

THE BRADFORD REPORTER.

VOL. XXII.—NO. 21.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O. GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, October 24, 1861.

Selected Poetry.

THE VOICE OF THE NORTH.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up the hill-side, down the glen,
Beneath the sleeping citizen;
Summon out the might of men!
Like a lion growling low—
Like a night storm rising slow—
Like the tread of unseen foe,
It is coming—'tis high!
Stand your homes and altars by,
On your own free threshold die,
On the gray hills of your sires
Flung to heaven your signal fires.
Oh! for God and duty stand,
Heart to heart and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of the land,
Whose shrines or altars now,
Whose to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his brow.
Freedom's soil has only place
For a free and fearless race—
None for traitors false and base.
Perish party—perish clan;
Strike together while you can,
Like the strong arm of one man.
Like the angel's voice sublime,
Heard above a world of crime,
Crying for the end of Time.
With one heart and with one mouth,
Let the North speak to the South;
Speak the word befitting both.

Selected Tale.

"COBWEBS."

"Hist! look there!"
The speaker was one of two young men who came up to the mountains on a pedestrian sketching expedition from the city of Philadelphia. As he spoke, he laid his hand on his companion's arm. The person he addressed looked up, and saw a little girl, about ten years old, advancing in an old blackberry path. She was as brown as a berry from exposure to the sun, and her feet and arms were bare, but there was a grace about her, as she came tripping forward, that a princess might have envied. Just in front of her a spider had spun its trap across the path, and, as the young man spoke, she slightly stooped her head, and, with her hands pushed the cobwebs aside. It was this artless, natural movement which completed the picture.
"I should like to paint her," said he who spoke.
"What! love at first sight?" answered his companion, laughing. "To think of the famous Clarence losing his heart to a sunburnt girl! You are eighteen, and she about ten! You can afford to wait."
The conversation had been carried on in whispers. The child, still advancing, had by this time come opposite to the two young men, seeing them she stopped and stared curiously at them, as a young deer that had never been hunted may be supposed to stop and regard the first stranger that enters the forest. Her bright, speaking face, as she thus stood, was not less beautiful, in fact, than her little figure.
"My dear," said the last speaker, "would you like to be made into a picture? My friend here is a painter, and will give you a dollar if you will let him sketch you."
The girl looked from the speaker to the painter. Something in the latter's face seemed to restore the natural confidence which the modest, easy air of the other had for the moment shaken. She drew cooly up to him, as if for protection.
"I have read of pictures," she said, gazing at the painter's face, "but never saw one. Is it a picture of me you will make?"
The artless appeal of the child went to the young man's heart. He would as soon have been in bantering her as in bantering the painter. He took her hand as she replied, "I will make as good a picture of you as I can, and will let you—no, a picture like one of these!"
He opened his portfolio, which contained various sketches.
"Oh! how beautiful!" cried the child. It was evident that a new world had opened to her. She gazed breathlessly at sketch after sketch till the last had been examined, and then she drew a deep sigh.
"Please, sir," said she, timidly, at last, "will you give me my picture when you have finished it?"
"No," interposed the other young man, "but he will give you a dollar."
She turned on the speaker, let go the hand she had been holding, and drew herself up with a haughty air.
"I do not want your dollar," she said, with a look of defiance. "I was turning to escape, when the painter, recovering her hand, said soothily, 'Don't mind him, my dear, I will paint two pictures, and give you one. Come, that will do.'"
Assured, the child took the position indicated to her, and Clarence Harvard, for that was the young artist's name, began rapidly sketching. Before noon two hasty sketches in pencil were finished.
"There," said he, drawing a long breath, "there have been as quiet as a little mouse, and a thousand times obliged to you. Take your picture, and be handed her the sketch, and may be, some of these days, you will see him who gave it to you."
That I will, all my life long," artlessly said the girl, rapturously gazing on her new possession with an enthusiasm partly born of the soul within her, and partly the result of the fact that it was its own especial property.
"Oh! yes," interposed the other youth, "I will promise to be his wife some day, if you, Miss Cobwebs?"

The child's eyes flashed as she turned on the speaker. Her instinct, from the first, had made her dislike the sneering man. She stamped her pretty foot, and retorted, sarcastically, "I'll never be yours, at any rate, you old snapping-turtle!" and, as if expecting to have her ears boxed, if caught, she darted away, disappearing rapidly down the path whence she had come.
Clarence Harvard broke into a merry laugh in which, after a moment of anger, his companion joined him.
"You deserve it richly," said Clarence; "it's a capital nickname, too; I shall call you nothing else, after this, than snapping-turtle."
"Hang the little jade!" was the reply—"One wouldn't think she was so smart. But what a shew she will make! I pity the cloud-hopper she marries; she'll heap him out of all peace, and send him to an early grave."
Nothing more was said, for at that moment a dinner horn sounded, and the young men rose to return to the roadside inn where they had stopped the night before. Their time was limited, and that evening, knapsacks on back, they were miles away from the scene of the morning. A week later they were both home in the city, Clarence hard at work perfecting himself in his art, and his companion delving at Coke and Blackstone.
Years passed. Clarence Harvard had risen to be an artist of eminence. His pictures were the fashion; he was the fashion himself. Occasionally, as he turned over his older productions, he would come upon "Cobwebs," as he was accustomed, laughingly to call the sketch of the child; and then for a moment he would wonder what had become of the original; but, except on these rare occasions, he never even thought of her.
Not so with the child herself. Nellie Broy was a poor orphan, the daughter of a decayed gentleman, who, after her father's death, had been adopted by a maternal uncle, living on a wild, upland farm among the Alleghenies. Her childhood, from her earliest recollection, had been spent amid the dreariness of a farm. This rude but free life had given her the sunny step and ruddy cheek, which had attracted the young artists' attention, but it had failed to satisfy the higher aspirations of her nature—aspirations which had been born in her blood, and which came of generations of antecedent culture. The first occasion on which these higher impulses had found congenial food was when she had met the young artist. She carried her sketch home, and would never part with it. His refined, intellectual face, haunted all her day dreams. From that hour, a new element entered into her life; she became conscious that there were other people beside the dull, plodding ones with whom her lot had been cast; all her leisure hours were spent in studying. Gradually, through her influence, her uncle's household grew more refined, and, finally, her uncle himself became ambitious for Nellie, as he had no children, consented, at his wife's entreaty, to send the young girl to a first class boarding school.
At eighteen the barefooted rustic, whom the young artist had sketched, had dawned into a beautiful and accomplished woman, who, after having carried off the highest prizes at school, was the belle of the country town, near which her uncle's possessions lay. For, meantime, that uncle had been growing rich, like most prudent farmers, partly from the judicious investments of his savings. But, in spite of her many suitors, Nellie had never yet seen a face that appeared to her half so handsome as the manly one of the young artist, whose kind, gentle words and manner, eight years before, had lived in her memory ever since. Often, after a brilliant company, where she had been queen of the evening, she found herself wondering, in her chamber, if she should ever see that face again.
"Are you going to the ball, next week?" said one of Nellie's friends to her. "They say it is to be the most splendid affair we have ever had. My brother tells me that Mr. Mowbray, the eloquent lawyer from Philadelphia, who is in the great case here, is to be present."
"I expect to go," was the reply. "But Mr. Mowbray being there won't be the inducement."
"Oh, you are so beautiful, you can afford to be indifferent. But all the other girls are dying at the very thought."
The ball came off, and was really superb. Mr. Mowbray was there, too, with all his laurels. The "great willcase," which had agitated the country for so many months, had been concluded that very day, and had been decided in favor of his client. No such speech as Mr. Mowbray's, it was universally admitted, had never been heard in the court house. Its alternate wit and argument had carried the jury by storm, so that they had given a verdict without leaving the box. The young lawyer at the ball, was like a hero fresh from the battle field. A hundred eyes followed his form, a hundred fair bosoms beat quicker as he approached. But he saw only one in all that brilliant assembly—and it was Nellie. Her graceful form, her intelligent face, her style and beauty, arrested him the moment he entered; he saw that she had no peer in the room; and he devoted himself to her almost exclusively, throughout the evening.
Nor had Nellie ever shone so brilliantly. She could not but feel that it was a great compliment to be thus singled out from among so many. But she had another motive for exerting herself to shine. At the very first glance she recognized in Mr. Mowbray the companion of the artist who had sketched her eight years back. In hopes to hear something of her friend, she turned the conversation upon art, the city, childhood, and everything else that she thought might be suggestive; but in vain. She could not be more definite, because she wished to conceal her identity, for it was evident that Mr. Mowbray did not know her; besides, her natural delicacy shrank from enquiring about a perfect stranger.
The next day, as soon as etiquette allowed, Mr. Mowbray was seen driving up to the farm. Nellie appeared beautifully attired, in a neat morning dress, and looking so fresh and sparkling, in spite of the late hours of the night before, that it could hardly be considered flattery

when her visitor assured her that she looked lovelier than her loveliest roses. Mr. Mowbray was full of regrets at cruel fate, which, he said, compelled him to return to the city. He could not conceal his joy when Nellie's aunt inadvertently, and much to Nellie's secret annoyance, let out the fact that in the fall Nellie was to pay a visit to an old schoolmate in Philadelphia, Miss Mary Stanley.
"Ah, indeed!" cried the visitor, and his face flushed with pleasure. "I am so delighted. I have the honor to know Miss Stanley. You will be quite at home in her set," bowing to Nellie, "for it is, by common consent, the most cultivated in the city."
Nellie bowed coldly. Her old distrust in the speaker had revived again. Through all the polish of his manner, and in spite of his deferential admiration, she recognized the same sneering spirit, which believed in nothing true or good, from which she had shrunk instinctively when a child. During the interview she was civil, but no more. She could not, however, avoid being beautiful; nor could she help speaking with the intelligence and spirit which always characterized her conversation; and so Mr. Mowbray went away more in love than ever.
A few months later found Nellie domiciled for the winter in Philadelphia. Hardly had she changed her traveling dress, when her friend came to her chamber.
"I want you to look your prettiest to-night," said Miss Stanley; "for I expect a crowd of beaux, and among them Mr. Mowbray, the brilliant young lawyer, and Mr. Harvard. The former claims to have met you, and raves everywhere about your beauty. The latter, who is a great artist, and very critical, laughs at his friend's enthusiasm, and says he would bet you are only a common rustic, with cheeks like peonies. So I wish you to convert the heretic."
"Only a common rustic," said Nellie, to herself, heartily; and she resolved to be as beautiful as possible. Perhaps, too, there was a half formed resolve to bring the offender to her feet in revenge.
A great surprise awaited her. When she entered the drawing-room that evening, the first stranger she saw the identical Clarence, who painted her as a barefooted little girl; and then for the first time, it flashed upon her that this was the great artist who had spoken contemptuously of her charms. Her notion proved correct; for Miss Stanley, immediately advancing, presented the stranger to her as Mr. Harvard. A glance into his face reassured Nellie of his identity, and satisfied her that he had not recognized her; and then she turned away, after a haughty courtesy, to receive the eager felicitations of Mr. Mowbray.
There were conflicting emotions at war in her bosom that evening. All her old romance about Clarence was warred upon by her indignation at a belief of his slighting remarks and at his present indifference; for he had made no attempt to improve his introduction, but left her entirely to the crowd of other beaux, prominent among whom was Mr. Mowbray.
Piqued and excited, Nellie was even more beautiful and witty than usual. Late in the evening she consulted, at Miss Stanley's request, to play and sing. She first dashed off some brilliant waltzes, then played bits of operas, and at Mr. Mowbray's solicitations, sang several ballads. Few persons had such a sympathetic voice, and Clarence, who was passionately fond of music, drew near, fascinated. After singing "Are you sure the news is true?" "Bonnie Dundee," and others which had been asked for, Clarence said:
"And may I, too, ask for my favorite?"
"Certainly, sir," she answered, with the least bit of haughtiness. "What is it?"
"O! too sad, perhaps, for so gay a company. 'The Land of the Real.' I hardly dare hope you will consent."
It was her favorite also, and her voice slightly trembled as she began. From this or some other cause, she sang it as even she had never sung it before, and when she finished her eyes were full of tears. She would have given much to have seen Clarence's face; but she could not trust herself to look up; and partly to conceal her emotion, partly by a sudden impulse, she struck into the Misere of "Il Trovatore." Nobody there had ever before realized the full tragedy of the saddest, yet most beautiful dirge. Even the selfish heart of Mr. Mowbray was affected. When the last chord had died away, he was the first one to speak, and he was profuse in admiration and thanks. But Clarence said nothing. Nellie, at last, looking towards him, saw that his eyes had been dim as well as her own. She felt that his silence was the most eloquent of compliments, and from that hour forgave him for having called her a "common rustic."
Clarence soon became a constant visitor at Mr. Stanley's. But he always found Mr. Mowbray there before him, who endeavored in every way to monopolize Nellie's attention. Reserved, if not absolutely haughty, Clarence left the field generally to his rival; and Nellie, half indignant, was sometimes tempted to affect a gaiety in Mowbray's company which she was far from feeling. Occasionally, however, Clarence would assert his equal rights to share the company of Miss Stanley's guest, and at such times his eloquent talk soon eclipsed even that of the brilliant advocate. As Nellie said in her secret heart, it was Raskin against Voltaire. And the more Clarence engaged in these conversations, the more he felt that, for the first time in his life, he had met one who understood him.
One morning the footman came up to the little paneled boudoir where Nellie and her friend were sitting, saying that Mr. Mowbray was in the parlor, and solicited a private interview with the former. Nellie rose at once, for she foreboded what was coming, and was only too glad to have this early opportunity of stopping attentions which had become unendurable to her.
Mr. Mowbray was evidently embarrassed, an unusual thing for him. But he rallied, and came directly to the purpose of his visit, which was, as Nellie had suspected, to tender her his heart and hand. He was proceeding in

a strain of high-flown compliments, when Nellie said, with an impatient wave of the hand:
"Spare me, sir. You did not always talk so."
He looked at her in astonishment.
"Many years ago I answered you the same question which you now ask."
He colored up to the temples. "I surely do not deserve," he then said, "to be made a jest of."
"Neither do I make jest of you. Do you not know me?"
"I never saw you till this summer."
"You saw me eight years ago. You and a friend were on a pedestrian tour. You met a little barefooted girl, whom your friend made a sketch of, and whom you jeered at and then nicknamed." And rising, she made a mock courtesy, for she saw she was now recognized: "I am 'Cobwebs,' at your service, sir."
The discomfited suitor never forgot the look of disdain with which Nellie courted him. His mortification was not lessened when, on leaving the house, he met Clarence on the door steps. He tried in vain to assume an indifferent aspect, but he felt that he had failed, and that his rival suspected his rejection.
Nelly Could not avoid laughing at the crest-fallen look of her old enemy. Her whole manner changed, however, when Clarence entered. Instead of the triumphantly saucy tormentor, she became the concious, trembling woman. Clarence, who had longed for, yet dreaded this interview, took courage at once, and in a few manly words, eloquent with emotion, laid his fortune at Nellie's feet.
Poor Nelly felt more like crying with joy than anything else. But a little of the old saucy spirit was left in her. She thought she owned to her sex not to surrender too easily; and so she said, archly glancing up at Clarence:
"Do you know, Mr. Harvard, whom you are proposing to? I am no heiress, no high-born city belle, but only—'e. n. e. s. e.'—what is it?—only a common country rustic." And she rose and courted him.
"For Heaven's sake don't bring that foolish speech up against me!" he cried, passionately, trying to take her hand. "I have repeated it a thousand times daily, since the unlucky moment I was betrayed into saying it. Do me the justice to believe that I never meant it to be personal."
"Well, then, I will say nothing more of that matter. But this is only a whim of yours. How is it, that having known me so long, you only now discover my merits?"
"Known you so long?"
"Yes, sir," demurely.
"Known you?"
"For eight years."
"Good Heavens!" he cried, suddenly, his whole face lighting. "How blind I have been! Why did I not see it before? You are—"
"Cobwebs," said Nellie, taking the words out of his mouth, her whole face sparkling with glee; and she drew off and gave another sweeping courtesy.
Before she had recovered herself, however, a pair of strong arms were around her, for Clarence, as he said, was now his lover. Nellie all along, had had a half secret fear, that when her suitor knew the past, he might not be so willing to marry the barefooted girl as the brilliant belle, but all this was now gone.
Two months later there was a gay wedding at St. Mark's. A month after that a bridal pair, returning from the wedding tour, drove up to a handsome house in Philadelphia. As Clarence led Nellie through the rooms, in which his perfect taste was seen everywhere, she gave way to exclamation after exclamation of delight.
At last they reached a tiny boudoir exquisitely carpeted and curtained. A jet of gas, burning in an alabaster vase, diffused a soft light through the room. A solitary picture hung on the walls. It was the original sketch of her, eight years before, now very elegantly framed. The tears gushed to Nellie's eyes, and she threw herself into her husband's arms.
"Ah! how I love you!" she cried.
Nobody who sees that picture suspected its origin. It is too sacred a subject for either Nellie or Clarence to allude to. But it was only the other day that a celebrated leader of fashion said to a friend:
"What a queer pet name Mr. Harvard has for his beautiful bride! In anybody else except a genius it would be eccentric. But you do not know how pretty it sounds from his lips."
"What is it?"
"Cobwebs!"

Locking of the Tower of London.
Few persons are aware of the strictness with which the Tower of London is guarded from foes without and treachery within. The ceremony of shutting it up every night continues to be as solemn and as rigidly precautionary as if the French invasion were actually a foot. Immediately after "tattoo," all strangers are expelled; nothing short of such imperative necessity as fire or sudden illness, can procure their being re-opened till the appointed hour next morning.
The ceremony of locking up is very ancient, curious, and stately. A few minutes before the clock strikes the hour of 11—on Tuesdays and Fridays, 12—the head Warden (Yeoman Porter), clothed in a long, read cloak, bearing in his hand a huge bunch of keys, attended by a brother Warden carrying a gigantic lantern, appears in front of the main guard-house, and calls out in a loud voice, "Escort keys!" At these words the Sergeant of the Guard, with five or six men, turns out and follows him to the "Spur," or outer gate, each sentry challenging as they pass his post—"Who goes there?"
"Keys."
The gates being carefully locked and barred the Warden wearing an aspect, and making as much noise as possible—the procession returns the sentries exacting the same explanation, and receiving the same answer as before. Arriving once more in front of the main guard house the sentry there gives a loud stamp with his foot, and the following conversation takes place between him and the approaching party:
"Who goes there?"
"Keys."
"Whose keys?"
"Queen Victoria's keys."
"Advance Queen Victoria's keys, and all is well."
The Yeoman Porter then exclaims, "God bless Queen Victoria." The main guard devoutly responding, "Amen."
The officer on duty gives the word, "Present arms!" the firelocks rattle; the officer kisses the hilt of his sword; the escort fall in among their companions, and the Yeoman Porter marches majestically across the parade alone to deposit the keys in the Lieutenant's lodgings.
The ceremony over, not only is all egress and ingress totally precluded, but those within being furnished with the countersign, any one who, unhappily forgetful, ventures from his quarters unprotected with his tailman is sure to be made the prey of the first sentry whose post he crosses.
HOW A MAN FEELS UNDER FIRE.—The Philadelphia American thus relates how a soldier feels during a battle: "We yesterday stumbled upon a volunteer on furlough, who first smelt powder at Bull Run. During an hour's chat with him, he gave us a very good general idea of the way in which a man feels when under an enemy's gun. When his regiment was drawn up in line, he admits his teeth chattered and his knee paws rattled like a pot clobbered in a hurricane. Many of his comrades were similarly affected, and some of them would have laid down had they dared to do so. When the first volley had been exchanged, our friend informs us, every trace of these feelings passed away from him. A reaction took place, and he became almost savage from excitement. Balls whistled all about him, and a cannon shot cut in half a companion at his side. Another was struck by some explosive that splattered his brains over the clothes of our informant, but so far from intimidation, all these things nerved up his resolution. The hitherto quaking civilian in half an hour becomes a veteran. His record shows he bayoneted two of his enemies, and discharged eight rounds of his piece with as decisive an aim as though he had selected a turkey for his mark. Could the entire line of an army come at the same time into collision, he says there would be no running except after hopeless defeat. The men who played the runaway at Bull Run were men who had not participated in the action to any extent, and who became panic-stricken where, if once smelt of powder in the manner above described, they would have been abundant victors. In the roar of musketry and the thundering discharge of artillery, there is a music that banishes even innate cowardice. The sight of men struggling together, the clash of sabres, the tramp of cavalry, the gore-stained grass of the battle field, and the coming charge of the enemy dimly visible through the battle smoke—all these, says our intelligent informant, dispel every particle of fear, and the veriest coward in the ranks perhaps becomes the most tiger-like."

which should indicate the spot on which the desk stands." "What shall we put here?" The answer is elicited in the same way as before, and the place of the desk is accordingly marked on the map. "What shall I put down here? How many of you can tell?" All raise their hands. Addressing himself to a particular pupil, he says, "You may tell us." Of the door, in like manner, he asks: "Where shall it be placed? Where shall I put the south-west window? Where the north-west?" &c.
Next to a map of the school-room, should be a map of the school-house. There are few school-houses which contain no more than barely the school-room. Most of them contain an entrance and clothes room; some a wood room; and a few have one or more recitation rooms. All these should be marked off, on the map; first on the black board, and then on the slates. For whatever is worth preparing on the black board, by the teacher and the pupils conjointly, is usually worth copying by the pupils on their slates. In any event, all maps, how much-soever the pupils have had to do in assisting the teacher to prepare them, should be transferred to their slates.
If there is a play ground regularly enclosed, in connection with the school-house, a map of this should come next. If not, the pupils may be required to make a map of the road near the school house, or of some open space or common, if there is one near by, with which they are all familiar. Next to the map of a play ground, that of the road near the school-house is usually most interesting to children. It affords, in general, a greater number of important parts, such as here a tree, there a brook or a bridge; there a house, there a shed; there a well; there a barn; there the beginning of another road, &c.
When the pupils of any school can copy from the black board, maps of the school room, the school-house, and the road, and tell the points of compass with relation to each map, the teacher may require of them to draw on their slates, without having any thing to do with the black board, a map of their father's house, or garden, or the road near it. Of course, neither he nor any one of his pupils may be able to correct the errors of each, in all particulars; though it will usually happen that there will be somebody in the school, who will be able to make the necessary corrections. The exercise, in any event, is one of the most valuable that can be given.
From a map of the road near the school-house, they may proceed to a map of the other roads, not far distant, especially if there is anything striking near or on the road; as a church factory, tavern, prison, or store. With the aid of the teacher who must, of course, lead the way on the black board, the pupils of a school might be taught to make maps of most of the roads and streets throughout the region where they were brought up, as well as most of the fields adjoining them, near the school-house and their respective homes.
The next step in the natural progress of things is to a map of the town. This is always exceedingly interesting to the young. For though it cannot be very large, on a single black board, nor so large on the slates as on the black board, yet there will be room enough in general, for the principal public roads in town, with all the streams, large and small, and the lakes, ponds, and mountains, if any exist. This putting down the brooks and ponds, with which many of the pupils must be more or less familiar, is not only exceedingly interesting, but it prepares the way for the right preparation and understanding of other maps.
From a map of the town, the teacher will proceed to draw a map of some three or four or five adjoining towns, with their own town in the centre. Further than this exercise it would, I think, be premature, to require the pupils to go. He may indeed go on and make a map of the county, the state, &c.; but not as a lesson for the pupils, but only to prepare the way for the future.
Before going so far as a map of the county in which the pupil resides, there is another exercise which may be commenced here, though it cannot or at least ought not to be carried to any considerable extent, until the pupil is fairly inducted into the study of geography. I refer to the use of dissected maps. In pursuance of the present plan, I would first draw on paper two outlines of the towns immediately adjoining that in which the pupils and teacher were, including of course their own town and then cut them apart, precisely on the town lines. These it should be the business of the pupils to bring together again into their original shape and relative position.
At the same time, however a map made by the teacher on the black board will be desirable; for young pupils find it more difficult, at first, to put a dissected map together than we may be aware; and will not be directed too much, by the black board. Afterward, however, they may be required to unite them properly without the black board.
They will not proceed far, in these various processes, before they should be required, one at a time, to come to the black board and draw maps on that, to be corrected by the class after they have finished. They should begin with the most simple; because although they were able to do something more on their own slates, yet when called to stand before the whole school, and with the recollection too, that they may be criticised by them, most pupils will be at first, a little embarrassed.
A dissected map of the whole county seems to be the next thing in order unless the county were remarkably large; in which case I would omit it, and pass on to a dissected map of the State of the Union. The towns, unless in one's own county, and that county of very moderate size, are such small divisions, that it is hardly advisable to attempt to put together in towns of a whole state; except perhaps those of such small states as Rhode Island and Delaware.
But I would not at once push the work of map making very far. I would leave it for the present, and attend awhile to writing; or rather to the formation of letters and words mechanically.

Educational Department.

Map Making.

There can be little doubt that in making maps, if not in the study of geography itself, the best way is to begin at home. Indeed, at the present day, this is a point conceded by nearly every intelligent and successful teacher, and not a few of our school geographies are constructed with reference to this important principle.
Having initiated the pupil I would set him to making maps of the school room, and of rooms, places and things, in good earnest. In making a map of the school rooms, he should be taught to mark the places where some of the principal things stand, such as the stove and teacher's desk, as well the places occupied by the doors and windows.
The teacher will, of course, lead the way in this exercise on the black board. After drawing the outlines of the room, he will say—"What shall I place here?" pointing to the spot where it will be obvious to some of them if not to all, must be the place for the stove, or the teacher's desk. If they raise their hands in token that they know, he then asks some one. Suppose it is the stove which is to be located, and it stands on the south side of the room. He next asks, putting down his pencil on the opposite or northern side, at the place

Gen. Beauregard is the grandson of a Mexican bandit.