

THE STUDENTS' RECORD.

NE TENTES, AUT PERFICE.

Vol. I.

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No. 4.

THE YEAR.

The Present is always with us—
 The Past oft forgotten, you know—
 And the Future lies on before us,
 Bearing its "weal and woe."
 Who can look into that future,
 Or fathom its mysteries deep?
 Only He who through countless ages
 Doth neither slumber nor sleep.
 The old year hath sped away,
 And is lost as in gloom of night,
 Leaving some hours happy and glad
 As each day took its flight.
 But other hours were sad ones,
 And watched at Death's dark door,
 And guided souls through the valley
 To a home on the Heavenly shore.
 Others were filled with labors,
 Kind tasks for those in need,
 Leaving thoughts and tender feelings.
 Those hours are blest, indeed!
 The Nation poured forth its sorrow
 As down Life's surging tide,
 Some of our Country's heroes
 Were borne to the farther side.
 But these are now gone for aye,
 And the future seems full of cheer,
 As to our hopeful view,
 Breaks each dawn of the glad New Year.
 And let us make the hours
 Happy and bright for us all,
 Doing with all our might
 What e'er to our lot may fall.
 May we give our hearts to Him
 Who died all sinners to save,
 Who took away the sting of Death
 And the victory of the grave.
 Thus if we do our best each day,
 When the end of Life's year has come,
 We shall reap the reward of our labor
 In the Master's words "Well done."

N. R. F.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

The four seasons have been compared to many things, very often to the four ages of human life, but I think they may be compared to yet another thing, the four classes in the High School, not only in the Bangor High School, but in the schools all over the country for I suppose they are much alike. Let us begin with Spring so often called "verdant Spring," when everything is of a tender green interspersed with fresh and blooming flowers. What can be more tenderly green and fresh than Freshmen, vulgarly called "Scrubs!" How innocent they are, as yet in their early youth, in the Spring of their existence, unused to the wiles and stratagems of the older students, full of new life and ambitions, which animate their tender frames, even as sap animates trees and plants at this season of the year.

An April day is often likened to a young maiden bashful and capricious, but how much more apparent is the likeness it displays to a Scrub, especially on the day when he first reaches his long hoped for

Scrubdom. How bashful is his appearance as he marches into Room A on this dreadful morning. How often has the writer felt like quoting Burns' famous line; "Wee modest crimson tipped flower" as he has witnessed his faltering advance!

On the other hand what is more capricious than a Freshman! What he will do next "no fellar can tell." The wild dashes that he makes into rooms and entries where he is neither expected nor wanted, the errors that he commits in this the earliest stages of his High School life, baffle description. In his Spring, Thomson calls on the "softening dews" to "descend" and make the earth more verdant; in the Scrubs' case however this is quite unnecessary, as he is generally soft enough and verdant enough for all reasonable purposes.

But we must leave this season, delightful as it is, and pass on to summer or the Sophomore year. In this year the pupil begins to really warm up to his work, and if he does it as it should be done, he is hot and tired enough before he is through. All nature teaches us that summer is the time of labor, the season given for laying up provisions for the Winter which will follow it; so the Sophomore year course is a time in which to do the hardest work, to lay a firm foundation in the Latin and Greek or whatever a pupil is studying, on which to build the noble structure which should follow in the Junior and Senior years.

The beneficent heat of this season, develops the class feeling which has been barely formed in the breast of the Freshman and which does not ripen and attain its full glory until the succeeding year. The heart of the Sophomore beats stronger in this year with pride, exultation and hope; his pulse is higher; and, as Summer is preeminently the gladdest of the seasons, so is the gay and festive Soph. at the height of his merriment. In the years to come this exuberant joy will be toned down and softened to a quieter feeling of happiness. As a Scrub he was too much occupied with the dignity of his new position to spend any time on so frivolous a thing as pleasure, but in this year his gayety knows no bounds. He scintillates! he sparkles! like a dewdrop on a bright Summer morning. The pride of a Scrub on attaining that doubtful glory is nothing to the pride of a Sophomore on escaping from Scrubdom.

Let us look at the Junior or "Loafing year", the Autumn of the students school life. As in Autumn all the fruits of the land are gathered together, so in the

Junior year the scattered fruits of the student's labors are collected and put into available shape for use. He begins to enjoy what he has learned, but he also begins to think that there is no need of learning any more and therefore is most lamentably lazy.

Strange as it may seem however, he is not so conceited as he formerly was. His pride is constantly being trampled on and destroyed by the Seniors, or should be, in the same manner that the frosts of Winter nip the strong plant growth of Autumn. Whatever greenness is left in him is destroyed by the same kindly medium. Consequently he is kept in a properly humble state of mind.

He forgets his own position in beholding the high pinnacle on which the Seniors stand, and his own privileges dwindle into nothing beside the seemingly great boons which they enjoy. By the way let me explain that the present Juniors are directly opposed to all traditions. Humility is a lost virtue in their case if indeed they ever possessed any. This is not the fault of the Seniors who do their best to bring them to a proper state of mind, but is due to an idea which they have imbibed from some source or other that they know more and are better behaved than the Seniors ever were. The person who has implanted this false idea in their minds has a great deal to answer for.

They are happy, but perhaps a shadow has begun to cast itself over their happiness at the thought of leaving school which is continually in their minds. The most balmy and beautiful Autumn day is never without a suggestion of the approach of Winter and the close of the year, and although the proximity of the Senior year never brings anything but pleasure to misguided Junior, the idea of leaving school, of breaking up all the delightful friendships and associations which he has formed saddens him to a certain extent.

But now the Autumn has developed into Winter, the Junior into the Senior year. The "grave and reverend Senior" with his crown of heavy locks like snow. How the glories and benefits which he has expected to derive from occupying this high position dwindle as he approaches them, till at last he is ready to exclaim, "All is vanity and vexation of spirit!" although Winter is supposed to be the season for rest, nevertheless the unfortunate Senior is the hardest worked person in the building. The teachers should do all that is possible to them to change this state of things, for although

the brainpower of a Seignor is immeasurably greater than that of any other scholar, his massive intellect threatens to give way under the amount of work that is now laid upon it. How sad a spectacle it would be, if at the close of the season, when the ice and snow of Winter begin to melt and soften, into the verdant and tender Spring, the overworked brains of the Seniors should also soften, until they were verdant and Freshmanlike. Far better would be an early death than a calamity of such magnitude. The Senior feels in a greater degree the sadness which we have spoken of in the Junior. His days as a High School student are numbered and he begins to see what delightful days they have been, how few their discomforts in comparison with their pleasures. Let us hope that his after life will be as happy as this period of his school-life has been.

M. H.

OUR FIRST EXPERIENCE IN A WESTERN SCHOOL.

We had moved with our parents from the East to a Western city, some months before our first experience in a Western school.

The time had been passed mostly in play with a very little of what we called studying at home; so being out of the habit of daily study as we had known it before, we dreaded the day when we should begin.

But begin we must; and having arranged with the Principal of the Grammar School for an examination, our mother sent us off one morning, telling us there was nothing to fear, as the schools we had come from were probably not very different, and surely as good as the one we were going to. That did not lighten our hearts a great deal, and we took the longest route, and dragged ourselves along as unwillingly as Shakespeare's schoolboy ever did.

But were youthful spirits ever known to remain sad long? We soon found something to talk or laugh about, and in our fun had almost forgotten whither we were bound, when all at once the school-house appeared in sight! Our laugh died away; we felt pretty sober just then. "Say, I'm not going in while all those fellers are there, are you?" "Not I." No; we all agreed that plan wouldn't be agreeable. So we waited around till the last straggler disappeared within doors. "Now come on," says one, "I move we get through with this business as soon as possible." "All right, you go first," says another. "Go ahead yourself,—what are you afraid of?" After much disputing, and pushing of each other forward, the stairs were reached, and the only course before us was to walk quietly to the office. There were

some half dozen children already there, receiving a sharp reprimand for misbehavior in marching to their respective rooms. Had we been Digger Indians they could not have stared more; and how we did blush as we seated (or rather balanced) ourselves on the edge of a settee, and hoped that the "unfledged youngsters", as we termed them, would leave before our dreaded ordeal should begin. Yes, very soon out they walked, casting behind lingering glances, as if they would like to stay and see the fun.

The Principal, closing the door, began "So, my children, you have come to be examined, have you? Let me see,—what have you studied in the Eastern schools?" We mentioned a few branches. "Well, we will take Arithmetic first; you may all try this this mental example," said he, unaware that he was leading us beyond our depth. But the fact was soon evident; one of us in hopeless confusion gave up the question, one who did not attempt it at all, seeing another straining every nerve to obtain the answer, called out. "She's is counting on her fingers!" "That will do for Arithmetic," said he, "I should think you came from the back-woods, where they keep school two months in the year." "We didn't come from the back-woods, sir; we came from a city of more than fifty thousand inhabitants!" Pshaw! why didn't he give us slate-work? We would have come out all right then. The Principal went on, "How far have you progressed in English Grammar,—have you reached verse-making?" Grammar! Verse-making! what did he mean? We had never studied anything of that name. "What! have you not learned the parts of speech, and their relation to each other? Don't you know what a noun is?" We did not. "Well I am afraid you will not be able to enter this school, if this is the extent of your knowledge." He then proceeded to ask us questions in Geography, which were answered with great alacrity; we were "way up" in that study. He seemed encouraged at this, and enquired if we could draw. We answered joyfully we could (aside—"a little") but it was lucky he didn't ask for samples; I laugh to think what a piece of work we would have made!

Next he asked, "Have you taken up vocal music; I suppose it is taught in all the eastern schools?" We had a recollection of having learned something about "do, re, me, etc." and lines and bars and queer little quirks for rests, but it was exceedingly vague. "Sing this exercise," to the eldest of us. We could see each other turn pale. Sing! we might as well have attempted to speak Greek!

"I should like to know what they teach in the school you have attended; The

East need not feel proud of its fine teaching, if you are fair specimens of Grammar scholars. I am sorry for you, as I suppose you are not to blame, but I see no other way than to place you at the foot of the ladder. Remember that a good foundation is essential should you desire the after structure to be firm and reliable. If you are 'smart' you can soon reach higher rounds." This last was meant to cheer us up, for we looked rather forlorn, I have no doubt.

"You will study these books for the present," said he; and as the reading-book was indicative of the grade of study, I will disclose to you where we first took position in the Western ranks of the searchers after knowledge.

The eldest, aged thirteen years received a small primer whose stories rivaled those of Webster's Dictionary in length; and to the younger members, aged respectively ten and twelve years, was given a reading-book with the *alphabet* engraved in large letters on the first page.

LOCALS.

A meeting will be held in Room L after school Saturday, Feb. 5, for the purpose of forming a chapter of the Agazziz Association. This is a society for the study of Natural Sciences, and numbers at present over ten thousand members. The local chapter will we hope be a large one, as there are many in the school and outside interested in such matters, and the affair has the support of the teachers. All are requested to be present at the first meeting.

Pupil, reading to the class: "Here's a lot of French!"

Teacher: "Translate it if you can, if not, skip it."

Pupil hesitates, looks longingly at the "unknown tongue," and "skips" it, amid the applause of the class.

As we have received several anonymous contributions since the Students' Record was started, it becomes necessary to say that we shall never publish any article Personal or otherwise unless we know the author's full name. It will be easily seen that this is a very reasonable regulation.

OUR EXCHANGES.

The Augusta Cony Student is a welcome exchange. The Eds. of the Record are glad to see that it gives space to an Amateur department, and wish that more of the Maine School papers did the same.

The Academy Belle is very regular and very interesting.

We pine for a copy of the Rockland Comet, of which we have heard so much.

Highland News of Lowell is very bright and interesting.

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SHYLOCK.

Shakespeare's play, "The Merchant of Venice," has many pleasing and interesting characters. But none less pleasing and more cruel than Shylock, an old money lender of Venice. When the rates of usance declined in that city he still charged the same interest, and would never lend money without the surest security.

When Bassanio went to him to honor three thousand ducats, and Antonio, a Christian, promised to be his security, Shylock readily lent it to him. But think of the further security he demanded! A pound of Antonio's flesh, if the money were not paid on the day appointed?

When the day of payment came, Shylock had not received his due. So they decided to have it settled by law. Soon afterward Bassanio offered Shylock thrice the amount of the loan, but the revengeful wretch would not accept it. He demanded his bond.

"Never did I know a creature, that did bear the shape of man, so keen and greedy to confound a man." Shylock finally accepted merely the principal of the loan, and was glad to escape without injury to himself.

Shylock had a beautiful daughter, Jessica. I do not suppose that she was a perfect girl, but I know that she was a better daughter than he deserved to have.

Shylock never allowed Jessica any liberties, but kept her in the house as much as possible. What wonder that the girl was lonesome and discontented, and at last rebelled against her lot! When she finally escaped from his clutches the old miser mourned the jewels and ducats which she had taken with her, much more than he mourned his daughter. For thus he said:—

"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter! O my christian ducats! Two sealed bags of ducats, stolen from me by my daughter! And jewels two rich and precious stones, stolen by my daughter! Justice find the girl; she hath the stones upon her, and the ducats."

And at another time he said:—"A diamond gone cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! Two thousand ducats in that; and other precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!"

How much would the old miser have cared whether his daughter ran away or not, if only his "precious, precious jewels" and "two sealed bags of ducats" had been safe?

It has been said that Shakespeare never denied his worst villains some redeeming traits, but if this be so, he certainly denied Shylock, as many "redeeming traits" as well he could.

A. L. D.

SHYLOCK.

Shylock, the Jew in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" is a true representative of his nation in his love of money and hatred of Christians.

He seems very cruel, but when one thinks of the persecutions of this race, is it to be wondered at, that they hate the persecutors?

Whatever Shylock did, he received nothing but hatred, wherever he went, nothing but contempt, simply because he was Jew, therefore does it seem strange, since no mercy nor even justice had been shown towards him, that when an opportunity offered for revenge upon Antonio, a Christian (and the one who took away his business by lending money gratis) that Shylock carried this revenge as far as he could?

Shylock said of Antoino: "He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew."

He goes on to say in his own defence: "Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you wrong us shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by a Christian example? Why revenge?"

To increase his hatred, his only daughter Jessica after (in what seems to me the manner of any common thief) robbing him of money and jewels eloped with Lorenzo, a Christian and friend to Antonio.

His great wrongs took away his pity, and after Portia outwitted him and he had prayed for death, he suffered the severest punishment that could be inflicted upon him, that of having kindness shown him and his life spared.

M. T. W.

WE HAVE HEARD IT SAID

That the French division of the Senior class needs to rub up its Geography.

That the school needs a new Singing Book.

That it makes no difference to a certain member of the school whose Vinegar Taffy he eats.

That in going to school through the last snowstorm an unfortunate scholar was buried up to the eyes in the frosty element and was not rescued until the day after.

That to avoid such dire consequences the whistle should be blown on very stormy mornings.

That *Hi Aristosopai* of the Senior class has come to an end.

That a new club of the same nature has been founded in that class whose motto is "Commeatus causa."

That the young ladies belonging to said club, mourned the loss of the Vinegar Taffy, in sackcloth and ashes.

That the "honorary member" took pity on their grief and remedied the loss as far as was in her power.

That the two young gentlemen to whom we referred in our last issue as "two lovely berries," might be described more aptly as a chestnut and a Burr.

PERSONALS.

"The modest temple of wisdom."

B. H. S.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought, to teach the young idea how to shoot."

J. M. H.

SENIORS.

"A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet that her motion blushed at herself."

E. G.

"As the bright sun glorifies the sky, so is her face, illumined with her eye."

C. K.

"Wheresoe'r we went, like Juno's swans, Still we went coupled and inseperable."

M. P. and G. H.

"Prithee, why so pale."

M. Y.

"Quotation, like much better things, has its abuses."

M. H.

JUNIORS.

"With a smile that glowed Celestial rosy red, love's proper hue."

M. L. A.

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

L. J.

SOPHOMORE.

"William is become a good scholar."

W. A.

"The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek."

R. S.

FRESHMAN.

"Of all the girls that are so smart, there's none like pretty Sally."

S. L. B.

"Too much of a good thing."

H. F.

"Her face, oh! call it fair not pale."

L. R. S.

"Red as a Rose is she."

R. B.

"For Satan finds some mischief still For idle hands to do."

H. R.

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