

THE STUDENTS' RECORD.

NE TENTES, AUT PERFICE.

Vol. I.

Bangor, Me., February, 1887.

No. 5.

THE BALLAD.

To mark off the ballad from other poetical romances, we must remember that it limits itself to a single incident. On this account, the story which it relates, must possess enough interest to stand by itself, as the sole subject of a complete poem.

The word "ballad" is of Italian origin and meant, primarily, a "dance song."

It has undergone various changes, and poems of exactly the same nature were sometimes styled romances, ballads, or poetic narratives.

As early as the 12th century, the Italians gave the name to short lyrical pieces, closely allied to the sonnet.

The oldest ballads were not at first written down; it is probable that the authors could not write, and that the hearers could not have read them if they had been written.

They were composed, in the mind and then committed to memory, verse by verse.

It was the aim of such primitive productions, not only to afford entertainment, but also, and indeed chiefly, to keep alive a sentiment of heroism.

Sir Philip Sidney, in speaking of the power of an ancient ballad, said that he never heard it but his heart was moved "more than with a trumpet."

We are greatly indebted to the ballad minstrels, who were for so long a period the only guards of our literature. Long before schools were planted, they diffused not only news, but intellectual culture, and were, even more than the clergy,—the true educators of the people. This is probably what Fletcher meant, when he said, "I knew a very wise man, who believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws, of a nation."

The ballad has three distinguishing characteristics; it is narrative in substance, lyrical in form, and traditionary in origin.

It tells a connected story, deals with stirring events, relates valorous exploits, the achievements of national heroes or great warriors.

One writer has said, "We should as soon think of moralizing in a ballad as in the midst of a charge of cavalry."

Nothing can be more ballad-like, than the blunt declaration by Horatius, of his readiness to keep the bridge.

"Then out spoke bold Horatius
The captain of the gate,
To every man upon the earth
Death cometh soon or late,

And how can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds;
For the ashes of his fathers
And the temples of his gods."

The true ballad is a lyrical poem; it was originally composed with the special view of being chanted or sung before an audience.

The following stanzas from a legendary ballad seem to me very musical.

"Then he hollowed a boat of the birchen bark
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he followed the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark
And the boat returned no more.
But oft, from the Indian hunter's camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen, at the hour of midnight damp,
To cross the lake by a firefly lamp
And paddle their white canoe!"

Goldsmith has written some very pretty lines on "The Hermit."

"In humble, simplest habit clad
No wealth nor power had he;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were all to me."

One of the chief entertainments of the Norman barons, was to listen to the romantic adventures of their ancestors, recited by their private minstrels.

Richard I., himself a noted troubadour, had several French minstrels in his employ, of whom tradition gives the foremost place to Blondell, whose voice and harp are said to have enchanted his royal master out of prison.

The traditionary element of the ballad makes it of particular interest. The fact that these poems must have floated about for years, sometimes for generations, distinguishes the ballad from other forms of poetry.

To this circumstance, we owe the simplicity of thought, which was a necessary condition of works which existed only in the memory.

The true ballad was "the natural outcome of the life and thought of the people, blossoming in song."

Sir Walter Scott has written many beautiful ballads. It is said that "none of his commences more finely than 'The Grey Brother,' none has been spoiled more, by the introduction of minute description."

The ancient ballad of "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid" was a great favorite with the early dramatists and is referred to in "Romeo and Juliet," "Richard III.," and "Love's Labour Lost."

Besides these ballads which are directly quoted there are three "King Lear and His Daughters," "The Complaint of Titus Andronicus," and "Geruntius, the Jew of Venice," which are interesting from the similarity between them and the plots of

the three plays "King Lear," "Titus Andronicus," and a part of the "Merchant of Venice."

Although the date of none of these ballads is known, yet probably all are of earlier date than the plays.

A VISIT TO VENUS.

One frosty winter evening when the full moon cast weird shadows over the snowy fields, and tinged the ice-clad trees with a dazzling glory, a party of merry girls and boys, including myself, set off in high spirits for the toboggan chute.

After spending about an hour in this delightful amusement, we concluded to turn our steps homeward, when a roguish member of our party pushed the toboggan on which I was sitting, and I found myself sliding rapidly down the incline and perfectly helpless to control the increasing speed. How unusually long the chute seemed!

But at last the end came to view and I prepared to stop. Judge then of the terror which took possession of me when, with a sudden turn I found myself shooting off into space, and was soon traveling with lightning velocity towards the immense starry depths above. The scene around me was wonderful to behold, and I soon lost my sense of fear and began to look about me at the great multitude of stars through which I was passing. The first thing which attracted my attention was a sound as "of revelry by night," mingled with the sturdy clash of arms, as Mars, "the Great War God" led his army to the fray. Next I came to quite a colony of planets, and discovered Ceres just harnessing her dragons, and was soon on her way to earth to attend to her duties there. Passing onward, I saw the "Queen of the Skies" disputing about the beauty of her rivals; Pallas Athena, engaged in defending a citadel; Mercury, urging an army on to victory; and in the distance a rosy altar flame revealed Vesta, spinning before her hearth, and scattering peace and hope broadcast unto all nations. We then passed south and the first thing I knew, my toboggan ran straight into a star, and I was thrown headlong upon the planet Venus. The appearance of this celestial body was somewhat like that of our own lands. The coast was indented by many harbors while high, rugged mountains, surrounding beautiful valleys, lay stretched before me. As I wandered to and fro,

wrapped in admiration, a huge mountain suddenly rose before my eyes, and although I looked in every direction for a way to get round it, my search proved unsuccessful, and I had given up in despair when a door that I had failed to discover, opened and a tiny little fellow riding on a bow, came forth, and having introduced himself as the "Rainbow Sprite," bade me enter and offered to be my guide. I passed through and a magnificent garden met my sight. Here and there lovely avenues wound gracefully among the jeweled trees, but not until I saw one tree laden with golden apples did I realize that I was standing in the famous "Garden of the Hesperides." How many wonderful things there were! Little cottages, nestled cosily together under gigantic toad-stools; and the spray of many fountains, sparkling in the light; while the sweet music from unseen lyres would have held me spellbound, but my guide hastened me on through various winding paths, until we at length reached the Queen's Palace. Venus, having shown me around her royal home, very kindly invited me to stop to a "drive whist" party and as the guests were already beginning to assemble, I readily consented. Many of the nobility were present, and at my request, I was introduced to several of them. One thing in particular attracted my attention, viz:—the number of beautiful women, and had any one of my gentleman friends been in my place, I fear we would have lost him forever from our home circles.

The game was entirely new to me, and it was some what remarkable to see what little attention was paid to rules, and when I remarked upon it, they gazed at me in undisguised wonder, and informed me that they "always played by rule, that there 20 tables, and only two at each table, and there were always six packs needed at every one, for who ever heard of playing whist with less." After the refreshments were brought in, which consisted of "dew-drop" tea, "flies on the half-shell," "nightingales' tongues," "grass-hopper" salad, "butterfly" cutlets and "seafoam" rolls, served on "cabbage leaf" waiters, covered with "spider-web" cloths, the prizes were given to the successful ones.

Venus received the first-lady's prize, an alarm clock, because she has to get up so early; and her cousin, the poor unfortunate Venus of Milo, received as Booby, a kiss from Cupid.

Pluto had first gentlemen's, a torch to light the gloom of his home; and the mischievous Puck got a fool's cap.

Well, this party ended as all others do, and making my farewells, I departed. The sprite told me that the only mode of conveyance was being shot out of a can-

non, and if I were unwilling to try it, we would go elsewhere.

The power of attraction was so great. I could not refuse, so with a loud whizz-z-z! Bang! Bang! Bang! we were off and soon stood at the entrance of Hades. The blinding smoke and flame, mingled with the roars of Cerberus, frightened me so that I fled, but not before I had taken one look into the fiery chasm, and thought I recognized among the many souls a few of the teachers and committee men of my earthly acquaintance. They, indeed, repented in dust and ashes of the many demerits and disapproving words they so oft bestowed upon us, the innocent beings, placed under their control. As I turned sadly away from this, I heard subdued moans, and going in that direction found out the use of the "Venus's fly-trap," I'd so often heard of. There it is used as an instrument of torture for all those who show signs of becoming "Dudes," and the poor fellow in it is vainly crying for release, but there he must stay until he discovers that "Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow."

But a burst of music filled my ears and following close upon it came "Aurora" who warned me to stop no longer, for if daylight caught me among the heavenly realms, I'd n'er come back to earth more.

Having lost my toboggan, I hailed a falling star, which was carrying the Salvation Army to new quarters, and was wafted slowly away. As we neared earth, the sleepy old "Man in the Moon" smiled faintly and threw me a piece of green cheese, which I gladly accepted, though I won't look at cheese at home.

The next moment I was at the chute and hurried home. When the morning sun stole in my window to bid me his usual "good morning," he found me fast asleep.

I came down late to breakfast and found the family in great excitement over a queer comet they had seen during the night, and which disappeared just before dawn. On being asked if I'd seen it, I blushing said "no," but mentally exclaimed in words of Cæsar. "*Veni, Vidi, Vici.*"

THE COFFEE PARTY.

A GRAND SUCCESS.

The Seniors held their Coffee Party, Feb. 17, and it was a success in every detail. City Hall had been secured for the affair. Numerous and secret class-meetings had been held for the previous month or so, and everyone expected quite a time.

At 8 the orchestra struck up. The hall was crowded, and still they came. Soon the literary programme began, with reading by Miss Chamberlain. Then came, in quick succession, a piano solo by Miss

Bolton, a recitation, Miss Marsh, song and encore, Miss Wasgatt, recitation, Miss Jewell, and to end, a harmonica duett by Constantine and Pote, with a short selection from Wagner in response to a frantic encore.

And then the dancing.

Music by Andrews' orchestra. The dancing was more remarkable for its liveliness than for its correctness, the reason being that the dancers went there for a good time. They had it. But the floor was so crowded that it was almost impossible to tell what set you were in. City Hall will not accomodate 350 dancers at once with comfort.

One of the "Gallery Gods" made a remark during the course of the evening, but was promptly quelled by a look from Mr. Andrews. Loud applause followed, but whether for the remark or for Mr. Andrews was a thing which the writer could not find out.

The refreshments were excellent, but the boys furnished the coffee and the young ladies the cake with the natural results—the cake was the best.

The affair will net the class some \$185.00.

It is needless to remark that the green ribbon shone all over the hall and that the Juniors were immensely proud of it, as they had right to be. The shade is very pretty and all though it hardly "goes with" the color of the class above, it beautifully matches the dispositions of those Seniors who make such cruel remarks about it.

The dancing stopped at about 12.30, and in the future the Seniors can go home to dinner about the time of the rest of the school.

D.

LOCALS.

The Agassiz Association (see report elsewhere) has started out with every prospect of success. It has a good membership, the support of the teachers and principal, and has had very interesting meetings. More members are wanted, as the larger the association the better. All of the scholars are invited to make application for membership to the Secretary, the President, or to any member.

It is said that the Seniors did not make quite as as they wanted by the coffee party, and will give another one early next term. Those Seniors are very avaricious.

Those boys who made a mistake of one hundred dollars in counting up the profits of the coffee party should brush up in Arithmetic. The mistake was on the wrong side.

A certain young lady in the Senior class translated the passage, "*divinum hominem Africanum*," "The heavenly nigger," instead of rendering it, "The God-like Africanus."

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, Henrietta L. Rowe,
Albert G. Davis.

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

Invariably in advance.

Single copies, 5 cts.

Advertising rates very low, upon application.

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 Mar. 4th, 1887.

The organization meeting of Chapter 850 A. A. took place in the Library at the High School, Feb. 12, at 2.30 P. M. The first business before the meeting was the adoption of the Constitution which had been compiled by a committee upon that subject. It was adopted as it stood with some few amendments and the addition of two By-laws. The following officers were then elected: President, Albert G. Davis, Vice-President, Frank A. Bourne, Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Mabel Harlow. The President took the chair and gave out the programme for the next meeting.

This programme having been adopted, and the time for the next meeting fixed as the following Saturday, the meeting adjourned.

On Saturday the nineteenth of Feb. the President called the meeting to order at 3 P. M. As the Secretary was not present Earl B. Wood was appointed as Secretary pro tem. Two new members who presented their names as candidates for membership were admitted. Motion to subscribe to the A. A. magazine the "Swiss Cross" was made and carried. President Davis made out the following order of exercises which he proposed as the third By-law. The motion was carried.

1. Roll Call.
2. Minutes of last meeting.
3. Reports of Committees and Officers.
4. Miscellaneous Business.
5. Admission of new Members.
6. Literary Exercises.

7. Announcement of programme for next meeting.

8. Adjournment.

After this Wyman read a paper on the Animal Kingdom, and Wood one on the Mineral Kingdom, giving the distinguishing characteristics of each.

After Pres. Davis announced the next programme the meeting adjourned.

At the next meeting which will take place on Saturday, March 5, same time and place we hope to have a very full attendance. The busiest scholar can give an hour and a half once in two weeks to a pursuit of so much pleasure and profit as the study of nature. The last meeting was full of interest and we hope that this will increase each time.

M. H.

OUR EXCHANGES.

As seen by G. C. and J. D.

We have seen a copy of the *Monsonian*, published by the students of Monson academy. It's a model of typographical excellence, and full of interesting reading matter. We are glad to see such enterprise in the "Town of the slate quarries," and heartily welcome the new journal.

Nulli Secundus remarks that it would like to see the "special Providence question" discussed more universally. We assert that the subject admits of no discussion. Undoubtedly the God of four thousand years ago is the Power that rules to-day. They who believe that four thousand years ago there was "special, personal Divine dispensation" naturally believe that special acts of Providence are taking place to-day. They who do not believe that the God of universe takes personal vengeance on man for his sins, but believe that he rules and has ever ruled, according to fixed Laws, such reasoners see that all things are the results of natural and not supernatural causes.

WE HAVE HEARD IT SAID

That the coffee party was a grand success.

That it deserved to be.

That the Seniors are to be congratulated.

That the Juniors think that they can do better.

That the Juniors are a smart class anyway.

That the Seniors don't think so.

But the Juniors do.

And so do the rest of the school.

That Nile green makes a pretty class color.

That if it were only not green it would be all right.

That it is all right as it is.

And is a quarter of a yard longer and a third of an inch wider than the Seniors', at least.

That even that is something.

That the Senior class motto is, "Commeatus causa."

That it is a very good motto for that class.

That a certain youth of the Senior class was obliged to Hunt after a broom and sweep up that pop-corn.

That he handled the broom as if he knew how.

That he was ably assisted by two other youths outside the door.

That the class haven't had so much fun for some time.

That they will never spill pop-corn any more.

That if those young ladies in the first class giggle so much the fourth hour they will get such long French lessons in the future that they will have little time for giggling.

That some of the dancing at the coffee party was a wonder to behold.

That the Seniors got all the ice cream they wanted free.

That they wanted very much.

That this is the reason that the ice cream didn't pay as well as it might.

That at the coffee party that green ribbon bloomed more freely in the gallery than on the floor.

That the Juniors deny that assertion.

That some of the Juniors refuse to wear the class color.

That it is only those who are so green already that they don't dare to put it on.

Ditto those who make cheap jokes about it.

That the Senior Editor did not write the above locals.

That they would have read very differently if she had.

That the Junior Editor did write them and

That his views upon the class color etc., are directly opposed to those of the S. E. aforesaid.

That she thinks that Nile green for a class color is not pretty, however well it may be suited to the class.

That in this case it would have been better to sacrifice suitability to beauty.

That lavender and green is not a combination fitted to delight the eye of a *connoisseur* in color.

That as the Seniors had their color first, the Juniors should have chosen one to agree with it.

That so much talk about that unfortunate color has become a chestnut and

That therefore she will stop it.

That H-nt and P-w-ll of the Senior Class are trying to organize a broom drill.

That they will probably succeed as the former is "a great hand at the broom," and the latter has been practising some evolutions with that implement which are both original and pretty.

That neither of them ever want to see any more pop-corn.

HARRIS' PILLOW SHAM
—AND—
✦ MOSQUITO NET HOLDER. ✦
SOLD BY
WILLIAM O. WARREN,
DEALER IN
WALL PAPER, WINDOW SHADES,
UPHOLSTERY GOODS, DRAPERY CURTAINS,
SILK PLUSHES, &c.
27 Main Street, **BANGOR, ME.**

USE
TEA WHITE'S
CREAM JAVA COFFEE,
25 Cents a pound.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR
J. WATERMAN,
DEALER IN
✦ **CLOTHING.** ✦

THE Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Gross Assets, Jan. 1st, 1887, \$55,702,493.94. Surplus by Company's standard, \$5,059,106.40.

The only Company in **AMERICA** that issues a policy of Life Insurance
based upon a **RESERVE** of **THREE PER CENT.**

THEREFORE A STRONGER COMPANY.

Full particulars will be given on application to

H. N. FAIRBANKS, General Agent.

21 Main Street, Bangor, Me.

DAVID BUGBEE & CO.,
Booksellers & Stationers

NO. 5 KENDUSKEAG BRIDGE.

THE PLACE TO BUY
TRIMMINGS, FANCY GOODS, SMALL
WARES, LADIES, GENTS. AND
CHILDREN'S FRUNISHINGS,

—IS AT—

E. H. HALL'S
23 Main Street.

The celebrated Fourné Kid Glove,
and McCALL'S Bazar Garment Pat-
terns in Bangor exclusively at our
store.

A. L. SIMPSON,
Attorney & Counsellor at Law,
Strickland's Block, BANGOR, ME.

—AT—

HARLOW'S DRUG STORE,
MELROSE TOOTH WASH AND OTHER
EXCELLENT DENTRIFICES.
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.

JAMES MOONEY, J. G. MOONEY, J. R. MULVANEY.
JAMES MOONEY & CO.,
DEALERS IN
CROCKERY, CHINA, GLASSWARE,
SILVER PLATED WARE, CUTLERY,
KEROSENE FIXTURES, &c.
No. 32 Main Street, BANGOR, ME.

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.