

## TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN :

We, Your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Magistrates, Clergy, and other inhabitants of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Lower Canada, most gladly embrace this joyful occasion, to approach your sacred person, with our sincerest and warmest congratulations, on the auspicious birth of a Princess Royal.

We humbly beseech your Majesty to believe that every addition to your Majesty's domestic felicity, fills our hearts with the highest pleasure and satisfaction, and that no portion of your Majesty's subjects can feel more zeal for your happiness, and the glory and prosperity of your Majesty's reign.

We pray that your Majesty may long live, the guardian and protectress, the ornament and delight of the British Empire, and by your instructions and example, form the mind of your Royal daughter, as your own has been, to the Government of a free, brave, and generous people.

## To His Royal Highness Prince Albert, &amp;c.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS :

We, Her Majesty's most dutiful and loyal subjects, the Magistracy, Clergy, and other inhabitants of the City of Montreal, in the Province of Lower Canada, rejoice to have this early opportunity of congratulating your Royal Highness on the auspicious birth of a Royal Princess.

So important and gratifying an event, which cannot fail to diffuse universal joy throughout the British Empire, fills our hearts with sentiments of the deepest gratitude and thankfulness to Divine Providence, that has thus early crowned your Royal Highness' domestic happiness, and opened to Her Majesty's people throughout Her widely extended dominions, the agreeable prospect of permanence and stability to the blessings they enjoy under the Government of Her Majesty's illustrious House.

We sincerely hope, the same gracious Providence will long preserve the lives of Her Majesty and your Royal Highness, and give perfect health and length of days to the Royal infant.

The Meeting also adopted an address to His Excellency the Governor General, praying His Excellency to transmit the above Addresses for presentation to Her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

The following sweet and touching verses from the pen of Leigh Hunt, are copied from the *London Watchman*, and will be acceptable to our readers.

## To the Infant Princess Royal.

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?  
Thee appearing by the rose,  
Safety comes, and peril goes:  
Thee appearing, earth's new spring  
Fears no winter's "grisly king;"  
Hope anew leaps up and dances  
In the hearts of human chances.  
France, the brave, but too quick-blooded,  
Wisely has her threat re-studied;  
England now is 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 clasps its hands, and cry,  
Hail, matur'd 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 rain'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,