

# THE PHILLIPPIAN.

VOL. I.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS., JAN. 25, 1879.

No. 7.

## ABBOTT ACADEMY.

Jan. 21 1879

A COMMUNICATION was not sent to the last number of the PHILLIPPIAN, as the three days of the term that had then elapsed had brought no startling changes or events worthy of mention beyond the usual preliminaries at the opening of a term. Doubtless, pages could be filled with enthusiastic accounts of holiday experiences and delights, very interesting of course to those who enjoyed them, but hardly coming under the head of Abbott Academy news.

Before we enter upon any account of what has happened to us since then, we must not forget to remark upon an etching in the last *Mirror*, which impressed us with a feeling of its truthfulness to human nature, and also with a sense of the lesson it might convey to those who were not too obtuse to see its application.

It is the most natural thing in the world that a sensible girl should have greater pleasure in the company of a handsome, gallant young man than in that of a wise old one, who, however much wisdom he may have, has yet to learn that grumbling at youthful errors is not the surest method of ingratiating himself into favor. This, from a girl's point of view, is only a confirmation of the sage conclusion at which the *Mirror* has arrived, and so forcibly illustrated.

A few evenings since we were favored with a serenade, which, according to the instructions of the PHILLIPPIAN, we attribute to the Glee Club. It did our hearts good to hear their voices again after the long silence, which we could not fail to notice. Our pleasure was tinged with regret, however, upon overhearing the pathetic remark, "Come on, Jack, lets go home; my feet are cold."

We had the pleasure this morning, at prayers, of listening to some earnest and impressive words from Pres. Magoun of Iowa College, Grinnell, who spoke to us of the thought contained in the words, "That our daughters may be corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." The barest thread of the thought, which we wish we could give in his own beautiful language, was, that women moving and reigning as queens in society and the home, are the corner-stones of that society and of those homes. It is only the solid substance that can bear a fine polish, and there must be solidity of foundation and character to receive the fine polish of education and accomplishments.

We are looking forward to a lecture next week from Mr. Charles Lovering, of Taunton, Mass., upon the history of art, and holders of tickets are entitled to the privilege of examining the next day, at their leisure, his many valuable prints from the Arundel collection of pictures.

It is a matter of congratulation to the community, as well as ourselves, that Dr.

R. S. Storrs, of Brooklyn, N. Y., has consented to give our semi-centennial address. Perhaps we are indebted for this rare treat to the fact that his wife was once an A. A. girl. A. A.

## THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

If solemn promises are worth anything, the renovated Bartlett Chapel is now in use.

The second Familiar Talk of the year was given by Rev. L. T. Chamberlain, of Norwich, Conn.

Dr. Magoun, President of Iowa College, has been for the past two weeks giving lectures to the Senior Class, on Home Missions.

Rev. Dr. Dexter, editor of the *Congregationalist*, who is the lecturer on Congregationalism to the Middle Class, has read nine of his course of twelve lectures, deferring the remainder until the Spring term.

A Junior having heard that he might secure a copy of Dr. Channing's works gratis, on application, was discovered in the act of writing a letter to the Doctor, saying he had heard he was sending editions of his writings, and that he should like, &c., &c. Moral: "'Tis vain " to spread a sounding name abroad."

We want to say a good word for the workmen on the old chapel. We cannot too much admire their evidently earnest and solemn views of life. There is a well-considered forethought and impressive deliberation about their movements, which augur a full conviction that they are building for eternity—with some hope that they will live to see the fruits of their labors. Theologians may come and Building-Committees may go, but they — *acternum labitur et labitur*.

The Seminary Catalogue for the current year shows a membership of 77 students, thus apportioned: Resident Licentiates, 2; Senior Class, 19; Middle Class, 29; Junior Class, 20; Special Course, 7. Of these 12 are without a collegiate education. Amherst leads with a representation of 15 men; Harvard and Dartmouth have each 7 graduates; Yale, Oberlin and Williams, 6 each.

## SOCIETY OF INQUIRY.

January 14, 1879.

THE first regular meeting of the Winter term was called to order by Pres. Hewitt. According to custom, the exercises were preceded by prayer. The singing of a hymn was followed with the Observatory by the first editor, J. B. Wilson. It received the attention which its careful preparation deserved. The declamation of the evening was well delivered by C. M. Sheldon. Then came an extempore. Before the speaker had finished it became painfully evident that his address was purely extemporaneous.

The question of debate was: Resolved, "That the Pulpit is mightier than the Press." The affirmative was opened by W. Gardner, who was seconded by D. P. Hatch. D. A. White; seconded by M. C. Gile, represented the negative. We fail to present an outline of the arguments of the leaders, as we shall endeavor to do in the future. The debate, when thrown open, was liberally supported from the house. The question was decided in favor of the negative, 12 to 1, the president also giving his decision for the negative. One gentleman was granted an honorable-dismission from the society and six were invited to join. After the critique by G. E. Danforth the meeting was adjourned. The attendance at the meeting was smaller than should be with the society's membership, but it was one of the most interesting meetings we have had.

## EXETER.

A "Dramatic" Club has been formed here this term, having for its object the giving of an entertainment the last part of the term. Much interest is taken in it already, and it promises to be a success.

The Class of '80 has chosen W. L. Clark & Co., of Boston, for their class photographers. They took the pictures for the Class of '79 and gave universal satisfaction.

Hard work is the order of exercises in all the classes this term.

The putting of gas into the academy has finally been completed, and the Christian Fraternity held its weekly meeting in one of the rooms last Sunday evening.

The Glee Club is to give a public rehearsal in about two weeks. The members returned this term with "willing spirits but weak bodies," inasmuch as most all of them were laid up with colds.

Sleigh riding and snow-balling are the pastimes of leisure hours.

## PASILALY.

It is a curious fact that Dr. John A. Weiss, a noted German philologist, in a recent work of his, entitled, "Origin, Progress and Destiny of the English Language and Literature," has attempted to prove that the English tongue will some day be the universal one.

The whole wide world united by one band  
Of human speech, of feeling, and of thought!  
And that the English tongue! that tongue our own!  
'Tis glorious but to think of what may be.  
In time to come, when all the nations far,  
From east to west, from north to south, shall call,  
With one accordant voice, upon one God.  
When races now divided, and disturbed  
By hostile strife, shall learn to war no more.  
And every man shall call his neighbor kin,  
And all the earth his own familiar home.

IN the last PHILLIPPIAN a communication appeared signed "M. M." It is just to say that the member of the Senior Class whose initials are similar to this *nom de plume* was not the writer.

# THE PHILLIPIAN.

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We publish this week two views of the much-talked-of Landlady Bill. Both are perhaps extreme, and yet both represent the way in which the two parties—school and faculty—feel in regard to the matter. Perhaps the discussion may seem very uninteresting to our subscribers out of the school, but to the school it is of paramount importance. We do not wish for a minute to make the PHILLIPIAN seem any hindrance to any laws which the faculty see fit to make; we merely wish to notice the fact that the principle of leaving anything to a boy's honor seems to be considered by the powers that be a very poor one. We do not know enough about the matter to say: we have seen the old system, and its working; the new one we have yet to be impressed by.

We must apologize to our Phillips subscribers for the delay in getting their papers to them. All things cannot be learnt at once, but we hope that there will be no trouble with the present issue in that respect.

SEVERAL of our colleges have recently been the scenes of a much-to-be-deplored muzzling of their press. We are not informed as to whether the action of the several faculties was supported by the public or not; we merely know the bare fact that school and college journalism is liable to be suddenly squelched if the tenor of its representative papers is not favorable to the powers that be. A very innocent criticism or suggestion may be considered a very serious offence, for which the unfortunate editor is held responsible. The moment that his pen by mischance strays into an expression of popular feeling, he should become convinced that his future existence in that institution is a precarious one. It is therefore with a very acute sense of our own feebleness that we have the audacity to touch upon any mandate of the school government. As far as we are concerned we would much prefer to say nothing whatsoever about it; but as the PHILLIPIAN is supposed to be the expression of that which concerns the rank and file of its subscribers, we submit a few very humble remarks in regard to that wonderful document which made its appearance last Friday morning. To say that we were surprised might be to imply that it was something out of the customary order of things; we will therefore merely say that we were moved in somewhat the same way that Mr. Squeers was when Nicholas Nickleby administered his gentle rebuke to him in Dotheboy's Hall,—not visibly excited, simply moved. When we first saw it, it was pasted over the door of one of our subscriber's rooms; it was very uniform, very uniform indeed. It had a very tasteful little black line running down its

centre, and a place at the bottom for the female to sign her name. We drew out the Editorial Note-Book and made a little sketch of it. We do not hesitate to recommend it; there are many of us whose names are now in comparative obscurity, for whom the future promises great things. How pleasant it will be to see those blank spaces filled up with your name, or your 'chum's, with the news that you were not at breakfast; that you had the pleasure of such a man's company on Sunday. In fine, you will never have such careful watch kept over you. That it will prove of great advantage, we have no doubt. The whiskey punch-bell system in Virginia has relieved the authorities of a great deal of trouble, and all measures which tend to promote uniformity are sure to enjoy a long and prosperous future. We sympathize with those who had fondly hoped that the fact that we had had the best order here that we have experienced for years, would give us more liberty instead of diminishing it; but then we must all have trials. The faculty have their trials, so do the editors of the PHILLIPIAN, as do the Theologues: why should you be any exception to the general rule? We sympathize with the Commons men who will lose the benefit of all this, but to them we would say that man cannot have everything. The editors of the PHILLIPIAN do not have everything, neither do the faculty, neither do the Theologues: they must wait and trust to time.

VERY often a student when translating comes upon a passage which is so ambiguous that he is perfectly nonplussed to give a good translation. He turns to his notes and reads something like this: "This passage is notably a difficult one. Commentators are not agreed upon it. Buttman translates like this . . . Voss and Koppen take it in this sense . . . Kühner reads . . ."

Now a student cannot come across these contradictions day after day without being led into a train of thought which is not very complimentary to the learned men who have compiled notes on classic Greek and Latin. For example, a student is reciting, and he comes to this passage or line: "Alter ab undecimo tum me jam accéperat annus,"—the bald translation of which is, "Another year from the twelfth had already received me." The class officer gravely informs him that there has been a great deal of dispute over this line; that authorities differ, &c.

Now the student must be very thoughtless if such a statement as that does not rouse a feeling of wonder at least in his mind as to how much time has been spent, by men who ought to be doing something better, in wrangling over such insignificant points as these. What earthly difference does it make whether the boy was eleven or twelve or thirteen or four hundred years old? And yet learned men, "authorities," have wasted midnight oil over this and other weighty points in the classics.

We have read somewhere of a German professor who spent nearly all his life, in writing a book upon the Greek particles *καὶ ἄρα*. And how thankful the world must feel to-day for his labors! What countless ages will rise up and call him blessed for such a work of benefaction! How the last years of his life must have been cheered and animated with the thought that his

life-work had been a noble sacrifice for the good of mankind!

We have great respect for learning, especially for the careful and patient learning which does not shun or slight details. But there is such a thing as carrying a research too far. When linguists stoop to wrangle over little points which have no meaning and no worth they expose themselves rightly to a true student's wonder if not to his ridicule.

"And now the fighting editaire  
Who dwelleth here in Exetaire,—

Look out for the fighting editaire,  
Who boxing gloves doth always waire;

And dwelleth here in Exetaire.

*The Exonian*, Jan. 18th, 1879.

WITH trembling heart and flagging pen do we venture to reply to the profound and highly appreciative criticism of our young and innocent friend, the *Exonian*, upon a translation which appeared in our last issue from Virgil's first Eclogue. The critic characterizes it as "passable, but nothing extra," and in a further remark shows that it considers the piece as an attempt at an elegant translation of the Virgilian muse, instead of what the translator probably intended it to be, viz, an illustration of what a beautiful poem in one language may become when paraphrased into another. Still we cannot greatly blame a periodical whose poet sings in the "Metaires of the Horse Caire Condotaire," formerly so popular among third-rate rural newspapers, for its poetical strictures upon the humble attempt of one who has not a "fighting editaire" to inspire him with the fire of the poet's frenzy.

## SECESSION.

A poem dedicated to those former members of the Shawshine Club who have proved traitors to their allegiance, who have deserted their comrades in the breach, and who have departed to enjoy sumptuous feasts and convivialities for a season.

O Muse, inspire us with divinest song!  
And help this feeble pen of ours along.  
Wake each inspiring sentiment anew!  
And with the poet's frenzy us imbue.

No longer now within Shawshinus halls  
Are heard as once those repetitious calls  
For extras, in the shape of eggs and pie;  
Alas! those glorious times are all gone by!  
Gone are those shouts of revelry and mirth;  
Hushed is the song e'en in its very birth;  
Each one in silence eats his daily bread,  
Since all the shouting grumblers hence are fled.  
Yet think not thus, ye traitors to your trust,  
Whose duty 'twas to share your comrades'  
crust,

Think not that future ages will approve  
Your base secession, and your greedy move.  
Though qual-on-toast, and chickens, pave  
your way,  
Though gorged on sardines; and mince-pie,  
each day,

A guilty conscience will accuse a sinner,  
Although his inner man be strong with dinner.  
And as three times a day you climb the hill,  
To satisfy your greed, and eat your fill,  
May Arnold's fate oppress your guilty heart,  
As you review your own dark treacherous part.  
May awful dreams attend your pampered souls,  
And thoughts of horrible and feasting ghoul.  
May all the maxims you have ever heard  
Of loyalty within your minds be stirred.  
And may each one, as he reviews the past,  
Consider that a doom will fall at last  
On those who for the sake of better "grub"  
Forsook their comrades of the Shawshine  
Club.

PHILLIPIANA.

CAN it be possible that we are in Andover, or is Andover degenerating? A lecture course, Billy Frazier's entertainment, the Virginia Colored Quartette, a dancing school, and a prospect of more entertainments this term. Where and when will this gaiety stop? We must thankfully receive these past blessings and fondly hope there are "more to follow."

The Star Lecture Course, which takes the place of the Citizens' Lecture Course, was opened two weeks ago with a lecture by Mrs. Ann Eliza Young. She was followed by Miss Cayvan, and the unfulfilled part of the programme is a lecture by Gen. Kilpatrick and an illustrated lecture on humorous art by Frank Beard.

"Prof." Pierce is travelling incognito as Charlie Ross.

"Bell-um toll-it," shouted a promising young Middler a few days ago, as the signal for recitation pealed out upon the air.

John L. Davis, L.C. 6, 3, is prepared to furnish oil to students in Commons, agreeing to give "full measure, pressed down, and running over." The last given only by special contract.

Newton, '79, is agent for "American Colleges, their Students and Work," by Mr. Thwing of the Seminary.

The Middlers, classical, have begun rhetorical exercises under Mr. Comstock.

"Prof." Pierce is beguiling the innocent cads with cornballs and prize packages of pop-corn. He can be found during school hours in the Academy hall.

P. S. '80 gave their class officer, Mr. MacCurdy, a beautiful bouquet, as an expression of personal regard and sympathy for him in his protracted illness.

Garman, '78, has left Dartmouth and entered the Freshman class at Williams.

Fr er is teaching school in McAfer Valley, New Jersey.

What would we do for gems of translations were it not for the Eclogues of Virgil? We are becoming more and more convinced of the aim which Virgil had in view when he wrote them. He must have looked down through the long centuries, &c, and have seen that school papers scratching their heads, (if we may so), for items, would easily and gladly find relief in the curious and beautiful translations of his pastoral poems. Here are two specimens of class work during the past week.

"*Hic tantum Boreae curamus frigora, quantum numerum lupus.*" "We care as much for the cold of winter as the wolf cares for music." The following, however, strikes us as being a translation straight to the point and perfectly literal, "*Claudite, Nymphae.*" "Shut up! O Nymphs."

The following has been handed in by a Middler, name unknown: "When may it be truly said of a person that he is *miss-taken*? When he has fallen in love."

Latin Professor. — "Why do you suppose I chose this text of Sallust?" Junior, promptly, "Because 'twas the hardest."

A pleasant little episode happened last Saturday, down town on Main Street. A dignified Senior, whose name we withhold from motives of policy, so far forgot his seniority as to run after a sleigh which was going by, with the evident intention

of hanging on behind and getting a ride. The driver saw him and whipped up his horses. But the Senior redoubled his efforts, and inspired by the looking on of three Fem Sems, who were on the sidewalk, he gained rapidly on the sleigh; but, alas! he never reached it. For at that moment a snowball, hurled by the unerring aim of a grinning Middler, struck his cranium and knocked his hat off. There was a pause on the part of the Senior. A mighty struggle was going on within him. Should he run on after the sleigh minus his hat, or stop, pick up his hat, and go back and lick the Middler? He finally did the latter. But the Fem Sems went on their way giggling, there was a ripple of laughter on both sides the street, and one more item found its way into the editor's note-book.

Another gem from Virgil. This is not a class translation, however, but an afterthought. "*Haedos depono.*" "Take off your kids."

The Senior Classical class has at last finished Homer and taken up the study of Herodotus.

The religious meetings which have been held in the Academy during the past two weeks have been well attended and the results have been gratifying. There has been no marked excitement, but the work has gone on steadily and calmly, and there is every reason to hope, on that account, that the Christian element of the school will be supported, not by excited converts, but by active and earnest co-workers.

The first meeting held by the Society of Inquiry this term was a glorious one. All the parts were filled and creditably. The leaders on the debate were provided with seconds and several members spoke from the house. Half a dozen names were presented at the close of the regular exercises for admittance. Philo must look to her laurels if she would not have them taken from her by her younger competitor.

The withdrawal of certain persons from the Shawshine Club left the club minus some of its officers. A new election resulted as follows: President, H. M. Love; Vice-President, C. M. Sheldon; First Executive, G. R. Hewitt; Second, J. F. Nichols; Third, F. S. Chickering. There are no perijodical grumblers in the club now, except the Vice-President, who is dissatisfied with his seat. But the revolution of time may soften even a very cold draught of air.

In connection with Herodotus, the Senior Class have taken up for careful reading and study Farrar's Greek Syntax. No book, adapted to the use of students of Middle schools, which we have ever seen, begins to possess the interest that this one does. After reading its first few pages we begin to feel what we could never infer from the ordinary text-books, and that is, that the study of the mechanism of language is not altogether uninteresting and unfruitful. But it is a book that ought to be read slowly, — and slow reading takes time; so does Herodotus.

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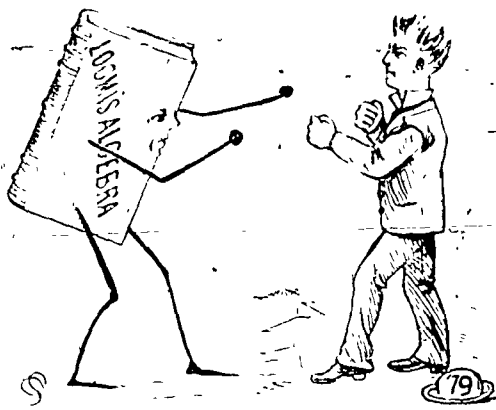
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"Avant! and quit my sight! Let the earth-hide thee!  
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold,  
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with!" — SHAKESPEARE.

*Mr. Phillipian*, — There has been considerable talk about the arrangement which was made by the school authorities with the landladies of the students, for the better enforcement of study hours, &c. Most of this talk has been mere empty breath, devoid alike of common sense and reason, and I beg the privilege of saying something upon the other side, through the PHILLIPIAN, which is, or ought to be, an impartial medium for school communications.

In the first place, it is the pet idea of a certain class of school-boys, that rules and regulations were made for their especial torment. A student who has the manhood to obey the rules and regulations is regarded as a chicken-hearted fellow by this class of students, who would scorn the thought of being in their rooms at eight o'clock, employed in the proper work for which we have all come here.

Now it is saying a good deal, but I think it can be truthfully said, that not one single student who has come here for the purpose of study feels grieved in the least at the new rule. Why should he? Is not the rule made for the express purpose of preserving his study hours? Does he feel as if he was being watched and deprived of freedom? If he kept the hours for study before, when there was little if any fear of detection if he broke them, why should he wish to break through them now when detection is certain?

The truth of the fact is, that those persons who curse the rules most heartily are the very ones for whom the rules are made. Of course they rebel at a regulation which aims to preserve good order during the week and on the Sabbath. But it cannot be that the thoughtful student looks upon any wise restriction on the part of his superiors as a grievance. It is the privilege of every American boy to grumble. But it is not his privilege or his business to grumble at rightful laws. If he finds fault with rules which are made for his own good he at once accuses himself in the eyes of others, and betrays a childishness more fitted for a primary school than an academy like our own.

STUDENT.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Bradford, of the Seminary, who is prepared to do all kinds of watch repairing, and also to furnish new watches of any manufacture at the lowest prices.

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