

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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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.

OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh 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—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 tippers 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 almshouse—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 almshouses, 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 wretchedness 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 reiterate; and when I can do no more to reclaim you, I will sit down at your gate and cry Murder! Murder! MURDER! Henry 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.

SLIGHT CAUSES.

From the German of Zschokke.

BY J. D. M'PHERSON.

Continued.

THE CONSEQUENCES.

The young Countess seemed only to desire a proper opportunity to observe the angelic young man closely: for she likewise went into the room, although the daughter of a Privy Councillor called after her a dozen times.

Roderick, at the sight of the strangers, repressed his grief and was about to leave the room, then the young Countess bade him very politely not to disturb himself.—He looked at her and forgot his purpose. The Councillor now entered into a conversation with him, which commenced with the weather and ended with a full recital of Roderick's history—for he could not conceal his swollen eyes, and there, too, lay the leg of mutton still upon the plate, a mute witness of his sorrow.

"You must divert your mind," said the dignitary, "I feel an interest in your circumstances. You are just from the University, and without any support. I offer you a place in my household, temporarily, and a secretaryship, which is at my disposal, in the chancery office. We must, however, become better acquainted. I am passing the autumn in the country. You will accompany me, and then follow me to court. Does the plan please you?"

Roderick heard the offer with joyful surprise. He looked gratefully at the Councillor, and then cast a side glance upon the young Countess, whose eyes were riveted upon his lips, to catch his assent before it was spoken. How could he hesitate. He accepted the offer, and the more readily that the Baron's estate lay but a few leagues from the village in which he was to seek the inheritance of his aunt and—nothing more.

Countess Wilhelmine nodded joyfully and ran from the room, to tell the droll adventure to Lady Bridget, the Councillor's daughter.

THE LEGACY.

Lady Bridget, a sentimental beauty, well read in romantic literature, and only twenty, thought the adventure charming, and, when she had seen Roderick, more than charming: but she did not say so aloud. Mr. Private Secretary—to be sure he was only a copyist in the chancery office—proceeded to the country-house of his benefactor instead of his aunt's little shop, and before the week was over found himself so much at home there, so trusted, and almost loved, that grief, aunt, leg of mutton and legacy were entirely forgotten. He rode well, danced gracefully, played with skill on the harp and piano, drew—what wonder is it? The ladies, among whom was also the wife of the Councillor Von Landern, could not sufficiently praise the taste which her husband had exhibited, or his knowledge of human nature; and the Councillor himself was delighted with his choice, for he soon perceived that Roderick would surpass his expectations. Weighty matters were committed to his charge; in difficult cases his advice was often asked, and finally, he was directed to draw up a Report on public schools, from information laid before the Privy councillor for his consideration. The Report was completed in a short time, and so satisfactorily, that Von Landern could not improve it. "Your fortune is made," cried he frankly to his Secretary. "You are made for better things than copying. Remain one year under my instruction, and then I will recommend you to the Duke."

There was a sorrowful time when Roderick departed for a few days to receive his legacy; but most of all, the susceptible Bridget lamented his absence in silent solitude. She wrote two sonnets every day, in which there was no dearth of "hearts and arts, tears and fears." Roderick, indeed, was not favored with a sight of these "confessions of a noble lady;" the fortunate one was not suffered to dream how deeply he was beloved nor, in turn did the young Countess dream with what idolatry Roderick adored her in his secret heart. She sang and danced the long day through, during his absence, just as if there was no Roderick in this excellent world.

He found himself detained in the town longer than he had expected. The will was opened, and behold, his aunt had left her shop, with all her matches, tinder, flints, and other stock in trade to an aged female relative, while Roderick received the sum of twelve thousand Thalers, which the frugal, and almost miserable old lady had placed at interest in at least thirty different investments.

Roderick blessed the memory of his good relative, who, by her own privations, had secured an independence for him, and having, not without difficulty, brought his scattered affairs into order, he paid a visit to Mr. Biranestiel to see Gratchen, for whom he still retained some feelings of attachment. But Gratchen, a year after the great earthquake, had married a tall, meager, linen-weaver.

THE PEIGNOR.

It was quite a festival when Roderick again met the family Von Landern. Each and every one received him as an old friend—some as something more—and the Countess Wilhelmine with unconcealed pleasure. Roderick trembled when he saw the charming girl, who seemed to grow more beautiful every day, on purpose to set him crazy. And he was therefore glad when, at the expiration of the autumn holidays, they all returned to court, to commence there a new and exciting life. He was no longer so near the Countess as in the country; he dwelt no longer under the same roof, and met her but twice or thrice a week in company. The separation only increased his passion. It was too late now to attempt to eradicate his feelings, for they had been allowed sufficient time to root themselves deeply in his heart. Even the thought of her lofty rank and his mean origin, could not repress his wishes, and when his last hope was crushed by the intelligence that Wilhelmine was whispered to be daughter of the reigning Duke, he loved but the more ardently.

Wilhelmine seemed not to understand his glances half so well as he did those of the pining Bridget. For the purpose of enjoying opportunities to see the Countess, or perhaps out of frivolity, or perhaps even a tenderer feeling, he appeared to sympathize with Bridget, and thenceforth she wrote nothing but hymns. Thus do we deceive one another.

But Madame Von Landern was not deceived. She discovered the passion of her daughter, and forseeing that resistance would be in vain, she resolved to further it to the utmost of her power. Without betraying the secret to her husband, she insisted that the merits of the Private Secretary deserved a higher station. Should he once reach the council, thought the prudent mother, in a year more he will be a noble. Her pains were not without their reward. The Privy Councillor recommended Roderick as Secretary to an embassy about to be sent to a foreign court, and the Duke who had often heard of him, graciously assented. But this preferment, which involved long years of separation, was a death wound to Bridget's gentle bosom.

When Roderick at length came one morning, according to etiquette, dressed in black, the civil uniform, with a sword by his side, to take his leave of his Excellency, the Privy Councillor, Bridget hearing his voice before her door, sprang up in tender despair, dismissed her friseur, and without reflecting that, enveloped as she was in white pigtail, with long dishevelled hair, she made by no means a lovely figure, hastened to meet the new diplomat. With inexpressible anguish the distracted girl flew to him, and although he would gladly have guarded his black clothes from contact with her powder-covered mantle, cast herself into his arms. Roderick defended himself like one distracted, but with much politeness, while the tender girl daubed him only the more vigorously with flour and pomatum, and spread her long locks first over one shoulder and then on the other.

"My God?" cried he in the anguish of his heart, "I adore you—I am yours unalterably. Hear me—compose yourself—I am in despair." Bridget, who received these broken expressions as evidences of his affection, was but the more deeply moved.

"Ah!" sighed she, "we are both unhappy, but Roderick, there is a God, an eternity."

"Very true, good, excellent lady: but you make!"

"No, Roderick, I make you not more wretched than you make me by your departure."

The good Roderick was now completely spotted, and Bridget herself, as she stepped back a moment to gaze on his beloved form, was astounded at her work. At the same moment the Councillor came from his room, and his daughter, with maidenly consciousness, flew into her chamber, leaving Roderick standing helplessly at the door. Escape he could not; so he collected himself, paid his Excellency the fitting compliments, and craved his further protection. His excellency was almost as much confused as the Secretary, for he had caught sight of the furtive, and guessed the rest.

"But good, heavens! what an appearance you make," said the Privy Councillor at length.

"Your Excellency, I chanced to come too near a Powder-God," said Roderick, casting a sorrowful glance upon his ruined state dress.

The councillor shook his head. "Go, brush off the beams he has left. I fear they are more earthly than you say."

All was now betrayed. Lady Bridget denied nothing. Madame Von Landern added her good word, and when the Ambassador returned home sick, and Roderick had for half a year conducted the affairs of his court happily, he received unexpectedly, as the reward of his services, the patent of nobility. But it was not so much his merits as Bridget's peignoir that had obtained him this advancement. For it was a settled thing in the house of the Privy Councillor, that Roderick must be a nobleman in order to become a fitting bridegroom for his daughter.

THE ELECTUARY.

At the residence even the matter was considered settled. Roderick was the betrothed of Miss Von Landern. But Roderick himself was not entirely at ease on that point; his thoughts ran upon the pretty Wilhelmine. He was indeed in constant correspondence with Lady Bridget. Gratitude, respect friendship were ties that bound him to her and her family; and as she wrote so prettily, and sometimes even wrought a couplet of verses in her poetic prose, he could not answer more tenderly and warmly than in his accustomed official style. Sometimes, when not in the humor to write poetic verse, or poetic prose, he would, instead of thinking of Bridget, let his thoughts rest on Wilhelmine, in order to bring his feelings up to the proper tone. Then, good Heaven! all was poetry: his ideas gushed forth miraculously in words, and she whom he addressed became a saint, before whom his spirit melted and one dream of her was dearer to him than a life of wealth and power, with the immortality of an undying name. Bridget was naturally delighted with this adoration, but at length the play of fancy with her ethereal love became somewhat tiresome, for he had suffered two years

to elapse without letting fall one word of marriage, and in the meantime she was fast verging on to that age in which women would rather be called madam than miss. Besides this, the noble, young and handsome Chamberlain Hohenshof was sighing himself sick among her admirers. The opportunity was not to be despised. A tolerable young man at hand, is worth an angel at a distance; and a girl is a girl, all the world over.—In short, Bridget exchanged letters with Roderick and glances with the young Chamberlain; and as the former exchange declined, the latter became more rapid, until Bridget fairly wished Roderick might prove a little faithless, just to give her an opportunity to break with him. But he was not faithless, simply because his faith had never been plighted. He had accustomed himself firmly to regard her as his future partner in life, but worshipped in secret the Countess Wilhelmine, who was as dear to him as forbidden sin.

At length, through the kindness of his Majesty, with whom, or whose representative he negotiated, his business was concluded very advantageously for the Duke, and he was recalled with many flattering expressions.

Roderick almost fell into a fever, when he saw again the long left residence, the abode of Wilhelmine; and his fever increased at the thought of Bridget and the explanation, which all his skill could no longer avoid. Indeed, on his arrival at the capital, his condition was really, or appeared to him such as to require the advice of the court physician, who, like a true idiot in tender matters, prescribed China root, rhubarb, and heaven knows what; but certainly nothing to still an uneasy heart. But the decisive step must be taken, and the doctor was again consulted. "Let me have something strengthening," said Roderick; but the obstinate physician stuck to his system, shook his head and sent an electuary, which the charge swallowed, without suspicion. Galen's choice was unfortunate for a weighty negotiation.

At first all went well. The Privy Councillor's family were delighted to see him: they had so much to tell him. Roderick appeared so amiable, that Bridget on the spot forsook her troth to the tender young Chamberlain, and determined to make her peace with Roderick. In fact, the father and mother expected nothing less. They felt the young people should be left alone: an opportunity occurred, and—the decisive hour had come.

The susceptible Bridget stammered out some common-places: Roderick, as became him, answered like with like. They spoke of constancy; of wishes never to part again; of peaceful, trusting union—enough; all was in the best possible progress, when the electuary began to make itself felt.

Roderick wished by all means to conceal the evil; but in the struggle, love and security vanished. He became brief and thoughtful. Bridget, who conceived this to be the struggle of ardent love and too great diffidence, exerted herself more eagerly to encourage him and to banish his shyness, but in vain. The unhappy man began to rub his forehead, to bite his lips, and laugh so distractedly, that only Bridget's tenderness and enthusiasm could have failed to observe it.

The more enticingly she looked into his eyes, the deeper was his anguish. He took great pains to utter the fondest expressions, but with features marked with unspeakable despair. She noticed it—was uneasy—feared—and became more embarrassed than himself.

"O, Roderick," said she, "after such long acquaintance—such long friendship as we have both enjoyed, we should begin to be honest towards each other. But deny it no longer,—you are not candid with me. Let us not deceive ourselves."

He gazed on her long with singular anguish, which she interpreted falsely, and asked in his distraction, in order to say something, "What do you mean love?"

"Wee! wee!" sighed she, turning her eyes to heaven; "we do not yet understand each other. But yes—I understand you. Be it so. But why have you not been open and honest towards your friend?"

"I not open? I not honest?" cried he with smothered voice, pacing the room restlessly. In the anguish of his soul he could say no more.

"No! Roderick! You are not candid. I know it. Confess it now. You love another."

"Another," sighed Roderick; and his trouble increased, for he thought she suspected Wilhelmine.

"Ah!" said the lady with lofty earnestness, "you are pale, your features are distorted! Go! I will never have no part in your heart. Go Sir! May you be happy?" and she curiously awaited the effect which this bold apostrophe would produce on Roderick.

But he, busy in his thoughts with the goddess doctor, did not suffer her to repeat the joyful word "Go," a third time; seized his hat, kissed quickly the lady's hand with a guilty look, and rushed from the room.

On the following day, the engagement of M. Von Landern with the Chamberlain Von Hohenshof, was formerly announced in the Residence.

Roderick could not be indifferent to this sudden change, however delighted he might be to have regained his freedom. It grieved him to be misunderstood by the Councillor, and gratitude rendered it incumbent on him to give that gentleman a full explanation of the circumstance.—After the solemnization of the nuptials, Roderick had the fortune to obtain an interview with M. Von Landern, who had before avoided him. His sincerity cleared up the misunderstanding, and the Councillor after laughing heartily, comforted the good Roderick, who had represented himself rather more in love than he really was.

"But my God! why did he not tell me that?" cried Madame Hohenshof, when she heard it.—"The court physician should be banished the country with his abominable electuaries."

To be continued.

Cape Cod potatoes have escaped the rot from being planted on ground manured by sea weed alone.

Dog-wood, an eminent author observes, may readily be distinguished by its peculiar bark

NEW ENGLAND.

"There is no other land like thee, No dearer shore."—Percival.

In primal beauty o'er us bends This gorgeous western sky; To glad our hearts, affection lends Life's purest, holiest tie. And peace, and hope, and joy impart Their warm and genial rays; Yet will these linger round the heart, The "light of other days."

Shrine of the Pilgrims, ever fair? Each dale and snow-clad hill, Each stream that rolls its waters there, Is fondly cherished still. Thy wayworn sons, though scattered wide Throughout the varied earth, All hail, with more than filial pride, The clime that gave them birth.

To thee our childhood's joys belong, Thine were our earthly homes, And with thy name a countless throng Of blissful visions come. 'Twas music on our charm'd ear, The surging of thy waves; Thine are the scenes to memory dear, And thine our fathers' graves.

Within the shelter of thy breast, 'Neath Plymouth's sacred sod, The weary Pilgrim found his rest, And "waiteth there his God." His legacy to us was love, And trusting faith in Heaven; And may all future ages prove That not in vain 'twas given.

Oh, may the spirit he possessed Be felt in all our land, Till North and South, and East and West, Be one united band. Then shall the temple of the free Be founded firm and fast, And hours like these will never be The requiem of the past.

HYMNS.

God of our Fathers! who did'st guide Their bark across the sea, From the world's cares we turn aside In humbleness to thee.

To THEE, with hope thy grace imparts, The stricken wand'ers turned, And on the altar of their hearts Eternal incense burned.

To THEE their children's children bring, Thanksgiving, love, and praise, And meekly to the Heavenly King, Their joyful anthems raise.

Oh, how can we, whose lots are cast In pleasantness and peace, Forgetful of the hallowed past, Our grateful offerings cease!

Then let THE blessing, that hath led The Pilgrim on his way, A holy influence kindly shed Around us here to-day.

A PARDONABLE MISTAKE.—A gentleman last week, got into a Broadway stage in which were ten pretty girls. Upon ascending the steps, he paused for a moment, dazzled by the beauty before him. "There is room, sir, sit down," said one of the amiable ladies. "I thank you," said the gentleman, getting in; "I thought of getting in an omnibus, but I have entered paradise!"

EARTHENWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS.

THOMAS PURSELL has just imported, per ships Pacific and Hampden, from Liverpool and other sources, one hundred and thirteen packages of the above articles, of the newest style and from the best manufacturers, such as—French and English china dinner, tea, and toilet Sets, or pieces detached Canton china, pearl, white, blue, stone china and blue printed, and figured Plates Dishes, Bowls, Vases, (a great variety) In a word, his very extensive Stock embraces almost every article usually kept in such establishments. Dixon's English Britannia Tea and Coffee Sets, and plated Castors And, also, American Britannia Coffe and tea Sets, or pieces separate Castors, Lamps, Candlesticks, Mugs, covered Pitchers Table and Tea Spoons, Covered Urns and Briggins, &c. Solar, lard, or oil Lamps Lamp Glasses and Wicks, of almost every size Ivory-handled and other Knives and Forks, in complete sets or separate Plated and brass Candlesticks, Snuffers and Trays Waiters, Looking-Glasses, Shovel and Tongs Cut, pressed, and plain Tumblers, Wines Champagne, Finger Bowls, Wine Coolers, Claret Decanters, Fruit Baskets, Dishes, Lamps, &c. A large assortment of common Ware, suitable for retailing. All of which will be sold, wholesale and retail, as cheap as the very cheapest. English Pipes in boxes First quality Stone Ware at the factory prices. As the subscriber is determined to reduce his heavy stock of Goods he intends to sell low, and solicits a call from his friends and the public generally at his store opposite Browns Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue. THOMAS PURSELL. Nov. 18—2m

FURNISHED HOUSE FOR RENT.—For rent, three newly finished houses on D, between 9th and 10th streets, containing nine comfortable rooms in each, brick out-houses, &c. One of the houses I am now furnishing, and a careful tenant would rent it low for the approaching session. To any person wishing a very comfortable house and convenient location, this house is just such a one. For further particulars apply at SELEY PARKER'S Perfumery and Fancy Store, between 9th and 10th streets, Penn. Avenue. Nov. 27—4f

JOHN CONNELLY. CHEAP CABINET, SOFA, AND CHAIR MAN; UFACTORER AND UNDERTAKER. Seventh st. between H and I sts. Washington City. He informs his friends and the public, that he is prepared to execute all orders in the above business, with which he may be favored. He hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage. N. B.—Funerals attended to at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms, warranted to give satisfaction. Nov. 4—4f