

It was about the time when his notoriety had gained 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 for a 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 heard, more than once, of the desperate character of their host; and he declared he would rather walk, and make a pack horse of himself, than remain. The Frenchman assured him, likewise, that his business was very urgent, that he must go on foot even, if there was no other conveyance. The General was not pleased with the obstinacy of the two, but could not well hit upon a plan whereby to detain them with their own consent, so he finally agreed to take them through on horseback, as far as Fort Smith. The horses were accordingly equipped, and the General, with his negro, the Frenchman and the Yankee, at length set out, making quite a respectable-looking caravan, for the Arkansas wilderness.

Ere they mounted, however, the General began running his "soft sawder," on the Yankee, about the many advantages he possessed over multitudes of the Southern people, which were no other, than being sufficient in strength to answer as his own pack horse, and though he might have bushels of wooden nutmegs, and horn gun-flints, to pack through the State, he could always accommodate himself.

The Yankee felt somewhat chagrined at the insinuation for fear that the Frenchman might consider him a man of that character. After their leaving, the General still caused Jonathan no small uneasiness, by his continual attacks upon his nativity, &c. The Frenchman soon discovered the annoyance the General was giving the Yankee, and insisted that he was 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 aint at hum; for if I was, I'd give it to ye, darn quick tew."

"Don't you see," said the General turning to the Frenchman, with an insinuating glance, "Monsieur believes it too true to be a joke."

At this the Frenchman assured the six foot Down Easter that the General only jested.

"You are much mistaken," replied the General, "as if you had burn't your finger. I never accuse a man but what I am willing to back my accusation with my money; and I will bet you a hundred dollars that to search the Yankees saddle-bags you will find at least one or two horn gun-flints, and as many wooden nutmegs."

"I will bette you five hundred horn gun flints and as many wooden nutmegs."

"I will bette you five hundred dollars," said the Frenchman, "that my friend carry no wooden nutmeg nor no horn 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 great 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 didn't catch de General 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 General's said de camp, in holding de stakes, in dis ar special game;" 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 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 vare extensive countree!"

The General, however, assured him that he should have a chance to win back his money, as 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 one, which was the French game *Vingtun*, or twenty-one.

The General replied that that was one of the strongest games; and that as 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 a reason, that a 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 he would have a very pleasant trip, and that he would despatch 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 favourite 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 away. 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 sitting 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 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 must be played without any further delay.

"Vell, den, monsieur," whined the Frenchman, "you shall propose your game—vot is it?"

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

"Vot you say, Generale?" Me no understand you, sare. Is von *dead open and shut* with one card, eh?"

"Open and shut with everything 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 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 this 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 gaming transactions.

The Yankee—finding that he was determined not to give him a fair chance—proposed that the General should bet two to his one. The General laughed at this 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 better be imagined than described, as he thought of the termination of the game which would in all probability end by leaving him and his several thousand dollars minus. A little advance in front 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 cats, 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, General—so how much do you think I ought to bet? Don't be gettin' it few high, now, 'cause you see, General, you'll have to bet me tew to one."

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

"Wal, General; seem' its you and only for amusement, dew jest lay down them ar 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 Mr. General," said Jonathan, "jest hide them ar hands o' yourn, and speak it out plain, so I shan't 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 slap between the eyes of the General, which laid him 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 straightened 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 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 endeavoured 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, General, this ere's putty considerable kind of a slick game of amusement, ain't it?" Tell that ar chap on the stump to blaze away—keep tellin' him so, horn gun flints are real slick things to shoot with, aint they, Generale?"

"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 a horn flint."

"I say, General," 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, General, jest give my respects to that ar nigger of yourn, and don't get playin' 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 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 have simply said—"horn gun flints"—"wooden nutmegs"—"big Yankee"—"French gentleman," or "dead open and shut!"

From Graham's Magazine.

THE DESERTED HALL.

To a mortal heart how-humbl'ing

Is a view of yon old Hall,

Into dust and darkness crumbling,

While rude winds shake roof and wall.

Moss is round the casement spreading,

And no more the windows blaze

When the weary day is shedding

His last red and quivering rays.

Under the neglected arbor

Foxes in the night-time bark,

And the bat and spider harbor

In its chambers drear and dark.

Weeds, about the door-stone growing,

Whisper of decay and blight—

On the hearth no ember glowing

Sheds a warm and cheerful light.

Near the ruin is a river,

And the waves while flowing on,

From their lips of crystal, ever

Breathe that word of mourning—gone!

Round the place old poplars cluster,

And the leaves give out strange tones

When the moon flings pallid lustre

On the roof and basement stones.

Saddened and deserted dwelling!

O! a wronged and broken heart,

While the dirge of hope is knelling,

Oh! a mournful tale thou art!

Flowers of love, untimely perished,

In its barren realm lie waste,

Like thy garden grounds once cherished

By thy moulding-hand of taste.

Creatures that haunt places lonely

In thy empty halls are bred,

And that heart is peopled only

By the shadows of the dead.

As yon moon, with look subduing,

Lights the home of days gone by,

In that heart—a nobler ruin—

Sadly glimmers memory.

W. H. C. HOMER.

THE BIBLE AN INEXHAUSTIBLE MINE.

The mine of Scripture is inexhaustible; and from the time at which it was first opened, till the time when faith shall be exchanged for sight, not one labourer who works therein, even from the most robust to the most feeble, will remain unrewarded by a participation in its wealth.

The Politician.

The British Press.

From the London Watchman, October 14.

STATE OF IRELAND.

After making every just allowance for the misrepresentations of interested parties, and for the unduly excited apprehensions of well-meaning, but not well-informed or well-judging men, there can be no doubt that a season of the deepest distress impends upon Ireland. The potato crop may have been (we believe it has been) a most unsafe and injudicious prop on which Ireland has leaned; and now, in the order of God's Providence, it has been taken away. The disastrous result is soon told. About five millions of our fellow-subjects, separated from even the metropolis of our great empire by little more than a few hours travelling—if not actually starving at this hour, (and we fear that many of them are starving,) yet are, there is but too much reason to apprehend, almost on the brink of famine. Has the magnitude of this exigency been sufficiently impressed on the mind and heart of the Christian Public? It is easy to write the words "five millions"—it is easier to read them. But, as too many, we must fear, hear of hundreds of millions plunged in heathen darkness and idolatry without realising to their own minds the awful vastness of the case, so, it may be apprehended, some will now glance at the miseries of Ireland without taking any comprehensive views of the true state of its calamitous condition. How many have realised to their minds the fact that millions—(it would take them some time to count one million, and yet, every one in that million is a fellow creature, and a fellow subject)—are, while they are reading these lines, in all but absolute destitution,—hungry, yet without the means of supplying the indomitable craving of appetite, except by feeding on garbage, if indeed even that may be obtained?

That breaches of the peace—"food riots"—should have taken place in Ireland, is, surely not to be wondered at, under existing circumstances. Our readers know that it is not our wont to palliate infractions of the law; and we are not about to do so now. Under a properly administered Government, all insurrectionary movements, whatever may be their origin, must necessarily be put down. We entirely acquiesce, then, in the propriety of sending additional troops to Ireland, and of concentrating a military force in those parts where, because there is the most grinding want, there is the greatest tendency to turbulence. But we do think, (and we are sure that we shall carry most of our readers with us in the conclusion,) that a harsh measure ought not to be meted out to those assemblages of poor men, many of whom had not tasted food for twenty four hours, and many of whom had left wives and children hungry and destitute of supply,—for the crime of marching into a town with their spades upon their shoulders, asking that somebody would give them work, (for they were well able and heartily willing to work) that somebody would give them some employment by which they might procure subsistence for themselves and their families,—if it were only, for the little children whom they had left at home in their cabins, crying for all they had known as their "raft of life" and their luxury—the potato, and who were unable to understand the mysterious and crushing dispensation by which their only food had been destroyed.

This is not idle sentimentality. It is the expression of a stern fact, which, in the iron of its reality, is at this hour entering into a multitude of souls. Prayers are offered up for the famishing people. This is well. Would that we had more repeated national acknowledgements of the principle on which this recognition of dependence upon Providence is based! But prayer, without the employment of appropriate means, is either fanaticism or hypocrisy. We thoroughly believe that Sir Robert Peel's Ministry did desire, and that Lord John Russell's does desire, to do all that a paternal and benevolent Government can do in such an emergency. But we fear that it lies beyond the power to meet the cause fully, and that large-hearted private benevolence will be indispensably required.

At such a time the question naturally arises, what have those who claim to be pre-eminent—the friends of the Irish people done towards their sustentation? What has the Repeal Association, which has been extracting hundreds of pounds weekly from, for the most part, the very class who gaunt famine and disease are now staring in the face,—what have the Repeal Association done in the matter? Why, it has issued a circular inculcating the virtue of patience! And, what has Mr. O'Connell done to relieve the necessities of the famishing peasantry. What? Echo answers, What?

The population of Ireland, (Romish though they are to so large an extent)—might have learned before now that British Protestants are their best friends. The present condition of Ireland will, we cannot doubt, elicit the sympathies and efforts of very many Christians and philanthropists, of all denominations; but we think we may safely venture to predict that, in such an effort, some of the most prominent and, according to their means, the most liberal, will be found amongst the most strenuous opponents of the Mayo Endowment Bill. Such men can show their enlightened love for the Irish people equally by striving to provide wholesome food for their bodies, and by endeavouring to check the circulation amongst them of deadly poison for the soul.