

POETRY.

TO THE INFANT PRINCESS ROYAL.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

WELCOME, bud beside the rose,
On whose stem our safety grows;
Welcome, little Saxon Guelph;
Welcome for thine own small self;
Welcome for thy father, mother;
Proud the one, and safe the other;
Welcome to three kingdoms; nay,
Such is thy potential day,
Welcome, little, mighty birth,
To our human star, the earth.
Some have wished thee boy; and some
Gladly wait till boy shall come,
Counting it a genial sign
When a lady leads the line.
What imports it, girl or boy?
England's old historic joy
Well might be content to see
Queens alone come after thee;
Twenty visions of thy mother
Following, sceptred, each the other,
Linking with their roses white
Ages of unborn delight.
What imports it who shall lead,
So that the good line succeed?
So that love and peace feel sure
Of old hate's discomfiture?
These appearing by the rose,
Safety comes and peril goes:
These appearing, earth's new spring
Years no winter's "grisy king,"
Hope new leaps up and dances
In the hearts of human chances.
France, the brave, but too quick-blooded,
Wisely has her throat re-stuffed;
England now if safe as she,
From the strifes that need not be,
And the realms thus hushed and still,
Earth with fragrant thought may fill,
Growing harvests of all good,
Day by day, as planet should,
Till it clasp its hands, and cry,
Hail matured humanity!
Earth has outgrown want and war;
Earth is now no childish star.
But, behold, where thou dost lie,
Heeding nought, remote or nigh!
Nought of all the news we sing
Dost thou know, sweet ignorant thing;
Nought of planet's love, nor people's;
Nor dost hear the giddy steeples
Carolling of thee and thine,
As if heav'n had mind'd them wine;
Nor dost care for all the pains
Of ushers and of chamberlains,
Nor the doctors' learned looks,
Nor the very bishop's books,
Nor the lace that wraps thy chin,
No, nor for thy rank, a pin.
E'en thy father's loving hand
No-ways dost thou understand,
When he makes thee feebly grasp
His finger with a tiny clasp;
Nor dost thou know thy very mother's
Balmy bosom from another's;
Though thy small blind lips pursue it;
Nor the arms that draw thee to it;
Nor the eyes that, while they fold thee,
Never can enough behold thee.
Mother true and good has she,
Little strong one, been to thee,
Nor with listless in-door ways
Weaken'd thee for future days;
But has done her strenuous duty
To thy brain and to thy beauty;
Till thou cam'st a blossom bright,
Worth the kiss of air and light;
To thyself a healthy pleasure;
To the world, a balm and treasure.

TAKING OF ST. JEAN D'ACRE.

As regards the subject of foreign intelligence, one great event has just occurred, the interest and importance of which entirely and very justly fills up and occupies the public mind. In public as in private affairs, whatever thus engrosses the mind and appeals directly to our most powerful passions and most paramount interests, possesses the instant effect of rendering everything else rapid and tedious; the mind refuses to admit any other notion or idea than what belongs to the engrossing object, and starts and averts from any other subject as something which stops and opposes the train and current of our leading thoughts.

It will be immediately understood that we are here speaking of the glorious capture of St Jean d' Acre by our navy and marines; the fullest intelligence, and the minutest particulars of which, will be found in the other columns of our paper. But it would be a want of justice to our brave seamen and soldiers, and indeed to our readers themselves, to suffer such a splendid achievement to remain hidden in the confusion and desultory narration of the mere documents, which are necessarily written in detached parts and by different persons, and therefore neither consult nor follow the natural order of events. What follows is a careful summary, and a digested narrative, of this achievement of the British arms on the western coast of Syria, the present seat of war.

It first of all appears from these accounts that so little purpose or expectation was entertained of attacking so strong a fortress, and of succeeding in the assault, that on the 29th of October, all the ships in the fleet, excepting the Pique, had received orders to return to Beyrout, and were all on their course thither. On the following day, the 30th of October, a general order was issued by command of the Lords of the Admiralty, thanking the officers and seamen for their zeal and exertions.—Immediately afterwards, whilst the fleet was slowly sailing towards Beyrout, a council of war was suddenly called on board the admiral's ship, at which an immediate attack upon Acre was decided upon. Instant orders were issued for the fleet to return to that station, which was of course obeyed with the utmost ardour, and an alacrity truly British. At daylight on Monday the 2d of November, the whole fleet, English and Turkish, commanded by Admirals Stopford and Walker, the latter the Turkish admiral, arrived before the town of St. Jean d' Acre, and shortly before sunset anchored opposite to the fortress.

The night of the 2d November was spent in sounding and making preparation, and it was not until about noon on the following morning, Tuesday, Nov. 3, that the admiral and Sir Charles Smith went on board the steam-frigate Phoenix, and immediately gave orders to commence the attack. At two o'clock, the Phoenix, under the immediate command of the admiral, opened her fire, while the Princess Charlotte, the flag-ship, closely followed by the Powerful, the Thunderer, the Bellerophon, and the Pique, made a little detour to the northward, so as to attack another frontage of the fortress.—It is stated in the official accounts that the fort has two faces towards the sea; the north face, against which the above ships were directed, and the south face, the attack of which was simultaneously undertaken by the Castor, the Carysfort, the Talbot, the Benbow, the Edinburgh, the Hazard, and the Wasp, assisted by the Turkish admiral and two Austrian frigates. At a quarter past two o'clock, the Castor having most gallantly taken up her station within seven hundred yards of the batteries, and opened her fire, together with the other

ships appointed to attack the south face, was received by the Egyptian garrison with the most gallant resistance; the broadsides of the fleet were answered by general discharges from the batteries, and the scene is described as truly awful. The attack on the northern face, by the Charlotte, the Powerful, the Bellerophon, &c. was simultaneously going on; there was no relaxation on either side, and up to half-past four o'clock, the batteries answered the broadsides, and there was no appearance that the garrison was failing in its resolution to hold out the city, or that our ships had made any serious impression upon the walls.

Such was the state of things, when, at twenty-five minutes past four, the action being then at its height, one of those incidents took place which baffle all forecast. One of the shells fell into the principal magazine, and was followed by a most terrific explosion. "I can compare it to nothing," says one of the eye-witnesses, "but as if a huge yew tree had suddenly been conjured up from the devoted town—it hung for many minutes, a mighty pall, over those hundreds it had hurled into eternity, and then slowly, owing to the lightness of the wind, drifted to the southward." It proved, as above said, to be the explosion of the principal magazine of the place, and it is supposed that from one thousand five hundred to one thousand seven hundred soldiers perished in the ruins. This event necessarily determined the fate of the town; the fleet, of its own accord, struck with awe by the event, nearly suspended its firing, and the admiral made the signal to discontinue the engagement. Thirty minutes after one, a. m.—the fleet continued on its station, without any firing, till midnight, when a small Egyptian boat, with a flag of truce, was observed rowing up to the admiral's ship, and upon being received and taken on board, reported that the Egyptians were leaving the town, and that free possession of it would be given to a landing party. In compliance to the Turks, a large force of whom had been distributed through the respective ships, 300 of them were then landed; they found the gates open, and marched into the place.

"Thus has fallen," concludes the narrative of an eye-witness, "the far-famed fortress of St. Jean d' Acre, after a bombardment of only two hours and a half's duration. Any attempt to describe the frightful scene of carnage and destruction would be impossible." At the time the accounts left Acre, it was conjectured that from 1500 to 1700 perished by the explosion of the magazine, and about 300 were killed in the batteries. 3000 prisoners were taken; 700 of one regiment, who had evacuated the town in the night, marched down to the beach with drums beating, and quietly laid down their arms. Vast quantities of munitions of war have been found in the town. Youssouf Aga (Colonel Schultz, a Pole), the chief engineer of the army of Syria, was taken prisoner, seriously wounded in the arm—the defence of the place had been entrusted to him. Mahmoud Bey, the governor, effected his escape, but has since been taken by the mountaineers. The loss of the English and the allies, amounts in all to only 14 English and four Turks killed. Such has been the issue of this most extraordinary coup de main, which we trust will put an end to the war in Syria, and to the Pacha of Mehemet Ali.

If anything were wanting to give us a full conviction of the value and importance of this event occurring at the present time, we should find it in the French papers which have just arrived, and particularly in the following extract from the speech of M. Thiers, upon the occasion of the address, which is now discussing in the French Chambers.

"If the Pacha of Egypt submit," says M. Thiers, "that is, if he submit sufficiently early—he may perhaps be left the hereditary possession of Egypt." I say perhaps—and as a result of negotiation—if he submit in time—that is the condition. You will then have nothing more to behold in the question—nothing to do. I was then right in saying that the question had received its solution. * * * The truth must be told to the country. There is in that which is passing a great fact—namely, that you have lost all your influence in the Mediterranean. It is not that our territory is threatened, for none dare pass the Rhine to attack us; but you have lost the prestige which gave to us the alliance of England. You must demonstrate by your armaments that you can resist all Europe, England included, otherwise you reveal to Europe the secret of your weakness; and every time that you have a difference of opinion with England, Europe will know that in forming with that power an alliance they can force you to submit. * * * I say with grief that you have lost the finest opportunity that ever offered for repairing in Italy the evils you have incurred in Belgium. At present proclaim to them that they can intimidate you. It is now notorious that France desired to effect the object which she renounces. * * * The secret is out. The coalition is formed, and you will often again be met by it. * * * In the position in which France is placed, one of two things must happen—either that the country proportion its energy to its pretensions, or reduce its pretensions to the energy for which they gave it credit.—Bell's Weekly Messenger, Nov. 30.

DEATH OF THE REV. JOHN H. BUMBAY AT NEW ZEALAND; AND THE SUSPENSION OF THE WESLEYAN MISSION AT TONGA.

The afflictive intelligence of the death of the Rev. John H. Bumby, the General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in New Zealand, has just reached this office. It appears that he had been on a visit to some of the Southern Stations, and was on his return to the principal Station at the Hokianga. Having to travel part of the way, in the route which he preferred, in a native canoe, the frail vessel was upset on the voyage, and Mr. Bumby and twelve natives met with a watery grave. This distressing event occurred on the 26th of June last. Thus has been cut off, by a mysterious Providence, in the prime of his days, and in the midst of a course of much more than ordinary usefulness, one of the most excellent of the noble band of modern Missionaries, whose zeal for the glory of their Divine Saviour, and labours and sacrifices for the perishing Heathen, reflect so pure a glory on the British Churches which send them forth. We deeply sympathise with his relatives and the numerous circle of friends to whom his public ministry in this country had endeared him, and at the same time offer our condolence to that Society which has thus been bereaved of one of its most beloved and honoured agents.

Seldom do misfortunes come alone. By the same delivery we have received lengthened communications from Sydney, respecting the suspension of the Mission in Tonga. The Heathen party in that island had again manifested the spirit of persecution, and the Missionaries, Messrs. Tucker and Rabone, and their wives and families, were obliged to fly for their lives to a small fort belonging to the Christian natives. Just at this crisis,

H. M. S. Favourite appeared off the island, and the day, and brought by the Sheriff to Arichat Jail following day; the former was made prisoner on day, and brought to the same jail on Wednesday. The maiden name of the deceased Isabella M'Donald was M' Rae, she being the daughter and sister of a man of that name, of whom the father had, and has, the charge of a parish in the North of Scotland. In her youth, she married an Argyshire man of the name of Campbell, a relative of Sir Campbell, and, in the commencement of His Excellency's career, one of his military companies, She, thereafter, about fourteen years ago, made marriage, which alienated the affections of her father, having united herself to a discharged private of the Coldstream Guards, the alleged destroyer of her father's property. Her degradation was a strong inducement to Scotland, which she did, about ten years ago. afterwards M'Donald and herself settled on the Road. She enjoyed for life the interest of a few hundred pounds, bequeathed to her offspring by her father. M'Donald has had a pension; and in a new country, M'Donald, with industry and prudence, have been respectable and comfortable. Their early habits, however, been very different; and in either case rather unbecoming. Their tempers did not well agree for a new country. Their tempers did not well agree, she abstained from liquor, but he would take his. The union from the beginning had been unhappy. time had bred many a quarrel. When Sir Colin Campbell came to this Province, she waited upon him, succeeded, in consideration of his Excellency's for the husband of her youth, in procuring from the companion of her latter days, the commission of Lieutenant and Adjutant in one of the Battalions, Cape Breton Militia. She met with her death on day, the 3d of November, when returning by water, Arichat to the Kempt Road, in company with her band and M'Lean, her husband's nephew. The was brought home on the afternoon of Wednesday, 4th, by M'Donald and M'Lean, who allege that the deceased had fallen out of the boat, after midnight, Tuesday, in the Big Passage, and though immediately recovered, that she never thereafter exhibited any return of life. Her remains were interred early on the day the 5th of November.

Many circumstances bearing on the manner of death of Isabella M'Donald, are stated. It is alleged that the party left Doy's, at Little Arichat, very early on Tuesday morning, after M'Donald had been drinking, and quarrelling with his wife—his nephew had given her some insult—and after the deceased had been talking of legal protection for her and of leaving her husband altogether. It is alleged that the party was met and talked to on the way, half an hour after sun-rise—that then M'Donald was in liquor, but not drunk—that from the lowness of the occupied by the deceased in the stern of the boat, little of her appeared above the gunwale; that they were within two or three miles of the place assigned, her falling out. It is alleged, that still further on, men were observed leaving the boat, and in apparent consultation on the shore, while the female sat in the boat at the water's edge. It is alleged, that the track was abandoned, that in the forenoon the boat seen in an unfrequented part, behind some of the Is at the mouth of River Inhabitants, and that some before sunset the party was recognized at Oliver's the usual track—of the deceased nothing appearing the cloak—they then, with wind and tide favour being at the distance of six or seven miles from place where talked to early in the morning, and six miles of the landing place near their residence the Kempt Road; that before dark the party was nearly a mile higher than Oliver's, up the River Inhabitants; that by eight o'clock at night, having turned they got to a creek in a remote part of the river opposite Oliver's, but at some distance, and with a large boat on the river intervening; and that the men landed at the house of one Upton, remarking one to another it was not an Indian camp. It is alleged that on entering Upton's house M'Donald was drunk and staggered, that M'Lean was crying; that M'Donald carelessly had met with an accident, the loss of a woman's wife; and that he would not allow the body to be moved to the house, nor to be watched on the side neither wished it to be visited during the night, except that once Upton and M'Lean, at M'Donald's request went to the boat for rum. It is alleged that on morning of Wednesday, at day-dawn, Upton, with wife and brother, came as soon to the boat as M'Donald and his neighbour, when a shocking sight was presented that the body lay across a thwart-bench, the knee on one side and the chin on the other bent into the bilge, that the bonnet, cap, and shawl were gone, that it besmeared the face and hands; that a coat of congealed blood covered a board, two or three feet long, which under the nose; that some dry fish in the boat was bloody; that the bilge water, of which there was a large quantity in the very leaky boat, was red like blood, that sand was found on the hands, and pieces of withered eel-grass, and of decayed spruce branch tops, and the grey hair; that neither sand, nor eel-grass, nor spruce twigs, were found in the bilge water, or in other part of the boat: that M'Donald eagerly left away the bloody board, while Upton bailed the bilge, washed the deceased's head and face, tied a handkerchief round the head, and stretched the body with the feet upwards on the thwarts. It is alleged that when the body was washed and laid out at the Kempt Road, sand and mud were found over the whole, and pieces of eel-grass among the hair, with bruises on the hands, art forehead, and chin; and with muscles or blood vessels of the neck swollen and standing out to the thickness of a man's finger. It is alleged that the boat is broad in the water stiff, that the stern seat therein is very low, and that it is next to impossible a person unstruck could in any state of the weather fall out.

M'Lean, who is stated to have been prevaricating upon oath, and to have revealed nothing of consequence, detained merely as a witness. It appears, however, that when the case comes before a grand jury, a must be found against him as an accessory, unless is admitted as Queen's evidence. It is to be hoped that a rigid examination will take place into every particular which may transpire, and that justice, merited with mercy, will be executed.—Novascotian.

Earth is what man can never get enough of until death comes and stops up his mouth with a shovel full to the jury. "This is a very trying situation," as the rogue said to the jury. Two table spoonfulls of Mrs. Squibbs' "Yeast Powder," given to a lazy jackass, will make him work "like horse," for twenty-four hours.

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LONDON, NOV. 4. MANSION HOUSE.—Yesterday, Captain Stewart, who, a short time ago, made a statement to the Lord Mayor of important services which he had rendered, many years ago, to the underwriters at Lloyd's, waited upon his Lordship, who had advised him to represent his claims to that body in a formal manner, to mention the result of the application.

The Captain said, that he had made no direct claim, but he had applied to have the services which he had rendered at the period he had specified in his statement taken into consideration through the Committee at Lloyd's by the body of underwriters. His application, he lamented to say, had been rejected, and the Secretary at Lloyd's intimated that there existed no sort of claim, as salvage was not at the period of the alleged services demanded by the applicant. It was in vain that he appealed to the various circumstances corroborative of the validity of his claim, for there appeared to be a fixed determination not to entertain it for a moment.

The Lord Mayor said that he had himself accidentally seen Mr. Robinson, the Chairman, at Lloyd's, and spoken to him on the subject, and his Lordship had reason to think, from that conversation, that Captain Stewart had nothing to hope for from that quarter. His Lordship supposed that the great length of time that had intervened, and the considerable change of persons and circumstances which must have occurred as regarded the underwriters, operated against the validity of the claim.

Captain Stewart assured the Lord Mayor that he felt towards his Lordship, for the kind interest he had taken in the matter, and the great courtesy he had shown to a man who had been severely buffeted by the world, the deepest gratitude. He regretted much, that amongst British merchants, for a man who had hazarded much for their benefit, and saved their property from irretrievable damage, there should exist no sympathy when he needed that which, were it not for his necessities, he would never have thought of asking for. The Captain then took his leave.

Mansion House, London, Nov. 6.—The following letter, relative to Mr. Stewart's case, which appeared in the newspapers, under the head of Mansion House, was received by the Lord Mayor from the Secretary at Lloyd's:—

"My Lord; Referring to a paragraph in the Times newspaper of this morning, relative to the statement of Captain Stewart, I am directed by the Committee for managing the affairs at Lloyd's, to communicate to your Lordship, that in the year 1837, Captain Stewart was informed, that from the length of time that had elapsed, and the Committee being altogether unable to discover any trace of the transaction, or whether any such insurance had ever been effected at Lloyd's, it was not in their power to render him any assistance; and the Committee desire me further to request, that your Lordship would have the goodness to make the communication to the parties who have published Captain Stewart's statement.

"I have the honor to be, "Your Lordship's most obedient and humble servant, "W. DONSON, Secretary."

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE. CORONER'S INQUEST.—At River Inhabitants, in the County of Richmond (Cape Breton), on Monday, the 10th of November, an Inquest was held before J. R. Smith, Esq., Coroner for said County, on sight of the body of Isabella M'Donald, wife of Lieutenant and Adjutant Donald M'Donald, of the Kempt Road, when a verdict to the following effect was returned:—"Isabella M'Donald, deceased, came to her death by violence, committed on her person by Donald M'Donald, of the Kempt Road, her husband, of which violence John M'Lean must have been witness." Warrants were forthwith issued against both M'Donald and M'Lean. The latter was immediately taken into custody on Mon-