Poetry.



OUR COUNTRY'S CALL.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Lay down the ax, fling by the spade; Leave in its tract the toiling plow; The rifle and the bayonet blade For arms like yours were fitter now And let the hands that ply the pen Quit the light task, and learn to wield The horseman's crooked brand, and rein The charger on the battle field.

Our country calls; away! away! To where the blood-stream blots the green Strike to defend the gentlest sway That time in all his course has seen. See, from a thousand coverts-see Spring the armed foes that haunt her track : They rush to smite her down, and we Must beat the branded traitors back

Ho! sturdy as the oaks ye cleave, And moved as soon to fear and flight. Men of the glade and forest leave Your woodcraft for the field of fight. The arms that wield the ax must pour An iron tempest on the foe; His serried ranks shall reel before The arm that lays the panther low.

And ye who breast the mountain storm By grassy steep or highland lake, Come for the land ye love to form A bulwark that no foe can break. Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock The whirlwind, stand in her defense The blast as soon shall move the rock As rushing squadrons bear thee thence

And ye, whose homes are by her grand Swift rivers, rising far away, Come from the depth of her green land As mighty in your march as they; As terrible as when the ruins Have swelled them over bank and bourne, With sudden floods to drown the plains And sweep along the woods uptorn.

And ye who throng, beside the deep Her ports and hamlets of the strand, In number like the waves that leap On his long murmuring marge of sand, Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim, He rises, all his floods to pour, And flings the proudest barks that swim, A helpless wreck against his shore.

re they whose swords, of old. Won the fair land in which we dwell, But we are many, we who hold The grim resolve to guard it well. Strike for that broad and goodly land, Blow after blow, till men shall see That Might and Right move hand in hand, And glorious must their triumph be. [-N. Y. Ledger.

GEN. PATTERSON.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, Chaplain of Col. Butterfield's Regiment, in a meeting, made the fols lowing statement in regard to General Patter-

Having acted as chaplain of Col, Butterfield's regiment during the three months campaign, he was able to speak understandingly certain military operations, and particularly of the movements of Gen. Patterson, to whose column the 12th Regiment (Col. Butterfield) was attached. Mr. Smith said that Patterson was directed to do one of these three things: either to attack the Rebel General, Johnston, at Winchester, or, if he was not strong enough to attack him, to at least keep him in check, and prevent him from joining Beauregard; or, in case Johnston gave him the slip, to follow him to Manassass and attack that position in the rear.

But Gen. Patterson said he did not wish to shed blood, he conducted the war on peace principles. Col. Butterfield was then acting as Brigadier-General, and appealed to Patterson, time after time, to be allowed, with his single Brigade, to attack Johnston in his intrenchments. But Patterson steadily refused. When pickets brought intelligence that Johnstop had left Winchester, and was in full march to join Beauregard, Patterson discredited the story, and resisted all entreaties of officers and men to follow. Instead of that, he made a night march of 20 miles in the opposite direction. and thus kept his 30,000 men out of harm's way until the bloody disaster of Bull Run, which he might have arrested, fell like a

pall upon the country.
The speaker said there was but one opinion of Gen. Patterson among the soldiers of his division. That was that he was a traitor .-He had heard the Rhode Island Begiment call him traiter to his face, and hiss, and group, and hoos him back to his tent. Mr. S. said that Patterson left his command at midnight, and intimated very strongly that if he had remained much longer he would have been in danger of assassination from his own men.

almost sure to kill.

"Call a Man."

A LOVE AND SNAKE STORY.

John Jackson was a very industrious, hardworking young man, of twenty three years .-Being the eldest child and the only son he had always remained at home, assisting his father on the farm. John was much respected by every one in the neighborhood, and many a bright eyed girl had secretly thought that she would like to change her name to Mrs. John Jackson. But John was no "ladies' man."— The fact was, John was bashful. He would rather hoe potatoes all day than undergo the ceremony of an introduction to a young lady. Not that John disliked the dear creatures; far from it. We believe that he, in common with ed so that he might keep one eye on the snake, all bashful, well meaning men, entertained the and with the other observe what course he very highest respect and admiration for them. must take. The friendly barn now concealed And this, no doubt, was the principle cause of him from the sight of the girls. He knew his bashfulness. He felt that they were su- they were in the yard, having caught a glimpse perior beings, and that he was unworty to as- of them as they rushed from the house. sociate with them upon terms of equality. But few more bounds and he would be in their we cannot stop to moralize. Nancy Clark was midst. For a moment modesty overcame fear, the daughter of a very respectable farmer and he once more halted. The snake, evidentwhose lands adjoined the Jackson farm. Nancy was a pretty, saucy little witch, and she liked John Jackson. When they were children they attended the same school, and as he was a few years her senior, was usually her companion in the children that the legs of our hero within his embrace.

With an explosive "ouch!" and urged forward by "circumstances over which he had control." past years. John discovered too, that he had the fashion of a coach-whip. been growing in stature and it seemed as if he had been growing out of shape. His feet and legs appeared awkward; he didn't know what to do with his hands; his face pained him, and was not more than half put together.

Now the truth was, John Jackson, was really a fine looking young man, and nothing but his admiration of Nancy could have suggested any such foolish thoughts about himself.

As novelists say, it was a lovely day in beautiful, the trees were laden with golden fruit, and the beautiful birds twittered their songs of love in the branches. Earth--(there, we've slid down to earth once more: such lofty flights, they make our head dizzy.) We were about to say the earth had yielded her bounhoneysuckles, which the noble yeomanry of Chesterville had gathered within their storehouses; but upon a second thought we have concluded to word it thus: "The farmers of

Chesterville were done baying."

John Jackson's sister had a quilting that afternoon. His father had gone to "Keith's Mill" to get some wheat ground, and John was left to repair some tools, to be ready on the morrow to commence moving the meadow grass. Suddenly it occured to John that if he remained about the house in the afternoon he would be called in at tea time and required to do the honors of the table. To avoid this he quietly shouldered his scythe and stole away to the meadow, half a mile distant, fully resolved that he would not leave there until it was rapidly failing. Nancy Clark was the was so dark that he could not see to mow, and and thus avoid seeing the girls.

The meadow was surrounded on all sides by little breezes there might chance to be stirring. The sun poured its rays as though the little meadow was the focus point where the heat was concentrated. John mowed and sweat and sweat and mowed, until he was obliged to sit down and cool off. Then it occured to John if he took off his pants he might be much more comfortable. There could be no impropriety in it, for he was entirely concealed from observation, and there was not the slightest reason to believe that he could be seen by any person. So John stripped off, and with no cover save his linen—commonly called a shirt—he resumed his work. He was just congratulating himself upon the good time he was baving, and the lucky escape he had made from meeting with the girls, when he chanced to disturb a huge black snake, a genuine twister with a white ring around his neck.

John was no coward, but he was mortally afraid of a snake. "Self-preservation" was the first "passage" that flashed upon John's mind, and "legs take care of the body" was the next. Dropping his scythe and spinning around like a top, he was ready to strike at a 240 gate, when at that moment the snake was near enough to book his crooked teeth into at his tenant. The family has remained in the

His first jump took the snake clear from the ground, and as John stole a hasty glance over lay between the pickets, neither party vouturhis shoulder, he was borrified to find the reptile securely fastened to the extremity of his garment, while the speed with which he rushed forward kept the serpent extended to an angle of ninety degrees with his body.

Here was a quandary. If he stopped, the nake would coil around his body and squeeze him to death; if he continued his race, he must soon fall from sheer exhaustion. On he flew, scarce daring to think how this dreadful race was to end. Instinctively he had taken the direction for home, a feeling of security come over him. Suddenly flashed across his mind the true state of affairs-his father gone —the quilting, and worst of all, the gurls!—

others to step on the lower parts of their backs.

This new horror sent the blood back, cardling with one foot, several times, until the pain of about his heart, and he came to a dead halt.— The next moment he felt the body of the cold clampy mouster in contact with his bare legs, Africa, narrates a very similar custom of fe-bis tail creeping around them in a sort of a males who lead the camels, who, on feeling pozering way, as though his snakeship only fatigued, the at full length, prone. standing meditated a little fun, by way of tickling John apon the knees.

A bad wound may heal, but a bad name is With a yell, such as men never utters save ca, and in our country, it is called 'straights when in mortal terror, poor John again set caing the back.' - Notes and Queries,

forward at break neck speed, and once more had the pleasure of seeing the snake resume his horizontal position, somewhat after the fashion of the tail of a comet.

On, on they flew! John forgot the quilting, forgot the girls, forgot everything but the snake. His active exercise, (he paid particular attention to his running,) together with the excessive heat, had brought on the nose bleeding, and as he ran, ears ereot and head thrown back, his chin, throat, and shirt bosom were stained with the flowing stream. His first wild shrick had startled the quilters,

and forth they rushed, wondering if some mad Indian was not prowling about. By this time John was within a few rods of the barn, still running at the top of his speed, his head turn-

companion in the childish disputes that arose, and her companion in going and returning.—

At last John has a substitute of the girls, At last John became so much of a young man as to be kept from school, as she had been n snake came round with a whiz, somewhat after

Having reached the barn yard, to his dismay, he found the bars up. But time was too precious to be wasted in letting down bars.— Gathering all his strength he bounded into the taking it all in all, he was inciined to think he air, snake ditto, and as he alighted on the other side, his snake-ship's tail cracked across

the upper bar, snapping like an Indian cracker.

Again John set forward, now utterly regardless of the girls, for the extra tickle from the snake's tail, as he leaped the bars, banished all his bashfulness and modesty, and again August. The heavens were clear, serene, and he had the pleasure of finding the snake in a straight line, drawing steadily at the hem of his solitary garment.

The house now became the centre of attraction, and around it he revolved with the speed of thought. Four times in each revolution, as he turned the corners, his snakeship tiful harvest of a year's grass, and clover, and came around with a whiz that was quite re-

> While describing the third circle, as he came near the group of wonder-struck girls, without removing his gaze from the snake, he

managed to cry out—"call a man!"

The next moment he had whisked out of sight, and, quick as thought, reappeared upon the other side of the house-"call a man;

And away be whirled again, turning the corner so rapidly that the whiz of the snake sounded half way between a low whistle and

the repeated provunciation of double-o.

Before either of the girls had stirred from their tracks, be had performed another revolution-"call a man!"

Away he flew once more, but his strength the last few days. first to recover her presence of mind, and seizing a hoop pole, she took her station near the corner of the house, and as John reapa thick forest, which effectually shut out what peared she brought it down upon the snake with a force that broke his back and hold up. on John's garment at the same time.

John rushed into the house and went to his room, and at teatime appeared in his best Sunday clothes, but little the worse for his race. and to all appearances entirely cured of bashfulness. That night he walked home with Nancy Clark. The next New Year they were married, and now whenever John feels inclin ed to laugh at his wife's hoops, or any other peculiarity, she has only to say "Call a man,' when he instantly sobers down.

A NICE PLACE TO LIVE .- The disputed territory between the two armies south of the Potomae must furnish anything but quiet and peaceful places of residence. What with picket skirmishing and the depredations of marauding soldiers, to say nothing of the contingeucy of a furious battle, one would think that the region would be completely deserted by all save the contending armies. Yet it seems not to be so. The army correspondent of the New York Post srys that a Connecticut gentleman who owns a small estate near Falls Church went over a day or two since to look John's shirt just above the hem. With a tre- dwelling through all the troubles of picket mendous spring he darted off with the speed of skirmishing, and scarce a day has passed for a locomotive. ary scenes from their windows. The building ing to it. On one occasion a Federal soldier ventured down to the well for some water, and was shot dead by a rebel bullet while drinking. There the body remained for a day or two. The house itself has been pierced with bullets, but none of the couragous family were harmed.

CURE FOR THE BACK ACHE,

It is custom in Brewickshire, Scotland, among women-workers in the field when their become sore by bowing low down while singling turnips with short shanked hoes, to lie down with their faces to the ground allowing

tatigue is removed. Burton, in his First Footsteps in Eastern upon eac's other's backs, trampling and kneading with their toes, and rise like giants re-This was too much for human endurance .- | freshed.' This custom is called 'fogsi,' in Africa

A Sketch of Manassas Junction.

The village of Manassae, or Tudor Hall, as the Post Office is called, is very much smaller than is generally imagined. In the vil-lage proper there are not in above three or four miles, perhaps not more than five or six innabitants. The station is situated on the Orange ly constructed building answers the purpose at present. One plain two-story house, with a porch in front to which you have should tell you whether he wanted to go to Jersey or Japan. They wouldn't be satisfied whatever you do. porch in front to which you mount by half a dozen steps, was formerly the hotel, while the Express Company.

The telegraph is in two horse cars, like those used on the city railroads, on one of which the battery is placed, and in the other is the operating room, receiving room, baggage room, dining room by day and lodging room by night of the busy operators. These cars are placed at right angles with each other, closely connected, and over them, among the numerous wires which radiate from this common centre, floats a large and very handsome Rebel flag.-Close beside the cars stands the field telegraph with its large coil of wire wound upon the cylinder ready at a moments notice to be laid from headquarters to any point. The chief here is Mr. Barnes, and he and his assistants

the owners; notwithstanding the seeming con-

but once a day on seven A. M. train. I said there was no regular depot building, lies.' but I am mistaken. There is one-a low, but I am mistaken. There is ouc-a low, dingy looking house, extremely dirty, one end of which is used as the Tador Hall Post Office. again if you persist in going.' Then, when

MRS. FREMONT.

Mrs. Jesse Fremont is one of the leading women of this country. She possesses, in a remarkable degree, those qualities which distinguished her father, Hon. Thomas H. Benton. She has an energy which is unconquerable-a will which is entirely her own; her face is an evidence of superior intellect, and her whole bearing is that of one

Who knows her rights. And knowing, dare maintain.'

Mrs Fremont is acquainted with several of read in the history and philosophy of ancient and modern times. In all the relations of life she appears as the elegant lady. She married Colonel (now General) Fremont because she loved him, and she has followed him through evil and good report. She has been his support in the brightest hours, and she does not desert him when the dark clouds of

envy and malice gather about him, Mrs. Fremont is a noble woman; her heart is enlisted in a noble cause; she realizes the tremendous responsibilities resting upon her husband, and she rises to the dignity of the and hope for her success. General Fremont may be superseded, but the true men of this country will understand the causes, and do justice to his memory. We trust that the good sense of the Administration will prevail, and that General Fremont will be permitted to demonstrate-as we are satisfied he can demonstrate--his ability to command a great ar-

Mrs. Fremont is doing her duty; she is sustaining her husband in the hour of trial-When the battle shall come—as come it must at an early day-Mrs. Fremont will be found as near as woman can approach, to the clashing steel and the bursting bomb; and may he who watched our Israel

Through the foaming flood, And o'er the descrt sands. protect her in this hour of trial .- Cincinnati

The great Comet which attracted so much attention last summer, is still seen with a telscope, not far from the star Eta, in the constellation Hercules. It is entirely shorn of that wonderful appendage known as the tail, and nothing remains but a nuclues enveloped in a nebulous shroud, the whole not unlike in appearance of a small plancetary nebula.

SHE WILL AND SHE WONT.

Doesticks seems to be resuscited by marriage, though too much disposed to imitate his mother-in-law. He says;

"One reason why it is so difficult to please women is that she seldom knows herself what and Alexandria Reilroad, some quarter of a sify a woman as it would be to content a capmile from its junction with the Manassas Gap
tain who should tell you to steer his ship and

whatever you do.
"Especially in the matter of war.
"Particularly in the matter of the present

only remaining roofs the place can boast is a small white cottage, now used as a hospital, and a small rough office occupied by the Adams ses to be content, no matter what you do. If ses to be content, no matter what you do. If you don't join a military company, she sulks, insinuates you are a coward, turns up her nose, and 'wishes she was a man,' It you do join said company, she scolds about the expense, grumbles about the loss of time, and growles whenever you go to drill-though, in spite of her growling, she always saves the choisest part of the dinner when you do come.

"Then she laughs at you, and calls you a dressed-up monkey,' the first time she sees you in uniform; and then, as soon as you are gone out of the house, she rushes over to Mrs. Jones to tell what a 'splended officer' her husa band is, and how magnificient he looks in his

new military dress.

"Then, if your regiment is ordered away, and you insinuate that 'business affairs' will Just beyond the telegraph office is that of the Express Company, which has quite the appearance of a curiosity shop. The building at the critical moment, and insinuates that you itself is filled up with all kinds of curious are a play-boy soldier; and then she wishes boxes and parcels, addressed principally to that she were a man-she'd show folks how to men in the army, and which had remained here fight. Then, when you finally make up your for some time uncelled for. Outside a large mind to go to the seat of war, she bursts into rectangler shed has been built, beneath which the larger boxes and barrels some three bundred in number, are retained till called for by leave your family.' She vows she 'don't befusion of the place the greatest disorder pre-vails. All the vacant space is now filled, and a new board house is being built for winter rather be anywhere than at home,' and 'wishe quarters. The Express messenger leaves here ea she were a man, she'd teach the President better than to send men away from their fami-

and the other a variety store, where, by the you take a paper out of your pocket and pre-way, a soldier can spend a great deal of mon-tend to read a furlough from the commandant, ey with as little satisfaction as in any place excusing you, and giving you leave to stay at this side of Kansas. The trade here is prin-cipally in matches, pipes, tobacco, show strings, thread and buttous, and is divided between that she should have a coward for a husband' this store and three sutier shops or tents in the — that her husband should be afraid to go to immediate vicinity. There is a long triangue the war.' And then, when you tell her that its lar platform beyond the depot building, upon all a mistake, and that you are going after all, which is piled a large amount of freight, which she howls louder than ever, because she knows ties to keep you at home—she weeps, she ban-ters, she pokes fun at you—she wishes she was she faints—in this case she always falls into layers belonging to what is called the coffin-your arms, if you make an offer to catch her; bone," and fitted into this. These are clastic. if you don't offer, and if it's early in the morning, and she hasn's made her bed yet, she'll fall on the carpet so as not to muss the bed; if you will get some idea of the arrangement of the fainting dodge don't work, and you still the several layers. Now the weight of the are resolved to go, she wows she thates you horse resta on as many elastic springs as there and that she'll never speak to you again,' and then, to prove the bitterness of her hate she all this is contrived not only for the easy con-Mrs Fremont is acquainted with several of the modern languages of Europe, and is well dainties and delicacies of the season, then, as ter all, at the very last moment, she comes and throws her arms around your neck, and whispers that she 'loves you best of all in the world,' and that she'll 'be such a good girl till you come back, and that she'll 'take such good care of the children,' and that you mustn't fret about her, and that she'il write every blessed day, and that you must write just as often as you ean, and that she 'loves you best best, best,' and a thousand messages only for you, but all kind and loving and all told without a tear, for she deesn't cry now until you are out of the house; and when you are gone great occasion. We sincerely respect her, she weeps like a shower bath for half an hour, then suddenly stops short, wipes her eyes, and doesn't waste another tear till she sees you a-

"That's the way they all do; and, talk as peacefully as you can, she is never satisfied in her heart till she sees you in uniform."

the Knights of the Golden Circle.

The Uhio State Journal contains an account of the sacking of a castle of the Knights of the Golden Circle, in Marion, Ohio-where, and in the vicinity, there are supposed to be some nine hundred of the fraternity-and the capture and incarceration of a 'commander.' The scheme of entrapping the members of this treasonable organization was brought about by the aid of a man named Samuel Cheneye, who got bimself initiated into the gang and then exposed the purposes of the organization.

This man, at his initiation, had to swear, amongst other things, that he would not 'rest or sleep until Abraham Lincoln, now Presi dent, shall be moved out of the Presidential chair; and I will wade in blood up to my kness as soon as Jefferson Davis sees proper to march with his army to take the city of Wash-ington and the White House.' The records The philosopher Frazer says that, "though of the fraternity have been seized, and the man without money is poor, a man with people are greatly excited against the Knights, nothing but money is still poorer."

A Natural Bridge in Wisconsin.

A correspondent of a Philadelphia paper, writing from Pine river, Wisconsin, gives the subjoined description of a natural bridge, discovered in that region: At the mouth of the west branch of Pine river is a great curiosity -a natural bridge almost as wonderful as the one over Cedar creek, in Virginia. Here a stream much larger than Cedar creek, is span-ned by a bridge of rock and earth, the handi-work of nature berself. The west branch of Pine river flows through a most beautiful and fertile valley, eastward, until it nears the main stream, when a high bluff seems to forbid the blending of their waters. But where there is a will there is a way,' and the branch finds an opening through the high bluff which skirts the western shore of Pine river, and their waters mingle and mucmur on toward the 'father of rivers.' Here is a natural tunnel, from fifteen to twenty feet wide and twelve feet high, right through a rocky hill, whose altitude is 80 feet. The hill is covered with tall pines and foliage down to both rivers with a dense growth of evergreene. The bridge is wide enough for three teams to drive abreast, and from its location I have no doubt but a throughfare will at some future time be established along this romantic way: Sufficient water passes under the bridge, even in the sultry month of July, to set a rolling and a rumbling a dozen of the largest mills in the State.

REBEL INGRATITUDE.

The following case of ingratitude has few paralells: A soldier called wet, weary, and hungry, at the house of Henry Kernoll, a farmer in Fairfax county, Virginia, and asked to be sheltered from the storm. It was a few days after the Bull Run affair. The farmer took him in. The soldier said he belonged to the Union army, and showed the Union army uniform to corroborate his statement. The farmer fed and wazmed him, and offered him his parlor, where he could securely conceal him, in case his house might be visited by the rebels. After receiving the farmer's hespital-ities the soldier said he would go to the barn, where he could better conceal blusself from the rebels. From there he disappeared, and not long after the farmer was arrested and carried to Manassass Gap, where the soldier, who proved to be a spy, appeared before him, and, at a mock trial, swore to a issue o falsehoods. He was the cause of the old man's arrest and ruin. After being detained several weeks, the farmer was sent to Richmond and incarcerated in the common jail, a filthy hole. He was res leased a few days ago, and reached Washington on Saturday night.

THE FOOT OF A HORSE

The human hand has often been taken to is received for the different regiments. Three you will be killed, or she feels it in her bones or four sentinels are constantly on guard here, that you'll come home with two woden legs, but these are not vigilant enough to prevent and then how can you take her to the Academay on the freight sent here from being my on opera nights? Then she resorts in turn the first here to the academay on the freight sent here from being my on opera nights? Then she resorts in turn the first here to the academay on the free from here. stolen. Many things have been taken within to every one of the immense list of female tacs ple and obvious. The hoof is not as it apa man-she gets mad-she sulks-she threat- is made up of a series of thin layers, or leaves ens to go home to her mother-she coaxes- of horn, about five hundred in number, nicely she 'won't ever live with you another day'- fitted to each other, and forming a lining to she scolds, she entreats, and, as a last resort, the foot itself. Then there are as many more

> Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and veyance of the horse's own body, but for whatever burdens may be laid on him,

AUTUMNAL TINTS .-- No one can maintain. after this year's experience, that frost has any special agency in the autumn coloration of leaves. Scientific men have long understood the matter, and have explained the ripening of the leaf as a simple process of vegetable growth, though the coloration of the leaves at maturisty can no more be accounted for than the red of the rose, the blue of the violet, or the orange of the lily. The color which leaves assume in the fall is due to the same causes .-But the popular idea that the leaves are changed by the frost is so firmly established in the minds of unseientific and unobservant people, that it is difficult to dispel. This year foliage has assumed the most gorgeous color-ing without a sign of frost, and, indeed, seems to be more brilliant on account of its non-appearance. This is perfectly natural, as the leaves have been able to gradually assume the Assault and Capture of a Castle of colors which belong to their ripeness, unobstructed by cold.

> A CAUTIOUS JUDGE .- Au Irish Judge tried two most notorious fellows for highway robbery. To the astonishment of the Court, as well as the prisoners themselves, they were found net guilty. And as they were being removed from the bar, the Judge, addressing the gaoler, said:—"Mr. Murphy, you would greatly ease my mind if you would keep those two respectable gentlemen until seven, or half past seven o'clock, for I mean to set out for Dublin at five, and I should like to have at least two hours start of them."

> Eanny Fern says that it is just as sensible move to get married without courting, as to attempt to succeed in business without adver-

"Is anybody waiting on you" said a polite dry goods olerk to a girl from the country.— "Yes, sir, said the blushing damsel, "that's my feller outside. He would not come in."