

# THE Normal College Echo

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## CONTENTS.

LITERARY.	PAGE.	EDITORIALS—Continued.	PAGE.
Things That I Know .....	1	Gladstone's Retirement.....	6
Some Things That May be Learned in the Class-room. ....	1	Sarcasm .....	7
The Wind Flower.....	3	NEWS.	
Thoughts on History .....	3	Voted Honors .....	12
It is Appointed Once to Every Man to Die .....	5	An adventurous Ride.....	12
"If Long or Short the Time we Live".....	5	PERSONALS.....	13
Our History .....	8	ALUMNI NOTES .....	13
Willie's Ideal.....	9	ECHOES.....	14
A Visit to Arlington Heights .....	10	AMONG THE COLLEGES .....	14
The Dragon-Fly.....	11	EXCHANGES .....	14
EDITORIAL NOTES.....	6	EDUCATIONAL NOTES .....	14
EDITORIALS.		NEW PUBLICATIONS.....	15
Kindergarten Lectures .....	6	BOOKS RECEIVED .....	15
The Regents' Vacancy .....	6		

### THINGS THAT I KNOW.

I KNOW where the robin has built her snug house,  
 I know where the squirrel has hidden his store;  
 I know all the tricks of the sly meadow mouse,  
 I know where the mole makes her smooth earthen floor.

I know when the wake-robin opens her eyes,  
 I know when the song birds return on swift wing;  
 I know—oh, that all the wide world were as wise—  
 The joy of a new life that comes with the spring.

—MRS M. A. B. KELLY.

### \*SOME THINGS THAT MAY BE LEARNED IN THE CLASS-ROOM.

I N the study of science and of mathematics, one thing which must impress itself on the student's mind is the unchanging truth which confronts him everywhere in his investigations. You put before him even the most difficult mathematical problem, he looks at it, and having found that its solution falls within the limits of possibility, he makes his statement, arranges his terms, and works hopefully on, knowing that if he minds his steps he shall neither stumble nor

\* [Extracts from an address delivered by Miss Mary A. McClelland before the Alumni of the New York State Normal School, Dec. 28, 1882.]

lose his way. He is proceeding upon principles which back, back through the ages have guided scholars aright. They will not fail him, he shall find the missing term of the proportion, he shall *know* the unknown quantity.

Let him learn even a little of the mysterious chemistry of nature, and he shall see that the air he breathes, the water he drinks, the light that streams through his window—things simple enough apparently—all have in reality a wondrous complex composition of parts which show curious affinities, and which in combining are all obedient to law. The glass of sparkling water that cools his lips is found to consist of two gases—one of them highly inflammable, and the other a supporter of flame, and both uniting in fixed proportions. And the marvellous crystallization forever going on! In changing from a gas or a liquid to the solid form, why does each take its own definite geometric shape? This intelligent law is read also in the beam of pure white light which may be caught by the prism and broadened out into a glorious band of colors, holding always the same relation to one another, and crossed always by the same dark lines, keep-

ing ever the same relation with regard to the colors.

He has known since childhood that the dawn and the darkness come and go with rhythm not quite measured by the swinging pendulum of his mother's kitchen clock. But he had looked up at the starry skies, and to his untaught eyes the brilliant points of light were studded here and there over a blue surface with about as much regularity as are the dandelions that light up the greensward. And he smiles at his infant fancy as he learns from the masters of different lands and of successive generations that the twinkling little stars of his childhood are suns; turning, turning ever; and at the same time swinging through immensity, each in its own wide-sweeping curve, and with a velocity, the thought of which makes his brain reel, and that each of these suns is the centre of a complete system of worlds, all revolving about it in their harmonious orbits; all the suns with all their worlds—his own green earth among them—moving on, on—somewhere! all willingly obedient to some mysterious fixed law, which runs through every thing, keeping every thing in life—a law which seems itself but part of some infinite chain. He turns and looks at himself, and he scarcely needs the page of Holy Writ to teach him that his own life is no chance thing.

A youth who reads aright is apt, as he rises from his books, to throw back his shoulders and hold up his head. The movement is involuntary; it is the unconscious expression of an inward straightening up, a mustering of his intellectual powers. He is beginning to realize the marvellous power of man. Man draws down lightning from the clouds, holds it, tests it, and finds it what he guessed it to be. He makes more like it. To this he whispers a few words and then sends it down, down under the heavy sea, climbing over the slippery rocks of ocean's bed—away to far-off shores, where in a few hours it announces his message. With earth as a base, man runs a line to the sun, and tells you the distance there; constructing a bridge upon this, as it were, he steps out into space, to measure and to weigh worlds! Man makes the steam

drive his ships across the sea and propel his cars over the land. He digs down into the mines of earth, and brings up her carefully-treasured hoards; he works with these as with playthings, composing and decomposing them as suits his pleasure or his profit; he has become familiar with the definite laws they obey. Man seems master everywhere. Ah, but it is only seeming! He is absolute master nowhere. The waves rise in their fury and dash his ships upon the rocks; the steam often hurries his cars to swift destruction. Old earth keeps some of her secrets; some things elude the chemist's closest analysis. The mathematician's answer is still *so much*—"plus." The surveyor's results are not perfectly true; his logarithms do not measure exactly the relation between the parts of the triangles on which his calculations are based. Never yet has man, with all his knowledge, been able to find the centre of a circle. Whence did he derive these shapes which his numbers do not measure? Whence but from the universe of God! Man can play with the elements, can compose and decompose; he can measure and weigh and try; he can use, and abuse, if he will; but when he has lived his seventy years, and passed under the sod, there is just the same amount of material in the world as when his boyish hands first whittled a stick and threw the shavings into the flames. He has not destroyed so much as an atom; he has not created so much as one. Yes, even with a pretty definite sense of the high place he holds in creation, the student grows into a very modest, a very reverent man. "An underout astronomer is mad," one has said. So is the underout chemist mad. And the atheist scholar of large culture is the most irrational of them all.

In coming back to the class-room, there is one valuable practice which I should like to notice, and that is discussion. Although in the departments of knowledge already noticed, we are met everywhere by unvarying law, by fixed truth, yet we know that there are sometimes more right ways than one of arriving at the truth. In the department of letters especially, the correctness or incorrectness of one's conclusion

often depends upon the meaning a passage has to him. Now, in a class of forty or fifty active minds, differences of opinion will arise with regard to working a problem, proving a proposition, or construing a passage from one of the authors. Happy is that class if the teacher has the time, and having it, the good sense, to let his pupils debate the point at issue, and so find out wherein they are right as well as wherein they are wrong. From this practice several good fruits grow. The conceited members of the class soon realize, of course, that there is more in the world than was dreamt of in their philosophy; and the timid ones finding their shyly expressed opinions understood, considered and awarded the praise they merit, begin to gain confidence in themselves. Young people come out of such a course of training with a calm, reasoning way of looking at things, and with a keen mental vision by which they can distinguish truth from error, and know, too, when an argument is fairly met — which seems to me a good thing to know; we have too many talkers like Goldsmith's schoolmaster; for,

"E'en though vanquished, he could argue still."

A young man taught to look at things in a liberal way, allowed to hold to his own views when they are right, though they may differ from other right views of the matter, is learning tolerance for the opinions of others. He will not be the man to go out into the world with thumb-screws for all his fellow mortals whose ideas may chance to differ from his own.

Ah, parents, you send your children to school to learn so much of arithmetic, geometry, chemistry. They do acquire a knowledge of these subjects, and in gaining it they get a hundred things besides, which you never dreamt book-learning could give them.

#### THE WIND FLOWER.

"AWAKE, oh awake!" cries a low, tender voice,  
 To the fair forest blossoms all sleeping so sound;  
 "Awaken, awaken, arise and rejoice,  
 That the spring-time has come." Then behold, from  
 the ground  
 Rises up, in response to the Wind's whispered call,  
 The queenly A-nem-o-ne, fairest of all.

— MRS M. AB. KELLY.

#### THOUGHTS ON HISTORY.

"THE proper study of mankind is man." For the most part we study man through history. But how much of history shall be taught? How much concealed? How much shall facts be colored? There is a strong disposition to teach our youth American history as a man would tell his own story,—he is the saint, the other man the sinner. We condemn it. Such is not history, and in the end it is pernicious.

The only standard we will accept is absolute truth, and we will not file our tongue to silence on one truth to make another more acceptable. We respond without equivocation to the toast: "My country, with all thy faults I love thee still." We love to set forth in brilliant array our country's honors and triumphs and inspire our youth with a love of country. But how about our country's crimes? How about the sins of our heroes? Shall we put our fingers to our lips and our lips to the dust? Never! God decreed that no wrong-doing shall go unpunished. We pledge ourselves that he who stains our flag, however honored a position he may hold, however much beloved, no matter how white the marble on which his name be carved, shall meet our condemnation. We pay homage to Truth and Virtue first, then to heroes and patriotism.

In the war of 1812 we give our youth the idea that single handed we conquered the British arms on land and on sea, without any hint that at that same hour the arms of the civilized world were arrayed in mortal combat against that daring little island. In the boy's mind we paint Uncle Sam in the chronic attitude of the Frenchman who whenever his own name was mentioned always raised his hat out of profound respect.

After long years of weary waiting the Negro has finally forced from reluctant lips the story of his wrongs. If some future Plutarch shall sometime write the story of the Indian and his wrongs, where in the record of the race can be found a blacker page? Yet we tell the story to the white child with a single illustration — a picture that ever afterward makes the Indian the impersonation of cruelty, treachery, fiendishness. In the open doorway of a settler's cabin lies a sleeping

infant. Stealthily creeping up on tip-toe comes the savage painted and feathered, his tomahawk raised aloft to crush the sleeping innocence. Closely upon the Indian, also on tip-toe, comes the mother. She plunges a knife into his back and through his heart. Our child turns away from the picture, raises its tiny white hands and thanks God that the strong right arm of the white man has banished forever such savagery.

But if truth ever gets a hearing she will point lovingly to the simple, trusting faith of that little band of natives on San Salvador, thinking the ships were white-winged birds from heaven and the Spaniards were angels. She will point her finger in scorn at the great captain who on bended knees thanked God for a new continent and for a race to convert to Christianity, then rising, swapped trinkets for valuables, and finally rewarded their kindness by kidnapping a few of the most intelligent and set sail to exhibit them as curiosities. Did it matter to him whether they loved their wild home, whether he tore them away from loved ones?

When truth gets a hearing she will fondly repeat to New England: "Welcome, Englishmen, welcome!" She will gather her garments about her and point her finger in scorn at the Puritan who kept the Sabbath and every thing else he could get his hands on. She will tell the world that the red man never broke a treaty, never forgot his word, never raised his hand in violence, never broke the Golden Rule until the white man habitually broke the Ten Commandments, through trickery cheated him out of every thing he loved and held dear. As he felt the yoke settling down upon him he said: "Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God," and swore:

"I loath ye in my bosom,  
I scorn ye with mine eye,  
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,  
And fight ye till I die!  
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,  
And I ne'er will be your slave;  
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,  
Till I sink beneath its wave!"

And when some future Plutarch summons the races to do homage to valor they will reserve their applause for the race that suffered extermination rather than bow to the yoke of the dominant race as did our Anglo-Saxon fathers a thousand years ago.

Now search the annals and find a blacker page than that of our Mexican war! A mighty but greedy nation forcing a defenseless neighbor into war that we might rob her of a million square miles. "To sow the soil of new gained empire with slavery's seeds of woe." Then hear the shameless boast: The only war on the records "in which one army gained every battle!" To crown the perfidy, "We leave our most experienced statesmen idle and go down to the bloodiest field of Mexico to drag out a president."

Now turn to the war of 1812. The British raided the Atlantic coast destroying public and private property. We exhaust the rich vocabulary of Saxon scorn in heaping epithets upon them. Now turn a few pages to Sherman's march to the sea. Again with banners streaming, bands playing, men cheering, dogs barking, we sweep "Sixty miles in latitude, three hundred to the main," leaving not a vestige of property behind the destroying wave. Yes; when an enemy destroys property it is fiendish. When we destroy property it is virtuous. We must seal our lips till we discover whose ox is gored, then pour forth our wrath or our eulogy as occasion requires. Back through the centuries there lived an honored philosopher. He spent his life searching after truth. With what righteous indignation he would tear from our books such lying pages!

Then our heroes. We are willing, so far as the cause of truth suffers naught, to draw over their sins the mantle of charity, to bow to the dust and plead: "Remember the darkness in which he lived, the temptation of his time." But for him who bartered patriotism for selfish gain we have but one motto: "The name of the wicked shall rot."

Then all hail the name of Daniel Webster. All hail the eloquence that forged our States into a union before which even the armed cupidity of Europe stood aghast. Let him head the list of our orators. Guard zealously every laurel he righteously won. But is it true that in 1820, when

the world was asleep and in dreams on the slave question, he hurled his sublime bursts of eloquence against a great iniquity; but in 1850, when the northern sky was ablaze, with his covetous eye on the White-house he gathered up his magnificent attainments and sacrificed them at the feet of that same great iniquity? Is it true that every time he raised that shaggy brow four millions of oppressed ones sank into deeper despair? Is it true that every time his eloquence rang clarion-like through the nation every thought of freedom trembled at every touch of the doorlatch, and when his voice was forever stilled the slave breathed freer?

If we teach history let it be truthful. No more boasting, no more half-truths, no more prejudice. Let every man know that the laurels he honorably wins shall be faithfully guarded, that we shall gibbet the name of him who attempts to barter our heritage so high and so black that his children's children shall blush to bear the name. There is a safer lesson than the story of enemies defeated, empire acquired, and wealth accumulated—it is the ultimate triumph of justice.

"God's balance, watched by angels, is hung across the skies.  
Shall Justice, Truth, and Freedom turn the poised and trembling scale?"

GEORGE A. BROWN, '94.

#### IT IS APPOINTED ONCE TO EVERY MAN TO DIE.

AND I must die: Tremendous thought.—This frame so costly in its workmanship and strange, will not last always, but is doomed to break and fall in pieces like a common vase of perishable clay. Heaven's balmy light and all the smiling scenery of earth, the grand, the bright, the beautiful alike shall perish from these eyes. These limbs, so active now and full of strength, must lie as withered branches by the fallen trunk on which they grew. And all the play of life shall stop in universal death. Then the grave will do its work, remote from human eyes by dissolution foul, breaking the unsightly mass and turning all back into its own dust.

And I must die! Oh, can that word be true that the hour is coming when the voice of death

shall call for me! I have stood when others died, a sorrowful spectator, and watched as one by one life's trembling props gave way until all were gone and the fair fabric fell.

But there will be a tragedy like this in which the action of the dying scene shall all be mine. Others perhaps may wait hard by the spot to tell their sympathy in words or looks and woe that break forth from the troubled deep within. But they will be spectators only, mine will be the actor's part. The darkened room, the couch of pain, the haggard outstretched form, the trembling conflict then will all be mine. When the last convulsive gasp is drawn and the ebbing of life's stream dies in the veins—it will be said that death has come on me.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

#### "IF LONG OR SHORT THE TIME WE LIVE."

AND *now* I live. With every breath I feel the joy of living. What glorious skies are colored for my sight, what strains of melody created for my ear and soul, what wonders spread around for all the subtle fancies of the mind to work upon.

*I live.* No matter what may come, that which is my prompter bids me say, Rejoice!

From what I came I know not, the past lies darker than the darkest night. Of what avail to question. For the perfecting of this frame long ages were required. Now *I*, who dwell within it, thrill through every fibre, feel with every sense what *living* is. The future? Each day shuts it off.

Life. It is not given me to tell the thoughts that rise with that word as their leader. Tender thoughts of spring time when the spirit seems to waken from its sleep and hears the voices that would lead it on where all things that ever have been done seem not impossible, and Fame and Love and Duty beckon from the distance and Love is fairest of them all. Thoughts of blossoms, of warm suns, of fruitage, of changing colors and sparkling gems.

And *I live.* The inheritance of centuries past is mine, all the beauty that has been said and sung and pictured is mine because of this. Restless, eager, powerful, I, that am so like, yet unlike, any other atom of the divine spirit floating in the universe, live. H. M. HENRY.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

THERE is a noticeable lack of friendliness between our Normal schools and the Regents system. Nevertheless the Normal schools never graduate a young man whose highest ambition is not to bring his school under the Regents. It wins for him a prestige that he can attain in no other way.

THE recent disgraceful affair at Cornell is an illustration of the old saying: "There is a savage bound up in every man," and is only waiting for an opportunity to step forth. How often we see the monster stalk forth, with one hand brushing aside the centuries of education, with the other brushing aside the centuries of Christianity.

A FEW weeks ago when it was rumored through our halls that the Normal building at Oneonta was burned to the ground, it was very evident by the faces of our students that they had heard bad news from a respected neighbor. We mourn with Oneonta the loss of their magnificent

building, but we also rejoice with her over the prompt assistance received from the Legislature.

KINDERGARTEN LECTURES.

THE Kindergarten idea is receiving an impetus in Albany just now through the course of lectures by Mrs Treat. The experimental stage of the Kindergarten has gone by. Through its own merit it has won an undisputed place in the public school, in the church, and in the home. It has been our pleasure to attend two of the lectures and, although we were forced to smile at a few extravagant claims such as downright earnestness in every cause calls forth, we carried home some of the biggest ideas, some of the clearest conceptions of true education that we have met in many a day

THE REGENTS' VACANCY.

THERE are many flagrant wrongs in our public school system. On many essentials we are still wandering in the desert. Nevertheless the pride of America is her public schools. There are many threatening clouds drifting across our skies, but the brightest star of promise is our public schools. It behooves us to be careful that none but a friendly hand shall be suffered to administer our affairs. You ask by what claim has Bishop McQuade a right to be elected to fill the vacancy upon the Board of Regents. We protest, not because he is a Catholic, indeed we favor a Catholic, but because he is an avowed enemy of the public school system. There are many stalwart champions of the public schools who are of that faith, but Bishop McQuade is not the man.

GLADSTONE'S RETIREMENT.

WE do not forget our own great heroes, nor their worthy companions of other lands; we do not forget the eulogy of Washington that Gladstone sent us by Mr Depew! But we are constrained to say that all in all the greatest man of the nineteenth century is the "Grand Old

Man." The only standard of greatness that we will accept is how far a man raises the race. Gladstone stands the test.

To-day whoever rejoices in the upward march of the people honors the man through whose intellect, through whose fidelity to the race, the scepter has been wrested from the aristocracy of England and securely lodged in the hands of the middle classes.

To be sure he is too fresh from his many battle-fields to escape criticism, his exploits have been too colossal to escape censure. To the radical, time after time he was a mere demagogue borne hither and thither by the tumultuous rabble. Time and again he has turned suddenly about and stood — the rock against which the wild elements in vain lashed themselves into fury.

If we could mix the sagacity of Abraham Lincoln with the high moral purpose, the serene faith of Wendell Phillips, we might have something of an approach to Gladstone. Phillips was the political prophet of his generation. He stood upon the mountain top and reiterated the Sermon on the Mount. Over him numbers had no power. "One with God is a majority." He wrote on his banner: "Ask yourself on all great occasions if there be any element of right and wrong in the question, any principle of clear natural justice that turns the scale. If so, take your part with the perfect and abstract right and trust God to see that it shall prove the expedient." The people in the valleys below heard and wondered. Lincoln too caught a glimpse of the vision that had inspired Phillips. But statesmanlike he came down patiently, lovingly among the people, and every time the multitude pitched their tent, he saw that they pitched it Zionward.

So with Gladstone. Through the greatness of his intellect, through the goodness of his heart, he caught a glimpse of the Promised Land, and for nearly twice forty years he led a stubborn people. He floated leisurely with the tide whenever the tide ebbed that way, but how often he threw party victory to the winds, trampled under

foot every hope of present success, took his stand with Phillips on the mountain top and instructed the people.

It is well that the world pause with uncovered head to gaze upon the closing scene of the public life of William E. Gladstone. Such scenes occur seldom, but they lift the race.

#### SARCASM.

IT is true, it is also well that much of our theory we never put into practice. Still we have little confidence in the teacher who never sits down and considers what he will do in certain emergencies.

Let us consider briefly. Has sarcasm, ridicule from the lips of the teacher any place in the school-room? Most assuredly. It is a terrible weapon, but it has stirred many a dormant mind into activity, tamed many a wild spirit into submission. But we condemn its indiscriminate use. Most students it completely unnerves, throws their minds into a condition that makes intellectual advancement impossible, and inflicts lifelong injuries upon them. The only occasion on which sarcasm may be used is, when all other means have failed and the teacher, in the kindness of his heart, resorts to it to reclaim the offender.

But what shall we say of the teacher who is sarcastic on all occasions simply because he knows how to be sarcastic; of the teacher who uses sarcasm as an escape-pipe for the overflowing meanness of his own contemptible little soul? We hope sometime to be so regenerated that we shall look back and blush for our ethics, but for the present we would rejoice to dig up from bygone centuries that chivalry that would strike such a teacher to the dust. We know of no cowardice more contemptible than the cowardice of the teacher who stands behind his desk and shoots the arrows of sarcasm, poison-tipped, with sufficient force and precision behind them to send them quivering to the quick of defenseless boys and girls.

## OUR HISTORY — 1850-1860.

THE first decade of the latter half of the century is from many points of view more remote than its years. The times preceding any great crisis grow dim in the wide glamour of the after epoch, yet the principles that made the issue possible, the preparation of the State for its duties and rights, had an individual personal import then that gave tone to public education, and, to an old Normal student, the voice of those years vibrates clear as a passing bell. The past days lie in a lovely dream, the realities that give consistency and continuity to ideas have perhaps lost their due proportions and only the beautiful moments, the joyous faces, the thrilling words lift themselves like sunny waves in mid-Atlantic, born of some far off storm, yet reminiscence of that decade which held my school day, is no flotsam and jetsam thrown up on a deserted beach, but the sea itself swelling with all the forces of the past in happy exercise. The old Normal building on Lodge and Howard streets was new then; its long, circular staircase, down which we made so many dizzying runs, led from the gymnasium and laboratory on the first floor to the great assembly room. How well I remember our promenade concerts at closing exercises (we did not call them commencements then) and Prof. Davies' courtly grace. On the platform in the Normal assembly room sat President Woolworth, already grey, Prof. Davies, of whose fame we were so proud, Profs. Jewell and Plympton and Cochran, and the two ladies, Miss Ostrom and Miss Hand, whose sunny, gentle beauty, whose exquisite attire, soft Indian scarfs, thread lace at her lovely throat made her to me like some princess astray in those hard school isles, yet when she spoke, knowledge became queenly, like herself. In her place came afterward Mrs Hewes, whose obituary I read but now in a California paper, while President Woolworth gave way to President Cochran, Prof. Orton took his place in the laboratory, Profs. Kimball and Husted in mathematics, and Mr Kellogg had charge of the experimental department, and with these changes I passed from a girl in that department to be a Normal myself. Normal methods had proved them-

selves successful, and the Albany Normal School was the only one in the State. To it flocked a curious company of students. Old time teachers, desiring to add its diploma to their worth, were in the majority. In the junior class, which I entered, were a widow and her son, both practiced teachers, and a widower over forty, while the youths were men who worked the farm in the summer. They used to draw their mileage from the capital to little hamlets all through the State, and the majority of them lived on the scantiest means — a sober and sincere company, striving not so much for knowledge as for methods. To many of them recitation was most difficult — they had had more practice in asking questions than in answering them. I remember their timidity, one a too tall and stooping, fragile woman, to whom the inquisition would not have seemed harder than those Normal class-rooms, yet I heard of her, that in the district where she taught, no young fellows were left to work the farms, with such love of knowledge did she inspire her pupils. It was this rank and file, men and women of slow perceptions, reticent and very plain, assiduous, thoughtful of detail, patient and persistent, content with the least, who seemed to possess the true teacher's temperament as their main equipment for the work to which they were pledged. Yet there was one of our class who is dean of Swarthmore College to-day, whose high ideal and sense of personal dignity were like an inspiration to her classmates.

At this distance of time I am struck with the difference between our professors and the body of pupils. I can hear Prof. Cochran's quick soldierly step, see the flash of his bright eye, hear his definite, well-chosen words, his kindling enthusiasm, his sudden, biting scorn of ignorance. Every day seemed to make him consciously an abler, wiser man, and his adjutant, Prof. Kimball, shared his enthusiasm and added a kindness that the slow perception of the pupil never obscured. Prof. Jewell of Belles Lettres, was a teacher thoroughly equipped and pursuing knowledge even while he imparted it. Also, our dear Prof. Orton — that dreamy face, those gentle hands, which in the laboratory seemed to seek

truth with such desire. College training had made them superior — there was no waste, no timidity, and their example was the finest thing the Normal school offered. With what zeal one studied only a year and a half to equip one's self with philosophy, science, and logic. Deep into the night was the order of study. *Love* knowledge, *seek* the truth. The power to impart it lies within you, and springs up in more vivid form with *every* new truth mastered. Never stand still — the true teacher leads his scholars a way untrodden before. Ah, I am stirred as those old days rise before me, and memory unfolds strange webs like Andromache from her chest shaking the rosemary in the still air. From out that chest shall I put on again the slip of spring green I wore when the century waited a moment at the half-way house, and come to school with a bunch of violets, honey sweet, gathered for my teacher? The first date I remember writing was May 1, 1850. "I am old, so old I can write — a letter; I am seven times one to-day." The gown is gossamer, be sure, so airily does it move in the morning breeze. There are hepaticæ in bloom in Tivoli Hollow; on Saturday I shall go Maying. School lasts until four of the long afternoon and we always sing our geography lesson, varying the pronunciation to make the rhyme, the only unit of the Kindergarten that has as yet crossed the Atlantic. And there is not a map in our Van Zandt street district school, only an allegorical picture of the Temple of Knowledge. When the days drone in summer heat I still climb those temple steps. Last winter in the streets of Athens I came upon the monument of Lysicrates, the Ionic temple of my childhood, whose beautiful and corolla-like finial held the prize the victor had won and for which he had built this temple, whose beauty holds the breath. Ah, that is it, education — what the victor strove for, what the little girl in the slip of green, dreaming of flowers on her holiday, sought — they found, as one gathers flowers, ever the one beyond, larger, fairer, statelier. Put away the grey-green tissue frayed with her speed. Some other garment from this "rich chest of

odorous cedar formed." The decade hastens in its flight, long webs of such uneven weaving slip through the flying hours. She who wove, loved best the flying shuttle and the spools of brilliant colors, the laws of whose blending she had not yet grasped. Lift lightly these strange grey textures overshot with dazzling silks as if swift guesses of a better knowledge flashed across the vision. To-morrow she must no longer weave the threads that others have spun, but from the wide fields of Nature gather herself and spin. Shut the lid on my beautiful chest — the decade closes. To-day, like the blind Egyptian I saw in Assiout, twirling his spindle of unbleached flax in the wide sun of the desert, I stand and spin on the garment which spinning I already wear. Did you ask me to look back? My dear ECHO there is no past. "Their echoes roll from soul to soul." I see what I am now, and what I am now I shall be; and education, the temple of knowledge, is conceived from its base to its pinnacle in one perfect thought.

MARTHA FEAREY GAY, '58.

Mount Vernon.

#### WILLIE'S IDEAL.

"I'M TIRED of school and studies,"  
 My Willie said one day;  
 "Whoever heard a teacher say  
 'Now Willie, run and play,  
 And do not think of grammar  
 Or any other book,  
 But have a jolly, happy time  
 Down by some laughing brook.'

I've read about a teacher  
 Who lived long, long ago,  
 And he's the kind of fellow  
 A boy would like to know.  
 I think his name was Chiron,  
 And of wisdom he'd a stack;  
 For after school he'd gallop  
 With the boys upon his back.

And when the boys grew older  
 They all were wise and good,  
 For Chiron told them stories  
 And taught them all he could.  
 He really liked them all, I guess,  
 And didn't mind their noise,  
 Because his own feet clattered too,  
 Much louder than the boys'.

But all the teachers now-a-days  
 Are down on noise and play,  
 They fill my slate with rules and sums  
 And make me work all day.  
 I wish they knew this Chiron  
 And did the way he would,  
 I'd listen to the stories  
 And learn just all I could."

The busy day was ended,  
 And Willie safe in bed.  
 I pondered "There is truly  
 Some sense in what he said.  
 A child's mind longs for freedom  
 To follow fancy's train,  
 But if his work's a pleasure  
 He will not feel the rein."

M. L. W. '94.

#### A VISIT TO ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

IN all Virginia there is no place more interesting than Arlington Heights, situated just across the river from Washington. Here was the home which Gen. Robt. E. Lee was obliged to surrender when the States were declared "one and inseparable, now and forever." How he loved his beautiful home can easily be imagined, for it is impossible to conceive of a place more charming. The house is a large white one, the typical southern house with broad verandas and large heavy columns upholding their roofs. It stands on an eminence overlooking the Potomac and the city of Washington just beyond, which looks very quiet and peaceful in the distance, reminding one of the description given by a foreigner, "A great forest with a few houses scattered here and there."

You enter the grounds by a pretty driveway which leads around to the front of the house. If it is June the air will be sweet with the scent of magnolias. You dismount and enter, but no courteous welcome is awaiting you—vanished forever are those who would have given you what you can find in no other State, a Virginian's hospitable reception. You may go in if you like and look about, but there is little of interest, so you register in the visitor's book and go out again into the ground.

How these were kept by Lee himself you cannot tell, for now they are the national burying

ground, and over 11,000 soldiers have here their final resting place. The graves are marked by rows upon rows of little white stones, with here and there a larger one indicating a soldier of rank. One large monument is especially interesting, for it is erected to the memory of the unknown dead, over 1,000 in number. There are a great many trees and flowers on the grounds, and every thing is kept in the most perfect order.

You sit down on one of the rustic seats and imagine yourself back in the days when this was a southern plantation; darkies are swarming everywhere, and afar off in the distance comes the refrain of a negro melody sung by dozens of dusky throats, whose owners are happy as the day is long. Why should they not be? No worries, cares nor perplexities; on the contrary, the kindest of masters to look out for them and see that they suffer in no way. Not many slaves were so fortunate.

But our visit to Gen. Lee's old home will not be complete unless we see also the church which he used to attend at Alexandria, a quaint old town a few miles down the river. This church is doubly interesting from the fact that Washington worshiped here also, and the building is preserved just as it was in his time. If you request it the usher will seat you in his pew which is kept especially for strangers; it will hold a goodly number, for it is of the large old-fashioned kind with two seats facing each other. For convenience's sake the other pews have been changed, otherwise no alteration has been made.

On either side of the pulpit is a marble slab, one sacred to the memory of Washington, the other to Lee. At first this strikes you as incongruous, but when you remember you are in Virginia it seems no longer strange but perfectly natural.

What thoughts throng upon you as you sit in Washington's pew and listen to the white-robed preacher! Did Washington come here when tired and perplexed with the cares of the nation, and if so can we doubt he found relief and help? Surely this is hallowed ground.

Across the isle is a pew with a silver plate

bearing the name of Robt. E. Lee, but few there are I ween who ask to sit in that pew.

Washington and Lee! How different are the feelings called up by these two names. For the one we have the greatest admiration, reverence, and love; for the other not hate surely, but deepest pity and sympathy, increased tenfold now that we have seen his beautiful home and realized in some degree what it must have cost him to give it up at the time when every thing else was lost. Yet not every thing was gone. He still had the love and respect of his southern friends, as was testified by the offer of a position in the University of Washington, which he retained till his death.

M. GRACE BRECKINRIDGE, '94.

#### THE DRAGON-FLY.

**D**RAGON-FLIES, sometimes called mosquito-hawks, have been associated with much superstition in the past, but a study of the habits of these wonderful insects reveals the fact that, instead of being an object of superstitious dread, they should be regarded with especial favor by mankind. They are sometimes called "devil's darning-needles" which, no doubt, accounts for much of the foolish fear which they occasion among people unfamiliar with their ways.

I recall distinctly with what terror I regarded the dragon-fly when a boy, and all because of the superstitious ignorance of a teacher. One hot day in June one of these "monsters of the air" entered the school-room through an open window. The teacher screamed and put her fingers in her ears. When she had recovered from her fright sufficiently to speak, she told us to cover our ears or the darning-needle would sew them up. I have never fully recovered from the shock received on that occasion, for even now after having studied something of the habits of this beautiful creature, I feel an almost irresistible impulse to stick my fingers in my ears whenever I chance to see one.

We boys dared not make war upon the "darning-needles" and destroy them, for according to another tradition, they are in some way connected with the infernal regions, and to kill one

of them is a sure sign of death. There is just a little foundation for this last superstition, however, if we take into account the death of the dragon-fly.

Dragon-flies have been held responsible for all sorts of calamities. One summer, a few years ago, a large number of swamp-ash trees died from some cause or other, and because dragon-flies happened to be especially numerous that season, they were said by some mysterious means to have caused the death of the trees.

Nor are these peculiar ideas confined to this country, for we learn that in Scotland these insects are sometimes called "flying adders;" and in England, from a mistaken notion that they stung horses, they are called "horse-stingers."

In France, however, they are better appreciated, for the French call them "Demoiselles," young ladies—doubtless because they are so beautiful; and in Germany something of the same idea prevails, for there they are called "Wasserjungfern," virgins of the water.

It is very interesting to study in detail the exterior of these noble insects. Their large, lustrous eyes, composed of as many as twelve thousand compound lenses; the beautiful gold, black and green stripes and bars with which they are decorated; and above all, the wings, from which this order receives its name, *Neuroptera*, laced-wings, furnish an abundance of material for study and admiration.

We often hear of people standing before a mirror and congratulating themselves on their beautiful personal appearance. How the dragon-fly's heart must swell with pride as he contemplates his own dazzling beauty before his mirror.

Beautiful as they are these creatures begin life as ugly-looking larvæ in a pond. How came they there?

The eggs are deposited in the water by the mother dragon-fly during the months of July and August. If the eggs escape the notice of the numerous aquatic animals that have a craving for eggs, fresh or otherwise, the larvæ appear in a few days. As soon as they are able to move about they begin their warfare upon the larvæ of mosquito, also inhabitants of the water, and in

this way are of great service to mankind by abbreviating the careers of myriads of those pests which make life a burden in certain localities during the summer months.

The ravages upon the mosquito thus begun are continued with increased energy when the insects reach the perfect state. It is from this fact that the dragon-fly is sometimes called the "mosquito-hawk." Its appetite is something wonderful, and anyone who has watched its movements while on the wing can have no doubt of its ability to capture the one or two dozen mosquitoes necessary for a meal.

Having now seen the absurdity of the superstitions associated with this order of insect life, and also how it is of service to mankind, it will perhaps be interesting to indulge in just a little speculation as to a certain possibility suggested by the attitude of hostility of the dragon-fly toward the mosquito. Cannot some way be arranged by which the dragon-fly may be developed under the protection and intelligent direction of man and thus enable it to wage war more effectively against that destroyer of peace, the mosquito?

A still better plan, if practical, would be to make pets of the dragon-flies and carry one about with us for protection during the mosquito season.

One obstacle in the way of the success of either of these plans however is the fact that the dragon-fly flies only in the daytime, and unless some way can be devised by which they can be furnished with search-lights, the schemes must be abandoned as impractical.

C. A. WOODARD.

#### VOTED HONORS.

A MEETING of the Class of '94 was held Friday, March 2, resulting in the following election,—

<i>Valedictorian</i> .....	Jennie Graham.
<i>Salutatorian</i> .....	Theodora Ehman.
<i>Historian</i> .....	Anna Hasbrouck.
<i>Prophet</i> .....	Sadie Mac Gowan.
<i>Essayist</i> .....	Miriam Groat.
<i>Poet</i> .....	M. Laura Woodward.
<i>Odist</i> .....	Emma L. Dorr.
<i>Musician</i> .....	Mary Babbitt.
<i>Reader</i> .....	Andrew D. Warde.
<i>Orator</i> .....	George A. Brown.
<i>Toast Master</i> .....	George N. Sleight.

#### AN ADVENTUROUS RIDE.

FRIDAY, March 2, was the day set by the Quintilian and Adelphoi societies of the High school for a ride well planned and anxiously awaited. The scheme was to start from the college at four o'clock, drive ten miles, spend two hours at the house of Miss Clara Selkirk, a member of the Quintilian, and be back in Albany by half-past ten at the latest. But alas! This "clearly defined plan" was not "well carried out," in spite of the fact that the chaperones have been nurtured for the past year and a half under Normal methods. They had gone but six miles when they met with an accident and the entire party were obliged to walk for about half a mile to the nearest farm-house, and there stand in the snow and patiently wait while the repairs were being made. "The shades of night were falling fast" and it was seven o'clock before they were again started, but only to meet with hills many and drifts numerous, which caused none to become weary of riding, as walking and riding alternated at intervals of five minutes.

The roads were full of water and the snow was very soft, so that none were so fortunate as to reach the destination with dry feet, especially the two who wore no rubbers. At quarter of nine they reached the home of Miss Selkirk, sent the driver rejoicing on his way back to Albany, as all agreed it was far safer to return on the train, the earliest being found to be at 1:40 A. M. Supper was served, and the time very pleasantly spent with seemingly little difficulty in keeping awake, until one o'clock when all were kindly carried to Selkirk station by Miss Selkirk's father, and when the train pulled out were again moving toward home. They at last reached their respective homes in safety, and all felt they had had a pleasant time, and certainly a series of experiences wholly unexpected at the starting out. We were also glad to see all in school Monday as usual without the expected but not-hoped-for colds, as a result and gentle reminder of the "bitter with the sweet."

## PERSONALS.

MR McLAURY, we are glad to say, is recovering from his serious illness.

Miss Mae Roff of Cohoes visited the college Friday, March 9.

Prof. Wright of Waterville has recently made a call at the college.

Prof. Bolton of Fultonville was a guest at the college Friday, March 2.

Mr Barry L. Balch spent the week, March 16-23, with our editor-in-chief.

Dr Milne addressed a meeting of teachers in Rochester Saturday, March 3.

Mrs G. W. Vosburgh of East Albany visited the college Tuesday, February 13.

Mrs Lucretia Willard Treat spent Thursday morning, March 8, at our kindergarten.

Miss Katherine Lozier visited Miss Helena Pierson at Hoosac Falls, March 2-4.

Miss Rose M. Hammell of Waterville entered the college Monday, February 19.

Miss Parsons of New Haven, Conn., spent a week in March, the guest of Miss Bishop.

Miss Jessie Chambers entertained Miss Bertha Munker of Herkimer, Friday, March 2.

Miss Mabel Warren of Waterville was the guest of Miss Jennie Arrison a few days in February.

Dr John W. Milne of the Geneseo Normal School was a guest at the college Wednesday, March 7.

Miss Lena Miller of Sidney and Mrs E. E. Humphrey of Albany visited the college Thursday, March 8.

Prof. Alexander Falconer, Superintendent of Schools at Waterford, visited the college Friday, March 2.

Miss Ella Louise Winne of Richfield Springs was the guest of Miss Blanche Sayre a few days in March.

Mr and Mrs Perrine, alumni of the New Paltz Normal School, visited the college Monday, February 26.

J. F. Seymour, representing the Long Island Publishing Company, called at the college Thursday, February 22.

Miss Wetmore of Detroit, Mich., was the guest of her brother, Prof. Wetmore, at the college, Friday, February 16.

Sisters Phillipa and Frederica of Notre Dame Convent, on Madison avenue, visited the college Tuesday, February 20.

John Callanan, Ex-Commissioner of Albany county, now of Des Moines, Iowa, called at the college Monday, February 19.

In behalf of classmates and friends, the ECHO extends to Miss Sadie MacGowan the deepest sympathy in her recent bereavement.

Pres. Milne attended the convention of School Superintendents of the United States, at Richmond, Va., the week of February 19-24.

Misses Millie Anteman and Mabel Arrowsmith, former students of the high school department, visited the college Monday, February 19.

Ex-Assemblyman George Sime, School Commissioner Chauncey Brainard and Mr Sheffer, all of Monroe county, visited the college March 10.

Profs. Chas. F. Wheelock and Myron T. Scudder, representatives of the University of the State of New York, visited the college Tuesday, February 13.

On Saturday evening, February 17, Miss Foster very pleasantly entertained the kindergarten training class, with Misses Isdell and Sewell, at her home, 64 Chestnut street.

Miss Thompkins of Rochester and Miss Berry, a graduate of the Geneseo Normal School, now teaching at Perry, N. Y., visited our institution Wednesday, February 28.

Dr R. J. Boone, Principal of the Ypsilanti Normal School, Mich., and P. F. Powers, President of State Board of Education, Michigan, visited the college Wednesday, February 14.

Mr Frank R. Roberson visited the college February 19. He was formerly a student here, and left in order to travel in the Old World, and is now giving illustrated lectures on his travels. On Monday evening, February 19, he lectured before the Catholic Union of this city.

## ALUMNI NOTES.

'74. HARRISON S. MOORE, President of the Board of Education at Little Neck, visited his *Alma Mater*, Friday, March 9.

'82. Mrs. L. L. Long, *née* Miss Mary A. Miller, now residing at 832 Auburn ave., Buffalo, called at the college, Monday, February 19.

'87. Miss Henrietta H. Walker of Saratoga Springs visited the college, Tuesday, February 13.

'91. Miss Maude Winans of Newburgh was the guest of her sister Grace, February 22, 23, 24.

'92. Miss Catherine Day, who since her graduation from this institution has been attending Harvard Annex, now Radcliffe College, visited our college, Friday, March 9.

Miss Lynn called at the college, Friday, February 23.

'93. Prin. R. H. Bellows of Fort Plain conducted a discussion at the Teachers' Association at Fultonville, Saturday, February 17. Mr. Bellows also spent Friday, March 9, at the college.

Mr. Robert G. Patrie was seen at the college, Saturday, February 24.

The name of Prin. E. E. Race of Crown Point was on the program of the Teachers' Association at Port Henry, as the conductor of a discussion on history, Friday, February 23.

Miss Jessie Owen visited the college, Friday, March 2.

Miss Katherine Rider was in the city, Friday, March 2.

'94. Miss Helena Pierson gave a lecture on the star fish before the Teachers' Association at Bath, Saturday, February 24.

## ECHOES.

## SPRING.

Photographs.

Do you make a "spring move?"

At all events, don't get the "spring fever."

Enough said on "spring," no verses please.

Work on Commencement music is being earnestly taken up in glee class now.

The class in Elocution recites in the chapel every Friday, other days in 210 as usual.

March "came in like a lamb," so we must not put too much faith in this pleasant weather.

There have recently been two cases of fainting away during college session, both young men.

Room 216 is undergoing repairs on account of the damage done by the bursted water-pipes during the holiday vacation fully repaired.

The State Library is very frequently and almost continually visited by the college students this quarter, Sanitary Science being the absorbing topic.

The park is gradually beginning to remind us of summer, and even now we sigh at the thought of study when the hot weather comes on, though we gladly welcome it.

The class of '94 have been peculiarly favored in being photographed twice, on Wednesday, February 21, and again on Monday, March 5. The latter was a decided improvement on the former, although both well displayed the beauty of the class.

The new bakery next door to the college seems to be quite a necessary adjunct. It might be equally advantageous to have a physician on the other side to cure dyspeptics who cannot endure irregular habits of eating, nor run out without wraps and escape pneumonia.

## AMONG THE COLLEGES.

YALE is to have a new \$600 shell.

Amherst has abolished the Latin salutatory.

Dartmouth no longer confers the degree of Ph. D.

A vegetarian club has been formed at Chicago University.

The requirements for admission to Dartmouth have been increased.

The new Coburn Library of Colorado College was dedicated March 14.

Nearly one-third of the students at Williams have full or partial scholarship.

The football team of the University of Pennsylvania will play in leather suits next fall.

The new chapter house of the Alpha Delta Phi at Rochester has been dedicated.

The pennant for last springs intercollegiate field day has at last been awarded to Syracuse.

The University of Pennsylvania's new athletic ground is to have a 440 yards track, 14 feet wide.

The University of Pennsylvania has in attendance students from twenty-eight foreign countries.

The exercises in honor of the memory of Frederick Dieg, the founder of romance philology, were held at Columbia College on March 15.

An evening college has been started in Cambridge, Mass., for workingmen. The teaching is done by Harvard professors and the tuition is 25 cents per month.

The faculty of Boston University have voted to permit work on the college papers to count an hour's work in the college course, allowing seven hours per week to the managing editor and two hours to each of his associates. We might say to other institutions of learning: "Go thou and do likewise."—*Palladium*.

A coffee club has been organized by the Eng. Dept. of Northwestern University. Meetings are held fortnightly at a restaurant, when each member orders a cup of coffee and talks on some literary, historical or philosophical subject. Their aim is to promote grand conversational powers, and topics like the weather, society, or shop are tabooed.

## EXCHANGES

THE ARGUS, a new high school exchange, would be improved by devoting more of its space to literary articles and less to jokes.

The Normal College Crescent, a newcomer from Warrensburg, Miss., though somewhat too local in character, is evidently all that it claims to be.

The modest paper, "The High School Star," of Carthage, Miss., has a very attractive and unique cover.

The Drury Howler, from North Adams, Mass., a four-page periodical, does not quite fulfill the great expectations aroused by its pretentious name.

The March number of the *Academian* contains a very interesting article on the probable origin of our surnames.

"An Idol of the Stage," in the February number of the *Nassau Lit.*, is a fine character study which undoubtedly has its counterpart in many actresses of to-day.

## EDUCATIONAL NOTES.

A DIPLOMA from a recognized college now carries with it the right to teach in the public schools of Pennsylvania without an examination by the county superintendent.—*Ex.*

The *Youth's Companion* is the promulgator of a scheme for having a picture of George Washington in every school-room in the land.

A school in China has recently made application for a charter under the Regents of the University of New York.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Solid Geometry. PROF. A. L. BAKER. Boston: Ginn & Co.

Prof. Baker, of the University of Rochester, has within the compass of one hundred and twenty-five pages, given the elements of Solid Geometry. The author calls attention to certain improvements in his book; to-wit, improved notation, improved diagrams, clear statements, generalized conceptions and condensation. There is much that is new in the book, and much that will commend it to the teacher of mathematics.

Livy, Books XXI and XXII. PROFS. J. B. GREENOUGH and TRACY PECK. Boston: Ginn & Co.

This is a new and worthy addition to the college series of Latin authors, published by this firm.

The high scholarship of the authors is in itself sufficient guarantee of the excellence of the edition.

The slight departures of the authors from other published editions is the result of profound research and mature thought. We welcome this book and feel sure it will help to bring the college student into a more intimate acquaintance with this author.

Verse and Prose for Beginners in Reading. Boston, Mass.: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The prose in this book is confined to groups of proverbs and familiar sayings which afford to the teacher a capital opportunity for conversational and other exercises. In regard to the poetry, which makes up the greater part of this book, the task of the editor has been to search English and American literature for those poems which had fallen from the lips of poets with so sweet a cadence, and in such simple notes, that they would offer but slight difficulties to a child who had mastered the rudiments of reading. All teachers will be glad to hear that a book containing the best poetry suitable for young children has been issued in so inexpensive and attractive a form.

Eutropius, Books I and II. WATSON CALDECOTT, B. A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

While a careful study of the works of Eutropius are not considered necessary to one's knowledge of Latin literature, yet for a student of Latin, the discipline gained from a careful study of the work is beneficial.

The little volume, consisting of books I and II of Eutropius, as arranged by Watson Caldecott, is admirably adapted for supplementary work, reading at sight, or as a preparation for Cæsar. The Latin text is of such a nature as to be adapted for any one of these purposes, and the vocabulary, explanatory notes, maps, helps, etc., give it great value for use as suggested.

The need of such a work especially for sight translation is often felt, and to one wishing such material this will especially recommend itself.

Catullus. Edited by ELMER TRUESDELL MERRILL. Boston, Mass.: Ginn & Co.

This addition to the "College Series of Latin Authors" is one worthy of the highest commendation of the public. The book comes to us as evidence of the profound research, careful discrimination, and competent judgment of the author. The text is based mainly upon the *Codices Sangermanensis* and *Oxonienis* and so can be regarded as authoritative. We note specially the critical index which is an extremely meritorious comparison of differences in the original text of the *Codices*.

The notes are subjoined to the text and are, therefore, much handier for reference than when added. The notes are full and in our judgment are the needed annotations.

The introduction and history of the life and times of Catullus gives much useable information. There is also prefixed a facsimile of a page of the *Codex Oxoniensis*, while following we find an index of proper names and another of notes.

On the whole we can say few books exhibit such careful painstaking preparation.

A Study of Greek Philosophy. By ELLEN M. MITCHELL. Chicago, Ill.: S. C. Griggs & Co.

"Mrs Mitchell's volume is evidently the work of one who loves philosophy for its own sake. No tiresome pedantry, no encyclopedic dryness is found in its pages, but an earnest desire to present the theme in a graphic and tangible form, which shall rather invite the reader to its further study than discourage him with a mass of difficulties not to be overcome. A wholesome, appreciative, intelligible book. The volume, of some two hundred and eighty pages, represents wide reading and careful study. Its contents belong to

that easy reading which does not come of easy writing, but of the endeavor on the part of the writer to make "the crooked straight and rough places plain," an endeavor which cannot in this field be too highly commended. Mrs Mitchell conveys much valuable information and suggestion in a small space, but does not fatigue the reader with overcrowding facts and statements. Rev. W. R. Alger, highly reputed as a student and lover of philosophy, contributes a brief paper on the "Claim and Charm" of his favored pursuit.

Greek Composition. COLLAR and DANIELL. Boston, Mass.: Ginn & Co.

It is daily coming to be more and more of a recognized fact that no knowledge of Greek or Latin, however comprehensive in other respects, can be considered complete without the power of changing typical English sentences into the Greek or Latin forms. Every year more importance is being attached to and more work is being done upon this branch of the work. Latin composition has for a long time held a prominent place in school curricula and more recently Greek composition has been elevated to a standard of equality.

It is obvious that in order to do satisfactory work with either there must be some foundation upon which to base the work and some source from which to obtain the matter. The text, which at present is under our consideration, is taken from the first book of Xenophon's *Anabasis*, and is written in an interesting and convenient form, following in principal points the narrative, but dividing and arranging sentences differently than a perfect English translation would do.

This is especially advantageous, as it gives the student opportunity for using previously acquired knowledge and is yet teaching him much that he is desirous of learning.

Exercises both for oral and written translation are given and each is well adapted to the purpose for which it is designed. The book covers well the division of the subject for which it is prepared, being prepared more especially for beginners, and should receive a hearty support from the educational world.

High School Manual of Physics. By DUDLEY G. HAYS, CHARLES D. LOWRY, AUSTIN C. RISHEL, teachers of Physics in the Chicago High Schools. Boston: Ginn & Co., 1893.

The two-fold object of this book as set forth by its authors in the preface is: "First, the teaching of physics by the inductive method; that is, the presenting of a logically arranged course of experimental work that shall cover the ground of elementary physics; second, the providing of sufficient laboratory work to meet the entrance requirements of any college in the country." At the close of the preface we are told "It is to be borne in mind that this book is in no sense a text-book, nor intended to supplant one. It is simply a laboratory manual and may be used with any text." Such purposes thus set forth and limited, the book seems admirably to fulfill, and its authors deserve special credit for the selection and description of the experiments grouped under the heads, "Properties of Matter," "Mechanics," "Heat," and "Sound." In many cases questions are asked which the ordinary training school pupil is not likely to answer, but this is by no means a defect. The necessity of taking down full notes on experiments and the need of neatness and order in the records for which blank pages are provided, are kept constantly before the student and forms are given in almost every case for the arrangement of the results obtained in tables. The order of the matter of the book, which brings magnetism first, is peculiar, and the reason given in the preface that "The experiments in magnetism are easy, instructive and fascinating, thus giving a desirable introduction to the laboratory work," and that "It also gives the teacher time to prepare his laboratory for the more difficult work which comes later."

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Ethics of Hegel. Translated selections by J. M. STERRETT, D. D. Boston, Mass.: Ginn & Co.

Lessons on the Continents. By ELIZA H. MORTON. Chicago, Ill.: H. Flanagan & Co.

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Geographical Spice. By ELIZA H. MORTON. Lebanon, Ohio: March Brothers.

Spencerian System of Penmanship. New York: American Book Company.

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