HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, November 12, 1853. New Series. No. 85.

Haszard's Gazette.

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher.
Published every Wednesday and Saturday mornings.
Office, South side Queen Square, P. E. Island.
TERMS—Annual Subscription, 15s. Discount for cash in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion, occupying the space of 4 lines, including head, 2s.—6 lines, 2s. 6d.—9 lines, 3s.—12 lines, 3s. 6d.—16 lines, 4s.—20 lines, 4s. 6d.—25 lines, 5s.—30 lines, 5s. 6d.—36 lines, 6s.—and 2d. for each additional line. One fourth of the above for each continuance.
Advertisements sent without limitation, will be continued until forbid.

Georgetown Mails.

THE MAILS for Georgetown until further Notice, will be made up and forwarded every Monday and Friday morning at nine o'clock.

THOS' OWEN, Postmaster General.
May 2, 1853.

A BAZAAR.

WILL be held at the Temperance Hall, at Charlottetown, on *Thursday*, the 12th day of *January*, 1854, to aid in the erection of the Parson age House, in connection with St. John's Church, at Crapaud. Contributions will be thankfully received by the following Ladies.

MRS. JENKINS, MRS. T. DESBRISAY,
" FITZ. GERALD, " E. PALMER,
" CUNDALL, " R. T. ROACH,

BAZAAR.

THE Christian Public are hereby notified, that the Ladies of the *BAPTIST CHURCH* and congregation worshiping in the Baptist Church, in Charlottetown, purpose holding a *BAZAAR* in the Temperance Hall on Thursday the 29th, December, to aid in raising *Funds* for the erection of a *Tower* and *Porch* to the said Chapel.

Contributions in donations or work, will be thankfully received by either of the undersigned Committee.

MRS. W. BARNSTEAD,
" J. McGREGOR,
" D. WILSON,
" J. WEATHERBE,
" J. SCOTT,
" J. LOVE,
" T. DESBRISAY,
" J. CURRY.

Charlottetown, Nov. 1, 1853. (All papers.)

Charlottetown Gas Light Company.
NOTICE.

A Special General Meeting of Stock holders in the above Company will be held in the Temperance Hall, on Monday, the 14th of November next, at 11 o'clock, to consider the propriety of increasing the Capital Stock of the said Company, by issuing an additional number of Shares, or otherwise.

By order of the Board,
JOHN GAINSFOR , Secretary.
Nov. 1st 1853. all the papers

Charlottetown Gas Works.
NOTICE.

IT is requested that all parties wishing to become Gas Consumers, this season, will give early notice in writing to the Companies' Engineer, at the Works, so that no time may be lost in laying the service pipes, and internal fittings, which will be done according to priority, of application.

The Gas Company have engaged an experienced Gas fitter, from Scotland, and have imported an assortment of Lamps, Pendants, Brackets, &c., which may be seen in a few days at the Works.

By Order,
JOHN GAINSFORD, Secty.
Oct 24, 1853. In all the papers.

A CARD.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the Public generally that he has commenced business as,

Commission Merchant and Auctioneer.

At the corner of Queen & Sydney Streets, and hopes by promptness and punctuality to merit a share of their patronage.

ARTEMAS G. SIMMS.

☞ CASH advanced upon articles left for Auction.

A CARD.

THE undersigned having this day entered into *CO-PARTNERSHIP* as GENERAL and COMMISSION MERCHANTS, their Business heretofore carried on by them individually, will in future be conducted under the Name and Firm of *LONGWORTH & YATES.*

FRANCIS LONGWORTH,
ALBERT H. YATES.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island,
June, 16th, 1853.

N. B. The AUCTION business will at all times receive their best attention.

Dissolution of Copartnership.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Copartnership heretofore subsisting between the Subscribers under the firm of CROSS & RENDLE, Tanners & Curriers, hath been this day dissolved, by mutual consent. And all persons indebted to the said firm are hereby requested to make payment to Christopher Cross.

CHRISTOPHER CROSS.
JOHN RENDLE.

Charlottetown, 14th Sept., 1853.

N. B.—Likewise all persons having any demands against the said parties will please to render their accounts for settlement.

J. S. DEALEY,
COMMISSION MERCHANT AND Ship Broker,
No. 7, SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.

☞ Freights and Vessels procured, at short notice for Europe, the British Provinces, West Indies, Australia and California. Berths secured for the latter places.

Temperance Hall Company.

AT A MEETING of the Directors of the above Company, held in the Temperance Hall, this evening, the following Resolution was unanimously adopted viz:—

"RESOLVED, That the Treasurer (Mr. John W. Morrison) be instructed to take the necessary legal measures for the recovery of all unsettled Subscriptions to the Temperance Hall Company."

By Order,
J. B. COOPER, Sec'y.
Charlottetown, March 17, 1853.

NATIONAL EMBLEMS:

THEIR LEGENDARY HISTORIES.

Full white the Bourbon lily blows,
And fairer haughty England's rose;
Nor shall unsung the symbol smile,
Green Ireland! of thy haughty isle.
In Scotland grows a warlike flower,
Too rough to bloom in lady's bower;
His crest when high the soldier bears,
And spurs his courser on the spears—
O there it blossoms—there it blows—
The thistle's grown aboon the rose!

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

All our readers, doubtless, are aware, that the rose is the national flower of England—the shamrock, of Ireland—the thistle, of Scotland—and the fleur de lis, or lily, of France; but as some among them may not be aware of the circumstances which led to their becoming so, we subjoin the following information on the subject.

The most disastrous and troublesome period of our English history, from 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 was there so many rival claimants for the throne—never were the pretensions of any more fiercely or perseveringly maintained; scarcely 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 ever desolated 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 beauty, should *then* have been the badge of parties carrying on a sanguinary civil war. The circumstances which led to such an anomaly is briefly this: In the early part of the reign of Henry VI., about the year 1450, a few noblemen and gentlemen were discussing the question which then agitated the heart of every one who loved his country—namely who was the rightful heir to the English throne? After a time they adjourned to the Temple Gardens, thinking that they would there be more free from interruption. Scarcely, however, had they arrived, when they perceived Richard Plantagenet, afterwards Duke of York, approaching. Unwilling to continue the conversation in his 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 politeness preventing their making any reply, he added. 'Since you are so reluctant to tell me your opinion in words, tell me by signs; and let him that is an adherent to the house of York, pull a white rose, as I do.'

'Then,' said the Earl of Somerset, 'let him who hates flattery, and dares to maintain the cause of our lawful but absent king, even in the presence of his enemies, gather a red rose with me.'

'Be it so,' said the brave Earl of Warwick. 'My flower shall be a white rose; and, as I pull it, I pledged myself to be a staunch supporter of the house of York.'

'Well,' replied 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 Plantagent's, '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 fierce and bitter threats 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 henceforth to distinguish the adherents of the houses of York and Lancaster.

A few years after this event, an effort was made to reconcile the contending parties. Several of the most powerful noblemen on both sides met, and certain articles of peace were agreed on, which were afterwards signed by the king and his ministers, and the Duke of York and his friends; and in order to give publicity to the circumstance, a procession to St. Paul's Cathedral was appointed, when the Duke of York led Margaret of Anjou, wife of Henry VI., by the hand; and the rival roses were seen in conjunction. The joy of the nation, however, which had been groaning under the miseries of the long protracted war, was desined to be but of short continuance; for, ere long, the flames which had been smothered, not extinguished, broke out again with increased violence, and raged with redoubled fury; and it was not until Henry VII. of Lancaster, by his marriage with Elizabeth of York, eldest daughter of Edward IV, united for ever the rival houses, and thus put an end to the civil war, that the roses then blended together became the national flower of England, and were emblazoned on her arms, and on the coin of the realm. Well might Sir Walter sing in one of his poems:

Let merry England proudly rear
Her blended roses, bought so dear!

In the language of flowers, the rose is the emblem of love and beauty, and the symbol of secrecy.

II

Where'ere we pass,
A triple grass
Shoots up with dew drops streaming!
As softly green
As emeralds seen
Through purest crystal gleaming,
Oh, the shamrock! the green immortal shamrock!
Chosen leaf
Of bard and chief,
Old Erin's native shamrock,

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, at Saburnia, in North Britain.—His father was a priest, 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 he felt an earnest desire to preach the gospel to those around him, many of them being deplorably 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 once more beholding the son they had long mourned for as dead; but although enjoying the pleasure of freedom, 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 redoubled 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 the, holy youth, come over and dwell among us."

At length, after much and anxious deliberation, his determination was taken; and once taken, all the persuasion, entreaties and arguments of his parents and friends failed to move him. Feeling, however, that the manner in which his early life had been passed rendered further study and preparation necessary, 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 some years. He afterwards prosecuted his studies under the care of Gamandus, 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 for him 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 delight 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 paused for a moment, absorbed in thought, and then seeing a shamrock peeping forth from the green turf on 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; and to the inexpressible 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 after him St. Patrick's day,) in the year 465, 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 sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella.*) 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 tip-toe, with a sprig of shamrock in her hand.

III.

E'en then a wish, I mind its power—
A wish that to my latest hour
Shall strongly heave my breast—
That I, for poor auld Scotland's sake,
Some useful plan or beuk could make,
Or sing a sang at least.
The rough bar-thistle spreading wide
Among the bearded bear,
I turned the weeder-clips aside,
And spared the symbol dear!

BURNS.

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 Buchanness, intending to storm Slains 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 feel inclined to pay a hostile visit to their warlike neighbours. The still and silent hour of midnight was selected as the most suitable time for commencing the attack; and as their presence was as little expected as desired, they flattered themselves they should, without much trouble, succeed in taking 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 sufficiently far advanced to inspire them with a reasonable hope that the inmates 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 deathlike 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 joyous 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 scarcely refrain from exclamations of delight, for they 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 rouses the inmates to a sense of their danger; the guards 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 dried up, and overgrown with thistles, which pierced the unprotected feet of the assailants, who, tortured 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 unconscious thistle—somewhat like the Geese in the Capitol—was the means of preserving Scotland from falling into the hands of her enemies; and in token of gratitude it was henceforth 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 peculiarly appropriate to their floral badge, "Nemo me impune lacesset"—"No one shall touch me with impunity; or, in plain Scotch, "Tak tent how ye meddle wi' me.'

IV.

Full white the Bourbon lily blows,

Clovis, the founder of the French monarchy, ascended the throne in the year 481; and about two years afterwards, he married Clotilda, a niece of Gondebaud, king of Burgundy. Our readers will remember that many of the large districts, which are now merely French provinces, were then separate kingdoms, each governed by its respective sovereigns. Clotilda was a Christian, and that not in name only; she was therefore naturally anxious that her husband, to whom she was devotedly attached, should embrace her religion. Her arguments, however, though affectionately urged, were for a long time unavailing. But by degrees her gentle and consistent conduct, and her cheerful readiness to comply with his wishes in everything, save where her religion was concerned, won upon the king, and his prejudices gradually yielded to the truth; and at length, during the battle of Tolbiac, fought between the French and Germans, when the former were well-nigh vanquished by their more numerous antagonists, Clovis exclaimed aloud, in the presence of his disheartened soldiers. "O God of Clotilda, if thou wilt grant me this victory, I will henceforth worship no God but thee?" The prayer was heard: his army immediately rallied, and the Germans were defeated with great slaughter. ... his vow, made ... Clovis was shortly afterw... ...ptised with gr... pomp and splendour by the bishop of Reims: and an old legend tells us, that immediately after the ceremony, an angel appeared to him, and presented him with a *fleur-de-lis* to testify the signal approbation of Heaven, and to confirm his right to the French throne. Since that period, France has been called "the empire of lilies." The coat-of arms of Clovis and his successors was a field of azure, seeded with golden fleurs-de-lis. Until the reign of Charles V, a great many fleurs-de-lis were united to form the arms. He, however, reduced them to three, the number still retained, white being also the colour of the national flag, all were united to shew that the fleurs-de-lis represented France and its sovereigns. It is, however, strange to say, a much disputed point, whether the three signs seen on the escutcheon of the French monarchs were really fleurs-de-lis. Some imagine that they represented the toads which formed the crest of the helmet worn by Pharamond; and others, the golden bees which were discovered in the tomb of Childeric at Tournay, in 1655. Whatever they may have been, however, Louis VII. ceeded his shield, crest, and coins with them: and Philip Aguustus, his standard. We ourselves are very much inclined to think that they were fleurs-de-lis; because Louis IX, (St. Louis) took for his device a marguerite or daisy and fleur-de-lis, in allusion to the name of Queen Marguerite, his wife, and the arms of France, which were also his own He also had a ring made, round which a relief in enamel represented a garland of marguerites and fleurs-de-lis. One was engraven on a sapphire, with these words: "This ring contains all we love." Thus did the excellent prince shew his people that he loved nothing but religion, France and his wife.

Louis VII. adopted the fleur-de-lis as his badge when he formed the Crusade, which circumstance led to its being called *fleur-de-louis*: this name was afterwards corrupted into *fleur-de-luci*; and after a long lapse of years, it was changed to fleur-de-lis, by which name it is now universally known.

Before concluding this short sketch—embodying popular tradition, whatever may be said of historical fact—it might be as well to mention, that the consecrated banner borne by Joan of Arc at the siege of Reims, represented the Deity grasping the globe of the earth, surrounded by fleurs-de-lis. And in order to reward the services rendered to France by this heroic and most extraordinary girl, as well as to perpetuate the memory of them, Charles VII. gave her family the surname of Lis.

In the language of flowers, the lily is the emblem of innocence and purity.

A CHEERFUF HEART—I once heard a young lady say to an individual, "your countenance to me is like the rising sun, for it always gladdens me with a cheerful look." A merry or cheerful countenance is one of the things which Jeremy Taylor said his enemies or persecutors could not take away from him. There are some persons who spend their lives in this world as they would spend their lives shut up in a dungeon. Every thing is made gloomy and forbidding. They go moaning and complaining from day to day, that they have so little, and are constantly anxious, lest what they have should escape out of their hands. They always look upon the dark side and can never enjoy the good. That is not religion. Religion makes the heart cheerful, and when its large and benevolent principles are exercised, man will be happy in spite of himself.

The industrious bee does not stop to complain that there are so many poisonous flowers and thorny branches on its road, but buzzes on, selecting his honey where he can find it, and passing quietly by the places where it is not. There is enough in this world to complain about and find fault with, if men have the disposition.

We often travel on a hard and uneven road; but with a cheerful spirit and a heart to praise God for his mercies, we may walk therein with comfort, and come to the end of our journey with peace.—*Dewey*.

LACE BARK TREE.—In the West Indies is found a tree, the inner bark of which resembles lace or net-work. This bark is very beautiful, consisting of layers which may be pulled out into a fine white web, three or four feet wide. It is sometimes used for ladies' dresses.

Ellis, in his narrative of Captain James's voyage, says that he carried a frozen mass of what he believed to be part, and laid it before the fire, when presently the whole room was filled with a cloud of masquetoes. They had clustered together and become a frozen mass like b...s when about to throw off their swarm.

An Italian proverb says, the teacher is like the candle which lights others in consuming itself.

It is complained of that no monument has yet been erected in honor of Benjamin Franklin. The craft, certainly ought to rear for him an *imposing stone*.