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POETRY.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,
And they tell in a garland their loves and cares;
Each blossom that blooms in their garden bowers,
On its leaves a mystic language bears.

The Rose is a sign of joy and love,—
Young blushing love in its earliest dawn;
And the mildness that suits the gentle dove,
From the Myrtle's snowy flower is drawn.

Innocence shines in the Lily's bell,
Pure as the heart in its native heaven;
Fame's bright star and glory's swell,
In the glossy leaf of the Bay are given.

The silent, soft, and humble heart,
In the Violet's hidden sweetness breathes;
And the tender soul that cannot part,
A tone of Evergreen fondly wreathes.

The Cypress that daily shades the glade,
Is sorrow that mourns her bitter lot;
And faith that in a thousand ills can braid,
Speaks in thy blue leaves, Forget-me-not.

—Pericel

TURKEY CREEK.

A Tale of North Carolina.

BY A. FOLKENDER.

Some time within the present century, there lived in the upper part of North Carolina a certain widow Johnstone. Her husband had been a small planter, but had died poor, so that at this time the widow found herself the mistress of some acres of barren land, heavily mortgaged; a log house, two negroes, and an only son. He being the hero of our tale, we must, as is usual in these cases, give some account of his qualities, mental and personal.

Daniel Johnstone, then, was a strapping lad of two and twenty, tall and straight as a pine, and as tough as one of its knots. He had hair of that colour which the wearers call auburn, and every eye else red; bright blue eyes, an open, good humoured expression when he was pleased, and, to use the language of that region, a "mighty welly" when he was vexed. In addition to these personal graces he was considered as accomplished; a youth as was to be found between Saluda and Tar River.

Make me not, gentle reader, I do not mean as that term is understood in the commercial or literary purport, for he understood no language but his own; played on no instrument but the Jew-harp, knew nothing of walking or billiard, and his literary acquisitions were confined to reading and writing, and even these he became somewhat rusty; for the schoolmaster had not been abroad in that section, and the good folks had little relish for the "distinities that are bred in a book," so that with the exception of a newspaper, or the diversion of a stud horse, sticking up the fence, or on the post-office door, out here had seldom either the opportunity or the inclination to trouble himself with the "thoughts of others." True it was, that he had formed a sort of distant and respectful acquaintance with figures during the three months he spent at the school of Sub-mon David Pootlick, who had come all the way from Connecticut to instruct the ingenious youth of Rutherford in the liberal arts, for the love he bore to learning and ten dollars a month, besides board and lodging. But that worthy pedagogue used to complain that he never could make Daniel understand how much seven and five made; and when he attempted to explain it by giving the youth seven slaps on the right, hand and five on the left, outrageous rebellion was the consequence.

Daniel's accomplishments were of an altogether different character. He was the best wrestler and runner in the country, and since his battle with Big Smith, the gambler—long the bully of those parts—it was thought by the most knowing on that Dan Johnstone was "about the best man in the settlement." For shooting, he could hit a deer on the jump at one hundred yards, and drive the nail at thirty—and what more would you have of lead, eye and hand? He was great at breaking colts and running races, first rate at cock-fighting, and a perfect Vestris at the double-shuffle. His dress was usually home-spun hunting shirt, with a fox-skin cap hung on one side of his head. He seldom stirred from home without his long rifle, and a grim-looking dog, half foxhound and half cur, hanging at his heels, and answering to the name of Driver.

Such was our hero, and with all these gifts of nature, what wonder that he was somewhat vain and rather given to the good humoured arrogance so common among the back-woodsmen? He was, however, a good fellow in the main, and his disposition may be best described in his own words: "That he was easy to lead, but the very d— to drive."

"Daniel, put down your rifle, I want to talk to you," said his mother one morning, as having finished his hominy and milk, he was preparing for a hunt.

The young man complied, wondering what was in the wind now.

"I think, Daniel, that you are now twenty-two years old."

"Yes, mother."

"And what do you mean to do for a living?"

"Faith, mother, I ain't thought much about it yet."

"I think then, Daniel, it's high time you did—here is this little place mortgaged to Squire Jones, and by the way, to-morrow the interest comes due, and if we don't pay it he will trouble us. I've got it though, safe for him; but it comes hard raising a hundred dollars, and I don't see how we can do it again."

"Well then, mother, I s'pect we'd better move off to Kentucky; they say land is good and cheap there, and game plenty."

"But we can't go to Kentucky without money—No, Daniel, I've got a better plan than that for you. You know Ann Palmer?"

"What, the old maid-down at the cross roads?"

"Not so old neither; but old or young, Dan, she has taken a fancy to you, and will be Mrs. Johnstone any day you like, with her hundred negroes."

"No, I'll see her and her niggers particularly—"

"Hush, Daniel, don't talk so, I tell you it's the best thing you can do."

"And I tell you no, for I've got a sweetheart worth fifty of her."

"I s'pose you mean Margaret Wilson, don't you? Well, go and ask the Colonel for his daughter, and see what he'll say."

"I don't just know what he would say, but I'll find out before I think of your old maid."

"Well, Daniel, I want you to ride over to Squire Jones and pay him the money, and mind you get a receipt now."

So he saddled his sorrel mare Kate, put on his best coat, and departed, leaving the old lady rather pleased at the reception of her hint. At any rate, the ice was broken, and she had no doubt but she could at last persuade her son to marry Miss Palmer, having so often in the course of her married life seen the effect of the continual droppings of female impatience on the woe of male firmness.

The fact was that our bold hunter of the hills was in love. What said the Dandy among Poets, and the Poet among Dandies?

Love knoweth every shape of air,
And every form of earth;

And comes unbidden everywhere
Like thought's mysterious darts;

Like thought's mysterious darts,
And rides on the echo's back,
And slips in his ear like a stirring leaf,
And fits in his woodland track.

Colonel Wilson was a distant connection of the Johnstones, and they lived on pretty good terms, in spite of a little envy on one side, and a little contempt on the other; for the Colonel was a rich, flourishing planter, with fields full of negroes, barns full of corn, pastures full of cattle, gin houses full of cotton. Besides all these, he had another treasure, and that was

One fair daughter, and no more,
Whom he loved passing well.

And how shall we describe her? by negatives? She was not a soft, sighing, sentimental somebody, given to looking at the moon, and wringing her hands;—she was not one of those Mrs. Vernons, who ride races and fox hunts, drive carriages, wear round hats, and horsewhip their grooms; nor was she one of that class who lounge on sofas, with a little negro to fan them, fisp the sweetest possible bad grammar from their rosy lips, and die in contented ignorance whether Paris is in Spain, or Flanders in Italy. Neither was she given to the more northern abomination of Blueism, was happily ignorant of all Ologies, kept neither Album nor Common Place book, and never wrote a line of poetry in her life. But she was a gay, laughing lassie, with white teeth and a sweet smile, had feet and hands like other folks, and by no means marvellous for their smallness; spent her time in taking care of the family, and mending her father's stockings, but was as fond of a dance or a frolic as any other girl of seventeen. As a belle and an heiress, she had many beaux, but our friend Daniel was the favorite, though not especially with her father, for youths of his stamp, especially if poor, seldom find favor in the eyes of papa.

About five miles from the widow Johnstone's lived this young lady, and some four or five further lived Squire Jones, where Daniel had been desired by his mother to go and pay the money which would fall due on the morrow. About a mile this side of the Colonel's was the county court-house, around which the village is gathered in the region; that is, the tavern, the store, the blacksmith's shop, and half a dozen or seven shops. As Daniel passed the tavern, a loud shout greeted him.

"Halloo, Dan! you're the very man we want—'light, man! 'light! we want you to shoot against this man that's beat us all! And he was almost pulled off his horse in their eagerness."

"Well, I don't know how I can stop," said he in the coy spirit of one who wants a little pressing to sing or sport, or do anything in which he excels.

"Oh nonsense," cried they. "What! you're going to 'squire' me? Miss Peggy will keep very well; and shoot you must; so come along."

"I hesitated, he entered the field behind the tavern, where the shooting was going on, and there stood a group of a dozen men, old and young, who had assembled to see the trial of skill at their favorite exercise; and more were coming, the tailor leaving his board, and the smith his anvil, at the first crack of the rifle; while all the negroes on the premises stood around, their eyes shining, and their white teeth glistening in their excitement. The best shot was a tall, sallow-looking fellow from the low country, who, being on a journey, had brought his rifle along, and had beaten all his opponents thus far. He wore immense black whiskers and had altogether the air of a gambler.

"So, stranger, you've beat them all, I hear," said Daniel.

"And that's not much, neither; but come youngster, let's see what you can do," said the other with a sneer.

"Oh! I reckon you can beat me easy enough, for I haven't got my rifle along. Pete McKay, hand me yours; she carries the same ball as mine."

A circular piece of white paper 3 inches in diameter, was stuck on a pine stump with a nail, thro' the center, at which they were to fire seven shots each, at arm's length, at 40 yards. The stranger fired first and struck the edge of the piece of paper. Daniel's first ball missed it by no more than an inch. The stranger grinned at that.

"Better next time," said Daniel; "I don't know the piece yet."

The low country champion fired, and succeeded in striking the edge of the paper again.

"Hurra for tallow-face!" was the cry.

Daniel fired, and put his load on iron within the margin. The man of whiskers looked grave.

"I haven't got her gauge yet," said Daniel.

The stranger fired again, taking a most careful aim; his ball was found within an inch of the nail.

"See if you can beat that," said he exultingly.

"Here goes!" cried Daniel, and as the sharp crack of the rifle was heard, the paper whirled thro' the air, the nail which confined it having been struck right on the head, and driven home.

Two more of Daniel's struck the centre, and the other two were in the paper; while his antagonist did not actually strike the nail, though all his balls struck the paper.

Daniel was proclaimed victor amidst shouts of Rutherford forever! The other then challenged him to shoot ten shots more at five dollars each; but he declined, saying that he never shot for money. After some time spent in whiskey and talking, the subject of off racing was introduced; and the stranger boasted much of the horse he rode, and bantered the company for a quarter's race.

"I've got a little mare that I'd like to try with you," said Daniel, confident in the powers of Kate, who had, as he said, Arab blood in her.

"Well, I'll run my nag a quarter for a ten dollar note," said the other.

The journey to a piece of road hard by where the races were commonly run was made, the nags were brought up, and a little negro put on top of each, where they clung like monkeys, grinning with delight.

The stranger's horse was a gray, with an ugly, heavy head, but of great bone, and a promising speed. Kate, on the contrary, was a light, speedy-looking animal, of more foot than bottom, and evidently the favorite for a quarter of a mile.

They started, and Kate won it easily.

"Come," said the stranger, "try it over again, double or quits."

"It was done, and again Kate was the winner, and Daniel found himself the richer by twenty dollars.

"A very pert little nag, that; but in a longer race my grey would use her up," said the stranger.

"I'm not sure of that," said Daniel.

"Dare you back up your opinion, then?" said the other sneering.

"I'm just the chap," said Daniel, stoutly.

"Come then—a mile race for a cool hundred."

Carried away by the spirit of gambling the imprudent young man staked the hundred dollars against the advice of his friends, and agreed to the race.

Kate took the track for the first half mile, closely followed by the horse; but the race was too much for her, and was won by the gray, by nearly a hundred yards. It was a hollow thing from the beginning.

Daniel had to borrow a horse from the landlord, and leave poor Kate to recover from her fatigue; while the man of whiskers consoled himself for being outshot, with Daniel's eighty dollars.

"What a great fool I was," thought our hero, as he paced along, "to let that fellow smack me in so! How can I get the money to make up to him? I have lost? Well, it's no use for me to go to Squire Jones' now, and so I'll ride over to the Colonel's and see if Margaret can give me any comfort."

As he entered the Colonel's plantation, and rode slowly along towards the house, and saw the fertile fields bending with corn, and the fat cattle in the pastures, he said to himself: "What a glorious life could I lead here with little Peggy!"

Just then he met an old woman who had been Margaret's nurse.

"How d'ye do, Aunt Hannah?"

"Berry well, Massa Daniel; hope you is de same? But there is a fine gemman up yonder, come to see Miss Margaret, I reckon," said the old woman, laughing.

The family was at supper, and the fine young gentleman was Squire Jones, a fat widower of thirty, who was dressed in his best blue coat, and altogether awkward and squire-like. Margaret blushed a little as she bade him good evening, and Colonel Wilson asked him to draw up and take supper, though he did not look very glad to see him; and great justice our hero did to the eatables, however unprecedented a thing it may be a lover.

After supper, Margaret slipped out. Daniel had no difficulty in finding her on the piazza, apparently busy in smelling at a honey suckle.

"Tell me, Margaret, what does this mean? What is that Squire Jones here for?"

Her lip trembled as she replied:

"Father says he came to see me."

"And does your father approve of it?"

"Yes, he does. He told me—"

She stopped.

"What, Margaret?" said he, taking her hand.

"That he would like me for to marry him; but I won't—the old, ugly creature!" said she pouting.

"Margaret," said he, putting his mouth

close to her ear, "don't you know how often I've told you that I loved you? And don't you believe it?"

"Yes, Daniel," said she, softly.

"And will you marry him?"

"No, Daniel," more softly.

"And won't you marry me?"

"Yes, Daniel," in a whisper.

"Then Squire Jones may go to the devil!" cried Daniel, rather louder than was prudent, for just then that worthy individual entered along with the Colonel.

"May be so. Upon my word he is much obliged to you; but I think you are likely to get there first," said the Squire.

"What do you mean by that sir?"

"O, nothing, nothing! only you will hear from me to-morrow."

"I'm always on hand," said Daniel, who thought a challenge was intended.

"What?" said the Colonel, "you don't take offence at anything this foolish boy says, I hope?"

"I, Colonel? How could such a thing come into your head? I was talking of a matter of business."

Hesoon took his leave; and then Daniel, finding himself alone with Colonel Wilson, began as follows:

"I reckon, Colonel that you know Margaret and me have a liking for each other?"

"No, Mr. Johnstone, I don't know any such thing; and I tell you at once, for I am a plain man, that I'd be sorry for it."

"Why so, Colonel? You don't know anything agin my character, I hope? for I am a plain man too; and I tell you I mean to marry your daughter, if you please."

"But I don't; you are a wild young man and not a fit match for my daughter. How do you mean to support a wife? with your rifle, or by running horses? No, no!—Margaret is promised to another man, and there is an end of the matter; and the less I see of you here, the better."

"Well, Colonel, I wish you a good evening; but I mean to be your son-in-law for all that's passed."

So saying, he departed more out of spirits than he ever was before in all his life; and in truth he had some cause; he had lost his money and his sweetheart—pretty well for one day's work!

Squire Jones, the rival of our hero, was a man possessed of more wealth than character. He had first made his appearance in those parts as a negro trader, in which traffic he accumulated a good deal of money. He was a hard, grinding man, of a violent and brutal temper, and was hated and feared by all who were unlucky enough to get into his power. He could be plausible enough when he pleased, and had got into favor with Colonel Wilson, who was no match for his cunning.

Jones was pleased with the idea of getting so handsome a wife as Margaret Wilson; but his principal object was her father's wealth, of which she was to be sole heiress. He knew her attachment to Daniel, and that his test chance was to get his rival out of the way. This he hoped to accomplish by means of the claim on the Widow's plantation, the interest of which not being paid, he could turn them out at once, and clear the country of them very likely.

Here we have got our hero into trouble, after the most approved fashion of romance writers.

In debt; for however ridiculous the want of a hundred dollars may appear to those who talk of thousands, yet the want of that sum to those who have no means of making it up may be as distressing as the want of twenty thousand. This we happen to know.

In love; with his passion crossed by one of those troublesome papas who have ever been a stumbling-block in the path of lovers.

How then is he to be got out of these difficulties? Shall he shoot his rival? Shall he shoot himself? Shall he come down on the festival scene, like Lord Lockinvar, and carry off his ladylove en coupe? Or shall he, renouncing young romance, console himself with the natural charms of Miss Ann Palmer and her hundred negroes? Forbid it, Love! Forbid it Honor!

Daniel put up his weariest mare, and went to an unwearied pillow; and it was not till near dawn that he fell into a doze.

He thought he was walking by the banks of the stream which flowed through the plantation, and was known by the name of Turkey Creek. He had his fish-gig in his hand, and was looking for catfish and ankers, which abounded in this stream. He had gone a long distance without seeing any fish, when, in a certain deep road at the upper end of the swamp, near the foot of the hill, he saw the tail of an immense catfish from under the root of an old oak tree, which grew close to the bank. With breathless eagerness he crept up and drove his gig into the monster, whose weight was so great that he was obliged to seize him by the tail with both hands; to drag him forth upon terra firma. The belly seemed distended, as if he

had swallowed all the other fish in the stream. Daniel drew his knife and ripped open the punch, when lo! there rushed forth such a shower of coined money as can find a parallel only in the auriferous depositories of the metallic currency. It actually made a pile on the grass two feet high! Daniel threw himself upon the treasure, and found himself on the floor of his chamber.

He rose, and looked round, but so vivid was the impression produced by his dream, that it was some minutes before he could connect his thoughts.

The cool, gray dawn was appearing, and the east was slightly reddened by the approaching sun. He looked out of the window towards the swamp.

"Anyhow," said he, "I'll go up the branch and take a look for the big fish; I'm sure he's there, whether his belly is full of money or not, for I can see his tail wagging under the stump."

Old Moses was sitting at the door of his hut, smoking his pipe, as Daniel passed.

"Golly, Diah!" said the old negro to his wife, "Massa Daniel in mighty hurry for his dis morning! He jump over de gate all same as deer."

Daniel followed the stream till he came to the well-known pool; there it lay, with the steam rising from the black-looking water, and curling away in thick wreaths, which almost hid the hill-sides from his view.

There was the old oak, with its huge arms spread abroad, on one of which sat a blue jay, disturbing, with its discordant cry, the perfect stillness of the scene.

As he softly, and with beating heart, approached the spot, a fox bounded from the long grass; and Driver looked at his master in amazement that he was not ordered to chase it. He little knew what sort of game his master had in view.

"I'll be shot," said he to himself, "if here am the fish!"

Something seemed to twinkle in the water, and he raised the fish-gig, and drove it with all his force. It gashed against the stones at the bottom. The weapon came up very heavy; some ponderous substance was fast to it. A lump of gold as big as his two fists!

Daniel had run many foot-races, but never did he cover the same space of ground in so short a time as now, carrying weight though he did; and Driver followed as he best might, thinking in his simple head that his master had lost his wits.

At Rutherford Court House lived the man who owned the largest mining establishment at that time; for they were just beginning to find gold in that region; and some of the store-keepers had commenced buying it. Thither went Daniel as fast as Kate could gallop; and the worth miner was at almost petrified into primitive Trap at the sight of the glittering mass, which weighed twenty pounds, and produced the sum of \$3,840. I like to be exact in money matters.

Greatly was Squire Jones surprised when, on calling at the Widow Johnstone's for his money, he was paid both principally and interest; and furious was he when, after the papers were all signed, Daniel told him of the gold having been found in Turkey Creek.

That such a prize should have slipped through his fingers would have raised the "dander" of a milder man than Squire Jones; and he came so outrageous that Daniel was obliged to lead him to the outside of the house by the collar, an operation which he performed with so little gentleness that the Squire was convinced of the propriety of an immediate retreat from the premises, which one hour before he had fondly looked upon as his own.

A swarm of speculators flocked to Turkey Creek when the news spread abroad; and the Widow sold this place for money enough to make her as rich as Colonel Wilson himself.

Then did "the course of true love run smooth," and Daniel married Margaret, as he had threatened her father that he would do. In the course of time, the old man was gathered to his fathers, and Daniel reigned in his stead. He is the same jolly sportsman as ever, and keeps the best dogs and horses in the country; and when in the year 1850, he stopped at his house for a night, he showed me a chestnut filly, a great great grand-daughter of old Kate, which he said had distanced a large field the fall previous at Mecklenburg.

Vessels are being loaded with petroleum in the harbor of Cleveland, Ohio, to send direct for Europe. Parties in that city are making arrangements to establish an "oil Line" of vessels between Cleveland and Europe, with a view to avoid the expenses and losses consequent upon transshipment on other routes.

Politeness does much in business. An impudent clerk can do more injury in a day than the neglect of the proprietor in a year.

It is a pity to advertise his goods.

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