HE SUMTER BANNER.

SUMTERVILLE, NOVEMBER 6, 1846. NUMBER 1.

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From the Cincinnati Casket.

DEAD OPEN AND SHUT;

Or the way they play in Arkansas.

BY TOM HARRINGTON.

Few, who travelled much on the broad Mississippi at an early day, but who ha[ve] heard with dread the name of Gen. William Montgomery, and none, but knew of the landing called 'Montgomery's Point,' which, for its location and peculiar advantages, was hard to be excelled. Montgomery, himself, was a tall, shrewd, quick-witted, law-bread fellow, who in roguish exploits, was seldom, if ever equalled.—He was the terror of the South, to all who knew him, and as a sportsman, gambler, &c., was as notorious as the celebrated Captain Kidd for a pirate. The General was said to have redeeming qualities in his gaming transactions, which might be classed as follows:

First.—If he found a man naked, he clothed him. If he was hungry he fed him.

Second.—If he was thirsty and poor, he gave him to drink, and advised him to leave for some more salubrious clime.

And last, though not least, if he was thirsty and rich, he made him drink and then robbed him.

His notorious life was the occasion of all gamblers yielding to his nefarious designs, who chanced to [f]all with him; and whatever the General sa[i]d, must of course, be right, as none dared to gainsay him.

It was about the time when his notoriety had attained its height, that a French gentleman, accompanied by a huge Yankee, arrived at the 'Point,' on their way to the head waters of the Arkansas river, and, as there was no other hotel in the place, put up with the General.

Applications being made to him for conveyance, he advised them to defer their journey some few days, as he thought the prospect of high water was in their favor. This proposition was by no means a welcome one to Jonathan, who had heard more th[illegible], of the desperate character; and he declared he would [illegible] make a pack-horse of [illegible]main. The Frenchman as[illegible]wise, that his busines was [illegible]at he must go on foot, even, [illegible]o other conveyance. The [illegible] not pleased with the deter[illegible]acy of the two, but could not [illegible] on a plan whereby to detain [illegible]heir own consent, so he finally [illegible]ake them through on horseback, [illegible] fort Smith. The horses were [illegible]ly equipped, and the General, [illegible] negro, the Frenchman and the [illegible]t length set out making quite a [illegible]le looking caravan, for the Ar-

[illegible] however, the Gener[illegible] soft sawder' on the [illegible]many advantages he [illegible]udes of the southern [illegible] no other than being [illegible] to answer as his own [illegible]gh he might have [illegible]nut-megs, and horn [illegible]rough the State, he [illegible]odate himself.

[illegible] somewhat chagrined at [illegible] situation, for fear that the [illegible] Frenchman [illegible] consider him a man of that charac[illegible] After their leaving, the General still [illegible]ed Jonathan, no small uneasiness, by [illegible] continued attacks upon his nativity, &c. The Frenchman soon discovered the annoyance the General was giving the Yankee, and insisted that he w[as] too hard in accusing his honest friend of having to do with anything of so base a character. At this the General laughed, and told him his accusations were no ways erroneous. The Yankee ground his teeth and remarked.

"It's tarnal well for you that I ain't a bum, for if I was I'd give it to ye, darned quick tew."

"Don't you see," said the General, turning to the Frenchman with an insinuating glance, "Monsie[ur] believes it too true to be a joke." The Frenchman as[illegible] Down-easter that the [illegible] mistaken," replied [illegible] had burnt your [illegible] a man but what I [illegible] accusations with my money; and I will bet you a hundred dollars that to search the Yankee's saddle bags, you will find at least one or two hundred horn gun-flints and as many wooden nut-megs."

"I will bette you five hundred dollars," said the Frenchman, "that my friend carry no wooden nutmeg nor no gun flint in his von leetle saddle bag."

"I take all such bets," replied the General turning to cuffy—who was showing his ivory, and placing the above named sum in his hand. This was immediately covered by the Frenchman, while the Yankee dismounted, and prepared to settle the matter by unloading his saddle bags.

For some moments all gathered around in breathless silence, when the Yankee, to his astonishment, drew forth the above named articles.

"Well, you see I have won," continued the General, while Cuffy, roared and capered about with delight, showing the whole breadth of his whites—his eyes opening to an extraordinary magnitude, and his nose flattened like a viper—crying—

"You ded'nt catch de Gineral dis 'ar time, gosh a mighty! wid dem ar horn gun flints."

"What have you to do with it, you tarnal black nigger!" cried Jonathan, turning to him with a furious look.

"Why, you see, I is de Gineral's aid de camp, in holding de stakes, in dis 'special game;" and at the same time he handed them over to his master with a chuckling laugh.

The losing party saw the deception of the trick, and appeared doubly anxious to facilitate their journey.

The General was none the less merry for having won their money, and occasionally laughed over it, saying, he had merely made his expenses, whereas he had thought to have made several thousand dollars.

The Frenchman sighed, and said he thought it "von vaire extensive countree!"

The General, however, assured him that he should have a chance to win back his money, so soon as he should feel disposed, by any other game, he, or his down East friend should see proper to select.

Monsieur said he only knew of one, which was the French game *Ving-un*, or twenty-one.

The General replied that was one of his strongest games, and that so soon as they could make themselves comfortably situated as to their lodgings, they would have a friendly touch of it.

Arriving at a hotel, where they intended to pass the night, the Frenchman and his companion having determined not to proceed any further with the General, made their intentions known to him, stating, as their reason, that the friend whom they sought was on a tour to the South, and that on the first opportunity they should embark on a boat for Natchez.

The General said he thought they would have a very pleasant trip, and that he would dispatch his servant home with his horses and accompany them. This was certainly any thing but agreeable, but as there was no help for it, our travelling friends thought proper to assent.

The water at this time being low, it was proposed by the General that a small flat-boat should be procured, which would be very advantageous, as he and the Frenchman could play at their favorite game of twenty-one, while the Down-easter and the Landlord, whom the General persuaded to go along, should manage the boat.

This, accordingly being acceded to, the boat was soon under way. Scarcely had they left the shore, ere the General, eager for the game, gave the French gentleman a hint to that effect—and they were soon in full blast—the Frenchman taking the deal, the General betting high, and losing. Night setting in, they concluded to lay to and dispense with the game until morning.

The next day while lying at the shore, they resumed their play—the General still losing the most important bets. At last he proposed a new change of deal. Monsieur assured him he could only play his game one way, and that was to deal. Again they plaid on for a time, when the General appearing to get out of patience, insisted the game should be changed, as he was over one thousand dollars the loser.

Monsieur said that he thought it an unfair request, as he had frequently said he knew no other game.

The General still pressed his suit, and said he was willing to leave it to their host, whether or no it was not right that he should give him a chance to win back his money. The host being a staunch friend of the General, of course decided in his favor.

By this time all was ready for their morning departure, and Monsieur, thinking he might come out second best, was anxious to leave; but the General declared that his game must be played, without any further delay.

'Vel, den, Monsieur,' whined the other, 'you shall propose your game—vot is it?'

'My game,' replied the General, 'is *dead open and shut!*'

'Vat for you say, Generale? Me no understand you, sare. Is it von dead open and shut vith von card? Eh?'

'Open and shut with every thing else but cards,' said the General, with a coarse laugh. 'I will give you an example.' He placed himself in an attitude to explain his game, which was done by placing his hands behind him, and requiring the Frenchman to say whether they were open or shut.

Monsieur, hardly knowing what to make of it, said 'open.'

'How much will you bet me?' inquired the General.

'Suppose me bette you von leetle hundred dollare?'

'Done!' said the General, at the same time showing the astonished Frenchman his closed hands. 'I am very sorry to inform you that you have lost,'—and a smile of peculiar meaning played around his mouth.

'Ah! sacre! me shall no understand von such game, Generale.'

'Must understand it, by Jupiter!' thundered the General, once more placing his hands behind him.

The Frenchman guessed again, and lost, of course. This was repeated several times, until Monsieur declared he could no longer play.

'Produce a substitute, then!' cried the General, 'by thunder! this *must* be played!'

Monsieur then referred him to his worthy friend, the Yankee—who, being called upon, proposed that he should be, alternately, entitled to the privilege of secreting his hands. But the General soon gave him to understand that his game could only be played *one way*—at the same time telling the landlord he might as well station himself on shore, with his rifle, as he intended there should be very little equivocation in his gambling transactions.

The Yankee, finding that he was determined not to give him a fair chance, proposed that the other should bet two to his one. The General laughed at his simple proposition, and readily consented, provided the Yankee would agree to let him fix the amount, which was also conceded.

To a northern traveller this scene would have been highly interesting. About thirty yards from the boat, perched upon a stump, with a long rifle in his hand, was their host ready to obey the slightest command of the General. At the stern of the boat stood Monsieur, with a pale cheek, and feelings that can be better imagined than described, as he thought of the termination of a game which would in all probability, end by leaving him and his friend several thousand dollars minus. A little in advance of him stood the General and the Yankee—the former cool and collected—the latter exhibiting much uneasiness; which was particularly perceptible in his bloodless, quivering lips—and he seemed half inclined to 'back out.' A few oaths, however, from his dreaded antagonist, finally nerved him to the 'sticking pint,' which was made manifest by his saying,

'I guess I'm just about as ready as I ever will be, Gineral—so how much do you think I ought to bet? Don't be gettin' it tew high, now, cause you see, Gineral, you'll have to bet me tew to one.'

'O, that matters not, my dear fellow,' said the other, 'we Arkansas Generals only play for amusement; and so, merely to make the game interesting, my larkey, I will try you with two thousand dollars.'

'Wal, Gineral, seein' it's you, and only for amusement, you jest lay down them are four thousand of yourn, and I'll try and raise the half on't.'

The General accordingly laid down his four thousand dollars on the boat, while the Yankee placed his two thousand in companionship.

'Now Mister Gineral,' said Jonathan, 'jest hide them are hands of yourn, and speak it all out plain—so I shant make no mistake.'

The General cast his eye towards the landlord—winked—placed his hands behind him, and then, in a low, distinct voice, said, *open, or shut.*'

The Yankee looked at him steadily for some moments without moving a muscle of his face, as though, by some intuition he was about to divine the certain position of his hands—when, with a motion, quick as lightning, he drove his brawny fist between the eyes of the other—which had no sooner taken effect than he was lying prostrate upon the deck.

'Open! by gosh! cried the Yankee, as he saw the other's hands flying through the air—at the same time snatching the money, cramming it into his pocket and hurling the straitened body of the General on the shore; then giving the boat a sudden shove by means of a pole, he and his French companion, to the great discomfiture of their enemies, were soon gliding down the stream.

'Fire!' roared out the General at the top of his lungs, as soon as he could regain his feet and turn to his host—'fire! I tell you; you stupid fool! Blaze away! blow out that infernal Yankee's brains; he's not fit for dog's meat!'

The frightened host endeavored to obey, but it was no go: the more he tried to shoot, the more he couldn't; while to complete their chagrin, and to add to their vexation, the voice of the Yankee—in the real nasal twang—was heard calling out,

'I say Gineral; this ere's putty considerable kind of a slick game of amusement, ain't it? Tell that ere chap on the stump to blaze away—keep telling him so—horn gun flints are real slick things to shoot with, ain't they, Gineral?'

'I give it up,' said the General with an oath, 'that cussed Yankee has beat my game, "dead open and shut," by loading my gun with wooden nutmegs and putting in horn gun flints by way of priming.'

'I say, Gineral,' called out the Yankee again, with a hearty laugh—placing his thumb to his nose, and giving his fingers a few extra flourishes—'I say, Gineral, jest give my respects to that are nigger of yourn, and don't get to playing none of your "dead open and shut" with a Yankee again,' and he added to the flourish of his fingers by giving his other arm the motion of turning of a crank, and keeping time by moving his right foot up and down, as long as he was in sight.

Until the day of the General's death, no severer chastisement could have been inflicted upon him, than to simply say—'horn gun flints'—'wooden nutmegs'—'big Yankee'—'French gentleman,' or, 'dead open and shut!'

CHASED BY A LOCOMOTIVE.

The following is a "Hoosier's" description of his first sight of a locomotive, and his adventure consequent thereon:

I came across through the country, and struck your railroad, and was plying it at about four knots an hour. Now, I had heard tell of a locomotive, but never dreamed of seeing one alive and kicking; but, about two miles from here, I heard something coffing, "sneezing and thundering," and I looked round. Sure enough, there she comes down after me, pawing the airth up, and splitting the road wide open with more smoke and fire a flying than or to come out of a hundred burning mountains. There was a dozen wagons follerin, arter her, and to save her tarnal black, smoky, noisy neck, she couldn't get clear of them. I don't know whether they scared her up or no, but here she come, foaming at the —, with her teeth full of burning red hot coals, and she pitched right straight at me like a thousand of brick. I couldn't stand it any longer; so I wheeled round and broke down the road, and began to make gravel fly in every direction. No sooner had I done that, than she split right arter me; and every jump I made, she squealed like a thousand wildcat's! She began to gain on me comin' up a little hill but we come round a pint to a straight level on the road. Now, thinks I, I'll gin you ginger, as I'm great on a dead level; so I pulled to it, and got myself under full speed; and then she began to yelp and cough and stamp and come on full chisel, and make the hull airth shake. But I kept on before bounding at the rate of twenty feet at every step, till I got to a turn of the road; and I was under such headway that I could'nt turn; so I turned head over heels down a bank by a house, landed cosmolick into a swill barrel, and my feet stuck out behind and up in the air! Just at the time the locomotive found I had got away from it, it commenced spliting hot water into one, and just literally spattered it all over me. I thought in my soul that Mount Versuvus had busted in some place in the neighborhood. But do you suppose I stand there long? No, sir? I just walked right thro' that barrel, and come out of the other end so quick that it really looked ashamed of itself. Now, here I am, a real double-revolving locomotive Snolly-Goster, ready to attack anything but a combination of thunder-and-lighting-smoke, rail-road iron and hot water.

"Give me a picayune, Mr. ——, to buy bread," said a consumptive little urchin yesterday to a friend of ours.

"Why don't your father buy bread for you?" said our friend.

"'Cause he aint got no money," said the boy.

"Why so?" said our friend—"does he ever get drunk?"

"Well," said young hopeful, "he don't do any thing else!"—*N. O. Tropic.*

THE BEST YET.—'My dear Polly, I am surprised at your taste in wearing another woman's hair on your head,' said Mr. Smith to his wife. 'My dear Joe, I am equally astonished that you persist in wearing *another sheep's wool* on your back. There now! Poor Smith Sneaked.

COUNSEL.—'Now sir, on your oath, were you not born in Ireland?'

Witness (in a solemn tone—'Although present at the event, I swear, on my oath I have no recollection of the fact.'

BORROWING BABIES.—A curious incident occurred lately in Boston: A gentleman and lady in that city were blessed with a beautiful child, of about a year old, which attracted so much attention from the neighbors, that the young ladies opposite frequently sent over "to borrow the baby." After being obliged to send for the child several times, Mr. ——, on coming home to dinner, got out of temper on finding it gone as usual—"Here, Jane," said he, addressing the nurse, "go over to the Misses —— and get the baby! give them my compliments, and tell them I wish they'd get a baby of their own, and not be obliged to borrow!"—*Cin. Morning Adv.*

A MEXICAN WEDDING.

In one of the letters of our correspondent "H," says the N. O. Picayune, he gives a description of a wedding which he attended at Camargo. It is a curious illustration of the manners and customs of the Mexicans. The letter bears date:

CAMARGO, Aug. 11, 1846.

A Mexican wedding is to come off in the church to-morrow night, at 1 o'clock, and I am going to form one of the party. This getting married at "the solemn hour of midnight," is a new idea to me, and I would not miss the scene for any consideration. Will they invite one to kiss the bride, I wonder? And if invited, ought a fellow to profit by the priviledge? But we will see the bride, before we decide these momentous questions.

Capt. Mills, on being informed of the wish of the party to hold the wedding to-night, extended to them every facility for going through with the ceremony unmolested. Had he received information a little earlier, he would have furnished them music, so that a regular ball would have taken place.

Aug. 12.—I attended the wedding last night, and shall never regret, it though it is rather hard to be roused from a sound slumber, at 1 o'clock at night. At half past one we entered the church where the *Padre* and his assistants were already robed for the ceremony. These assistants consisted of elderly Mexicans and four boys the latter being three-fourths Indian. The altar was lighted up with long wax candles, set in massive silver candle sticks and candles were also burning in the vicinity of the large wax figures, in other parts of the building. The bridegroom soon made his appearance, with the bride attended by bridesmaid and groomsman.

The bridesmaid, a beautiful little woman well dressed in black—a prettier figure I never looked at. The bride, a tall, awkward, plain looking woman of twenty-three was dressed in dark figured stuff. The bridegroom, a short, stumpy fellow, about 30 years old with an ugly visage, had on white pants and a blue roundabout. He looked confessed, and took every notice of the bride; in fact, he acted like a man who felt that he was getting himself into a disagreeable situation. The first part of the ceremony was similar to that observed in Louisiana. The hands were joined the ring placed upon the finger, &c. The parties then knelt before the altar, and one end of a beautiful reboso was thrown over the bride's head, the other end falling about the shoulders of the bridegroom. A silk cord, about the size of the little finger, with a regular hangman's noose, was then slipped over the head of each, yoking them together hard and fast. They remained in this position, holding long lighted candles in their hands for nearly an hour. The bride become wearied, and leaned a little on the rope, but not enough to choke the lovely husband. The Padre was in the mean time engaged in prayer, and one of the boys rang a little silver bell occasionally, to wake up the little audience of twenty or thirty who crossed themselves, and then relapsed into their former state of stupidity. All hands retired from the church, and scattered to their homes. Only four or five Americans were present.

INTERESTING REMINISENCE.—One of the Charleston papers tells a very interesting anecdote of Mr. Laval, who is assistant Sub-Treasurer at that city. He is the son of Mr. Laval who fought in the revolution with Lafayette. The sub-treasurer was a captain under Gen. Jackson, in 1818, and at the siege of Pensacola, highly distinguished himself as a brave officer. In one of the narrow streets of the town six pieces of artillery were stationed, which threatened destruction to the American forces, and to Laval was assigned the duty of taking them. In attempting it the first man shot down was the Captain himself, and after our arms were victorious, he was conveyed to a couch weltering in his own blood. The surgeon pronounced him past recovery, and said to Jackson, "General, he can't live!" The old Hero looked at him a moment, and exclaimed: "*By the Eternal*, he SHALL live!"—He did.

N. Y. News.

EXCESSIVE EATING.—Commissioners have been appointed to examine into the accounts of the agents having Camanche Indians in charge. One of the witnesses, Mr. Robert Cook said, "I have seen a Prairie Indian eat and destroy, upon his arrival in camp, fifteen pounds of beef in twenty-four hours. I am further of opinion that they will eat, daily, ten pounds throughout the year." Major Armstrong stated that they each consume from six to eight pounds of meat per day, and generally they eat meat alone. Capt. Duval, who has lived 20 years among them, says that a Prairie Indian, particularly Osage, often eats from ten to fifteen pounds of meat in the course of twenty-four hours, and when greatly fatigued could consume from five to six pounds at a meal.

A London paper says that a cat having lost her kittens, was seen following a street pieman, mewing most disconsolately. This is regarded as one of the most wonderful exhibitions of animal instinct on record.