

MISCELLANEOUS.

ITALY.  
The correspondent of the Courier Des E-  
tats Unis, draws the following gloomy pic-  
ture of the condition to which this country  
is reduced.

"ITALY IN 1850."

"To those who have seen Italy before it  
was ravaged and ruined by its late revolution  
the spectacle which it presents at present, is  
heart-rending to the last degree. I saw it  
at the commencement of the Nineteenth  
century; it then appeared in the full splendor  
of its illustrious revival. It resembled an  
Aurora, a spring, whose rays warmed into  
life the flower of an imperishable freedom—  
All was light and sunshine over that land  
of light and harmony; no one dreamed  
of the storm that was gathering in darkness.  
And Rome! Rome was then intoxicated  
with her Pope; she was mad with joy and  
vanity. In past ages, that movement pro-  
ceeded which carried the world along with  
it. The adoration of her people towards their  
new pontiff amounted to phrenzy. I frequent-  
ly saw seas of men, women and children, pro-  
strate themselves under the feet of his horses,  
and beneath the rays of a burning sun as well  
as in torrents of rain, wait patiently until  
the window of his palace opened, and his hand  
was spread forth to bless them. Rome was  
still the city, the common city, the city of  
the whole world, the same of which the poet  
had sung:

"Oh Rome! my country! city of the soul!  
Thou hast of the heart most true to thee!"

Poor Rome, how is she changed! She  
was the Pharos of Christendom; all nations,  
all generations, all ages, have in turn  
subscribed their names with iron or the diamond  
upon that brilliant glass. But the fire which  
dwelt within it, and which made it dazzle  
the eyes of nations, has burnt down, and now  
it is nothing but a whitened sepulchre.  
Formerly Rome was so happy! It was as  
free as the very air; it was in truth the habi-  
tation of the beneficent Creator. Scarcely  
any other soldiers were seen there than those  
portly gilded halberdiers, in costumes designed  
by Raphael, who looked as if they had es-  
caped from a picture, and had come out of  
their frames. To think that this happy coun-  
try has been substituted by a state of sieg  
isum to be in Paris; drums are beating the  
retreat; cannon are planted on the public  
square; the Chasseurs of Vincennes traverse  
the open square with the rapidity of their car-  
bine balls; I hear the regular tramp of the  
pistol, and I see uniforms stall the windows  
of the palaces. And those palaces are the  
Lycan, the Vatican, the Quirinal and the  
Capitol; the square on which cannon are  
planted, is the Square of the People! the roll  
of the drum resounds along the Corso. At  
Trevi soldiers at Frascati! Of the beautiful  
Villa Borghese, whose large gardens were  
the Elysian fields of Rome, nothing but ruins  
remain!—that people, to whom they were  
always so generously thrown open, cut down  
the trees and tore up the stones to form bar-  
ricades! Farewell to the Rome of other days!

Old Tibur! thou dost flow,  
Old Tibur! through a marble wilderness!  
Rise, with thy yellow waves, and mantle her  
distress!"

At Florence I still found soldiers. Here they  
look as if they were fixed for a long residence;  
they seem to be completely at home. The  
Austrians, as if prompted by the Spirit of all Evil,  
take the Florentines through their greatest fei-  
ties, their love of ease. They relieve them of all  
care; they even release them from military ser-  
vice, for which they have no taste. These am-  
ple people, who never exactly understood why  
they were in revolt, and who were astonish-  
ed at the necessity of putting the sword to  
many inconsequence, are now repusing after their  
nervous shock.

Let us proceed; soldiers still! Behold Bologna,  
sad, desolate, writhing under the consequences  
of the late invasion. Behold Ferrara! The  
Austrians formerly had the citadel; they have  
all now. I see nothing but white coats. These  
Germans, who never put the sword to rest, un-  
derstand the road well. All along the great roads, I  
saw their regiments marching silently descend-  
ing, continually descending. Nature calls them,  
the sun invites them, their very history pushes  
them; they have but to obey their destiny.  
Besides, the North more and more crowds upon  
them. Russia, herself, descends from the sum-  
mit of the Caucasus; she rolls on, and comes a  
cross Austria in her route; she forces her on,  
and precipitates her upon Italy. Then again,  
Northern Protestant Germany, impinging upon  
and as it were eating into old Catholic Germany  
every day, forces her likewise upon the North.

We come to Venice; Venice deserted, clothed  
in mourning. There likewise war has left its  
crucifix; the ruins of the ruined bridges in the  
lagoon, and the vaults of churches torn up by  
the explosion of shells. Venice has lost her free-  
port, the last remnant of her prosperity, and is  
from this time forward devoted to destruction.  
The Queen of the Adriatic seas in full view the  
aggrandisement of her ugly German rival;  
These have usurped her crown; she cannot ap-  
propriate her beauty. Venice is still, and must  
always be, the city which was said,

"In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,  
And there no more the song of gondoliers,  
Her palaces are crumbling to the sea,  
And music meets not always now the ear:  
Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here,  
States fall, arts fade, but nature does not die."

The spouseless Adriatic mourns her lord.

Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,  
Their gilded collets glittering in the sun,  
But is not Doris's menace come to pass?  
Are they not bridled? Venice lost and won,  
Her thirteen hundred years of freedom done,  
Her life a sacrifice to whose cause she rose,  
Better be slain beneath the war, and shun  
Even in destruction's depth her foreign foe,  
From whom submission wrings an infamous re-  
lease.

The Subian sued, and now the Austrians  
reign—  
An Emperor tramples where an Emperor knelt?"

As Venice to Trieste, as Milan sacrificed to  
a city which Austria has converted into a German  
citadel, in the very heart of Lombardy. Milan  
has been severely punished for her momentary  
triumph; she has been despoiled of her ranks as  
the hospital of Lombardy. Verona is heirless to  
her dignity; it is in Verona, the war, and comes a  
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she ever cast them forth, it will be by terrible  
convulsions.

"Italia! oh Italia! thou who hast  
The fatal gift of beauty, which becomes  
A curse to thee, and a curse to me.  
On thy sweet brow is sorrow plough'd by shame,  
And anasils grown in characters of time.  
Oh God! that thou were in thy nakedness  
Less lovely or more powerful, and couldst claim  
The right, and see the robbers back, who press  
To shed thy blood and drink the tears of thy dis-  
tress!  
Then mightst thou more appeal; or, less desired,  
Be homely and be peaceful, undeplored,  
For thy destructive charms; then, still untired,  
Would not be seen the armed torrents poured  
Down the deep Alps; nor would the hostile hordes  
Of many nation's spoilers from the Po  
Quaff blood and water; nor the stranger's sword  
Be thy sad weapon of defence, and so,  
Victor or vanquished, thou the slave of friends or  
foe?"

You see poets speak the truth sometimes. Is not  
Italy at this day the slave of friends as well as en-  
emies?

From the Washington News.  
A SCENE IN COURT.

Mr. EBRON.—In a conversation with you  
the other day, I told you I was educated  
by a lawyer. For nearly 15 years I was a con-  
stant attendant at the Courts of law in my  
native State, and many a rich scene of mirth  
I have witnessed, but none which took more  
ludicrous turn, or created a more general  
laughter, than the one I am about to relate.

The term was drawing towards its close,  
and the Chief Justice was becoming im-  
patient. He was an excellent man; his only  
faulting was an irritable temperament which  
sometimes blazed up for a moment, and then  
he became calm, and even playful, as if he  
was aware of his own failing, and sought to  
atone for his exhibition of bad temper by a  
sweetness of manner which contrasted as  
strongly as the deep shadow and the bright  
sunlight.

It was towards the latter end of a long  
summer day, an important case was before  
the jury, and there was only a single witness  
remaining to be examined.

"Call the witness," said the Chief Justice.

The counsel for the defence motioned to  
the witness to take the stand. He did so,  
and was sworn.

"What is your name, Mr. Witness?" said  
his Honor, in his blandest tone.

"I declare, your Honor," replied the wit-  
ness.

"You declare," said his Honor, repeating  
the witness's name in the second person,—"we  
did not summon you to make declarations,  
we want to know your name. What is it?"

"I declare, your Honor,"

Judge. "Why do you repeat that—I tell  
you we do not ask you to make a declara-  
tion, but to give your name—why do you  
repeat?"

"I do not refuse, your Honor, I de-  
clare."

Judge. Blazing up—"Mr. Witness do  
you know the consequence of a contempt of  
Court? Unless you immediately give your  
name, I will order you into custody of the  
sheriff."

The witness became confused, and omit-  
ted for a single instant to make any reply,  
the judge's temper rose to fever heat, and he  
exclaimed,

"Mr. Sheriff, take that witness into custody  
and commit him for contempt of Court.  
The court will not be trifled with in this  
way."

The sheriff left his seat and approached the  
witness.

"May I please your honor," said the sheriff  
"I must know the name of the witness."

"By this time the judge's failing was tri-  
umphant, but, turning angrily to the defend-  
ant's counsel, he said in any thing but a mild tone  
—"Will the counsel give me the name of  
the witness on the stand, who is now in cus-  
tody?"

"I declare," began the counsel, when his  
honor, in a perfect rage, interrupted him  
with the exclamation—"Do I understand  
that there is a conspiracy between you, to  
insult this court. You sir, shall have the  
satisfaction of dining in jail with your stub-  
born witness."

By this time matters began to have a se-  
rious appearance—every body was on tiptoe  
to learn the result, the witness was trying to  
explain something to the sheriff, which the  
sheriff was too much absorbed in the scene  
between the Judge and the counsel to listen  
to. There was only one person in the whole  
assembly who seemed to preserve his eq-  
uanimity, and that was the counsel for the  
defence; his countenance was glowing with  
mirth, which, by no means diminished the  
cloud on the brow of the Chief Justice.

"Will your honor suffer me to repeat the  
name of the witness at length, while you take it  
down?" almost supplicated the counsel.

The judge with a very ill face, and gruff voice  
assented and with pen ready to record the en-  
gaged name, while the attorney deliberately  
said—

"Isaac Duane Clark, is the name of the  
witness."

"Well," said the Judge, writing it at length,  
not even then noticing the name particularly,  
"why did not the witness give his name thus,  
"when first asked?"

"Will your honor be pleased to read that name,  
giving only the initials of the two first words?"

"D. Clark," said the Judge, bursting into a  
roar of laughter, in which every one in the  
court soon joined.

The sheriff resumed his seat amid the merriment;  
the witness was still on the stand, and the  
judge, turning towards him, with a counte-  
nance as bland as if it never knew a frown, re-  
marked:

"I beg your pardon Mr. Witness, and that of  
the counsel for the defence, but I would advise  
you, when you give your name hereafter, to make  
the "D." a little more emphatic."

The case went on as smoothly as possible to  
its termination.  
WASHINGTON, Feb. 12, 1850.

CANDY! CANDY!! CANDY!!!

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the citi-  
zens of Raleigh and dealers in North Caroli-  
na generally, that he has just laid in a large lot of  
the best Candy Sugar, and is now, he can assu-  
rantly say, manufacturing as good an article of Candy  
as Raleigh, as you can get any where in the State  
or out of it; and I pledge myself to sell it at the  
trade as low as it can be bought in Petersburg,  
and will warrant it to stand. An I ask is a fair trial,  
and I will convince the dealers in Candy that they need  
not go North for that article. I bow also on hand  
a good supply of Glass Jars, that I will sell low  
than those that may buy their Candy of me.  
L. B. WALKER.  
Raleigh, Feb. 5, 1850.

ABBOTT'S ILLUSTRATED  
HISTORIES.  
THE History of Alfred the Great; by Jacob  
Abbott. This day received by  
H. D. TURNER.  
Dec. 6, 1849.

New Books Received this day  
N. C. BOOKSTORE.  
ROMAN LIBERTY, a history by Saml' Elliott,  
Memoirs of Wm. Wirt; by Jno. P. Ken-  
edy.  
Sketches of South America, Polynesia, &c., by  
Wm. Maxwell Wood, M. D.  
Morning among the Jews,  
Artillery and Infantry, by C. P. Kingsbury.  
Hildreth's History of the United States complete  
in 3 vols.  
Copperfield, by Dickens, Nos. 1 to 7.  
American Almanac for 1850.  
Churchman's do do do J. BROWN,  
Streets, do do do  
Ives on the Obedience of Faith,  
do do do  
Pastoral Letter,  
Answer to the same,  
Kipp's double Witness,  
Laird of Ashby Green, V. D. M.  
Egypt and its Monuments, by Dr. Hawks.  
Macauley's History of England, a variety of edi-  
tions.  
Irving's sketch Book, Illustrated.  
Knickerbocker's New York, do  
Shirley, a tale, by Currer Bell, author of "Jane  
Eyre."

FOR SALE.  
FOUR No. 1 young negroes for sale—three  
men and one girl. Apply to  
J. F. CHRISTOPHERS.  
Raleigh, Feb. 26, 1850.

THURSTON'S  
FOUNTAIN HOTEL,  
(FORMERLY BATTING'S)  
Head of Light, near Baltimore St.,  
BALTIMORE.

THE increased patronage of this long estab-  
lished and popular Hotel, under the management  
of its present Proprietor, has inspired him with further  
energy and determination, and no expense or at-  
tention of his or that of his Assistants will be spared,  
to maintain with the patrons of the "Fountain"  
the reputation it held in the country, in its  
"prime days" of Bathing's proprietorship.

To increase its former attractions and comforts,  
during the past season, the Hotel has undergone  
many changes, the Proprietor having made heavy  
outlays in introducing some of the best and latest  
improvements—which, together with its central  
position, being located in the very heart of the business  
portion of the city, and near the centre of Baltimore  
Street, and within a few minutes walk of all the  
Theop and Steam Boat Landings, it invites the  
Merchant, the Farmer, the Artist, as well as the  
Man of Pleasure to make the Fountain Hotel, his  
home during his sojourn in Baltimore.

The Ladies' Department.  
Containing Private Parlors, Saloons, Reception  
Rooms, and extensive suites of large and airy  
Chambers, fitted up in a style and elegance that  
cannot fail to give satisfaction and comfort.

Portraits are attached to the "Fountain," who may  
be recognized by the Badges on their Hats, and are  
always in attendance at the different parts of the  
Steamboat Landings, who will receive Checks, take  
charge of the Baggage and convey it to the Hotel.  
PHINEAS THURSTON, Proprietor.  
Feb. 26th, 1850.

A CARD.  
THE undersigned being engaged, and holding a  
position that brings his services in immediate  
connection with the Guests of the above Hotel, he  
trusts, offers a further inducement to his numerous  
friends and acquaintances of the "Old North State,"  
when they visit Baltimore, to stop at the "Fountain,"  
where he assures them they will be received and en-  
tertained in a manner that shall strengthen this ac-  
quaintance and secure for its Proprietor their good  
will and patronage.  
W. STRINGER,  
Late of Wilmington N. C.  
February 26th, 1850.

S. F. PHILLIPS,  
ATTENDS THE COURTS in the Counties  
of Orange, Alamance, Wake and Chatham  
Chapel Hill, N. C., May 24, 1849.

Oil and Lamp Glass Chimneys—A  
good supply of various sizes, just received by  
WILLIAMS, HAYWOOD & CO.

VACANT Acre Lot, in the Eastern part  
of the City, an elegant site for a private resi-  
dence—contiguous to the lot upon which N. B.  
Hughes, Esq. resides. Enquire of E. P. GILSON,  
or the Editor of this Paper.  
November 24, 1849.

TO SPORTSMEN.  
THE Subscriber has just received a fine Stock of  
DOUBLE AND SINGLE BARREL GUNS,  
RIFLE GUNS, REVOLVERS, DOUBLE  
AND SINGLE BARREL PISTOLS,  
BOWIE KNIVES, GUN BAGS,  
POWDER FLASKS, SHOT  
BELTS, EXTRA NIP-  
PLES, &c. &c.  
All of which will be sold low.  
C. B. ROOT.

TO THE AFFLICTED.  
HADLOCK'S Vegetable Powder &  
Syrup, for Diseases of the Lungs,  
Bronchitis, Liver complaints,  
Coughs, Colds, &c. This medicine has been  
before the public for twelve years, and as far as is  
known, stands unrivalled as a remedy for the above  
mentioned complaints, when used according to the direc-  
tions. Those disposed to make trial of it, are advised  
to seek from three to four weeks; and that with-  
out the omission of even one dose. Scarcely any  
thing short of this can be a fair trial of its efficacy.  
Numerous and surprising have been the cures per-  
formed by its use.  
DANIEL TURNER,  
Warrenton N. C., Nov. 12th, 1849.

Merino Shirts.  
A LARGE lot just received—very cheap.  
E. L. HARDING.

Dry Goods Establishments.  
CHEAP TWEED COATS.  
150 Tweed Casimere Coats, cut in good  
style and well made, for \$5.  
E. L. HARDING.  
Oct. 30.

MOLESKIN HATS—NOVEMBER Style  
—to day received by  
R. TUCKER & SON.  
Raleigh Oct. 13, 1849.

Black Moleskin Hats.  
Fashion for November.  
I CASE Just received; also, receiving, Ground  
Alum and Blown Salt—prime and full sacks.  
J. BROWN,  
No. 9, Fayetteville Street,<