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.

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THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,

Three times a week, on a super-royal sheet.

It will be delivered to subscribers in the District, at *two cents per number*, payable weekly.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One square of 14 lines, one insertion,	37
two insertions	60
three	75
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two months	2 50
three "	3 00
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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.

OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest the bottle to him, and makest him drunken.—*Holy writ.*

No proposition seems to me susceptible of more satisfactory demonstration than this—and I am sure no person can give it one hour's serious thought without assenting to it—that, in the present state of information on this subject, no man can think to act on Christian principles, or do a patriot's duty to his country, and at the same time make or sell the instrument of intoxication.—*Henry Ware, Jr.*

Can it be right for me to derive a living from that which is *debasing the minds and ruining the souls* of others, or that which is destroying forever the happiness of the domestic circle, and which is filling the land with women and children in a condition far more deplorable than that of widows and orphans; or which is causing nine-tenths of all the crimes, or nine-tenths of all the paupers in the community.—*Francis Wayland.*

I am deeply convinced that the evils of intemperance can never cease, till the virtuous in society shall unite in pronouncing the man who attempts to accumulate wealth by dealing out poison and death to his neighbor, as infamous.—*John Pierpont.*

I challenge any many who understands the nature of ardent spirit, and for the sake of gain continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder.—*Lyman Beecher.*

They who keep these fountains of pollution and crime open, are sharers, to no small extent, in the guilt which flows from them. They command the gateway of that mighty flood which is spreading desolation through the land, and are chargeable with the present and everlasting consequences, no less than the infatuated victim who throws himself upon the bosom of the burning torrent, and is borne by it into the gulf of woe.—*Samuel Spring.*

Say not "I will sell by the large quantity—I have no tipplers about me, and therefore am not guilty." You are the *chief* man in this business, the others are only subalterns. You are a "poisoner general."—*Wilbur Fisk, D. D.*

The men who traffic in ardent spirit, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners general; they *murder* his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity nor spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men?—Who will envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is on their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. *Blood*, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood.—*John Wesley.*

It is a principle in law, that the perpetrator of crime, and the accessory to it, are both guilty, and deserving of punishment. Men have been hanged for the violation of this principle. It applies to the law of God. And as the drunkard cannot go to heaven, can drunkard makers? Are they not, when tried by the principles of the Bible, in view of the developments of Providence, manifestly immoral men?—men who, for the sake of money, will knowingly be instrumental in corrupting the character, increasing the diseases, and destroying the lives of their fellow men. * * * Not only murderers, but those who excite others to commit murder, and furnish the known cause of their evil deeds, will, if they understand what they do, and continue to rebel against God, be shut out of heaven.—*Justin Edwards, D. D.*

You create paupers, and lodge them in your alms house—orphans, and give them a residence in your asylum—convicts, and send them to your penitentiary. You seduce men to crime, and then arraign them at the bar of justice—immure them in prison. With one hand you thrust the dagger to the heart—with the other attempt to assuage the pain it causes.—*Dr. Thomas Sewall.*

You are filling your alms houses, and jails, and penitentiaries, with victims loathsome and burdensome to the community. You are engaged in a business which is compelling your fellow citizens to pay taxes to support the victims of your employment. You are filling up these abodes of wretchednes and guilt, and then asking your fellow citizens to pay enormous taxes indirectly to support it.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

Whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, I shall not cease to remonstrate; and when I can do no more to reclaim you, I will sit down at your gate and cry Murder! Murder! MURDER! *Heman Humphrey, D. D.*

If men will engage in this destructive traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law book as a pillow, nor quiet conscience by the opiate of a license.—*Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Fatal Gift.

REMINISCENCES OF AN EX-AGENT.

During one portion of my career as an agent of the Total Abstinence Society, I was engaged for some months in striving to convert the good folks of the Channel Islands to a right apprehension, and a practical adoption of the teetotal system. It was my custom, at that time, to hold forth five evenings of each week, to the inhabitants of Peter's Port. As the town was not so large as many of our English towns, I had of course to burnish up my wits somewhat industriously, in order to find new matter for the edification of my auditors. In kind consideration of the arduous character of my task, a few members of the Temperance Society were in the habit of giving short addresses at my meetings, and not unfrequently imparting much interest to the meetings, and much instruction to the people who composed them. Of one of these kind friends I shall ever think respectfully and gratefully He was a member of the Society of Friends, rather advanced in years, of a most benign aspect, and a truly benevolent disposition. He possessed some property, and considerable influence, and frequently devoted a portion of both to the spread of the temperance cause. One evening he presided at one of my meetings. It was held in the Friends' Meeting House. The day, towards its close, had been gloomy and stormy, and, as a natural result, the congregation was scant. However, the most crowded meetings are not always the most interesting. On rising, the chairman remarked the place was not filled with people, but he trusted that every mind would be filled with good. For his own part, he had felt his thoughts drawn powerfully to the consideration of the danger of the practice of *giving and offering intoxicating drink to others.* His memory, moreover, furnished him with a serious illustration of the perilous, and in some cases, deadly nature of the custom to which he had adverted. He then, in a style which fixed the attention of all, and drew tears from the eyes of many who were present, spoke in substance to the following effect:

"Several years ago, long before I had heard of teetotalism, I had occasion to take a voyage in a sailing vessel, from this port to the coast of France. I was accompanied by my two daughters. In the expectation that they would be troubled by sea-sickness, and in conformity with the general opinion, we had provided ourselves with a bottle of the best cognac brandy, to be used as a *quieting* medicine in the event of illness. Of course, I see now the absurdity of believing that a strong *stimulant* like ardent spirit is fit to be used when sickness has already excited the stomach. But to proceed. Our voyage was delayed, on account of the wind, or other circumstances, so much that night came on soon after we sailed; and we made preparations for retiring to our berths, with a view of passing, if possible, several hours in the enjoyment of repose. Prior to our retirement for the night, we each took a small glassful of brandy; and as the captain of the vessel, a Frenchman, happened to be below just then, he was asked to have a little of our brandy. He tossed off a draught of the liquor with evident relish, smacked his lips after drinking, and bidding us adieu for the night, went on deck. We had not rested more than a few hours, ere we were awakened by the trampling of feet, and a confused noise of voices. I hastened on deck. The night was cloudy; the seamen were shouting to each other and hurrying to and fro. "What is the matter?" I inquired. "Where is the Captain?" Judge of my horror and regret, when I learned that he had been set on to drink by the brandy I had given him, had got intoxicated, and in that shocking state had fallen overboard! The boat was put out, and the men rowed about in the darkness for a considerable time, but, alas! all was in vain—the poor man was gone, to be seen no more until 'the sea shall give up its dead.' As may be expected, sleep forsook our eyelids for the rest of the night, and the captainless ship neared the French shore, just as the sun began to show its face of fire in the glowing east. When we drew near our desired haven, I took the ship's glass, and began to scan the harbor and its neighborhood. I noticed in particular, one neat looking house near the landing-place, at an upper window of which I saw a female, who seemed to be alternately straining her eyes and waiving a handkerchief in the direction of our vessel. I said to one of the crew, 'Some female at that house with a white front, near the harbor, seems looking out for the ship.' The rough French sailor drew the back of his hand across his glistening eyes, all wet with tears, and said in a tone made tremulous with emotion, 'Ah, God help her! that's the poor Captain's wife, Monsieur!'

"Of necessity my grief was deep and trying; but until the light of teetotalism broke upon my mind, I never saw so clearly as I have done since, that my giving and offering strong drink to a fellow-creature, was the moving cause of this most real and distressing tragedy."

For the Columbian Fountain.

THE DYING INEBRIATE.

In the beginning of the month of November, 1843, the writer was spending some time in a little village in Virginia. Early one morning, before the usual morning ceremonies were wound up, an individual presented himself at the front door of the house where I stopped, and inquired if there was not a minister there. The servant told him that there was. "Can I see him?" The servant informed me that there was a messenger at the door who wished to see me. I went out to ascertain the object of so early a visit, suspecting that there was some one in distress. When I opened the door I found on the piazza a lad of about seventeen years old. He said to me, in a very distressed mood,

"Sir! my father is lying at the point of death, and he wishes to see you as soon as possible!"

I asked the name, the place of residence, and a few other questions. He gave me the name, and, turning round, said,

"Don't you see that house with the tall poplars," (pointing across the fields to a domicil no great way off.)

"Yes," said I.

"Well, that's it, that's the place."

I told him that I would be there after a little.

He said, "We will look for you," and then started off.

I returned, and found breakfast waiting. As soon as I could make my arrangements, I directed my steps toward the place that had been designated. It was not more than half a mile distant. When I arrived at the house, I was struck with astonishment at the ruined and desolate appearance of every thing pertaining to the establishment. A member of the family met me at the door and conducted me to the family sitting room, adjoining which there was a small chamber, in which the sick man lay. The chamber door was standing about half open, and I walked to the door and was just about to enter, when I caught the eye of Mr. M., the patient. Never shall I forget that look—unearthly, despairing, living, death-like look!—which shocked my senses, seized my breath, and chilled my blood. It was a moment before I recovered so as to advance. During the pause, he reached out his hand to me; I took it, but felt as if I were shaking hands with the dead. Then I said, "How's your health this morning, Mr. M.?" I saw his lip beginning to quiver, the tears burst forth from his eyes, and he appeared to be convulsed all over. After some effort to compose himself, he said to me, still with his eyes fixed upon my countenance,

"I am very ill, my friend, and my affliction is more than bodily!"

The truth of this was very evident, from every appearance. He invited me to take a seat. I did so. I was so stunned at the first sight of despair, (for it was the first time that I had ever seen it,) that I did not know where to commence conversation. The bed-side of an impenitent, dying sinner, is to me one of the most awkward places in the world. To break the silence, I said, Mr. M. how long have you been sick?

"It is now about nine months since I was first taken ill."

I saw now that he was anxious to tell me something. He looked upon me as if he envied my youthful and healthful appearance.

"Ah, my young friend," said he, "bad company has brought me to this, and has ruined me for ever. I am now seventy-six years of age, and am dying in despair."

Here he wept aloud.

"I was once as young and as healthful as you appear to be now; but, alas! what am I now! At the age of fifteen I began to keep company, and was at first very careful of what kind of company I went into. But it is the nature of youth to seek for amusement and pleasure, and all creation is ransacked in quest of happiness. The world holds out the golden bait, but holds it in the future. Among some of my companions were those who visited gaming houses, and soon I was prevailed upon to accompany them to such places. My morals became corrupted, and I acquired the fatal habit of drinking ardent spirits, and by so doing disgraced myself and family with all the curses of the drunkard. The excessive use of spirituous liquor reduced my health so much that the physicians told me that if I did not abandon it, it would be my death. This alarmed me, and I resolved never to taste it again; and, at the same time, determined to live a different life from my former in other respects. The subject of religion soon arrested my attention, and I determined to seek for the salvation of my soul. I commenced reading the Bible—prayed in secret—my conviction became pungent—I yielded, and God let me into the light of his countenance and spoke peace to my troubled heart. I now felt it to be my duty to become a member of the Church, and, accordingly, at the age of twenty, I joined the Church, and continued a member for ten years, and was happy. But, alas! the enemy! The enemy that never sleeps but to deceive, assailed me at the weakest point. I yielded to the inducements that were offered, and while an adverse cloud was passing over, I lost the victory. It was no strange adversary that betrayed me into my old paths of wretchedness. No: my enemies were my old associates, who had grown hard in crime. They had laid many a snare for my feet, and caught me at last. For forty years and more, I have been serving the devil and the bottle faithfully, and they have brought me to despair and death."

Here he covered his face and wept bitterly. At this juncture of his story there was nothing left to me but sympathy. Ah, said I to myself, a drunkard's tears must be bitter tears. After a short respite, he resumed the subject, and said, "I have been dying and damned more than six months. Mercy is clean gone for ever, and there is no salvation for me. About seven months ago, before I became so reduced, my mind was so distressed with the idea of having sinned away my day of grace, that I concluded one Sabbath morning that I would go to Church in hope of finding some relief. Just as I entered the Church door the minister read this text: 'Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded, but ye have set at naught all my counsels, and would none of my reproof, I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh; when your fear cometh as desolation, and your destruction cometh as a whirlwind; when distress and anguish cometh upon you. Then shall they call upon me, but I will not answer.' It was difficult for me to keep my feet; I knew not where I was for a length of time. The congregation was interrupted, and the minister had to stop till I was seated away in the congregation. The eyes of all were upon me with as much astonishment apparently as if I had been a spirit just caught up out of the burning lake, dripping with lava. My impressions were then settled: I was fully convinced that my day of grace was out; and I went home much more miserable than before. For seven months I have been possessed with a fear that hath torment. Ah! and I am now enduring the death that never dies."

Here he sobbed most piteously—wailed and gnashed his teeth. O! that cup! that awful cup! He that drinks is sure to die; and die the death that never, never dies! I pointed him to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," and presented him with the precious promises of Divine mercy and prayed with him again and again. After all that I could do, he contended that he was already damned. So he died. XANTHUS.

N. B. The above is an awful reality; and the writer has narrated the circumstances and all pertaining to the affair as nearly verbatim as his memory is capable of doing. One thing is certain—there is no exaggeration. N. LEMEN.

White Cottage, Va.

MEANING OF FLOWERS.

1. Rose-bud—Confession of Love.
2. Myrtle—Love in Absence.
3. Forget-Me-Not—True Love.
4. Bay Leaf—I change but in dying.
5. Crocus—Smiles.
6. Violet—Faithfulness.
7. Pink—Lovely and pure Affection.
8. Pansy—Tender and pleasant thoughts.
9. Globe Amaranth—Unchangeable.
10. Star of Bethlehem—Let us follow Jesus.
11. Passion Flower—Religious Fervor.
12. Snow-ball—Thoughts of Heaven.
13. Orange Flower—Woman's Worth.
14. Lilly—Purity and Sweetness.
15. Moss Rose—Superior Merit.
16. Honeysuckle—Fidelity.
17. Laurel—Virtue is true Beauty.
18. Jasmin—Beauty and Innocence.

A SCIENTIFIC MAN.—A friend of ours looks at the thermometer to see when he is warm. at the barometer to see when it storms, at the clock to see when he is hungry, at the almanac to see how old he is, at the moon to see when it is high tide, at the stars to ascertain when he is in love. He is a scientific man, and does everything by rule but his devotion which he doesn't do at all.

Among the ancient Romans thre was a law which was kept inviolable, that no man should make a public fast, except he had provided for all the poor in his neighborhood. It would be a blessing if this law was in force among Christians.

THE SORROWS OF THE POOR.

The poor man hath a lonely lot,
To misery allied;
His very being is forgot
Among the sons of pride.
He rises with the morning light,
And labors through the weary night,
A scanty meal to gain;
Then lays his weary head to rest,
But anxious cares disturb his breast—
To slumber is in vain!

The cold neglect, the with'ring scorn,
That meet him on his way—
The spirit bow'd, and sinews worn
By premature decay—
A brow o'ershadow'd by despair,
The trembling gait produced by care,
The constant dread of ill:
These mingle with his every dream,
And Hope hath no consoling gleam
To pleasant thoughts instil!

Alas! to him the changeful earth
Hath features ever sad;
For when a summer wakes its mirth,
He only is not glad.
For what to him is Nature's smile,
That may another's heart beguile,
But cannot pierce the shed
Where he is wasting life away,
Unheedful of the night or day,
So long it brings him BREAD!

God's blessings on the verdant fields,
When sunshine dwelleth there!
And ev'ry flow'r that fragrance yields
Becomes more sweetly fair!
In truth 'tis beautiful to view!
But rip'ning corn and violet's hue
Are hidden from the poor!
They cannot watch the season's change,
To them all blithesome scenes are strange,
Their sense of joy is o'er!

Within a close and fœtid room,
Through sickness and in age,
They labor on, and pass in gloom
Their life's declining stage—
The slaves of want! while those who have,
And from the depths of woe could save,
Evade their haggard mien,
Nor mark the signet death had placed,
Where many a sorrow could be traced,
And painful years be seen!

The poor! oh, mock not those who weep,
The wretched and the lone!
For Heav'n doth surely record keep,
When earthly aid is gone;
And at the Bridal Feast the guest
May be the immortal leastwise blest
Among his fellows here.
Then cheer the poor man's solitude,
And smooth the briars on his road
To kindlier lands elsewhere!

LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES—STEREOTYPED EDITION.

Published by authority of Congress.

VOL. 10 SEPARATELY.

THE subscribers will publish at the commencement of the present session of Congress, about January 1, 1846, "THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES," agreeably to an act of Congress of the last session, *and for the accommodation of those gentlemen who have the earlier edition in nine volumes*, volume ten, containing the laws from the year 1839 to March 1845, will be published separately and *sold at the cost of paper and print.* An annual supplement on a similar type and paper will hereafter be published at the close of each session of Congress, so that the Laws of the United States may always be had in a neat and uniform style.

LITTLE & BROWN,
Law Booksellers and Publishers, Boston.
dec 11—tf

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Nov. 18—2m

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