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JOSEPH GALES & SON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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CANOVA, THE SCULPTOR.

The following notice of this distinguished Artist, taken from the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, will be read with interest by the People of North Carolina, who once enjoyed the honor of possessing his *chef d'oeuvre*. Since the Statue of Washington has been reduced to a shapeless mass, by the destruction of the Capitol, we justly appreciate the value of a production which, if ever equalled, was never surpassed.

Canova was born, in 1757, at a small village situate in the Venetian territory. His father was a stone-cutter, and died when Antonio, who was his only child, was in his third year. His mother, in a few months, married again, and removing to another village, left the child, who was of a very delicate frame of body, with his paternal grandfather and grandmother. This turned out by no means the most unfortunate thing that could have happened to Antonio; for his grandfather, whose name was Pasino, although only a stone-cutter, was a man of very great intelligence and ingenuity, and, by all accounts, much better qualified at least to kindle in his first love of art the genius of the future sculptor, than his own father, had he lived, would probably have been. Pasino's wife, Caterina, too, took the most tender care of her little grandson. He was indeed, the delight of the good old people; and while he was yet almost a child, Pasino, who, as we just said, was accomplished much beyond the generality of his class, had taught him the elements of drawing, and even set him to model in clay, and to shape little fragments of marble into the figures of the more simple and easy inanimate objects. The young artist, on his part, had no delight any where but in his grandfather's workshop, unless it was, after the hours of labour, to listen to the tales and ballads recited to him by his grandmother. So early as his ninth year, indeed, Pasino employed him as a regular workman, and he continued to be so employed till he was twelve. During these three years he had been often in the habit of accompanying his grandfather to execute repairs in the houses of the neighboring proprietors, several of whom were Venetian noblemen, who had their country residences in this district. Among these was the Signor Giovanni Falieri, a gentleman of cultivated taste, who, after having frequently seen the boy, was so much pleased with his manners as well as the evidence of ingenuity which he already displayed, that he at last resolved to take him into his house, in order that he might enjoy some of those advantages of education which his grandfather's humble means could not afford him. A story has been told of Canova having first attracted the attention of the Falieri family by his having on one occasion, when some ornament was unexpectedly wanted for the Signor's table, modelled for the purpose a lion in butter, which excited such admiration that the artist was immediately inquired after, and orders given that he should be brought forward. But it appears certain that this anecdote is a fable, in so far at least as it attributes the introduction of the sculptor to his early patron to the circumstance in question. Pasino, as we have said, had been long known to Signor Falieri, who had also had many occasions of remarking the promising talents of his grandson before he took him to his house. That step, however, he appears to have adopted with no higher views, at first, than merely that the boy's general faculties might receive such cultivation as should enable him to follow the trade of his father and grandfather with superior advantages. Nor did he probably entertain any other intentions with regard to the future destination of his protegee when, after some time, he sent him to receive some instructions in the rudiments of sculpture from an artist of considerable eminence who then happened to be residing in the neighborhood, Giuseppe Bernardi, or Toretto, as he was otherwise called. In Toretto's workshop, however, Canova soon learned more than it was ever intended he should acquire. After he had been there somewhat above a year, he one day took an opportunity, in his master's absence, to make models of two angels in clay. When Toretto, on his return home, saw these figures, he could scarcely believe that they had been executed by his pupil, who had hitherto, in fact, received lessons merely in some of the mechanical processes of the art.—Canova remained with Toretto about three years, and then returned to his native village and his original occupation. But, fortunately, Signor Falieri, who now resided

in Venice, seized probably by some misgivings as to the fitness of the humble sphere to which he had consigned the talents of his young friend, after a short time, again sent him an invitation to come to him.—To Venice, accordingly, Canova repaired, being now in his sixteenth year. From this date it may be considered that it had been fixed that he should become an artist. He therefore applied, himself assiduously to all the necessary studies. In order, at the same time, that he might not be entirely dependent on his patron, although he lived in his palace, he formed an engagement to give his services during the afternoon to a sculptor in the city, although he got very little for his work. "I labored," says he, in one of his letters, "for a mere pittance, but it was sufficient. It was the fruit of my own resolution; and as I flattered myself, the foretaste of more honorable rewards,—for I never thought of wealth." His day, therefore, was thus divided; the morning was given to study in the academy or the galleries, the afternoon was spent in the workshop, and the evening was devoted to the improvement of his mind in general knowledge. The first commission which Canova ever obtained was from one of the Venetian noblemen, for two baskets containing fruits and flowers. This, his earliest performance, is still to be seen at Venice; but it is not thought to give much promise of the excellence which he afterwards attained. After this, he proceeded to the execution of a group on the subject of Orpheus and Eurydice, for Signor Falieri; but this he did not finish till many years afterwards. Meantime he determined to set up business for himself; and the first workshop of this great sculptor was a small ground cell in the Monastery of the Augustine Friars, the use of which he obtained by a grant from the brotherhood. In this humble and obscure apartment, Canova wrought for four years. But although not much noticed by the world during this period, his mind was all the while making rapid progress in the study and mastery of his art. It was at this time that, left entirely in the pursuit of excellence to the guidance of his own reflections, he first began to perceive the necessity of founding the study of art upon the study of nature, in opposition to the notion which then prevailed, that certain assumed principles and rules of operation were alone to be attended to. As soon as this new view dawned upon his mind, he hastened to regulate his studies in conformity to it. Instead of merely examining and copying the works of other sculptors, he resorted for every part of his art to the work of nature. He studied anatomy. He attended the public spectacles and the theatres, that he might catch the finest attitudes of the human figures from the living exhibition. In walking the streets, in like manner, his eye was constantly on the watch to catch new forms of grace and power from the moving life around him. His art now became more than ever the sole object for which he lived. He laid down a rule for himself, which he strictly observed, never to pass a day without making some progress, or to retire to rest till he had produced some design. In the mean time, he also pursued with ardour his studies in general knowledge, especially in those branches which he conceived to be most important to him in his profession, such as poetry, antiquities, history, and the Greek and Roman classics, which, however, he could only read through the medium of translations. He also studied the French and Spanish languages. All this time, however, as we have mentioned, he was very little known. The first performance by which he attracted the notice of his fellow-citizens was his finished group of Orpheus and Eurydice, which he exhibited in 1776. Immediately after this, orders began to flow in upon him, and he soon removed to a better workshop. In 1780, the Venetian Senate bestowed upon him a pension of 3000 ducats (about 60,000), in order that he might have it in his power to go to finish his studies at Rome. From this time the ecclesiastical Capital became his chief residence. On his first arrival there, however, his novel principles of art revolted all the established authorities in such matters; and for a long time his works were the ridicule both of connoisseurs and of his brother sculptors. It was not till about the year 1800, that Canova's merits were fully and generally recognised. From this time, however, till his death, in 1822, he stood in universal estimation without a rival, and received all the honors that the admiration of the world could bestow upon him, as one of the greatest sculptors that had appeared not only in his own but in any age.

Laughable Scene in the House of Commons.

From the second series of "Random Recollections of the Lords and Commons."

In my first series of this work I gave an amusing anecdote respecting Mr. Martin. A still better remains to be told. My only regret is, that no words can convey any idea of the thing itself. He had been speaking of the bad feelings frequently ending in duels, which was often engendered in the minds of honourable members in consequence of a misconception, not merely of what was meant, but often of what was said, by other honourable gentlemen. "And, Mr. Spaker," said Mr. Martin, with that rich Irish brogue which he retained till the last, in as great perfection as if he had never heard an Englishman open his mouth, "I will give myself and the house a case in point. That case, Mr. Spaker, occurred to myself. You know, Sir, and the House knows, that I was opposed at the last election for Galway by Dennis O'Sweeney. Now, Mr. Spaker, I said something on the hustings about Dennis, and by my faith Dennis said something about me. [Loud laughter.] Well, Mr. Spaker, I hate Dennis—as the fact of my having the honor of addressing you, Sir, and honourable gentlemen around me proves—at the poll, and was, sure enough, declared duly elected for Galway. Well, Sir, after the election was over, we met in a hotel, and Dennis comes up to me, and says, 'Dick Martin, [roars of laughter,] you was after saying something in your speech on the hustings about me, which was inconsistent with the character of a gentleman.' "Faith, and it's yourself, Dennis, my boy, is quite mistaken in that same." "I'm no such thing," said he. "Indeed, Dennis, you are though; you was never more mistaken in all your blessed life," said I. "Don't you think to humbug me out of my belief, by any of your nonsense, Dick?" (Renewed laughter, in which the Speaker could not refrain joining.) "Then what was it I did say?" said I. "You know that as well as I do," said he. "By—I don't," said Mr. Martin, in his own unspeakable ludicrous manner. "Order, order, Mr. Martin," shouted the Speaker, as the other thundered out an oath, amidst roars of laughter from all parts of the house. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Spaker, and the pardon of this honourable House, if I said any thing improper." "By—you do, though, Dick!" said Dennis. "Order, order, Mr. Martin; order, order," again sung out the Speaker, his voice being almost drowned amidst the peals of laughter which resounded throughout the house. "Mr. Spaker!" said Mr. Martin, with great simplicity, mingled with a wonderful shrewdness of manner. "Mr. Spaker, it was not myself that gave that oath, it was Dennis O'Sweeney!" Again was the house convulsed with laughter, and to such an extent were the risible faculties of the Speaker affected, that he was obliged to cover his mouth with the folds of his gown, while the sides of his ample wig literally danced about his neck and shoulders, in the agitation of his head caused by his excessive laughter. Mr. Martin resumed—"Upon my honour as a gentleman, I don't know what you name," said I. "Well then," says he, "didn't you say I was—I need not tell you, Mr. Spaker, what I said he was," observed Mr. Martin, suddenly checking himself. Here again the House was convulsed with laughter. "Dick!" says he, "you must retract." "I'll be—if I do," says I, Mr. Spaker. Another burst of laughter pealed through the house and to such an extent was the Speaker infected with the universal risibility, that he was actually unable to call Mr. Martin to order. The folds of his gown were again in requisition, with the view, if possible, of suppressing, by their application to his mouth, what is called a loud laugh. No man was ever more ready, at all times and in all circumstances, to uphold the dignity of the house by enforcing a uniform decorousness in the proceedings, than Mr. Manners Sutton, now Lord Canterbury; but the drollery of Mr. Martin's manner, in conjunction with the oddity of his matter, would have been too much for the gravest and most dignified of men. The thing was altogether irresistible. Mr. Martin, as soon as order was in some measure restored, resumed—"And you won't retract, Dick," says Dennis. "No, by—"

considerable time, again resounded through the house. When they had subsided, Mr. Martin continued his story.

"Then," said he, "I expect the satisfaction which is due to a gentleman; and with that, Mr. Spaker, he was in the very act of leaving the room." "Dennis," says I. "What?" says he. "Don't let us misunderstand each other," says I. "It's quite plain," says he. "Maybe it's not so plain as you think, Dennis," said I. "Do you or do you not retract, and no more blarney?" says he. "No, I don't," says I, "but if you'll call on me to-morrow morning at breakfast-time, we'll both explain, and then I'll break an egg or crack a flint with you—whichever you please, Dennis." (Loud laughter.) "Well, I will, Dick," said he. "And faith, sure enough, Mr. Spaker, Dennis O'Sweeney did kape his word, and he explained and I explained, and we both explained, and bowing to me as politely as the Masters in Chancery do to you, Mr. Spaker, when they retire from your honour's table." And so saying, Mr. Martin resumed his seat, amidst deafening roars of laughter, which lasted for two or three minutes. [The allusion to the Masters in Chancery was exceedingly felicitous; for when they have delivered any message from the Lords to the Commons, they retire from the table walking backwards, and making a low bow to the Speaker at every third or fourth step they take.]

THE THUNDER STORM.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

I was never a man of feeble courage.—There are few scenes either of human or elemental strife, upon which I have not looked with an eye of daring. I have stood in the front of battle, when swords were gleaming and circling around me like fiery serpents of the air—I have sat on the mountain pinnacle, when the whirlwind was rending its oaks from their rocky clefts and scattering them piece meal to the clouds—I have seen these things with a swelling soul, that knew not, that recked not of danger—but there is something in the thunder's voice that makes me tremble like a child. I have tried to overcome this unmanly weakness; I have called pride to my aid; I have sought for moral courage in the lessons of philosophy—but all in vain; at the first low moaning of the distant cloud, my heart shrinks, quivers, and dies within me. My involuntary dread of thunder had its origin in an incident that occurred when I was a child of ten years. I had a little cousin, a girl of the same age with myself, who was the constant companion of my childhood. Strange that after the lapse of almost a score of years that countenance should be so familiar to me. I can still see the bright young creature, her large eye flashing like a beautiful gem, her free locks streaming as in joy upon the sunrise gale; and her cheek glowing like a ruby through a wreath of transparent snow. Her voice had the melody and the joyousness of a bird; and when she bounded over the wooded hill or the fresh green valley, shouting a glad answer to every voice of nature, and clapping her hands in the very ecstasy of young existence, she looked as if breaking away like a freed nightingale from the earth, and going off where all things were beautiful and happy like her. It was a morning in the middle of August. The little girl had been passing some days at my father's house, and she was now to return home. Her path lay across the fields, and I gladly became the companion of her walk. I never knew a summer morning more beautiful and still. Only one little cloud was visible, and that seemed as pure and white, and peaceful, as if it had been the incense smoke of some burning censer of the skies. The leaves hung silent in the woods, the waters of the bay had forgotten their undulations, the flowers were bending their heads, as if dreaming of the rainbow and the dew, and the whole atmosphere was of such soft and luxurious sweetness, that it seemed "a cloud of roses, scattered down by the hand of a Peri" from the far off gardens of Paradise. The green earth and the blue sea lay abroad in their boundlessness, and the peaceful sky bent over and blessed them. The little creature at my side was in a delirium of happiness, and her clear sweet voice came ringing upon the air as often as she heard the notes of a favorite bird or saw some strange and lonely flower in her wanderings. The unbroken and almost supernatural tranquility continued until nearly noon. Then for the first time the indications of an approaching tempest were manifest. Over the summit of a mountain, at the distance of about a mile, the folds of a dark cloud became suddenly visible, and at the same instant, a hollow roar came down upon the winds, as if it had been the sound of waves in a rocky cavern. The cloud rolled out like a banner-fold upon the air, but still the atmosphere was calm and the leaves as motionless as before, and there was not even a quiver upon the sleeping waters to tell of the coming hurricane. To escape the tempest was impossible. As the only resort, we fled to an oak that

stood at the foot of a tall and ragged precipice. There we remained and gazed almost breathlessly upon the clouds, marshaling themselves like bloody giants in the sky. The thunder was not frequent, but every burst was so frightful that the young creature who stood by me shut her eyes convulsively, clung with desperate strength to my arm, and shrieked as if her heart would break. A few minutes and the storm was upon us. During the height of its fury, the little girl silently raised her finger to the precipice that towered above us. As I looked up, an amethystine flame was quivering upon its grey peaks, and the next moment the clouds opened, the rocks tottered to their foundations, a roar like a groan of the universe filled the air, and I felt myself blinded and thrown I knew not whither. How long I remained insensible I cannot tell, but when consciousness returned, the violence of the tempest was abating, the roar of the winds was dying in the distant tree tops, and the deep tones of the cloud were coming in fainter and fainter murmurs from the eastern hills.

I arose and looked tremblingly and almost deliriously around me. She was there, the dear idol of my infant love, stretched out upon the wet green earth. After a moment of irresolution, I went up and looked upon her. The handkerchief upon her neck was slightly rent, and a single dark spot upon her bosom told where the pathway of death had been. At first I clasped her to my breast with a cry of agony and then laid her down and gazed into her face, almost with a feeling of calmness. Her bright dishevelled ringlets clustered sweetly around her brow; the look of terror had faded from her lips and an infant smile was pictured most beautifully there; the red rose tinge upon her cheek was as lovely as in life; and, as I pressed it to my own, the fountain of tears was opened, and I wept as if my head were waters. I have but a dim recollection of what followed. I only know that I remained weeping and motionless till the coming on of twilight, and that I was taken tenderly by the hand, and led away where I saw the countenances of parents and sisters. Many years have gone by upon their wings of light and shadow, but the scenes I have portrayed still come over me, at times with terrible distinctness. The old oak yet stands at the base of the precipice, but its limbs are black and dead; and its hollow trunk looking upwards to the sky as if "calling to the clouds for drink," is an emblem of rapid and noiseless decay. A year ago I visited the spot, and the thoughts of by gone years came mournfully back to me, thoughts of the little innocent being who fell by my side like some beautiful tree of spring rent up by the whirlwind in the midst of its blossoming. But I remembered, and oh there was joy in the memory, that she had gone where no lightning slumbers in the folds of the rainbow cloud, and where the sun-lit waters are never broken by the storm-breath of Omnipotence.

The Corn Crop of Missouri.—Last week a gentleman, who is a large contractor with the government, informed us that he had purchased in the counties of Saline, La Fayette, Clay, &c., on the upper Missouri, upwards of 30,000 bushels, which were to be delivered on the river bank, at the rate of 15 cts per bushel; and that further down the river he was offered a lot of about 7,000 bushels, delivered in like manner, at 14 1/2 cts. The corn crop in this State, the upper part of Illinois, and in the territories has been very abundant.

The New Orleans papers are justly indignant at an unpardonable and most dangerous fraud which had been committed, in shipping from New York to that port in the ship Superior, seven hogsheads marked "crockery," which, on landing at New Orleans, were accidentally discovered to contain 9000 pounds of gunpowder.

A good Toast.—At an Agricultural dinner, in Massachusetts, a few days ago, the following Toast was given: "The game of fortune: Shuffle the cards as you will, Spades always win."

The St. Louis Republican contains the annexed letter, apparently from the murderer of Judge Dougherty, which lately arrived in that city with the Natchez post mark.

"NATCHEZ, (Miss.) Sept. 24.
"Revenge is sweet. On the night of the 11th, 12th, and 13th, I made preparations, and did, on the 14th, (July) kill a rascal, and only regret that I have not the privilege of telling the circumstance. I have so placed it that I never can be identified; and further, I have no compunctions of conscience for the death of Thomas M. Dougherty."

NEW ORLEANS, OCT. 25.
By the will of the late Mr. Alexander Milne, of our city, the whole of his immense estate, after deducting legacies to the amount of about \$200,000, is bequeathed to four asylums for destitute orphan children, viz: the Orphan Boy's Asylum of Lafayette, the Poydras Asylum for Girls, and two others, to be hereafter incorporated by the Legislature, and established at Milneburgh.

The property thus secured for the education of the destitute orphans of New Orleans is estimated at near a million of dollars; much of it consists in unimproved real estate, that will rise in value, and in the course of time no doubt this ample provision will be doubled. Mr. Milne was a Scotchman, borne at Fochambers, near Gordon Castle. He died here at the advanced age of 97 years, having spent upwards of fifty years of his life in our city. To his native town of Fochambers a fund of \$100,000 was bequeathed for the establishment of free schools. A number of legacies were left to his relations, varying in amount from \$100 to \$6,000. A liberal maintenance was allowed also three domestics who had served faithfully, and ministered to his comforts in his old age. New Orleans is very fortunate in having two such citizens as Milne and Henderson, by whose munificent donations our posterity is provided with the means of nurture and education.—*Bee.*

We learn from the Collegian, that John A. G. Davis, Esq. Professor of Law in the University of Virginia, is now engaged in the composition of a work on Constitutional Law. What list will be adapted to general diffusion, it is more especially intended to assist the students of the University in the prosecution of their studies.

A Fair Hit.—The Washington Chronicle asserts, in regard to Mr. Clay, that it is an insult to believe that the people of South Carolina will support a man who declared in the Senate that he had "interfered to save them from the gallows." On this the Richmond Whig observes that it indicates much disinterestedness and gratitude in the South Carolinians, to reject the man who prevented them from being hung, and to sustain heartily and cheerfully the men who got ready the gallows!

IMPORTANT SALE.

ON Monday, the 3d day of December next, will be sold to the highest bidder, at the Dwelling House of the late JOHN S. RABINOWITZ, deceased, of Franklin County, all his Stock of

Horses, Cattle, Mules, Hogs & Sheep, Crop of Cotton, Corn, Fodder, Wheat and Oats,
Household and Kitchen Furniture, Plantation Tools, &c. One Wagon and Gear, One Sulky and Harness, One Ox Cart, and all the GOODS on hand, &c. &c. Nine months credit will be given and bond and approved security required.
JOHN LIGON, Adm'r.
Franklin Co., Nov. 8, 1838. 2 3t

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS.

LITCHFORD & OLIVER,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Fayetteville Street, Raleigh, N. C.

ARE NOW OPENING, at their Store, one block below the City Bank, an elegant assortment of GOODS in their line, embracing

- Cloths,**
Superior Wool Dyed Black do. Blue
Rib Green
Drake Neck Green
Grass Green
Forest do.
Ste I Mixed
Spanish Fly
Harrington and Pilot, a new article for Overcoats
Superior Wool Dyed Black
Joe Skin do.
Sockeye Rib'd do.
Disgen'd do.
Straight do.
Plain Blue
Rib'd do.
Figured Victoria
Plain Drab
S rib'd do.
Buff Cashmeretts
Sup'r plain Black Mole-skin
Velvet
Tiger do. do.
Figured do. do.
Woolen do. do.
Figured Satin
Plain do.
Valencia
Buff Cashmeretts

Together with an assortment of **READY-MADE CLOTHING,** Flannel and Buck-skin Shirts and Drawers, **LINEN BOSOMS and COLLARS,** RUFFLED and PLAIN, **GUM ELASTIC SUSPENDERS,** Hoskin, Buck-skin and Berlin Gloves, **Black Silk & Victoria Cravats,** A SPLENDID ARTICLE, Stone's Stocks, Satin, Bombazine and Velvet, **Tennant's celebrated Stocks,** OF EVERY KIND;

And in fact every thing that can be found in any similar establishment, North or South. These Goods have been selected by the junior partner in person, who spared neither expense nor pains in their selection, and we confidently believe, are the best assortment of Goods ever opened in the State; for the truth of which, call and examine for yourselves. We have in our employ first rate Northern Workmen, and avail ourselves of all the changes in the Fashions as soon as they take place at the North. We therefore have no hesitation in warranting every thing we make to be as well and as fashionably cut and made, as can be, North or South. Members of the Legislature, and others visiting the City during the Session, would do well to call and examine our Stock before purchasing. Those furnishing their own goods may rely upon having their work as well executed as though we furnished the materials. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. Thankful for past favors, we respectfully solicit a continuance of public patronage.
LITCHFORD & OLIVER.
Raleigh, Nov. 7, 1838. 2 4t