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## The Weymouth Gazette.

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towns will receive prompt attention. Address as  
above to P. O. Box 7, Quincy, Mass. 30 ly

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been appointed administrator of the estate of  
John H. Richards, deceased, and I will receive  
and settle all claims against said estate, and  
distribute the assets thereof to the heirs and  
creditors of said estate. Dated at Weymouth,  
Mass., this 1st day of May, 1880.  
ROBERT T. MARTIN,  
Administrator.

**DIO LEWIS' SANI-TARIUM,**  
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that they can save money by patronizing home trade.  
Interest on a good account.  
Had done it harm.  
Why look up to the blue?  
The blue is gone, it is now,  
Far out of sight.  
Steady, and keen of wing.  
The slight, impassioned thing,  
Interest on a good account.  
Had held its course alone,  
In silent flight.  
Dear little bird, and fleet,  
Flitting down as if by force,  
Shadows for so long;  
More sure am I than—  
Unseen, unheeded as my  
This of some four or five, and known  
All my life long.

**R. V. Merchant**  
Desires to inform the citizens of Weymouth  
and vicinity that he is now prepared to make up  
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**CLOTHING,**  
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**LATEST STYLES,**  
And from the best Foreign and Domestic Goods.  
His long experience in cutting

**GENTLEMEN'S  
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enables him to warrant a  
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OLIVER DITSON & Co., and possesses unqualified  
advantages for the preparation of instruments  
from the best materials in Europe. 25 ly

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where he will be pleased to wait on all who  
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All Work Warranted as no charge  
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past favors and solicit a share of public patron-  
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## Literary Reading.

**SHADOW EVIDENCE.**  
Swift over the sunny grass,  
I saw a shadow pass,  
With subtle charm;  
With thrilling joy so rife,  
I started, lest, unknown,  
My step—ere it was down—  
Had done it harm.  
Why look up to the blue?  
The blue is gone, it is now,  
Far out of sight.  
Steady, and keen of wing.  
The slight, impassioned thing,  
Interest on a good account.  
Had held its course alone,  
In silent flight.  
Dear little bird, and fleet,  
Flitting down as if by force,  
Shadows for so long;  
More sure am I than—  
Unseen, unheeded as my  
This of some four or five, and known  
All my life long.

## MY WIFE'S RELATIONS.

"Boiled spring chickens for tea," said I. "And lobster-salad, and fried oysters! Upon my word, this looks as if we were to have company." "So we are, my dear," said my wife, looking a little guilty, as she polished up the bright surface of the big silver tea-tray with a new chamois leather. "They are all coming to visit me—Uncle Silas and Aunt Mellen and the children, and Cousin Joab, and the two Misses Wildermings, and my Aunt Louisa, to meet Rev. Mr. Speakwell from Minnesota, who married my second cousin, Jerusha Wilde. Mr. Speakwell is troubled with entarrh, and he thinks of staying at our house for a few weeks, while he is being treated by Dr. Dosen."

"I put my linen duster and brown paper parcels down with some emphasis. "Oh, confound the Rev. Speakwell!"

"John!" ejaculated my wife. "Well, my dear, I can't help it," said I. "It's not in human nature to stand everything. And I've been related out of all patience ever since our marriage. The Jenkinses went away last week, the Birdsleys took an affectionate leave yesterday, and now just as I was contemplating a peaceful evening by ourselves, here's a new swarm, hungrier than the rest, just about to settle down upon us! In my opinion, Kitty, my dear relations should be abolished."

"I am surprised at you, John," said my wife. "My own people are so fond of me."

"There's where you are mistaken, my dear," said I. "It's your comfortable spring beds and good cookery that they are fond of, and not you."

"John!"

"I'd be willing to wager a good round sum on the truthfulness of my assertion," said I.

"Because you have no relations yourself."

"Thank Providence for that!" said I, devoutly. "I was reared in a foundling asylum, and have nobody to thank but myself for my success in the world."

"It's no reason why you should find fault with mine," said Kitty, her blue eyes full of tears. "And Mr. Speakwell is such a spiritual minded man; and Uncle Silas loves you as if you were his only son, and Cousin Joab is interested in our children."

"I'm much obliged to 'em," said I, dryly. "But I slept all last week on soft cushions, laid in the bath tub; and we had fourteen people here over the anniversary; and I was obliged to give up my own room for a month, last winter, to old Mr. Mouswell, not to speak of being half poisoned with Aunt Louisa's hygienic messes in the little wing-chamber, and Mr. and Mrs. Speakwell will have our room and—"

"Indeed!" said I, "and we are to sleep in the barn, I suppose?"

"Don't be cross, John," said my wife, appealingly. "One must be hospitable, you know. And I can easily make up the sofa bed in the back parlor for our use for a week or so."

"I said nothing, but ground my teeth in silent despair, as I sprang up stairs, two steps at a time, to make what changes I could in my toilet by the aid of a ten by twelve glass hang over the wash-stand of a stuffy little bath room."

The Rev. Mr. Speakwell was a big man, with a will bigger voice, and a line, with a little white, whose sole earthly interests seemed centered in the four white-eyed, freckled-faced children. Uncle Silas and Aunt Mel-

licent were a silent couple, with excellent appetites and two tall boys, who giggled and snickered in the intervals of the conversation.

Captain Joab talked incessantly with his mouth full, and the two Miss Wildermings served as general echoes to the rest; while Aunt Louisa devoured lobster-salad, ad libitum, and kept sending up her cup for more green tea, until I trembled for her nerves.

While my wife, careful and troubled like Martha, of old, with many things, looked ready to drop with the hospitable exertions she had made, I, sitting, a mere cipher, at the head of my table, felt as if I was keeping a boarding house, without any of the pecuniary emoluments therefrom.

"My trunk will be up in the 6 o'clock train," said Rev. Mr. Speakwell; "I'll trouble you, Cousin Poyntz, to send an expressman to the depot for 'em. And if there's any apartment in this domicile, Cousin Poyntz, that could be fitted up as a study for my temporary use, it would greatly facilitate my intellectual occupation, during my sojourn in the suburbs of this great city. And I must beg that you keep very still during the hours which I devote to study."

Here my wife looked at me aglance, thinking of little Johnny and the baby. "Never mind, my dear," I remarked sotto voce, "we can easily get 'em boarded out somewhere."

"And," went on the Rev. Mr. Speakwell, "I should esteem it a favor if a horse and buggy could be procured for my daily use, when going to Dr. Dosen, in the city, as the motion of the train disagrees with my nervous system."

"I don't happen to own a carriage," I replied, "but I might buy one."

"Thank you, thank you, Cousin Poyntz," said Mr. Speakwell, blandly. "And if there's any other little thing you should happen to want, pray don't be backward in mentioning it," I added.

"No, I won't, Cousin Poyntz," said the reverend gentleman, with the utmost gravity. "And I am bound to say that he kept his word."

For three days I endured the swarm of visitors who literally infested my home, and then I made up my mind that patience had ceased to be a virtue.

"I'll put a stop to this thing," said I. "I came home one night with a tragical expression on my face."

"Katherine," I said to my wife, "I am ruined."

"What!" cried all the company at once. "Those shares in the Western Union, you know," said I, vigorously smiting my forehead.

"Yes, dear," gasped poor Kitty. "They have gone down," said I, "not worth a penny."

"Oh, John!"

"I wish I had taken your advice, and let 'em alone," said I. "But, after all, it doesn't matter so much as if I had no friends."

I looked beamingly around at my wife's relations. They returned the glance by the blindest of stares.

"If I borrow \$200 apiece from all these dear kindred," said I, "and request Uncle Silas to endorse my business notes—"

"I couldn't think of such a thing," I hurriedly interrupted that gentleman.

"I should be most happy to oblige, but I am quite out of funds at present," said Cousin Joab.

"And I," said the Rev. Mr. Speakwell, pushing back his chair, "must save what little I possess of the world's filthy lucre to pay my passage and that of my family back to Minnesota."

"Surely!" cried I, "but you would not go away and leave me in such pecuniary straits as these?"

The Rev. Mr. Speakwell significantly buttoned up his pockets. "It is every man's duty to look after himself, Cousin Poyntz," he said. "And I don't scruple to say that it is downright dishonest for a business man like yourself to get into financial difficulties."

And in fifteen minutes every cousin in the lot had, upon one excuse and another, vanished from the room to pack and prepare for immediate departure.

I looked at my wife; my wife looked at me; I burst out laughing, and Kitty immediately began to cry. "My dear," said I, "it's an easier job than I thought it would be. I didn't know but it would be necessary for me to call at your relations."

"But we are very poor, John?" said my wife. "I don't care for that little cottage? Oh, how cruel it is of Cousin Joab, and Mr. Speakwell and Uncle Silas, and all of them, to not help you! I know Mariana Wilderming has over \$5000 that she wants to put out at interest, for she told me only yesterday, and—"

"Yes, exactly," said I. "But probably she doesn't regard me as a good investment."

"After all I have done for them," my wife sobbed.

"Relations are only human, my dear," said I.

The company took their leave without much ceremony of adieux, and that afternoon my wife came to me with tears in her eyes.

"John," said she, "will you tell me how much money you have lost in that Western Union stock? Because I would rather know the worst at once."

"Lost?" I repeated, looking up from the newspaper, which I was reading in Uncle Silas's favorite chair, now vacated for the first time, in many days. "Why? who said I had lost anything?"

"You did,"

"Excuse me, dear; I said nothing of the kind. I merely stated that the Western Union shares were not worth a penny. Neither were they to me, as I had sold all I possessed a week ago."

"John!"

"Yes, my dear."

"How could you?"

"Very easily," said I, with a latent smile. "My dear, I think if your relatives had stayed another week I should have committed suicide."

"And you told that horrid story just to get rid of them?"

"I made that unimpeachable statement with that precise intention."

"They were rather trying," confessed Kitty. "And I think they might have helped you a little when they thought you a bankrupt."

"They will not come here visiting again," I said, quietly.

"I was right. They did not."

**The Press Pilgrimage.**

The excursion of the Massachusetts Press Association to the Capital City, last week, abounded in such unexpected incidents of a pleasurable and interesting character at the national shrine and also at Richmond, that a recount of the leading events becomes a duty toward those who received the members of the third estate with all-abounding hospitality. The party was also under great obligation to the experienced conductor of excursion parties, Mr. J. A. Whitcomb, who generously volunteered his service, and through whose skillful management and constant watchfulness every detail of travel was made a comfort instead of a care.

About 80 ladies and gents assembled at the Old Colony Railroad Station in Boston, on Thursday afternoon, the 22nd ult., and at 6 P. M. the elegant steambot pulled out under charge of the gentlemanly conductor, A. S. Porter, for Fall River and the steamer Bristol, which was to bear the party on its onward way as far as New York. The embarkation on the floating palace came in due season, and after a choice supper had been served the party retired to tranquil repose and were borne swiftly over a smooth sea. As the early light of a pleasant morning gilded the waters of the Sound the entrance to the East River was gained, and the refreshed pilgrims opened their eyes to gaze upon the panorama of the great commercial emporium, as the steamer swept up the river. Bounding the Battery and passing the North River to the pier, the annex boat awaited the party who were bound for fresh fields and pastures new, to convey them across the Hudson to Jersey City.

The general passenger agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, L. P. Farmer, to whom the press has been indebted for past favors, had courteously provided two of the most comfortable of that company's cars for the special use of the party to Richmond and return, and at 9 A. M. the city glided from view as the rushing train fled over the smooth road bed of the most perfectly managed and thoroughly equipped railroad in this or any other country. A brief halt was made at Philadelphia for dinner, and manager Whitcomb and his active associates, Mr. Pushee, having counted noses and verified the fact that none of the flock had strayed from their care, the train was again in motion for the sunny south, the charms of the fair land being, however, slightly eclipsed in the passage through the series of tunnels under the city of Baltimore, wherein some of the tourists were regaled with several bushels of shucks and cinders through some enterprising excursionist having a car door wide open. But such minor mishaps were counted as nothing in the anticipation of fun ahead, and as the massive and gracefully proportioned dome of the Capitol came into view, all were animated with delighted expectation. The fine depot of the Potomac road is audaciously set in the very heart of the great national park which extends from the Capitol down to the Washington Monument, and the pilgrims were soon brought in contact with the more pretentious glories of the governmental city.

The Arlington Hotel is under the charge of the proprietors of the noted Fort William Henry Hotel, at Lake George, of which hostelry we have a pleasant and enduring remembrance, and Messrs. Rossie & Sons have made the Arlington the hotel par excellence of Washington, while its charming situation on broad Vermont Avenue is an additional incentive to the extensive patronage the Arlington receives. Arriving at the hotel at 6 P. M., grub was promptly served, and after tea each departed himself but all were determined to make good use of the time allotted for doing the city, and late hours were kept by some in listening to the night debate of the M. C.'s at the Capitol.

Most interesting of all the programmatic announcements was that of a visit to Mount Vernon, Saturday

morning the Yanks left the hotel in carriages for the west steamer W. W. Corcoran, Capt. L. L. Blake, which is the only boat permitted to make a landing at those sacred shades. Passing the Navy Yard, at the opening of the Eastern Branch, Alexandria, and its grass-grown straits, Fort Washington, with its venerable ramparts crumbling at the touch of time, the tolling bell of the Corcoran mournfully announced that the spot where the Father of his Country lies entombed was near at hand, and soon the party were marching up the avenue from the river and reverently uncovered before the sarcophagus of departed greatness.

Col. Hollingsworth, the genial and noble-hearted Sup't of the grounds, conducted the visitors to the various points of interest, explaining everything in detail and affording the party all the information, as the various rooms embellished with the coats-of-arms of different States passed in review. A rehearsal of the guide books would be impossible in our limits, and foregoing special description of the many objects of interest, we merely make allusion to the Library room, which, as yet, has not been designated by the arms of any State, but which should properly be claimed by Massachusetts, whose distinguished son exerted so noble an influence in the effort to preserve this home of Washington from the ravages of decay, and whose munificent donation towards this object, the proceeds of his lecture on Washington, makes the dedication of this room to Edward Everett's native State a fitting tribute to his patriotic service.

After visiting the quaint old buildings, rambling through groves and garden, where every spot teemed with reminiscences of the illustrious dead, partaking of a lunch in the ancient kitchen and drinking from the immortal patriot's well, the visitors, most or all of whom bore some memento of flower or leaf or branch plucked from trees or shrubs planted by Washington's own hand, were notified by the whistle of the Corcoran that further loitering was out of the question, and in the midst of a sudden pelting shower the ganplanck was reached. All hurried aboard without regard to the order of their going, and the Corcoran steamed up the river at a lively pace, leaving the party at 3.30, for a visit to the Capitol, and an inspection of its wilderness of ornamentation. A guide here conducted the visitors through the building and graphically described every noteworthy feature; but as the subject is familiar to many of our readers we leave it to the guide-books.

Returning to the hotel, at 8 P. M. the visitors availed themselves of an invitation to view the treasures of the Corcoran Art Gallery, which had been lighted for their accommodation, and an hour or more was profitably spent in examination of this magnificent and costly art collection, which is one of the finest in the country. This visit wound up the sight-seeing of the day, and early to bed was a wise procedure.

Sunday dawned with a change in the weather—a cloudy sky foreshadowing the coming rainstorm which broke upon the city in the afternoon. Churchgoing was general in the forenoon, and after dinner the party took the only opportunity afforded on the trip to visit the gayest section of the Arlington, where sleek the brave thousands upon thousands who laid down their lives in defence of the Union. Passing over the Acqueduct Bridge at Georgetown, and through forests of oak mingled with the white blossoming Virginia dogwood and the burning glow of the reddened Judas tree, the spacious apartments of Arlington House echoed to the tread of its peaceful Northern invaders, who rambled through halls once animated with the gayest society of Southern hospitality, but on whose walls might now be truthfully written, *silentium perpetuum*. Once sheltering a renowned family, its possession has passed forever from their kindred, and when Lee abandoned his home and lifted his sword against the national life which the fathers had once pledged their lives, their fortune and their sacred honor to maintain, this proud family went out into the very darkness and shadow of death.

Musing on the changes which have been witnessed in this historic place, the company returned to the city and in the evening the colored churches were objective points for many of the visitors, who decorously listened to the service, a conspicuous feature of which was the singing by a multitude of voices, accompanied with a fervor which no white man or woman can aspire to. Let us should weary the reader to whom all this detail of a Washington trip may be an old story, a further account of the excursion is deferred to the next issue.

There has been a report that the S. H. & N. B. Co. will complete their road and run the cars with horses, and it is also talk that the county commissioners will have a strong pressure brought to bear upon them to change the location of the route of the N. B. Co. There is a great deal of money represented in the various interests of the rival roads and the land and hotel owners, and there will be a hard fight yet, by some of the big guns of the legal fraternity before the matter will be finally settled.

Considerable doubt is expressed as to the necessity and propriety of running cars propelled by steam along

## Cleanings of Nantasket Beach.

(For the Gazette.)  
BY BELLE BEECHWOOD.

The Old Colony Railroad Co. appears to have entirely abandoned, for the present at least, the idea of building a branch road from near either the Old Colony House or the Nantasket station to the beach; but upon the beach itself railroad matters have this spring been very lively, two companies having been organized and located, and one of them, the Nantasket Beach road, being well under way towards completion.

This road is to extend, when completed, from Point Alderton, the extreme northern end of the beach, to the Rockland Cafe, near the head of the wharf of the Boston and Hingham Street Car Co., a distance of about four miles. The location of the terminus at that end will necessitate the removal of some of the small out-buildings connected with the Rockland Cafe and the bowling alleys.

The track then runs nearly parallel with the county road and between it and the beach, cutting through where the stable stood on the westerly side of Mr. R. A. Labree's Sea Breeze House, but is laid east of the cafe of Mr. George B. Lincoln, which, however, it was necessary to remove a short distance west and nearer to the county road. The railroad then runs to the east of all the buildings that face upon the county road, to the Albion House, but the clamlike building of Mr. Wm. K. Woods of the Ocean House will have to be moved some distance west and nearer to the hotel.

Beyond the Albion House to the terminus of the railroad at Point Alderton, it crosses the level land between the county road and the beach, leaving Clark's Cafe, Jellison's and all the other buildings on that side of the county road in that section, to the east of the railroad.

It will be seen by the description we give of the location of the road as the route is at present surveyed, and over a considerable portion of which the tracks have already been laid, that it will interfere, and that but slightly, with only four establishments on the beach, the out-buildings of the Rockland Cafe, the Sea Breeze House, Lincoln's Cafe, and the clamlike connected with the Ocean House.

It is the intention of the projectors of the road to locate seven stopping places on the line, or nearly one every half mile; therefore passengers will be landed near either of the public houses they may desire to visit. Open cars will be run, and though steam will be the motive power used, the speed will be very moderate, so that parties riding in the cars will obtain a good view of the superb beach and the grand Atlantic Ocean.

The other company which has secured a location on the beach is the Strawberry Hill and Nantasket Beach Railroad Co., whose route extends from Strawberry Hill to the Ocean House, very nearly parallel with that of the N. B. road, and runs its entire length between the track of that road and the county road. This latter company have as yet done nothing towards the building of their road, with the exception of having laid about one hundred feet of track on a street at right angles with the general line of the two roads, and then applying for an injunction against the N. B. Co. on the ground that they should not be allowed to cross at grade; but the Supreme Court denied the injunction.

However, Mr. George Wheatland, who holds in trust land between Point Alderton and the Ocean House, and Messrs. N. Ripley & Son, who own land between the Sea Breeze House and the Rockland Cafe, have obtained temporary injunctions against the Nantasket Beach Co., which prevents their crossing those lands at present and until a hearing before the county commissioners, which is to be held at the Rockland House on Monday, the thirty-first of this month.

The other company so far have shown no disposition to build a road, and it seems at present that their only object is to prevent the building of any railroad on the beach. Still, they may mean business, and should they build, the public will have no cause to complain of lack of facilities for travel on Nantasket beach.

There has been a report that the S. H. & N. B. Co. will complete their road and run the cars with horses, and it is also talk that the county commissioners will have a strong pressure brought to bear upon them to change the location of the route of the N. B. Co. There is a great deal of money represented in the various interests of the rival roads and the land and hotel owners, and there will be a hard fight yet, by some of the big guns of the legal fraternity before the matter will be finally settled.

Considerable doubt is expressed as to the necessity and propriety of running cars propelled by steam along

the beach. They will interfere somewhat with the driving on the beach, and the building of the roads may injure some private interests; but as we found to be the case when horse cars were introduced in Boston, private interests must always yield to public needs, and if a railroad shall be built on Nantasket Beach and prove to be popular with the masses, the track will remain undisturbed for many years.

The Boston and Hingham Steamboat Co. are making great preparations for the immense travel they will have to the beach this season, and have made very extensive additions to their wharf and their dock room. Were it not for difficult passage over Weir river at any but high tide, the company would probably find it to their advantage to put large boats on that route.

The Hotel Nantasket is being much enlarged by adding rooms on the southerly and northerly ends of the building. There will be about seventy-five new apartments added—mostly sleeping rooms, and there are to be some changes, not as yet fully developed, in the lower portion of the building, which is to be connected by a covered passage way with the Rockland Cafe. Messrs. Hall & Whipple, of Young's Hotel, Boston, will have control of the Hotel Nantasket the coming summer, and there can be no doubt that under their management the house will receive an immense patronage.

The old and favorite Rockland House—the pioneer hotel of the beach, has passed out of the control of Mr. Nehemiah Ripley, who has had the management of it for nearly forty years. His successor, Mr. J. S. Doyle of the St. James Hotel, Boston, is thoroughly posted as to the wants of the public and the Rockland will lose none of its popularity while under his management.









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# Weymouth Gazette

BRAINTREE REPORTER.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, MAY 14, 1880.

VOL. 14.

NO. 3.

The Weymouth Gazette.

PUBLISHED BY  
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All persons are hereby notified that I have given my son, William B. Martin, full power and authority to act for me in all my business, and that I will not be held responsible for any act or deed of his done after this date, shall claim none of my wages, nor pay any debts of his contracting. ROBERT S. MARTIN.

East Weymouth, April 15, 1880.

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RESIDENCE - MIDDLE STREET.

Having had thirty years experience in building, I am prepared to fill all orders under my personal supervision, to the satisfaction of patrons, to whom I extend my thanks for past favors and solicit a share of public patronage.

22 Post Office Address, East Weymouth.

DAILY PAPERS FOR SALE AT THE DEPOT, EAST BRAINTREE,  
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FOR THE CURE OF INVALIDS, at Arlington Heights, Mass., eight miles from Boston. This institution opens under happy auspices. Send for full circular to DR. DIO LEWIS.

## Literary Reading.

(For the Gazette.) THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

LINES SUNG AT THE GOLDEN WEDDING OF MR. AND MRS. ANNA BURRELL, BY A. BARNARD, JR.

If you want to pass the moments In a cheerful, pleasant way, Come with me to the Golden Wedding, On this all-important day.

The years have rolled above him Till he counts two-score and ten, Still he was represented As the happiest of men.

It was Crocker's Mary Miller, Then a maiden young and fair, Who consented to make one of A matrimonial pair.

The minister who tied them Said the job was neatly done, And sent them off contented, With their two hearts linked in one.

Since then they have lived and flourished Like a healthy green bay-tree; And if you don't believe the same, Then look around and see.

Their life-long friends and neighbors, In this good old town today, Can tell you how they've thriven In all the Scripture to obey.

They provided for their household, And according to command, They did their best to populate And replenish all the land.

Here's Benjamin, and Earnest, And John, all laboring hard; And James and Cecilia, too, Where they pickle pork and lard.

There's no doubt you trained them, Adm., In the good old-fashioned way; For school books and for peppermints, You had the bills to pay.

And when they tore their trousers In clambering o'er the fence, There's no doubt that Mary gave them Sufficient recompense.

But let these bitter memories When you've got enough of pie, Forget the curtain lessons, Let the wash-day troubles slide, And will live in love together While floating down the tide.

Oh, fifty years of married life Has brought us here tonight; We have all seen our dark days, And yet we've seen our bright.

The fiftieth anniversary, You'll all agree with me, Will be remembered by all, Who spend it socially.

Oh, yes, he would get her twenty? One would do, and she had it in a twinkling. Then the bell rang, the whistle blew, "All aboard!" and the train was again jogging along.

As the car was now not more than half full, Vivian debated with himself whether or no he was not bound in politeness to sit elsewhere. The lady solved the knotty point for him by again making room and looking an invitation to take his old seat, which we may be pretty sure he did.

"Of course you lost my purse in the crowd?"

An electric battery couldn't have produced a greater shock.

"Upon my word," (recovering) I never thought of it (from the moment you handed it to me till now. Lose it? No; I never lose anything," said he, returning the article.

Eleven o'clock was striking on the city bells as the cars rushed into the depot at Chicago. The stopping of the train became, as usual, the signal for a general bustle of departure, and our unknown heroine, waking up in a hurry, began, in a rather unheroic manner, to fasten on her bonnet and looking to the usual number of miscellaneous bundles that women will carry when traveling. Vivian had got into his overcoat and it must be confessed—was examining his pockets! First, the left hand trousers; all right. Then his compartment on the other side; all right—where was that check? Strange! Sure he had put it into that pocket—twasn't there now—perhaps in his vest pocket—no—must be in his coat—not there, either? Strange! He tries all the pockets over again, and by his time, our young lady being ready to depart, notices the search, and innocently inquires what he has lost.

"You haven't noticed a baggage check lying around loose, have you?"

"No, sir. Is that what you are looking for?"

"Yes, it is, madam, and what's more, I believe you have got it."

"Oh, you needn't put on your dignity, I'll know you now and if you don't give up that check quietly I shall be so very rude as to hand you over to the police."

The look of astonishment and horror with which she listened to these terrible words, he considered as part of the game. No doubt remained in his mind but that she had taken his check, and intended to get possession of his trunk and its contents.

"Let me pass, sir."

"So you won't give it up peacefully? Very well," and Vivian followed her out of the car, through the crowd into the ladies' dining car. A policeman was instantly summoned, and a search demanded, followed by a copious flow of tears from our unprotected friend.

"Young woman," said No. X, blandly, "please produce the contents of your pocket!"

The order was mechanically obeyed, and brought to light an embroidered cambric handkerchief, a watch key, a letter, and the pretty little purse, from which latter they dropped to the floor a brass check! No. X, and Vivian both came together in rapid collision, bringing out an oath of pretty large dimensions from the burly policeman, and forcing a growl from Vivian. The latter, however, secured the check, and holding it up to the light, exclaimed:

"2205. That's mine! March her off!"

"Now, young woman, what have you got to say?"

"Hallo, here! What's all this?" said somebody, coming up to the trio.

"Why, Kate, my dear sister, is this you? I must have missed you in the crowd." (Imagine here an affectionate embrace.)

"Oh, my dear, dear brother, how fortunate that you have found me! (Sobs.) I have been shamefully involuntarily by this young—"

"What! Vivian Winn, is that you? Give me your hand, brother mine. What's this, Kate, about this?"

"My brother-in-law's sister!" Poor Vivian gasped out that much; but we'll drop the curtain over what followed, and to carry out the simile, the appreciative audience may eat peanuts—if their tastes incline that way—and imagine that two years have passed since the green hair went down. It now rises on Vivian relating the foregoing incidents to a few friends, when his wife comes forward and gently hints that he's making a fool of himself.

"You see," continues the happy fellow, not listening to the warning of his better half, "when I handed the purse back to her, after that supper, my check got fastened in the fringe, and went with it. But all came out right at last—didn't it, Kate?"

The facts, after what had happened I was bound to go in and win her, and there she is!"

The Press Pilgrimage. No. II.

The initial chapter of the recount of incidents connected with the excursion of the Massachusetts Press to Virginia and the Capital City closed with the trip to Arlington on Sunday, and we take up the thread of narrative with Monday's doings, which commenced at an early hour with a detour among the various objects of interest in the city, and calls on the Weymouth boys now domiciled at the Capital. In this tour we were much indebted to Mr. Samuel Baxter, formerly of Quincy, who has been an attaché of the Second Auditor's Department for several years, and who placed himself at the service of a number of the party for the day. Winder's Building was the first object of attention, and here we found the offices of the Ordnance department which are displayed a large number of trophies of the rebellion, including confederate flags torn with shot and shell, Jefferson Davis' rifle, a section of a tree which had been cut down by bullets at the Fredericksburg fight, and all the paraphernalia of grim victory.

The Treasury building came next in order of visit, and here we found Capt. Gunning at his post, who gave us a hearty welcome and proceeded to do the honors in escorting the party through this interesting department for an inspection of the massive vaults where Uncle Sam keeps his treasures, and the processes of stamp printing, the destruction of cancelled bonds, etc., looking to the office under whose direction the nation is run—Secretary John Sherman, who gave the visitors a cordial greeting. The cash room of the Treasury is a notable attraction, the walls being of most beautiful marbles, Italian and American, while the offices are elegantly furnished throughout.

But we must hasten to the new State, War and Navy Department, which, when completed, will be one of the finest buildings in the country. Passing into one of the offices we found our lively Washington correspondent "CARL," who is engaged in compilation of the huge mass of records of the Department, but who nevertheless devoted an interval to "showing up" the features of the building. We were pleased to note that our correspondent's ability as a "public functionary" is appreciated, and we should not be surprised to learn, ere many years have passed, of his elevation to a high rank in every respect, and in the interim of official duty has devoted his hours of leisure, in addition to large correspondence, to the production of a work which is destined to receive wide notoriety and will shortly be published by a well known New York house, who will issue 5000 copies of the first edition. "CARL" is one of "them literary fellows" who is bound to shine as a bright particular star in the world of letters.

This interview ended, our courteous guide, Mr. Baxter, toted the party down to the Smithsonian Institution—a point where days and weeks might be profitably spent, in studying its contents, and which has the entire world for its sphere of operations. Perhaps some of our readers may have forgotten the details of the origin of this immense establishment, and to refresh their memories we note the prominent objects.

James Smithson, an English scientist, died in 1829, and bequeathed a half million dollars to the United States of America, to be found at Washington, under the above title, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge and diffusion among men. He was a natural son of the first Duke of Northumberland, was liberally educated, and excelled all other students in his knowledge of chemistry, which led to his becoming an original

investigator in science, and an associate of the most distinguished scientists of Europe. At one time he purposed leaving his fortune to the Royal Society of London, but a disagreement led to a change in his plans through which this country received the bequest. The fund is forever invested in the U. S. Treasury, and now amounts to \$651,000, on which 6 per cent. per annum is paid, and which only can be expended. In connection with the immense display in the National museum, for which Congress appropriated \$300,000 for a fire-proof building near by, of elegant construction. In 1868 the Botanical collection was transferred to the Department of Agriculture, and specimens of anatomy, etc., are placed with the Surgeon General, in the Museum on Tenth St.

The cases in the Institute are arranged in different halls—first, the "Zoological Hall," which contains mammals, birds, fishes, eggs, birds' nests, corals, sponges, shells, skeletons, reptiles, animal products in pearl, feathers, horn, ivory, bone, skins and hair, also antitropical minerals.

The Cast Room has a prodigious number of specimens of flint and reptiles, prepared by Prof. Palmer and painted from nature by Richards and Shindler.

In the Mineral Hall we find the great Tucson Meteorite, which fell in Sonora, Mexico, centuries ago, and was found by Dr. Irwin in a street of Tucson, half buried in the earth—its first discovery having been made by Catholic missionaries of Mexico, a century or two before, who left it there. In 1785 the Captain General of the Province undertook to convey it to Spain, but on account of its weight, which is 1400 lbs., found difficulty in transportation, and dropped it at Tucson, where it was afterward used as an anvil. The meteorite is in the shape of an immense signet ring, its composition being largely iron. Another meteorite is called the "Couch," and is an interesting specimen of these fragments of solid bodies which occasionally fall upon the earth from the celestial sphere. The collection of minerals embraces nearly 400 specimens, from "Albite" to "Zoisite."

In the Ceramic Hall are placed the famous Haviland memorial vases, valued at \$10,000, and which commemorate our independence, representing "The Struggle," depicted by a barren rock, washed by an angry sea, a battery, an eagle, the national colors, and the names of the signers of the Declaration; "Prosperity," typified by fruits of the earth and emblems of industry, eagle and colors, names of the Presidents, with terms of office, the emblems being surmounted with busts of "America," "Victory," "Fame" and "Washington."

Next comes a panel of faience, containing over 900 tiles, allegorically representing the genius of man utilizing the waters, the volcanic fires and lightning, and making them the willing slaves of progress, the coloring most resembling an oil painting. Next is order is the "Group America," the largest work ever attempted in terra-cotta, and executed with the greatest skill. A Moses, seated on a pulpit, a baptismal font, a memorial tablet in terra-cotta, representing Gethsemane and the Crucifixion, are also among the famous works of art which were exhibited at the Centennial and presented to the Government by the designers.

Pottery and porcelain is here found in profusion, also models of ancient cliff dwellings of Arizona, relief maps of far western topography, and a curious bust of Gen. Grant, copied from a lithograph and made entirely of fine wire, by a lady of Peru.

The Anthropological Hall embraces all those branches of study which relate to the natural history of man, and the objects presented embrace ethnology, in many forms, ground and polished stone, tools and ornaments of copper, bone, shell, clay and wood. The collection of articles in flint is very large and valuable, and the bronze age is finely represented.

A series of photographs represents the most valuable contents of the British Museum in London; another series is devoted to the Museum at Boulaq, Egypt, near Cairo, showing all the antiquities discovered of the bank of the Nile to the capital of the old country. The train bore a portion of this line having been built since the war; before that time, passengers on their way to the Virginia capital being conveyed by steamer to Aquia Creek, taking the cars at that point. Many of the party would have preferred the Midland route on the return, which reaches the eventful localities of Fairfax, Manassas, Culpepper and Gordonsville, but time pressed, and the short line gave longer opportunity for a Richmond visit. The train bore the excursionists down the Virginia interlocking creeks, at which points a brisk westerly made an overcoat very comfortable to those who stood upon the platforms and interviewed the railroad employee who had been in the rebel army and followed the fortunes of Lee in all his campaigns. The soldier proved to be a mine of investigation which was industriously worked by some of the party, the points of the Fredericksburg fight being noted as they came in view, from the pontoon passages of the Bayshore, above and below the railroad, to the flat land across which the Union troops marched toward the heights where the Confederate batteries were dealing out slaughter and death to thousands, in their vain endeavor to reach Richmond through the wide-reaching outworks of Lee.

On through Ashland, a neat and apparently thriving place, noted as the birthplace of Henry Clay, crossed the public reception of the famous "Wilderness" march of Grant, at 12 M. Wilderness spies appeared in sight, as the train rolled through the beautiful suburban scenery of the "city of the seven hills," famed for the culture, refinement and hospitality of its society; where, as a Richmond lady told us, "everybody goes to church on Sunday;" its mild, healthy climate; its fine water power and its importance as a trading and manufacturing centre. An unexpected incident of the Press occupation of Richmond, which the programme of the excursion was extended by a public reception arranged by the Richmond press and the Commercial Club, who captured the party at the depot and never let up on their hospitalities until the moment for departure arrived. But of further proceedings there is sufficient matter for another chapter, which will be given next week.

—The right kind of a boy with a pea-shooter can take a man's mind off his business troubles and politics quicker than anything else in this bleak, cold world.

—In order to test the question, an intelligent, reputable, and physically perfect negro was recommended by influential residents of Hartford for appointment on the police. The Commissioners rejected him on account of his color.

—A Southern paper has an article headed "Facts about Beavers and how to Catch Them." This will be interesting reading for people whose beavers blow off and lead them an exasperating chase on windy days.

—Colored men publish twenty-nine of the newspapers in this country.

—Sure of their crops.—Hens.

—The absolute zero of heat—that is, the coldest possible temperature—is—471° Fahrenheit. The heat of space may be a hundred above this.

—The good conveyancer is known by his deeds.

—Mr. and Mrs. Bloomer, the latter the inventor of the Bloomer costume for women, recently celebrated their fortieth wedding-day in Council Bluffs.

—Talk is cheap—unless a lawyer does the talking.

—A mining company at St. Clair, Ill., dispensed with the services of a hundred men at \$1 a day by the use of labor-saving machinery; but the gain is not yet apparent, for they have had to employ fifty men at \$3 a day to guard the apparatus.

—Cats have no fixed political belief. They are usually on the fence.

—Four locomotives were stopped by a drift in a snow shed, on the Union Pacific Railroad. Snow covered the roof completely, so that no air could get in and no smoke could get out. The engineers and firemen soon became insensible. Fifteen Chinamen went to the rescue, and were also overcome. All were nearly dead from suffocation when taken out.

—The days are growing longer, but they don't show that way on a note.

—A Brooklyn youth fired at a cat and brought down a young lady.

—The most comfortable hat a man can wear in cold weather is one that is a little worse.

—The museums of Harvard college are to be open to the public on Sundays.

—"I'm afraid that bed is not long enough for you," said a landlord to a seven-foot guest. "Never mind," he replied, "I'll add two more feet to it when I get in."

—Henry Ward Beecher calls our common schools the stomach of the nation.

—A household with a baby is founded on a rock.

—A St. Louis rich man drew up a will which was so pathetically worded that it moved all his relatives to tears. It left all his property to an orphan asylum.

—Charles DeYoung, the San Francisco editor, was a small, dark man, quick as a cat, and utterly fearless. He was a prodigious worker in a newspaper office, writing little, but reviewing everything.

—The world owes us all a living, but she is just as hard to collect from as any other debtor.

—More people want to leave the port of Bremen for the United States than can be furnished transportation.

—The salary of the czar is \$17.40 a minute. It seems good pay when one does not remember that his principal occupation is that of being shot at by some of his beloved subjects.

—A coat made by Andy Johnson in 1856 has been presented to the Tennessee Historical Society. And thereby hangs a tale.

—"I say, Jim, if five and a half rods make a perch, how many will make a pickera?" "You just tell me, first, if two hogheads make a pipe, how many will make a meerschbaum?"

—Put ten men on an island, each with ten dollars. In ten months one man will have a hundred dollars, and the others nothing.

—"Oh mister," said an old lady after a bicycle had passed her, "just now I see a wagon-wheel runnin' away with a man. You kin believe it or not. I wouldn't if I hadn't seed it myself."

PUBLIC BENEFACTORS. Harvey, Jenner, Guthrie, and other discoverers of great facts in medical science, have been properly called the World's Benefactors. Whoever succeeds in lessening the pain and dangers of the human family deserves no less a title.

HUNT'S REMEDY, the Great Kidney and Liver Medicine, is a medical cure for the kidneys, bladder, liver, urinary organs—even Bright's Disease—and it saves valuable lives by the thousand.

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# Weymouth Gazette

## BRAINTREE REPORTER.

WEYMOUTH, MASS., FRIDAY, MAY 28, 1880.

VOL. 14.

NO. 5.

### The Weymouth Gazette.

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**Six Hundred Cords of WOOD**  
Pine, Oak and Maple.

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### WEYMOUTH Monumental Works.

ALL KINDS OF WORK executed in the best of style in  
**MARBLE AND GRANITE.**

The citizens of Weymouth will find upon investigating, that they can save money by patronizing home trade.

Please give us a call.  
**J. KELLEY,**  
Washington Square, - Weymouth Landing.

**R.V. Merchant**  
Begs leave to inform the citizens of Weymouth and vicinity that he is now prepared to make up

**Spring & Summer CLOTHING,**

**GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS**

**PERFECT FIT** in all cases.

**Stop Just a Moment,** and consider the testimonials received in favor of

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**Kidney and Liver Complaints,** WEAK STOMACH, INDIGESTION, LOSS OF APPETITE, ETC., ETC. **IT IS UNEQUALLED.**

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### Literary Reading.

(For the Gazette.)  
How two naughty little Girls damped their feet.

A TRUE STORY.

(Illustration next week by Hoppin.)  
Two wicked little High School girls, whose names were K. and D., went prowling round one moonlight night to see what they could see.

'Twas wrong for these two little girls to peep about at night, forgetting what their mother's said About things good and right.

They really should have been in bed, With dillies by their side, All tucked up warm and safely, where No evil could beget.

Instead of this they ranged about, And tried to find out where There were some naughty big boys To lead them in a snare.

O wicked, thoughtless little girls! How could you do such things? You must have known such naughty act A lot of sorrow bring.

I could not think these little dears In sin could be so served, For, while the one had been confirmed, The other's been immersed.

They went and went like Barnabee Upon his wicked leg; They bore with them a hempen string, Also a brazen peg.

They hunted through the dismal street, They peered into each pane, Seeking for some one to entice; And then they found a window, bright With burning light within.

The string they seized, with nail tied in; Across the street far fled they ran, They ran, and then with ev'ry hands Began to cry "tick tack."

They should have read in Isaac Watts, And thought it very true, That "Satan finds some mischief still For idle hands to do."

But ah! alas! the proverb says "Between the cup and lip," There of it found a sad mistake; "There's many a slip 'twixt that and me."

The pin came out, the string fell down, And mad it caused them pain; For now came those gentle taps Against the window pane.

But no, their hearts beat high and strong, Their hopes were buoyant too, Like some old patriot of old, Like some old patriot of old.

Resolved to "dare and do," And so they ventured in the yard, And made it caused them pain; It was a jolly thing to see These damnable bright and fair.

The string they seized, the pin replaced Within the window sash; Hark! what was that? they looked above, When, with a sudden dash,

As though the roof of Noah's flood Were creaking with pine panels, Came rushing down in torrents fair, And filling all the air.

Alas! alas! and by these words I do not mean two girls, With heads submerged and eyes sufficed, And bangs from out their curls.

Were sorrowing that the briny waves Tick ticked with pine panels, "Twere best to take an umbrella To use in case it rains."

A DISINTERESTED SPECTATOR.

Mr. Editor—Thinking that many of your readers would be interested in the paper read before the late Convention of the Norfolk County Teachers' Association, especially those prepared by persons residing in this vicinity, I have secured this of Prof. Sewall's, and others which will appear from time to time, for the GAZETTE.

J. W. A.

### Reading, writing and computation of numbers.

As soon as these have been attained, or more commonly, regardless whether they have been attained or not, as soon as the child can be made useful, or earn wages, or even become troublesome to be kept at school, it is taken away.

Another per centage, a large one, falls out during and at the end of the Grammar School course. It consists of those whose parents are ambitious for a 'learning' for their children not much beyond the three R's—reading, writing which can be deciphered, more arithmetic—beyond this, a little geography, a little grammar, the common facts of natural philosophy, perhaps an outline of the history of the U. S., and enough facility in composition to write a matter of fact letter. Such sons and daughters are prepared for the work of life as well as were their parents, and that must suffice. There is no higher level to be attained.

The residue is the material for the High School. Of whom does it consist? Of those more desirous of learning, whether rich or poor, and of those whose circumstances, however leisurely in whom every line of it is proper thing at least to graduate from the High School. Saving those who go on to become liberally educated, so called, it consists of those who go to make up, in general, the general intelligent class of the community—those who are to be our merchants and traders, our manufacturers, our intelligent farmers—from whom are to be made our Selectmen, our School committees, bank officers and directors, our law makers, and even governors.

Our active men in every line of life, and their wives and some good active women who will not be their wives.

These, between the ages of 12 and 14 or 14 and 15, constitute the material for the High School.

II. We come then to a second question, for what? Answer, to educate this material, these boys and girls, this future general intelligence and moving, working force of our communities; to discipline and so train their powers of mind as to put them to use to good purposes.

What is the difference between two persons of the same natural abilities, the one having been schooled and trained, the other not? It is this. The one can do good work and make successful accomplishment, the other little else than both work and failure. It is very like the difference between two horses of like natural qualities; the one thoroughly trained is a useful, valuable animal, the other, not trained, is good for very little, will often make a very bad work, and will change hands at a low price.

I assume that we are agreed in this, that the object of the High School is to educate this material, and also that education is training, discipline of the mental powers, that simple learning or acquiring knowledge is not discipline. It is a matter of common observation that a person may acquire considerable knowledge, store up large information, and yet have gained much education thereby. His memory has been exercised, and so far a mental power has been trained, but if he has not been trained, but if his reasoning powers, his power of drawing conclusions—or his imagination, or his sentiment and will, we cannot say that his gaining information has been an education. If this is so, we come into view at this point of a general principle, viz: that studies are to be selected for the High School with a view to training and discipline, and not mere information.

This principle we often see named in a course, e. g. Geology, Astronomy, Natural History commonly so-called, and even Natural Philosophy so far as it is merely descriptive of Physics, and Physiology. For it may be assumed, that in a High School, these subjects can only be considered descriptively and in outline. They are very good and important subjects, even considered only descriptively, but in that way they are only matters of information and not discipline.

Again, it is a matter of common observation that intellectual life has its stages, that particular work has its particular time in the life, and omitted at its proper time and delegated or attempted at another time, it is made difficult if not impossible. This is illustrated in the experience of us all, I suppose, by the fact that certain books which we once read with avidity, we cannot open with interest now, or certain specialties which once fired us with enthusiasm have had their day. They have no power to wake a similar feeling now, as I once heard President Chadbourne of Williams once say of himself, that the time was when he was exceedingly interested in collecting minerals and gathered a fine cabinet, but the interest had gone with the period of life to which it belonged, and he could never collect another. The period, say from ten to fifteen with boys, earlier with girls, is a period of observing and learning. The reasoning and reflective powers are comparatively dormant, and different interests, and the memory is quick to store facts. This is the time when a boy, living near a railway, will keep a list of all the locomotives, and will tell you their names by their whistles; or

### physics and chemistry, both if possible with actual laboratory work, for those who for any reason do not desire to extend their course of study farther.

This would prepare our young men and women for a wide field of active and successful usefulness. But so long as our towns are so-niggardly shall I say—shortsighted at any rate, if not niggard and penurious, in their appropriations for the support of their schools, it is vain to hope that that will be done which is necessary for the proper working of such a course. When we and our fellow townsmen vote our school appropriations, it is not seen so as to be understood and felt, that small appropriations mean few teachers and them poorly remunerated, and overworked with what they have to do, and no means, no apparatus, no laboratories, to do their work with.

It is not seen that the reason why our Government Schools at West Point and Annapolis turn out such admirably trained men, who are able to command armies and ships, and carry out works of exploration and engineering are the pride of the nation,—is, that men for teachers, and means for the work and proper appliances of teaching, are abundantly supplied. A reform is needed at the ballot box, if our High Schools are to be what we would most wish them to be, whatever be the wisdom applied to the arrangement of studies, and the labor and faithfulness exercised in employing those studies for their proper end.

And this advances us to another stage of consideration, by suggesting the fact that there is a logical and necessary connection of studies, and that a preparation for a desired future profession is a necessary standard ground and foundation for a desired future profession.

If certain studies have never been pursued, and the discipline from them acquired, it is useless and worse than useless, to set the pupil down to certain other studies. It would be absurd, for example, to put the pupil to the study of conic sections or even plain trigonometry if he had not previously studied geometry, or such a logical connection of studies as to have a foundation for a desired future profession.

This fact therefore presents us with another general principle—not to lay down in the course studies to which a preparation has not been made and a foundation well laid, by studies previously pursued. This again will exclude some studies we sometimes see required. Geology and astronomy, for example, which are usually included as descriptive studies, but which have not been laid and the discipline acquired which will make it possible to pursue them properly. They belong to a more advanced period. The same may be said of psychology, which is the science of mind, and of logic, which is the science of thought; though, perhaps, as far as logic is merely the formal art of reasoning, it may be employed in its elements. Even the latter would probably be better taken up formally through a course of study of the English language and literature.

Three general principles now, we have reached, which, it seems to me, should control the course of study in the High School.

1st, that studies are to be selected with a view to training and discipline, and not mere information.

2d, that studies which are merely descriptive, though important as conveying certain information, are to be relegated to a previous part of the course, as properly adapted to an early stage of the mental development.

3d, that studies are not to be included for which previous preparation has not been made, and a foundation properly laid by previous attainment and discipline.

If these principles have been correctly applied, it would follow that a narrow range of studies—narrow in the sense of including few branches—would be the true policy, and the truly broad course, the course which would truly broaden the character of education and culture. The range would include mathematics with some of its applications to science, and language—language including the ancient and modern, and developing into literature, history, composition, rhetoric and logic as explained, and French, and possibly German. Could these lines of study be pursued, as they ought to be pursued, for the purpose of discipline, and the ultimate possession of them for use, as well as for the use of the mental powers as instruments, for the period of time usually allotted to the course, without a satisfactory result? I think not.

I have said nothing of the fact that our High School courses are partly fixed by law—that by Statutes which are required to be filed for college, and which in fact provides not a bad course for the purpose of discipline, and if we were to add also that the course should have in view the Scientific course of colleges, and particularly the admirable course of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, hardly more could be wished, unless something more of mathematics, say as far as through plain trigonometry, and of

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