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BY CHAS. P. BERTRAND.

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TERMS.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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MISCELLANY.

From the New-York Amulet.

The following Tale was selected by the judges, as the one entitled to the premium of Twenty Dollars, offered some time since, by the Publisher of the New York Amulet. It cannot fail of being read with an all absorbing interest.

EVERARD GRAHAM.

Written for the New York Amulet.—By WILLIS G. CLARK, OF PHILADELPHIA.

"Take back the bowl—take back the bowl, Reserve it for polluted lips— I would not bow a stainless soul, Beneath its dark and foul eclipse.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

There are evils in the earth, upon which the eloquence of the Orator, the lyre of the Poet, and the deep and the over-wrought touches of the pencil and pen, have dwelt almost in vain. In their description, the wealth of language is turned into penury; the darkest dream of anguish and distress, but faintly shadows forth the stern and moving reality. The strong and emphatic language of Holy Writ; the burning words of David and Solomon, are almost impuissant when they are employed in painting the awful horrors of infidel unbelief, and that destruction of the body and soul which follows in the train of Protean Drunkenness. They are more dire than the fabled Furies; the abysses they open, are fiercer than Coeytus or Plegethon;—their grasp is more powerful than the serpents of Laocoon:—The burthens which they impart are more wearisome than the stone of Sisyphus or the wheel of Ixion; and their ascendancy is unbroken, until the understanding is bewildered, and the clouded eye becomes tearless; until the heart becomes as adamant, and the spirit is goaded and restless beneath the dominion of Remorse; till the ear tingles with the address of coward Conscience, and the unnerved bosom writhes in the emotions of regret which pierce like a scorpion's sting.

Infidelity and Intemperance go hand in hand. They bid the spirit of youth bow down at an unholy shrine; and the sweetest affections, the dearest hopes and fondest visions of earth are offered up as incense to the mysterious divinity Unbelief.—This is no ideal picture; the wide world is full of the afflictions that are summoned up like the clouds around the devious pathway of the Blasphemer and the Drunkard.—The red wine brightens alluringly in the goblet; the shadowy illusions of these sceptic come but for a little season with a soothing action to the mind; but anon there steals to the one, the wormwood dregs of bitter regret; to the other, the clouds which obscure the sunshine of hope; which spread a mournful curtain over the beautiful scenes of human existence, and create unutterable forebodings of that undiscovered country beyond the land of Death.

I have little hope that the Tale which I am about to relate, will cause any to release the delusions which they have grasped; but I am never without hope. I would that my pen were dipped in the empyreal fire of heaven, that I might show the light which they reject who turn from the word of inspiration. I would I might gather upon the canvass, the darkness of the midnight cloud, and the fierce lightning of the tempest; I would form a panorama of terrors, which should shadow forth to the mad votary of Bacchus, and the victim of Unbelief, the abyss of destruction upon which they are rushing; which should say to them, "Turn ye at my reproof, and heed not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

It was a stormy evening in January, 18—, when my friend EVERARD GRAHAM and myself, were seated by our comfortable grate, in the seminary of G—. The coal was reddening behind the bars of its prison; and the cheerfulness of our little room was enhanced by the storm without. We had but lately come up from recitations and prayers in the chapel; and had for some time been seated in silence, each indulging in our respective thoughts. The snow came pattering gently against the windows; and by way of beguiling the time, I arose and breathed upon a pane, and wrote thereon my humble initials.—Without, the scene was troublesome and uninviting. The wide stretching

inland was obscured by the thick wing of the wintry tempest; the wide anthem of the night wind was loud and dissonant; and I soon found that the shadows of the scene around me, were gathering over my mind. My thoughts went forth amidst the curtained skies of Evening; and mighty ideas of infinity and boundless space—the mystery of the air—the distance whence the little motes of snow had fallen;—and I was absorbed in meditation.

I was aroused from my reverie by the entrance of a lad bearing a letter. I stepped forward,—it was for my friend. His large hazle eye was lit up pleasantly, and a kindly smile of unwonted delight passed over his brow and cheek. He had for some days been moody and restless;—and I marked his emotions of pleasure with a lively enjoyment, to which an instant before I was a stranger.

"This is the most lucky moment to receive a letter that I ever experienced," said Graham, indulging in that laugh which comes from the heart. "You see," said he, "that is from a woman; the *prima mulieris* of my affections. But I belie her; she is not a woman; in the general acceptation of the term—she is an angel."

I glanced at the letter as he extended it to me; and the direction was really most beautiful. The blue surface of the epistle seemed to have just passed through the hands of the copper plate printer. "You see," said Graham, "that it is beautiful; now let me read it, and as you are my confidant I will show you the Alpha and Omega of it." He broke the seal; it began with "Dearest Everard," and closed with "Forever yours, EVELINE BARTON."

"You are entitled to farther freedom," said my friend:—"Now, go meditate and let my greedy eyes devour up her discourse," or seeing your curiosity is awakened, I will give you her picture 'for you to look upon,' as the Primer hath it."

He drew from his bosom a miniature, suspended by a golden chain. "There," said he, "is one half of my heart. It is the most beautiful by far; and I dare be sworn, the most innocent. Now if you admire it, let your admiration be *unspeakable*; for I shall not be at home, during the next half hour to any body. To save inquiries, however, I will say a word or two to you respecting her.—She is my intended; I first knew her at the Saratoga cottillions; her father is an Englishman; but her mother is one of our cis-atlantic daughters of Eve. It is the long lapse of time since I have heard from the dear girl that has given me the blues so of late."

I took the miniature; and never shall I forget the unsullied and perfect beauty that then dawned upon me. The stainless brow was shaded with rich clusters and braids of hair, of the gold in shadow; the eye was mild and sweet; but about the sweet lips, that seemed the balmy prison gates of delicious kisses, there played such a pure and sanctified smile, that the picture seemed to be instinct with the life of heaven. I was dumb with exquisite admiration; and I seemed to be surrounded by the perfect presence of Venus. Little did I imagine, as I gazed upon that delicately moulded face, that the clouds of early sorrow would so soon overshadow the fair brow; that the white-robed bosom would so soon yearn with the pangs of unrequited affection; that the azure eye and matchless cheek would be dimmed and stained with tears shed in secret; that they would be deluged with the bitter waters of a bursting heart! But let me not anticipate.

Half an hour having passed without a word having been spoken by either of us. The reflections which the picture had conjured up, kept me silent; and Graham read and re-read his letter, without noticing my pleasurable reverie. At length he said—"Well, you seem half intoxicated; are you dizzy with rapture? I assure you, if you feel any sensation from that little counterfeit, how could you gaze on the original? You would become an enthusiast and worshipper at first sight, as I did. But I am too jocose for so sacred a theme; and my pleasure is already damped by the reflection, that my *spirituelle* has, ere this, left America, in the packet of the 16th, for England. A vast estate has fallen to her father, there; and he, with his whole family, have repaired from Barton Hill to Ludgate Hill, or some other hill of London. Cruel girl! She was too affectionate to endure the emotions of a farewell, and wrote me late, in consequence. She has quoted Scripture to me in her epistle; something odd for her; but it is certainly expressive. She is not aware that I eschew the whole of that Book she holds so sacred. But we will not jar each other on that topic. I shall see her by June in the British metropolis! I might as well make my couch on that ardent grate, as to remain where she is not."

I returned to him the treasure he had shown to me; and if I indulged in un-

mingled encomium upon its pervading loveliness, I trust it was not undeserved or hypocritical. The eye of my friend glistened with gratification.

"There is never a sweet without its bitter," he said, "often when that beloved girl and I have walked along the vernal shore of the lake by the mansion of her father, as I gazed upon her speaking eye and sinless brow, I have thought myself utterly unworthy of her affection. She is too full of ethereal purity for my guilt-tainted soul. You know, what she does not, that I am a sceptic. Her ductile and elastic spirit is full of praise to God when she looks upon his works. Often she has spoken to me of the mercies of heaven, in making us so supremely happy in our love; and like all her sex her woman's heart seems to forbode evil from the transitory nature of the things of this world. How many times, as we have reposed beneath the trellised vines of her father's garden, have I pressed her to my throbbing bosom, and kissed away the tears which sensibility had drawn to her cheek! But I am half-moralizing! It is a sombre theme, with all delight; and I'll give it up for something more exhilarating. Do you love Burgundy?"

As he made this interrogation, he went to his closet, and drew forth a bottle of the *material* thereof; he cut the wax from its top, and drawing the long cork from a *locum tenens* which it had held while in the south of France, and while tilted upon the Atlantic, he filled a glass and presenting it to me, filled another for himself. I refused his offer to renew my draught, and soon after retired.

When I awoke in the morning, the room was full of the smoke of the lamp; and Graham had not been in bed. The wine had disappeared from the bottle, and the lamp was upset upon the miniature which he had laid upon the table, and it was broken. Graham was stupefied with wine, and his face looked feverish and sick. The loss of his miniature was a source of deep regret; and he lamented it as a fearful omen for the future.

Three months from that morning Graham sailed for England. His education was by no means complete; but he was the idol of an indulgent and wealthy father; who had long favoured his determination to make a tour to Europe. If I ever parted with a friend with regret, it was from EVERARD GRAHAM. He had his faults; but naugre them all, I loved him. We vowed mutual and abiding friendship, and a constant correspondence, and as my design of visiting England was well known and approved of by my parents, I hesitated not to pledge myself to meet him in the British metropolis, as soon as my minority should have expired.

Two years after, during which time I had not heard a word of my friend, I was in London. I will not attempt to describe my feelings as our majestic vessel glided up the Thames. It was a beautiful day in September, when I first saw at a distance the cloud of smoke which overhung the British Capitol. Oddly enough, the weather was clear; and the yellow sun lit up the countless sails that were passing to and fro, with a singular beauty. In a short space I found myself in Picket-street, in the neighborhood of Waterloo Bridge and Temple Bar; anon, I was mingling with the restless crowd that moved along Fleet-street to Ludgate Hill. I soon saw St. Paul's—that mighty edifice, whose towering dome looks down upon the riches and poverty—the happiness and misery of nearly two millions of immortal souls.

I pass over the pleasure and the newness of enjoyment, with which I looked upon the wonders of London, after my letters of introduction had been delivered, and my check had been honored by my banker. It was to me a kind of epoch, when I first saw the *pave* of Regent-street Quadrant, and when I walked up Great Russell street to Drury Lane Theatre. The inquiries I had made among my friends for Graham, however, had all proved nearly ineffectual. He had brought introductory letters to some of them, and was known as a loungee at the New England Coffee-house, previous to his leaving London for the Continent.

I was one day returning to my Hotel, after a visit to the famous Abbey of Westminster, when the thought struck me that I would return on the river. I accordingly chartered a small boat near Westminster-Stairs, requesting to be "set down" at Waterloo Bridge. Thro' the dulness of my Gondolier, who seemed a half-intoxicated, song singing varlet, I was taken even past Blackfriars, and left at the foot of an obscure lane, leading into Thames street, whose lamps already lighted, were twinkling in the distance. The first large and heavy drops of an approaching thunder shower incited me to haste; and the vivid flashes of lightning that ever and anon darted across the gloom, were "spurs to prick the sides of my intent." I hur-

ried on; but the storm had already burst above me; and in a moment of hesitation, paused and knocked at the low door of an obscure and dingy dwelling, whence the only light issued that I had witnessed, since I left my tuneful Arios of the Thames. It was opened by a bloated, fierce looking female, who in a gruff voice, asked me what I wanted? A loud peal of thunder drowned my reply. I pointed without; and the action seemed to content her. She marshalled me into a low back-room, requesting me to step lightly as I entered. I followed her on tip-toe, and seated myself on a broken bench, by the dying embers of a flickering fire.

The apartment presented a cheerless picture of poverty and desolation. One or two mutilated chairs stood near a scanty-furnished table in the centre of the room. In one corner, on a low mat, lay a poor emaciated form, apparently groaning in a troubled sleep. I drew near, and as the woman re-entered with a lamp, I was struck with astonishment. The face was pale, but interesting; the eye-lids were of a dark purple, and the cheek hollow. Pressing his lips as if to nerve him to some imaginary conflict, he opened his eyes full upon me, as the light shone over his lowly pallet. Never shall I forget that look! The blood rushed rapidly to his high forehead—it retreated again to his heart, and left him deadly pale. He reached forth his hand and in faltering accents, pronounced my name. I looked for a moment in doubtful recognition; it was but for a moment; he pronounced the name of Everard Graham. My head grew dizzy—my sight failed me, and I was insensible.

When I recovered, my once high-souled and honorable friend was a lifeless corpse before me. The struggle had been too powerful for him to endure, and life had ceased in his mighty influence. I made enquiries of the unseemly being under whose roof I had taken shelter; and learned that he had for the past two months, been an inmate of her miserable dwelling. His last half crown had been paid her the day before; and there remained no effects to compensate her for her attentions, if he had lived longer.—There was only a packet in his hat, she said; and that she had made him a solemn promise to take to the London Post Office. She took down the hat, and handed me the packet. It was sealed with black, and bore my direction, with a line to the overseer of the London Post Office, requesting it to be sent to America. Finding my efforts ineffectual to persuade the woman that the packet bore my name, I purchased it from her at the price of a guinea; and leaving her a sufficient sum to defray the funeral obsequies of Graham, and promising to call early the next day, I departed on the cessation of the storm.

On reaching my Hotel, I dismissed my valet from my room, and throwing myself on a sofa I opened the packet, and devoured its contents. It was smoky and mutilated; but I overcame the interlineations, and read as follows:—

LONDON, October 18,—

"To you my dearly-cherished friend, now that all hope of seeing you has passed away forever, may I now confide the secrets of the last two years of my awful life. I shudder to look back upon them; but there is no alternative. If this faintly written record should ever reach you, let it be to you the beacon of a mighty warning. I am dying in a Foreign land, surrounded by many to whom I might apply for relief, were I not a midnight murderer, shunning the day, and an irreclaimable sot. The weight of my crimes has recoiled back upon my heart, with a keen and undying retribution. I have sown the winds of Intemperance and Unbelief—I am reaping the whirlwinds of unutterable monition. The fires of agonizing remorse are burning in my blood; the monitory voice of a struggling conscience is thundering in my ears, and I experience the enkindled pangs of a mental hell. Oh, God! with what direful punishment have my iniquities overwhelmed me! But I must on.

You know the secret of my early love. You know the embarkation of Emile Barton for England, and that I followed her soon. Oh, that I could describe to you the Eden of happiness that dawned upon me the first summer I spent in England. We were married; and Time went by with his wings glittering in the pearls of hope, and his brow clothed in sunshine. We made a delightful tour on the Continent, and returned with joyful hearts to our metropolitan home; and a lovely daughter was at last the pledge of our affection. But in an evil hour, I surrendered myself to the demon of Drunkenness, and he bound my bosom in fetters of iron. I became a frequenter of the Hells, in St. James'; a tippler of Johnson's spirits, at the Surrey Theatre, and a stranger to home. I wasted all my patrimony, and the splendid estate of my kind Emile, in one short week, at the gaming-table. I reviled the Scriptures in her presence; I neglected our darling child;—in short, I became a madman.

I returned home one night and found the bailiffs at my threshold. Our mansion in town was sold, and we rented a pleasant cottage in Hampstead. Here, if I would not have been more remorseless than the grave, I should have paused upon my dark career. But I was too much depraved. I became more and more estranged from the angel of my youth; I repulsed her overflowing affection, and saw her fading away under the influence of my cruelty. She had renounced fashionable life for my sake, and it had been our intention to return to America, whither her parents had already gone, expecting us soon to follow.

Let me be brief. As I opened, one moonlight evening, the little gate that led up to our Hampstead residence, I saw Emile leaning upon the shoulder of a young man, apparently weeping. A Hellish suspicion that she had dishonored me, rushed upon my brain; and stealthily approaching, I drew a stiletto from my bosom and stabbed her to the heart. She turned and fixed upon me a look of alternate surprise, reproach, forgiveness—shrieked, and fell lifeless at my feet. It was her BROTHER.

I cannot long proceed. Since that fatal hour, I have been scorched with the lightning of reproachful thought; I have been a scathed and skulking fugitive in the house of a miserable fish-woman. I have quaffed deeply of the delirious cup of intoxication; I have found its dregs to be gall and wormwood. My health is wasted—my hopes are dead; and the earth seems yawning to clasp me to its icy bosom. Would that I were dead! Would to God, that I could find that annihilation in which I once believed, but for which I have long ceased to hope! Twice have I swallowed poison; the potion has lain harmless within me; and God still bids me live and suffer. My wife is buried in a quiet church-yard at Hampstead; and my weakness has at last prevented me from indulging the mournful office of weeping at midnight over her peaceful grave. My child still lives; and is the fair and sunny image of her sainted mother. If she ever visits America, and this should reach you, do not—oh! do not acquaint her with the unhappy fate of her parents; of that father who was a wretch,—of that spotless mother who loved me 'not wisely, but too well.' I can—"

Here the Mss. ended. I give it to the reader as I received it. The next day the remains of Graham were interred in the Potter's Field of one of the Alms houses, in Kingsland Road.

The little daughter of my lost friend, is with the parents of her mother, in America. She is a counterfeit of her that bore her;—and like her mother in her youth, beloved by all, and caressed with enthusiasm. She is the only light thrown upon the sombre history of her mother's sorrow, and her father's guilt.

Ex-President Monroe.—We copy the following article, in the sentiments of which we heartily concur, from the Newport (R. I.) Republican of the 15th April.

The New-York Courier and Enquirer, in alluding to the probability that Congress will adjourn on the 17th day of May, expresses its fears that the bill for the relief of Ex-President Monroe may not be reached, and adds a hope that it will be called up out of course, and favorably disposed of. In this hope we join most cordially, and for the honor of the country, as well as for the relief of so worthy a citizen, we trust our wishes will be realized. Mr. Monroe has rendered important services in the field and in the cabinet. From his youth he has ever been the advocate and active promoter of civil freedom. Upon his character as a man, a soldier, and a magistrate, there is no stain. In every act of his public life he seems to have been actuated by the purest feelings of patriotism. From such a man, in his declining years, the government ought not to withhold that relief which is due to him as an act of justice; and which, even as an act of liberality, would be acceptable and honorable to the nation. An appropriation from a well filled treasury, to render easy and comfortable the last days of this venerable and distinguished patriot, would be warmly approved by every generous citizen of this prosperous Republic.

It is said, (says the N. E. Farmer,) that a learned writer in Europe has satisfactorily proved by interpretations of the prophecies, that the Millennium will begin in 1833.—So that of the picture of the Millennium, as painted by an old Father, is to be realized and a tolerable chance of enjoying a long life and a merry one.—"Those living in the time of the Millennium," (says the writer) "shall not die, but during these thousand years shall produce an infinite number of children. The rocks will drop honey wine will run in the streets; and rivers overflow with milk."