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Choice Poetry.

From the London Spectator.

THE SONG OF THE RAIN.

Lo! the long slender spears, how they quiver and flash,
Where the clouds send their cavalry down;
Rank and file by the million the rain lances dash
Over mountain and river and town:
Thick the battle-drops fall—but they drop not in blood:
The trophy to war is the green fresh bud:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

The pastures lie baked, and the furrow is bare,
The wells they yawn empty and dry:
But a rushing of waters is heard in the air,
And a rainbow leaps out in the sky.
Hark! the heavy drops pelting the sycamore leaves,
How they wash the wide pavement, and sweep from the eaves!
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

See, the weaver throws wide his one swinging pane,
The kind drops dance in on the floor,
And his wife brings her flower-pots to drink the sweet rain
On the step by her half-open door.
At the tune on the skylight, far over his head,
Smiles their poor crippled lad on his hospital bed.
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And away, far from men, where high mountains tower,
The little green mosses rejoice,
And the bud-headed heather nods to the shower,
And the hill-torrents lift up their voice:
And the pools in the hollows mimic the flight
Of the rain, as their thousand points dart up in light:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

And deep in the fir-wood below, near the plain,
A single thrush pipes full and sweet,
How days of clear shining will come after rain,
Waving meadows, and thick-growing wheat:
So the voice of Hope sings, at the heart of our fears,
Of the harvest that springs from a great nation's tears:
Oh, the rain, the plentiful rain!

Miscellaneous Reading.

THE AMERICAN BALD EAGLE.

In whiling away an evening we shall be excused by our readers if we occasionally turn from the strict line of agricultural advancement, to give a notice to things not familiar, as of old, but still interesting to the lover of Natural History. Among the most prominent of these, is that truly American bird, adopted as our national emblem, the White-Head Eagle.

This majestic bird is still found along the inhabited sea-shores, throughout the United States, and on the great rivers and lakes of the interior; but in number much less than in the earlier settlements, where it had long held its abode. It is described with much eloquence, and at much length, by both Wilson and Audubon, in their American Ornithologies; and from them we learn that it is a *predatory* creature, preying chiefly upon the spoils of others, and possessing few of the noble qualities attributed to it by tradition, or that would recommend it as the national emblem of a magnanimous people. For many years a family of White-Head eagles have held a domicil on our farm, just below lake Erie, on the Niagara, where successive families of young have been reared and taken their flight. The Niagara has ever been a favorite resort of the Bald Eagle. Early travellers mention them as abounding, for miles, around the cataract. We have never, to our knowledge, suffered from their depredations; although often detecting them preying upon the dead fish which have floated to the shores of the river, or been left by the fishermen. We have always regarded them with complacency, as one of the interesting family of wild birds that for ages have dwelt around a spot which, from its peculiar accordance with their natural habits, has been their chosen home.

As no more than a single pair of eagles usually occupy a nesting ground, the boundaries of which may extend a mile, or more, either way, the family that hold dominion over our place have been in constant possession since we first knew it, near twenty years ago. The young hover about for the first year, and usually disappear for some other region the next spring, or at a year old. They seldom breed till they acquire the white head and tail, which is at about three years of age. At the approach of the paring season, in April, they usually leave the river-shore for their nest in the woods, only going out for the purpose of food, until the young are large enough to leave the nest with them. They then loiter about their usual hunting-grounds, preying on the spoils of other birds, or the dead fish and carion lying along the shores. After the first deep fall of snow in the winter, we have frequently found three or four, and sometimes more of them sitting together on the high branch of a dead tree, where, if on horseback, or with a team of horses or oxen, they can be very nearly approached without alarm—indeed, we have rode on horseback within an hundred feet of them, while they looked down upon us with great complacency. They will so sit for a whole day, and only move off at night to their roosting place in the woods. During the winter, they hover about the river-shore continually, and in severe weather are often seen floating down the stream on a cake of ice, devouring a fish, the body of a gull, or duck, which they have captured, or have found killed or wounded by some hunter. Almost every winter, some of the young eagles have been shot by the hunters, and occasionally one has been caught from the nest and taken to the neighboring city, as a pet or curiosity.

The writer once had an encounter of this latter kind, and as it was, in its results, somewhat of an adventure we shall record it.—When about eighteen years old, spending some time in the vicinity of one of the great lakes, one fine May morning we went with a companion down to the shore where a fisherman had put up a shanty, and with his wife and an infant child had taken up their summer residence. On our way down, and about a hundred rods from the water, in the topmost branches of an enormous oak, we spied an eagle's nest, and as the old eagles were wheeling about it, we concluded that the nest had either eggs or young within it, and which of the two we soon determined to ascertain. As our companion was a middle-aged man, and had no special taste for climbing, the adventure was left for me alone. The tree on which the nest was built had no limbs for thirty feet or more from the ground, but, fortunately, a smaller tree near it had been felled, and its top lodged midway up among the branches of the oak. Ascending the fallen tree, I soon reached the oak, and catching the huge limbs above me, I swung up on one after another until I stood on one a few feet beneath the trio of branches on which the nest lay.

During my ascent, one of the eagles, with vociferous cries, often wheeled within a dozen feet of my head; but, like the youngsters, as I had at the time quite as much courage as conduct, I stood in little fear of an attack. While posted on a strong limb, with a near branch to hold on by, I looked into the nest. It was built of strong, heavy sticks, laid crosswise, perhaps two feet in thickness from bottom to top, and four or five feet wide on the surface, covered with long, dry grass, and leaves.—About midway on the nest lay two young eagles, one somewhat larger than the other, about the size of half-grown goslings, covered with the same sort of down, in color and appearance. Close by them lay two or three dead fish, half covered with blue-bottle flies, and giving off an intolerable stench. With a stick which I drew out of the lower part of the nest, I tried to poke one of the young towards me; but they turned up their claws in defiance, with a sort of hiss, and edged further away.

During this time, one of the old eagles had left the premises altogether, while the other still kept wheeling and diving around, but approached no nearer than within a few feet of me, as before. After awhile, my continued poking at the young ones so exasperated one of them, that he seized my stick so firmly with his claws that I drew him within reach. Determined to hold divided empire with the old eagles in the possession of their young, the next process was to get the bird to the ground without damage, as I had no sack or basket in which to deposit and let him safely down; but, like other youngsters, who are seldom at a loss for expedients in mischief, a plan was soon invented. Taking off my hat, coat, and vest, and laying them on the adjacent limb, my shirt was rapidly drawn over my head, the sleeves tied together at the wristbands, and thrown over my neck, and skirts bounds into a knot, thus making a sack, and the open collar and bosom forming its mouth. Into this *con amore* receptacle our bellicose "Young America" was rapidly thrust, my outer garments replaced, and, flushed with victory, I made a rapid descent down the tree. No triumphant plunderer ever felt prouder of his trophy than I, and, like the kilted Highlander in "Rob Roy," I could sing:

"The eagle, he was lord above,
And *Rob* was lord of all below."

I took the eagle down to the fisherman's hut and after spending an hour or two, began to consider what to do with the young ruffian I had so wantonly caught, for I had neither a suitable place nor provisions on which to keep him, and wisely concluding that the *second*, if not the better part of valor was discretion, I gave him to the owner of the hut for his own pastime.

I saw no more of the eagle for some weeks, when I again visited the fisherman, and found the young, tawny-looking thing an enormous bird, lounging about the door, and grown stout and saucy from generous treatment and the fish garbage on which he had been profusely fed.

The next report heard from the young savage, a few weeks after, was near being a tragic one. The wife of the fisherman having occasion one day to go to the shore, a few rods distant, after a bucket of water, while there she heard a scream from her child, which in her caution she had placed upon the bed when she left the room. Rushing back, she found the child prostrate on the floor, screaming in terror and agony, the eagle on its breast, with one claw transfixed into its face, and the other as she approached, turned up, with open beak, [illegible]e at the mother's approach. With the quick energy of a woman in extremity, she struck the eagle off with her foot, and caught up the child, its face badly cut and bleeding, and deposited it at once in a place of safety. This done, an axe lay at the door; and that eagle died, probably as sudden a death as ever malefactor did on execution of any sort whatever. The little sufferer, after a few weeks' careful attention, recovered of its wound, but with a lasting scar on its temple.

That was the first and the last of the race that we ever attempted to tame, and long will the bald eagle "tower" over our homestead, in his "pride of place," ere we shall seek to disturb his authority.

The quill of the bald eagle is peculiarly hard and elastic, and to those who prefer a quill to a metal pen, like ourselves, we commend their use, when they can be obtained. We have long used them.—*American Agriculturist.*

REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENTS.

The daring exploit of two women in Ninety-Six District furnishes an instance of courage as striking as any remembered among the traditions of South Carolina. During the sieges of Augusta and Cambridge, the patriotic enthusiasm that prevailed among the people prompted to numerous acts of personal risk and sacrifice. This spirit, encouraged by the successes of Sumter and others over the British arms, was earnestly fostered by Gen. Greene, whose directions marked at least the outline of every undertaking. In the efforts made to strike a blow at the invader's power, the sons of the Martin family were among the most distinguished for active service rendered, and for injuries sustained at the enemy's hands. The wives of the two eldest, during their absence, remained at home with their mother-in-law.—One evening intelligence came to them that a courier, conveying important dispatch to one of the upper stations, was to pass that night along the road, guarded by two British officers. They determined to waylay the party, and, at the risk of their lives, to obtain possession of the papers.

For this purpose the two young women disguised themselves in their husbands' clothes, and being well provided with arms, took their station at a point on the road which they knew the escort must pass. It was already late, and they had not waited long before the tramp of horses was heard in the distance. It may be imagined with what anxious expectation the heroines awaited the approach of the critical moment on which so much depended. The forest solitude around them, the silence of night, and the darkness, must have added to the terrors conjured up by busy fancy. Presently the courier appeared, with his attendant guards. As they came close to the spot, the disguised women leaped from their covert in the bushes, presented their pistols at the officers, and demanded the instant surrender of the party and their despatches. The men were completely taken by surprise, and their alarm at the sudden attack, yielded a prompt submission. The seeming soldiers put them on their parole, and having taken possession of the papers, hastened home by a short cut through the woods. No time was lost in sending the important documents by a trusty messenger to General Greene. The adventure had a singular termination. The paroled officers, thus thwarted in their mission, returned by the road they had taken, and stopping at the house of Mrs. Martin, asked accommodation, as weary travellers, for the night. The hostess inquired the reason of their returning so soon after they had passed. They replied by showing their paroles, saying they had been taken prisoners by two rebel lads. The ladies rallied them upon their want of intrepidity.—"Had you no arms?" was asked. The officers answered that they had arms, but had been suddenly taken off their guard, and were allowed no time to use their weapons. They departed the next morning, having no suspicion that they owed their capture to the very women whose hospitality they had claimed.

The mother of this patriotic family was a native of Caroline county, Virginia. Her name was Elizabeth Marshall, and she was probably of the same family with Chief Justice Marshall, as she belonged to the same neighborhood.—After her marriage to Abram Martin, she removed to his settlement bordering on the Indian nation, in Ninety-Six, now Edgefield District, South Carolina. The country at that time was sparcely settled, most of its inhabitants being pioneers from other States, chiefly from Virginia; and their neighborhood to the Indians had caused the adoption of some of their savage habits. The name of Edgefield is said to have been given, because it was at that period the edge or boundary of the respectable settlers and their cultivated fields. Civilization, however, increased with the population, and in the time of the Revolution, Ninety-Six was among the foremost in sending into the field its quota of hardy and enterprising troops to oppose the British and their savage allies.

At the commencement of the contest, Mrs. Martin had [illegible] children, seven of whom were [illegible] enough to bear arms. These brave young men, under the tuition and example of their parents, had grown up in attachment to their country, and ardently devoted to its service, were ready on every occasion to encounter the dangers of border warfare. When the first call for volunteers sounded through the land, the mother encouraged their patriotic zeal, "Go, boys," she said; "fight for your country! fight till death, if you must, but never let your country be dishonored. Were I a man I would go with you."

At another time, when Col. Cruger commanded the British at Cambridge, and Colonel Browne at Augusta, several British officers stopped at her house for refreshment; and one of them asked how many sons had she. She answered—eight; and to the question where they all were, replied promptly: "Seven of them are engaged in the service of their country." "Really, madam," observed the officer, sneeringly, "you have enough of them."—"No sir," said the matron, proudly, "I wish I had fifty."

Her house in the absence of her sons was frequently exposed to the depredation of the Tories. On one occasion they cut open her feather beds, and scattered the contents.—When the young men returned shortly afterwards, their mother bade them pursue the marauders. One of the continental soldiers having been left at the house badly wounded, Mrs. Martin kindly attended and nursed him till his recovery. A party of the loyalists who heard of his being there, came with the intention of taking his life, but she found means to hide him from their search.

The only daughter of Mrs. Martin, Letitia, married Capt. Edmund Wade, of Virginia, who fell with his commander, Gen. Montgomery, at the siege of Quebec. At the time of the siege of Charleston by Sir Henry Clinton, the widow was residing with her mother at Ninety-Six. Her son Washington Wade was then five years old, and remembers many occurrences connected with the war. The house was about 100 miles in a direct line west of Charleston. He recollects walking in the piazza on a calm evening with his grandmother. A light breeze blew from the east, and the sound of heavy cannon was distinctly heard in that direction. The sound of cannon heard at that time, and in that part of the State they knew must come from the besieged city. As report after report reached their ears, the agitation of Mrs. Martin increased. She knew not what evils might be announced; she knew not but the sound might be the knell of her sons, three of whom were then in Charleston. Their wives were with her, and partook of the same heart-chilling fears. They stood still for a few minutes, each wrapped in her own painful and silent reflections, till the mother at length, lifting her hands and eyes toward heaven exclaimed fervently—"Thank God, they are the children of the Republic."

Of the seven patriot brothers, six were spared through all the dangers of partisan warfare in the region of the "dark and bloody ground." The eldest, William M. Martin, was a captain of artillery; and after having served with distinction in the sieges of Savannah and Charleston, was killed at the siege of Augusta, just after he had obtained a favorable position for his cannon, by elevating it on one of the towers constructed by Gen. Pickens. It is related that not long after his death, a British officer passing to Fort Ninety-Six, then in possession of the English, rode out of his way to gratify his hatred to the whigs by carrying the fatal news to the mother of this gallant young man. He called at the house, and asked Mrs. Martin if she had not a son in the army at Augusta. She replied in the affirmative. "Then I saw his brains blown out on the field of battle," said the monster, who anticipated his triumph in the sight of a parent's agony. But the effect of the startling announcement was other than he expected. Terrible as was the shock, and aggravated by the ruthless cruelty with which her bereavement was made known, no woman's weakness was suffered to appear.—After listening to the dreadful recital, the only reply made by the American dame was, "he could not have died in a nobler cause!" The evident chagrin of the officer as he turned and rode away, is still remembered in the family tradition.

This eldest son married Nancy Waring, of Dorchester, when she was but fourteen years of age. She was the daughter of Benjamin Waring, who afterwards became one of the earliest settlers of Columbia when established as the seat of government in the State. The principles of the Revolution had been taught her from childhood; and her efforts to promote its advancement were joined by those of her husband's family. She was one of the two who risked their lives to seize upon the despatches as above related. Her husband's untimely death left her with three young children—two sons and a daughter: but she never married again.

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

When night enfolds her sable wing
Around the weary earth,
And stars their holy radiance fling
Where purest thoughts have birth,
Dear memories of the olden time
Beam brightly from afar:
Heart-gems in love's clear Heaven they shine,
Thy truth the fairest star.

The sun which on our pathway smiled,
In happy days of yore,
When hope's young dreams were brief as wild,
Hath set to rise no more.
But not less beautiful to me
This lingering chastened light,
That blends with every thought of thee,
And cheers life's darkest night.

From Heaven descends the sacred flame
Which feeds affection's fire,
Through long dim years, for aye the same,
While earthly flames expire.
Light of our souls! thy mystic power,
Will crown e'er death's lone shadowed hour
With immortality!

JOAN OF ARC.

The story of Joan of Arc is familiar to all. But a doubt long existed as to the exact nature of her character. Falling a victim to treachery, and executed by the enemies of her country, every means was taken by her murderers, to blacken her reputation. English history, even to this day, is generally unjust to her.

[illegible] Michelet establishes from contemporary writers, is that Joan was an enthusiast, who being endowed with a vivid imagination, realized what to others were mere dreams. The advanced science of the nineteenth century recognizes such phenomena. Joan honestly believed that she saw angelic visions, that she was in communication with spiritual advisers, and that heaven had delegated to her the task of liberating her country from the English yoke.

After having been the terror of the invaders, for more than a year, and achieved a series of successes which ceased only with the liberation of France, Joan was captured by a party of Burgundians, who had joined the English against their native land and were then besieging Compiagne. To the disgrace of her king, Charles the seventh, no effort was made to procure her exchange. To the still greater disgrace of the French prelates, they sought to get her into the hands of the Inquisition, instigated by a secret leaning to the British. Her doom was not left long in doubt. The unscrupulous men, who directed English affairs during the infancy of Henry the Sixth, believing that the disgrace and death of Joan was necessary to the retention of the British conquests, determined to buy her of the Burgundians. Ten thousand livres, and an annuity of three hundred more, large sums in that day, were the price of her blood.

To have merely executed the poor girl would not have answered the ends of her enemies. It was requisite to destroy her influence as well as to take away her life; for this purpose there was nothing so efficacious, in that age, as a charge of sorcery. The traitorous French prelates lent their aid to this malignant plot. The bishop of Beauvais and five others, with the Vicar-General of the then French Inquisition, were the prominent judges selected to be the tools of the British party. Every ingenuity of mental torture was exhausted in order to induce Joan to confess to crime. Her answers were perverted; she was denied counsel; the rack was threatend; and even the pretended authority of the church was invoked against her. At last, on the promise of life, she was induced to sign a confession artfully put before her. But nothing could save her, for not only did the brutal English soldiery, who had been prejudiced against her as a witch, cry out for her blood, but even the nobility demanded it.

The vile arts which were now adopted, to bring her to the stake, would seem incredible on any authority less positive than that which has come down to us. At last the base intrigues succeeded. Having laid aside the male attire, which she wore before her condemnation, she was tricked into resuming it, and for this was condemned to the flames as a relapsed heretic and sorcerer. Placed in a cart, she was hurried to the market-place of Roun, where the dreadful doom was to be inflicted.

The stake was fixed upon a lofty scaffold not only that all might see her suffer, but that the executioner might not be able to approach her to shorten her agonies. Brought to the foot of the pile, Joan knelt down, and after imploring pardon for herself and audibly forgiving her enemies, turned to the bystanders and besought them to pray for her. Her behavior was so devout, humble and touching, that sympathy for her became contagious.—The bishop of Beauvais himself melted into tears; the Bishop of Boulogne sobbed aloud; and even the English cried, the cruel Winchester with the rest.

But this emotion was only temporary. Recovering himself, Beauvais began to read the act of condemnation, in which the dying girl was mocked with false accusations of schism, idolatry and magic. When the terrible sentence was pronounced, Joan, turning to the crowd, asked for a cross. An Englishman, rudely fashioning one out of a stick, handed it to her. She took it, kissed it devoutly, and presed it to her bosom. A priest hastening to the church of St. Sauver's, brought a crucifix, which she embraced, having first placed the other under her garments next to the skin. While he was exhorting her, the English began to be impatient, one of them rudely asked the priest if he intended them to dine there. Immediately, and without waiting for an official order, others tore her away, and dragged her to the pile. As she gazed on the great city, the motionless and silent crowd, and the infuriated invaders, she cried, "Ah! Rouen, Rouen, much do I fear you will suffer for my death."

Above her head was a placard, denouncing her as a heretic, apostate and idolator. When she had been made fast to the stake, the executioner, from below, set fire to the faggots.—At the sight, nature gave way for a moment, and she uttered a cry: but seeing that the priest, who had ascended the scaffold with her, showed no signs of fear, she forgot her peril in the thought of him, and begged him to descend. The smoke was now mounting around her. Occasionally tongues of fire shot up almost to her person. Beauvais, in this extremity, advanced to the foot of the pile, hoping to extract some admission from her. But she only answered, with mild reproach, "I die through you." In vain he sought to make her accuse her king. Though deserted by Charles, she would not defame him, but defended him to the last. "Whether I have done well or ill," she said, heroically, "she is faultless."

At last the flames reached her person. Again, nature succombed for an instant, and she shrieked for holy water. But immediately she recovered herself. She called on God. She protested her innocence. From the foot of the pile, the Dominican, whom she had forced to descend, encouraged her with words, holding out his crucifix to her as he spoke.—At times the smoke and flames concealed her entirely from view, but her voice was still heard invoking God and his saints; nor was a cry of fear or a murmur of pain ever again wrung from her. The spectators could not endure the awful sight. Many fled in horror from the square; thousands were in tears; some prayed aloud for her with choking sobs. A few only of her bitterest enemies attempted to laugh. One of these, a brutal Englishman, was about to throw a fresh faggot on the pile, when suddenly [illegible] and crying, "Jesus!" she died.

Twenty years after the French king did tardy justice to the martyred Joan. A commission, procured from the Pope, after hearing the depositions of more than a hundred witnesses, pronounced her innocent, and declared her sentence null. On the spot where she was executed a cross was erected, which has subsequently been replaced by a statue of her. In the succeeding reign, still more ample amends were made to her, for her judges were ordered to be prosecuted. Two of them only survived, but these were tried, condemned and executed.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

ST. PETERSBURG BIRD MARKET.

Perhaps for a stranger the most interesting portion of this world of markets is that of the Tshukin Dvor, where the birds are sold. Two long rows of booths are full of living specimens of ornithology; pidgeons, fowls, geese, ducks, swans, larks, bull-finches, siskins and hundreds of other singing birds, are there collected, and form the most picturesque and variegated menageries that can be imagined. Each booth is of wood and open at the front, so that the whole of its contents may be seen at once by the passing stranger, who is saluted with such a concert of cackling, crowing, chattering, cooing piping, and warbling, as would suffice to furnish the requisite idyllic supply of melodies for a hundred villages. Between the opposite booths are usually such bridges as I have already described, from which the pictures of saints are suspended, for the edification of the devout. On these bridges and on the booths whole swarms of pidgeons are constantly fluttering about, the peaceful Russian being a great lover of this gentle bird.—Each swarm knows its own roof, and the birds allow themselves to be caught without much difficulty when a bargain is about to be concluded. The pidgeon is never eaten by a Russian, who would hold it a sin to harm an animal in whose form the Holy Ghost is said to have manifested itself. Pidgeons are brought therefore, only as pets, to be fed and schooled by their masters. It is curious to see a Russian merchant directing the fight of his docile scholars. With a little flag fastened to a long staff he conveys his signals to them, makes them at his will rise higher in the air, fly to the right or left, or drop to the ground as if struck by a bullet from a rifle.

The poor little singing birds—the larks, the nightingales, linnets, bull-finches, &c—must be of a hardier race than in more southern lands; for in spite of the bitter frost they chirrup away merrily, and salute with their songs every struggling ray of sunshine that finds its way into their gloomy abodes. The little creatures receive during the whole long winter not one drop of water, for it would be useless to offer them what a moment afterwards would be converted into a petrified mass. Their troughs are accordingly filled only with snow, which they must liquefy in their own beaks when they wish to assuage their thirst.

Moscow is famed for its cocks, and here the Moscow cock may be seen proudly striking about, in cages and out of them. The best pidgeons are said to come from Novgorod, and Finland furnishes the chief supply of singing birds; geese are brought even from the confines of China, to be sold as rarities in the Tshkin Dvor, after a journey of more than 4000 miles; grey squirrels may be seen rolling about in their cages like incarnate quicksilver; while rabbits and guinea-pigs, without number, gambol their time away in their little wooden hutches. Within the booth, a living centre of all this living merchandise, behold the merchant closely esconced in his wolfskin, and ready to dispose of his little feathered serfs at any acceptable price. At the back of the booth, be sure, there hangs a saintly picture of some sort, its little lamp shedding a cheerful light to guard the feathered crowd against the evil influence of intruding demons; but there are evil spirits that the good saint cannot banish. Man is there to hold in chains or to sentence to death, according as it may suit his calculations of profit, or the caprices of his palate. On shelves around are ranged the trophies of his murderous tribe, and the northern swans, the heathcocks, (*reptshiki*) and snow-white partridges (*kurapatki*) are piled up under the very cages from which the captive larks warble their liquid notes.

It is astonishing what a quantity of these birds are yearly consumed at the luxurious tables of St. Petersburg. In winter the cold keeps the meat fresh, and at the same time facilitates its conveyance to market. The partridges some mostly from Saratoff, the swans from Finland, Livonia and Esthonia supply heathcocks and grouse, and the wide steppes must furnish the trapp geese which flutter over their endless plans where the Cossack hunts them on horseback, and kills them with his formidable whip. All these birds as soon as the life-blood has flown, are converted into stone by the frost, and, packed up in huge chests, are sent for sale to the capital. Whole sledge loads of snow white hares find their way to the market; the little animal are usually frozen in a running position, with their ears pointed, and their legs stretched out before and behind, and when placed on the ground, look, at the first glance, as if they were in the act of escaping from the hunter. Bear's flesh is also sometimes offered for sale in this market; and here and there may be seen a frozen reindeer lying in the snow by the side of a booth, its hairy snout stretched forth upon the ground, its knees doubled up under its body, and its antlers rising majestically into the air; it looks as if, on our approaching it, it would spring up and dash away once more in search of its native forests. The mighty elk, likewise, is no rare guest in this market, where it patiently presents its horns as a perch for the pidgeons that are fluttering about, till, little by little, the axe and the saw have left no fragment of the stately animal, but every part of it has gone its way into the kitchens of the wealthy.

Similar markets for birds and game will be found in every large Russian city. Indeed the habits and fashions of the Russian markets vary but little from those of Tobolks; and [illegible] completely national. Those of Moscow Trkhutch, Odessa and Archangel have shown themselves equally servile in their imitation of the metropolitan bazaars.

From the Charlotte Whig.

BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

Our neighbors of York District, S. C., having proposed to celebrate the Anniversary of the Battle of King's Mountain and have invited the People of North-Carolina to participate in the proceedings on the occasion. Some few days since a letter was received from a committee of the People of Yorkville, by some gentlemen of this place, requesting the People of Mecklenburg to select an Orator to represent the People of the State on the occasion. The People of this country who were consulted on the subject, felt of course much delicacy in assuming to select an Orator for their fellow-citizens at large, all of whom were as deeply interested as themselves, and would naturally feel some concern in the proceedings. It was, however, difficult to affect communications with the various counties of the West—especially the Mountain counties—whose brave officers and soldiery achieved on the memorable battle so much glory for themselves and so much success to their country. It was besides important that the State should be represented and her historical claim to a large share in one of the most remarkable battles of the revolution be fully recognized. Under these circumstances, and with the best motives, the People of Mecklenburg did not hesitate to perform the duty assigned to them and have unanimously chosen a son of North-Carolina, whose reputation as one of the first Orators of the age, is as wide as our common country, and whose thorough acquaintance with the history of the State, fit him in the highest degree for the duty of representing her on that occasion. Dr. Hawks, it is understood, is now writing the History of North-Carolina, and with this revolutionary event is perhaps, as well-informed as any other living man. His appointment will be hailed with gratification by the people of the entire State, and we will not permit ourselves to doubt but that he will be present, should his health, and other circumstances at all permit. The celebration of the Battle of King's Mountain with such orators as Hawks and Preston, will be one of the most interesting events which has occurred in the South for many years. We hope the People of Western North-Carolina, from whose mountains and rivers, a citizen soldiery, under whose well-tried officers, rushed to the rescue of their invaded country, will gather on the spot consecrated to patriotism and to glory, in such numbers as will show there appreciation of the virtue and services of their fathers.

Below we append the resolutions of the people of Mecklenburg. We hope that each of the Western counties of North Carolina will be present with a delegation, and that steps will be immediately taken to secure such a representation as may be worthy of the State.

Whereas the citizens of York District, S. C., have requested the People of North Carolina to participate in the celebration of the Anniversary of the Battle of King's Mountain, and have requested the People of Mecklenburg county to select an Orator to represent the State of North Carolina.

Resolved, That we, the People of Mecklenburg, feel it a patriotic duty to participate with our fellow-citizens of South Carolina in an appropriate commemoration of this Battle, so creditable to the valor and patriotism of the People of Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina.

Resolved, That the People of Mecklenburg county do request the Rev. Francis L. Hawks, D. D., of the city of New York, to deliver an Oration for and in behalf of the People of North Carolina upon that occasion.

Resolved, That a committee of three persons, of whom the Chairman shall be one, be appointed to confer with the Rev. F. L. Hawks and request him to perform the duty assigned him.

Resolved, That the committee appointed on this occasion, be requested to select another Orator should the one selected on this occasion fail to perform the duty.

Resolved, Shat the proceedings of the meeting be published in the papers of this town and the Yorkville and other newspapers of this and other States.

G. W. CALDWELL, *Chairman.*
W. K. REID, *Secretary.*

STORY OF SNAKE CHARMING.

Mr. C. A. Bowen, of New Hampshire, has furnished the Boston Traveller with the following. The incidents, it is stated, are strictly true, and occurred in the town of Danbury, about twenty years ago.

An interesting little child, only four years of age, son of Mr. David Ball of that place, used frequently to call for bread and milk between its regular meals, an when it was given to him, would take his dish and go out a short distance from the house, sit down upon a large stone and eat it. Even at meal times instead of sitting down at the table with the rest of the family, the child would take his plate of potato and butter, and go out to his rock and there finish his meal alone. If his mother remonstrated and insisted upon his sitting at the table, he would cry piteously, and at times utterly refuse to eat anything. This was regarded as a whim of the child's, and but little notice was taken of it, and, being the baby, he was allowed to have pretty much his own way. He was hearty and rugged, had as much bread and milk as he wanted, and during the day usually played out doors by himself.

One day, as usual, Johnny, after receiving his bread and milk, went out to his stone to eat, but presently returned and asked for another spoon. His father being present felt curious to know how Johnny could eat with two spoons, and perhaps thinking to surprise and have a little fun with his darling boy, quietly slipped out of the back door to the corner of a shed near by to watch him. The child seated himself upon the rock, and without offering to touch his favorite beverage, sat nearly a minute in silence; getting impatient, he called in a low voice, 'Peckled coat! peckled coat! Come back and get your dinner!' The moment the child's voice was heard, a [illegible] under crawled from beneath a lap, and there coiled itself nearly half up, and in a moment was eating from the same dish with the child. The child all the while talking to the snake in its low plantive voice, every now & then looking up as if fearful that some one might over hear him, patting him with his little hand, calling him his little 'peckled coat,' the while, and urging him to eat upon his own side of the dish, and whenever this rule was deviated from he got a gentle tap on the head with the spoon.

The father looked until in his agony he could look no longer; seizing a club he sprung to destroy the snake. But he was not quick enough. In a moment the snake was under the rock. The child walked quietly into the house without uttering a word, and would not speak for some time. Twice after this the boy was allowed the snake out, but the father was unable to get near enough to kill it. At last the child was confined to the house and the father, by the assistance of others, pried up the stone and killed the reptile. The snake was of the species known in that vicinity as the milk adder, was nearly three feet long, and between three and four inches round the body.

When the child learned the fate of the snake, its grief could not be described, and was most painful to witness. For hours after, it would cry piteously. "Oh, father, you have killed my poor peckled coat;" sobbing the while as if its little heart would break; and for weeks after this, he would go and sit on this stone, and mournfully call for his "peckled coat."—It was with difficulty he could be made to eat anything, and for nearly three months he continued to pine away, until he was reduced to a mere skeleton. But this unnatural grief in time wore away. He is now a hale and hearty young man, and withal much respected by those who know him.

AGE OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds twenty years. A dog lives twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen years. Lions are long lived. One has been known to live to the age of seventy years; a squirrel or hare seven or eight years; rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered Phorus, king of India, he took a great elephant, which had fought valiantly for the king, and named him Ajax, dedicated him to the sun, and let him go, with this inscription, "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found with this inscription three hundred and fifty years afterward. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages from twenty to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred.—Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live one thousand years. A swan has attained the age of two hundred years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hunred and seven.—Insects, as a general rule, are short-lived, though there are a good many exceptions to the rule.

THREE WONDERS.—'If ever I reach Heaven,' said the eminently pious Dr. Watts, 'I expect to find three wonders there. First to meet some I had not expected to meet there; second, to miss some whom I had expected to find there; but third, the greatest wonder of all, will be to find myself there!'

☞ We talk, but God does what he pleases.