Poetry.

The Meteor.

FROM "THE RELIQUARY," BY BERNARD AND LUCY BARTON.

A shepherd on the silent moor
Pursued his lone employ,
And by him watch'd, at midnight hour,
His lov'd and gentle boy.

The night was still, the sky was clear,
The moon and stars were bright;
And well the youngster lov'd to hear
Of those fair orbs of light.

When lo! an earth-born meteor's glare
Made stars and planets dim;
In transient splendour through the air
Its glory seem'd to swim.

No more could star's or planet's spell
The stripling's eye enchant;
He only urged his sire to tell
Of this new visitant.

But, ere the shepherd found a tongue;
The meteor's gleam was gone;
And in their glory o'er them hung
The orbs of night alone.

Canst thou the simple lesson read
My artless muse hath given?
The only lights that safely lead
Are those that shine from heaven

One far more bright than sun or star
Is lit in every soul;
To guide, if nothing earthly mar,
To heaven's eternal goal!

Rome: From the Capitoline Mount.

'Let you come upon that hill in what wood you may, the scene will lay hold upon you as with the hand of a giant. I scarcely know how to describe the impression—but it seemed to me, as if something strong and stately, like the slow and majestic march of a mighty whirlwind, swept around these eternal towers; the storms of time that had prostrated the proudest monuments of the world, seemed to have left their vibrations in the still and solemn air; ages of history passed before me; the mighty procession of nations—kings, consuls, emperors, empires, and generations, had passed over that sublime theatre. The fire, the storm, the earthquake had gone by; but there was yet left the still small voice—like that, at which the prophet 'wrapped his face in his mantle.'

DEWEY.

I.

And this is Rome!—this mighty, leaning wreck—
This columned desolation, wide and lone,
Is Rome, which bowed the nations 'till the neck
Of crouching earth beneath her foot lay prone.
Stern Fate hath spared the giant skeleton
Where once the veins of empire all converged—
But silence sits upon the Cæsar's throne.
Man's wrath and Heaven's the queenly one have scourged,
And Time her broken pomp in yon pale ruin merged

II.

And yet not pale; caught from yon seaward clouds—
The sun-embroidered tapestry of Heaven—
A Tyrian robe, the 'Eternal City' shrouds.
Red rolls old Tiber in the flush of even,
While on each hill of all the storied 'seven'
A glory rests: proud Rome!—yon changeless sun
That shines undimmed upon thy temples riven,
Saw the foundations of thy walls begun,
The world within thy grasp, and in thy courts the Hun

III.

'War, flood, and fire,' the earthquake's yawning mine,
Have batter'd swept, and whelmed thy gorgeous halls;
Could all the blood within the shed, combine,
'T would heave, a crimson deluge, o'er thy walls;
Now echo mocks my footstep as it falls,
Lonely, in Grandeur's desolate abodes;
My voice from covert dark the bat appals,
And ozen graze where the dank herbage nods
O'er earth's unsceptred kings, and dust of demi-gods!

IV.

Beneath my feet the weed-grown Forum lies,
Where fell Virginia by a father's blow,
Whence swept the thundering plaudits to the skies
Answering the winged words of Cicero;
There stood his dwelling, where the sunset's glow
With parting kiss salutes the Esquiline;
But who a fragment of its walls shall know?
There Virgil lived, and penned th' immortal line,
And gazed, as now I gaze, on yon dark Appenine.

V.

O'er marble streets, where roll'd the triumph-cars,
With hostages of empires in their train;
Round the vast Circus and the Camp of Mars,
Through whose wide bounds the chariots swept amain,
O'er broad Campagna's now deserted plain,
Shadows are gathering; and uncertain loom
In the dim air, tower, cenotaph, and fane:
Star after star goes up into the gloom,
'Till all Heaven's watch be set, o'er Rome's colossal tomb.

VI.

The moon is up behind the Appenines,
Her lambent light just silvering their brow;
Now her wan disc yon Titan peak defines,
Her crescent car hangs o'er its summit now;
She lights the sea where once great Cæsar's prow
Tow'rd Actium led his turreted triremes.
No more yon wave the swan-like galley's plough,
But the lone fisher's snowy canvass gleams,
Where from old Ostia's port the dwindled Tiber streams.

VII.

Magnificently!—half in shadows sleeps
The enormous Colisseum's rifled shell;
How brightly through a hundred arches leaps
The saffron moonlight down its circling well;
There once, as prone the gladiator fell,
The peopled walls with vocal thunder rang
'Till heaven sent back its replicated swell;
There with strong faith subduing torture's pang,
The Christian martyr smiled beneath the lion's fang.

VIII.

Prodigious ruin! Goth and Saracen
Have thundered through thy vast arena's ring;
Thy fabric—seven to its lowest den—
Has heaved and quivered 'neath the earthquake's swing;
Yet still thy walls their stern defiance fling
Back to the challenge of the baffled storm.
Birds yet unborn shall in thy shadow sing:
What generations have beheld thy form,
That others yet shall see, when this is with the worm!

IX.

Yon towering pillar, Trajan's triumph tells;
There the Pantheon stands—its deities
Have bit the dust, the load Hosanna swells
Where once its priests revealed their auguries,
And Christians at the altar bend their knees
Where saints perchance have bled in sacrifice:
How wonderful are Time's anomalies!
Where Nero feasted on the martyr's cries,
Above his rifled tomb, St. Peter's standard flies.

X.

Hark! from Mount Esquiline the vesper peal
Falls like aërial music on mine ear;
The moon is veiling—and her silver seal
Scarce leaves its impress on the fragments near:
'Tis useless then to linger longer here;
Hold but the wind, at morn my sail will be
Unfurled to seek another hemisphere;
But oft, proud Rome, shall thought revert to thee,
In my wild woodland home, far o'er the western sea.

J. B.

Shaking Hands.

Among the first things which we remember noticing in the manners of people, were two errors in the custom of shaking hands. Some we observed, grasped every body's hand alike,—with an equal fervour of grip. You would have thought that Jenkins was the best friend they had in the world; but on succeeding to the squeeze, though a slight acquaintance, you found it equally flattering to yourself; and on the appearance of somebody else (whose name, if turned out, the operator had forgotten,) the crush was no less complimentary;—the face was as earnest and beaming, the "glad to see you" as syllabical and sincere, and the shake as close, as long, and as rejoicing, as if the semi-unknown was a friend come home from the Desarts.

On the other hand, there would be a gentleman now and then as coy of his hand, as if he were a prude or had a whitlow. It was in vain that your pretensions did not go beyond the "civil salute" of the ordinary shake; or that being introduced to him in a friendly manner and expected to shake hands with the rest of the company, you could not in decency omit his. His fingers, half coming out, and half retreating, seemed to think that you were going to do them a mischief; and when you got hold of them, the whole shake was on your side; the other hand did but proudly or pensively acquiesce,—there was no knowing which; you had to sustain it, as you might a lady's in handing her a seat; and it was an equal perplexity to know how to shake or to let it go. The one seemed a violence done to the patient; the other an awkward responsibility brought upon yourself. You did not know, all the evening, whether you were not an object of dislike to the person; till on the party's breaking up, you saw him behave like an equally ill-used gentleman, to all who paid him the same unthinking civility.

Both these errors, we think, might as well be avoided; but of the two, we must say we prefer the former. If it does not look so much like particular sincerity, it looks more like general kindness; and if those two virtues are to be separated, (which they assuredly need not be, if considered without spleen) the world can better afford to dispense with an unpleasant truth than a gratuitous humanity. Besides, it is more difficult to make sure of the one, than to practice the other; and kindness itself is the best of all truths. As long as we are sure of that, we are sure of something, and of something pleasant. It is always the best end, if not in every instance the most logical means.

This manual shyness is sometimes attributed to modesty, but never, we suspect, with justice, unless it be that sort of modesty, whose fear of committing itself is grounded in pride. Want of address is a better reason, but this particular instance of it would be grounded in the same feeling. It always implies a habit either of pride or distrust. We have met with two really kind men, who evinced this soreness of hand. Neither of them perhaps thought himself inferior to any body about him, and both had good reason to think highly of themselves; but both had been sanguine men contradicted in their early hopes. There was a plot to meet the hand of one of them with a fish-slice, in order to shew him the disadvantage to which he put his friends by that flat mode of salutation; but the conspirator had not the courage to do it. Whether he heard of the intention, we know not; but shortly afterwards he took very kindly to a shake. The other was the only man of a warm set of politicians, who remained true to his first love of mankind. He was impatient at the change of his companions and at the folly and inattention of the rest; but though his manner became cold, his consistency still remained warm; and this gave him a right to be as strange as he pleased.

Miscellaneous.

A CHAPTER ON POCKETS.—(From the Doctor).—Of all the inventions of the tailor, (who is of all artists the most inventive,) I hold the pocket to be the most commodious, and saving the fig-leaf, the most indispensable. Birds have their craw; ruminating beasts their first or ante-stomach; the monkey has his cheek, the opossum her pouch; and, so necessary is some convenience of this kind for the human animal, that the savage who cares not for clothing makes for himself a pocket if he can. The Hindoo carries his snuff box in his turban. Some of the inhabitants of Congo make a secret fob in their woolly toupee, of which, as P. Labat says, the worst use they make is—to carry poison in it. The Matolas, a long-haired race who border upon the Caffres, form their locks into a sort of hollow cylinder, in which they bear about their little implements; certes a more sensible bag than such as is worn in court. The New Zealander is less ingenious; he makes a large opening in his ear and carries his knife in it. The Ogres, who are worse than savages, and whose ignorance and brutality are in proportion to their bulk, are said upon the authority of tradition, when they have picked up a stray traveller or two more than what they require for their supper, to lodge them in a hollow tooth as a place of security till breakfast; whence it may be inferred that they are not liable to toothache, and that they make no use of toothpicks. Ogres, savages, beasts, and birds, all require something to serve the purpose of a pocket. Thus much for the necessity of the thing. Touching its antiquity much might be said; for it would not be difficult to show, with that little assistance from the auxiliaries *must*, and *have*, and *been*, which enabled Whitaker, of Manchester, to write whole quartos of hypothetical history in the potential mood, that pockets are coeval with clothing; and as erudite men have maintained that language and even letters are of divine origin, there might with like reason be a conclusion drawn from the twenty-first verse of the third chapter of the book of Genesis, which it would not be easy to impugn. Moreover nature herself shows us the utility, the importance, nay, the indispensibility, or, to take a hint from the pure language of our diplomatists, too *sine quan nuiness* of pockets. There is but one organ which is common to all animals whatsoever; some are without eyes, many without noses; some have no heads, others no tails; some neither one nor the other; some there are who have no brains, others very happy ones; but all have a stomach—and what is the stomach but a live inside pocket! Hath not Van Helmont said of it, "*Succus vel pera est, ut ciborum ollo?*" Dr. Towers used to have his coat pockets made of the capacity to hold a quarto volume—a wise custom; but requiring stout cloth, good buckram, and strong thread well waxed. I do not so greatly recommend the humour of Dr. Ingenhouz, whose coat was lined with pockets of all sizes, wherein, in latter years, when science had become to him a plaything, he carried about various materials for chemical experiments; among the rest so many compositions for fulminating powders in glass tubes, separated only by a cork in the middle of the tube, that if any person had unhappily given him a blow with a stick, he might have blown up himself and the doctor too. For myself, four coat pockets of the ordinary dimensions content me; in these a sufficiency of conveniences may be carried, and that sufficiency methodically arranged. For mark me, gentle or ungentle reader! there is nothing like method in pockets, as well as in composition, and what orderly and methodical man would have his pocket handkerchief, and his pocket book, and the key of his door, (if he be a bachelor living in chambers,) and his knife, and his loose pence and half-pence, and the letters which peradventure he might just have received, or peradventure he may intend to drop in the post office, as he passes by, and his snuff if he be accustomed so to regale his olfactory conduits, or his tobacco box, if he prefer the masticable to the pulverized weed; or his box of lozenges if he should be troubled with a tickling cough; and the sugar plums and the gingerbread nuts which he may be carrying home to his own children, or to any other small men and women upon whose hearts he may have a design; who, I say, would like to have all this in chaos and confusion, one lying upon the other, and the thing which is wanted first, fated always to be undermost—the snuff working its way to the gingerbread, the sugar plums insinuating themselves into the folds of the pocket handkerchief, the pence grinding the lozenges to dust for the benefit of the pocket-book, and the door key busily employed in unlocking the letters! But enough of pockets!

HUDDERSFIELD TUNNEL.—Between Huddersfield and the village of Marsden, where the tunnel commences, there are on the canal forty-two locks, the turnpike road leading by the side, along higher ground, through a romantic glen, which assumes gradually a more and more mountainous character. The mouth of the tunnel is about seven miles distant from Huddersfield, a little to the north of the canal. Here the Manchester road commences a stupendous ascent of a mile and a half in continuation, so that, were it not that the tunnel proclaims its own wonder, being in length three miles and a quarter, cut through the middle of a solid mountain, the face of the country altogether would seem to bid defiance to such a work of art. The cost is said to have been £300,000, which brings the expense to £1 5s. 3 1-3d. per inch. The span of the circular aperture is about ten feet; the height not sufficint to allow a man to stand upright in the boat—those used in this navigation being of a narrow, compact build, suited to the service, and capable of carrying from twelve to twenty tons. The operation of working the boats through is a singular one, and performed by a description of laborers adventitiously hired for the purpose. These men, from the nature of their service, are called "leggers," for they literally work the boat with their legs, or kick it from one end of the tunnel to the other; two "leggers" in each boat, lying on their sides, back to back, derive a purchase from shoulder to shoulder, and use their feet against the opposite walls. It is a hard service, performed in total darkness, and not altogether void of danger, as the roof is composed of loose material, in some parts continually breaking in. Two hours is the time occupied in legging a boat through, and a legger earns a shilling for a light boat; after twelve tons he receives one shilling and expence; and so on.—*Sir George Head's Tour.*

SMOAKING AMONG GERMAN LADIES.—The only drawback to my enjoyment at Hamburg was the universal habit of smoking tobacco—the coffee houses, the ball-rooms, the marquees, villas, cabarets, and promenades—in short, every place in which human beings were congregated, were filled with a dense mass of this vapor. The whole of the male population were armed either with a pipe or cigar; even boys of eight or ten years were to be seen indulging in this practice. The fair enemy of tobacco smoke, Mrs. Trollope, would here have been completely horrified, for even some of the women are addicted to this most unfeminine indulgence; and I have not unfrequently seen a handsome well-dressed girl receive from her inamorato—not a glass of lemonade—but a genuine Havana, which she instantly commenced reducing to ashes with a *gout* as keen as that of a Spanish dandy in a coffee-house at Madrid.

CHINESE GARDENING.—The horticulture of the Chinese has, in general, more of a useful than an ornamental cast. Their pleasure grounds are few, and it is in the kitchen garden they excel; for, although considerable skill is displayed in the culture flowers, there is often more skill than good taste, and it is to the growth of culinary vegetables that their attention is chiefly turned. The very raptures in which their poets indulge, with respect to gardens and flowers, afford indirect proof of their rarity, although they have often led to a belief in the surpassing beauty of their paterres and the superiority of their floriculture. The royal gardens of Zhehol, and the Wooyuen or Five Gardens, once attached to an imperial residence, as well as the Yuenminyuen or Garden of Gardens, as they have been, *par excellence*, called by the natives, have indeed been described in glowing terms by several European travellers; but when any particular details have been given, either of these or of the grounds belonging to the emperor's palaces, they are shown to be any thing but very fine places.

THE CAPITAL OF CHINA.—Pe-king is divided, as in the time of Marco Polo, into the Chinese and Tartar cities, the abode of the conquerors and conquered. But, though separated by walls from each other, these parts are both inclosed within one general rampart, about eighteen miles in circumference. All the great cities are fortified in the same manner; still the bulwarks of Pe-king are higher and stronger, its towers loftier, and its gates more richly ornamented than those of any other. The population of this great capital, nowhere reported on official authority has been estimated by different observers, but not without those discrepancies which are so perplexing to inquirers into Chinese statistics. Le Comte, Gaubil, and Timkowski, have fixed upon two millions as nearly approaching to the real number. The members of Lord Macartney's embassy were of opinion, that it might be stated at 3,000,000. Malte-Brun and other writers have regarded this account as greatly exaggerated, insisting that it ought to be reduced to 600,000, or 700,000. M. Balbi, without, however, stating his reasons, has given the medium estimate of 1,300,000. Pe-king it has been said, does not cover a greater extent of surface than Moscow; but the site of the latter includes much uninhabited ground, and the little accommodation with which the lower orders of the Chinese are contented, as well as the practice of several families residing under one roof, cause them to occupy smaller space than almost any other people. We incline to believe, therefore, that the number of two millions assigned by the three first authorities, may be considered as approaching nearest the truth. Pe-king, in that case, is considerably larger than London, and can be rivalled only by Nan-king, in its claim to rank as the greatest capital in the world.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*

LIBEL.—Count Mazarin kept a complete collection of the libels written against him; it amounted to forty-six quarto volumes.

The nose of Michael Angelo was flat from a blow which he received in his youth from Torrigiano, a brother artist and countryman, upon some slight provocation. The following is Torrigiano's account of the transaction on the authority of Benvenuto Cellini:—"I was extremely irritated, and, doubling my fist, gave him such a violent blow upon his nose that I felt the bone and cartilage yield as if they had been made of paste, and the mark I then gave him he will carry to his grave." B. Cellini, says, "Torrigiano was a handsome man, but of consummate assurance, having rather the air of a bravo than a sculptor; above all, his strange gestures and his sonorous voice, with a manner of knitting his brows, enough to frighten every man who saw him, gave him a most tremendous appearance, and he was continually talking of his great feats among those bears of Englishmen, whose country he had but recently left."

If a person be hoodwinked effectually, he will, with great difficulty, if at all, recognise the difference between rum, gin, and brandy; but if, besides having his eyes bound up, the nostrils are closed by pressure of the fingers, all distinction in flavour between these very dissimilar spirits will be confounded. To exhibit this phenomenon in a more effectual manner, the three glasses of spirits ought to be presented successively to the person upon whom the experiment is to be made, who ought to sip of each before he is called upon to decide upon them singly; then put him to the proof by giving him the glasses over again, and he will be found so entirely at fault, that if he make the experiment a dozen times, he will, in all probability, not pronounce correctly above three or four times, and that will be purely accidental.

QUIN.—When Quin determined on paying a visit to Plymouth, for the chief purpose of eating the fish called John Dory, a friend wrote to the landlord of the principal inn, desiring him to show Quin all possible attention, to procure him the best claret, and to promote his comfort by all means in his power. The landlord, proud of his guest, soon after Quin's arrival, offered him the use of his horse, to procure a good appetite. Quin accepted the offer; but the horse being a very hard trotter, when the landlord asked him if he would have him the next day, he replied that he was perfectly satisfied with the bumping he had already received.

FISHING.—The lake Tchad, in Bornou, (says Major Denham,) abounds in fish, which the natives have a curious way of catching. Some thirty or forty women go into the lake by single files, and forming a line at a distance in the water, fronting the land, for it is very shallow near the edges, absolutely charge the fish before them so close, that they are caught by the hand, or leap ashore.

XENOPHON.—It is stated by Colonel Rottiers, that during his residence at Trebisonde, in 1816, he visited the place from which the 10,000 Greeks, under Xenophon beheld the sea. He remarked the ruins of an ancient temple of the Emperor Adrian. The *rhododendron ponticum* grows there on all the mountains, and the inhabitants assert, that the honey which the bees extract from it, when mixed with that of other flowers, is a kind of poison, causing stupor, in a greater or less degree, according to the season of the year. M. Dupré, the Consul of France, who accompanied Colonel Rottiers, assured him that he had experienced this effect himself.

ILLUSTRIOUS TRADESMEN.—At Rome, the Cardinal Doria used to be the milkman to those who chose to send to his palace for this necessary article to the tea-drinking English; at Naples, the only good butterman is his Majesty; and those who wish to have this article genuine send to court for it; whence it is issued, impressed with the royal arms!

THE MAN OF FEELING.—He who pays promptly and cheerfully for his *Mirror*.

THE LADIES.—As long as there are women on the earth, there will be always something new to say about them. The Rabbins ought to be ashamed of themselves for their scandalous libels in saying that ten baskets of chatter were let down from heaven, and that the women appropriated nine of them.

Agriculture.

Hay.

From the New England Farmer.

Grass for hay should not be cut too early, or before it has obtained its growth; for if removed too soon it will shrink very much in drying. Agriculturists, however, do not agree relative to the exact period in the growth of grass for hay, when it is best to cut it. Sir John Sinclair asserts that "In all cases clover ought to be mown *before the seed is formed*, that the full juice and nourishment of the plant may be retained in the hay." But in "Memoirs of the New York Board of Agriculture," Vol. 1, p. 30, it is asserted that "all the grasses are more nutritious if not mowed till the seed is fully grown. It should not be entirely ripened however." The *Farmer's Assistant* also asserts that the best time for cutting herds grass, (timothy) where but one crop is cut in the season, is when the grain of the grass are fully formed, but before they have become fully ripe; but as farmers cannot all cut their hay in a day or two, it is necessary that they should begin before that time that they may not end too long after it. The same time is also proper for cutting clover; or rather when a part of the heads begin to turn brown. Fowl meadow or herds grass may be cut much later without being hurt by long standing.

If it is proposed to mow a piece of grass land twice in a season, the first crop should be cut earlier than when it is mowed but once, not only to give a longer time for the growth of the second crop, but to prevent the roots of the grass from being so much exhausted in producing the first crop. When it is proposed to save the seeds of red clover it is particularly important to cut the first crop early, so that the second from which the seeds are usually procured may be the sooner ready for cutting in Autumn.

Some regard should be had to the weather in cutting grass for hay, especially if that grass is clover, which requires much attention and favorable circumstances to fit for the mow or stack. If the weather is wet or the season presents what farmers call a *catching spell*, clover, we are told, will stand a fortnight without sustaining any material injury by the shedding of the leaf or the blossom; for the same weather which renders it improper to mow this grass continues it in a growing state, and prevents the bloom from withering or disappearing.

It has been stated by good practical cultivators, that if grass when mown is carefully turned every day it will injure but little. Turning it every day prevents its becoming mouldy and of little value.

There are various modes of making hay described by authors and practised by cultivators. The following is, perhaps, as correct as any. Let the farmer be at his mowing early in the morning, cut down as much as possible by nine or ten o'clock, by which time the dew will generally be off; then spread the mowed grass evenly, and about twelve turn it over where it lies thick; in the afternoon rake it into winrows, shake it up lightly that it may be the better exposed to the air; towards sundown make it into neat small cocks, and let it remain so a day or two. If it be not then sufficiently dry, shake it out again on a small space of ground, and turn it over till it is dried; then cock it again, and as soon afterwards as possible draw it in.

"But in order to save much trouble in drying hay, the application of from four to six quarts of salt to the ton is recommended. It is found that hay thus salted can be well saved in a much better state, and at the same time the benefit which the hay derives from the salt is more than four fold its value."

Dr. Dean observed as follows:—"Were it not for the labor and cost, a good way of hay making would be for the hay-maker to follow at the heels of the mower, at least as soon as the dew is off, and spread the swarths evenly; make it up into cocks before night, open the hay and turn it the next day; and so on till it be sufficiently dried, doubling the cocks if signs of rain appear. It will not commonly take more than two or three days to dry it, unless it be very green, or uncommonly thick and rank."

The practice of the best English, Flemish and French farmers is to expose hay as little as possible to the sun. It is carried in dry, but preserves its green color; and hay of two or three years old appears so bright that you would scarcely conceive it to be cured. Yet they preserve it for years, and value it the more for its greenness and fragrant."

There is, however, difference of opinion on the subject of curing clover hay in the swarth without spreading. The *Albany Cultivator* recommends substantially the Scotch method, or the curing of clover hay without spreading the swarth. (See N. E. *Farmer*, Vol. XII. p. 406.) But a writer for the N. E. *Farmer*, Vol. XI, p. 2, with the signature W. B. whom we know to be a judicious practical farmer objects to at. empting to cure clover in the swarth or in cocks. He says, "all directions for making hay in this country without the sun, are worse than useless. Clover, like other hay, to be good for anything, must be dried in the sun; care should be taken not to waste the leaves, and much more not to waste the stalks. Cut it when rank, as soon as half of it is headed out; give it nearly three days of sunny weather, and depend on it, your cattle will eat both stalk and leaf, and fatten on it."

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Directors,
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JNO. ASPINALL, Esq.
JOS. ROBINSON PIM, Esq. } For Liverpool.
MICHAEL HUMBLE, Esq.
SAML. STANSFIELD, Esq.
JOSIAH TIMMIS, Esq. *of Quebec and Toronto,*
JAMES BRADFORD, Esq. } For Canada.
WM. JONES, Esq.
ROBERT BARKER, Esq. } For Manchester.
JOHN BARWELL, Esq.
EDWARD BACH, Esq. } For Bolton.
SAMUEL BRIGGS, Esq.

THE Company being aware that a ready access to their Capital and resources will materially benefit Upper and Lower Canada and other British Possessions in America, from which large Shipments of Timber are annually made to England; and their object being that such may be fit of the Merchants, Shipowners, Land-Proprietors, and the Consumers generally as Joint-Stock Proprietors, they have reserved 10,000 shares for allotment to persons residing in the Canadas and other British Settlements in America, and for the purpose of extending the benefit as widely as possible in that quarter, it is agreed that no Shareholder there shall purchase Scrip for more than 100 Shares, nor shall any of them be allowed to transfer any of their Shares to persons in England within the period of twelve calendar months from the day of allotment, nor shall any Shareholder in America be allowed to vote by Proxy.

That Subscribers shall pay one dollar per Share for Printing and other expenses of their Scrip to the Director of the Company in Quebec, to whom all applications for Shares must be made; and shall also pay £1 per Share into the Banks of the Company which will be appointed at Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and such other places as the convenience of the Shareholders may require (to be remitted by them to the Company's Bankers in Liverpool) when their Certificates will be delivered to them; and that a further call not exceeding £2 per Share be made in two months afterwards on giving 30 days' notice, and (if needful) a further call not exceeding £2 per share more to be made at a time after six months, on giving 21 days' notice.

And that no further call be made till after the first Annual Meeting be held by the Directors in England, when the books will be made up and a Statement of the affairs of the Company laid before the Shareholders.

And if any further calls be required they will be made in like manner on the authority of the Directors assembled in General Meeting in England, of which due notice will be given.

A Counterpart of the Deeds of Settlement of the Company will be deposited in the hands of their Bankers at Quebec, and other places at the discretion of the Director, for the signature of the Shareholders, and all transfers of Shares must be under the hand and seal of the Directors there.

Prospectuses may be had, and applications for Shares to be made, at the Company's Office in Quebec, (postage paid.)

FORM OF APPLICATION FOR SHARES
TO THE LIVERPOOL AND MANCHESTER SAW MILLS AND TIMBER JOINT STOCK COMPANY, QUEBEC.

I request you will secure me ..... *Shares in the above Company, subject to the Prospectus.*

..... *Signature.*
..... *Residence.*
..... *Trade or Profession.*
..... *Date.*

June 25. 75

BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY.
INCORPORATED BY ROYAL CHARTER AND ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

The Hon. GEORGE MOFFATT, } Commissioners
The Hon. PETER M'GILL, } Lower Canada.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN LAND COMPANY have FOR SALE, upwards of ONE MILLION TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND ACRES OF LAND, situate in the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada, within a short distance of the Cities of Quebec and Montreal, and having a direct communication with Port St. Francis, Sorel, and Three Rivers. These Lands comprehend Wild Lots and Blocks of from 50 Acres upwards—Improved Farms, having Buildings, Fences, and Crops in cultivation—Town and Village Lots—Manufactories—Mills, and Mill sites—and they are offered to Settlers at moderate prices, and on the most liberal terms of payment.

Applications to be addressed to
A. C. WEST, Esq. Sub-Commissioner, } Sherbrooke.
STEPHEN YARWOOD, Esq. Agent. } Montreal.
G. D. COLCLOUGH, Esq. Agent, } Port St. Francis.
E. I. HAYDEN, Esq. Agent, Sorel or Wm. Henry
J. M'KENZIE, Esq " Melbourne,
D. WOOD, Esq. " Shefford.
May 17. 44-4m,mwf

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION BUSINESS.

THE Undersigned having made large additions to his Wharves and Stores, will be prepared, on the opening of the Navigation, to receive, and forward to Montreal or Quebec all kinds of Produce, and make liberal advances on the same. He will always have a responsible person in attendance at his Store on the Wharf to receive all packages from Steamboats, &c. and will be accountable for the same.

Property on Commission from Lower Canada shall meet with prompt attention; and all commands of the interest of those who may favor him with a share of their business shall be carefully attended.

N. B.—Steamboats supplied with Wood on liberal terms.

JOHN COUNTER.
Kingston, May 2, 1836. 36

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