of course the class has made rapid progress and has attained great proficiency. The press of other work more in keeping with the general character of the studies necessitates the omission.

The Draper, Prize men are busy with their preparations. The speaking will probably occur within two weeks.

The attention of our readers is called to the advertisement of Mr. H. Dennie Morse, merchant tailor in Lawrence.

The Stylographic Pen, which is advertised in our columns, is meeting with general favor. We have tried it and prophecy that it will come into general use in Phillips, as it has already in the Seminary. Mr. Hart informs us that he has received a number of orders in answer to the advertisement which he inserted in our last issue.

That reminds us that the PHILLIPIAN is coming to be recognized as the best advertising medium for those who do business with the students of the schools on Andover Hill.

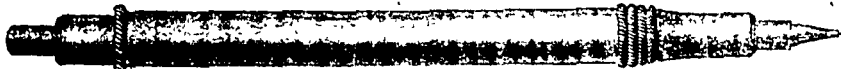
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