

# Arkansas Advocate.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY ALBERT PIKE.

VOL. VII.

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NO. 36.

This Paper is published every Friday, at THREE DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance—OR FOUR DOLLARS at the end of the year.

No subscriber will be considered as paying in advance, unless payment be made previous to the receipt of the second number.

No paper will be discontinued, (except at the discretion of the Editor,) until all arrearages have been paid.

Letters addressed to the Editor must be post-paid, or they will not be attended to.

**TERMS OF ADVERTISING.**—Nine lines or under, first insertion, ONE DOLLAR—each continuance FIFTY CENTS.

Advertisements which exceed one square by two lines will be charged as two squares.

Advertisements of personal altercation will invariably be charged at double the foregoing rates.

When the advertisements of any person advertising by the year exceed, in any one number, ONE FOURTH of a column, the excess will be charged at the common rates.

All advertisements sent to this office for publication, without the number of insertions being specified, will be continued until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Persons who commence advertising by the year, will be expected to continue at least six months, or they will be charged at the ordinary rates of advertising.

## LATEST ARRIVAL OF NEW GOODS.

WILLIAM B. WAIT has just received, direct from New-York, a large and general assortment of **FALL AND WINTER GOODS**, consisting in part of the following articles viz:

Red, green and white Mackinaw and French blankets; red, green, white, yellow, twilled, colored Canton and figured Salisbury flannels; satinets; blue and mixed kerseys; 3-4, 4-4 and 5-4 brown and bleached sheetings; red and mixed linseys; indigo checks; chambrays; fancy, twilled, mourning, blue prints; blk and cold'd Circassians; 13-4 Marseilles quilts; birdseye and 8-4 diaper; Irish long lawns; blk silk and fancy velvet vestings; silk and cotton umbrellas; cambric, jaconet, stripe, plaid, figured and plain Swiss, mull and book muslins; furniture and cambric dimity; wide gros de Swiss; Italian lustrings; cold'd gros de Naps; white, pink, cold'd blue-black and rich figured Pout de Soie; senshaw and colored Florence silks; thread edgings; fancy dress and merino hdkfs; printed Thibet wool, 4-4 and 5-4 merino, 5-4 and 6-4 raw silk, and 8-4 scarlet silke shawls; ladies' kid, white lace, silk and white linen gloves; gent's buckskin, castor, hoskin, white kid and white linen gloves; ladies' emb'd silk, merino, lambswool, fancy and white ribbed cotton hose; children's mixed and scarlet hose; wadding; spool cotton; furniture and carpet binding; India rubber aprons; ladies' super damask and plain merino cloaks; sea otter, fur, hair and seal caps, and fur collars.

## Ready-Made Clothing, viz:

Camblet cloaks; blue and green blanket, Petersham and Flushing coats; blk and blue cloth, cassimere, satinet, kersey and Flushing round-jackets; blk and white satin, white Marseilles and painted velvet vests; drab, black beaver and silk hats; men's thick pegged, russet, kip and calf brogans; boy's sewed and pegged brogans; calf boots; calf navy ties; shoes, pumps and slippers; ladies' white and black satin, kid and prunella slippers; morocco and leather shoes; prunella, gaiter and leather boots.

Also, assortment of **Hardware, Queens and Glassware, Cutlery, and Pistols.**

## Groceries.

Havana coffee; New-Orleans, white Havana and loaf sugars; sugar-house molasses; mackerel, pickled salmon, sperm oil, rice; white and brown soap; Brown's No. 1 honey-dew, Bonn's sweet-scented Roanoke leaf, and Kentucky tobacco; fine cut do.; bunch raisins; chocolate, Madeira nuts, filberts and almonds; lemon and raspberry syrups; gunpowder and young hyson teas; champagne and cognac brandy; champagne, Teneriffe, Madeira, Muscat, sweet Malaga and claret wines; old Irish whiskey; New-Orleans rum; sweet oil; patent mould candies; candies, assorted; indigo; copal varnish, camphor, &c.

The above articles, and many others not enumerated—making his assortment complete—will be sold low, for cash.

Little Rock, Oct. 17, 1836.

## DOCTOR DAVID HOLT,

HAVING permanently located himself, offers his professional services to the citizens of Little Rock and its vicinity. He hopes, by strict attention, to merit a share of public patronage.

His shop is in the new white house in Major Peay's row of buildings, and adjoining the Times Office. July 19, 1836.—16-17

In the Circuit Court in and for the County of Arkansas, State of Arkansas, at the June term, A. D. 1836.

MARIA VERDELL, by her next friend, William Sexton, }  
vs. }  
THOMAS W. VERDELL. }  
IN CHANCERY.  
Petition for Divorce.

AND now on this day came the plaintiff by her attorney Freeman, and the defendant, though solemnly called, came not, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the said Thomas W. Verdell is not a resident of this Territory, it is ordered by the Court that an alias summons be issued in this case, returnable to the next term of this Court, and that the same, together with this order, be published in some newspaper published in this Territory for six weeks previous to the next term of this Court, requiring the said defendant to be and appear at the next term of the Circuit Court for the county of Arkansas, to be holden at the Post of Arkansas on the first Monday of December next, and plead, answer or demur to the plaintiff's bill in this case filed, or the same will be taken as confessed against him, and decreed accordingly.

A true copy. Test, D. G. W. LEAVITT, Clerk of Arkansas County.

United States of America, }  
State of Arkansas, }  
County of Arkansas. }  
ss.

To the Sheriff of Arkansas County, GREETING: YOU are hereby commanded, as heretofore, to summon Thomas W. Verdell, if he be found in your bailiwick, to appear before the Judge of our Circuit Court, at the Court-house in the county aforesaid, on the first day of our next term, it being the first Monday of December next, then and there to answer unto Maria Verdell, by her next friend, William Sexton, in a petition for a divorce, and that you make due return of this writ to our said Circuit Court.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand as Clerk of said Circuit Court, and affixed the seal of office, this 14th day of November, A. D. 1836, and of the Independence of the United States the sixty-first year.

D. G. W. LEAVITT, Clerk.

33-6w-pr's fee \$17 50.

## THE YOUNG WIDOW.

Ye bid me mingle in the dance,  
And smile among the young and gay—  
Ye say that grief will dim my glance,  
And turn my raven tresses gray:  
I care not; yet I strive to bow,  
In meekness to my lonely fate—  
I dry my tears and smooth my brow,  
The while my heart is desolate.

When last I joined the festive throng,  
I heard—it seemed my brain to sear—  
A stranger breathe the very song  
That first he warbled in my ear.  
The words, the tune, but ah! that tone  
What living lip could imitate!  
Mid laughing crowds I stood alone,  
Unutterably desolate.

I miss him by the evening hearth,  
I miss him at the silent meal,  
But keenest in the bower of mirth  
My joyless solitude I feel.  
But late I saw a happy bride  
Smile fondly on her wedded mate,  
While I—oh! would that I had died  
With him who left me desolate.

Ye speak of wealth—in Mammon's mart  
There's not a single boon I crave;  
Gold cannot heal the broken heart,  
Nor bribe the unretaining grave;  
It cannot fill the vacant seat  
Where once my honored husband sate,  
Nor still my heart's convulsive beat,  
Nor make my home less desolate.

Alas! the base on which we build  
Hope's fairest fabric is but air,  
And laughs the heart when God has willed  
To lay his chastening finger there.  
A brighter, happier dream than mine  
Did never love and hope create;  
I bowed before an earthly shrine,  
And Heaven has left me desolate.

And yet not so—my soul be calm—  
The hand that smiteth will sustain:  
Thou hast a helper on whose arm  
The mourner never leaned in vain.  
Oh! may that arm the pilgrim guide  
By the straight path and narrow gate,  
To where the loved in bliss abide,  
And hearts no more are desolate.

**HYPERBOREAN COLD.**—The New York Commercial extracts from Captain Back's narrative of the Arctic expedition, some very curious illustrations of the severity of cold endured by himself and his companions. Sulphuric ether, in a tightly stoppered bottle, became opaque in fifteen minutes, and deposited a thick sediment, and the upper surface of the sides of the bottle was coated with ice. Mercury 62 degrees below zero. Being removed to the house, and placed within four and a half feet of a brisk fire, the ether was 42 minutes in recovering its transparency. Temperature of the room 22 degrees above zero. Nitric ether lost its transparency in two hours. A drachm and a half of sulphuric ether being placed in a bottle and exposed to the cold, out of the house, until it became thick, the stopper was withdrawn and a match applied, when the ether ignited with a sharp explosion. Pyroigneous acid froze in less than half an hour. Mercury 27 degrees below zero. Rectified spirit, diluted with an equal quantity of water, froze in the same time. Rum became thick in a few minutes. Two parts of pure spirit, diluted with one of water, froze solid in three hours, mercury 65 degrees below zero. A surface of mercury, in a saucer, became solid in two hours. In a small room, a fire of eight large sticks of dry wood could only raise the temperature to 12 degrees below zero, and ink and paint froze in this room. Capt Back placed his table as near the fire as he could bear the heat, yet his camel's hair pencil was frozen to a stiff point, and he had to give up his drawing. Cases and boxes of seasoned fir, split so as to be useless. The skin of the hands and face cracked into unsightly and painful gashes, which they were obliged to fill with grease. On one occasion Capt Back washed his face and head, standing within three feet of the fire, and his hair actually became stiff with ice before he could dry it.—Boston Transcript.

**THE RUSSIAN SOLDIER.**—The Russian when disciplined become excellent soldiers. They are locomotive machines, which may be moved in any direction at the will of the officers. The Russian soldier has no opinion of his own—his passive obedience and ability of suffering under protracted physical inconveniences, are almost unexampled. He conceives it to be his duty to obey his officers under any circumstances, regardless of peril, or even death. Many anecdotes might be related to illustrate the blind obedience of the Russian soldier. The following is from a work entitled Resources of Russia:

“Peter the Great at an interview with the kings of Denmark and Poland, hearing them boast of the superiority of their soldiers, instead of disputing the point with them, proposed an experiment which was immediately assented to, and which was, to order a grenadier to jump out of a third floor window. The king of Denmark tried the experiment on one of his bravest and most loyal soldiers, who on his knees refused compliance. The King of Poland waved the trial altogether, conceiving it to be hopeless; when Peter ordered one of his soldiers, the least promising that could be picked out, to descend the window. The soldier merely crossed himself, touched his hat according to form, boldly marched to the window and had already one of his legs out, when the emperor stopped him, and told him he was satisfied. The kings were astonished, and each made the soldier a present of 100 ducats requesting Peter to promote him to the rank of officer. The Czar answered that he would do so to oblige them, but not to reward the soldier;—for all his soldiers would do as much, and by rewarding them in the same way he would have no soldiers at all.”

Sir Robert Wilson in his ‘Campaigns in Poland,’ relates that on one occasion a detachment being ordered by Prince Potemkin to take possession of a particular post, was met on the way by another detachment in full retreat, and bringing the information that the post was already pre-occupied by a numerous enemy, and that to advance was a certain death: ‘Prince Potemkin must look out for that,’ exclaimed the gallant band, and proceeded to destruction:—for not a single man escaped.

## From the Salisbury Watchman.

### THE ROUND ROBIN.

One of the very best legal stories we know of, is that of the round Robin, as it is familiarly called, in the low circuits of North Carolina, and owes its humor to the fertile and cultivated mind of a lawyer who is still alive, but in a distant Western State. All the lawyers attending court about the year 1810, boarded at the house of Mr. B——, who at the beginning of his life, as a publican, was assiduous and provident, but riches multiplied, and Boniface became lazy, crusty, and parsimonious. His accommodations, as they are usually called, from being the very best had by degrees degenerated into the very worst in the whole country. This was borne with muttering from time to time, until in a fit of desperation, the whole fraternity of lawyers after mature deliberation ‘in Congress assembled,’ resolved to quit the house, and go to another in the same village. The duty of announcing the separation devolved on the gentleman above specified; who being somewhat struck with the mock importance the affair had assumed, wrote the following and sent it to the landlord, signed with the names of all the secedents in a round ring below:

### “A DECLARATION.

“When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a hungry, half-fed, imposed-on set of men, to dissolve the bonds of the landlord and boarder, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, requires that they should declare the causes which have impelled to the separation.

“We hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created with mouths and bellies; and that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, which are that no man shall be compelled to starve out of mere complaisance to a landlord; and that every man has a right to fill his stomach and wet his whistle with the best that’s going.

The history of the present landlord of the White Lion is a history of repeated insults, exactions, and injuries, all having in direct object the establishment of absolute tyranny over our stomachs and throats. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused to keep any thing to drink but bald-face whiskey.

He has refused to set upon his table for dinner, any thing but turnip soup, with a little bull beef and sour crout; which are not wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has refused to let his only waiter, blink eye Joe, put more than six grains of coffee to one gallon of water.

He has turned loose a multitude of fleas, and swarms of bedbugs to assual us in the peaceful hours of night, and to eat out our substance.

He has kept in our beds and bedsteads standing armies of these merciless savages, with their scalping knives and tomahawks, whose known rule of warfare is undisguised destruction.

He has excited domestic insurrections among us by getting drunk before breakfast, and making his wife and servants so before dinner, whereby there has been the devil to pay.

He has waged cruel war against nature itself by feeding our horses with broom straw and corn stalks, and carrying them to drink at puddles where swine refused to wallow.

He has protected one eye Joe in all his villainy, in the robbery of our jugs, by pretending to give him a mock trial after sharing with him the spoils.

A landlord whose character is thus marked by every act that may define a tyrant, is unfit to keep a boarding-house for Cherokee Indians.

Nor have we been wanting in our attention to Mrs. B——, and Miss Sally; we have warned them from time to time of the attempt of B——, to starve and fleece us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our coming to board with them—we have appealed to their justice and magnanimity—we have conjured them to alter a state of things, which would inevitably interrupt our connexion and correspondence. They too, have been deaf to the voice of justice. We are, therefore, constrained to hold all three of these parties alike inimical to our well being, and regardless of our comfort.

We, therefore, make this solemn declaration of our final separation from our former landlord, and cast our defiance in his teeth.”

The subjoined, from the Baltimore Visitor, is strictly true to the letter,—the tried experience of 14 years can attest to its accuracy. There is no practical printer that reads it, but will feel its force and graphical fidelity, as well as ourself. For our own sake, we wish the writer had not omitted foremen on morning papers; (those wearied watchers of the rising sun,) but also enumerated the summum bonum of their daily miseries. As to the pressman, (another adjunct of the much lauded art,) he is a hale hearty fellow, when contrasted with foremen or compositors on a daily periodical. “Premature old age” is not his inheritance; his “sight does not fail” nor is his “touch denuded.” His employment, on the contrary, braces the nerves and invigorates the whole system; but we had better stop,—our thoughts begin to run in an envious channel! No, no: the pressman’s is not the easy task we were about to picture it, after all!

We recommend the attentive perusal of this article to correspondents, authors and editors, some of whom we have often inwardly wished, for our own Job like patience and their benefit, had been subjected to half a score months tuition in penmanship, at the seminary of the Messrs. Dolbear.—Louisiana Advertiser.

### MISERIES OF A COMPOSITOR—BY ONE.

We hear a good deal of the miseries of editors, but never of those of their humble coadjutors, the compositors; nevertheless the latter have their grievances, and the philosophy and temper with which they are borne, are in striking contrast to the irritable petulance of their superiors of the quill.

By your leave Messrs. Editors, I will enumerate a few of the more manifold of the compositor’s miseries. The employment of a compositor is of a two-fold nature, mechanical and mental. He commits to memory as much of his copy as can readily be retained by once reading over, and then proceeds to pick up the individual letters of which this portion is composed, attending at the same time, to the punctuation, spelling and grammar. To do this successfully, requires undivided attention, a quick eye, a ready hand and untiring patience. Under the most favorable circumstances, this labor brings a compositor to a premature old age—his sight fails, his head becomes tremulous, the

sense of touch dulled, and the nerves lose their quickness and energy. This, with but few exceptions, is the necessary and inevitable result of his employment. But, in addition to this, he is subject to many miseries from the ignorance, the caprice, or the carelessness of authors.

The compositor has a certain number of squares exacted from him as a day’s work; this is expected, whether his copy be clear or obscure, legible or illegible, punctuated or not. Upon these circumstances his earnings—his bread depends; and common humanity would dictate to authors that their ministering servant the compositor, should be assisted as much as possible in his humble labors for their present fame and future honor.

Illegible copy is, perhaps, the compositor’s greatest misery, as it is frequently found in combination with every fault. This is a universal failing, of which the literate and illiterate are alike guilty—in the former it is inexcusable. Another grievous fault in authors is the attempt to give force to a feeble style, and clearness to an obscure one, by the frequent introduction of italic words. This spoils the appearance of the printing, is alike insulting to the taste and discrimination of the reader, and is a sore evil to the purse of the poor compositor, as the italic case is often in a distant part of the office. This misery tries the temper more than the illegibility, though not so serious in its results—the former may arise from incapability, the latter always from presumption and bad taste.

Another fault of third rate authors, and alas! for the compositor, they are by far the most numerous, is continually insulting the capabilities of the King’s English with scraps of foreign languages. This is the trick of the shallow pedant, who mistakes the acquisition of languages for knowledge, and the display of them for wisdom. Its chief effect upon the compositor is, that if every letter, accent, and diphthong, be not legibly marked, he makes mistakes; his besotted ignorance is such that the connection is here no aid to him. One more misery, and we have done with the delirious catalogue. Some authors (and their name is Legion, for they are many) cannot tell how a sentence will read till they see it in print—then, indeed, its errors are palpable, and they alter and amend with great zeal and perseverance, not reflecting that these alterations cost the compositor trouble, time, health and temper. O those numerous perpetrations, which are the result of sheer ignorance, not rendered offensive by conceit or presumption, and which falls to the compositor’s lot to shape into form and comeliness, we take no notice; they are evils inseparable from its condition, and are frequently sufficiently amusing to compensate in some measure, for the loss they occasion.

The author whom the printer delights to honor, is one who writes legibly, with but few erasures or interjections; whose punctuations is systematic, and may always be depended upon; whose style is not inverted and unnatural, but flowing and easy, and readily retained in the memory; who uses italic sparingly; foreign languages never; and who makes no alterations from copy in the proof sheet; such a man is the glory and pride of the printer; in him he sees no faults; the broad mantle of his merits covers all minor defects, and though his principles may be abominable, and his purposes detestable, he is at last sure of a good word from the compositor.  
G. P\*\*\*\*N.

**A Sunday occurrence.**—We delight in religious worship, when we can find it observed in its original simplicity, uncontaminated with the gorgeous trappings, and ostentatious ceremonials with which more modern innovations have trampled the simple devotion of the heart. This unfashionable notion of ours frequently leads us to tarry at those primitive assemblages which are to be found, every pleasant sabbath, congregated in the open air on the decks of some of the thousand ships lying at the wharves; and at which we have, on more than one occasion, heard more plain, practical expositions of the religious and moral duties of man towards his fellows and his maker, than at any of the luxurious and splendid places ostensibly devoted to religion, but more really to pride and worldly display, with which our city abounds.

At a conventicle of this character, assembled on Sunday afternoon last, on board a vessel lying at Coenties Slip, we formed one of a congregation of perhaps two hundred, who were listening to the discourse of a plain spoken and zealous expounder of the fourth commandment. A fellow sat on the stern of the next vessel, with a line in his hand, making double use of his time by listening with his ears to the preacher’s expoundings of the law, and with his hands doing constant violence to the same, by plying his vocation of angling; albeit, though he was constantly hauling up and baiting his hook, he caught no fishes. The fact was observed by the preacher, and he sought to improve it as an illustration of his assertion that no man was ever the better off for laboring on the sabbath. “My friends, (said he,) Providence in his wisdom has placed before your eyes a living evidence of his indignation against the violation of this most righteous commandment.—There, observe that sabbath breaker. He has been sitting there more than an hour, constantly bobbing and baiting, but it has done him no good. The Lord wont let him catch any fish!” “Not as you know on, Mister,” replied the fisherman, as at the moment, unfortunately for the practical illustration of the preacher, he hauled up an enormous eel, that hung dangling from his hook. “Never halloo till you’re out of the woods, Mr. Minister. A hungry eel, like a hungry man, will bite when he’s hungry, Sunday or no Sunday, Mr. Minister; and the big book tells us of better men than you or me either, Mr. Minister, who caught fish and made free with cornfishes too, when they had a sharp appetite, without stopping to enquire whether it was Sunday or Saturday.” Having delivered himself of this rejoinder to the honest preacher’s unlucky illustration, the fisherman rebaited his hook and casting it into the water, continued his angling. In the mean time, a loud and general laugh at the oddity of the occurrence arose among the assemblage; but as we felt in no mood to join in it, we left the preacher to get along with his unlucky “living evidence” as best he might.

**Singular Thought.**—The Philadelphia Saturday News says, that the architect of one of the prisons in that city, was lately told by a prisoner that he did not know his business, or he would not have built the cells for solitary confinement square, for said he, there is something to break the monotony—there is a corner upon which I can fix my eye, it is an object. Had you made them round I should have gone crazy in a week.