

From the New Orleans Picayune of July 20.
LATEST FROM TEXAS.
Annexation Ratified—Death of Vice President, K. L. Anderson—Incursions and Depredations of the Indians—General News.

By the arrival of the brig Hope Howes, Capt. B. G. Shaw, from Galveston, yesterday, we are apprised of the glorious and gratifying fact that the question of Annexation has been finally consummated. Thus, by the honest and unwavering conduct of a free people, have the machinations of traitors at home and enemies abroad been foiled and frustrated. Honor to the republicans of Texas for the part they have taken in the achievement of the purpose.

We give our worthy correspondent's letter, which embraces a clear and succinct narration of the proceedings of the Convention up to the latest period at which it was possible to receive Austin news:

Austin, July 7, 1845.
The Convention assembled on the morning of the 4th, and unanimously elected Gen. Rusk to preside over its deliberations. On taking the chair he made a short address, which was well delivered and suitable to the occasion. A committee of fifteen was soon after appointed, who reported by their chairman, Judge Lipscomb, an ordinance assenting, on behalf of the people Texas, to the terms of Annexation proposed by the United States Government. It was adopted with one dissenting voice—but five members absent. It was engrossed and signed by all the members present. It is not a little singular that the only dissenting voice was Richard Bache, the father-in-law of your Secretary of the Treasury and brother-in-law of the Vice President.

After the necessary resolutions were passed for the transmission of the ordinance to the United States, a resolution was offered by Col. Love, and unanimously adopted. That the members wear crapes on their left arm for one month, as a testimony of regret for the decease of General Jackson. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as regards his political acts elsewhere, Texas owes him a debt of gratitude. To him we are indebted for the privilege of becoming a member of the great American Union—a measure so important to us, and I hope to you. The convention then adjourned. It was a novel celebration of the Liberty Day—to surrender the independence of our nation, and by the act of the whole people assent to its incorporation with another, and offer a tribute of respect to the man through whose influence the measure was consummated.

On the 5th we appointed committees on the plan adopted by the Virginia Convention, to report on various subjects submitted. It called forth some discussion which was creditable to the speakers—it was the skirmish that precedes more heavy firing. The delegates to the Convention, for intelligence, integrity and worth, would rank high in any country. There is not, perhaps, much of brilliancy, but a great deal of matter-of-fact sense and sound knowledge; and I predict that we shall form and send you a sound and sensible Constitution, free from the worst features of ultraism.

The terms of annexation, are not, perhaps, such as we had a right to ask; but so anxious are we to free the subject from farther agitation in the United States, that no conditions whatever will be annexed to the Constitution differing from the resolutions passed by the United States Congress.

A despatch was received from the United States in the morning, and Major Donelson arrived on the evening of the 5th, having been detained at Washington by serious indisposition. These despatches relate to the occupation of our frontier by your troops. They are now on their march—the foot by water to Corpus Christi, on the west bank of the Neches; the dragons by land to San Antonio.

The step is taken that will decide Mexico in her policy. Foreign troops will soon be upon the soil she claims. Her choice must be a declaration of war, or, if she is wise, negotiation. She may acquire money by the latter—defeat and disgrace only by the former.—To-day, a resolution was passed, requesting the President of the United States, in behalf of the people of Texas, to send troops forthwith to our frontier. This resolution is a sanction on the part of the people of Texas, of the movement noted above.

The intrigue of those in power here, which in its commencement, was advised by the ex-President, has been dissipated by the power of the people. The Executive occupies no envied position;—I am inclined to think he has been victimized by his friend and patron, as well as her Majesty's Minister. True to his faith, however, he issued his Proclamation, admitting a state of war and a disputed territory, which if not intended as treason to the country, or proceeding from disappointed hopes, was excessively foolish.

Lord Aberdeen has avowed to Dr. Ashbel Smith that her Majesty's Government will not interfere in the question, so he writes home. This removes one of the prospects of war; so if you get to loggoreads with John Bull, it must be about Oregon. Jonathan will fight for whales and lumber; but seems to have but little fancy for it if sugar, cotton or negroes have anything to do with the matter.

This once flourishing village is in a state of entire delapidation and ruin—the effects of an arbitrary exercise of power, without cause and without precedent;—and although the author of all this ruin is elected a delegate, he will not take his seat; he cannot—he dare not look upon hundreds which he has in his wantonness ruined!

Gen. Tarrant, a delegate from Fannin was on a visit to San Antonio. He, with

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES,
Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR
IS SAFE."



RULERS. DO THIS, AND LIBERTY
Gen'l. Harrison.

NEW SERIES,
NUMBER 15, OF VOLUME II.

SALISBURY, N. C., AUGUST 9, 1845.

Mr. Howard, delegate from that place, has for some days been expected. Painful apprehensions have arisen for their safety, as many Indians are on the frontier who have committed several murders lately.

We are entirely exposed to the attacks of Indians and Mexicans—not a soldier on guard, and but few fire-arms. So callous have people of Texas become to danger, that they scarcely ever prepare to repel attack. On my way here I met a young man, with two young girls, in a buggy, with no protection whatever from attack, almost at the very spot where young Hornsby had been killed two weeks previous by the Indians. They were in high glee, laughing and talking merrily;—I could but think that an hour might consign them to death, or a worse fate!

The Hope Howes reports only 40 hours from Galveston to the Balize. The latest Galveston papers we have is of the 12th inst. We are indebted to Captain Shaw and Mr. Nick Bolivin for papers, &c.

The British brig Persian arrived at Galveston a few days ago from Vera Cruz. She brought despatches for the Government, and was to return as soon as she heard from Washington. It was rumored in Galveston that she was there for the purpose of learning the fate of the Mexican propositions to President Jones, and if they were rejected, that the fleet of Mexico would be down on Galveston without delay! We hope the Galvestonians will not evacuate their city on the strength of this fearful rumor.

The Hon. K. L. Anderson, Vice President of Texas, died on the 10th inst., at Fanthrop's, Montgomery county, of fever. The papers are in mourning for the sad event.

Mr. Edward Bourne, a native of Coventry, England, left his residence on Clear Creek Lake in a boat, on the 3d inst., and is supposed to have been drowned on the 4th.

Ashbel Smith has been recalled from England. Speaking of this, the Galveston News of the 12th says—"We should like to know what he went for, what he has done, how much money he has pocketed, when he is going again, or what plan will next be fallen upon to disburse our public funds."

The following appointments have been made by the President:

Hon. Ebenezer Allen, Sec'y of State;
Hon. W. B. Ochiltree, Attorney Gen'l.;
Hon. J. A. Greer, Sec. of the Treasury.
The reports of the crops throughout the country are highly favorable; Galveston and the other cities and towns continue healthy; emigrants are fast pressing into the country from the adjoining States of the Union; and the prospects of Texas, view them through what phase we will, are prosperous and encouraging.

PROGRESS OF CORRUPTION!

The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune express the following facts, which serve to show the extent to which the public treasury is plundered by those who should be its guardians. In the account of the Clerk of the House of Representatives showing the disbursement of the Contingent Fund, is the following entry:

1843, December, Nathan Clifford, to 17 days per diem as Member of Congress from 3d of March, 1843, to the 20th of the same month, at \$8 per day, while confined at Washington by severe indisposition and unable to leave for home \$136 00

Now it must be remembered that Mr. Clifford's term of service expired on the 3d of March, and yet here he is paid \$8 per day for 17 days subsequent to the expiration of his term, on the ground that he was sick at Washington. This is a principle which, if admitted and allowed to take root, will spread itself with fearful rapidity, for the facility with which members of Congress habituate themselves to grasping all the public money which they can have an excuse to handle, has been strongly exemplified. Witness the Constructive Mileage and the immense sums paid for their use at every session of Congress. Where will this stop if it be allowed to go on unchecked—if every member who may happen to be unwell at the close of his term of service, or at the adjournment of a session, can remain in Washington and charge and recover his \$8 per day as long as he remains sick? A few pages farther on, in this very document, I find a strong exemplification of what may be expected, if this principle is to be acted upon. On page 114 of the same document there is the following item:

1844, April, J. J. Roane—For thirty days detention by sickness in Washington City after the adjournment of Congress, in July, 1843, at \$8 per day, \$240 00

Here we see the principle illustrated. Per diem pay having been allowed to one member whose term of service had expired, because he was detained by sickness in Washington, Mr. Roane goes back a period of twelve years, and claims pay on the same account for 30 days detention. Is not this an abuse? And should it be allowed to go on and take root without being checked? Nor is this all. I am informed that during the present year, the

accounts of which will not be published until December, the executors of Barker Bunnell, a deceased member from Massachusetts, who died in this city after the expiration of his term on the 3rd March, 1844, have made a claim and recovered payment for per diem for him during the time he was sick previous to death, and after the Congress was over. Is this to be allowed to continue, and grow up until, by prescription, it becomes a vested right?

From the Utica Gazette.

An Abolition Mob—Great Cry and Little Wool.

A very ludicrous performance has just come off in our city, which has gained imperishable laurels to some of the distinguished philanthropists of the liberty party. John Munn, Esq., formerly a resident of this place, but now residing in Mississippi, a few days since arrived here with his family, on a visit. He brought with him an old negro woman, a slave as a nurse to his children. Intelligence of the fact was quickly disseminated among the brave and liberal spirits who sympathize with the "poor African"—at a safe distance. On Monday, Wm. M. Allen, Esq., who has been the leading spirit of the abolitionists since Mr. Alvan Stewart went to establish the liberty party in New York, obtained a writ of *habeas corpus*, returnable before Judge Root.

Mr. Munn is visiting at the house of Mr. Eli F. Benjamin, who has also with him on a visit his son, Dr. Samuel Benjamin, of North Carolina. The writ was, through a mistake, issued against this latter gentleman, who, happening to have left all his slaves at home, had no difficulty in clearing himself from the process.—We understand, however, that he was so much struck with the courage and address of the gentleman who had the principal charge of the proceedings, that he invited him to visit him in North Carolina, offering to pay his expenses and give him free access to his slaves, to take away as many as he could persuade to leave, by his eloquence and the confidence which his appearance inspired.

The writ having been corrected, a mob of white, black and mixed, of all ages and sexes, accompanied the officer to Mr. Benjamin's residence. The poor object of their sympathy was so much terrified at the appearance and actions of these "angels of light," that it was feared she would die of fright. She is some 57 years of age and suffering under the dropsy. Mr. Munn assured the zealous philanthropists that he was perfectly willing they should take the woman if they would give security for her maintenance and she would consent, and inform them that he had told her on first coming into a free State that she was at liberty to leave him whenever she pleased on giving a few days notice. But the liberators were far too elevated in their conceptions to take pecuniary matters into consideration.

Judge Root, at the request of the Mayor, who had visited the scene of the disturbance, postponed the return of the writ till Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock. The old woman, in the meantime, was in continual terror lest her loving friends should liberate her by force. To allay her fears and the apprehensions of the family, deputy sheriff Johnson passed the night at the house, and a body of watchmen were stationed in its vicinity.

The morning came, and at the appointed hour Mr. Munn was at Judge Root's office with the slave, and the sheriff with the writ, to which he returned that the defendant did not detain the woman. Judge Root explained to the woman that she was at liberty to go where she pleased. She, notwithstanding the arguments and entreaties of her new friends, insisted upon remaining with her master, and is now abiding with him, though still laboring under much apprehension lest she should be abducted, and left to the tender mercies of the busy-bodies who have given themselves so much unnecessary trouble on her account.

SPAIN.

A recent letter from Madrid brings intelligence of Mr. Irving's continued good health, and the progress of Mr. Livingston, in a grand display of *taumachie*, in which he and other members of the Diplomatic Corps rivalled the professional matadors—though it is maliciously remarked that two year old calves were substituted for the monarchs of the Andalusian herds. They call themselves the "Society of Babel," and are soon to have a grand tournament. The reports which were in circulation last year concerning an alleged criminal intimacy between the young Queen and one of her generals, are again whispered about. *On dit*, that she is to marry a Cobourg Prince, brother to the King of Portugal and the Duchess of Nemours; and that the Duke of Montpensier is to marry her sister, the Infanta Maria Louisa. The recent discovery of a secret correspondence between the Pope and that crafty woman, Queen Christian, has occasioned much surprise amongst those here best acquainted with Spanish affairs, and it would not be thought strange if she was sent out of Spain by the present Ministry, who so recently recalled her from the exile into which she was sent Espartero.—*Paris Letter.*

Ex-Governor Jones, of Tennessee, is now on a visit to Mr. Clay. He arrived in Lexington yesterday week, and was received by an address from Gen. Coombs, and a military escort.

Two country attorneys overtaking a wagoner on the road, thinking to break a joke upon him, asked him why his fore horse was so fat and the rest so lean?—The wagoner knowing them to be limbs of the law, answered, that his fore horse was his lawyer and the rest were his clients.

The "American Republican" is puzzled with the remarks we made upon the admitted fact, that German shoemakers here were driving our own, out of employ by underbidding them, and by living on cheaper food. It is so indeed,—so not only with shoemakers, but Irish porters, Irish hackmen, Irish servant girls, Irish laborers of all kinds, German piano forte makers, German musical instrument makers, German glass cutters, Swiss watchmakers, jewellers, &c., &c. A man born and bred in poverty in Europe, does not feel the want of, nor need, the comforts that the American insists upon, and can, therefore, underbid the American in this country, and work cheaper. The only remedy we saw, was for the American to change his pursuits,—to turn farmer. The Republican exclaims:

"We enter our solemn protest being thus driven from 'pillar to post.' If in an evil hour abandoned our native born rights in political matters, it is time to take such steps as shall prevent any further innovation. Scarcely a corner now in the city but what is occupied by a German or Irish grocer, and if our mechanics should be as effectually rooted out as are those who used to keep stores of various kinds, a 'native' would fare full as well in Holland or among the bogs of Ireland as he would here. But we believe they are made of sterner stuff than to be thus unceremoniously disposed of, and it is to be hoped that a new order of things is about to be introduced. They are not quite ready to be forced into the wilderness against their will, and to change their habits and pursuits of life.

"We go for the 'American System,' at home or abroad. Our system is more comprehensive than the present 'Tariff,' and will protect the American mechanic from cheap labor here as well as in Europe, and will bring about a more equal division of the labor of the country.—While we wish to be liberal we are determined not to be robbed, and if we prefer living in a city we shall object to going into the woods, or to the great prairies of the far west."

The American Republican gives us no remedy. To stop their voting can't stop their coming here. When they start from the foot of the Alps, the borders of the Rhine or the Baltic,—from Dublin, or Cork, or Tipperary,—when Michael O'Shaughnessy writes to Bridget O'Hannegan 'to come out,' as all can live here in a palace, on the banks of a beautiful river, at the public expense, (Bellvue Poor House,) (*mem.*, a published letter, inviting immigration)—none of these emigrants think of voting.—That our demagogues first *ding dong* into their ears on Staten Island at the Quarantine grounds. They come here, tempted by higher wages than they get at home. The dollar a day calls them from their homes,—the exchange of mutton and beef for potatoes, the better fare, the easier work, the happier life. Now there is no stopping this but by drawing around the U. States a cordon, which the emigrant cannot pass. We must tax Chinese, or establish regulations like those of Dr. Francia in Paraguay before we can prevent it. Is the Republican ready to do this? If not we see no remedy for the American where the Foreigner underbids him, but to learn some other trade, or to turn farmer—in which last remedy, sure there is no calamity.
N. Y. Express.

Health of New York.—The official report of the city inspector for last week presents a frightful increase of mortality in New York, the number of deaths during the week being more than double that of the present week, and reaching the unprecedented and truly appalling number of four hundred and seventy-four! The *News* remarks that this statement would afford just ground for the most serious alarm, were it not evident, that the great excess has been occasioned, by no deterioration of the public health generally, but has been exclusively the result of causes originating in the intense heat of the weather during the week.

We learn from the N. Yew Journal of Commerce of Monday afternoon that the following insurance companies have resolved to wind up. They refuse to issue more policies, and ask that all policies now out may be cancelled, though they will be able to pay nearly or quite all the losses by the late disaster, viz:

The American Mutual, The Guardian, Merchants' Mutual, East River, Merchants' Fire, Manhattan.

The rates of premium demanded by offices which go on are double the rates of last week, and the citizens are rapidly paying the rates.

Superseding Gas.—The rumors of a very interesting and astonishing discovery begin to be circulated in Paris. It consists of furnishing the means of lighting, simultaneously, all the different highways which cross France in all directions, by means of simple iron wires connected with electro magnetic machines. The utility of this discovery is immense, as it will render the roads as well lighted and safe as the most frequented streets of the capital. Several experiments have already been made on the road from Paris to a small town on the Havre road, which were crowned with entire success. Gas light is said to be nothing in comparison to that given by the above process.
Evening Mirror.

There died recently at Unity, in Maine, a lady named Mrs. Hannah Chase, at the advanced age of 106 years and 25 days. She left 10 children, 66 grand children, 160 great grand children, and 12 of the fifth generation. There were about 150 of her descendants present at her funeral, and 150 walked in the funeral train.

A TRUE WORK OF ART.

FROM THE AMERICAN REVIEW, FOR JULY.

There is now in this city, (New York) brought over from Italy by the American Consul at Genoa, Mr. C. Edwards Lester, a more exquisite and noble work of art than has probably ever been in this country. It is a Christ on the Cross, wrought out of a single piece of ivory by a Genoese monk. The circumstances attending its execution and disposal, and the character of the old monk by whom it was worked, are of singular interest.

Passing one evening near the old convent of St. Nicholas, which stands on the semi-circular hill that sweeps around back of Genoa—an immense picturesque building, at one time used for barracks by Napoleon, now half in ruins and tenanted by a few old monks—Mr. L., wandering through the long, dilapidated corridors, saw, through the cell-door partly ajar, an unusually large ivory figure, lying on the table, unfinished. Rapping on the ghostly lintel, a hollow step came, and the door was shut in his face. Mr. L. requested entrance. A husky faint voice refused him: "The cell was sacred;" and a rusty bolt grated to finish the reply. Mr. L. "wanted to see the holy image he was working."—"The Divine Christ did not permit him to show his crucified body." Mr. L. "wished to talk religiously with his father." The monk had "no desire to speak of these things with a stranger." After much other ascetic conversation, Mr. L. finally declaring himself an American deputed to visit all the holy Catholic convents, the door was at length cautiously opened. A long and singular conversation ensued. The monk was one of those strange intellectual beings, peculiar for centuries to the Catholic church—a true ascetic, gloomy-souled, thoughtful enthusiast, worthy of the times of the Crusaders. His account of the origin and progress of his sacred work was extraordinary, and entirely in keeping with such a character.

There had been in some garret or store-house in Genoa, for years, centuries perhaps—longer, at least, than any one had remembered or heard of—an immense block of ivory, of a strange appearance. It was two or three times as large as any piece that had ever been seen, being a seamless solid beam over three feet long, fourteen inches in diameter, and weighing more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. All the antiquarians in Italy who have looked at it, have pronounced it a relic of the antediluvian world, no modern piece of ivory being at all to be compared with it either in size or appearance. It was supposed to have been brought from the East in some Genoese vessel, when that state was famed for her maritime enterprise, and had ships in all parts of the world. It might, indeed, have come from any region—having been preserved by some natural means—as there are in several places fragments of immense tusks fossilized, which must have belonged to some antediluvian or pre-Adamic race of animals that produced ivory; and what is more to the point, it was well authenticated that there was discovered, many years ago, in the north of Europe, imbedded in century-accumulated ice—and thus preserved from decay, even to the flesh, skin, and hair—an individual of some extinct genus very much larger than any modern kind of elephant.

It was looked upon, however, as worthless, except for a curiosity of unknown origin—the whole exterior being thoroughly discolored and decomposed, and the decay apparently reaching to the centre. From some indications, the monk is induced to suppose otherwise. He feels himself moved by a sacred impulse. Heaven has provided—marvellously—a substance for an image of the divine Christ. It must indeed be made, by exceeding skill and toil, such an one as was never seen. But how blessed shall he be who shall execute it aright!—With hurried eagerness, the austere enthusiast bore the heavy fragment up the hill, to his ruined convent beyond the city—as He who was to be imaged forth from the shapeless mass, once ascended his hill of suffering with the burden of his cross. He shut himself up in his cell—away even from the inquiries of his fellow monks—and begun his labor.

It was necessary first to remove the decayed portions. The outside was found to be of a dull gray, and porous; the parts next to this were denser, and of a dark mottled brown; it then deepened into a substance black as ebony, and nearly as hard as glass; beyond this there was nearly an inch thick, almost as hard, but of a curdled yellow. Having with great labor cut all this away—much of it being almost impervious to instruments of steel—a solid mass of ivory was reached of a pure cream-color, entirely unchanged by the action of centuries, measuring about 33 inches in length and eight inches in diameter, and weighing about 80 lbs.

From this substance, which could with difficulty be cut, but slowly etched and scraped away, the crucified Christ was to be wrought.—The account which the monk of St. Nicholas gave of his long labor up to the time Mr. L. entered his unfrequented cloister, was simple and affecting. He knew nothing, by practice, of the shaping of images; he had never wrought upon a piece of ivory in his life. But he thought the dear Lord, and gracious Mary-Mother, would aid him in so holy a labor. He would be inspired to make a divine work. And suddenly, he said, the inspiration came—like a thought. A vision sprang up within him—he did not know, that thus the ideal always arises to genius! He saw God on the Cross—dead. It never could pass away from him,—and he knew it was sent to him for the holy image he must make. Always, therefore, day and night, he prayed before that crucified vision in his soul, while he began confidently to give it form from the hard beam of ivory, that lay constantly before him. It became to him a work of devotion and sublime hope. If he could but make it superior to any other such representation in the world, Mary, and the Son of Mary, and the sacred Angels, would, perhaps, give him a higher place among the Blessed!—And it was with him a work of penance. Often, he said, his thoughts wandered

"Mr. Powers, the American sculptor, conversing with Mr. Lester in Italy about this ivory statue, stated that there were in the Cincinnati Museum, with which he was once connected, some fragments of a fossil tusk, several feet long, and so large throughout, that he could only tell by the grain, which end had grown nearest the animal's head.

away from the divine image—into the world—Then he would bow himself before the form he was shaping, with sighs and tears; and his penance was, to continue his prayers and his slow labor—without food, or drink, or sleep—for 20 and 30 hours at once, deep through the night, till the day-break looked into his cell. On such occasions, he saw, sometimes a miraculous glory enriching the head of the figure, as he worked upon it—(a natural effect of his solitary lamp upon a vision fevered by intense straining.)

With such patient and severe enthusiasm—ascetic inspiration familiar to the days of Loyola and Peter the Hermit, and still found sometimes in the followers of the Catholic Church—the Monk of St. Nicholas had been nearly four years engaged upon this statue of Christ, when Mr. L. visited him. He was very much worn with his constant toil, and what was more, the restless excitement of a naturally vivid mind; but the high, pale forehead, and the eyes, glowing and thoughtful, though deeply sunken, spoke at once the intellectual capacities of the man. The work was so far completed, as to show at a glance its remarkable character. Mr. L. inquired what he intended to do with it. He seemed only anxious to have it placed in some church, where it might long be looked upon and revered by devout people, himself receiving a little remuneration for four years labor. Mr. L. immediately offered him five or six times as much as the poor monk had dreamed of receiving, adding, that it should be carried to America, and placed where it should be preserved, and receive great veneration. After much hesitation, he accepted the offer, and Mr. L. had him carry the statue at once to the consulate residence, where he came frequently, for six months longer, to give it the last touches.

Certainly, the figure, as it now exists, is an extraordinary work—equally in conception and execution. The ideal seems to have been the Saviour at the moment *after* death, but before the agonized expression had left the divine form—an ideal we do not remember ever to have seen represented. The first great impression emanates to the beholder from the entire appearance of the frame, as it hangs upon the cross, distended with the immortal pains that have hardly departed. The exactness of detail, and the wonderful effect of the whole combined, are truly astonishing. The anatomical structure, to the most experienced eyes, that have scrutinized it, is found perfect. The delicate veins are seen coursing under the skin, as in the living model, while every muscle is sloped to its termination with an exactness and naturalness, that seem almost miraculous. Not the slightest particular effect, moreover, that would result in a body hanging in so unnatural a position—as the great protrusion of the chest, the unusual distension of the chords of the arms—even to the gathering of the flesh about the nails in the hands and feet, by the weight resting upon them, fails to appear in distinct execution. But the triumph of the work is in the face of the Redeemer. The characteristics there presented can never be once seen and forgotten; and with prolonged study they appear the more remarkable. The lineaments, slightly bolder than the usual Grecian, but beautiful in the extreme—the wonderful union, in the features, of manly massiveness and exquisite womanish delicacy—the contrast, above all, of intellectual agony, knit into the brows and frozen upon the lofty forehead, with the sublime composure of sweet and calm resignation that sleeps around the almost feminine mouth—are a combination which could belong to no human countenance, which we have never seen idealized in any work of art, and such alone as could arise from the great conception of the Son of Deity, who had been able to feel a deep joy in dying by an infinite torture.

It will appear extraordinary, that a solitary person, who had previously studied no anatomical models, fashioned no images, nor even amused himself with working a little in ivory, should suddenly be able to achieve so triumphant an effort of art. But if we do not believe, with the earnest monk, in Heavenly impulses in such cases, we may remember another inspiration—the power which arises from strong native faculties and a constantly excited, resolute and expectant spirit, concentrated together on a single absorbing object. This is, in fact, simply the inspiration of genius—whose wonderful achievements always come unlooked for.

The fact, at least, of this achievement is beyond question. When the statue was finished, it was once placed, universally and by the finest judges in Italy, at the head of all sculpture in ivory. There are thousands of ivory figures in the Italian churches, especially at Florence and Genoa, but none could be found with half its length, a third of its weight, or anything of its extraordinary execution. Numerous critiques appeared in Italian journals, all speaking to one effect; and many persons, with that enthusiasm for all art, which is almost the only remaining honor of that unhappy people, made long and expensive journeys to see it.

The opinion of our eminent artist, Mr. Powers, will be of particular weight in this connection. The statue had been taken by request to Leghorn, to which Mr. Powers, who resides at Florence, made a journey principally to see a work of art, already so celebrated. Mr. Powers at once expressed his surprise and admiration at the extraordinary character of the execution. At his request, as also the requests before preferred by eminent persons in Florence, it was carried to that city.

After looking at it, a long time, Mr. Powers said he thought he could touch the brows with a slight improvement. Mr. L. readily told him to do so, having the fullest confidence in his skill and judgment. The figure was accordingly carried to the artist's studio, and fine instruments were prepared for the purpose. But after retaining it ten days, every day contemplating the divine lineaments which he thought to retouch, he finally resolved not to do it, saying that not a line could be altered without injury—at least "he could not do it." In addition to the high estimation unqualifiedly implied in this incident, a passage may be subjoined from a private letter, addressed by Mr. Powers to the present possessor of the statue.

"I am glad to hear that you intend taking your beautiful ivory statue of Christ to the United States, and I hope it will remain there. It is the largest work that I have ever seen in ivory, and I doubt if another could be found of so great a size executed in the same material.—But this, though of considerable importance, is the least of its recommendations. There is an expression of calmness and dignity about it, which I conceive to be quite characteristic of our Saviour, and which I have never seen before in any similar work. The form is full and manly, and the execution is quite beautiful. I hope if you part with it, that it may remain in some place where it can be generally seen and studied, for such works will improve our tastes in the arts in America, and the more we have of them the better."