

# THE WASHINGTONIAN.

VOLUME 1.

Devoted to Total Abstinence, Morals, Education, Literature, Useful Arts, Domestic Economy, and General Intelligence.

NUMBER 16.

Strictly Teetotal, and Exclusive of all Matters of a Political or Sectarian Character, and of all Advertisements of Intoxicating-drink-selling Establishments.

BY GEORGE COCHRAN & CO.]

WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 20, 1845.

[FIFTEEN CENTS PER MONTH.]

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY  
GEORGE COCHRAN & CO.,  
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

PUBLICATION OFFICE ON SIXTH STREET,  
SOUTH OF PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

**TERMS OF ADVERTISING.**  
ONE SQUARE, one insertion, FIFTY cents, or FOUR insertions for ONE DOLLAR.  
ONE SQUARE, 3 months . . . \$2 50  
" " 6 " . . . 4 00  
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FOURTEEN lines, or under, called a square.  
BUSINESS CARDS, of SIX LINES, will be conspicuously inserted for FOUR DOLLARS per year, in advance.  
Apothecaries, Stationers and others, wishing a column or half column, will be accommodated at the lowest rates.

## POSTICAL FOUNT.

"Here Nature's minstrels quaff inspiring draughts."

From the New England Cataract.  
**THE DRUNKARD'S CAREER.**

I knew a youth of manly form,  
With forehead proud and high,  
The bloom of health was on his cheek,  
Joy sparkled in his eye.

He moved among his youthful friends,  
The gayest of the gay,  
Nor dreamed there was in store for him,  
A bitter, bitter day.

He drank as thousands drank before,  
Seldom, and lightly then;  
To pledge the health of lady fair,  
Or please a chosen friend.

But ah, he little knew what power  
The sparkling cup possesses;  
A power the strongest scarce withstand,  
A sore and dang'rous tear.

He left his home and youthful friends,  
Life a morning clear and bright;  
But ah, too soon, too soon, I learn'd  
'Twas chang'd to darkest night.

The habit formed in early youth,  
Had strengthened with his strength,  
Till o'er his appetite it gained  
Complete control at length.

His form once manly and erect,  
Is bound not with years;  
And rum, not care that look has given,  
His blasted visage wears.

Forsaken by his early friends,  
His youthful ardor chilled,  
He lives to quaff the liquid fire,  
The demon of the still.

And now, unless a mother's prayer,  
Or the magic pledge shall save,  
A drunkard's wicked life he'll lead,  
And fill a drunkard's grave.

Oh then, by this a warning take,  
Ye lingerers at the bowl,  
Lest it destroy your earthly all  
And rob you of your soul.

Come sign the pledge, ye gallant youth,  
And aid our glorious cause,  
And show that you respect yourselves,  
And reverence nature's laws.

Come lift the banner high,  
Give to the breeze its folds,  
Till Alcohol shall driven be,  
From every place he holds.

## T. A. SOCIETIES.

**Freeman's V. T. A. Society.**—This society holds its meetings every Tuesday evening at half past 7 o'clock, at the Club House, Washington, where the public are respectfully invited to attend and hear for themselves.

This society, together with the "Cold Water Army" (children) of the city, holds a meeting at the Club House every Sunday evening, at 3 o'clock.

**Anacostia T. A. Society.**—Holds its meetings monthly, at the Anacostia Engine house.

**Washington Temperance Beneficial Society.**—Meets every Friday evening, at the room over Walker & Kimmell's, C street.

**Potomac T. A. Society.**—Meets every Wednesday, at the School house on Maryland avenue near 11th street.

### SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

**Timothy Division, No. 1.**—Meets at their hall on C street, Washington, every Wednesday evening.

**Harmony Division, No. 2.**—Meets at the old Masonic hall, Alexandria, every Monday evening.

**Chrystal Fount Division, No. 3.**—Meets at their hall on C street every Monday evening.

**Potomac Division, No. 5.**—Meets at the Odd Fellows' hall, Georgetown, every Friday evening.

**Equal Division, No. 6.**—Meets over the City Library, 11th street, every Tuesday evening.

**Marion Division, No. 7.**—meets at the Union Engine House every Monday evening.

### UNITED BROTHERS OF TEMPERANCE.

Association No. 1.—meets at the hall of the Sons of Temperance, on C street, every Friday evening.

Association No. 2.—meets at the Odd Fellows' hall, Navy Yard, every Tuesday evening.

Association No. 3.—meets at the room over the West Market, every Tuesday evening.

Junior Association No. 1, meets at the Northern Liberties Engine house every Monday evening.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

"Here silver pence are turn'd to golden pounds."

### PAINT STORE.

**PAINTS, OILS, AND WINDOW GLASS.**  
300 KEGS of Pure White Lead—in oil  
250 Gallons Boiled and Raw Linseed Oil  
200 Boxes of Window Glass  
French and English Plate of various sizes  
Emerald, Paris, Chrome, and Imperial Greens—dry and ground in Oil  
Paint and Whitewash Brushes, of various kinds  
Coach, Copal, Furniture, Mastic, and Japan Varnishes  
A constant supply of FRESH PINE OIL; also Sperm, Solar, and Lard Oils  
Lamp Wicks and Glasses—as usual—  
For sale on the best terms, by  
O. WHITTLESEY,  
C street, Todd's Building.

### FRESH MEATS!!

THE Citizens of Washington will recollect that they can obtain  
FRESH BEEF, LAMB, and VEAL,  
On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at the PROVISION STORE, on the Southwest corner of Pennsylvania avenue and Sixth streets.  
P. CROWLEY,  
June 7 tf 1

### CABINET WAREHOUSES.

**H. HARDY,**  
F ST., NEAR TREASURY DEPARTMENT,  
KEEPS a general assortment of FURNITURE,  
K HOUSES FURNISHED at the lowest prices,  
for cash.  
FUNERALS attended at the shortest notice.  
FURNITURE REPAIRED, &c.  
All orders promptly attended to.  
Terms cash. June 14—tf 2

### HOUSE AND SIGN ORNAMENTAL PAINTING, GLAZING, &c.

**J. H. HILTON**  
INFORMS the public that he carries on the above business, in all its various branches.  
Orders left with Mr. ROBERT, Paper Hanger and Upholsterer, Bridge street, Georgetown, near the bridge, or Mr. J. E. W. THOMPSON, Cabinet Maker, F between 13th and 14th streets, Washington, will be duly attended to.  
J. H. H.'s prices will be reasonable, and work executed promptly, with the best of materials and workmanship.  
June 21 3m 3

### SUMMER GOODS.

**OWEN, EVANS & CO., MERCHANT TAILORS,** beg leave to announce to their friends and the public generally, that they have just opened their supply of  
SUMMER GOODS,  
Consisting of a careful selection, made by one of the firm, from the latest importations of English and French Cloths, Cassimeres, Drillings, Vestings, &c., an examination of which is respectfully solicited.  
Store on Pennsylvania avenue, between Fuller's and Galabrun's Hotels.  
June 7 tf 1

### TIN WARE! TIN WARE!!

**JOHN T. TONGE** informs his friends and the public generally, that he has commenced business on SEVENTH street, three doors South of the Patriotic Bank, where he has on hand, and will manufacture to order, all kinds of TIN AND COPPER WARE, of the best materials and workmanship.  
Roofing, Guttering, and Spouting, done in the best manner.  
All kinds of Tin and Copper Ware repaired in the neatest manner, and on reasonable terms.  
June 21 tf 3

### NO HUMBBUG! NO HUMBBUG!!

STILL prepared to compete with the numerous candidates for public favor in the line of my business, I would respectfully state to my numerous patrons, that I am still occupying the same old stand, on THIRTEENTH STREET, two doors north of PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, where I am to be found at all times, ready to receive and execute all jobs in the most finished style of the art.  
I would most respectfully submit the following scale of prices:  
Cleansing and Dying Coats of every description . . . \$1 00  
Cleansing and Dying Pants of every description . . . 50  
Silk and Woolen Dresses, of all colors . . . 1 00  
Ladies Merino Cloaks . . . 1 00  
Florence Braids and Straw Bonnets, dyed and pressed . . . 37 1/2  
Parasols and Sunshades . . . 25  
Window Curtains, of every description, 12 1/2 cents per yard.  
Guaranteeing the work done at the above prices to give satisfaction in all cases.  
WILLIAM MORELAND,  
June 14 tf 2

### BOOT & SHOE MAKING.

**JOHN E. BAILY** respectfully informs his friends and the public generally, that he is prepared to execute, at the shortest notice, and in the neatest manner, all orders in his line. He will manufacture LADIES', MISSES', and CHILDREN'S shoes, of every variety, out of the best materials, and on the most reasonable terms, and will endeavor to give general satisfaction to all who may give him a call. He will also keep on hand an assortment of ready-made work, which he will warrant to be equal, in workmanship and materials, to any sold in Washington.  
Persons desiring good and substantial work, are invited to give him a call, at the corner of Tenth and E streets.  
June 21 3m 3

### CLOTHING! CLOTHING!!

Cheap as the cheapest, if not cheaper,  
Good as the best, if not better.  
A LARGE and excellent assortment of ready made CLOTHING always on hand, suitable for the PRESENT SEASON, which will be sold on accommodating terms: assuring purchasers the full value of their money, without disappointment in quality or workmanship.  
The public are respectfully invited to call and examine for themselves, at the Washington Clothing Store No. 1, F near 15th street.  
CHRISTOPHER CAMMACK,  
June 7 tf 1

## POPULAR SELECTIONS.

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

### THE POOR PRINTER AND THE EXCLUSIVE.

BY G. W. B.

From the Western Cataract.  
"Is it possible that you Harriet have assumed the responsibility of pledging your heart and hand to a poor shiftless printer, without soliciting my advice," observed an aristocratic old lady, (who had suddenly risen from poverty to affluence,) to an amiable and beautiful creature just budding into womanhood, who was far distant from the home of her childhood, and under the guardianship of an arbitrary old aunt, who valued persons according to their possessions and not according to their moral and intellectual worth.

"When I first became acquainted with Wm. Malcolm, who was introduced to me by a relative in whom I have unwavering confidence, I sought and obtained the advice of my mother, who happened to be in this neighborhood at the time. She made particular inquiries respecting my friend, and when she discovered that he was an intelligent and honorable gentleman, no objections were presented against my associating occasionally with him. Our friendship became affectionate in regard for each other. We have been engaged several months, and now the wedding day is appointed."

"A gentleman—a journeyman printer. What a refined taste you possess to marry a mechanic! Do you design to annoy and disgrace your connexions by marrying a poor young man who picks up types for a living? What a goose of a girl thus to throw yourself away," said the old woman.

"I do not call every upstart who can wear a mustache, drive a tandem, swear in latin, and swallow wine by the bottle, and spend a fortune in half the time his father accumulated it, a gentleman. William is sober, steady, and industrious, and he is beloved and respected by all who are acquainted with him," remarked Harriet Lee, for that was the young lady's name.

"It makes me think of throwing pearls before swine," continued the haughty old aunt. "You are rather pretty, and your attainments are superior to the accomplishments of most girls of your age. How can you for one moment indulge the idea of connecting yourself for life with such an illiterate and vulgar fellow."

"William is neither vulgar nor illiterate. He is a welcome guest in many of the best circles of society, and, although self taught, he is quite familiar with the classics. I read several effusions from his pen with intense interest, long before I became acquainted with him."

"If you will endeavor to forget him, and encourage the attentions of Doctor Bond, or Capt. Rogers, or Squire Ledger, I will make you a present of a splendid set of jewelry, and a fashionable dress, and if you should be so fortunate as to win the affections of either of these gentlemen, you shall have a good setting out when you get married, and I will see that your dear uncle shall not forget you in his will. What do you say?" inquired the loquacious adviser.

"I am aware that the persons you speak of are polite, but they are too fond of wine to suit me. I have positively determined never to marry a man who divides his love between myself and his cup; for wealth, learning, talent, and genius, too often are sacrificed on the altar of intemperance, when men pay their addresses to the bottle."

"I declare, you are quite a temperance lecturer. I suppose the gentleman of the black art is a long-faced straight-laced cold water man," said the old lady with a contemptuous sneer.

"I am surprised," said the intrepid girl, blushing to the temples. "I am surprised and grieved to hear you speak so scoffingly of persons who have promised to be sober, and have to work for a living. You know that pa is a mechanic, and a capital one he is, too, and you know that uncle is a sash maker. I have heard him say that you, in your younger days, used to pound putty and prime sash, when he could not afford to hire help. Since you have married a mechanic, why do you object to my connecting myself to a working man?"

"You impertinent huzzy; how dare you speak to me in that way in my own house. Your father is an extensive land owner, and your uncle is president of the best bank in the city."

"Aunt, I did not intend to insult you, nor injure the feelings of my uncle. You know he shaved wood before he commenced shaving notes, and that deserted, delapidated old building was both workshop and dwelling. And I have heard you speak of the palmy period of your days being spent in that house."

"Harriet, leave my house this moment, and never darken my door again, at your peril!"  
Let us leap, as with a bound, over the period of a dozen years. In yonder old house, situated in the suburbs of the city of M., may be seen occasionally the wreck of a miserable man.

His eyes are gorged with blood, his face is begrimed with fiery pimples. He is afflicted with a thirst water cannot extinguish. His credit and character are gone. He is a wretched drunkard. His pale-faced broken-hearted wife supports the amiable and accomplished physician who might have crushed the hopes of Harriet Lee, had she followed the advice of her proud and ignorant aunt. Now look through the telescope of fancy down through the blue waves. In yonder coral cave, wrapped in a shroud of sea-weed, are the remains of a proud and generous captain. When he was intoxicated, he struck the mate with a marlin-spike; the mate retaliated—a battle followed, in which the unfortunate but once promising young man was killed. His widow and child are left penniless. Go to yonder grave-yard. At one end of a small mound of earth on a plain stone is a name. Harriet Lee might have had poor L. He was once a princely merchant, but his dissipated habits caused him to neglect his business. He failed, and then he fled to the bowl for relief, and he died in a fit of delirium tremens in the almshouse.

'Twas on a bright and beautiful day in the month of May, that one of the splendid steamers which ply between New York and Albany, was crowded with beauty and fashion. The delighted passengers were gazing with astonishment and admiration at the sublime scenery which nature had spread out with a lavish hand on both sides of the Hudson—when their attention was arrested by the unexpected but welcome sound of the dinner bell. A rush was made at the table, which was loaded with the delicacies of the season. At the head sat a man somewhat advanced in life. The hand of time had scattered the snow of age over his hair, and seamed his brow with wrinkles. The next seat was occupied by his companion, a prim old lady, sparkling with the gew-gaws of fashionable folly. A clergyman present invoked a blessing on the good things the hand of Providence had spread before the travellers. Just as the waiters were commencing their labors, the captain entered the cabin, accompanied by a lady and gentleman of high standing in society, and politely requested the old sash-maker and his wife to allow the Hon. William Malcolm, Senator from the State of —, and his distinguished lady, to occupy the head of the table. So the mortified exclusives, after exchanging significant glances, gave up their seats to the talented Printer, and Harriet, his accomplished and able companion.

We extract the following from the address of Hon. F. S. Cary, of Ohio, delivered at the great Mass meeting of Teetotalers held in the Park, New York city, on Monday evening of last week, as reported in the N. Y. Organ:

He said, "Shall we continue to furnish an army of 400,000 drunkards, to be a curse to themselves and the race? Humanity forbid it! Shall we continue longer to make thousands of worse than widowed wives, and more than orphaned children? Philanthropy forbid it! Shall the examples of the Christian Churches continue to people hell? God and religion forbid it! The Church should take a more elevated stand on the temperance question. The Christian should cling to this cause with the desperation of undying hope! The world has been awfully deluded on this subject! He could remember when a good pious father prayed every morning to be delivered from all temptation, and immediately after prayer induced the whole family to drink a little tany bitters; it was thought to be good for worms. The cause of temperance must advance—it must not stop. It cannot be stopped. Tear from the diadem of night the stars that twinkle there, as well as to stop this merciful cause. Aye, you might as well dam up the cataract of Niagara with a pitchfork. It is said the higher classes look upon this temperance movement as low—as something vulgar—as beneath them. God forbid that he should so misuse language as to call the wealthy the higher classes. He regarded every man laboring to promote the general happiness of mankind, as belonging to the highest class on earth. He did not war with the fashions of the day. He cared not if the ladies of fashion wore all the cotton that is raised in Louisiana on their backs, if the heart is in the right place. The upper crust of society has not yet been broken up on the temperance question. He had noticed in a morning paper that some obscure female had been punished for selling liquor; but it is the fashionable places—the genteel hotels—where the dandies, all strapped down, and the well dressed young men suck mint-juleps through a straw, that the great mass of drunkards are made. A dozen three cent groggeries are not as bad as a fashionable hotel. It is here that the drunkards are made, although they go afterwards to the small groggeries to finish their education and graduate. They tried in Cincinnati to suppress the small places, and not disturb the large establishments; but they found wherever there was pole-cats there would be pole-kittens.

"The liquor traffic is not only a wide spread curse to the world, but it is death to all the moral and intellectual powers of those who engage in it. It damns its own agent. Of 464 convicts in Ohio State prison, 150 had been licensed dealers, and had proved a good moral character in order to obtain a license! The license law is an outrage to all decency, and a disgrace to all legislation. No man licensed to sell liquor will ever put out a sign indicative of his business. Every device in the world will be resorted to, to conceal the real business, and hold up something else to the public gaze. Sometimes a coffee sign is hung out, though there is not a particle in the house. The liquor seller is the only business man on earth who is ashamed of his calling. Often he puts out the portrait of Washington over his cage of unclean birds, as though young Washingtons were made there.

"In Cincinnati, one house has the sign of David playing on the harp; one place is called the 'Sitting on the Rail' house; another the William Tell house, though there they shoot people in the neck with a bottle. He called on the dealers present to get such signs made as would truly represent the business they pursued. Give the world a specimen of your manufactured article—a dirty, ragged, miserable drunkard—a beggared family—a jail—or a gallows. These are your proper signs to hang out.

"A judge in Ohio said, that of sixty cases of murder which had come before him, every one resulted from rum. But rum-sellers are also in favor of temperance. But they don't like this signing of the pledge themselves. Oh, no. They are like the man down east. A Yankee, in the State of Maine, one day saw a huge bear running towards his cabin. His children were in the doorway, and his wife to protect them seized an axe, met bruin, and began to beat him over the head. In the meantime the man had run up into his garret, but looking out of the window and seeing the woman belaboring the brute, cried out 'lay on Betsy, lay on!'

"The noblest specimen of humanity on earth, is the man who has come up from the gutter, thrown off the evils that beset him, and the manacles that bound him. It is the man of whole soul and generous feelings who is always most liable to become a drunkard. It has become a common remark, if a parent has an amiable and accomplished son, that 'he will do well if he don't take to drinking.' 'Who that has a soul would not be a Washingtonian. A little girl used to go around begging cold victuals; at length she stopped her calls of this kind all at once, and being asked why she did so, replied—'Father has joined the temperance society, and we have warm victuals now.'

"Moral suasion is the means to reclaim the drinking man, but there are some liquor dealers that you can't reach in this way any more than you can learn a hyena to sing a Methodist hymn. Liquor dealers almost always become eventually poor, and a majority of them drunkards. A rum-seller perhaps would not take in exchange for a dram the drunkard's little girl's shoes, or his young child's only blanket, but if the drunkard offers him his last sixpence, and the rum-seller knows his little girl is shoeless, and his child needs that very money to buy it a blanket to keep it from freezing, will he refuse to take it. [No.] Now any theologian is defied to show the difference in moral obliquity. The dealer does not intend to kill, yet he knows that death will result as the probable consequence of his act. A rum-seller sold a man a jug of rum, of which he drank excessively and was found dead. The coroner's inquest returned a verdict of 'died by the visitation of God.' The verdict should have been 'killed by a Christian rum-seller, who was legally authorized to do so.' A Baptist minister in Kentucky once declared, that any member of his church who signed the temperance pledge should be excommunicated; but now the principles of the pledge are working their way in that State.

"Some persons are continually imputing bad motives to the temperance advocates. They accuse them of wishing to raise up a political hobby, or something else. Such persons are always dishonest themselves, and would join our ranks in a moment if they could straddle it as a hobby to ride into power. They are like the man who was arrested for stealing. His wife declared that he was innocent, and being asked how she knew it, replied—'because he has told me so a hundred times.' Now honest men do not tell their wives every night, 'My dear, I don't steal.' Temperance is calculated to make all men and all parties better, and no man worse."

*Title no sign of a Man's intellect.*—There's no such thing (says Noah's Messenger) as determining the intellect by the title of a man. Count, in point of mind, may be no account whatever; and Baron may be as barren of brains as a chestnut tree of walnuts.