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POETRY.

THE DESERTED HALL.

To a mortal heart how humbling
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!
Of a wronged and broken heart,
While the dirge of hope is kneiling
Oh! a mournful type thou art!
Flowers of love untimely perished,
In its barren realm lie waste,
Like thy garden grounds once cherished
By thy shielding 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 saddening,
Lights the home of days gone by,
In this heart—A NOBLER RUIN—
SADLY GLIMMERS MEMORY.

THE SONG OF THE MOON.

When the sun's at rest,
Far away in the west,
I mount on my silver car,
And slowly I rise,
From the twilight skies,
And ride o'er the earth afar.

In the midnight hour
I clamber the tower
Where the lowly captive lies;
And I gladden his sight
With my pale moon light—
The light of his native skies.

Far down in the deep
My vigils I keep—
Where the reefs of coral lie;
And mirrored I shine
In the caves of brine,
Midst the seaweed drapery.

In the harvest night
I send forth my light—
To the reapers a welcome boon—
As the joyous train
Midst the golden grain,
Sing the song of the "Harvest Moon."

Away, far away,
Where true lovers stray—
By wood, and by shady bowers—
I guide their long walk,
As they rapturously talk
Of the bliss of coming hours.

When weary and wan,
The wayfaring man
In darkness is prone to stray,
My friendly light,
Like an angle bright,
To his homestead points the way.

I peep when I please,
Through the opening trees,
Where the sporting children play;
And I listen the song
Of the mirthful throng,
As they chaunt their roundelay

As at times I gaze
On the comet's blaze,
When the trembling stars grow dim,
Affrighted I shroud
My form in a cloud,
And sing my midnight hymn.

As at times I gaze
On the comet's blaze.
When eclipses o'ershadows my face;
But brighter I rise,
In my home in the skies,
From the dark intruder's embrace.

DEAD OPEN AND SHUT.

OR THE WAY THEY PLAY IN ARKANSAS.

Few who have travelled much on the broad Mississippi at an early day but what have heard with dread the name of Gen. William Montgomery, and those who knew of the landing called 'Montgomery's Point,' which, for its location and peculiar advantages, was hard to be excelled; Montgomery himself was a shrewd, quick witted, few words 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 was the celebrated Captain Kidd as a pirate. The General was said to have many 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 lastly though not least, if he was thirsty and rich, he made him drink and they robbed him.

His notorious life was the occasion of all gamblers yielding to his nefarious designs, who chanced to fall in with him; and whatever the General said must, of course be right, as none dared to gainsay him.

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 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 so 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 tarnel well for you that I aint at hum; for if I was, I'd give it to ye, darn quick tew.

Dont 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 feet Down Easter that the General only jested.

'You are much mistaken, replied the General, as if you had burnt 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 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 lettle 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 dim 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 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 expensive country.'

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 anything but agreeable, but as there was no help for it, our traveling 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 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 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 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 sall 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 dollars.

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 pleasure 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 gaining transaction.

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 than 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 thousands, 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 oaths, however, from his drunk'd 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, 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.

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

Wal, Gineral; seein' 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. Gineral, said Jonathan, jest hile 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 time, without moving a muscle of his face, as though, by some intuition, he was about to devine 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 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 could'nt—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 ar chap on the stump to blaze away—keep tellin' 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 a horn flint.'

'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 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!'

NONSENSE—A negative of intense contempt.

A BRAVE BOY.—The Newark Advertiser mentions a Jersey boy, who, at various times has saved four lives, although he is not yet ten years old. The brave little fellow deserves some appropriate testimonial. The winter before last, says the Advertiser, then only a little over eight years old, he saw his younger brother break through the ice, where the water was four feet deep. He had to run twelve or fifteen yards to reach the pond, and remembering having heard his mother read a story from one of Peter Parley's clever books, of a person saving another's life, when the ice was not strong enough for him to walk upon it, by creeping, he laid down on the ice, crept to the hole where his brother had broken through, reached into the water and pulled him by the hair, when he had sunk for the third time. Creeping backward, he drew the rescued sufferer to the shore. Last winter he saved the lives of three boys at the same pond; and in one of these instances, showed as much coolness and presence of mind as any grown person could. Seeing the ice was too thin to bear him, he tried to borrow a sled of a boy near by, who refused it; pushing the boy over, he seized the sled and pushed it to the sinking lad, who caught hold of it, and he, holding on by the string, pulled him to the shore. We have only to add, that this clever child is as good as he is manly and brave.

CONTENTMENT is half of life. Our real wants are but few, and when these are supplied, a contented and thankful heart is all of earthly comfort that is needed. It is, in fact, all that any of us have, and more than most. The wealthiest person toils for his "victuals and clothes;" he has no more, and he labours under a greater burden of care than the poor man. To perform acts of dominion over a bag of gold, is a no better employment than over a bag of sand. But to put forth exertions to do good, always produces within us quiet of mind.

NOVEL LAW CHARGE.—We read in a London journal, of a solicitor who was determined to make money out of a railway company, who had employed him to examine certain documents. Grow rich he would out of others, but having heard that the "art of money-making" as usually considered, was sometimes talked of as coarse, debasing and grovelling, he determined to effect a refinement upon the usual ways and means, and thus, after enumerating all the items of ordinary charge against the company fortunate enough to have secured his services, added the following:—"To mental anxiety, item not contained in the above, £2,000."

The item, strange to say, was not expunged but paid! and the cunningly anxious solicitor has shown to his craft how to value that which had not previously been considered a chargeable article. There can be no question, hereafter, if this case be taken as a precedent, that the labour of the head is £2,000 more valuable than that of the hands, although usually less appreciated.

Sleep.—Sleep has often been mentioned as the image of death. So like it, says Sir T. Brown, that I dare not trust it without prayer.

Curiosities.—A woman who never scolds while getting dinner.

A little child who never cries while getting washed.

A married man who never gets a curtain lecture.

MATRIMONIAL DICTIONARY.

Dear—Is a term of entirety, usually employed before strangers. It is meant to imply affection. It is sometimes used at home, but is generally received with suspicion.

Duck—A term of affection that goes in with the wedding day, and goes out with the honeymoon.

Ducky—The comparative of Duck.

Tootsy, Wootsy, and all such words ending in *tsy*, are terms of great endearment.—The exact meaning of them has never been ascertained. They are never heard after thirty.

Psha!—A powerful contradiction, or involuntary dissent.

Nonsense—A negative of intense contempt.

Deary Me!—An exclamation of great impatence—a word expressive of the fidgets.

Bother—Means trouble, irritation, teasing vexation.

ACCIDENT.—The roof the new building over the Iron Works at Pembroke, Me., fell in, a few days since, killing one man.

The New Orleans Jeffersonian, from a conversation with a gentleman from Monterey, learns that General Taylor could not move from his present quarters unless accompanied by 30,000 men.

Tea and Coffee—It will be proposed to Congress to establish a small duty on tea and coffee, by which 3 millions may be raised.

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