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THE MAN OF HONOR.

FROM A LATE PUBLISHED WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "JUST AND EARNEST."

The clock was drawn, the wine and dessert were put on, and Frederick Willis, seated at the head of his table, looked on as merry a set of fellows as ever were gathered round a dining-table.

The master of the feast was 22 years old, and possessed twice as many in his hands as he numbered years. To his young and pleasant countenance, but to his young and rich extreme happiness.

The father of Frederick Willis not only gave his son life, but he gave him money enough to enjoy life. It is not usual to pray for the soul of such a father, it is a great deficiency in the Protestant religion, and a sad denial to grateful hearts. A very rational mode of gratitude indeed it is to look in your sunny destiny, and to spend the money; but an occasional libation to the donor in Heaven is useful and gentle.

It is to do you no harm, and who knows what good it may do you? Your father's soul may be pleased.

Frederick Willis had but lately begun his career. So far he had proceeded with moderation and good sense; but a danger threatened him in the evening. On his right hand he seated Captain Fitz Osborne, a newly made acquaintance, and one not well known to him.

Captain Fitz Osborne was a tall and stout man. His countenance was comely and cheerful. Nature had intended him for a bold soldier, but he had succeeded, by much study and pains in surpassing the bully. He had a loud voice, a swaggering gait, an imperious eye, and a large and well dyed pair of black mustaches, which he had a habit of constantly twirling with his thumb and fore-finger. He was a soldier by profession, and a gambler as an amateur. He could not live on his pay, and he thought dexterity in play as easy and profitable a way of increasing his income as any other. The result proved his judgment correct. His purse was always well stored, and he was received without scruple into the best society.

Just about this time, however, suspicions were whispered about, in a very low tone. Indeed, that the gallant Captain was indebted more to his finesse than to his dexterity or good fortune for his success, and in fact he was little better than a black leg. As these suspicions were whispered in so low a tone, the captain of course was not obliged to heed them; but though he betrayed no cognizance of such disagreeable reports, he was too well aware of their circulation, and felt that the time had come for a grand coup de main, and retirement.

He marked out Frederick Willis as the victim. Forty thousand pounds were in the hands of a very inexperienced keeper, and he hoped that it would be no difficult matter to transmit this snug fortune to the custody of one who well knew its value—even Captain Fitz Osborne. He contrived to get introduced to young Willis, and soon after he contrived to lose to him a sum no less than three thousand pounds.

It was after dinner and much champagne, at the Captain's own lodgings, that this awful loss took place, and Fitz Osborne could scarcely help laughing as he saw Willis depart in a delirium of joy at his first successful stroke in gaming. The Captain was invited by Willis to return. Two or three friends, he said would meet him, but this would not prevent him from giving him his revenge. Fitz Osborne assented to this arrangement cheerfully. He made up his mind to lose again, but to a small extent, so as not to excite attention in those present; then with another quiet evening at his own lodgings, he calculated on finishing the business. It was essential to be prompt; for though Willis, he trusted, had not yet heard the reports to his prejudice, there was every danger that he would do so before long.

And now the second evening of this well arranged series was in progress. The cloth was drawn—the wine and dessert were put on, and after dinner had commenced.

Just and song followed. At last coffee appeared, and Frederick, knocking on a plate with the handle of a fruit knife, by way of obtaining silence, said:

"Gentlemen, if you please, would you adjourn to the drawing-room, where you will find card tables, chess tables, and all other sorts of tables. My friend the captain is so enamored of the sound of a dice box, that he is resolved to hear it music for half an hour or so in company with me—though I assure you on the other evening the same music has been very thing but pleasant to him. So adieu, and each to his vocation."

A shout of approval was the answer. The host and guests, deserting the dining-room, in a few moments were seated at cards, or whatever other amusements they preferred. Fitz Osborne and Willis took their position at a small table by themselves.

There were two things that caused the

captain some regret. He had taken too much wine, and Willis not quite enough. Still affairs went on prosperously. He lost and Willis won as he had intended; but he could not account for a quiet, serene sort of smiles which he detected once or twice on the countenance of his opponent, and which seemed very much unlike the un-restrained expression of triumph he had evinced when they last played together. Whilst he was thus playing and cogitating Frederick suddenly addressed him:

"How much have I won, Captain," asked him.

"Oh, my dear fellow, a trifle!" replied Fitz Osborne. "Two hundred or thereabouts; but I mean to win it back. I can tell you."

"I, by no means," exclaimed Willis, throwing himself back in his chair, and holding his arms.

"Oh as you please—as you please, certainly," said Fitz Osborne. "But why bank your good fortune, when you lose it all your own way?"

"I believe, I won three thousand pounds of you on Wednesday evening," said Frederick, not attending to the Captain's disinterested inquiry.

"Yes, my dear friend, about that," said Fitz Osborne, looking rather dazed.

"But what are you all this?"

"There is the money," said Frederick, presenting three bank notes. "The two hundred pounds which I have just won, I decline to receive."

"What does this mean, sir?" exclaimed the Captain, in a tone which betrayed the struggle between fear and anger.

"It means, sir, that I have discovered your clever little plot," replied Frederick, smiling contemptuously. "The only thing required for success was, that I should be as great a fool as you thought me. So you lost purposely, and no doubt, when you had excited me enough, I was to pay at least a thousand per cent. for the loss. Sir, I had not been seated with you five minutes this evening, when I discovered plainly that you were cheating me."

Capt. Fitz Osborne rose slowly from his chair, twisted his left, and then his right mustache, looked fiercely and defiantly at the bystanders, and turning to Willis exclaimed in a loud voice, "You shall repent this, sir. I am a man of honor, and whilst I have an arm, no man shall question that honor, with impunity. You shall hear from me, sir."

"I am no duelist," replied Willis.

"What, sir, are you a coward, as well as a slanderer?" exclaimed Fitz Osborne, turning up to Willis, and stowing bravely. "Do you refuse to meet me, sir?"

"I refuse either to shoot you, or be shot by you," said Willis; "though, indeed, after descending to be a gambler, I might well go a little lower, and become a duelist. Still robbery is better than murder, and whilst I live, or in retreat the steps which led me to the ore, I also swear to take any steps that may lead to the other. A man of honor, indeed!" exclaimed Willis, being his tone of calmness, his check flushing. "You are a swindler, without honor, or mind to comprehend what honor truly is. I know you now, sir—and the world shall know you."

With these words, and before the bystanders could interfere or suspect his intention, he threw himself on his burly antagonist, and in an instant had borne him to the ground. Fitz Osborne made a desperate attempt to allow something—but his hand was treated, torn open by main force, and Frederick Willis, starting by his feet, held up before the gaze of all a loud ed.

Captain Fitz Osborne may now be met with at B. ulgine. He wears a somewhat military costume, though he is no longer in the army. He attends all the billiard rooms and ball rooms, and is said to be on the point of marrying with an heiress from Ilwonsbury square, who could not resist his large black mustaches, knowledge of fashionable society, and strict observance of the law of honor.

Rogues and fools guard their honor by steel and spring guns; men of character and intellect trust the lofty barrier of their good deeds.

CHEERYBLE BROTHERS.

The firm, which has been so worthily patronized by the gifted author of "Nicholas Nickleby," is said to have really existed, but under another name—and not to have been merely the offspring of a fertile imagination. The following anecdote respecting these noble minded originals is taken from the Manchester Times:

"The elder brother of this house of merchant princes amply revenged himself upon a fellow who had made himself merry with the probabilities of the amiable fraternity. This man published a pamphlet, in which one of the brothers [D] was designated as 'Billy Button,' and represented as talking largely of their foreign trade, having travellers who regularly visited Clowbent, Bullock Smyth, and other foreign ports. Some 'kind friend' had told W. of this pamphlet, and W. had said that the man would live to repent of its publication. This saying was kindly conveyed to the latter, who said

that he should disappoint them, for he should take care never to be in their debt. But the man in business does not always know who shall be his creditor. The author of the pamphlet became bankrupt, and the brothers held an acceptance of his which had been endorsed to them by the drawer, who had also become bankrupt. The wretchedly libelled man had thus become creditor of the libeller. They contrived to use their power to make his repent of his audacity. He could not obtain his certificates without their signature, and without it he could not enter into business again. He had obtained the number of signatures required by the bankrupt law, except one. It seemed likely to hope that the firm of 'brothers' would supply the deficiency.

Widow Bell, who had recently been made the laughing-stock of the public, forgot the wrong, and favor the wrong done! He despaired; but the claims of a wife and children forced him at last to make the application. Humbled by misery, he presented himself at the counting-room of the wronged W. W. was there alone, and his first words to the delinquent were, "Sout the door, sir!" sternly uttered. The door was shut, and the libeller stood before the libeller. He told his tale, and produced his certificate, which was instantly checked by the merchant. "You wrote a pamphlet against me once!" exclaimed the W. The supplicant expected to see his parchment thrown into the fire; but this was not its destination. W. took a pen, and writing something upon the document, handed it back to the bankrupt. He—poor wretch!—expected to see there rigor, scoundrel, if he were inscribed; but there was, in fair, round characters, the signature of the firm! "We make it a rule," said W. "never to refuse signing the certificate of an honest tradesman, and we have never heard that you were any thing else."

The tears started in the poor man's eyes. "Ah!" said W. "my saying was true I said you would live to repent of writing that pamphlet; I did not mean it as a threat; I only meant that some day you would know us better, and would repent you had tried to injure us. I see you repent of it now." "I do, I do," said the grateful man. "Well, well, my dear fellow," said W. "but you know us now. How do you get on? What are you going to do?" The poor man said that he had friends who could assist him, when his certificate was obtained. "But how are you off in the meantime?" And the answer was, that having given up ever falling into his creditors, he had been compelled to shut his family of even common necessities, that he might be enabled to pay the cost of his certificate. "My dear fellow," said W. "this will not do—your family must not suffer. Be kind enough to take this ten pound note to your wife from me. There; there, my dear fellow—may, don't cry—it will be all well with you—Keep up your spirits, set to work like a man, and you will raise your head among us yet. The overpowered man endeavored in vain to express his thanks—he swelled in his throat forbade word; he put his handkerchief to his face, and went out of the door crying like a child.

passed over him; "but," continued he, "to have a linnated by a child is too much. I shall go to the election. No bring up my list. No word of remonstrance was heard, and the miserable man rushed from his door."

The bitter tears were shed around the broken stone of Powell P. Noon came, but he did not see the father of the grief-stricken Isabel. Night came, with its dreary loneliness, drew its curtains around, but no signs of the return of the infatuated—the fallen father and husband. Tediouly were the hours of night away. Often did the mother and daughter instinctively cling to each other as some casual noise induced the belief that the object of their solicitude had indeed come, but how did they dread to encounter the frowns—mayhap, the tormented curses of him, who was the cause of their sighs! At length the hour of midnight sounded, and as its echoes died away, the footsteps of the expected one was heard. How wildly beat the hearts of mother and daughter as Powell P. entered the door so long and early watched! He was there, before them, but not now harsh—for he was sober, calm and collected. So great was the joy of wife and daughter, that neither could give utterance to the wild emotions that played around their hearts, but they would not have spoken then for worlds, lest the echo of a voice should have dispelled what seemed a pleasing illusion.

"Mabel! Isabel!" were the first words that greeted their ears, and in a moment both were crying for joy on his bosom. We need not detail the affecting conversation which followed, nor the joyful surprise with which the mother and daughter heard his resolves and hopes. It will all be sufficiently understood from a single expression of Powell P. as his daughter was about to retire to rest. They were the sweetest words her ears had heard for many a long, long day. "They were good night, my child, and may God ever bless you—you have saved your father!"

That father had been to the election—he went determined to drink—to get drunk—but as he was about to raise the first dram to his mouth, the pleading remonstrance of his daughter seemed to rise before him. His good genius prevailed—the glass was replaced unopened on the counter—he left the place, and with a high moral purpose, hastened to enroll himself among the advocates of Temperance. The pledge has been religiously kept—the siege of his mind and amiable wife has been his care and expression—'Bell' has become a teetotaler.

being she was destined to be, while Powell P. is fast regaining all his former vigor and nobleness. Often do these congenial beings talk over past scenes, while the amiable "Mabel" fails not to designate the right of which she has spoken as that of "The Joyous Surprise."

ROCHESTER DAILY ADVERTISER.

MARENGO.

There is a county in Alabama called Marengo. The circumstances under which the appellation was given to it are alluded to in an address before the University of Alabama by Mr. A. B. Meek—they are connected with some historical incidents not generally known in this country. After the fall of Napoleon, several of his distinguished Generals and companions came to the United States and received from Congress on the 3rd March 1817, a grant of lands in Alabama, the conditions of the grants being that the emigrants should cultivate the vine upon one acre of each quarter section, and the olive upon another; and at the end of fourteen years should pay to the General Government two dollars an acre for a fee-simple title to the land. Among the grantees were Marshal Grouchy, Gen. Lefebvre Desnouettes, Duke of Danzig and a Marshal and Peer of France, Gen. Count Clausel, Gen. Count Reil, two Generals Allemand, and General Vandamme, Lakand, and others; and Garnier de Saintes; with a number of other subordinate officers. They settled upon the Tombecbe river, and called their colony after the noted battle of Marengo—a name which the county embraced the locality of the settlement still bears.

For a time, it appears, the military rivalries dwelt peacefully and happily in their new homes, and with the characteristic philosophy of Frenchmen adapted themselves to the circumstances of their condition. A traveler in 1819 passing through the settlement was ferried over a river by the officer who had commanded Napoleon's advance guard on his return from Elba. While the warlike husbandman turned the sword into a ploughshare and the spear into a pruning hook, the female portion of the colonists were employed in avocations still more in contrast with their former modes of life. The Address remarks:

"Here, dwelling in cabins, and engaged in humble attention to the spinning wheel and the loom, or tending the weeding hoe and the rake, in their little gardens were matrons and maidens, who had been born to proud titles and high estates, and who had moved as stars of particular adoration, amid the fashion and refin-

ment and imperial display of the Court of Versailles. And yet—in their honor by it stated—nowwithstanding the rustic and ill proportioned circumstances around them, they did not appear disgraced or miserable. Nothing of 'angels ruined,' was visible in their condition. They were contented—content—happy."

One of the most striking things among the unusual compliances which these celebrated warriors yielded to with native good humor, was to see them mustered and drilled by a militia officer, on training days—according to the statistics of the commonwealth made and provided.

But these unquiet spirits, constrained by address, nursed in the storms of battle and the convulsions of States, could not long brook the peaceful pursuits of agriculture; and one by one, they left, some for the armies of the South American Republics, some for their native country, until in 1833, hardly a vestige of the colony remained. A stranger would now in vain look amongst the black lands and the broad cotton fields of Marengo for the simple patches upon which the Duke of Danzig or Count Clausel attempted to cultivate the olive and the vine.

BALTIMORE AMERICAN.

OLD AND NEW STYLE.

The Julian year, introduced by Julius Cæsar, 45 years before the birth of Christ, made every fourth year, without exception, a leap year. This, however, was an over correction; for it supposed the length of the tropical year, to be 365½ days, which is too great, and induces an error of 7 days in 900 years. According to the Julian year, the year 1414, it was perceived that the equinoxes were gradually moving from the 21st of March and September, where they ought always to have fallen, had the Julian year been exact. An reform of the calendar was thus required; and it took place under the papedom of Gregory XIII, by the omission of ten nominal days after the 4th of October, 1582, so that the next day was called the 15th and not the 5th. This change was immediately adopted in all Roman Catholic countries, but tardily in the countries of protestantism.

In England, the change of style, as it was called, took place after the 24th day of September, 1752, eleven nominal days being then struck out; so that the last day of Old Style being the 2d, the first of the new style, (the next day) was called the 14th instead of the 3d. The same legislative enactment which established the Gregorian year in England in 1752, shortened the preceding year, 1751.

The year was held to begin with the 25th of March, and the year 1751 accordingly did not; but that year was not suffered to run out, being supplanted on the first of January by the year 1752, which it was enacted should commence on that day.

Russia is now the only country in Europe, in which the Old Style is still adhered to, and the difference between the other European and Russian dates a month, at present, to about two weeks.

TEMPERANCE.—The Temperance cause is going ahead in our community. The Reformation is unexampled. Nothing stands in the way of universal success. For those who stand aloof from the pledge, are so fully convinced of the benefits which must accrue to society from entire abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, that as patriots and philanthropists, they cannot raise their voices against it. And while they may continue to withhold their names from the Association, they feel too much interest in the prosperity of the country, and too much concern for the happiness of their fellow beings, to permit them to throw obstacles in the way of those who may feel disposed to give their influence to this noble enterprise; or to draw back those who have already identified themselves with it. Let the advocates of the glorious cause be firm to their principles, and mild but persevering in their persuasions and entreaties; and at no distant day, every drunkard in our community will be reformed, every moderate drinker will abandon his occasional glass, and a mighty phalanx of young men will be reared up, who will forever remain strangers to the influence of this destructive vice.

A word to the members of the Washington Temperance Society of Newbern. Is it not in our power, at this time, to do much for the suppression of intemperance in our town, and the surrounding country? Cannot each one of us be instrumental in getting an additional member to our ranks? Let us try. This will swell our numbers greatly. We have friends and acquaintances who have not yet united with us; let us use our influence to gain them over. The cause is a good one; and we cannot be too active,—if we act prudently in this matter,—in using our influence to gain new members to our Society. Now is the time. While the public mind is excited upon the subject, let us take the tide at the flood, and success is certain. An impulse can now be given to the cause, which will carry it in triumph over all opposition, and scatter its influence in every department of society. Drinking, either moderately, or to excess, can be made unfashionable. Public

sentiment,—that might later that move the world,—can be turned in favour of the Temperance Reformation. The cause can move forward, and will move forward, until our flag,—with the motto—'Total abstinence,'—shall float in victorious triumph upon the ramparts of the just defence of the enemy. Let us be prompt to uniting and persevering exertion, from a consideration of the beneficial results which must follow our efforts. Many a wife, and have been abandoned drunkards, through our instrumentality shall again be elevated from their degradation and restored to society. And the products of their labour, which have hitherto been spent for intoxicating drinks, will be expended in procuring the comforts and necessities of life for their suffering families. Money that has heretofore been squandered in the purchase of that, which has brought wretchedness, and hunger, and degradation, and poverty upon so many of our fellow citizens—upon so many widows and orphans—will be spent in the education of those, who otherwise would be raised in ignorance and squalid wretchedness. More anon.

A WASHINGTONIAN.

FROM THE FETTERBURG INTELLIGENCER.

HARD TIMES—WHO DID IT?

We have frequently been surprised to have intelligent men ascribe the present deranged state of money matters to the defeat of the Loco Foco party, and triumph of the Whigs, in 1840.

Nothing can be more absurd than this charge, and a moment's reflection will convince any candid man of its utter injustice.

The Loco Foco party were in power for twelve years. During a greater part of that time, they had majorities in Congress and in most of the state legislatures. When they came into power, they found the people happy, prosperous, and contented. They found the country blessed with a good national currency, and the Banking Institutions of the states on a safe and useful footing. Not content with this state of affairs, and in defiance of warning, remonstrance and entreaty, they determined to work out a complete change. They did so, and when they went out of power the people were oppressed with habits of extravagance and speculation had infested it the whole country—no national currency existed, and the Banks were in a state of the greatest disorder and confusion. Such was the condition in which the Loco Foco party left the country, and the Whig party found it, on the 4th of March, 1841, and yet we are told that the Whig party ruined the country!

But it is said that a Whig Congress convened at the Extra Session. Very true. But what did that Whig Congress do? Did they, could they pass the measure which must accrue to society from entire abstinence from all intoxicating liquors, that as patriots and philanthropists, they cannot raise their voices against it. And while they may continue to withhold their names from the Association, they feel too much interest in the prosperity of the country, and too much concern for the happiness of their fellow beings, to permit them to throw obstacles in the way of those who may feel disposed to give their influence to this noble enterprise; or to draw back those who have already identified themselves with it. Let the advocates of the glorious cause be firm to their principles, and mild but persevering in their persuasions and entreaties; and at no distant day, every drunkard in our community will be reformed, every moderate drinker will abandon his occasional glass, and a mighty phalanx of young men will be reared up, who will forever remain strangers to the influence of this destructive vice.

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