

THE SUMMITER BANNER.

SUMMITERVILLE, NOVEMBER 6, 1846.

NUMBER I.

N. N. R.
N. N. S.

Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per annum, Three Dollars at the expiration of six months, or Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, at the end of the year. Advertisements inserted at 15 cents per square, (17 lines or less) for the first and half that sum for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions to be inserted in all advertisements or they will be published until ordered to be discontinued, and charged accordingly.

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Fig. the Cincinnati Press.

DEAD OPEN AND SHUT.

On the way they play in Arkansas.

BY TOM HARRINGTON.

Few, who travelled north on the first of Mississippi at an early day, but who have heard with dread the name of Tom, William, Montgomery, and some, but know of the leading called "Montgomery's Point," which, for its location and peculiar advantages, was held to be excellent. Montgomery, himself, was a tall, slender, quick-witted, law-bred fellow, who in a rough and wild, lawless, even cruel, but who knew him, and as a sportsman, gambler, &c., was no amateur 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 comfortable time.

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

His gambling life was the occasion of all gambles yielding to his notorious designs, who changed to it with him, and whatever the General saw, or heard of, he right as non-dared to gossipy him.

As 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 of the desperate character of the water, and he declared he would not make a purchase of a horse of him.

The Frenchman, as wise, that his business was to be done, and he went on foot, even to the other conveyance.

The not pleased with the determination of the two, but could not do a plan when by to detain their own consent, so he finally made them through on horseback, but South. The horses were fully equipped, and the General, hearing the Frenchman and the Yankee set out making quite a long and hard journey, for the Arkansas river was in the full flood.

However, the General, who had been "sawed" on the point of departure, he advised the southern man to defer his journey, as he was never to be seen again, and he might have some news, and then he would be able to give him the latest news.

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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-meats."

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

"Take all such bets," replied the General, turning to the Yankee, who was showing him 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 Coffey 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—cried:

"You de'dat catch de General dis 'artime, gosh a mighty! wid dem ar horn gun flints!"

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

"Why, you see, I is de General's aid de camp, in holding de stakes, in dis 'special game' and at the same time he handed dem over to his master with a clucking 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 laughd over it, saying, he had merely made his exchange, whereas he had thought to have made several thousand dollars.

The Frenchman sighed, and said he thought it was an extensive country.

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-um*, 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 belongings, they would have a friendly match 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-caster and the landlubber, whom the General persuaded to go along, should manage the boat.

This, according to 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 lead, the General betting high, and being 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 being the most important bet. At last he proposed a new change of deal. Monsieur insisted that he could only play his game one way, and this was to deal. Again they played 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.

"Well, Monsieur," said the General, "you shall propose your game—your other."

"My game," replied the General, "is *deau open and shut*."

"What for you say, Generale? Me no understand you, sare. Is it von dead open and shut with von card? Eh?"

"Open and shut with every thing else but cards," said the General, with a scorn

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 smil of preetier meaning played around his mouth.

"Ahl! sare! I me shall no understand von such game, Generale!"

"Must understand it, by Jupiter!" thundered the General, once more playing 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 Jupiter!" thundered the General, "by Jupiter!" thundered the General, "by Jupiter!"

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 securing 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 landlubber 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, feeling 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 assented, provided the Yankee would agree to let him fix the amount, which was also conceded.

To a northern traveller the 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 chiefest 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 out.

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 words, however, from his dreaded antagonist, finally nerved him to the "sticking point," which was made manifest by his saying,

"I guess I'm just about as ready as I ever will be, Generale!—so how much do you think I ought to bet? 'Don't be gentle, it's too high now, cause you see, Generale, you'll have to bet me two 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 lackey, I will try you with two thousand dollars."

"Wal, Generale, sare! it's you, and only for amusement, you jest lay down them are four thousand of yours, and I'll try and raise the hell on 'em!"

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

"Now Mister Generale," said Jonathan, "jest hide them are hands of yours, and speak it all out plain—so I shant make no mistake!"

The General cast his eye towards the landlubber—who, 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 making a word of his face, as though, by some intuition he was about to divine the secret position of his hands—when, with a motion quick as lightning, he drove his away to between the eyes of the other—which had no sooner taken effect than he was being prostrate upon the deck.

"Open by gone," cried the Yankee, as he saw the other's hands flying through the air—in the same time snatching the money, cramming it into his pocket, and hauling 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 seen 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 boat—saying, "I tell you, you stupid fool! Blaze away! Blow out that infernal Yankee's brains! He's not fit for de's nose!"

The fire, however, had entirely failed, and it was no good the more he tried to shoot, the more he could not, while to complete their charge, and to add to their vexation, the voice of the Yankee in the rear nestling—was heard calling out,

"I say Generale, dis is a putty considerable kind of a shuck game of amusement, isn't it? Tell them are chaps on the stump to blaze away—keep telling him a shuck

gun flints are real slick things to shoot with, ain't they, Generale?"

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

"I say, Generale," called out the Yankee again, with a heavy laugh—placing his thumb to his nose, and giving his fingers a few extra flourishes—"I say, Generale, jest give my respects to that are nigger of yours, 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 nutmeats"—"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 about four knots an hour. Now, I had heard tell of locomotives, but never dreamed of seeing one alive and kicking, but about two miles from here, I heard something rattling, "sneezing and thundering," and I looked round. "Sare enough, there she comes, down after me, pawing the earth up and spitting the road wide open with some smoke and fire a flying than or to come out of a hundred burning mountains. There was a dozen wagons following, arter me, and to save her tarral black, smoky, and yuck, she couldn't get clear of them. I don't know whether they scared her or not, but here she comes, tearing at me, with her teeth full of burning red hot coals, and she pitched right straight at me like a thousand of bricks. I couldn't stand any longer, so I wheeled round and broke down the road, and began to make gravel by in every direction. No sooner had I done that, than she split right arter me; and every jolt I made, she squealed like a thousand wildcats! She began to come on me again, 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 athrill 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 couldn't turn, so I turned head over heels down a bank by a house, landed cosmick into a well 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 spitting hot water into one, and just literally spattered it all over me. I thought in my soul that Mount Versus had busted in some place in the neighborhood. But do you suppose I stand there long? No, sire! 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 Sooty-Gaster, ready to attack anything but a combination of thunder and lightning smoke, rail-road iron and hot water.

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

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

"Cause he ain't 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 PAST YEAR.—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 Suckled."

CURSE.—"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."

BONNIVILLE BARRIS.—A curious incident occurred lately in Boston: A gentleman and lady (both of them) were blessed with a beautiful child, of about a year old, which attracted so much attention from the neighbors, that the young ladies opposite promptly sent over "to borrow the baby." After being obliged to send for the child several times, Mr. ———, on coming home in 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!"—*City Morning Advertiser.*

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 me to kiss the bride, I wonder? And if invited, ought a fellow to profit by the privilege? 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 unimpeded. 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 groomsmen.

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 stout, 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 robe 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 hand and fast. They remained in this position, holding long lighted candles in their hands for nearly an hour. The bride became weary, and lashed 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 REMINISCENCE.—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 coach winking in his own blood. The surgeon pronounced him past recovery, and said to Jackson, "Generale, he can't live!" The old Hero looked at him a moment, and exclaimed: "By the Eternal, he shall live!"—He did.

N. V. News.

EXCESSIVE EATING.—Commissioners have been appointed to examine into the accounts of the agents having Comanche 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 person, mewing most disconsolately. This is regarded as one of the most wonderful exhibitions of animal instinct on record.