

# Columbia Democrat.

"I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility to every form of Tyranny over the Mind of Man."—Thomas Jefferson

## H. WEBB, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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### OFFICE OF THE DEMOCRAT.

SOUTH SIDE OF MAIN, A FEW DOORS BELOW MARKET-STREET.

#### TERMS:

The COLUMBIA DEMOCRAT will be published every Saturday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum payable half yearly in advance, or Two Dollars Fifty Cents, if not paid within the year. No subscription will be taken for a shorter period than six months; nor any discontinuance permitted, until all arrearages are discharged.

ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding a square will be conspicuously inserted at One Dollar for the first three insertions, and Twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion. A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year. LETTERS addressed on business, must be post paid.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Boston Traveller.

### THE YOUTHFUL LOVE OF CANOVA.

In the year 1780, a youth, a native of Possagno, in Venice, arrived in Rome designing to learn the art of drawing and engraving, with one who was at that time among the most distinguished of living artists. As a protegee of the powerful family of Faleri, this youth brought letters of recommendation to the most influential men of the holy city. He resolved to present first that which might soonest lead him to his destined aim. He went to the house of Signor Volpato.

Giovanni Volpato, long known under the assumed name of Jean Renard, stood at the head of that glittering school of art, from which so many renowned men have proceeded. The clear and well defined outline, the finished skill in execution, the vigor and extraordinary relief, which have been so often admired in the engravings of Raphael-Morghen, he owes to the instructions of his Master Volpato.

When the youth entered the atelier of Volpato, the latter was drawing from a model, and requested him to carry a few moments, and allow him to finish his sketch. The Youth would have retired, but Volpato made a sign to him to remain, and said: "No, no, mein Herr, if you've not time to wait, I will lay aside my work." The youth assured him he found here amusement, not for hours, but for years, and gazed around the atelier, with a glance full of reverence; but one object more than all others arrested his attention.

The model of Volpato was a young maiden of scarce seventeen years. It would be impossible to imagine a countenance more expressive and animated, a figure more graceful and happy. The Grecian tunic and the mask in her hand showed that she wished to personate Thalia; and the arch smile, the gentle irony, which played upon her lips, might almost render it credible that by one of those metamorphoses, once so common beneath the sky of Rome, the comic muse herself had descended from heaven, to sit for her portrait to a beloved disciple. The youth at least could scarcely be convinced that a mere mortal could realize in every look and motion, such an ideal. He stood immovably a few steps from the easel, and thought he was in a dream.

In the meantime Volpato grew impatient, his model was so restless; and interrupted his labor with the words, "Folish Dominica! I see well that you are tired to-day. Well, we will leave it now, my daughter."

"His daughter? his daughter!" thought the youth to himself. "Happy father!"

"Forgive me, sir," said Volpato, turning to him, "I have kept you waiting with the freedom of an artist, but now I am wholly at your service."

The Venitian drew Faleri's letter from his pocket, and handed it to Volpato. He read it silently, while the youth continued to observe Dominica, who went hither and thither, putting in order cartoons, pencils and colors, but all as quietly as possible, not to disturb her father. The letter ran thus:

"The bearer, of this my dear Volpato is a young protegee of mine, whom I commend to your best care and friendship. I err very much, if you do not sometimes owe me thanks for such a scholar. Antonio Canova; his father, Pietro Canova, a lithographer in our little village of Possagno, died when he was but three years old; his mother married a second time, and left her child to the care of his grandfather, Passino, who would gladly have educated him to his own trade of masonry, but the child was not hardy enough, and used the trowel of his grandfather, only to mould from the clay, figures of all kinds, at the will of his fancy. One day, when I was about giving a great feast, my steward observed that an ornament of pastry was wanted for a dish in the middle of the table; he went to old Passino for assistance, and the latter found himself embarrassed with it; so his 12 years old grandson took the dough, in a few minutes kneaded a lion which so excited the admiration of the guests, that they wished to see and praise the artist. I, my dear Volpato, perceived great genius in the young Antonio. I therefore took him with me to Venice, where I placed him under the instruction of the best masters; but I depend especially on you for the perfection and finish of his art. Be to him both a teacher and a father."

"Young man," said Volpato, when he had read this epistle, "I owe so much to Monsignor Faleri, that I fulfill every wish of his with pleasure. From this hour, consider yourself my pupil. Leave your hotel, I have a little chamber and a vacant bed for you. Dominica, call Raphael!"

While Antonio thanked his master, and considered himself the most fortunate of men, a youth with fair curling hair, beaming eyes, and a light step, entered the atelier.

"Raphael," said Volpato, "I give you here a companion, and wish that you be friends—brothers. Go with him to his hotel for his baggage, and take care you are back to supper, if the desire seize you to traverse the streets of Rome together."

The two youths were soon rivals in talent and industry, and Volpato often said, "he was at loss to which of the two to give the preference." This by no means interrupted their concord; but they soon discovered that between them existed yet another rivalry than that of talent and renown.—Raphael and Antonio both loved the fair Dominica. Antonio was the muse of both. But did she look on the two pupils with the same impartiality as her father?

One day Antonio Canova sought his teacher, unfolded his love for his daughter and requested her hand. "How? you also, my Antonio?" said the old Volpato. "Ah! I did well not to promise her to Raphael, who preceded you in his suit for my daughter. My dear Antonio, continued he, "if Dominica had shown any preference for either of you, I should not be so embarrassed to answer you—You and Raphael are equally dear to me and I only regret that Heaven had not given to me two daughters. But, though I as a father cannot decide between you yet as an artist I can propose to you a means to obtain the hand of Dominica. I promise her to him who shall paint her portrait best."

This condition was accepted by both and Dominica made no opposition. In

three weeks the two portraits were to be exhibited to a committee whose judgment should be considered decisive.

Early on the ensuing morning, Antonio wished Dominica to sit. He asked her if there was any costume she preferred, and if she would like to be painted in a mythological one. Dominica replied, "Dear Antonio, a few days ago I read the story of Metra, Erysihton's daughter. This unfortunate prince of Thessaly, after he had incurred the wrath of Ceres, because he had profaned her altar, was tormented with a hunger which nothing could appease. All his possessions were consumed one after another. Having become the terror of his subjects and his family, he was compelled to fly, and at length there remained to him no other resource than to sell his daughter. Metra had received from the gods the power to transform herself into a limited number of animals. Erysihton sold her as a bird, and she came back to him as a horse. He sold her again & again, until at last the prescribed number of her metaphoses was completed, and she again appeared in her own form, and offered herself a sacrifice to his hunger."

While Dominica was speaking, Canova seated himself at his easel, and began to copy the beloved features, but the mischievous maiden changed her position and the expression of her face every moment, which not a little disheartened the artist lover. Many sittings passed thus, and he had accomplished nothing.

The appointed day drew ever nearer, Raphael-Morghen wore a triumphant mien. Antonio complained not, but without asking another sitting of Dominica, sat down, and in twenty four hours completed the portrait entirely from memory.

On the day appointed, Volpato assembled the renowned artists and connoisseurs of Rome. When they were all present, a curtain was drawn, and the two pictures revealed. In the first picture, they saw a young maiden with a smiling countenance and a look of perfect trust; as if she said to her beloved, "I believe you so willingly." This was the picture of Raphael. In the other they perceived Metra at that last hour when she sacrificed herself for her father. The trembling head drooped and a tear moistened the eyelid, a tear which sprang alike from shame and sorrow.

The figure was splendid, and whether the picture was really superior to the other, or from the sympathy which ever inclines more to the sorrowful than to the happy, the whole assembly cried unanimously: "Antonio Canova has gained the victory over Raphael-Morghen." Volpato extended his arms to press the beloved scholar to his paternal heart; but the latter pointed to Dominica, who stood in one corner of the atelier, and whose face wore the very expression of the portrait.

"My judges will forgive me," said Antonio, in a voice which showed the contrast he put upon his heart, "if I protest against a judgment which would have made the happiest of men. I withdraw my suit and leave to Raphael the honor and the merit. Look, master, he continued, "how my words already have shaken from the original a portion of her resemblance to my copy, see how Dominica raises her fair curling head, how her eye brightens anew—she loves Raphael." "Yes," pursued Antonio, "as if to answer the astonishment of his judges every one has a consciousness of his strength and his talents. I feel myself so far below Raphael, that from this moment I renounce both the pencil and the graver. If there be for me any renown in art, then may I perhaps, some day, find it in the chisel."

Dominica became the wife of Raphael-Morghen. Antonio Canova left the house and the studio of Volpato, taking with him the portrait of his beloved. His gratitude and friendship for his teacher continued ever the same. An evidence of this may be found in the Basilic of the holy apostle at Rome, where a marble monument was erected to the memory of Volpato by Canova.

#### THE YOUNG WIFE.

"So Ellen Osgood has refused Mr. Livingston?" said a pretty girl of sixteen to one of her acquaintances, during a morning call.

"What can be the reason?" "I do not know, unless it is his well known imperiousness of temper."

"But what is that to a fortune such as his? I am sure I should overlook a great many failings in a husband, who could give me the finest house and most splendid carriage in town."

"But my dear," said her elder friend, "you forget that happiness cannot be purchased with gold. There are sad hearts in fine houses as well as in humble cottages. If there is no mutual love and esteem in the married state, no gay equipage can bring felicity or even afford content."

"Lal you are so old fashioned in your notions, my dear Miss Thornton, but then sure you are older, and ought to know more than I do. Yet I am certain I should be happier if I was rich!"

"You think so now, my dear, because having loving parents & affectionate friends your heart has nothing further to ask for in that way; but let your friends be taken from you, let you be alone in the world, with no one to cling to, and you will long for some one to love, more than you now long for to take care, my dear child, how you fling it away."

"Well, I am sure I never thought of these things before; but you must be right. They say Ellen is going to marry young Harry Monckton."

"I am glad to hear it. Harry is in comfortable business, and can give his wife a neat, though it be a comparatively humble home. Then his character is every thing that a wife could wish, his principles are excellent, and his heart in the right place. Altogether Ellen has made a happy choice."

"Yet still I should think she will sometimes regret her choice, when she sees the rich carriage of Mr. Livingston dash by her humble home."

"She will never think of it, my dear."

"Well, I suppose Caroline Willing," said the youthful speaker, after a pause, "will now be Mrs. Livingston. She has been trying to get him these two years, they say."

"Caroline is a different girl from Ellen, she has less heart, and places her happiness chiefly in external show. Yet she never seems happy."

"How she will triumph over Ellen!" "But with little cause, my love. Wait for two years and see the result."

Two years had passed away since this conversation. Ellen, meantime, married, and removed to a neat cottage which her husband had rented on the outskirts of the village. The house was not large, but was convenient, and every thing within and around was in excellent taste. A pretty garden was attached to the cottage. This was a source of great pleasure to Ellen, for she was passionately fond of flowers and every morning, while her husband was absent at his business, she might be seen watering her plants, singing with a carol as light as that of the birds who warbled from the neighboring boughs.

Caroline Willing had become Mrs. Livingston, and thus obtained the prize for which she had schemed and labored. Her house was the fine old mansion of the Livingstons, which had been remodeled and newly furnished on her marriage.—Her equipage was the most showy in the place, for the first time since the revolution, liveries had been seen in the village. Her cabinet ware, her drawing-room curtains, and her magnificent set of silver, were the talk of the town. But was she happy? If these things could have bestowed felicity on any

one, Caroline would have been happy, but those who saw her faded looks, or heard her querulous complainings, shook their heads.

Mr. Livingston, it had now become notorious, was a most dissipated man. Idleness that curse of the rich, had early led him into evil company, and as he had married without love, he now lived without restraint. To the tears of his wife he was indifferent, from her complaints he turned sarcastically away. It was said that he was not only ruining his own health and destroying his wife's comfort, but squandering his fortune.

It was just two years after the conversation with which our story begins, when the two persons who participated in that conversation called together on a morning visit at the mansion of the Livingstons. Every thing was in confusion there. Servants were running to and fro, the carriages of two physicians were at the door, and from the upper chambers came loud and successful shrieks, as of some person in mortal agony. The ladies saw that their visit was *mal a propos*. They soon learned the cause of the confusion. Mr. Livingston, the night before, had lost the remnant of his fortune in a gambling house, where a large portion of it had already vanished; he had returned home, locked himself in his room, and blown out his brains with a pistol. His wife was in violent hysterics.

With sad hearts the two friends turned away.—Passing up the shaded street, they came to the outskirts of the village, and saw before them the neat little cottage of Ellen. The garden gate was open, and partially visible from the street was an arbor, in which they caught a glimpse of Mrs. Monckton. Her work-basket was on the ground at her feet, and a favorite little dog was sitting beside her. The scene was so calm content and happiness. How different the contrast between the happy young wife and her rival, Mrs. Livingston! This reflection arose in the heart of each of the two friends at the same time, their eyes met, and the younger one said:

"You were right when you told me to wait for two years. I see now that virtue and affection afford more lasting happiness than wealth and fashion."

**Cure for the Bite of a Mad Dog.**—A writer in the National Intelligencer says, that spirit of hartshorn is a certain remedy for the bite of a mad dog. The wounds he adds, should be constantly bathed with it, and three or four doses, diluted, taken inwardly during the day.—The hartshorn decomposes chemically the virus insinuated into the wound, and immediately alters and destroys its deleteriousness.—The writer who resided in Brazil for some time, first tried it for the bite of a scorpion, and found that it removed pain and inflammation almost instantly. Subsequently he tried it for the bite of a rattlesnake with similar success. At the suggestion of the writer an old friend and physician tried it in cases of hydrophobia, and always with success.

#### THE MARRIAGE VOW.

Perhaps there is scarcely an ordinary oath administered in any of the transactions of life so little regarded—so little even remembered by all classes, as that taken in the most solemn manner, and in the presence of the Almighty, by the husband and wife. "Love, honor and obey." How many wives "love honor and obey" their lords? How many even think of doing so! And yet there is an oath recorded against them, every true violation of which is a distinct perjury. No Woman should marry without first knowing her husband's character so well that she may obey him with discretion and safety. She yields herself at the altar to a disposition, from which even an attempt to fly is a crime. A wife who contracts her husband is fore-sworn. No matter what manner of man he may be, she must obey, if she keeps her oath. She has made no reserve or condition in her marriage ceremony. She has not said "I will honor and obey if he shall deserve it." Her contract is unconditional. It would be better for young ladies before they yield the fatal "yes," to take this view of the subject.

**Demise of a Venerable Lady.**—The death of a Miss Margaret Grede is announced in the New York papers of the 27th ult. She arrived in that city, from Germany, about 70 years ago, with her father, the brother of the venerable George Arcturios, Esq., and at the age of 15 married Mr. John J. Riell, also a German, who was a baker to the Revolutionary continental army. She was distinguished for her devoted attention and kindness to the prisoners and sick, confined in the memorable "Old Sugar House," and at a perilous crisis in the affairs of the revolutionary party at that period, she proceeded to Philadelphia, by the direction of her husband, (who died in 1798) and presented General Washington with 1500 guineas, as a donation in aid of the great national independence. Under the sanction of her husband, she moreover supplied the American army with bread, for the period of four months without any compensation. She was highly esteemed, thro' her long life, by all who knew her, as a devout Christian, and exemplified that high character in her whole deportment, she has left a large number of descendants—probably two hundred.

**Newspapers.**—A Newspaper taken in a family seems to shed a gleam of intelligence around. It gives the children a taste for reading, it communicates all the important events in the busy world, it is a never failing source of amusement, and furnishes a fund of instruction which will never be exhausted. Every family, however poor, if they wish to hold a place in the rank of intelligent beings, should take at least one newspaper. And the man who possessed of property sufficient to make himself easy for life, surrounded by children eager for instruction, and desirous to improve the spirit of cupidity and neglects to subscribe to a newspaper is deficient in the duties of a parent or a good citizen, and is deserving of the censure of his intelligent neighbors.

#### A GOOD TEST.

We heard a good story the other day which is too good to be lost. Farmer Dickson, for so we will call him, one of the neighboring York county farmers, alike noted for his shrewdness and pretty girls, was visited by Jo Jenkins, under pretence of trading oxen, while his real object was to secure one of farmer Dickson's daughters. Finding no way to accomplish the real object without a direct appeal to the old man, he ventured to pop the question and received in return a most decided negative. Jo was not shrewd enough to manage for the girls. Jo, nothing daunted, pushed the trade in oxen, and in spite of the farmer's shrewdness, succeeded in a bargain by which the old man found himself essentially "shaved." At the next appearance of Jo at Farmer Dickson's ill was changed, and the old man at once declared that he might go ahead, for if he was shrewd enough to cheat him, he could risk him with the girls. Jo went ahead; took possession of his desired object, and thus far has shown that the old man was not in error as to his conclusion.—*Eagle*

**A curious item in a Travelling bill.**—A Yankee pedlar put up at the house of a tavern keeper in one of the towns of this county a few days since, and after staying a day or two called for his bill. On looking over the items he found the following curious charges:—To fighting chambermaid, \$1.25, yesterday's lodging in bar-room, 25 cents.

When a young woman, while in the act of sweeping, approaches you, with kind words and gracious looks, and politely requests you to move, for she wants to sweep where you are sitting, depend upon it she is the girl you want, so far, certainly, as temper is concerned, for never is a woman so patient, so domineering, as when she has a broom in her hand.

Some men are like cats. You may stroke the fur the right way for years and hear nothing but purring, but accidentally tread on a tail and all memory of former acts of kindness is obliterated.