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[illegible] Garland.

[illegible] LAST PRAYER.

[illegible] BROWNE.

[illegible] pray that no blight
[illegible] and prospects bright;
[illegible] long and fair—
[illegible] touch of care!
[illegible] sleep at now
May live ere long [illegible] my brow;
And pray that my [illegible] dove-love
May be fond as the nightingale, true as the dove."

The mother knelt by her own hearth-stone,
With her hand on the head of her only son,
And [illegible] glistening eye,
[illegible] fervently;
And then she took one lock of hair
From his [illegible] smooth and fair,
And he kiss'd her cheek, and left her side
With a bounding step and a smile of pride.

Pray for me, mother! pray that ere long
[illegible] be free as a wild bird's song,
[illegible] the wings of the wind is driven!
[illegible]
[illegible] sweet to bless my infant sleep;
[illegible]
[illegible] way in the sleep of death.

[illegible] her hand by his side again—
[illegible] first prayer had been all in vain!
[illegible] love had been false to him—
The [illegible] in slumber's breath was dim:
She looked on his altered cheek and eye,
And she felt it was best that he should die;
Then she prayed for his death in her fond despair,
And his soul fled away with that last wild prayer.

FIRST AND LAST HOURS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

Love! thou the hour, the first of day,
When the dewy flowers are opening bright,
When through the curtains of morning gray
Are [illegible] streaks of crimson light?
[illegible] power, a spell?
Do [illegible] not to thy warm court tell
Of [illegible], sparkling, new-born life,
[illegible] yet too young for strife?

[illegible] then the hour in twilight time,
[illegible] every flower is closing round,
[illegible] fainter and fainter the far bell's chime
[illegible] with a soothing, dying sound?
[illegible] not a spell, though it be
[illegible] from the first, for thee?
[illegible] of visions deep,
[illegible] sweet to sleep?

[illegible] and signs of thine:
[illegible] brought both smiles and tears,
[illegible] feelings half divine,
[illegible] looked to future years,
And watched how grew each feature's mould,
And saw in little [illegible] unfold,
And trusted, strife should never come,
To cast on heart and brow a gloom.

And thy last hour—'tis thine to make
It calm, as twilight's lovely time,
A blessed sleep, from which to wake,
Will be to the better world to climb:
Remember, 'tis thine, by thine, to choose,
If storms shall take place of stars and dews,
Or if thy worst shall have a power
To make a parting like death's last hour.

[illegible] AND LAST SORROW.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

Oh! the tear that fell
When we were parting, as we deemed, for ever,
The quickening throb, the bosom's anguished swell,
That pained the more for every strong endeavour:
Oh! the thoughts that came,
Like withering lightning through a twilight calm,
Destroying, in their wild and feverish flame,
The gentle dreams that were to us like balm!

Oh! the long embrace,
That tearing of the impassioned hearts asunder,
The burning tears upon the quivering face,
That rose from the hot fount the bosom under!
This was the earliest sorrow known to me,
'Twas my first agony!

But thou hast forgot
The vow of truth, in that dark moment spoken,
The heart that swore to rest on one dear spot,
Severed and rendered though it should be broken.
And the memory
That last parting from thy heart is gone,
Even like a raging billow of the sea,
[illegible], and left no echo of its tone.

Thou wert lost to me;
Yet still I trusted I might keep thy heart:
But I have learnt thy falsehood; and for thee
Could not one sweet, one soothing tear-drop start.
And the shock that rang
Upon my tortured feelings, withering all,
Was such a maddening and o'erwhelming pang,
No more upon my crushed cold heart can fall,
I have but now to lay me down and die:
'Twas my last agony!

Miscellanea.

"We endeavour by variety to adapt some things to one reader, some to another, and a few perhaps to every taste."—Pliny.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS POETRY.

BY HIMSELF.

During the thirty years that I have paid some attention to literary matters, the taste for the ancient ballad minstrelsy, and for the closer or more distant imitation of that strain of poetry, has more than once arisen, and more than once subsided, in consequence, perhaps, of too unlimited indulgence.

A period when this particular taste for the popular ballad was in the most extravagant degree of fashion, became the occasion, unexpectedly indeed, of my devoting to that profession to which I was educated, and in which I had sufficiently advantageous prospects for a person of limited ambition. I have in a former publication undertaken to mention this circumstance: and I will endeavour to do so with becoming brevity, and without more egotism than is positively exacted by the nature of the story.

I may, in the first place, remark, that although the assertion has been made, and that by persons who seemed entitled to speak with authority, it is a mistake to suppose that I [illegible] in life or place in society [illegible] birth, without giving the [illegible] such success as I attained [illegible] was that of a gentleman, and connected [illegible] respectable families and acquaintance; [illegible] education had been a good one [illegible] of its full benefits by indifferent [illegible] period when I ought to have been improving it. The young men [illegible] brought up, and lived most familiarly [illegible] from opportunities, birth, and talents [illegible] to make the greatest advances [illegible] to which we were all destined; and [illegible] pleasure still to preserve my youthful intimacies [illegible] inconsiderable number of them, who [illegible] has carried forward to the highest [illegible] profession. Neither was I in [illegible] embarrassed by the res angusta domi, which [illegible] otherwise interrupted my progress [illegible] which progress is proverbially slow. I enjoyed a moderate degree of business for my standing, and the friendship of more than one person of consideration sufficiently disposed to aid my views in life. The private fortune also, which I might expect and finally inherited, from my family, did not, indeed, amount to affluence, but placed me considerably beyond all apprehension of want.

It chanced that, while his fame was at the highest, Mr. Lewis became a yearly visitor to Scotland, chiefly from attachment to the illustrious family of Argyle. The writer of this had the advantage of being made known to the most distinguished author of the day by a lady who belongs by birth to that family, and is equally distinguished by her beauty and accomplishments. Out of his accidental acquaintance, which increased into a sort of intimacy, consequences arose which altered almost all the Scottish ballad-maker's future prospects in life.

In early youth I had been an eager student of Ballad Poetry, and the tree is still in my recollection, beneath which I lay and first entered upon the enchanting perusal of Percy's "Reliques of ancient Poetry," although it has long perished in the general blight which affected the whole race of Oriental platanus to which it belonged. The taste of another person had strongly encouraged my own researches into this species of legendary lore. But I had never dreamed of an attempt to imitate what gave me so much pleasure.

Excepting the usual tribute to a mistress's eye-brow, which is the language of passion rather than poetry, I [illegible] exceeded him in critical information, I suddenly took it into my head to attempt the style by which he had raised himself to fame.

This idea was hurried into execution, in consequence of a temptation which others, as well as the author found it difficult to resist. The celebrated ballad of "Lenore" by Burger, was about this time introduced into England, and it is remarkable, that written as far back as 1775, it was upwards of twenty years before it was known in Britain, though calculated to make so strong an impression.

About the summer of 1793 or 1794, the celebrated Miss Laetitia Aikin, better known as Mrs. Barbauld, paid a visit to Edinburgh, and was received by such literary society as the place then boasted, with the hospitality to which her talents and her worth entitled her. Among others she was kindly welcomed by the late excellent and admired Professor Dugald Stewart, his lady, and family. It was in their evening society that Miss Aiken drew from her pocket book a version of "Lenore," executed by William Taylor, Esq., of Norwich, with as much freedom as was consistent with great spirit and scrupulous fidelity. She read this composition to the company, who were electrified by the tale. It was the more successful, that Mr. Taylor had boldly copied the imitative harmony of the German, and described the spectral journey in language resembling that of the original.

When Miss Aikin had finished her recitation, she replaced in her pocket book the paper from which she had read it, and enjoyed the satisfaction of having made a strong impression on the hearers, whose bosoms thrilled yet the deeper, as the ballad was not to be more closely introduced to them.

The enthusiastic description given of Burger's ballad, and the broken account of the story, of which only two lines were recollected, inspired the author, who had some acquaintance, as had been said, with the German language, and a strong taste for popular poetry, with a desire to see the original.

The perusal of the original rather exceeded than disappointed the expectations which the report of Mr. Stewart's family had induced me to form. At length, when the book had been a few hours in my possession, I found myself giving an animated account of the poem to a friend, and rashly added a promise to furnish a copy in English ballad verse.

[illegible] by which time the ideas which the task had a tendency to summon up were rather of an uncomfortable character. As my object was much more to make a good translation of the poem for those whom I wished to please than to acquire any poetical fame for myself, I retained the two lines which Mr. Taylor had rendered with equal boldness and felicity.

My attempt succeeded far beyond my expectations: and it may readily be believed that I was induced to persevere in a pursuit which gratified my own vanity, while it seemed to amuse others. I accomplished a translation of "Der Wild de Jager"—a romantic superstition universally current in Germany, and known also in Scotland and France. In this I took rather more license than in versifying "Lenore:" and I ballad-ized one or two other poems of Burger with more or less success. In the course of a few weeks, my own vanity, and the favourable opinion of friends, interested by the revival of a species of poetry containing a germ of popularity of which perhaps they were not themselves aware, urged me to the decisive step of sending a selection, at least, of my translations to the press, to save the numerous applications which were made for copies. When was an author deaf to such a recommendation! In 1796, the present author was prevailed on, "by request of friends," to indulge his own vanity by publishing the translation of "Lenore" with that of "The Wild Huntsman," in a thin quarto.

The fate of this, my first publication, was by no means flattering. I distributed so many copies among my friends as materially to interfere with the sale: and the number of translations which appeared in England about the same time, including that of Mr. Taylor to which I had been so much indebted, and which was published in "The Monthly Magazine," were sufficient to exclude a provincial writer from competition.

In a word, my adventure, where so many pushed off to sea, proved a dead loss, and a great part of the edition was condemned to the service of the trunk maker. Nay, so complete was the failure of the unfortunate ballads, that the very existence of them was soon forgotten: and, in a newspaper, in which I very lately read, to my no small horror, a most appalling list of my own various publications, I saw this, my first offence had escaped the industrious collector, for whose indefatigable research I may fairly wish a better object.

The failure of my first publication did not operate, to any unpleasant degree, either on my feelings or spirits. To speak candidly, I found pleasure in the literary labour in which I had almost by accident become engaged, and laboured, less in the hope of pleasing others, though certainly without despair of doing so than in the pursuit of a new and agreeable amusement to myself. I pursued the German language keenly, and though far from being a correct scholar, became a bold and daring reader, nay, even translator, of various dramatic pieces from that tongue.

Although the dramas of Goetue, Schelier and others, principally attracted one whose early attention to the German had been arrested by Mackenzie's Dissertation, and the play of "The Robbers," yet the ballad poetry, in which I had made a bold essay, was still my favourite. I was yet more delighted in finding, that the old English, and especially the Scottish language, were so nearly similar to the German, not in sound merely, but in the turn of phrase, that they were capable of being rendered line for line, with very little variation.

By degrees, I acquired sufficient confidence to attempt the imitation of what I admired. The ballad called "Glenfinlas" was, I think, the first original poem which I ventured to compose. As it is supposed to be a translation from the Gaelic, I considered myself as liberated from imitating the antiquated language and rude rhythm of the Minstrel ballad.

After "Glenfinlas" I undertook another ballad, called "The Eve of St. John." The incidents, except the hints alluded to in the notes, are entirely imaginary, but the scene was that of my early childhood. Some idle persons had of late years during the proprietor's absence, torn the iron grated door of Smallholm Tower from its hinges and thrown it down the rock.—I was an earnest suitor to my friend and kinsman already mentioned, that the dilapidation should be put a stop to, and the mischief repaired. This was readily promised, on the condition that I should make a ballad, of which the scene should lie at Smallholm Tower, and [illegible] the crags where it is situated. The ballad was approved of as well as its companion "Glenfinlas," and I remember that they procured me many marks of attention and kindness from John, Duke of Roxburghe, who gave me the unlimited use of that celebrated collection of volumes from which the Roxburgh Club receives its name.

Thus I was set up for a poet, like a pedlar who has got two ballads to begin the world upon, and I hastened to make the round of all my acquaintance, showing my precious wares, and requesting criticism—a boon which no author asks in vain. I was ignorant, at the time I speak of, that though the applause of the many may justly appreciate the general merits of a piece, it is not so safe to submit such a performance to the more minute criticism of the same individuals, who each, in turn having seated himself in the censor's chair, has placed his mind in a critical attitude, and delivered his opinion sententiously and extraneous. General applause was in almost every case [illegible], but the abatements in the way of proposed alteration and corrections were cruelly puzzling. [illegible] young author, listening with beseeching humility, and with a natural wish to please, cut off here [illegible] proposed, upon his unfortunate ballads [illegible] had he pleased, declared [illegible] it was in [illegible] the young [illegible] and the [illegible] I [illegible] once. [illegible] I wrote out a fair copy (of Glenfinlas) [illegible] marks [illegible] proposed. [illegible] I found that I had been required to alter almost every line, and the only stanza [illegible] whole ballad which escaped criticism were [illegible] as could neither be termed good nor bad, especially [illegible] them as poetry, but were of a mere commonplace character, absolutely necessary for conducting the [illegible] ness of the tale. This unexpected result, after about a fortnight's anxiety, led me to adopt a rule from which I have seldom departed during more than thirty years of literary life. When a friend, whose judgment I respect, has decided, and upon good advice, not to alter [illegible] that a manuscript was worth nothing, or at least possessed no redeeming qualities sufficient to compensate for defects, I have generally cast it aside, but I am little in the custom of paying attention to minute criticism, or of offering such to any friend who may do me the honor to consult me. I am convinced that, besides [illegible] in removing even errors of a trivial or venial kind, [illegible] character of originality is lost, which upon the whole may be that which is most valuable in the product.

About the time that I shown [illegible] criticism, and totally [illegible] form, [illegible] opportunity [illegible] decline to the world [illegible] had hitherto been confined [illegible] circle of friends. [illegible] had announced a collection, first intended to bear the title of "Tales of Terror," and afterwards "Tales of Wonder," which last was finally adopted. As this was to be a collection of tales turning on the preternatural, there were risks in the plan of which the ingenious editor was not aware. The supernatural, though appealing to certain powerful emotions very widely own amongst the human race, is, nevertheless, a spring which is peculiarly apt to lose its elasticity by being too much pressed. [illegible] a collection of ghost stories is not more likely to be terrible, than a collection of jests to be merry or entertaining. But although the proposed work carried in it an obstruction to its success, this was far from being suspected at the time; for the popularity of the editor, and of his compositions, seemed a warrant [illegible] success. The distinguished favour with which [illegible] Spectre" was received upon the stage, seemed [illegible] additional warrant for the safety of his new adventure. I readily agreed to contribute the ballad [illegible] and [illegible] ment: and my friend Dr. Leyden became also a contributor. Mr. Southey, a tower of strength, added "The Old Woman of Berkeley," "Lord William," and several other interesting ballads of the same class, to the proposed collection.

[Sir Walter then relates the circumstances which occasioned the "Tales of Terror" to turn out a most unfortunate speculation for the author, and by reflection on those who were his co-adjutors.]

Thus, owing to the failure of the vehicle I had chosen, my efforts to present myself before the public as an original writer proved as vain as those by which I had previously endeavoured to distinguish myself as a translator. Like Lord Home, however, at the Battle of Flodden, I did so far well, that I was able to stand and defend myself, and amidst the general depreciation of the "Tales of Wonder," my small share of the obnoxious publication was dismissed without much censure, and in some cases obtained praise from the critics.

The consequence of my escape, made me naturally more daring, and I attempted, in my own name, a collection of ballads of various kinds, both ancient and modern, to be connected by the common tie of relation to the Border districts in which I had collected them. The original preface explains my purpose, and the assistance of various kinds which I met with.

(To be continued.)

THE DEATH OF WALLACE.—On reaching the spot where the solemn farce was to be performed, he was placed on the south bench of Westminster-hall; and, in consequence of an absurd report, which had been circulated in England, of his having said that he deserved to wear a crown in that place, a crown of laurel was put on his head. The noble appearance of the man, joined to his mild and unruffled demeanour, entirely disarmed this silly attempt at ridicule of its intended effect. The following atrocious sentence was pronounced:—For treason, he was to be first dragged to the place of execution. For murder and robbery, he was then to be hung a certain time on the neck; and, because he had been in abbeys and religious houses, he was to be taken down alive from the gibbet, his entrails torn out, and burnt before him, his body to be quartered, and the parts afterwards to be disposed of as the clemency of his majesty might suggest. When the necessary preparations were made for carrying this sentence into execution, the late champion of Scottish independence was brought forth from the place where he had been kept in confinement, heavily ironed, and chained to a bench of oak. He was then placed out on a hurdle, and, surrounded by a strong guard of soldiers, ignominiously dragged to the Elms, in Smithfield. That self-possession and undaunted demeanour which he evinced during the trial, appeared equally conspicuous on the scaffold. Looking round with undisturbed composure on the assembled multitude, he addressed himself to a person near him, and asked for a priest to whom he might make confession. This request, on being made known to Edward, he is said to have sternly refused; and the rancorous old man forbade any clergyman to retard the execution for such a purpose. On hearing this undignified command of his sovereign, Winchilsea, archbishop of Canterbury, (the same person who so faithfully discharged his duty at Carlaverock,) stepped boldly forward, and, after earnestly remonstrating with Edward, declared his determination to officiate himself. When the ceremony, usual on such occasions, was finished, Wallace rose from his knees, and the archbishop having taken leave of him, instantly departed for Westminster, thus declining to witness the sequel of an act so revolting to humanity, and which he no doubt considered as fixing a deep stain on the character of his country. During the pause which preceded the unhallowed operations, Wallace turned to Lord Clifford, and requested that a psalter, which had been taken from his person, might be returned. His desire being complied with, he asked a priest to hold it open before him. This book had been his constant companion from his early years, and was, perhaps, the gift of his mother or his uncle, the parson of Dunipace. After hanging for a certain time, the sufferer was taken down, while yet in an evident state of sensibility. He was then disembowelled, and the heart, wrung from its place, was committed to the flames in his presence. During this dreadful process, his eyes still continued to linger on the psalter, till, overpowered by his sufferings, he expired among their hands with all that passive heroism which may be supposed to belong to so elevated a character. The body was afterwards dismembered, the head fixed on London-bridge, the right arm upon the bridge of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the left at Berwick, the right leg at Perth, and the left at Aberdeen.—*Constable's Miscellany.*

THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE AND HIS FAMILY.—His Royal Highness was united to the Princess Adelaide Louisa Therese Caroline Amelia, eldest daughter of the late and sister of the reigning Duke of Saxe-Meningen, 11th July, 1818, when the Duke was in his 53d year, and the Princess in her 26th. The issue of this marriage was the Princess Charlotte Augusta, born and died the 27th of March, 1819, and the Princess Elizabeth Georgina Adelaude, born the 10th of December, 1820, died the 4th of March in the following year. The Earl of Errol, the Hon. John Erskine Kennedy, (second son of Earl Cassillis, Mr. Philip Sydney the member for Eye, and only son of Sir James Sydney, Bart), and Lieut. Colonel Charles Fox, of the 34th Regiment of Foot, (now stationed in Halifax) stand in relation of sons in-law to the illustrious Duke, having married the Misses Elizabeth, Augusta, Sophia, and Mary Fitzclarence, his Royal Highness's daughters. Colonel Fitzclarence, of the 7th Fusileers, married in 1821 Lady Augusta Boyle, daughter of the Earl of Glasgow, and Col. George Fitzclarence is son-in-law to the Earl of Egremont. Captain Adolphus Fitzclarence, R. N., and the Rev. Augustus Fitzclarence, rector of Maple Durham, are unmarried.

The Fitzclarences are the children of the [illegible] Mrs. Jordan. The Mother of one of the Misses Fitzclarences came to this country as an actress, under the name of Mrs. Alsop, and that her remains repose in Trinity Church yard in this city. The following *significant lines* from the "*Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady,*" are etched on a plain but neat tombstone, which was erected we believe, by a commedian, over the grave:

"From whom descended now avails thee not,
To whom related or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be."

She died, we think, in 1821 or 1822. When she first appeared here on the stage, she was *enceinte*. She was a daughter of Mrs. Jordan, whom she strongly resembled. The paternity ascribed to her, if true, makes it possible that the Duke of Clarence may have a grand child in this country.—*New-York paper.*

In a case of manslaughter recently tried at the Old Bailey, London, the following scene occurred:—

A medical student who had remained in court when the witnesses were ordered out, applied to be examined.

Mr. Adolphus, who was Council for the plaintiff, objected.

The Recorder: The Law of the case is—that any person in this Court can ask the witness any question he likes, which may appear to him to contribute to throw light on the investigation. The prisoner can demand it, if he thinks it will be advantageous to him, and the public have a right to expect it.

Mr. Adolphus: But, my Lord, it is contrary to practice, when a witness is ordered out of Court, and remains in it to examine such witness.

The Recorder: The witness shall be heard. His testimony is public right, and the prisoner and the public have equal right in this matter.

Mr. Adolphus: Then it is not correct.

The Recorder: Mr. Adolphus, do you mean to impeach the judgment of the Court?

Mr. Adolphus: I mean to say that it is not correct.

The Recorder: (With great warmth,) Sit down! Sir! This is most improper—most indecent. Sit down! I say, Sir, and do not say so again, or—

Mr. Adolphus (in a vehement manner:) I will say, in spite of any attempt to put me down, I—

The Recorder: I shall be sorry, Mr. Adolphus, after our long friendship, to go to the extremity the Court allows me. I must insist that you sit down.

Mr. Adolphus: I will sit down, but this is contrary to all former practice.

[During the argument between the two learned gentlemen, the Recorder stooped over the bench as if he would jump down, and Mr. Adolphus looked over it as if he would leap up.]

BOILING TO DEATH.—In the year 1531, Richard Brese was boiled to death in Smithfield for putting poison into some soup, by which sixteen persons were killed. He was cook to the Bishop of Rochester at Lambeth.

The powers of George Robin's Royal Filter have been put to the test in our city of Edinburgh during the past week, and for the accuracy of the result we pledge ourselves, having had occular demonstration of the fact. A quantity of ink was placed in a portable filter, and in one short minute it passed through "bright as the rain drop in an April shower." We tasted it, and do not hesitate to declare the flavour was at least equal to the finest spring water; but its utility was proved, and in a manner that must soon render it a national concern. Another portable filter had a quantity of salt water put into it which was purposely brought from the sea, at Porto Bello; the filtration was rapid, and in two minutes it passed through entirely deprived of its saline properties, and was drunk with delight by those present, as pure as crystal water. Previous to the experiment a tumbler of salt water was examined through a microscope; it discovered swarms of little animalcules. After it had passed the ordeal of filtration we could not perceive a single one. Lavender was next tried by an eminent druggist of this town, (who had previously been somewhat sceptic;) he was surprised beyond measure to find it returned from the filter as pure water and without spirit. Such an invention must surely be hailed by all ranks of society as an absolute "God-send," at least by those who think pure and crystal water, divested of all its bad properties, essential to health and longevity. Mr. Robin's agent has been in Edinburgh only ten days, and, it is said, already two hundred families have availed themselves of the salutary use of the filter, the price being so low as to be within the reach of every family.—*(Caledonian Mercury.)*

In a party the other evening, where the merits of the Dandonnell case was warmly discussed, a gentleman who contended against the opinion of a lady, for the insanity of the late Laird, observed, "What do you say, Madam, to a person lying down on his back, and allowing fowls to feed off his body?"—"All you can make of that (said the lady), is, that like many other married men, he was *henpecked.*"

NEW-YORK.—The importance of a well organized, and well executed system of police, in all large cities, and most emphatically in this, becomes every day more and more apparent. Crimes, even those of the most heinous character, are constantly multiplying; our state prisons are filling; and the country is over-run with villains. There is an audacity, a bold and terrible fierceness in iniquity, which has become in the highest degree alarming. Men are butchered in their beds, the mails are robbed by passengers; and the stores and dwellings of our inhabitants are not secure, even when guarded by bolts and bars. The [illegible] watchfulness, and fidelity in apprehending [illegible], and in the detection and punishment of offenders.—*N. Y. Daily Advertiser.*

From the Montreal Gazette.

In the *Companion to the British Almanack*, for 1830, the following statements appear, relative to the quantity and value of Teas sold by the Hon. East India Company, at the Cape of Good Hope, Quebec and Montreal, and Halifax:—

Cape of Good Hope.		
1825—6	120,172 lbs.	£20,023
1826—7	104,549 lbs.	17,231
1827—8	100,538 lbs.	14,573
Quebec and Montreal.		
1825—6	512,314 lbs.	£74,098
1826—7	332,124 lbs.	49,151
1827—8	647,232 lbs.	70,924
Halifax.		
1826—7	330,947 lbs.	£83,494
1827—8	294,562 lbs.	33,711

From the Kingston, (U. C.) Patriot.

To Emigrants—In choosing your locations, or places of residence, you have many things to consider. What will suit one, may not suit another. Cleared farms will, generally, be most suitable for you to purchase; because you can at once put in practice the English system of husbandry, to which you have been accustomed, and the change of country will hardly be apparent. Such farms are always to be purchased at very moderate prices, as there are ever abundance of persons who prefer wild land, and will gladly sell their improved farms and bury themselves in the woods, to make new clearances. Understanding well the economy of the wilderness, they are the fittest to undertake the clearing of new farms, which they can do in the fullest enjoyment of every pleasing anticipation, thrive, and make money, where most of you would linger in despair and finally perish, dejected and broken hearted. Such of you, however, as can thoroughly confide in your own stock of patience, and *have money*, need not fear venturing upon wild land, but mind—*both are indispensible.* If the inconveniences of wild land are many, its advantages are many too. In the first place, a large block may be bought for a very small price, and if a man have sons to settle on farms hereafter, this is an advantage of no small magnitude. The crops, too, from the virgin soil, are generally for a succession of a few years exceedingly abundant without the application of manure, and while there is a sure cash market for wheat at a price above three shillings, the advantage of clearing new land is immense, as the first crop will in almost every case pay the expense of clearing, and a second or a third, the original cost of the land besides. The outlays, therefore, upon a wild lot, do not absorb a capital all at once, as does the purchase of a cleared farm, and the expense of manure to restore a beggared soil. But then you have the heart-sickening misery of execrable roads, and this is a misery of which you can form no conception, and one to which time alone can afford a remedy. Sickness from fever and ague is another stumbling block in the way of new settlers on wild lands. On this, however, I should have little dread; being perfectly convinced, that its severity might be astonishingly mitigated if not altogether vanquished. By first, a prudent selection of a site for my dwelling, which should always be elevated, and secondly a strict attention to regimen or diet. Your living should be generous, avoiding however, an over quantity of animal food dangerous to life. Soups well enriched with vegetables should be a never failing dish at your dinner table. One good meal of flesh meat a day should suffice you, with which you should never fail to take abundance of vegetables, and there may always be eggs, bread and butter, or cheese, tea, coffee, and milk, for the other meals. Whiskey should never enter your house. It is full of peril, and often destroys its victims under the names of fever and ague, dumb ague, lake fever, and others as terrific. Such as have brought the national rosemate hue and the plump cheek, may quickly exchange them for the sallow, and shrivelled visage, by nothing more than a desultory management of the whiskey bottle and the frying pan. Fat pork and potatoes, potatoes and fat pork, and both without potatoes, and plenty of whisky, will speedily cure any man of his good looks and robust constitution.