

THE STUDENTS' RECORD.

NE TENTES, AUT PERFICE.

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THE SONNET.

If you will "lend me your ears" for a short time, I will tell you a little of the sonnet, promising you to adopt one of the rules of its composition, that is, to make my account as concise as possible and yet not to omit anything valuable in its history.

I think its fabulous origin will greatly interest you. One day, so the story runs, Apollo met the Muses and the Graces, attended by Memory, the mother of the Muses. They each agreed to recite a line of poetry. Apollo first spoke a line, then each of the nine Muses, followed by the verses of the three Graces, and Memory ended the strain by a plaintive refrain. Such was the first sonnet. The sonnet received its name from the circumstance of its being *sounded* or played, that is, accompanied by some musical instrument. Other accounts say the name is derived from the French word "sonnette," meaning sheep-bell.

The sonnet originated in that most musical language—the Italian. It first appeared in the writings of Petrarch; afterward Tasso and other Italians composed in the same style. Then came the Dark Ages in which there were no special writings, but in the sixteenth century—that great era of literary achievements—the English poets commenced studying the best Italian sonnets and some even ventured to adopt that verse. New elasticity was imparted to it and it is now classed as an almost original feature of English verse. Dr. Johnson declared that the English language was not adapted to this style of poetry, but this criticism is false, as is shown by the fact that poets from Spenser down to Tennyson have written many beautiful sonnets.

Perhaps before I give an example of a sonnet I would better explain its structure. It has fourteen lines of which the first eight are called an Octave and the last six a Sestet. The Octave has only two rhymes and the Sestet no more than three. Often the sonnet closes with a couplet with the last words rhyming.

Sir Thomas Wyatt and the Earl of Surrey were the first sonneteers. The subject of the latter's sonnets was love which indeed was a favorite refrain with the earlier writers. Leigh Hunt says Sir Thomas Wyatt, the Earl of Surrey, and Sir Philip Sidney were worthy writers and omits Sir Walter Raleigh who indeed wrote some meritorious sonnets.

The following is a selection from Sidney's sonnet "To the Moon."

"With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies.
How silently and with how wan a face!"

Samuel, Daniel and Drayton were sonneteers contemporary with Shakespeare, but the greatest of this age, excepting, of course, Shakespeare, was the "divine Spenser."

Shakespeare wrote many sonnets, some very beautiful; others, of course, are less beautiful but all show great thought and genius.

I consider this one of his most graceful sonnets.

"That time of year thou may'st in me behold
Where yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare, ruined choirs where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by-and-by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed where'er it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st which mak'st thy love more strong,

To love that nell which thou must leave ere long."
Archbishop French said:

"Shakespeare's sonnets are so heavily laden with meaning, so double-shotted, if one may so speak, with thought, so penetrated and pervaded with a repressed passion that packed as this all is into the narrowest limits, it sometimes imparts no little obscurity to them."

Milton wrote some very fine sonnets not one of which was a love-sonnet.

This is a portion of Gray's only sonnet.

"Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasures brings to happier men.—
A fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more because I weep in vain."

Wordsworth wrote many exquisite sonnets. In his "Monte Rosa" he speaks thus:

"So like the mountain may we glow more bright,
Through unimpeded commerce with the sun,
At the approach of all involving night."

Blanco White, a foreigner, has written a sonnet which is called one of the most beautiful in the English language.

"Mysterious Night! when our first father knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed,
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whil'st fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind?
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife!
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life."

A very good plan for studying the sonnet is to write a prose paraphrase of it; then to prepare an analysis of the principal points contained in the paraphrase, remembering that it must be bound together by a strong train of thought. The sonnet must be confined to one leading idea, or feeling. There must be no obscurity, no superfluous word, neither can one be omitted for sake of convenience. The sonnet must increase rather than diminish in interest towards the close.

C. P. S.

PROSE RENDITION OF A POPULAR POEM.

About Ben Adhem, a rich Persian gentleman, retired rather late one night, having been to an oyster supper. Having, by an accident of the cook eaten an oyster during the evening, it was not strange that Abou should have been troubled by curious dreams.

Suddenly awaking from a peaceful dream, in which he lived in an Utopian land where there were no church socials and other means of swindling the unfortunate, he saw an angel in a full dress suit of white, figuring accounts in a golden book.

Now Abou was exceedingly surprised that an angel should take his bed-chamber for a counting-house, so he said, "What writest thou?" The angel replied that he was doing job work, and was at present writing the names of those who loved the Lord. Then said Abou, "And is mine one?" The angel informed him that he was not in that edition, where upon Abou bethought himself that he had spent fifty cents the night before on an oyster supper, and so said, "I pray thee, then, write me as one who loves his fellow men." The angel registered Abou upon the celestial account-book, and vanished.

The next night, the angel again appeared to Abou, and showed him the names that the Lord had indorsed, and much to his surprise and gratification, Abou's name headed the list.

A FROZEN NOSE.

A Translation from the French.

The first days in which St. Petersburg had put on her white robe, were days of most curious sight-seeing, as everything was new to me. I could not weary of sleigh-riding, for there is a great pleasure in being drawn over the ground smooth as glass, by horses excited by the sharp-

ness of the air, and which, unmindful of their load, seem to fly rather than run.

One day when the air was sharper than usual I decided to take a walk; I enveloped myself in a large astrachan coat, buried my head in a fur-lined cap, tied a cashmere scarf around my neck, and, having only my nose exposed to the air, passed into the street.

At first everything went well; I was astonished to see how little impression the cold made on me and I smiled to myself at all the stories I had heard about it; I was moreover pleased to have this occasion to become acclimated.

However, after some time, I noticed that the persons whom I met, regarded me with a certain uneasiness, but without saying anything. Soon a gentleman, more talkative than the others, said to me while passing: *Noss!* As I did not know a word of Russian I thought it scarcely worth while to stop for a monosyllable, and I continued my walk.

Farther on I met a coachman who was driving very rapidly; but swift as was his course he thought himself obliged to speak to me, in his turn, and cried out: *Noss, noss!*

At last I came to a workman who said nothing, but seized a handful of snow, threw himself upon me, and before I could release myself from my wraps, commenced to rub my face and especially my nose, with all his force. I found this joke far from pleasant, especially in such weather, and, drawing one of my arms from my pocket, I gave him a blow which sent him ten steps. Unfortunately, or fortunately for me, two peasants were passing at this moment, who, after regarding me for a moment, threw themselves upon me, and notwithstanding my resistance, held my arms, while that madman, to whom I had given such a violent blow, seized another handful of snow and again threw himself upon me.

This time, profiting by my powerlessness to resist, he recommenced his friction. But if my arms were pinioned, my tongue was free. Thinking that I was the victim of some conspiracy, with all my strength I called for aid. An officer approached and asked me, in French, what the matter was.

"What sir," I cried, making a last effort to release myself from the three men who, in a most tranquil manner, proceeded on their way; "do you not see what those ruffians were doing to me?" "What were they doing then?" "They rubbed my face with snow! Would you consider such a joke in good taste, in this weather?" "But sir, they rendered you an enormous service," replied my interlocuter. "How is that?" "Doubtless, your nose was frozen." "Bless me! I cried, feeling of the part menaced.

"Sir," said a pedestrian addressing the officer, "your nose is freezing." "Thank you, sir," said the officer, and stooping, he took a handful of snow, and rendered to himself the service which the poor man whom I had so cruelly recompensed for his kindness, had rendered me. "It is then, sir, without that man——" "You would no longer have a nose," replied the officer, rubbing his own. "Then sir, allow me to leave you."

And I am after my man who, thinking that I wished to finish my assault, commenced to run also, and as fear is naturally quicker than gratitude, I would probably never have overtaken him, if some persons, seeing him fleeing and me pursuing, had not taken him for a robber, and stopped him.

When I reached him, I found him talking with great volubility, attempting to make them understand that he was culpable only of too great philanthropy; ten roubles explained everything. The poor wretch kissed my hands, and one of the crowd who spoke French, advised me henceforth to pay more attention to my nose. The advice was useless; during the remainder of my walk I did not lose sight of it.

A. L. D.

THE HIGH SCHOOL PAPER.

Past.

Having renewed my youth, received a new name and been kindly welcomed by the public, I appear as the "Index" that was, the "Record" that is, and will say a few words of my history. And if I speak too well of myself remember that "In observations which ourselves we make, we grow more partial for the observer's sake."

In May, 1884, I—the Index—appeared as a new star in the journalistic horizon. And under the management of six editors and an advertising agent, took the world by storm.

I shall always look back with pleasure upon the day when the principal announced that the paper was out, and would be delivered for 5 cts. a copy. One by one the pupils marched up to the desk and took my fresh nicely folded copies. In June my second number appeared greater than the first. Not many of my rivals in fame can say that their second edition appeared with a four page supplement.

Reversing the old adage "Knowledge is power" my paper showed that "Power was knowledge" to him who read—for upon my leaves could be seen the class parts of the class of '84. Even the learned valedictory being printed in full. The salutatory only was omitted—why I can not imagine, unless because in the

deep wisdom of the dead language my readers would be hopelessly at sea. All seemed bright and happy for the future and with tearful eyes I bade farewell to '84 my founders—but turned with hope and encouragement to '85 thinking that they would "continue in well doing" and bring my best welfare before the public.

But alas—"The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a gley, and lea'e us nought but grief and pain for promised joy." Can you believe it, I, the pride of the B. H. S. fell believing that I was to rise no more.

The tender mercies of '85 to which I had entrusted myself were not what I thought and amid strife and controversy I, as the Index, closed my existence.

Present.

After two years of silence, I find myself suddenly brought into society again. It is in the fall term and the pupils of B. H. S. seem desirous of something to relieve the monotony. So, after much trouble they appoint editors. Suddenly I find my name changed and certainly I have shrunk in size but I will not complain as in this enlightened age, quality not quantity is more commended. I am given a most flattering reception on my first appearance. And why not—Have I not within my pages a finely written article upon those subjects, dear to past generations The "Monastery and Castle" and near it, perhaps less poetic but certainly of no less interest to the present generation—"The Mighty Dollar." And my witty personals—With what feelings of rage, a few of them are received. I shudder and quake, but as yet no harm has come to me, but it is with sadness that I hear that my editor's lives are in danger. I trust that no rash deeds will be committed. My second number contains an original poem and believing that commendation is good policy, for "Ne'er was flattery lost on a poet's ear, a simple race they waste their toil for the vain tribute of a smile" like *Oliver Twist* we ask for "more."

So, with hopes for liberal patronage I sign myself

Yours Truly,

THE PAPER.

S. C. P.

AMATEUR JOURNALISM.

It is a fact, well known to some, that there are in this country some hundreds of papers conducted entirely by young people. These journals, many of them of good size, contain interesting poems, essays and stories, together with notes and editorials upon amateur affairs. Their editors exchange and correspond among themselves, and meet in semi-annual conventions, where acquaintances

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are formed, officers elected, and a general good time enjoyed. The conventions are conducted by "Amateur Press Associations," as they are called, each of which embraces a particular section of territory, and commands the support of all amateurs within its limits.

The friendships formed at the conventions, the meetings with correspondants, the excitement of the elections, the hospitality of the local amateurs, and the sight of a strange city, all tend to make convention day, when the amateur is able to attend, one of the pleasantest in the year.

Many of our little sheets are printed by the editors, (and the typography is often very creditable), many are struck off by the press of some regular printer, a large part have good subscription lists, the advertisements help to pay the bills, and now that most of us have secured second-class mail rates, the expense of publishing a paper is greatly reduced.

That by editing an amateur paper a boy learns to spell, punctuate, and to express thoughts better than he could in almost any other way is amply proved by the difference in quality between the first and last issues which an amateur gets out.

Amateur Journalism has for one of its objects, in which we think that it will be sustained by all, the suppression of "flash" literature. If an article of this kind should appear in an amateur paper, it would be at once practically boycotted by the rest. The result is that their pages are remarkably "clean," more so than many professional dailies.

It is the firm belief of almost all who have entered the "ranks" that the great and lasting benefits to be derived from publishing an amateur paper, the pleasures of conventions, and of correspondence and chance meetings, and not least that fascination which enters into us all, make it well worth while for any youth to enter actively into Amateur Journalism.

A. G. D.

OUR EXCHANGES.

Amateur Journalism can be made merely a pastime, and it can also be made an educator. It all depends on the way editors take hold of the matter.

Why do not Amateurs take up prominent National questions as the tariff, money question, and so forth, and discuss them through the columns of their papers? It would be interesting work, and a means of developing the thinking powers of amateur writers.

The November "Canada" contains very good reading. The editorial notes, especially, are abundant and indicate thought on the part of the writer.

The "Nulli Secundus" for November, denounces Bob Ingersoll in rather strong terms. The "Second To None" should remember that men believe what they are compelled to by the nature of their minds, not what they would like to believe.

The comments on amateur writings in the October "Plant" of Providence, R. I., are so full and complete that the different articles criticised rise before our minds' eyes as vividly as the characters from his books rose before the imagination of Don Quixote.

Papers which are completely filled with empty comments on other journals or Amateur politics are decidedly uninteresting and profitless. Give us some original writing and try to make it worth the time spent in reading.

WE HAVE HEARD IT SAID

That the Seniors must yield the palm to the Juniors in the matters of attendance and deportment.

That the Seniors don't care much if they must.

That some of those personals and quotations were chestnuts.

That the young ladies of room A do not seem to feel entirely satisfied with their dressing-room.

That the third class harbors a quadruped.

That the mattings running up and down the aisles have not been taken up and dusted since they were washed clean in the flood.

That the persons who leave torn pieces of paper on other people's desks had better stop.

That the persons who absently carry off pencils from the desks where they happen to be should ditto.

That Lady Macbeth had red hair.

That she hadn't.

That there are a large number of scholars who have not paid their subscriptions.

That they won't get the paper until they do.

That Shylock was an angel of light.

That Shylock was a fiend of darkness.

And many other things, too numerous to mention.

LOCALS.

No snow-balling!

What has become of our morning exercises?

A great many of the pupils seem to wish that the teachers would go back to the old method of excusing from examinations those whose rank is above 90 or 95 in any study. The old plan certainly had the advantage that it encouraged the scholars to have good lessons and to try for good rank, if only to escape the dreaded examinations. When any pupil has a rank of over 95, that is, has nineteen twentieths of the work perfect, there is seldom need of any further inquiry into that pupil's proficiency or faithfulness in that study.

We were all very sorry to lose our Freshman editor, Miss Plaisted, as we had been much helped by her faithful work. The rest of the school may not think so, but it is not all play in getting up even as small a paper as this, and the one who does her share of the work is to be praised.

PERSONALS.

"The laughers are a majority."

B. H. S.

SENIORS.

"Thine eyes are like the deep blue boundless heaven,

Contracted to two circles underneath
Their long fine lashes."

L. G.

"His hair is of a good color."

R. I.

"Her stature tall, I hate a dumpy woman."

M. F.

"Two lovely berries moulded on one stem."

R. H. & T. B.

"But I that am not shaped for sportive tricks

Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass."

J. G. O. B.

JUNIORS.

"He mouths a sentence as curs mouth a bone."

W. M.

"Joy rises in me, like a summer's morn."

R. W.

"A progeny of learning."

M. F. D.

"A sad good Christian at her heart."

S. P.

SOPHOMORES

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil

O'er books consumed the midnight oil;"

E. S.

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