

Next for the advantages of annexation to the United States. We are disposed to think that they will be smaller than either of the other parties. Upper Canada will be a valuable acquisition, so will the complete navigation of the St. Lawrence. But already overburthened with territory "the masters of the fairest and most wealthy climates in the world" (new) will be apt, we should fancy, to turn with contempt from the frozen regions of Canada, as Gibbon says the Romans did from the mountains of Caledonia.—The greatest gain to America, but it is one which England will equally share in, will consist in the early cause of hostile collision, a counterminous territory, that can exist between her and the only nation in the world that can do her harm; the nation of all others, that by community of blood, language, laws and interests, it is most for her honour and advantage to live with in harmony.

As to England, in our humble opinion, she will be the greatest gainer of the three by annexation. She will be relieved at once from the heavy load of responsibility which she is now burthened in her impossible attempts, at the distance of 4000 miles, to govern wisely a free people whom her statesmen never see, and of whom they know nothing beyond what they find recorded in sheets of foolscap. Further, England will be relieved of the whole military, naval, and ordnance charge of the Canada, all paid from the imperial treasury, and the amount of which, we believe, will not be overstated at a million per annum, contingencies included. Then, with a peaceable settlement she will be repaid for the great sums which she has lent for the construction of canals and other public works. Neither will her commerce in any respect suffer, but on the contrary, gain, as it did under more unfavourable auspices, after the separation of the old colonies. One of our contemporaries says that the agitation of annexation by the Canadians would have been looked on "in the good old times" as "high treason;" but the good old times, if that were so, were very foolish old times and in our opinion, Lord Elgin has acted with perfect wisdom in throwing no impediment in the way of a fair discussion of the question.—*Examiner.*

IRELAND.

The Earl of Mounteshel has signified his intention, through his agent, Alfred William Cleverly, Esq., to pay the rate in aid for the tenants on his County Antrim estates.

*Saunders' Dublin News Letter* notes the sale of a farm of 154 acres, in Dublin County, on which £1600 had been spent for improvements, for the sum of £110.

The *Limerick Chronicle* says:—A young lady who vowed eternal constancy to one of the transported confederate patriots, and whose affectionate parting at the jail melted the turnkeys to tears, is about to transfer her vows to the scion of an ancient family, and to change her faith with her affections.

The nomination for the city of Cork election, took place on Saturday. The rival candidates, Colonel Chatterton, protectionist and Mr. McCarthy, free-trader, addressed the citizens. The proceedings excited little interest.—At the close of the poll, on Tuesday afternoon, the numbers were:—Chatterton 880, McCarthy, 587; majority for the Conservative, 293.

Lord Anglesey has instructed the respected agent of his Irish estates, A. W. Rutherford, Esq., to allow all his tenants 20 per cent. this year upon their rent, and to expend £300 annually henceforth in improvements on his lordship's Carlingford property, which is under £6000 per annum.

**THE LINEN TRADE.**—The *Armagh Guardian* says:—It gives us pleasure to report a decided improvement in this important branch of manufacturing industry in Ulster. In this locality the change for the better is very gratifying. Weavers, who could hardly earn 3s. a week some four months ago, are at present in full employment, and earning 6s. weekly. Generally speaking, the business is brisker now than it has been for the last ten years.

The Right Rev. Dr. O'Donnell, Roman Catholic Bishop of Galway, gives the following lesson to clerical agitators in replying to the circular from the national Conference:—Indeed, I think whatever exertions may be made, should be made, without including in them ecclesiastics of any grade. One party will call us abettors of treason, if not downright and open conspirators; whilst another will attribute their want of success in their undertakings to our undue interference. Hence, I look on neutrality on the part of the clergy as the very best policy. I have witnessed during the past twenty years so much selfishness and perfidy amongst the apparently most enthusiastic patriots, that I became resolved never again to help men by my name, humble though it be, to provide for themselves, and then forget their country. The history of Ireland does not furnish us with a single record of the name of any Catholic ecclesiastic being engaged or enrolled in any successful movement or enterprise for our country. In truth, they injured the cause whenever they did interfere.

FRANCE.

Louis Napoleon is gradually throwing off his disguise. Scarcely an effort is made to conceal the fact, that he is about to discard the Republic like a tory which has answered his purpose. The new head of the police, Mr. Carlier, has effaced from his proclamations the watchwords of the infant Republic, "Liberte, Egalite, and Fraternite." The official who has thus anticipated the wishes of the President, is evidently his creature, and the fact of his succeeding Colonel Rebillot has given much dissatisfaction to the friends of the existing state of things. M. Carlier has also issued a document, addressed to the inhabitants of Paris, which breathes strong conservative tendencies. He avows himself the enemy of Socialism, and calls upon the inhabitants to form a league against it. Although it is said that M. Carlier owes his promotion to his having discovered and revealed to the President the Legitimist conspiracy which led to the dismissal of the ministry, it is tolerably clear that his views are in accor-

dance with those of his patron, and that they will work cordially together. Another incident shows how the wind has set in. A dramatic production has been brought out at one of the Parisian theatres, called "Caesar's Testament," filled with various unmistakable hits at Republicanism. The play was acted in the presence of Louis Napoleon, who seems to have relished the theatrical sneers at his own position, and, for aught we know, may have even suggested them. Parties are in a transition state, and the problem has set to be solved, whether political power in France, under some yet undetermined form, will eventually fall into the hands of the moderate Republicans; or whether the struggle will be mainly between the Bonapartists and the coalesced reactionary parties, whose late overthrow has had a tendency to rank them all combine together under the rallying cry of the *Comte de Paris*, in whose favour the *Comte de Chambord* is once more urged to resign. M. Thiers seems to be looked up to as the chief leader of this movement. The Pope has addressed an autograph letter to him "as his dearly beloved son," and says they both erred in thinking the period had arrived for giving full liberty to the Roman people.

The new French Ministers seem resolved to make the attempt to lessen their expenditure very considerably.—A large reduction in the military estimates is contemplated, and M. Achille Fould, by availing himself of the power of taking up 100 millions from the bank for which he has the option, is in hopes, with the re-imposition of the tax on all portable liquors, to make his financial arrangements for the ensuing year without going into the market for a fresh loan.

The dispute between the Emperor of Morocco and the French seems to increase in violence. The French Consul at Mogador has been treated very harshly and ignominiously, and a French frigate has been sent to his relief. There is now every probability of this affair ending in the bombardment of Tangiers.

HUNGARY.

From Hungary we learn that fresh condemnations are taking place, and no fewer than fifteen additional executions at Arad are threatened daily. The valedictory address of Kossuth to his countrymen, written at Orsova, has been published. It is written in the most enthusiastic poetical style; but his aspirations are now only a dream of the past. General Hayman seems to be carrying on his unrelenting cruelties unchecked by higher authority.—The Jews of Pesth are once more threatened with violence, unless they pay up the contributions demanded, which seems to be beyond their power. There appears no present probability of the state of siege at Vienna being raised.

The presence of the English naval forces at the Dardanelles, and the hourly expected arrival of the French fleet, occasioned some excitement at Constantinople, and the Emperor of Russia continues to show not a little irritation at the decisive attitude taken by France and England.—But before the winter is over all this resentment will have subsided, and the peace of Europe will continue uninterrupted. In the meantime, the diplomatic intercourse between Turkey and Russia is still suspended.

ROME.

From Rome we have but little certain intelligence. It seems, however, that the Pope really meditates an early return to Rome, and indeed his arrival at one moment was actually announced. The recent change in the French ministry may, however, alter the determination which his Holiness, relying upon the strength of the Conservative party in France, had undoubtedly formed of returning to his capital. Louis Napoleon, however, will endeavour to induce the Sovereign Pontiff to return to the Eternal City as early as convenient, and will use the whole weight of his influence to prevent the Cardinals from proceeding further in their infatuated reactionary career. There is an intention expressed of raising a body-guard of Irish soldiers to protect his Holiness, instead of Swiss troops. The English Foreign Enlistment Act presents some difficulties in the way of effecting this scheme; but this is proposed to be evaded by the establishment of an Irish colony in the Papal States. M. Mazzini, the celebrated ex-tribunir of Rome, has been expelled from the Vaud Canton by order of the police, in virtue of the decree existing against him since 1838.

KOSSUTH'S ADDRESS TO HIS COUNTRY.

The following is the farewell address of Kossuth to his country, written at Orsova:—

Farewell, my beloved country! Farewell, land of the Magyar! Farewell, thou land of sorrow! I shall never more behold the summit of thy mountains, I shall never again give the name of my country to that cherished soil where I drank from my mother's bosom the milks of justice and liberty. Pardon, oh! pardon him who is henceforth condemned to wander far from thee, because he combated for thy happiness. Pardon one who can only call free that of thy soil where he now kneels with a few of the faithful children of conquered Hungary! My last looks are fixed upon my country, and I see the overwhelmed with anguish. I look into the future, but that future is overshadowed. The plains are covered with blood, the redness of which pitiless destruction will change to black, the emblem of mourning for the victories thy sons have gained over the sacrilegious enemies of thy sacred soil.

How many grateful hearts have sent their prayers to the throne of the almighty! How many tears have gushed from their very depth to implore pity! How much blood has been shed to testify that the Magyar idolises his country, and that he knows how to die for it. And yet, land of my love, thou art in slavery! From thy very bosom will be forged the chain to bind all that is sacred, and to aid all that is sacrilegious. O Almighty Creator, if thou lovest thy people to whom thou didst give victory under our heroic ancestors, Arpad, I implore thee not to sink them into degradation.—I speak to thee, my country thus from the abyss of my despair, and whilst yet lingering on the threshold of thy soil. Pardon me that a great

number of thy sons have shed their blood for thee on my account. I pleaded for thee, even in the dark moment when on thy brow was written the withering word "Despair." I lifted my voice in thy behalf when men said, "Be thou a slave."—I girt my sword about my loins, and I grasped the bloody plume, even when they said, "Thou art no longer a nation on the soil of the Magyar."

Time has written thy destiny on the pages of thy story in yellow and black letters—Death. The Colossus of the North has set his seal to the sentence. But the glowing iron of the East shall melt that seal.

For thee, my country, that has shed so much blood, there is no pity; for does not the tyrant eat his bread on the hills formed of the bones of thy children?

The ingrate whom thou hadst fattened with thy abundance, he rose against thee; he rose against thee, the traitor to his mother, and destroyed thee utterly. Thou hast endured all; thou hast not cursed thine existence, for in thy bosom, and far above all sorrow hope hath built her nest.

Magyars! turn not aside your looks from me, for at this moment mine eyes flow with tears for you, for the soil on which my tottering steps still wander is named Hungary.

My country, it is not the iron of the stranger that hath dug thy grave; it is not the thunder of fourteen nations, all arrayed against thee, that hath destroyed thee; and it is not the fifteenth nation, traversing the Carpathians, that has forced thee to drop thy arms. No! Thou hast been betrayed: thou hast been sold, my country; thy death-sentence hath been written, beloved of my heart, by him whose virtue, whose love for thee I never dared to doubt. Yes! in the fervour of my boldest thoughts, I should have almost as soon doubted of the existence of the Omnipotent as have believed that he could ever be a traitor to his country.

Thou hast been betrayed by him in whose hands I had but a little space before deposited the power of our great country, which he swore to defend, even to the last drop of his heart's blood. He hath done treason to his mother, for the glitter of gold hath been for him more seductive than that of the blood shed to save his country. Base gain had more value in his eyes than his country, and his God has abandoned him, as he had abandoned his God for his allies of hell.

Magyars! Beloved companions, blame me not for having cast mine eyes upon this man, and for having given to him my place. It was necessary, for the people had bestowed on him their confidence; the army loved him, and he obtained a power of which I myself would have been proud. And, nevertheless, this man belied the confidence of the nation, and has repaid the love of the army with hatred. Curse him, people of the Magyars! Curse the breast which did not first dry up before it gave him its milk. I idolize thee, O thou most faithful of the nations of Europe, as I idolize the liberty for which thou hast proudly and bravely combatted. The God of liberty will never efface thee from his memory. Mayest thou be for ever blest!

My principles have not been those of Washington; nor yet my acts those of Tell. I desired a free nation—free as man cannot be made but by God. And thou art fallen; tided as the lily, but which in another season puts forth its flowers still more lovely than before. Thou art dead—for hath not thy winter come on? But it will not endure so long as that of thy companion under the frozen sky of Siberia. No! Fifteen nations have dug thy tomb. But the hosts of the sixteenth will come to save thee. Be faithful, as thou hast been even to the present. Conform to the holy counsels of the Bible.

Lift up thy heart in prayer for the departed; but do not raise thine own hymn, until thou hearest the thunders of the liberating people echo along thy mountains, and below in the depth of thy valleys.

Farewell, beloved companions! Farewell, comrades! countrymen! May the thought of God, and may the angels of liberty be ever with you! Do not curse me.—You may well be proud; for have not the lions of Europe risen from their lairs to destroy the rebels? I will proclaim you to the civilized world as heroes; and the cause of an heroic people will be cherished by the freest nation of the earth—the freest of all free people!

Farewell, thou land dyed with the blood of the brave! Guard those red marks—they will one day bear testimony on thy behalf.

And thou, farewell, O youthful Monarch of the Hungarians! Forget not that thy nation is not destined for thee. Heaven inspires me with the confidence that the day will dawn when it shall be proved to thee even on the ruined walls of Buda.

May the Almighty bless thee, my beloved country. Believe, Hope, and Love.

**LIVERPOOL TIMBER MARKET.**—NOV. 17.—Since the 1st February the supplies to this port of North American Colonial Wood has been brought in 339 vessels, viz. 130 from Quebec, 51 from St. John, N. B., and 180 from other ports, which have occupied a tonnage of 193,222. During the same time last year there arrived 272 vessels, the tonnage being 163,350. The average amount for the like time in the four years previous to this has been 142,765 tons. From the north of Europe 49 vessels, 12,342 tons, wood laden, has arrived; whilst for the like time last year 75 vessels, 24,242 tons arrived; the average of four years being 27,500 tons. The sales effected since the 26th ult. are as follows:—

Of St. John Pine three cargoes have been sold. One of 20 1-8 inches at 19d per foot, one of 14 5-8 inches at 14d per foot, and a parcel containing about 15,000 feet of 19 1-4 inches brought 18 1-2d. per foot. Of Birch 4 cargoes; 3 of Prince Edward's Island at from 14d. to 15d. per foot, and one of Passbro' at 14 1-2 per foot, with Deals at from £6 5s to £6 17s 6d per standard, and Lathwood at £0s per fathom. Of Pine and Spruce Planks; St. John's Spruce, at from £7 15s to £7 17s 6d per standard; Magna-bay, £7 15s per standard; Nova Scotia, £7 to £7 2s 6d per standard; and Richibucto Pine and Spruce at from £7 to £7 12s 6d per standard.