

government; but what is bad in it belongs to the Turkish government also, and what is comparatively good is Menemet Ali's. Many evils which may be attributed to him, are not so much evils of system as of mode and degree. The conscription is practised in other countries, but here it is often enforced in a cruel manner, and to a ruinous degree. On the whole, however, I have little hesitation in saying, that the government of Mehemet Ali in Syria is better than that of the Turkish Pacha, and I have no hesitation at all in saying that the government of Mehemet Ali has been very much misrepresented in England.

"The Turkish Pacha received their appointments at Constantinople, nominally for a period of one year only; and as the succession to the pachalics was an object of continual intrigue at the Porte, they held their office by too precarious a tenure to permit them, had they been so inclined, to attempt any speculative improvements, to feel any interest in the welfare of the people over whom they ruled, or to have any object beyond amassing as much money as possible during the short and uncertain term of their government. They were nominally endowed with almost unlimited power; but the supreme government was indifferent to their administration of it, as long as the fixed amount of revenue was annually remitted to Constantinople."

The consequence of this system were obvious and inevitable. The temporary tyrants made the most of their authority, and the people suffered accordingly. The discontent thus produced rendered Syria an easy prey to Mehemet Ali, and he seized upon it partly by treachery and partly by violence. This act at least was utterly unjustifiable. But let us see how he conducted the government after he got possession. He substituted a regular for an irregular despotism, which Mr. Kinneer considers an improvement, and perhaps it is. The first thing he did was to abolish the *avania*, an arbitrary impost, levied by the former pachas when and to whatever extent they thought proper.

"On abolishing the word *avania*, a new tax was imposed, called the *firde*, which is levied on all males above the age of fifteen, and collected in the following manner.

"The governors of towns, and sheiks of villages, were required to make a return to government of all the chargeable persons within their respective jurisdictions. The Divan then fixed a uniform rate per head from this return, to remain unaltered for a certain number of years, when a new return is to be made. This uniform rate varies in different places; in Beyrout, it is ninety piastres per head on the whole number of chargeable persons returned. The aggregate amount to be collected from each town or village is annually apportioned by its governor or sheikh among the individuals liable to the tax; according to their supposed means; and the new rate thus ascertained varies from 15 to 500 piastres. The heads of the different sects of Christians and Jews apportion the *firde* among their respective bodies, and are responsible for its collection.

THE BRITISH JOURNALS.

London Atlas, November 28.
BIRTH OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

Earnest, honest, and hearty were the congratulations given and responded by every Englishman when the firing of guns and the merry peals from a hundred steeples confirmed the glad tidings already spread far and wide, and told that our Queen had passed her hour of peril, and an heir was born to the British throne. It was a night of joy and jubilee was that Saturday night; the happy news passed like a track of light along the high roads that radiate from the metropolis to every quarter of the kingdom, and wherever it passed it set church bells ringing and Englishmen and Englishwomen rejoicing. Not for many years has there occurred in England an event which called forth so instantaneous, so universal, so spontaneous a shout of general gratulation and national thankfulness. Not for many, many years has an event occurred which would so well have justified that joy or for which we could have such cause for gratitude.

For a hundred years has no child been born so anxiously expected by a whole people—for a hundred years has no birth been awaited with such anxious hope and breathless fear. That strong sentiment of sympathy with aught that is pure and innocent, which lives more fully in the heart of England than in any other country under Heaven, and acts not the less because Englishmen show it not openly, but hide it in their breasts with a manly care—that sentiment was all tremblingly excited on behalf of the young mother and the good young Queen, about to undergo a trial of pain and danger, from which all her rank, and all her power, and all the devotedness of a hundred million of subjects could not save her, a trial which she upon the royal bed must feel as acutely as the poorest matron in all her realms. England felt much for her, and England also had

cause to tremble for herself, for surely never did curse hang impending over a nation more dire and fearful than that which would have fallen upon this fair island had Victoria died in the pains of childbirth and left no living infant. Great was the danger and proportionate was the joy, when the tidings came unexpectedly upon us that the peril was past and that a girl was born.

What care we whether the new progeny of this royal house be boy or girl—what care we whether the little infant is born to hold the sceptre of this monarchy, or is to be the subject of some future brother? The happy little stranger is all unconscious of its lofty lineage, knows nothing of the vast revolution in the prospects of all Europe which its existence has created, is conscious of no altitude, and can feel no fall. Little can it affect our petite princess that, before she can know that she is heiress presumptive to the English throne, another may be born who will take that title from her; but much does it affect us to know that that title already belongs to some other than to him to whom, but eight days since it did belong. Much does it affect us to know that this tender little plant is a living wall, strong as adamant to shut out from us a man who has long made the future fortunes of our country a doubtful prospect into which we looked with dread. If this auspicious birth saves us from the rule of a King Ernest, it saves us from a sharp and stinging tyranny, from a fierce and bloody civil war, and from the anarchy which would probably attend and succeed it.

Joy then, Britons, of all grades and parties, in this great national blessing. Welcome we the little stranger whom our Queen has given to us, as the last and best of the many goods that we owe to her. We speculate not upon her future destiny—enough that she is now of more value to us than a hundred armies. As a princess much desired, as the daughter of a good mother, let us wish her the happy life wished long ago to a new-born nursing by an Arabian poet. "On parent knees a naked new-born child, Weeping thou'st while all around thee smiled; So live that sinking on thy last long sleep Thou then may'st smile, while all around thee weep."

From the London Times.
TREATY WITH TEXAS.

We understand that a commercial treaty between Great Britain and the republic of Texas was signed at the Foreign office on Monday evening by Lord Palmerston and General James Hamilton, the envoy from that republic. This convention, entered into on the basis of perfect reciprocity, of course recognizes, *ipso facto*, the independence of the new republic, which is now extricated on the one hand from the dominion of Mexico, and on the other, from the danger of incorporation with the American union. It is held probable that this treaty will have the effect of bringing about an early reconciliation with Mexico. The recognition at all events, places England in the position of mediating successfully between the parties; and the rational endeavor, we should imagine, would be, after the establishment of peaceful relations, to settle a well defined boundary between them, and to repress the spirit of further conquest in the Texans. The experience of the last twenty years has not left upon our minds very favourable impressions of those States who have come forward in succession to claim amicable relations with us, and whom we have admitted into the rank of independent countries. They have seldom derived any elevation of character from the change, but have lapsed frequently into a state of civil war and confusion, and have violated their most sacred engagements with us, out of which, too, they had been mainly assisted in the establishment of their independence. Of Texas we are disposed on the whole, to entertain better hopes. It is true that, as a component part of Mexico, she is under an obligation, when peace shall be made between them, to acquit her portion of the debt owed by that country to England; but that, we understand, is provided for in the treaty just entered into.

From the Sydney Gazette.
SOUTH SEA ISLANDS.
Engagement and disastrous defeat of Her Majesty's Ship Favourite, by the Inhabitants of Tonga, one of the South Sea Islands.

It is with feelings of the most heartfelt regret, that we announce the death, or rather the murder, of this veteran and gallant officer, which took place on Wednesday, the 24th of June last, while attempting to take the Heathen Stockade of Bea in the island of Tongataboo, in the South Seas. In former publications we have given the greater part of this gentleman's history—we have expatiated on his slow advance, which advance was so well deserved from his long and arduous services—and now it is our melancholy task to record his death while in the gallant

performance of his duty. We have at least one pleasure in the performance of our melancholy task, which is to inform the world that Captain Croker died as he had lived—a true British sailor—his sword in his hand, and his heart where a Briton's ought to be (we mean in the right place), while with his last expiring gasp he commanded his men to do their duty. The following is an account of the particulars as full and true as the hurried manner in which we had to collect them would admit.

On the arrival of H. M. S. Favourite at the island of Tongataboo, a letter was sent on board to the commander, Capt. Croker, from the missionaries residing on the island, informing him that the heathen natives were at war with them, and soliciting his assistance. On receipt of which information he mustered the hands on board the Favourite, and told them that he had received such a communication, and that he had not the power to command them to go on shore, but would leave it to themselves to volunteer, which of them would accompany him. A great number of the crew at once volunteered, and three guns, consisting of two six-pounders and one twelve-pounder were taken on shore, and conveyed to a short distance in the interior, on the rise of a hill which commanded a full view of the heathen stockade.

On their arrival at the above place, a female messenger was despatched to the stockade for the purpose of effecting a truce with the natives within the stockade. During her absence, King George, accompanied by about three hundred of his soldiers (missionary tribe as they call themselves) arrived at the spot for the purpose of assisting the British. On the return of the woman, the flag of truce was hoisted within the stockade, and a few minutes afterwards a Welshman who goes under the name of "Jemmy the Devil," and who, although a white man and a British subject, is the ruler and ringleader of these unfortunate heathen, made his appearance, and was hailed by Capt. Croker with "Well Jemmy, I am glad to find that you are willing to come to amicable terms—what can I do for you?" "Oh!" says Jemmy in return, "You can do a deal for me if you like;" evidently meaning that it would have been all over with him if he got into the clutches of Capt. Croker. That gentleman then informed him that the only terms of peace that could be made, would be to level both heathen and missionary forts to the ground. The Welshman then said that he could not consent to that until he had consulted several of the chiefs, whose answer he would return in half an hour. To this Captain Croker acceded and waited with patience the time appointed at the gate of the Heathen fort. At length having waited past the appointed time, and getting impatient, he knocked at the gate with the hilt of his sword several times, and received no answer to his repeated summons; he then struck through the door with his sword, which, on withdrawing, he found covered with blood. Capt. Croker then flourished his sword over his head, and ordered his men to advance with their guns. They immediately advanced within the distance of one hundred yards from the gate of the stockade, thinking that they would frighten the inmates by doing so, instead of which they immediately commenced firing a volley of musketry through the numerous loop holes of the fortification. As soon as the firing commenced, "King George" and his army decamped, saying that they were going round to besiege the fort on the other side. Captain Croker finding the musketry too strong to enable his men to stand to their guns, ordered them to advance with their bridges and scaling ladders, for the purpose of crossing the trench and besieging the fort. Immediately after giving this order Captain Croker received a shot in his leg, and staggered a few paces to the rear, at the same time calling on his men to behave themselves like British seamen. At this time several of his party were wounded and two men killed, when a shot struck him in the left breast, and he staggered into the arms of one of his crew, exclaiming "Fight on, and do your duty as British seamen." As the person into whose arms he had fallen was carrying him to the rear, he said feebly, "Lay me down, and go fight." Having uttered these words, this gallant officer fell back and expired. The survivors finding the musketry so strong, and having lost their commander, were obliged at last to retreat, and leave their guns carrying with them their dead and wounded, the former of which they afterwards interred. In the evening the savages from the fort issued out, and took possession of the guns and ammunition left behind by the crew of the Favourite, which they have erected for the defence of their stockade. Our space will not allow us to prolong our report at present; the following is a list of the killed and wounded:

Killed—Walter Croker, Esq. Commander; the Quarter Master, and the Gunner's mate.

Wounded—Mr Dunlop, first Lieutenant and 19 of the crew.

Colonial.

NEW-BRUNSWICK.

Fredericton Gazette, December 30.
Immediately after the receipt, at Fredericton, of the joyful intelligence of the birth of a Princess Royal, and the safety of our beloved Queen, His Excellency the Lieut. Governor ordered a Royal Salute to be fired, the extreme severity of the weather not permitting a *fee de joie*. It will be observed that a Levee will be held by His Excellency on New Year's Day, in honor of the same event. We understand that there is to be a Ball at Government House to-morrow evening.

St. John Herald, Dec. 30.

A fine toned Bell was last week put up in the steeple of the Wesleyan Methodist Centenary Chapel in St. George's street, which rang joyful peals on Christmas Eve and Morning. The Bell is from the foundry of Thomas Meares, London, its weight 13 cwt. 2 qrs. 14 lbs.—its tone is a deep rich tenor, and it is the heaviest bell in the city.

The Steamer New Brunswick was, on Saturday last, towed safely through the Falls by the steamer Nova Scotia, and she now lies at the Ferry Wharf, Carleton. We learn that she is not so much injured as was feared, but vast quantities of mud have accumulated in the cabins, &c.—The expense of raising and repairing the Boat will be very heavy upon the Company; but we trust that her future success will more than repay the enterprising proprietors.

NOVA SCOTIA.

Halifax Times, Dec. 29.

A public Meeting was advertised for to-day at 12 o'clock, for the purpose of taking into consideration ways and means to build a Hall for the Mechanics' Institute, and for Scientific purposes. Such a building is much wanted in Halifax; and we are glad to hear that resolutions were passed at the meeting to carry that object into effect. We are told that there was but a thin attendance, but we hope this will not operate as a discouragement.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

P. E. I. Colonial Herald, Dec. 19.

The drift ice which appeared in our harbour on Saturday last disappeared the next day, and the harbour since then has been free from obstruction. The mild weather on Sunday and the three following days, accompanied with frequent rains, have melted away a great portion of the snow, and rendered the roads in a great measure unfit for sleighing. For the last two days the wind has blown strong from the S. W. and W. with a heavy sea, but little or no snow, so that the streets are almost completely bare.

Although our harbour continues free of ice, there have been no entries or clearances at the Custom House this week. The only vessel remaining in port is the brig Countess of Westmoreland, for Cork; but as she will have some repairs to undergo, in consequence of having been on the S. W. reef of Governor's Island, it is doubtful if she will be got ready in time to sail before the close of the navigation. The bark Em. B. Heard, sailed from Murray Harbour for Bideford on the 14th inst. with a cargo of Pine, hardwood, deals and lathwood, shipped by Mr. George Heard.

December 26.

By a Proclamation in the Royal Gazette, of Tuesday last, the Legislature of this Colony is summoned for the dispatch of business, on Tuesday the 26th January.

We have had no Mail since the one which arrived here on the 13th inst., the quantity of drift ice in the strait, and the stormy state of the weather, being such as to prevent any communication with the main land. On Wednesday last, two mails from hence were at Cape Traverse, with which the carriers were unable to cross, and it is not all improbable that they are there still. On Tuesday, an attempt was made to cross, but after proceeding about half way, the carriers were forced to return.

We stated in our last, that the harbour was free from ice, and the navigation unobstructed. The navigation is now, however, effectually closed for the season. On Saturday last it began to freeze in right earnest; in the course of the night the harbour was frozen across, and so intense was the frost, that on the following day (Sunday), foot passengers were enabled to cross the harbour on the ice, opposite the Queen's Wharf, with safety. On Wednesday, there was an easterly snow-storm, during which it fell about four inches on a level, and it has continued to fall, at intervals, every day since—so that the winter travelling, which had been temporarily suspended, has been resumed, and the enlivening sound of the sleigh bells is again heard in our streets. It is not yet considered safe for horses to cross the harbour on the ice.

From the New York Sunday Atlas.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Edifying Sights.—A girl, twenty years old, with a shocking red hair, and holes in her stockings, playing marbles with the boys.

A simpering miss who can eat nothing at the table, choked to death by trying to swallow a whole ox between meals.