

THE STUDENTS' RECORD.

NE TENTES, AUT PERFICE.

Vol. I.

Bangor, Me., May, 1887.

No. 8.

FLORAL SUNDAY.

The following poem was written by a pupil of the B. H. S. to read at the Floral Concert in the Third Congregational Church.

What means this holy, peaceful calm,
And the songs ringing out on the air?
What the hush—as each little head
Is fervently bowed in prayer?
Would ye know? Then ask the flowers—
All nodding their heads so gay,
Or the birds, pealing forth glad anthems,
And listen to what they say!
Hark, the snowballs are softly breathing
“’Tis the Children's Sabbath Day.”

I muse on this strange, sweet, answer,
How like are the children to flowers!
They both are born neath the azure sky,
And grow amid sunshine and flowers.
The bud is slain by the winds so mild,
And at the harvest Death claims the child.
Yet both the bud
And life so sweet,
Bloom for aye
At the Master's feet.

So let us, youth and aged ones,
Be children in heart to day—
Memory brings back other hours,
When as free from care are they.
What if trials shadow our paths,
They vanish away with the night.
We shall rise again as children,
Surrounded by heavenly light,
Breaking free at the glorious dawn
Of the glad Resurrection morn.
Thus we'll join with the happy voices,
And lift up our hearts and sing
Sweet songs of love and thankful praise
To him our Saviour King
Who, in a field of flowers, bade
The disciples at his knee—
“Forbid them not, these little ones
Suffer them to come to me.”

And we come to Him now,
As they, in the days of old—
And up in the realms above,
From the beautiful home of the soul,
The angels look lovingly o'er us
And, chanting a faint, low lay,
Tell us the dear ones in Heaven
Are keeping our Children's Day.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

“By the river deep and black,
Where the countless masts arise,
London's Tower lifts its strength
To the English skies.
Centuries ago it stood, grim as now,
And seemed to frown
On the river's rolling flood,
And on London Town.”

About half a mile below London bridge stands the Tower, which has no rival among palaces or prisons. Its origin like the “Sphinx,” is lost in the distant ages. The general opinion is that it is the work of William the Conqueror, but old writers date it from the time of Cæsar, a name remaining in use to this day in the part called “Cæsar's Tower.” A Roman walk can be seen near the

ditch.

With its 8 hundred years of traditional fame, all other palaces and prisons seem like things of an hour.

There are many grand palaces in Europe, but with the exception of St. Angelo, in Rome, there remains no prison that can compare in history and drama with the Tower of London with its dark line of walls, gates, turrets, keeps, Armory, jewel house, Bye-ward gate, Belfrey and Bloody Tower.

Cæsar's Tower, called the “White Tower,” was designed by two great architects, Gundulf, the Weeper, and Henry, the Builder. One was a poor Norman monk, the other an English king. From the days of Henry III, down to those of Henry of Richmond, the Tower, as the strongest place in England, was by turn the beautiful home and miserable prison of all the princes.

The Tower was divided into two parts, the Inner Ward and Outer Ward. The former was the royal quarter, no common people being admitted. This ward was the kings' castle, palace, garrison wardrobe, treasury, keeps, dungeons, private chapel and private block.

The Court of the King's Bench was held in the Inner Ward.

The Outer Ward was the people's quarter, and here the court of Common Pleas was held.

The wharf was a promenade to which people resorted on fair days. All persons coming in honor to the tower were landed at the Queen's Stair, all coming in disgrace were pushed through Trator's Gate.

The Inner ward is surrounded by a wall, crowned by twelve mural towers.

The House Armory is a very interesting room to visit. It is about 150 by 33 ft. There is a line of Equestrian warriors with the armor they probably wore. Other suits of armor with ancient weapons hang along the wall, and many historic relics are there such as a battle-axe of the time of Henry VI, and a powder horn of the time of Elizabeth. In Elizabeth's Armory Walter Raleigh was confined; and on the walls are many memorials of the prisoners who were executed there.

London Tower has been the scene of many terrible tragedies.

Probably no name is written so darkly on the history of the Tower at that of Gloucester.

When ever the Tower is mentioned our minds picture Gloucester with his knife at the throat of King Henry; Gloucester,

drowning his brother in the butt of wine; Gloucester, murdering his nephews in the Tower. We will see him at the Battle of Bosworth, and we shall follow him through the battle, until he falls, and Richmond is hailed King of England.

Other names prominent in the history of the Tower, are those of Lady Jane Grey, Mary and Elizabeth.

We can see King John signing the Magna Charter, and sending his servant to put out the eyes of his young nephew Arthur, who was rightful heir to the throne.

To even those who have never visited it, the Tower has a strange attachment. Go where we may its memory will cling to us in poetry and tradition, while Shakespeare, in his wonderful compositions makes every thing a reality, a part of our lives.

This is but a brief description of the Tower, and as we recall its history we ought to feel glad that our lives are so peaceful, and that our homes are full of love and happiness, instead of being shrouded in such gloom and mystery.

A FEW THINGS CONCERNING THE JEWS.

Having lately read “The Story of the Jews” in which I found much that was entirely new to me, I thought that it might be of interest to someone if I should mention a few things that I remember.

No other people after having been driven from land to land, tortured and persecuted on all sides, would have retained their pride or clung so tenaciously to their principles as they have done. Notwithstanding difficulties they have forced themselves into the highest positions. It is said that the best business men in Germany are Jews: “They have seventy professors in the universities; they have the most brilliant parliamentary leaders.” One of their greatest statesmen was Benjamin Disraeli, who, having overcome all adversity and ridicule became the leader of the Tories in England.

They seem to have had a particularly hard time in Germany, where, at one time, they were not allowed to speak German correctly, to have much do with commerce, and were totally debarred from all handicrafts. But, doggedly pursuing their quiet way, many of them in spite of persecution and privation have amassed great fortunes, the Rothschilds being perhaps most successful.

The word Jew has become a cynonyme for avarice, but, as Professor Hosmer

says: "The Christian set himself against him like a flint. Can the Jew be blamed that he skinned the flint?" "Someone has defined the type of shrewdness to be; 'a Jewish Yorkshireman of Scottish extraction with a Yankee education.'" And he continues: "In the competition of American life it is diamond cut diamond, but it is hard to say whether Jew or Yankee will show the most nicks as marks of the grinding power of the other." Men noted for their benevolence have come from the very people who are considered so greedy. Many have become famous as musical composers. I will mention only Mendelssohn and Rubenstein, and great so was their ability that composers of other nations became jealous. In the long list of actors we have Rachel and Bernhart. There have been Jewish philosophers—Spinoza, for one—Jewish men of medicine; the best scholar in Sanscript was a Jew, and there is one famous for his erudition in Greek.

The greatest poet of Germany after the death of Goethe was Heinrich Heine, also a Jew.

One speaking in behalf of his race says: "Since one loud person attracts greater attention than twenty who are modest and refined, it has come about that the whole race is often condemned because of the follies of some of the coarsest and least representative of its members."

Many think that the Jews are coming out from their long bondage to a glory as great as their persecution was abject.

EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Let us imagine the home of a Vicar of the last century, situated in the county of Longford, Ireland.

What a little world of domestic happiness it is! What loving obedience is rendered to the parents by their affectionate children, and with what skill the household duties are performed by the two sisters!

It was in this peaceful abode that the childhood and probably the happiest years of Oliver Goldsmith's life, were passed.

Near the Vicarage we catch sight of the village school. It is a hot afternoon, the scholars lounge indolently in their seats, yawning, stretching, putting their bodies first in this position, then in that, gazing listlessly at the flies which float drowsily near the ceiling, now casting longing glances at the clock, which hangs on the wall and ticks steadily on.

A tap on the desk brings then all to their senses, lessons are laid aside for the day and the old village pedagogue is about to relate one of his most exciting

adventures, how interested they seem, and how their cheeks glow! But in no face do we see more interest apparent than in that of young Oliver Goldsmith.

We will pass over many striking episodes in the life of Goldsmith and take a glimpse of him in Dublin College.

It is evening: the calmness and stillness which prevail are refreshing after the din and bustle of the day. The dormitory of Oliver, however, presents a striking contrast to the outside world, for he is entertaining a dancing party of light-hearted boys and girls. The jollity is at its highest point, when it is abruptly ended by the entrance of the tutor, who puts the gay crowd to flight, not, however, before he inflicts severe chastisement on the leader, whose dignity is so wounded, that he escapes by night, from the presence of his terrible persecutor.

Now we find him at Edinburgh, studying medicine, where his joyous good-nature renders him a general favorite.

Then again starting for Holland, but arrested for debt while boarding the vessel.

What a novel sight he presents wandering through the continent of Europe, now at a gambling den losing and winning the money which he spends again in such ridiculously childish ways, now playing one of his merriest tunes on the flute which he always carried, outside the cottage of some poor peasant, to procure a nights lodging under its friendly roof. To his roaming at this time, the world is indebted for his poem the "Traveller."

Think of his return to his native land! Friendless without money or reputation to fall back upon, what is he to do? He obtained the situation of usher at an academy in London, but gives up this employment in disgust after a week of trial.

We can almost fancy we see him, his personal appearance never prepossessing, but at this particular period still less so from the threadbare state of his wardrobe, applying for employment to a chemist who takes him into his laboratory, where his medical knowledge renders him a useful assistant. From this time Goldsmith seems to have gained a decent subsistence by means of his pen, but the publication of his poem the "Traveller," caused him to emerge from his slough of literary drudgery.

The appearance of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and his comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," bring him forth altogether from his obscurity, and he becomes one of the most admired and popular authors of his time.

He formed the friendship of Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, and other noted worthies of that day, and many are the anecdotes and sayings of Goldsmith, which

were treasured up by them. He was a man whom it was impossible not to love and equally impossible not to despise and laugh at, his genius and weakness combined made him the pet and laughing-stock of the brilliant literary circle in which he moved.

Goldsmith had been for many years afflicted with a painful and dangerous disease. On twenty-fifth of March, 1774, he was taken extremely ill with a violent pain extending all over the fore part of his head. To relieve the pain he is said to have taken two ounces of ipecacuanha wine, in direct opposition to every argument used against it, by his friends.

On the following morning on being asked how he did, he replied, "I wish I had taken advice when it was offered."

On fourth of April, 1774, Oliver Goldsmith, ended his career, and was laid to rest in the 'grand old shrine of the Great' Westminster Abby.

WOTY'S EULOGY ON GOLDSMITH.

"Adieu, sweet bard! to each fine feeling true,
Thy virtues many and thy foibles few!
Those form'd to charm e'en vicious minds and these,
With harmless mirth the social soul to please.
Others' woe thy heart could always melt:
None gave more free for none more deeply felt,
Sweet bard, adieu! thy own harmonious lays,
Have sculptured out thy monument of praise:
Yes—these survive to times remotest day,
While drops the bust, and boastful tombs decay,
Reader, if numbered in the Muses' train,
Go, tune thy lyre, and imitate his strain;
But, if no poet thou, reverse the plan,
Depart in peace and imitate the man."

D. C.

RIDE TO HERMON.

On Monday, the 13th, the Botany class with those of the Greek division who wished, went out to Hermon Pond, accompanied by their teacher, Miss Brown, for the purpose of getting specimens.

By barge and bicycle the party was conveyed to its destination, which was reached at about 1 o'clock. The scholars with their boxes and baskets immediately went down to the shore of the pond where the tempting dainties were soon displayed before the hungry class.

The only draw-back was the number of mosquitoes which threatened not only to devour the scholars but the luncheon baskets and their contents as well. Fortunately however the teacher had brought a preventative and thus the lives of the Sophomore class were saved. Let me here advise any party going to Hermon Pond to take this same specific against the ravages of these insects if they value their comfort and peace of mind.

After the baskets were emptied to an alarming degree, the scholars scattered in different directions, some going to the bog for specimens and others waiting for the specimens to be brought to them and so keeping dry feet.

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The Students' Record.

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Mabel Harlow, Grace Chamberlain,
Julia F. Dillingham, Mae H. Plaisted,
Albert G. Davis.

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Some of the boys attempted a game of ball in a field, but in a short time the owner appeared and for some reason or another the boys scattered and were not seen in that particular field during their stay. For the reason apply to the boys in the Sophomore class of the B. H. S.

But *one* really dangerous incident occurred during the whole trip. About the middle of the afternoon all were suddenly startled by a wild cry and on looking up discovered one of their number screaming and wringing her hands. Upon inquiries it was found that a snake, a real live snake "over a yard long" had actually run in front of the distressed damsel. Of those who were with the young lady at the time, one said that it was not longer than a couple of inches, another said that it was but a twisted stick, while a third declared that there was nothing at all and that it was purely imaginary on the part of the young lady. We cannot believe that however, as nothing short of a snake at least one yard long could have frightened any one who is such a devotee of etymology as the young lady in question. Let us all be thankful that she escaped with no greater injury than a serious fright.

The boats were all in a leaky condition so that only a few, more adventurous than the rest, attempted a row. They secured enough "cow lilies" for the rest and so one specimen was obtained.

Of the suffering from the heat and the the uneventful ride home it is unnecessary to speak. However much or little the herbarium of each scholar was increased

I am sure I voice the sentiments of '89 when I express their appreciation of Miss Brown's thoughtfulness in arranging such a charming holiday.

A LESSON FOR GIRLS.

Are boys naturally smarter than girls, are their minds of finer fibre, and capable of a larger and broader development? We will not take individual cases, but view the majority of each sex. In school work, the girls equal if not surpass the boys, but when the principal training-time of life is passed, the latter spring forward and leave the former far behind. Does this argue that women lack the power to advance, or that their natural forces are not brought out, that they are content to remain stationary all their lives? I believe that women possess as able minds as men, that it is their own fault that they are left behind in the race of life. The fact that women exhibit such self-reliance, energy and courage when thrown on their own resources, proves that they possess the latent power.

When boys leave school, they realize that their work is just begun, that they have something to do in life; girls think that their work is ended, that all now left for them to do is to cast their lines in the pool of matrimony, and hook the biggest fish that bite! They spend their time in reading novels, doing fancy work, talking about each other, arraying themselves in as stylish apparel as their fathers' purses will allow, drifting aimlessly along day after day, instead of learning to do something useful, developing the powers given them, enlarging and broadening their minds! You often hear girls remark, "Oh, what do I want to learn that for? I never expect to teach. I know enough." No, young ladies, you may never be schoolma'ms, but I have no doubt many of you are looking forward to positions that require as well trained minds as the highest vocations in life. Many of you are looking forward to being married, are you not, and it is right that you should. The home is pre-eminently woman's sphere; there she may wield her greatest influence, the field of labor is almost limitless. But alas! how few enter this vineyard trained to labor! How many vines and tender shoots suffer because of inexperienced fingers! The mother is the natural teacher, and to guide children aright, should be thoroughly disciplined herself. Head, heart, hands need training, would you make your labor a success.

Awake, girls! you have a great work to do! Develop the powers within you, have certain aims in life, steer your ships toward some port, do not, above all things, drift heedlessly over the sea!

G. C.

LOCALS.

The Seniors have departed and their places in school are vacant.

Next year's Freshman class is an unusually large one.

The class motto of '87 is, Non Otium, sed Vita. If they would only live up to it——!!

The next issue of this paper will contain a full report of the graduation exercises.

That illustration in our last issue is said to have haunted some of the Scrubs as the spirit of the cat did the writer of the poetry (?). The Seniors, however, indignantly assert that it was taken from a rat poison bottle.

In the H. S. World we see a plan of an extension to be soon added to the St. Paul (Minn.) High School. The new building will contain a chemical laboratory, machine room, mechanical drawing room, large school rooms, a tower for a telescope, private offices for the Teachers and Superintendents, and several dressing rooms 8 by 25 feet or larger on each floor. We commend the St. Paul authorities to the powers that hold control over our excellent but rather crowded school house.

We take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of an invitation to the reception of the Senior class, Brunswick High School. We sincerely hope that the occasion may be a very pleasant one.

We are glad to see that the Junior editor has at last come to his senses and acknowledges their much vaunted class color to be N. G.

The Seniors felt so badly at leaving school that not content with the various affecting inscriptions which they put on one of the boards, they all came straggling back Monday at recess to bid another "fare the well" to the classic halls of Abbot Square. One poor youth was so affected by regret that he could not command his feelings sufficiently to enter, but was discovered standing on the sidewalk gazing at the building with the tears streaming down his cheeks and forming a pool at his feet.

The C. C's. held their last racket in the Library, Thursday, June 16th, and had a "perfectly gorgeous" time. We have heard that a few "outside barbarians" were permitted to join them.

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