

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

TRI-WEEKLY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

VOLUME I.

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While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publishers. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

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Potomac Lodge, No. 5, Georgetown—room in Bridge street, opposite Union Hotel; regular night of meeting, fourth Friday in every month.

I. O. O. F.

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Mount Pisgah Encampment, No. 3—Odd Fellows' hall, Georgetown; regular nights of meeting, 1st and 3d Tuesday in every month.

I. O. R. M.

Uncas Tribe, No. 4, Odd Fellows' Hall, Georgetown, Wednesday.

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Association No. 5, Georgetown.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Potomac Division, No. 5—Odd Fellows' Hall, Georgetown; Friday.
Franklin Division, No. 8—Odd Fellows' Hall, Georgetown.

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Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, meets at the Masonic Hall, Market Square, every Thursday.

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I. O. O. F.

Potomac Lodge, No. 8—Odd Fellows' hall, Alexandria; regular night of meeting, Friday.

Mount Vernon Lodge, No. 14—room old Masonic hall, Alexandria; regular night of meeting, Tuesday.

Marley Encampment, No. 2—Odd Fellows' hall, Alexandria; regular nights of meeting, second and fourth Mondays in every month.

I. O. R. M.

Oseola Tribe, No. 2, Alexandria—meets at Odd Fellows' Hall, Columbus st., Wednesday.

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Bank of Potomac, N. Prince, between Royal and Pitt streets—discount day Thursday, Phineas Jannoy, President; Washington C. Page, Cashier.

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Patrick Henry Debating Society, meets at the Hall of the Hydration Fire Company every Tuesday evening.

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Nov. 4 tf 1

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* Hearses kept, and funerals attended to. Nov. 4—y

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JAMES E. W. THOMPSON. Nov. 4 tf 3

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

THE subscriber has removed from Pennsylvania avenue to a store on SEVENTH STREET, next door to Mr. L. Harbaugh's grocery store, and third door above the National Intelligencer office, where he invites his old friends and the public to give him a call, and examine his stock of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS, DRILLINGS,

And other goods suitable for the season. Gentlemen who prefer furnishing their own goods, can have them cut and made up in the most fashionable manner, at the shortest notice, very cheap, for the CASH.

THOS. F. HARKNESS. Nov. 4 tf 1

PROSPECTUS OF THE INVESTIGATOR.

This Journal will be devoted to the subjects of Religion, Morality, Science, &c. Religious subjects will be treated in a temperate but fearless manner, and the tenets of the various sects, as occasion may require, will be examined with candor and impartiality. No personalities calculated to displease, will ever be admitted.

Education and Temperance will be advocated. Party Politics will not be touched upon; but dispassionate arguments on general and abstract questions may occasionally appear; and Political questions forming a connection with Religion (such as, the union of Church and State, &c.) will be freely discussed.

As to scientific subjects, preference will be extended to those of a practical and useful character.

The ET CETERA will embrace a variety of topics of general information, et cetera.

The articles will, chiefly, be original. When a selection can be made with decided advantage, it will be done. The subjects will be varied as much as possible, to suit the various tastes of the community.

The first number may be considered as a specimen, though containing less variety, it is believed, than the succeeding ones will contain.

It is intended to be monthly, and of 32 pages.

It has to take its way into the world without a father's name to help it, as many a child has been obliged to do before it; and, if it only receives that encouragement which they who first help themselves usually receive from the American public, it will not despair of success.

The terms are: 12 1-2 cents each number; \$1 50 for the year in advance.

Those wishing to receive the work regularly, can do so by calling at the Periodical agencies of Whittaker & Co., Taylor & Co., Penn. Avenue; Kennedy's Bookstore, F street in Washington; Clement's agency, Georgetown; Bell & Entwistle, Alexandria; Shurtz & Taylor's, Baltimore; and at the principal Periodical agencies in Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

It would be a great convenience to the Publisher to have the names of subscribers deposited at either of the above places, so that the work can be sent regularly.

CONGRESSIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

The proprietors of the NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER, in order to meet the wishes of those whose circumstances or inclination do not allow them to subscribe even to a weekly Washington paper during the whole year, have determined to issue during each session of Congress, a weekly sheet styled "THE CONGRESSIONAL INTELLIGENCER," to be devoted exclusively to the publication, as far as its limits will permit, of the Proceedings of both Houses of Congress, and Official Reports and Documents connected therewith, including a complete official copy of all Acts passed by Congress during the session.

To bring the price within the means of every man who can read, the charge for this paper will be for the first session of each Congress One Dollar, and for the second session of each Congress half a Dollar.

The price of the CONGRESSIONAL INTELLIGENCER, to be issued on each Wednesday during the approaching Session of Congress, will therefore be One Dollar paid in advance.

To enlarge upon the value, to those who take no newspaper from Washington, of this publication, containing an impartial but necessarily abbreviated account of the Proceedings in Congress, including an authentic official copy of all the laws passed during the session, would be needless. The man who takes no such paper ought to take one, if he does not prefer remaining ignorant of what most nearly concerns his own destiny, and that of his family and of his posterity for ever.

When six copies are ordered and paid for by one person, a deduction of one-sixth will be made from the price, that is to say, a remittance of Five Dollars will command six copies of the Congressional Intelligencer for the next Session. A remittance of Ten Dollars will secure thirteen copies; and for Fifteen Dollars remitted from any one person or place twenty copies will be forwarded.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HUSSAR'S SADDLE.

Old Ludovic Hartz always regarded his saddle with the deepest veneration; and yet there appeared nothing about it, capable of exciting his idolatry. It was a Turkish saddle, and deeply stained with blood; yet, to the brave Ludovic, it recalled a tale of other days, when young, ardent and enthusiastic, he first drew his sword in defence of his country against its enemies.

He had been opposed in battle against the hostile invaders of his native Hungary, and many an unbelieving dog had his good sword smitten to the earth. Various had been the fortunes of the war, and too often was the glory of the cross dimmed by the lustre of the triumphant crescent. Such sad disasters were seldom alluded to by the brave Hussar, but he loved to dwell on the successful actions in which he had been engaged.

It was one of these fierce combats that suddenly cut off from his party, he found himself surrounded by four infuriated Turks. 'But the recollection of you and your angel mother,' would Ludovic say to his daughter, 'nerved my arm. I was assailed by all my opponents. How three fell, I knew not; but severe and long was the conflict, with the rest of my foes whose powerful arm was raised against me. Already I saw my wife a mournful widow; and my child fatherless; and these dreadful thoughts infused fresh vigor into my arm; I smote the infidel dog to death, hurled him from his steed, and rifled him as he lay. At this moment, several of the enemy appeared in sight, but I was too much exhausted to renew the perilous conflict. My gallant horse lay wounded and in the agonies of death; I threw myself on the Turkish courser, and forced him on at his utmost speed until I regained my squadron. The saddle was steeped in the blood of my foe, and mine mingled with it. When a cessation of hostilities permitted the troops to rest for a space from the horrors of war, I hastened with the treasure, which during the campaign, I had acquired, to my home, purchased these fertile fields around my dwelling, and forgot for a season the miseries of war.'

The good Ludovic would here pause. He still retained a lively recollection of his lost wife, and he could not bear to narrate the circumstances of her illness and death. After that sad event, his home became hateful to him, and he resolved again to engage in the arduous duties of a soldier. The little Theresa was kindly adopted into the family of his only brother, and there, after a lapse of some years, our good hussar found her blooming in youthful beauty.

Ludovic arrived only in time to close the eyes of his brother, who, on his death bed entreated him to bestow Theresa on his only son when they should have attained a proper age. Grateful for his almost parental care of his child, and moved by the situation of his brother, whose whole heart seemed to be bent on his union, Ludovic promised that when his daughter should have attained the age of eighteen, she should be the wife of Karl, provided Karl himself desired the connection at that time, and satisfied with this promise the old man died in peace.

This engagement was concealed from Theresa, but it was known to Karl, who exulted in the thought that this rich prize would one day be his. With low habits and a coarse turn of mind, the delicate graces of Theresa had no charms for him; he loved her not, but he loved the wealth which would be his, and which he looked on with a greedy eye. The thousand soft and nameless feelings which accompany a generous and tender passion were unknown to Karl. It was a hard task for him to tend his gentle mistress, nor did he ever appear disposed to play the part of a lover, except when some other seemed inclined to supply his place. It was at a rural fete given by Ludovic to his neighbors at the termination of an abundant harvest, that Karl first chose openly to assert his right. He had taken it for granted that he should open the dance with Theresa. What then, was his indignation, when, on entering the apartment, he saw Theresa; her slender waist encircled by the arm of a young hussar, moving in the graceful waltz!

The evident superiority of his rival, whose well knit limbs, firm step and free and martial air, formed a striking contrast to his own clownish figure and awkward gait, only increased his ire, and in violent wrath he advanced to Theresa, insisting on his right to open the dance with her. Theresa plead her engagement; he persisted; she refused his request and laughed at his anger.—He became violent and rude. The hussar interfered, and the quarrel rose so high as to draw Ludovic to the spot.

Karl, in a voice almost choked with passion laid his grievances before him. Theresa, in a tone of indignation, complained to her father of his insolence, and appealed to him whether she were not at liberty, to select any partner for the dance she thought proper. 'You have no such liberty,' thundered forth Karl.

Every passing day carried with it some portion of the fortune of Theresa, as if he saw the near approach of the period which was to consign her to a fate so dreadful. Three little weeks were all that lay between her and misery. Ludovic endeavored to soothe her, but she would not be comforted. Had even her affections been disengaged, Karl would have been distasteful to her but with her affections placed on another; the idea of a union with him seemed insupportable.

'My dear child,' would Ludovic say, interrupting a passionate burst of grief, 'by what magic has Arnholt gained possession of your heart?' 'He is an hussar,' replied Theresa. There was something in this reply which moved Ludovic; he recollected that he himself had imbued the mind of his daughter with sentiments of respect and esteem for the character of a good soldier, and conscience reminded him, that he had often exalted the profession of arms above the husbandman. Was it wonderful then, that Theresa should have imbibed something of this spirit? or that she should have yielded her heart to one who had possessed courage to defend her; and tenderness to soothe her, under the afflictions of

life!—Arnholt dwelt near them; he had been the early playmate of Theresa, and, with glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes, they had oftentimes listened to the warlike exploits which the good Ludovic delighted to relate to them; and to these conversations might be attributed the passionate desire of Arnholt to adopt the profession of arms. Accustomed to see them play together as children; and liking the society of the generous and spirited boy, Ludovic forgot the danger, when their childhood passed away of their affections assuming a totally different character. It was so, and Ludovic now saw with deep grief, that his daughter was now unalterably attached to the youthful soldier.

If Theresa was unhappy, her father was surely no less so; he blamed his own imprudence; and on contrasting the characters of the two youths, a violent conflict between his feelings and his duty arose in his breast; but the stern honor of the soldier triumphed and he deemed himself bound to complete the sacrifice. Unable however, to endure the sight of her grief, he carried her to the abode of a youthful friend, who formerly resided near them, but on her marriage had removed to a village about sixty miles distant. There he left Theresa, after receiving her solemn promise that she should return with him the day before that on which she should complete her eighteenth year. 'Father,' said she, with streaming eyes, 'I have never deceived you: If I have life, I will return; but do not grieve too deeply, should my heart break in this fearful struggle.' The old hussar dashed away a tear which strayed down his scarred cheek, embraced his child and departed.

Time wore gradually away, and at last the day arrived which was to seal Theresa's fate. It found her in a state of torpid despair. Exhausted by her previous struggles, all feeling seemed dead, but her mind was awakened to new suffering. A friend arrived to conduct her to her father. The good Ludovic lay apparently on the bed of death, and with breathless impatience Theresa pursued her journey.

On her arrival, her father's sick room was not solitary. The detested Karl was there, and there too was the youthful hussar. 'My child,' said Ludovic 'my days are numbered, my fate must soon be decided, and alas! yours also! To my dying brother I solemnly promised, that on this day I would offer you to his son for his bride. Without fulfilling my engagement I could not die in peace, even the grave would afford no rest. Can you sacrifice yourself for my future repose?' 'I can, I will,' cried the unfortunate Theresa sinking on her knees, 'so help me Heaven!' 'Heaven will bless a dutiful child,' said Ludovic with fervor, 'Karl draw near.' Karl obeyed—Theresa shuddered.

'Karl,' said Ludovic, 'you say you love my child; cherish her, I conjure you, as you hope for future happiness. In her you will possess a treasure; but I must warn you, she will bring you but one portion of my possessions.' Karl started and retreated a few steps. 'That, however,' continued Ludovic, 'which I look upon as my greatest earthly treasure, I give you with my daughter. You Karl, believe me have some virtues. Alas! alas! you know not the secret sins which have sullied my life—the rapine, the murder—but enough of this! I have confessed to my spiritual father, and have obtained absolution from the dark catalogue—but on condition that I leave all my wealth to the church as an atonement for my transgressions. I could not forget that I was a father; I pleaded the destitute state of my child—I implored, I entreated—at length I wrung from the pious father his consent that I should retain my greatest treasure for my Theresa. I choose my saddle. Keep it, dear child in remembrance of an affectionate father. And you, Karl, are you satisfied to relinquish worldly goods for the welfare of my soul? Are you content to take my daughter with this portion?'

'Fool! exclaimed Karl, doting idiot! how dare you purchase exemption from punishment at my expense? Your wealth is mine; your possessions must be the portion of my bride—I will reclaim them from those rapacious monks and tear them from the altar!'

'You cannot, you dare not,' replied Ludovic, raising his voice in anger; 'my agreement with your father had reference to my daughter only—my wealth formed no part of it.'

'Driveller! dotard! vociferated Karl, think you that I will accept a portionless bride? You must seek some other fool for your purpose; I renounce her.'

'Give her to me Father!' cried Arnholt, 'I swear to cherish and protect her while I live. Give her to me, and when she shall be the beloved wife of my bosom, I will live for her—aye, and die for her!'

Karl laughed in mockery. 'I never knew one worth the trouble of winning, and least of all Theresa.'

The young hussar laid his hand on his sabre. Theresa threw herself between them. At the same moment Ludovic sprang from his couch, tore the covering from his head, snatching his sabre, with one stroke laid it open, and a stream of gold bezants, oriental pearls, and sparkling jewels, fell on the floor. 'Wretch! worm! vile clod of earth! art thou not justly punished! Hence, reptile! begone before I forget that thou art of my blood!' Ludovic raised his sabre, and the dastardly Karl fled, without daring to give utterance to the imprecation which hung on his colourless lips.

Trampling under foot the costly jewels which lay strewn around, Theresa rushed forward and embraced her father, exclaiming, 'Is not this a dream? Are you indeed restored to me? Can this be real?'

'Forgive me child,' exclaimed Ludovic, 'the pain I have been obliged to give your gentle heart. My effort to make that wretch resign his claim to your hand has been successful. Grudge not that part of our store has been appropriated to the holy church—not to purchase forgiveness of sins I mentioned, and of which thank Heaven, I am guiltless, but to be the blessed means of saving you from a miserable fate.—Kneel down, my children—aye, support her, Arnholt—lay her innocent head on your bosom, and receive the fervent benediction of an old hussar.'