

1884

High School Index: Published by the Pupils of the Bangor High School

Pupils of the Bangor High School

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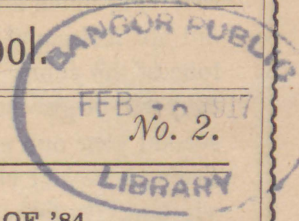
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High School Index.

Published by the Pupils of the Bangor High School.

Vol. 1.

Bangor, Maine, June, 1884.



Class Poem.

BY LELIA A. KITTREDGE.

CCROSS the river deep, and darkly rolling,
Whose waters softly lave the Farther Shore,
While on this side, where bells of Time are tolling,
The raging waves in ceaseless tumult roar,
A bridge is thrown with many mystic arches,
O'er which a countless throng forever marches.

Full many varying paths this bridge discloses;
Some winding long while others sudden end;
Some hedged about with fragrant thornless roses,
While blossoms sweet, in some with briars blend,—
In other rugged paths the sharp thorn bristles,—
The way is choked with worthless weeds and thistles.

And myriads, jostling tread these paths not knowing
Where next their doubtful feet may slip or stray;
Though seeing naught beyond, or whither going,
Faith's guiding star illumines the unknown way,
Where happiness may smile is all uncertain,—
And coming woes are veiled by Mercy's curtain.

But we who soon shall leave behind youth's morning,
To bear the toils and cares of busy noon,
Should wisely seek the mind and hearts adorning,
For dying moments fade away so soon;
Then grasp for earnest use each moment fleeting;
Time counts each one his solemn death-drum beating.

How dark the view of life misspent and wasted,
Of deeds of cruel wrong, of vice and crime!
Their bitter dregs must surely soon be tasted,—
Remorse and deep despair will come in time.
A noble life must claim the heart's endeavor,
Advance we must, or retrograde forever.

Some men by deeds have made their names undying,
Have built their monuments in works of love,—
Have toiled for wronged and wretched millions sighing
Whose bitter cries were heard by One above.
He surely will reward the martyred hero,—
As surely will condemn each cruel Nero.

We backward look and from our life's beginning,
Retrace the way along through, changing years,
Both smiles and tears from faithful Memory winning,
Whose record shows our vanished joys and fears.
Whose treasures rare are ours to fondly cherish;
Oh! may her purest gems ne'er fade nor perish.

As travelers the Great Sahara crossing,
View the mirage and deem it fruitful land,
With date palms tall their plumes o'er fountains tossing,
Which while they seek they see transformed to sand,—
So we anticipate our hopes fruition
When all is changed by Time, the great magician.

Beyond the river dark and swiftly flowing,
An oasis in fadeless beauty shines;
The tree of life by living fountains growing,
Its healing leaves with flowers and fruitage twines,
And they who cross this dark and raging river,
Are free from every earthly harm forever.

HISTORY OF CLASS OF '84.

[BY KATIE E. PARKER.]

WITH the sunlight of that pleasant September morning shining kindly upon us, who could feel any doubt or dread, as, with the friend whom we asked to call, we took our way to the school house where an ordeal, of what nature we were ignorant awaited us. Was it strange that the novelty of this situation with the half imagined wonders of high school life, produced in us a feeling of exhilaration and quickly dispelled dread and fear. Our class of seventy-five presenting a truly imposing appearance, was marshalled into a room on the lower floor and there awaited the lessons for the following day; then released we took our way to the book-stores, and with our new books rather conspicuously displayed, slowly sauntered homeward. The novelty of one session was pleasant, and our first afternoon passed quickly. On the following morning we again started for school, our heads already heavy with new ideas and definitions, the declension of "stella" the definition of "atoms" the "axioms" of our Algebra forming a strange medley in our thoughts. With feelings of less reserve we again took our places and began in earnest our high school work. Do not fear that it is my intention to picture thus minutely the work of each day.

Soon novelty became reality, and we took our daily Latin, Algebra and Philosophy, knowing them to be necessary to our future glory, when we should become honored juniors and seniors. The first term passed and at its close showed our progress by the result of examinations. At the commencement of the term a division of the class was made which was a benefit to all in that crowded room. With the exception of special rules and regulations as to snow-balling and at spring-time in regard to tossing ball, our term passed in an uneventful manner.

When we again assembled to begin another year, we found that many of our members had left us, we regretted their departure and learned to appreciate more highly those who remained.

Several new studies were found in the course and a large number of girls entered the Greek class, receiving much admiration from their friends who did not feel equal to learning a new alphabet. But four of the young ladies have stood the test and they will be graduated with classical honors. In our second year our school-house was destroyed by fire and we had visions of a long vacation, but our vigilant city fathers believing that " 'Tis education forms the common mind." in five short days had us established in the top story of the Union street building, and here we may be said to have been *highly* educated if we may judge by the long weary stairs to climb. I will relate but one incident which happened during our stay in the building. It illustrates our interest in the element, and shows with what sacrifice our devoted teacher preferred duty to pleasure. These are the facts:

One pleasant morning during the history recitation, the sound of fire bells broke the stillness of the air and the usual senseless questions "Where's the fire?" passed from lip to lip. This was before our admirable alarm system was introduced, therefore of course no one knew, and some boy bolder than the rest went to a window, to discover if possible, the place of the conflagration, when the startled cry of "Its just across the street," whispered as it was, reached the ears of our teacher. Before our minds fully comprehended the communication of our classmate, we heard the stern command "Close the shutters!" and every window was darkened. A like gloom fell on our spirits, and when, after the excitement had subsided, we beheld the small hole in the roof of the building opposite, realizing what we had lost, we felt the truth of that well known saying, "There's not a joy the world can give, like that it takes away."

A new school house was in process of erection and it was thought that it would be completed at the commencement of our next term, but we were disappointed as it was not ready until November. When the day of our Exodus arrived, we were informed that we were to march two by two through the principal streets. In passing through the business thoroughfares we were the "observed of all observers," the admiration we excited could be equalled only by that aroused on circus days, or by the strains of a parading minstrel band. Having arrived at our new building we were assigned to our respective rooms, and then were allowed to examine more minutely the many improvements. We were

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much pleased with the high, light rooms, the shiny black-boards, the new system of heating, and last though not least the comfortable seats. The walls beautiful in themselves would form a perfect background, for the pictures which we hope may sometime gladden the eyes of those remaining in the school. We found our new quarters commodious and much better fitted for our needs. During the year a fine library was presented to the school by the class of '83. It now contains 411 volumes consisting of works of the standard authors, with valuable works on physics, astronomy, botany and other sciences. There are also three sets of Encyclopedia, including the Britannica which was donated by one of Bangor's prominent citizens. Teachers and pupils have found the library of much assistance in their work, and feel grateful to the class who gave it.

During the year we were assisted in devotional exercises, by the High School Orchestra. This association consisting wholly of young gentlemen who were pupils, was an honor to the school, and to the city itself throughout its career, but several of the members leaving, the few who remained (either from modesty, or fearing that their melodious strains might not be appreciated by their audience) have neglected often to bring their instruments. Near the close of our junior year we were pained to learn that our beloved principal was to return to his home in the West and there remain. Having passed thus far in our course under his kind supervision we wished that we might be permitted to finish our studies with him, but as this could not be we will ever look back with pleasure upon the years spent under his instruction. At the same time we lost another one of our teachers, who wishing to travel, sailed for Europe in June and spent the year in journeying and studying in foreign lands. Hoping that her rest has been beneficial, we congratulate the classes which are to be under her instruction during their course. When we next met it was as seniors and with a new principal, under whom our last year passed quickly and pleasantly, and who has won our sincere respect by the interest he has shown in us, and by the high sense of honor which he himself possesses and has endeavored to increase in the minds of his pupils. With our seniorship came privileges of which we gladly availed ourselves. The use of the Library for study was granted to us, and many smaller liberties which seniors take for themselves. A chance was given those who wished to study German under the admirable instructions of Prof. Braun. This

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 4.]

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The High School Index.

Published by the Pupils of the Bangor High School once in every school month of the year.

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“ 6 months, - - - - -	25 cents.
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Single copies, - - - - -	5 cents.

Address all business letters to F. W. Adams, Sixth street, Bangor, Maine.

Editorial.

With this number, the present editors of the senior class finish their labor on the INDEX. As the senior class started this paper we hope that the next class will continue to keep it up, as they can scarcely realize what a great credit it will be to them. And as the older it grows, we hope it will increase in interest so that it may obtain a firm foothold as a model school paper. There is sufficient ability in the next senior class to make it a very pleasing paper. Wishing the paper good success, we now give over our official duties as editors of the INDEX to our successors, whom we congratulate as brother-editors.

Editorial Notes.

This number is mostly given over to articles of the graduating class.

We received the following papers as *exchanges*: Hallowell Classical, Home Advocate, a paper published at Hebron Academy and several others.

The class of '84 and the citizens of Bangor thank the School Committee for obtaining the Opera House for graduation.

PERSONALS.

It is as yet rather doubtful whether Miss Wright will remain in her position next year. But it is the earnest wish of all the scholars, that she should remain.

Theo. Coombs left for Boston a few weeks ago and thus avoided the "honors of graduation."

LOCALS.

Why !!! Why, why !!!

The officers of the Senior class of '84 were J. S. Cummings, President; J. J. Farrell, Vice President; Katie E. Parker, Secretary; Frank E. Baker, Treasurer. The Class meetings have, by the kindness of Miss Clark, been held in her room.

Ho! for vacation!

We hope all may enjoy a happy vacation.

The Seniors sent their pictures in a pretty album, to their former principal, Mr. Jordan.

The "Index" ends its first volume with this number, and takes a vacation until September, when its second volume containing ten numbers will be commenced.

Seventeen scholars of the Fourth class have left school during this year.

Very pleasant exercises were held by the scholars, under the direction of Miss Boyce and Miss Wright, on Saturday, June 7th. Among the number of visitors we noticed Messrs. Simpson, Bradbury, Lord, Taylor and others.

It seems that the bashful "scrubs" were cheated out of the microscope sometimes.

The High School is indebted to Mr. Holman for specimens of birds, which have been added to a collection, already contributed by Sumner Crosby.

The weather has had a damaging effect both on polo and foot-ball.

Each scholar in the Senior class will have the letter of the motto corresponding to his or her number in the class. As there are twenty-six letters in the motto, and the class, which contains twenty-six is numbered alphabetically, each will have a letter to remember it by.

Who made the profits on the fruit, on the excursion, Monday?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.]

study has but lately been added to the course, and a rare opportunity is given to pupils to learn the language. During the first part of the year, Mr. Gibson taught as assistant but leaving to pursue farther his medical studies his place was taken by Miss Wright. Our first term passed quickly and at its close we felt that we had indeed accomplished much. Soon we had the novelty of class meetings which might have been conducted in a more business like manner, but as we consider them models of their kind, I will not explain their mysteries. Photographs were exchanged and rings purchased, when some member of the class eager for fun or excitement proposed an entertainment, and having put the question to vote it was decided to make arrangements. Therefore on March 19th and 20th the class of '84 received their friends at City Hall; the fair was a success and the proceeds were divided among the class members.

During the term a paper was proposed and the the pupils acceding to the proposition, chose editors from the classes and the first number of the "Index" appeared May 17th. The publication will be continued and we wish it success and a liberal patronage.

The statistics of our class are as follows—The class numbers twenty-six of which nineteen comprise the fair sex.

Average age 18 years, 5 months, oldest 19 years, 8 months; youngest 16 years, 10 months; Average weight 124 lbs.; heaviest 168 lbs.; lightest 100½ lbs. Average height 5 ft. 5 in.; tallest 6 ft.; shortest 5 ft. 2 in. Average number of boot 4½; largest 9; smallest 13.

Among our number are found 9 Congregation-
alists; 4 Catholics; 3 Baptists; 3 Universalists;
3 Unitarians; 2 Methodists; 2 Episcopalians.

In political preference, we stand 20 Republicans and 6 Democrats. We have three blondes and the remainder are "on the fence." We are all handsome, truly we think that no class was ever composed of so many handsome members as our own. Our Boys are brilliant in studies and we may prophesy—but no! ours is the past and not the future. My Lord St. Albans said that "Nature did never put her precious jewels in a garret four stories high and therefore exceedingly tall men have very empty heads" but we may say that our tall boy is certainly an exception to this rule. We have in our number several noted musicians of whom the world will hear at some future time. And what of our nineteen twenty-sixths? will their aim be to "grow up and keep house," following the example of two of our class mates who have left the state of single blessedness? surely there is magic in the name of Fred. And now our school work is finished and as we go forth into the world let us look back upon our school days, as among the most pleasant ones of our life. May we profit by the kind instruction of our teachers and when they see our names high on the roll of fame, may they think that their work was not done in vain.

An excursion of the High School scholars, under the direction of Baker and Sargent, went down river Monday. All had an enjoyable time. Just as the boat left the wharf it was learned that two inseparables had been left. After waiting a few minutes they hove in sight, when they were greeted with tremendous shouting and cheering.

We understand that there is more talk of a new firm starting up to sell fruit, but none will be sold as long as the Wharff (wharf) is on the boat.

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REV. THEODORE GERRISH is pastor of the Pine St. Methodist Church of this city. Mr. Gerrish is author of the well known books, "Reminiscences of the War," and "The Blue and the Gray." Some time ago he was recommended to use BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA for a member of his family who was afflicted with Canker, a very prevalent disease. To his surprise BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA did what many other remedies had failed to do: it cured the patient. Mr. Gerrish will willingly tell any one of the power of BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA over troubles of this nature. I endorse the above.

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Class Prophecy.

BY EDITH B. SMART.

IN the market place of Bruges stands the belfry old
and brown;
Thrice consumed and thrice rebuilt, still it
watches o'er the town.
As the summer morn was breaking, on that lofty tower I
stood,
And the world threw off the darkness, like the weeds of
widowhood.
Thick with towns and hamlets studded, and with streams
and vapors gray,
Like a shield embossed with silver, round and vast the land-
scape lay.
At my feet the city slumbered; from the chimneys here and
there,
Wreaths of snow white smoke, ascending, vanished ghost
like, into air.
Not a sound rose from the city at that early morning hour,"
Tho' I heard sweet strains of music swelling in the ancient
tower.
From her place before the organ, sang our Alma wild and
high;
"And the world, beneath me sleeping, seemed more distant
than the sky."
"Then most musical and solemn," bringing up the future
times,
By the aid of Coombs, our classmate, pealed the melancholy
chimes.
"Like the psalms from some old cloister, where the nuns
sing in the choir,"
And the voice of Boyd among them, thundered as officiat-
ing friar.
Visions of the days in future, shadowy phantoms filled my
soul,
Two who climbed the steep, but golden path of knowledge,
Brown and Towle.
I beheld the glory splendid, that surrounds our president to
be,
For Bradford occupies the presidential chair *des Etats Unis*.
Behold, how are the mighty fallen! Yea, the proud have
learned to pray;
For I saw our genteel Hastings working humbly by the day.
In a narrow attic chamber, sits a spinster old and gray;
Stitching, stitching, ever stitching, through the long and
lonely day.
Fled, are all the youthful lovers; gone are all the youthful
charms.
No one now to care for Cora, none to shield from cares and
harms.
It is with reluctance that I speak of one, who in by gone
days
Took the lead of all his mates, in study, manly sports and
plays.
One of whom we had prophesied such a grand and noble
career.
Our Farrell, has become a hotel waiter, for a meager sum
each year.
Then I beheld at Washington midst the grace and beauty
rare,
Our brilliant Minnie and Lottie, the fairest of them there.
While Lee whose manners in the olden time were surely
never of the stage,
Has chosen that profession, and now is quite the rage.
Till the bell of Ghent had told me, "o'er lagoon and dike of
sand,"
That our mild and gentle Flora had become a lady grand;
That Marion still studied in the college of a distant land.
Our Dugan awoke one morning and found herself famous.
For a drop of ink
Inspired by her lofty brain, had produced that which made
thousands, yes, millions think.
Then all honor to her who struggled, who *reached* fame where
her wrongs were redressed
And God bless our Rosie, and crown her noble efforts with
merited success.
Twenty, thirty years pass by, and one day I entered the
rink on the bridge;
There, as of yore is Zelig—Zelig still, tho' girlhood's days
have lengthened into middle age.
"ALONE! That worn out word,
So idly spoken and so coldly heard.
Yet all that poets sing and grief hath known
Of hopes laid waste, knells in that word *Alone!*"
Then bath the genius of our Susie, reached the climax in its
upward route;
For standing in the walls of Vassar, she teaches young ideas
to shoot.

What means this mixture of men and peanuts—this crowd
that throngs our sunny street?
This busy hum of tongues of countrymen—this heavy thud
of many feet?
And what this wild, unearthly clamor?
It certainly is a steam pianer!
But Barnum died long years ago,
Who now has charge of this great show?
Saints and ministers defend me,
Oh would some friend a spy glass lend me!
'Tis Baker rides with lordly air, tho' still the same old
smile of mirth,
To see us wonder that he should own "the greatest show on
earth."

How proud our McLaughlin should be
Of such a noble spouse as he!
'Mong the rock-ribbed mountains, canyons deep, and up
their quartz bound heights,
Will Cummings, search with pick and drill from early morn
till late at night,
For the yellow gold that evades his grasp, though sought
with eager hands;
But in the end success rewards, he finds at last the glitter-
ing sands.
Wandering far in sunny land,
Semple and Gould go hand in hand.
While Lelia true and strong of heart,
Rules her household with loving art.
But why should I tell you the life of Stewart, or the end of
Kate,
When you know them as well as I—or can guess them at
any rate.
Then let us sing, long live Kate;
And Stewart, long live he;
And may we each have a piece of the cake,
When Kate shall Mrs. Stewart be.
"Then the sound of drums aroused me. The awakened city's
roar
Chased the phantoms I had summoned," back into the void
once more.
"Hours had passed away like minutes; and before I was
aware.
Lo! The shadow of the belfry crossed the sun illumined
square."

The Graduating Exercises of the Class of '84.

On last Friday evening, the graduation exercises
of the Class of '84, took place in the Opera House.
Notwithstanding the excessive warmth of the even-
ing, the Opera House proved too small for the
audience, and many ladies and gentlemen took
"standing room." in the lobbies.

In the Opera House the exercises passed off
much smoother than ever before, the large stage
giving admirable advantages for seating the class,
teachers, and school committee comfortably. The
exercises were pronounced the best of any pre-
vious classes. The scholars taking English parts
were drilled by Miss Clark, to whom great credit
is due. The parts in French and German were
looked after by Miss Boyce and Prof. Braun.

The stage was set with a wood scene, and the
front was arrayed with flowers. The design of
the class motto, devised by Miss Boyce and car-
ried out by Miss Wright was very novel and pret-
ty in its effect, giving the appearance of snow, in
the full glare of the gaslight. The class was ar-
ranged in a double semi-circle and presented a
very pretty sight. The following was the

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

Prayer.

Mus c.		Orchestra.
Salutatory. (Latin)	Bertha L. Brown.	
Recitation.	Susie M. Quimby.	Pipes of Lucknow.
Piano Solo.	Marion E. Lyford.	Selected
Declamation.	(Fred E. Bradford)	The Army on the Potomac.
French Dialogue,	Agnes L. Hastings, Carrie M. Zelig.	Le Bonheur.
Cornet Solo,	E. C. Adams.	Selected.
Declamation	Frank E. Baker.	Toussaint L'Ouverture.
Reading,	Mary E. Lee.	An order for a Picture.
Song,	Alma G. Haynes.	The Old Fashioned Garden.
German Recitation,	Minnie J. Sullivan.	Louise McLaughlin.
Essay,		Virgilius.
Violin Solo,	Walter D. Stewart.	Gypsy Dance.
Class Poem.	Lelia A. Kittredge.	
Class History.	Katie E. Parker.	
Song,	Cora B. Field.	The Chalot Horn.
Class Prophecy.	Edith B. Smart.	
Essay (with Vaedictory)	Lizzie M. Towle.	"Let there be light."
Music.		Orchestra.

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SINGING CLASS HYMN.

WORDS—*Rose A. Dugan.* MUSIC.—*Alma G. Haynes,*

"Twilight now is softly falling
 On our school-day life;
 The time draws near when we must meet
 Life's pleasures, cares and strife
 But, ah, to friends and teachers dear,
 To all here loved so well,
 To every kind, familiar face
 We each must bid farewell.
 So let us wreath around school life
 A starry garland bright,
 To cheer our hearts, to light our steps,
 To guide our way aright.
 In coming life we'll try our best
 Some noble work to do,
 And strive to make our lives sublime,
 And good and brave and true.
 At the dawn of our life above,
 If we've hearts pure and free,
 United in a happy band
 We'll gain a high degree.
 For not a sole is crowned on high,
 A good and faithful son,
 But we may work as he has worked
 And win the same "well done."

Benediction.

NAMES OF GRADUATES.

College Course.

Bertha Louise Brown,
 Mary Elliott Lee,
 Marion Emily Lyford,

Walter Dudley Stewart,
 Mary Elizabeth Towle.

Classical and English Course.

Fred Edwin Bradford,
 Rose Ann Dugan,
 John Joseph Farrell,
 Agnes Louise Hastings,
 Alma Grace Haynes,
 Lelia Adele Kittredge,
 Katie Eliza Parker,
 Mae Beek Semple,
 Mary Josephine Sullivan.

English Course.

Frank Elmer Baker,
 Cora Bell Field,
 Mary Elizabeth Gould,
 Flora Stewart Graves,
 Susie May Quimby,
 Edith Bernice Smart.

Partial Course.

Harry Lincoln Boyd,
 Jason Stanley Cummings,
 Lottie Jellison Smart,
 Theo. Sedgwick Coombs,
 Louise McLaughlin,
 Carrie May Zelig.

Rev. G. B. Ilsley offered prayer, after which the orchester, led by Mr. Cushing, played a choice selection. Bertha L. Brown delivered the Salutatory very nicely. Susie M. Quimby recited the "Pipes of Lucknow" with a great spirit. A piano solo was finely played by Marion E. Lyford.

(Fred E. Bradford) gave a pleasing declamation in a very fine manner and received great applause. The participants in the French dialogue showed how thorough had been the instruction received from Miss Boyce. E. C. Adams was received with unbounded enthusiasm in his brilliant cornet playing. Frank E. Baker gave a very forcible declamation in fine style. "An Order for a Picture," was nicely read by Mary Lee. Miss Alma G. Haynes sang, "An Old Fashioned Garden," in a very fine manner; to Miss Haynes, belongs the credit of composing the pretty music of the Class Hymn, which all pronounce to be a gem in its way. The words were written by Rose A. Dugan, and reflect great credit on her. Miss Louise McLaughlin, one of Prof. Braun's pupils, gave a German recitation.

A very fine essay was read by Minnie J. Sullivan in a spirited manner, which produced thunders of applause. Walter D. Stewart rendered

[CONTINUED IN SUPPLEMENT, PAGE 1.]

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INDEX SUPPLEMENT.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.]

a violin solo in his usual pleasing manner. We have in our class one who writes very pretty poetry, Miss Lelia A. Kittredge, who wrote our fine Class Poem. The Class History is always an interesting part, and Miss Katie E. Parker made it doubly so. It contained many amusing facts and brilliant flashes of wit. Cora B. Field, sang a selection very finely indeed and received great applause. The Prophecy presented rather a bewildering maze to the class, in foretelling their future position. It contained many good local hits and was recited very gracefully by Miss Edith B. Smart.

The essay with the valedictory, by Miss Towle, was a superb composition, and was recited by her with great expression. Rev. R. L. Howard, then, with a few well chosen remarks conferred the diplomas. The class then advanced in double lines and sang the Class Hymn, then, Rev. G. B. Hsley gave benediction after which the class congratulated and shook hands with their teachers and their classmates and bid good-bye to each other.

Mr. Frank P. McQuinn, the gentlemanly chief usher of the Opera House, presented the bouquets and other pieces of flower work in a very polite manner, being ably assisted by Samuel N. Boardman and Orin B. Humphrey.

Virgilius.

BY MINNIE J. SULLIVAN.

SUBLIUS Virgilius Maro, such was the poet's full name, though it has been abbreviated into the curt English form of Virgil, has always been for some reason or other the most popular of all the old classical writers. The originality of his genius, the energy of his language, and the richness of his imagination, merited not only the admiration of his countrymen in his own generation, but even up to the present time, all readers of taste and sensibility assign him the first place among the poets of his country, and acknowledge the presence of that "Light from Heaven," which consecrates and eternizes every monument of genius. Even in the middle ages, when Greek literature was almost a deserted field, and Homer was a sealed book to those who considered themselves, and were considered, scholars, Virgil was still the favorite with old and young. Every style of writer, from the monks in their chronicles, to philosophers in their secular studies, enlivened

their pages with quotations from the author, with whom no scholar would confess himself wholly unacquainted. Through all ages he has been translated, imitated and parodied, and the fates of Dido, Pallas, and Euryalus, have drawn tears from successive generations. To the many who have almost forgotten what they once knew of him, his lines awake reminiscences of youth which are always pleasant, while even those to whom he is a sound, and nothing more, listen as with a kind of sacred awe. Virgil was born in the little village of Andes, seventy years before Christ, and received a liberal education, as is evident from the many illusions in his poems. His love of literary pursuits, as well as the delicacy of his physical constitution, led him to choose a life of retirement, hence he withdrew from Rome to his native Andes. While he was thus leading a country life, and probably between the age of twenty-seven and thirty-four years, were composed the Eclogues, which, though subject to some criticism, are among the most graceful of all Idyllic poems, and they possess a charm which fascinate the reader more and more. The subjects of these poems are various, but are usually introduced in the way of imaginary dialogues between Greek shepherds in imaginary woodland countries. The Eclogues at once established the reputation of the poet and gained him ardent friends and admirers. Virgil appears to have passed the remainder of his days at Naples. It was here that he composed the Georgics, a didactic poem in four books, which give a mythological sketch of the early history of the world. In point of versification, this is the most finished work of our poet, and, as Addison remarks, it may be justly considered in this respect as the most perfect of all poems. Having devoted seven years to this work, and conscious that his poetic labors, must be ended by an early death, he now entered upon his greatest, and best known work, the *Æneid*, which stands nearly in the same relation to pre-existing literature as does the "Paradise Lost." Notwithstanding it has been left us somewhat incomplete, it always has been and always will be justly considered the noblest poetic creation of the Roman mind. *Æneas*, the chosen here, is described as a man of many sufferings, and though he has the deliberate counsels of Heaven on all sides, yet the anger of the cruel Juno is permitted to thwart him for many years, until he founds, in

Latium, the city from which sprung mighty Rome. In "Multum et terris jactatus et alto," we have the subject of the first six books, the trials and sufferings of Æneas on land and sea, and in "Multa quoque et bello passus," the last six books, in which the poet describes his wars in Latium. Virgil at once dashes into the heart of the story. This is how he introduces his hero:

"Arma virum que cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris
Italiano fato profugus Lavinæque venit."

In the first book, Virgil shows to us Æneas on the sea, where the angry Queen of Heaven catches sight of him, and sends down the storm, which has been translated by one of the poets in this way:

"All in a moment sun and skies
Are blotted from old Trojan eyes,
Black night is brooding o'er the deep,
Sharp thunders peal, live lightning's leap,
The stoutest warrior holds his breath
And looks as on the face of death."

Neptune, the Sea God, comes to the rescue, and Æneas lands at Carthage, where he is hospitably entertained by Queen Dido, who pities the sufferings of the Trojans from her own bitter experience with these words "Non ignari mali miseris succurrere disco."

In the second book, Æneas, before the Queen, enters upon his narrative of the capture and sack of Troy, beginning with the well known story of the wooden horse. In the third book, Æneas continues the narrative of his voyage and settlements, from the night he left Troy, until his arrival at Carthage. In the fourth book, we read of the love and death of Dido. The whole of this book of the Æneid, "The passion of Dido" as it has been frequently called, is of a very high order of tragic pathos. It is here that the poet, with a master's hand, portrays Rumor as a vast monster, whose form and character he thus describes:

"Extemplo Libyæ magnas it Fama per urbes,
Fama, malum, qua non aliud velocius ullum:
Mobilitate vigot, viresque acquirit eundo;
Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras.
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.
Illam Terra parens, ira irritata deorum,
Extremam, ut perhibent, Coeo Enceladoque sororem
Progenuit, pedibus celerem et pernicipibus alis.
Monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui, quot sunt corpore
plumæ,

Tot vigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu),
Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit auris.
Nocte volat caeli medio, terræque, per umbram
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno;
Luce sedet custos aut summi culmine tecti,
Turibus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes.
Tam ficti praviq; tenax, quam nuntia veri.
Hæc tum multiplici populos sermone replebat
Gaudens, et pariter facta atque infecta canebat:

In the fifth book we find Æneas in Sicily, where he assembles the Trojans, and proclaims a sacred festival and games in honor of his father, Anchises. In the sixth book Æneas lands at Cumæ, and immediately proceeds to the temple of Apollo to consult the Sibyl who receives the inspiration of the Gods. One request he makes of her, that he may be allowed to visit the shades below. The prophetess consents, but not without the solemn warning often quoted to point a far higher moral than the heathen poet was likely to have conceived.

"Facilis descensus Averno
Noctes atque dies patet atri janna Ditis
Sed revocare gradum superasque evadere ad auras
Hoc opus hic labor est."

There terseness and pathos are not easy to reproduce in any other language, but Mr. Connington has done it as well perhaps as it could be done.

"The journey to the Abyss
Is prosperous and light;
The palace gates of gloomy Dis
Stand open day and night.
But upward to retrace the way
And pass into the light of day,
There comes the stress of labor,
This may task a hero's might."

In the seventh book we find the fleet entering the mouth of the Tiber. The picture of the galleys going up the river is very beautiful.

"The sea was reddening with the dawn,
The queen of morn on high
Was seen in rosy chariot drawn
Against a saffron sky,
When on the bosom of the deep
The zephyrs dropped at once to sleep,
And struck with calm, the tired oars strain
Against the smooth unmoving main.
Now from the deep, Æneas sees
A mighty grove of glancing trees,
Embowered amid the Silvan stream
Old Tiber winds his banks between
And in the lap of ocean pours
His gulfy stream, his sandy stores,
Around, gay birds of diverse wing,
Accustomed there to fly or sing,
Were fluttering on from spray to spray
And soothing ether with their lay
He bids his comrades turn aside
And landward set each vessels head
And enters in triumphant pride
The river's shadowy bed,"

The poet never shows his individual greatness more strongly here. He is still the worshipper of nature, and with him we feel the cool breeze, we see the glancing shadow of the trees upon the river, we hear the flutter of startled birds and the long splash of the oars in the water. Latium is reached at last. The next five books describe his wars in Latium, and with the death of his rival, Turnus, the story is complete. To trace the influence of the Æneid upon modern poetry would require a separate treatise. Spenser is full of Virgil. Tasso's great poem is the Æneid made Christian. Dante ascribes to him whatever excellence he has attained in beauty of style. In fact many of the classics of modern poetry have manifestly been produced under the refining influence of this great master, whose endowments of mind move us to wonder in whose intellect wisdom, in whose heart the ardent desire of glory, and in whose mouth eloquence. To him, in short, whose virtues the mouths of Fame are too few to celebrate, and whom astonishment forbids us to praise as he deserves, this tribute is due.

As long as the streams flow to the seas
And the shadows fall on the hollow of the hills
So long shall his name with honor and glory remain."

Let there be Light.

BY LIZZIE M. TOWLE.

WORDS and terms have, to different minds, various significations and we often find definitions, changing in progress of events Bailey says "Learning is skill in languages or sciences."

Daniel Webster enlarged the meaning of the word, and says, "Learning is the knowledge of principles or facts received by instruction or study. This necessarily implies that we are to study carefully everything relating to the nature of our existence, with its mysterious phenomena and comparatively unexplained laws. Hence, the broad and significant meaning of the words "Let there be Light!" But before this divine mandate how great the darkness we fail to understand! not only darkness, but chaos, inextricable confusion, yet hidden germs of life and beauty were veiled beneath the gloom.

"But now at last the sacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night
A glimmering dawn: Here Nature first begins
Her furthest verge and Chaos to retire."

"Let there be Light," saith the Word, and all through that heaving mass a faint aurora ran; it grew brighter and brighter as morning dawns toward midday. It blazed a glorious corruscation amid the sombre spaces where it hung, and glory was seen afar. That was the beginning, and that light will never be extinguished. It was modified in its character, it came from different sources, it was centered in narrow spaces, but it increased till it blazed in awful splendor from all the stars and suns. No wonder then, that the Greeks like ourselves, not being able to comprehend the mystery, should clothe the Creation with a beauty of language peculiarly their own. Briefly stated the belief of the ancients was as follows:

God and Nature interposing to terminate the reigning discord, separated earth from sea, and from these, Heaven. Of the elements, the lightest part formed the sky; next in weight and place came the air; after that the earth, and the water taking the lowest station supported the earth. Some God gave greater diversity by placing the rivers and bays; raising mountains and causing their corresponding depression, the valleys. Then, to enjoy this glorious realm, Prometheus created man in the image of the Gods. To us the forcible narrative of the Scriptures reveals truths unknown to the pagans; the creation of the glorious light,

the separation of the waters from the dry land; on the earth, the rapid growth of all things pleasant and beneficial to man, and after all other forms of life, the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul.

What light the great science Astronomy has cast upon the world. In the earlier ages the changes of the stars and sun were indications of some evil. Once men could not see an eclipse or a comet without inferring pestilence or war, could not see even a bloody sun or a shooting star without fearing rational disaster and the fall of thrones. But now humanity no longer falls trembling at the signs of Heaven. Thanks to the progress of astronomical science which has freed us from superstitious terrors, and to the sages who have interpreted to us the Sibyls of the sky. Not Milton or Homer ever sang so sweetly and loftily as do the chief theorems of astronomy. The science which under astrology found universal belief among all the nations of antiquity except the Greeks, and also prevailed through the whole world of the "Middle Ages," was based upon the supposition that the heavenly bodies were the instruments by which the Creator regulated the course of events in this world, giving them different powers according to their different positions.

In the world of letters the light seemingly lost as in all those years forming the period so appropriately named the "Dark Ages" was yet but hidden. A few faithful scholars lived, among them the vernal Bede, that master mind which has collected and taught so many natural truths. He wrote commentaries on the Holy Scriptures as well as treatises on music, philosophy, rhetoric, arithmetic and versification, and even on medicine.

In the seventeenth century, how dark was the gloom which could allow the restrictions of the press, and which darkness Milton strove to illumine by his "Areopagitica" a speech to the Parliament of England for the liberty of unlicensed printing. In the world of science to which we have alluded, moral and natural science have progressed hand in hand. The christian influence in the "Dark Ages" was the corner stone and foundation of the progress of all the sciences and literature; and to the monks who thronged the monasteries belongs credit of teaching the different sciences, arts and literature. Every day some new scientific truth takes the place of a falsehood that has been taught for centuries. Scientific study tends not only to correct and ennoble the intellectual conceptions of man, it serves also to ameliorate his physical condition.

The investigation of principles is immediately followed by practical inventions. Machinery is rapidly supplanting human and animal labor. The steam engine has become the drudge of civilization and changed the industries of nations. It has not only enlarged the field of human activity, but it has increased the capabilities of human life and become a most efficient incentive to human industry. We can accomplish a thousand things by natural agencies which formerly were attributed to supernatural interference. To us it is a matter of surprise to think how little kept man from seeing these truths centuries ago. Only a shadow, as it were hid them from his view. One more crank perhaps in some scientific apparatus, one more lens newly shaped and adjusted, or one more conclusion drawn from our premises long observed, and these truths will shine forth like stars from the depth of the obscurity in which they lay during all these by gone ages. There is scarcely a year in which nature does not present us with a page of those newly revealed truths, and still her volume is far from being exhausted.

"O thoughts ineffable! O visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee
Yet shall thy shadowed image fill our breast
And waft its homage to thy deity
God! These alone my only thoughts can soar
Thus seek thy presence, being wise and good
Midst thy vast works admire, obey, adore,
And when the tongue is eloquent no more
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude."

VALEDICTORY.

And to you, gentlemen of the committee, we feel indebted more than we can express, for your care of our interests. We regret that your duties due to us, as pupils, will this night come to an end. We sincerely hope we have manifested to you, the mental and moral progress you have wished us to obtain, and how well we have succeeded remain for you and our audience to decide.

As this is the last time dear teachers when we may all be assembled, as many of us are about to enter this world of temptation and trial, allow me to say that we will strive always to be guided by the light which your influence and advice have cast before us, and we will endeavor to lead the honorable and useful lives of which you have laid the foundation.

I sincerely hope we have assured you, kind friends, by our industry and close attention to our studies, that we have secured all the benefits intended at the formation of this free educational system. We bid you farewell to-night only as members of the Bangor High School. We realize that our education has but commenced, and that its practical application will be tested when we

take upon ourselves the duties of the life out of school, and go forth to reap our individual share of the harvest your toil has prepared for us.

MY DEAR CLASSMATES:—With feelings of regret, we must this night part from each other and from our teacher. We go forth to encounter the cares of life, but strong hearts and enlightened minds will aid us in overcoming obstacles. Let us be ever ready to assist each other, remembering that the talents granted to an individual do not benefit himself alone, but are gifts to the world. In our school life we have had the influence and advice of our teachers, but there are yet many lessons to be acquired, many dangers to be avoided. We need some assistance beyond human power, the aid of Him who controls all things, whose helping hand will lead us safely through all difficulties. Let us lead noble lives, storing our minds with the wisdom ever fulfilling the spirit of our motto, "*Gentle in manner, resolute in deed.*" May God grant us means to accomplish this, and when we have fulfilled our duties in this life, may we meet in that golden school where scholars, friends and teachers will be united.

LOCALS.

Wait.

Out at last.

Our readers will please excuse an unavoidable delay in this issue.

This edition has received many *additions*.

Wait until September for the INDEX.

Barnum skipped Bangor this season, because he recognized a dangerous rival in the person of Baker, proprietor of the greatest show on earth."

Sam'l H. Boardman, our general advertising agent, has gone to Bar Harbor to accept a position for the summer in the ticket office of the Green Mountain Railway.

Items of Interest.

Envelopes were first issued in 1839.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first lucifer match was made in 1798.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1793.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

The first suspension bridge in Bangor was erected in 1884.

The "dude" was first introduced into Bangor by an up-river gentleman.