

THE STUDENTS' RECORD.

NE TENTES, AUT PERFICE.

Vol. I.

Bangor, Me., November, 1886.

No. 2.

"A TRANSFORMATION."

Down in a quiet hollow,
Away from the rush of town,
Came a pilgrim, worn and weary,
Clad in his robes of brown;
Tired of bearing his crosses,
No desire to farther roam,
And under a spreading mulberry-tree
He built himself a home.
A house without door or window
To let in the rays of sun;
And there he lived his hermit life
From morn until day was done.
No friend or companion had he,
Till, early one bright spring morn,
A little plant crept up from the earth,
And with him made its home.

Days passed—and still the pilgrim
Was never to be seen,
While the tender plant beside him
Put forth new shoots of green,
Grew tall, more graceful, day by day,
Until its swaying stem
Leaned over the hut of the stranger,
And whispered of hope to him.

A party of children going to school,
Were passing along the way,
Talking and laughing gayly
In their merry, innocent play;
When one of them quickly stooping,
Lifted up from the cold, damp ground,
All crumbling and going to ruin,
That little house of brown;
Took it on to the school-house with him,
And there where the rising sun
Shone on it with all its glory,
A new life was begun.

'Twas Easter morn, and behold
The Children with sparkling eyes
Stood gazing at their treasure
In deep and mute surprise;
For out of the lonely prison,
Away from his dismal home,
Had vanished the weary pilgrim,
And his earthly life was done;
But a butterfly—full of beauty,
Had burst from out the gloom,
A symbol of resurrection,
And life beyond the tomb.

That same hour in a distant field,
In the solemn hush of night,
While from the heavens the stars
Shed forth their pale, soft light,
A lily burst from the fragile plant,
And, in the flush of dawn,
Stood as an emblem of Him
Who rose on Easter morn.

N. R. F.

THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR BIRDS.

The destruction of our birds, within a few years, has increased at an alarming rate, and is taking place on such a large scale, that if not checked, many of our most useful species will become extinct. This business is carried on chiefly by those who sell the plumage to be used for ornamental purposes. Useful birds suffer as well as the merely beautiful.

To some extent the destructive influence of man is unavoidable, but this is selfish and wanton in the greatest degree. When forests are cut down, marshes drained, or wild land cultivated, the haunts of the birds are destroyed, and their food supplies being cut off, great numbers of them starve. Electric light towers and telegraph wires contribute largely to the extermination of birds, especially during their migrations, when, in foggy weather, thousands kill themselves by dashing against those obstacles.

The destruction of birds in this way is greatly to be regretted, but it is not attributable to heartlessness or love of gain, as is the far greater slaughter in obedience to the dictates of fashion. A painful evidence of the decrease of song and shore birds, is the protest against it received from all parts of the country, but it also gives the hope that the destruction has reached its limit, and will speedily be checked.

Beside the game-birds, many song birds are killed for food. This is especially the case in portions of the South, where strings of black birds, robins, meadow larks, sparrows, and thrushes are hung up in the game stalls. An immense destruction of northern song birds, which migrate to the southern states in winter, is indicated by this daily exhibition.

An increase of insects, especially of those injurious to agriculture, is observed with the decrease of birds.

Among Nature's many gifts to us, the birds are the most pleasing. How can we therefore allow them to be exterminated to gratify a depraved taste? Anti-plumage-wearing societies have been established in England, and it has been observed that some of the American women oppose the barbarous custom of wearing birds. If it is once considered vulgar and in bad taste to decorate one's person in this way, much can be done in behalf of the birds.

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvest keep a hundred harms:
Even the blackest of them all; the crow,
Renders good service as your man at arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail,
And crying havoc on the slug and snail.

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning some where, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Some where the birds are singing evermore."

A. M. R.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Biography.—Thomas More, one of the most illustrious Englishmen of his time, passed his childhood as a page in the household of Cardinal Morton, Archbishop of Canterbury.

More showed such ability, that this statesman used to say in regard to him, "Whoever may live to see it, this boy now waiting at table, will turn out a marvellous man."

At the age of seventeen, More went to Oxford, where he won the friendship of Erasmus, who was master of the accomplishments, which More was ambitious to acquire.

After leaving Oxford, he rose to important offices, very rapidly; having been appointed lecturer at a certain law-school, he soon became a prominent lawyer, then Under Sheriff of London, and continuing to become popular, he was appointed Speaker of the Commons.

While occupying the Speaker's chair, he incurred the anger of Wolsey, who strove to injure his popularity, but failed; and when, six years later, this great Cardinal fell, More was called to fill the office of Chancellor.

For more than two years, Sir Thomas held the position, and during this time, Henry VIII. became much attached to him.

As soon as More saw that the king was determined to marry Anne Boleyn, he decided, rather than give an opinion which must have been against the king, to lay down the seals of his high office. Such a great change of fortune seemed to cast no shadow upon his joyous spirits, and very quietly he reduced his style of living. His refusal to take oath that the king's marriage with Anne Boleyn was lawful, so enraged Henry VIII., that More was cast into the Tower, where he remained for a year.

Finally, having been tried and found guilty, it was decreed that he should be beheaded. His cheerful spirit showed itself even at the hour of his death; as he climbed the unsteady timbers, where he was to die, he said to the lieutenant, "I pray you, see me safe up, but as for my coming down, I can shift for myself."

Appearance.—More possessed a frank, open demeanor, quick intelligence, and winning manners. The keen irregular face, the gray, restless eye, the thin lips, the tumbled, brown hair, together with the gait and dress, picture the inner soul of the man.

Writings.—More's fame as a writer, rests principally upon his "Utopia," and the "Life and Reign of Edward V.," written at a time when he enjoyed royal favor, and the advantage of an income amounting to about £5000 a year.

More describes himself as hearing news of the Kingdom of "Nowhere," during one of his diplomatic expeditions.

He had been to church, and as he was about to go home, he noticed his friend talking with a stranger, who had a black, sunburnt face, a long beard, and a cloak cast about his shoulders.

This sailor said he had been a companion of Amerigo Vespucci, in his voyages to the new world. The stranger went with More to his house, and after relating his marvellous adventures and wanderings, told of his stay in the Kingdom of "Nowhere."

The Utopian ships lay safe within the horns of the crescent-shaped island, for no enemy could steer through the rocks that guarded the harbor's mouth.

Every house in the fifty-four walled cities, had a large garden; and these houses were exchanged by lot, every ten years. In describing the rude huts, More said, "They keep the wind out of their windows with glass, for it is there much used, and sometimes also with fine linen cloth, dipped in oil or amber, and that for two commodities, for by this means more light cometh in, and the wind is better kept out."

The picture was that of a common English town of More's day. There were in "Utopia" no taverns, no fashions ever changing, few laws, and no lawyers. The period of toil was shortened to six hours a day, and the object of this curtailment was the intellectual improvement of the laborer.

This description of the Kingdom of "Nowhere," became so popular, that although one half of the population of England could read no English, every child was well-taught in "Utopia."

While at Oxford, More wrote many poems of considerable merit, concerning which Collier has said, "These snowdrops of our literature, flowerets of a day hovering between winter and spring, might pass unnoticed among the gay blooms of a summer garden, but rising in pale beauty from the frozen ground, they are loved and welcomed as the harbingers of brighter days." His other works are chiefly theological treatises, modelled after those of his sarcastic friend, Erasmus.

Style.—More's Latin style, though wanting the ease of Erasmus, is in some respects, much above the ordinary Latin of the English scholars of his time. His "Life and Reign of Edward V.," our earliest specimen of classical English

prose, is written with purity and clearness.

Rank.—More takes rank as the leading writer during the second era of our literature; he was one of the most learned and virtuous men of his day. A dean of St. Paul's cathedral, a very illustrious scholar, often said, "There is but one wit in England, and that is young Thomas More."

He stands first on the roll of orators, but we know scarcely anything of his speeches, for "an orator's fame is perishable."

Character.—When More entered upon official duties, it was with the open avowal "first to look to God, and after God, to the king." He was full of vivacity, had a keen wit, pleasant disposition and noble courage. With the ardor of his nature, came a passionate love for music. He enjoyed teaching his children, and made their studies attractive, by means of the coins and curiosities he had gathered in his cabinet; he was as fond of their pets and games, as the children themselves.

More was so averse to receiving favors, that at a time when he was very needy, and the clergy voted him a present of £5000, he refused, declaring he "would rather see it all cast into the Thames."

Erasmus said of Sir Thomas More, "Such is the excellence of his disposition, that whatsoever happeneth that cannot be helped, he is as cheerful and as well-pleased, as though the best thing possible had been done."

M. S. B.

LOCALS.

Who spilled the pop-corn?

The latest substitute for "chestnuts" in the B. H. S. is "Hawthorne." "Twice told tales," you know.

It is reported that one of the pupils who was fortunate enough to receive a "Personal" in our last issue is vowing vengeance upon the paper, and its editors. We carry seven-shooters, now.

"The feller or fellers who sits in this seat will please keep there hands out of my desk, and not bother with other people's business," is the way which a piece of paper found by one of the Junior German class in the seat of a Grammar School boy read. It does not speak very highly for the "grammar" taught in that institution.

The birds which have for some time adorned some shelves in the Library seem to have taken to themselves wings and flown away which considering their unfortunate condition before their departure is, to say the least, remarkable.

The unhappy scholars who waded through one of the worst rain storms of the season to school and back the other day and crowded with aching eyes around the great windows were certainly very anxious to learn what had become of the alarm whistle about which such trouble has been made in the last few years. It must have been stopped up.

That pupil was certainly responsible for very much who made Chaucer's Parson visit his flock "upon his hands, and in his feet a staff."

Several of the teachers are entering a protest against "The angelical soft trembling voices" which prevail to an alarming extent in the school. A voice suitable for an angel is decidedly out of place in the recitation room.

There has been some feeling that the Seniors were slighted in our last issue, as all the articles except one were from the pens of Juniors. We wish those who had any ill feeling in the matter, to glance at these facts. Two of the best writers among the Seniors were requested to compose something, and refused; of two Juniors the same was asked, and they complied. Their articles were approved of by us, and accordingly inserted. Who is to blame that the Seniors were left behind? An invitation is extended to all the scholars to contribute to our paper; so if any class thinks it is not sufficiently represented, let its members go to work and write something, and if approved by us, we promise you it shall have a place.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The editors of this paper were greatly pleased upon receiving the Bowdoin Orient. The fine printing, carefully written articles, interesting notes, and tasteful cover make it a paper far above the average.

There will probably be quite an exciting contest for the offices at the Maine aja convention in Portland.

A new amateur paper is to be started in Bangor soon, by a member of the B. H. S.

There is a strong feeling among amateurs that the next convention of the New England association should meet in Portland. There is certainly no better place for such a purpose than the "Forest City," and the amateurs who vote to visit its broad, shady, and well-kept streets, its fine residences, and its large hotels, will feel well repaid.

The Students' Record.

Published monthly during the School Year by
the students of the Bangor High School.

EDITORS

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

Terms, 35 cts. a year. (9 copies.)

Invariably in advance.

Single copies, 5 cts.

Advertising rates very low, upon applica-
tion.

Exchanges please send two copies.

Students and alumni are respectfully invited
to contribute.

Office in the High School building, Abbot
Square.

Entered at the Post-Office at Bangor, Me., as
second class mail matter.

Address everything to

THE STUDENTS' RECORD,

32 Essex Street, Bangor, Me.

Care Miss Mabel Harlow.

JOHN H. BACON, Printer, Bangor.

Published Nov. 27th, 1886.

In order to induce the scholars of the High School, and outsiders as well, to help us by obtaining subscriptions, we offer a premium of five cts. on each subscriber obtained. Or get five subscribers, and you receive the paper one year free. It ought to be an easy matter for anyone in the school to earn a dollar or so in a very short time. All the money which is made from the paper (if any) goes directly to the High School library, and there are few people in the town interested in the welfare of the School who would not be willing to subscribe if this fact were kept before them. We hope that those who do not care for the premium will try to obtain subscribers for us on account of their interest in our success.

THE GIANT.

A Translation from the German.

There was a city in the midst of the wood, which had many hundred streets. Therein lived a little people who were famed far and wide for their diligence. From morning to evening all was in a stir with the work. They climbed the trees and broke off wood, dragged grass home, tended their children and built new dwellings. In this way they lived quietly and happily together; if one was in the street and could not carry his load alone, another

would spring to his aid, of his own accord, without being asked.

But there happened one beautiful mid-day a great misfortune. As all the people even the oldest had brought out their children enfolded in white, and laid them in the warm sunshine, there came suddenly a giant through the wood towards them. The guard gave quickly the signal. How, I do not know myself; but although there were no drums or trumpets in the whole city, the inhabitants understood him.

As the giant approached, all the people rushed out of the city, to save their children, but just as the throng were outside, the giant came up and stepped with one foot directly in the middle of the town, ruining more than a hundred streets. And as all the frightened crowd ran together, he stooped, and with his finger, slowly, for a pastime overturned one street after the other. It was pleasure to him, to see the anxious multitude, and the unhappy people first of all, snatch their children and run with them over the surrounding ruins into the safe streets.

But the little people did not forget their resentment. Many hundred of them gathered together and marched valiantly to where the giant was standing. They attacked him with their weapons so fiercely, that he felt as if his whole body had been burned with fire, and he walked away from the city.

The king of the wood spoke to the giant "You awkward crazy man, what have my good diligent people done to you? You with your great hand, cannot build a single street so neatly as they."

But do you know who the giant was? He was a man as large as we. But what city do I mean, and who are the little diligent folk, and who is the king of the wood that will protect them? And now go out into the woods and find the city and the people and learn of them.

QUOTATIONS.

SENIORS.

"A leyden-jar, always full charged."

R. P. S.

"Though she's small she's fierce."

S. M.

"Let me have audience for a word or two!"

H. O. M.

"Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright."

E. P.

"How pretty
Her blushing was, and how she blushed again."

A. L. D.

Her hair was not more sunny than her
her heart,
Though like a natural golden coronet
It circled her dear head with careless art,
Mocking the sunshine."

G. E. C.

JUNIORS.

"Friendship is constant in all other
things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent."

M. M. D.

"None know thee but to love thee,
None name thee but to praise."

A. F.

"He hath little fed of the dainties that
are bred in a book."

A. Y.

"A kind of excellent dumb discourse."

A. G. D.

"Studious to please, yet not ashamed
to fail."

C. G.

SOPHOMORES.

"Cares not a pin
What they said or may say."

W. E. T.

"Such a blush
In the midst of Brown was born
Like red poppies grown with corn."

F. K. B.

"He would pun thee into shivers, as a
sailor breaks a biscuit."

H. W. S.

"Deep brown eyes running over with
glee,
Blue eyes are pale, and grey eyes are
sober,
Bonnie brown eyes are the eyes for me."

E. A. C.

"I was not always such a man of woe."

C. H.

FRESHMEN.

"Where ignorance is Bliss
T'were folly to be wise."

A. V. B.

"I am more than common tall."

B. A. D.

ZYLONITE!

Something New for the

LADIES AND BOYS IN COLLARS AND CUFFS.

The latest and Best yet.

ECONOMY AND DURABILITY.

NO WASHING.

Call and Examine them at

FRANK D. PULLEN & CO.'S.

All Sizes in White and Colored Cuffs and Collars for Boys and Ladies.

Also a Job Lot of

50 DOZEN MEN'S SCOTCH WOOL HOSE, Worth 50c., will be sold for 25c. per pair.

LOOK AT THEM.

And do not miss the

FINE LINE OF NECKTIES,

Samples of which can be seen in our Great Show Windows, corner of State and Exchange Streets.

FRANK D. PULLEN & COMPANY.

DAVID BUGBEE & CO.,

OFFER

CHRISTMAS GOODS,

IN GREAT VARIETY.

DRAWING & PAINTING.

MISS EMMA WEBB,

Receives pupils in

DRAWING and PAINTING,

—AT—

NO. 3 OHIO STREET.

THE GOLDEN GEM.

BALSAM OF WINTERGREEN.

Of all the gems that nature gives,
To bless this earthly scene,
There's none so rare, or can compare,
With the glorious WINTERGREEN.

It cures that dreadful COUGH and COLD,
And scatters every pain,
It grants new life to young and old,
And gives them health again.

Only 25 Cents.

A. M. ROBINSON, JR.,

No. 1 Granite Block.

—AT—

HARLOW'S DRUG STORE,

MELROSE TOOTH WASH AND OTHER

EXCELLENT DENTIFRICES.

Perfumes and Toilet Requisites in
great variety.

ALSO

Agency for Moses' Conservatories.

Orders filled for fine flowers and
floral work of all description.

N. S. HARLOW.

BOYNTON & TAYLOR,

DEALERS IN

Boots, Shoes, Hats and Caps,

EXTRA BARGAINS

In School Boots and Shoes

Constantly on hand.

Boston Shoe Store.

W. H. BOYNTON.

L. W. TAYLOR.

THE BOSTON HERALD,
Morning and Evening edition.

—AND—

THE SUNDAY HERALD
FOR SALE BY

J. D. CLYNN,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Stationery, Blank Books, Room
Papers, Borders, Curtains, Wallets,
Pocket Books, Pocket Cutlery,
Notions and Small Wares.

Seaside and Monroe's Pocket Libraries.

SCHOOL WRITING PAPER,
10 Cents per lb.

LADIES' FINE NOTE PAPER,
25 Cents per lb.

8 State St., **BANGOR, ME.**

WATCHES.

BIG LINE!

All sizes and qualities at prices that
cannot be beat,

—AT—

ADOLF PFAFF'S,
Bangor, Me.

C. S. LOMBARD.

D. C. GOULD.

LOMBARD & GOULD,
HARNESS MANUFACTURERS,

AND DEALERS IN

Blankets, Robes, Trunks, Bags, &c.

West End Kenduskeag Bridge, **BANGOR, ME.**