

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE

AND COLONIAL CONSERVATIVE.

Volume VII. Number 13. SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1855. St. John, N.B., New Brunswick, Friday, July 29, 1855.

THE ST. JOHN CHRONICLE.
Is published every Friday afternoon, by WILLIAM DWYER, at his Office in the Brick Building of Messrs. L. H. Devober & Son, west side Prince William Street.
Visiting and Business Cards, plain and ornamented, Handbills, Blankets, and Printing generally neatly executed.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the discretion of the publisher.
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All Letters, Orders, Communications, &c., must be post-paid, and addressed to
WILLIAM DWYER,
Chronicle Office, St. John, N. B.

THE Chronicle is sold, and may be seen free of charge at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 241 Strand, London.
FRANCIS PALMER, the American Newspaper Agent, is the only authorized Agent for this paper in the cities of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and is daily employed to take advertisements and subscriptions at the rate as required by his receipts will be recorded as payments. His Office is—Boston, Scollay's Building, New York, Tribune Building; Philadelphia, N. W. corner Third and Chestnut streets.

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SOAP & CANDLE MANUFACTORY.
GEORGE WOODS,
West side Water Street, between the Ferry Landing and Fish Market.
August 29, 1855.

DOOLEY'S
MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE HOTEL,
Post Office Building, State Street, Boston.
Terms—ONE DOLLAR per day.

CHARLES W. WELDON,
Attorney at Law & Notary Public,
Office—Over Messrs. Nanny, Sturges & Co. Prince William Street, St. John, N. B.
May 28, 1855.

THOMAS GOW,
Lumber and Glass Sifter,
WATER STREET.
HOUSE and SHIP WATER-CLOSETS, Hot and Cold, and Shower BATHS, Fixings, Lifting, Counting, and Engine PUMPS, SHIPS' SCUTTERS, PEIRS, &c., on the most approved principle. LEAD PIPE of all sizes, and SHEET LEAD constantly on hand.
All GOODS made in style.
July 2, 1855. THOMAS GOW.

E. H. LISTER,
Cabinet Maker and Underwriter,
LEAVE to inform his Friends and the Public generally, that he has commenced business in the above line on the premises of Mr. James G. Lester, Charlotte Street, and is ready to execute all orders that may be entrusted to his care WITH PUNCTUALITY & DESPATCH, and hopes, by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.
UPPER PARTS carried on in all the branches.
LINDSAY'S carefully attended to, on reasonable terms.
March 1, 1855.

SPRING IMPORTATION.—Assorted Groceries, 250 assorted Cases BATHING WARE, selected and packed suitable for country trade, and guaranteed free from breakage, offered for sale, low for Cash, by
FRANCIS CLEMENTSON,
April 26, Dock Street.

WASHING POWDERS.—Received per Packets, and sold at the usual price, by
FELLOWS & CO.,
English Wrought Nails,
By the John Barlow, &c., for sale, by
B. S. BROWN, consisting of Fair, Six, Eight, Ten, and Twenty-penny Rose and Camp Head.
April 18, 1855.

LAND FOR SALE.
500 ACRES of Land for Sale, 200 Acres of which is in the Parish of St. John, and 300 Acres in the Parish of St. Andrew, situated on the South side of Hallow's River, parish of Hampton, the property of James C. BROWN. There are two Good Dwelling Houses on the Land, also three Barns, two of which are 20 by 30 feet, and the other 24 by 34, with under Stables.
The above Property will be sold in the whole, or in Lots, to suit purchasers.
Application to be made to John Campbell, Hampton Parish, King's County, or to Mr. Whitman, Solicitor, at the Auctioneers, St. John, N. B., March 20th, 1855.

MILKING MACHINE NOTICE.
FOUR or more Permanent Boarders can be accommodated at this Well Known Establishment, at a Moderate Rate yearly. Also Transient Boarders and Travellers, supplied with Lunches, Dinners, and Suppers, at short Notice, and comfortable Lodgings, with clean Beds, and prompt attention for the Travelling Public.
On the premises, a regular supply of Choice Oranges, Soups, and Mountain Dew, (in the same quantity).
JAMES SHERRY,
No. 11, a regular supply of Colonial and old Country Papers.
JUST RECEIVED AND FOR SALE—100 lbs. of Extra Good FEATHERS; 500 do.; Russia do.;
A new and handsome Patterns of Cloth Paper HANGINGS.
GEORGE NIXON,
April 13, 1855.

148 BOXES German large sized GLASS, from 12 to 20 to 3000 single thick; 20 Boxes Double thick Glass, for shop windows, from 12 to 18 by 24; 5000 rolls of new patterns of PAPER HANGINGS, all prices.
Papers waiting large Glass, not on hand, will order it at the shortest notice from New York, and send it to the post.
GEORGE NIXON,
April 13, 1855.

NEW GOODS IN THE HOUSE,
COMMERCE HOUSE,
KING STREET.
OCTOBER 1854.

HORSFALL & SHERATON
Have received per Steamers "CANADA" and "NIAGARA," and Packet Ship David G. Young, a large and valuable assortment of Goods, viz:—
100 Packages of American and French Cottons,
Some of their best extensive purchases for the Fall Season, and comprising a good assortment of every description of
WOLLENS, LINENS, COTTONS,
SHIRTS, PAIS, Hosiery, Gloves, Laces, and SMALL WARES of every description, which are offered to Wholesale Buyers at the lowest rates, and most favorable terms.

HOUSE FURNISHING.
NEW STYLES—Oct. 2nd, 1854.
HORSFALL & SHERATON respectfully request the attention of persons furnishing houses, to the following description of GOODS, the assortment of which is superior to any heretofore in this market, and are offered at rates to suit the most economical.
Rich Gift and Mahogany Poles and Cornices, of superior style and finish;
DAMASK and MOREENS, in all the latest and most fashionable styles, with suitable Trimmings;
Silk and Cotton DAMASKS;
Silk and Cotton CLOTHS;
Rich Velvet, Frieze, and Tape CARPETINGS;
Brussels 3-ply Kid dermometer; Scotch do.;
Linen Hosiery, Shirts, and Hops Mats;
BRIDGE, from 4 to 16; British and English and American Floor OIL CLOTHS, new patterns, in all the useful widths;
BLANKETS, QUILTS, and Counterpanes;
Table Linens and Sheetings;
Cloth, Waxed, and Linen Table COVERS, &c.
Oct. 4.

SPARS FOR SALE.
THE Subscriber has on hand and for Sale, tough Spars of all sizes.
SPARS made to order at the shortest notice, at his Establishment, Lower Water Street, St. John, N. B.
BENJAMIN VEEL,
N. B. Wanted—An active person to take care of Spars, to whom liberal wages will be given. Apply to
Sept. 15.

CAVASSI, &c.
ON HAND and for Sale at low rates:—100 Bales Lath CANNAS, No. 11 & 12;
4 Tons London and Domestic OAKUM;
4 Tons Hoop and New Zealand CORRIDGE, and 2 ctd. to 10 in.
JOHN WALKER,
Feb. 16.

CHOICE FURS.
THIS DAY OPENED, ex Steamer America, via Boston from London:—FURS;
Ladies French Rabbit;
Do. Storm Martin do.;
Do. Fox do.;
Do. Queen's HOAS, MUFFS & CUFFS—the choicest of the kind ever imported;
Feb. 12.—(cont. 4.) LOCKHART & CO.,
JANUARY, COATS & GARDEN SEEDS.
JUST RECEIVED—150 Bushels Superior Timothy G. SEEDS, of this Province.
On hand, and to arrive:—7 Bales, Northern Red Clover SEED; and a small quantity White Clover SEED;
Also:—To arrive per Middleton:—A large assortment of GARDEN SEEDS, warranted fresh.
For sale, at lowest market price.
April 13, 1855. No. 12, King Street.

HATS, Caps, &c.
Planned for "Eastern City," at the CHEAP HAT, CAP, and FUR STORE, North side of Water Street, the following descriptions of new styles HATS and CAPS:—
GENTS' Dress Napoleons HATS;
do. do. Gilt Percha do.;
do. do. Wild A. do.;
do. do. Black Kowtow do.;
do. do. Warrior do.;
do. do. Beanie do.;
do. do. Silk (Huss) Hatters CAPS;
do. do. Bingham do.;
do. do. Brown Cloth Emperor do.;
do. do. Black Satin Spang 75 HATS.
For sale, at lowest market price.
April 13, 1855. LOCKHART & CO.

MEN & WOMEN'S
HUB, RUBBER SHOES, for Sale
at 10 cts. per pair.
ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN,
No. 8, Prince William Street.
JOHN KINNEALE, Prince William Street, is receiving, just landing, and for Sale—40 Rega Cut RALLS; 1 Bales Paper COBBS; 1000 PING RINGS cheaper than can be imported.
S. P.—Also a large assortment of leather Goods.
January 3.

DR. EDWIN BAYARD,
HAS removed to St. John from Saint Andrew, and will practise in connection with Dr. L. W. BAYARD, at the residence of Dr. L. W. BAYARD, Germain Street, Feb. 9, 1855.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.
ON and after Tuesday next, the Subscriber will be found at the premises lately occupied by Mr. Henry Austin, next door to Baker's corner, name as before. GEORGE RIX PRICE,
April 20.

MONEY WANTED.—I want to sell for money, a quantity of CAROLINA TOBACCO—very dry. Price named.
ALEXANDER A. COUGHLAN,
March 29, No. 8, Prince William Street.

DANDALD'S COFFEE.—Four packages DANDALD'S COFFEE, just received per the Thetis from London, by
FELLOWS & CO.,
April 18, 1855.

RECEIVED.—Just received—100 Swedish White Lead, also—Do. Vermorel's Medical Discovery, for the cure of St. Vitus, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the Head;—for sale by
S. L. ELLIOT,
No. 12, King Street.
JAMES HANCOCKS—More new Patterns of PAPER HANGINGS, just received at the new Paper Store—2000 Rolls, all good patterns, now open. For sale low.
GEORGE NIXON,
June 15, Prince William Street.

Fur Importations,
FRANCIS PALMER, Agent of the Royal Arctic Expedition, Wholesale and Retail Clothing Store.

RECEIVED per Ship "Joseph Tarrant" and "Imperial" from England, a large and Extensive Stock of Mohair, White DEAXER, PILONS and BEARSKIN CLOVES; Fancy DRESSING and CASSIMERE, TWEEDS and WESTINGS, in French cut and Plain Velvets and Satins a beautiful article purchased from the Manufacturers; Red, Blue and White FLANNELS, heavy Kerseys; Laid Wool Shirts and Drawers; Grey White and Painted COTTONS, Orleans "Coburgs" and Luster "Coburgs."

READY-MADE CLOTHING
DEPARTMENT.
COATS, PAIS, HATS, BEANIES, WHISKY, BEAVER and Pilot CLOTHS, made and Trimmed in the best style;
French Figured and plain Velvets, Figured and plain Satins and Cassimeres, VESTS, Rowths and every description of Winter Vests; 2000 pair of PANTALOONS from 24 to 28; Boys CLOTHING in Great Variety of Textures and Colors; 5000 Neckties JACKETS in Beaver and Pilot Cloth; 4 Bales of Buffaloes Robes; 2 Bales of Buffalo and Seal Skin Coats; Gents' ready Clothing of every description; Mohair FURS, Beaver and Seal Skin CAPS; Beaver and MINK HATS and every description of Outfitted GOODS at this Establishment.
If you want to purchase Cheap Clothing go to the Old Established "St. John Clothing Mart," of sixteen years standing well known to be the Largest and Cheapest Establishment in the City, where all can be fitted with the best of Clothing, All Goods marked in plain figures. No Reduction. Gentlemen's Clothing made to Order at the Shortest Notice.
F. NEILL,
St. John, N. B., Nov. 19th, 1854.

WE HAVE OBTAINED THE VICTORY.
KENNEDY & SCHUBERT,
PIANO-FORTE MANUFACTURERS,
South side King Square, St. John, N. B.
Having taken the First and Second Prizes, and the Diploma for their instruments, at the Provincial Exhibition, beg leave to inform the public they can supply Pianofortes at the following prices:
Square Front Mahogany Piano, £30 0 0
Rosewood J. G. Piano, 35 0 0
Do. Elegant do., 40 0 0
Collage, 45 0 0
Semi-Cabinet, 50 0 0
Full Cabinet, 55 0 0
Decorated with French front, top, legs, &c., and circular bottom, 65 0 0
The whole of the above Instruments are 6 to 4 Octaves in length.
N. B.—All Instruments manufactured by K. & S. will be warranted for three years.
French description of English and American Pianofortes listed and repaired. March 16th.

Greater Bargains than Ever!
TREMENDOUS REDUCTION!
CLEARING OUT ENTIRE STOCK, TO MAKE ROOM FOR
Early Spring Importations!!
AT THE
VICTORIA HOUSE,
PRINCE WILLIAM STREET AND
BRITISH HOUSE,
RING STREET.
The Subscriber has THIS DAY, just further marked down ALL THEIR STOCK, determined to CLEAR OFF every article, before arrival of Spring Importations.
EXHIBITION—CASH ONLY.
N. B.—All Goods marked in Plain Figures.
J. DOHERTY & CO.,
Feb. 20.

India Rubber Boots & Shoes.
Received on Consignment from the Manufacturers,
100 CASHS Ladies, Gents' and Children's India Rubber SHOES.
The above are warranted to be of the best quality, and will be sold lower than any ever offered to the public.
Ladies' Gaiter RUBBERS, price 1s. 6d.
Gent. do. do. 1s. 4d.
A credit of three months will be given on all purchases over £15.
"Waterloo House," King Street, S. P.—Also a large assortment of leather Goods.
January 3.

JOHN BARRY,
Silver Smith, Jeweller & Engraver,
North side of King Street, St. John, N. B.—a few doors below the Watering House.
"My flower shall be a white rose, and I will pledge myself to be a staunch supporter of the house of York."
"I will recall the Earl of Suffolk, I will follow the Earl of Somerset's example and gather a red rose in token that I am ready to defend the cause of Henry of Lancaster with the last drop of my blood."
"But, said Vernon, a friend of Plantagenet, before gathering any more roses, we ought to agree, that whichever party has the greatest number, gains the day."
This proposition was at once agreed to by all; but now their angry passions began to rise, and fiercer and fiercer utterances were uttered on both sides, each prophesying with bitter taunts and execrations, the speedy downfall of the other. At length they separated, to make known to their various friends the badges which were heretofore distinguished the adherents of the houses of York and Lancaster.

Paris Grocers.
OPENED THIS DAY, ex Steamer Africa, direct from Paris, by
Gent's Black French Kid GLOVES;
"Colored"
Ladies'
"Varnished" the best made.
Gent's Best India Rubber BRACES;
Gent's Fancy Straw HATS. For sale retail only.
May 1.
LOCKHART & CO.,
King Street.

Wanted! WANTED!
MAY be had at all times (both American and British) with Tempeston, Corbin, or Mountain Dew, on application to the **Hibernian Hotel**, April 16.
JAMES NETHERY.

FASHIONABLE SPRING 1855.—Now opened, ex Greenland, the new Spring Style of French Satin HATS. For Sale by
March 23.
LOCKHART & CO.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.
BY MRS. ARBY.

Oh! do you ask me why I weep,
Who would not weep so glad?
There are but few a watch to keep,
If I am pleased or sad.
My father in his honey talk
Throughout the day must rove,
And much I miss a mother's smile,
And mourn a Mother's Love!

My garden is overrun with weeds,
It gives me little joy,
For I find much trouble and heels
The garden of my boy!
And when my lessons I repeat,
Though many may approve,
Oh there are moments when I feel
That spoke a Mother's Love!

Woe, lately, never a group I felt,
My woe was all supplied,
But she that dear one would have knit
My sleepless couch beside,
And whisp'ed comfort for each ill,
And pray'd to him above,
That he would give to spare me still,
To bless a Mother's Love!

And yet my father's second choice
In nothing can offend,
And I would willingly rejoice
To see him with my friend,
But when he pleads a dearer claim,
The mockery I scorn,
And striking from a mother's name,
Sign for a Mother's Love!

THEIR LEGENDARY HISTORIES.
Full white the Bourton fly blow,
The national flower of England;—the shamrock, of Ireland;—the thistle of Scotland;—and the fleur de lis, or the lily of France; but as some of these flowers are not so generally known, we will give the following information on the subject.
The most disastrous and troublesome period of our English history, from the history of the Norman conquest to the present time, was undoubtedly that which elapsed between the accession of Henry VI., and that of Henry VII., extending over a period of fifty years. Never were there so many rival claimants for the throne—never the pretensions of any more directly or passionately maintained;—several had one candidate disappeared from the stage, when another started up to fill his place; and surely it is strange, that the longest and most bloody civil war which devastated England should have been named after the loveliest flower in our gardens; and that the rose, which we hold sacred as the emblem of love and charity, should have been the badge of parties carrying on a sanguinary civil war; the circumstances which led to such an anomaly is briefly stated in the early part of the reign of Henry VI.; about the year 1450, a few noble men and gentlemen were discussing the question which then agitated the heart of every one that loved his country—namely whether the rightful heir to the English throne, after a time they adjourned to the Temple Gardens, thinking they would there discuss the subject in a more quiet manner, but as they arrived, when they perceived Richard Plantagenet afterwards Duke of York, approaching, unwilling to continue the conversation in the presence, a deep silence ensued. He, however, asked what they had been so anxiously talking about when he joined them, and whether they espoused the cause of his party, or that of the usurper, Henry of Lancaster, who then filled the throne. A false and absurd position presented itself to the mind of the Duke of York, and he, venturing their making any reply, he added, "Since you are so ready to signet, let him that is an adherent to the house of York, pull a white rose."

"Then said the Earl of Somerset, 'let him who hates Plantagenet, and dares to maintain the cause of our lawful but now absent king, even in the presence of his enemies, gather a red rose with me.'"
"My flower shall be a white rose, and I will pledge myself to be a staunch supporter of the house of York."
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St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, or, as her people love better to hear him called, her patron Saint, was born, according to the best authorities, in Scotland, in North Britain. His father was a proselyt, and his mother a sister of St. Martin, the celebrated bishop of Tours. When about sixteen years of age, he was taken prisoner by some pirates, who brought him over with them to Ireland; and there sold him as a slave to a certain MacBrien, with whom he remained for six years, performing the most servile offices. It was during this period that he felt an ardent desire to preach the gospel to those around him, many of them being desperately ignorant of the way of salvation. At the expiration of the six years, he was most fortunately enabled to purchase his freedom with a piece of gold he had accidentally found in a field which had been just ploughed up. He immediately returned to England, and hastened to rejoin his parents, who were filled with joy at the pleasure he beheld, although enjoying the same mode of life, and surrounded by those to whom he was most tenderly attached. The youthful Patrick was far from happy. Again and again did his earnest desire to labour as a missionary among the Irish, recur to him, and each time with a doubled vigour. It was strengthened, too, by a dream he had about this time, in which he saw a man bringing him a letter from Ireland, and saying to him: "We beseech thee, holy youth, come over and dwell among us."

At length, after much and anxious deliberation, his determination was taken; and once again, all his persuasions, entreaties and his parents and friends failed to move him. Feeling, however, that the moment in which his early life had been passed, he passed over into France, and placed himself under the guidance and tutelage of his uncle, the good bishop of Tours, with whom he spent several years. He afterwards prosecuted his studies under the care of Gamaudus, bishop of Auxerre, by whom he was subsequently ordained and appointed "chief bishop of the school in Ireland." And now, being in every way qualified for the post, the time had arrived to put his long cherished desire into execution. Accordingly, he went to Ireland, and landed at Wicklow in the year 432. Once there, he lost no time in commencing his holy labour. He travelled through the entire country, and was every where received with respect by multitudes, who hung with rapture on his words. One day, whilst preaching at Tara, he was anxious to explain the doctrine of the Trinity; the people, however, failed to understand, and refused to believe that there could be three Gods, and yet but one. The holy man, grieved for a moment, abandoned his thought, and then seeing a shamrock peeping forth from the green turf which he stood, he gathered it, and showing it to them, exclaimed: "Do you not see in this simple little wild flower how three leaves are united on one stalk, and will you not then believe what I tell you from the Sacred Volume, that there are indeed three Persons, and yet but one God?" His audience without difficulty understood this simple yet striking illustration. It was the irresistible delight of St. Patrick, eagerly embraced the doctrine, of the truth of which he was so anxious to impress them. From that period the shamrock became the national emblem of Ireland, and dearly is it loved and cherished by her affectionate and warm hearted people.

St. Patrick, after prosecuting his labours for many years with unwearied energy and unprecedented success died at the Abbey of Saul, in Down, on the 17th of March (called for his Saint Patrick's day), in the year 463, or, according to others, 492. There has been much dispute among botanists, as to what particular plant is the genuine national flower of Ireland. It is now, however, generally supposed to be the wood anemone (Anemone hepatica). Dr. Withering, however, maintains that it is the white clover (Trifolium repens). In the modern language of flowers, the shamrock has been considered too insignificant to have a place. Among the ancients, however, Hope was generally represented as a beautiful child, standing on tips, with a sprig of shamrock in her hand.

"E'en then a wish, I mind its power—
A wish that may my latest hour
Shall strongly leave my breast—
That I, for poor old Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or deed could make.
The rough plain has a shrike appearing here,
Among the barbed heath,
I turned the woodcock's wings aside."
DORIS.

In the reign of Malcolm I., about the year 1010, Scotland was invaded by the Danes, who made a descent on Aberdeenshire, and landed at a place called Buchanburgh, intending to storm Slain Castle, a fortress of importance, situated close to the most eastern point of Scotland, and therefore convenient for the Danes, at any time they might choose to invade the country. The king, however, being absent, the Danes, who were then in the neighbourhood, were selected as the most suitable time for commencing the attack; and as their presence was a dire evil, they were ordered to be driven from the castle, without much trouble, succeed in their possession of the castle. Wisely determined, however, to leave nothing to chance, they took every precaution to make the necessary preparations complete. When all was ready, and the night was advanced, they inspired their men with a reasonable hope that the Danes of the castle were asleep, the word of command was given, and they commenced their march. Slowly and cautiously they advanced, taking off their shoes to prevent the possibility of their footsteps being heard. No voice broke the deathly

silence, not a gleam of light illumed their onward path save that one or two
Sentinel stars kept their watch in the sky, as if to guide them to the castle. They now approached within a short distance of its lofty towers, and their hearts beat quick in joyful anticipation of a speedy victory. No sound was heard from within; not a light appeared in the windows; the inhabitants are fast asleep. Their labours are now well nigh over. They can have but to swim across the moat, and place the scaling ladders, and the castle is theirs. But in another moment a cry from the invaders themselves forces the inmates to a sense of their danger; the parties fly to their posts; the soldiers mount their arms, and quick as thought pursue the now trembling Danes, who fly unresistingly before them.— Whence arose this sudden change in the face of affairs? From a very simple cause. It appears that the moat, instead of being filled with water, as the Danes had expected, was in reality dry, and overgrown with timothy, which proved the unexpected secret of the Danes' who, actuated with pain, forgot their cautious silence, and uttered the cry which had of course alarmed the sleeping inmates of the castle. "Thus, then, we find the unassuming thistle—somewhat like the Goose in the Capitol—was the means of preserving Scotland from falling into the hands of her enemies; and in token of gratitude it was honourably adopted as the national emblem, and has ever since been held in the highest veneration by her hardy sons.

In the language of flowers, the thistle is the emblem of self-defence. The motto used by the Knights of the Thistle, or of St. Andrew, is particularly appropriate to their floral badge, "Nemo in linguam laesat."—No one shall touch me with impunity; or in plain Scotch, "Tak tent how ye maul me."

Full white the Bourton fly blow,
The national flower of England;—the shamrock, of Ireland;—the thistle of Scotland;—and the fleur de lis, or the lily of France; but as some of these flowers are not so generally known, we will give the following information on the subject.
The most disastrous and troublesome period of our English history, from the history of the Norman conquest to the present time, was undoubtedly that which elapsed between the accession of Henry VI., and that of Henry VII., extending over a period of fifty years. Never were there so many rival claimants for the throne—never the pretensions of any more directly or passionately maintained;—several had one candidate disappeared from the stage, when another started up to fill his place; and surely it is strange, that the longest and most bloody civil war which devastated England should have been named after the loveliest flower in our gardens; and that the rose, which we hold sacred as the emblem of love and charity, should have been the badge of parties carrying on a sanguinary civil war; the circumstances which led to such an anomaly is briefly stated in the early part of the reign of Henry VI.; about the year 1450, a few noble men and gentlemen were discussing the question which then agitated the heart of every one that loved his country—namely whether the rightful heir to the English throne, after a time they adjourned to the Temple Gardens, thinking they would there discuss the subject in a more quiet manner, but as they arrived, when they perceived Richard Plantagenet afterwards Duke of York, approaching, unwilling to continue the conversation in the presence, a deep silence ensued. He, however, asked what they had been so anxiously talking about when he joined them, and whether they espoused the cause of his party, or that of the usurper, Henry of Lancaster, who then filled the throne. A false and absurd position presented itself to the mind of the Duke of York, and he, venturing their making any reply, he added, "Since you are so ready to signet, let him that is an adherent to the house of York, pull a white rose."

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St. Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, or, as her people love better to hear him called, her patron Saint, was born, according to the best authorities, in Scotland, in North Britain. His father was a proselyt, and his mother a sister of St. Martin, the celebrated bishop of Tours. When about sixteen years of age, he was taken prisoner by some pirates, who brought him over with them to Ireland; and there sold him as a slave to a certain MacBrien, with whom he remained for six years, performing the most servile offices. It was during this period that he felt an ardent desire to preach the gospel to those around him, many of them being desperately ignorant of the way of salvation. At the expiration of the six years, he was most fortunately enabled to purchase his freedom with a piece of gold he had accidentally found in a field which had been just ploughed up. He immediately returned to England, and hastened to rejoin his parents, who were filled with joy at the pleasure he beheld, although enjoying the same mode of life, and surrounded by those to whom he was most tenderly attached. The youthful Patrick was far from happy. Again and again did his earnest desire to labour as a missionary among the Irish, recur to him, and each time with a doubled vigour. It was strengthened, too, by a dream he had about this time, in which he saw a man bringing him a letter from Ireland, and saying to him: "We beseech thee, holy youth, come over and dwell among us."

At length, after much and anxious deliberation, his determination was taken; and once again, all his persuasions, entreaties and his parents and friends failed to move him. Feeling, however, that the moment in which his early life had been passed, he passed over into France, and placed himself under the guidance and tutelage of his uncle, the good bishop of Tours, with whom he spent several years. He afterwards prosecuted his studies under the care of Gamaudus, bishop of Auxerre, by whom he was subsequently ordained and appointed "chief bishop of the school in Ireland." And now, being in every way qualified for the post, the time had arrived to put his long cherished desire into execution. Accordingly, he went to Ireland, and landed at Wicklow in the year 432. Once there, he lost no time in commencing his holy labour. He travelled through the entire country, and was every where received with respect by multitudes, who hung with rapture on his words. One day, whilst preaching at Tara, he was anxious to explain the doctrine of the Trinity; the people, however, failed to understand, and refused to believe that there could be three Gods, and yet but one. The holy man, grieved for a moment, abandoned his thought, and then seeing a shamrock peeping forth from the green turf which he stood, he gathered it, and showing it to them, exclaimed: "Do you not see in this simple little wild flower how three leaves are united on one stalk, and will you not then believe what I tell you from the Sacred Volume, that there are indeed three Persons, and yet but one God?" His audience without difficulty understood this simple yet striking illustration. It was the irresistible delight of St. Patrick, eagerly embraced the doctrine, of the truth of which he was so anxious to impress them. From that period the shamrock became the national emblem of Ireland, and dearly is it loved and cherished by her affectionate and warm hearted people.

St. Patrick, after prosecuting his labours for many years with unwearied energy and unprecedented success died at the Abbey of Saul, in Down, on the 17th of March (called for his Saint Patrick's day), in the year 463, or, according to others, 492. There has been much dispute among botanists, as to what particular plant is the genuine national flower of Ireland. It is now, however, generally supposed to be the wood anemone (Anemone hepatica). Dr. Withering, however, maintains that it is the white clover (Trifolium repens). In the modern language of flowers, the shamrock has been considered too insignificant to have a place. Among the ancients, however, Hope was generally represented as a beautiful child, standing on tips, with a sprig of shamrock in her hand.

"E'en then a wish, I mind its power—
A wish that may my latest hour
Shall strongly leave my breast—
That I, for poor old Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or deed could make.
The rough plain has a shrike appearing here,
Among the barbed heath,
I turned the woodcock's wings aside."
DORIS.

In the reign of Malcolm I., about the year 1010, Scotland was invaded by the Danes, who made a descent on Aberdeenshire, and landed at a place called Buchanburgh, intending to storm Slain Castle, a fortress of importance, situated close to the most eastern point of Scotland, and therefore convenient for the Danes, at any time they might choose to invade the country. The king, however, being absent, the Danes, who were then in the neighbourhood, were selected as the most suitable time for commencing the attack; and as their presence was a dire evil, they were ordered to be driven from the castle, without much trouble, succeed in their possession of the castle. Wisely determined, however, to leave nothing to chance, they took every precaution to make the necessary preparations complete. When all was ready, and the night was advanced, they inspired their men with a reasonable hope that the Danes of the castle were asleep, the word of command was given, and they commenced their march. Slowly and cautiously they advanced, taking off their shoes to prevent the possibility of their footsteps being heard. No voice broke the deathly

silence, not a gleam of light illumed their onward path save that one or two
Sentinel stars kept their watch in the sky, as if to guide them to the castle. They now approached within a short distance of its lofty towers, and their hearts beat quick in joyful anticipation of a speedy victory. No sound was heard from within; not a light appeared in the windows; the inhabitants are fast asleep. Their labours are now well nigh over. They can have but to swim across the moat, and place the scaling ladders, and the castle is theirs. But in another moment a cry from the invaders themselves forces the inmates to a sense of their danger; the parties fly to their posts; the soldiers mount their arms, and quick as thought pursue the now trembling Danes, who fly unresistingly before them.— Whence arose this sudden change in the face of affairs? From a very simple cause. It appears that the moat, instead of being filled with water, as the Danes had expected, was in reality dry, and overgrown with timothy, which proved the unexpected secret of the Danes' who, actuated with pain, forgot their cautious silence, and uttered the cry which had of course alarmed the sleeping inmates of the castle. "Thus, then, we find the unassuming thistle—somewhat like the Goose in the Capitol—was the means of preserving Scotland from falling into the hands of her enemies; and in token of gratitude it was honourably adopted as the national emblem, and has ever since been held in the highest veneration by her hardy sons.

In the language of flowers, the thistle is the emblem of self-defence. The motto used by the Knights of the Thistle, or of St. Andrew, is particularly appropriate to their floral badge, "Nemo in linguam laesat."—No one shall touch me with impunity; or in plain Scotch, "Tak tent how ye maul me."

Full white the Bourton fly blow,
The national flower of England;—the shamrock, of Ireland;—the thistle of Scotland;—and the fleur de lis, or the lily of France; but as some of these flowers are not so generally known, we will give the following information on the subject.
The most disastrous and troublesome period of our English history, from the history of the Norman conquest to the present time, was undoubtedly that which elapsed between the accession of Henry VI., and that of Henry VII., extending over a period of fifty years. Never were there so many rival claimants for the throne—never the pretensions of any more directly or passionately maintained;—several had one candidate disappeared from the stage, when another started up to fill his place; and surely it is strange, that the longest and most bloody civil war which devastated England should have been named after the loveliest flower in our gardens; and that the rose, which we hold sacred as the emblem of love and charity, should have been the badge of parties carrying on a sanguinary civil war; the circumstances which led to such an anomaly is briefly stated in the early part of the reign of Henry VI.; about the year 1450, a few noble men and gentlemen were discussing the question which then agitated the heart of every one that loved his country—namely whether the rightful heir to the English throne, after a time they adjourned to the Temple Gardens, thinking they would there discuss the subject in a more quiet manner, but as they arrived, when they perceived Richard Plantagenet afterwards Duke of York, approaching, unwilling to continue the conversation in the presence, a deep silence ensued. He, however, asked what they had been so anxiously talking about when he joined them, and whether they espoused the cause of his party, or that of the usurper, Henry of Lancaster, who then filled the throne. A false and absurd position presented itself to the mind of the Duke of York, and he, venturing their making any reply, he added, "Since you are so ready to signet, let him that is an adherent to the house of York, pull a white rose."

"Then said the Earl of Somerset, 'let him who hates Plantagenet, and dares to maintain the cause of our lawful but now absent king, even in the presence of his enemies, gather a red rose with me.'"
"My flower shall be a white rose, and I will pledge myself to be a staunch supporter of the house of York."
"I will recall the Earl of Suffolk, I will follow the Earl of Somerset's example and gather a red rose in token that I am ready to defend the cause of Henry of Lancaster with the last drop of my blood."
"But, said Vernon, a friend of Plantagenet, before gathering any more roses, we ought to agree, that whichever party has the greatest number, gains the day."
This proposition was at once agreed to by all; but now their angry passions began to rise, and fiercer and fiercer utterances were uttered on both sides, each prophesying with bitter taunts and execrations, the speedy downfall of the other. At length they separated, to make known to their various friends the badges which were heretofore distinguished the adherents of the houses of York and Lancaster.

