

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 his 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.

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the students of the Bangor High School.

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would not be willing to subscribe if this
fact were kept before them. We hope
that those who do not care for the prem-
ium 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 dwell-
ings. 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 ac-
cord, without being asked.

But there happened one beautiful mid-
day a great misfortune. As all the peo-
ple even the oldest had brought out their
children enfolded in white, and laid them
in the warm sunshine, there came sud-
denly 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 pleas-
ure 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 stand-
ing. They attacked him with their weap-
ons 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.

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