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AND COMMERCIAL JOURNAL.

TERMS—FIFTEEN SHILLINGS PER ANNUM, WHEN PAID IN ADVANCE—
SEVENTEEN SHILLINGS AND SIX PENCE WHEN NOT SO PAID.

VOLUME XVIII.]

Lands Office , 1836. Sale of Crown Lands luring the present year

ergy Reserves in the Lots in Chatham and 1st Tuesday in June, 1sty, August, Septem-

the County of Essex, and Amherstburgh— Wednesday in June, in July, August, Sep-

to the Agent for the HENRY JONES, re-

the County of Middle-indon, at London on the ly; 9th August;7th Sep-the 8th November fel-

to the Agent for the HN B. ASKIN, Esq.

DISTRICT.
Credit, and Bronti; in

TLE DISTRICT. gy Reserves, and Town and Lindsay; at Peter-ay in June, and on the ugust; September, and

Village lately surveyed in that Town on the 2nd Wednesday in July, October following.

de to the Agent for the LEXANDER McDON-

in the Counties of Lanark on the 2d Wednesday in ednesday in July; August, following. chmond; at the Town on

n the Counties of Prescott on the 2nd Wednesday in ednesday in July; August; following.

de to the Agent for the cots JOHN McNAUGH-Bytown, for further infor-

particular Lots to be sold

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peedily given, PETER ROBINSON.

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es, in the County of ONTENAC, th July, 29th August, 29th ber, and 29th November. Tricular Lots to be sold in specifying also the terms of one of the Clerk of the office of the Clerk of the dat the other places in the dules can be had on applications of Crown Lands, or to Esquite, Deputy Surveyor, e District and superintended

PETER ROBINSON.

re Street, nearly opposite the otel, Kingston, Upper Canada, ill be thankfully received, and od to.

hillings per annum, (exclusive hadvance, and seventeen shirif not paid in advance, ing responsible for the payshall receive one gratin and ragreeter number, of the Publisher.

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ESCRIPTION OF PRESS PRINTING NED AT THE BERSEN OFFI

Werald, EVERY TUESDAY, s. E. THOMSON,

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[JOHN WAUDBY, Editor.]

KINGSTON, UPPER CANADA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1836.

[T. H. BENTLEY, Printer.]

and without animals we cannot have dung to encich our grounds. Every crop we take from a field serves more or less to exhaust the soil of fermitity; and unless we return to it some equivalent in the form of manure, it will in time become a haren waste. Again, as animal and vegetable matters begin to ferment, and to dissipate their fermitizing properties, as soon as they are brought in contact with heat, moisture and air, they should be buried in the soil in the spring at farthest, in an cipient state of fermentation. And as the hoed cops, such as corn, potatoes, beans, ruta baga, &c. thinve best upon the volatile parts of manure, the lag manure should be fed to them. The farmer who has a good soil, should take care to keep it god; and he who has a poor soil should strive constantly to make it better, as every advance he askes in improving it, increas his productive capial. This preservation, or increase of fertility, cannot be well effected. without a due regard to a Mleranding crops.—Few soils will bear a reptition of the same crop for successive years, even with the aid of dung, without diminution of product, whether in tillage or grass. One reason of

beet. subsidiary to the preceding cardinal points of farming, we give the following, which, alch they may appear to many to be hackneyed ms, are nevertheless so important as to be of-

Cultivate no more land than you can improve a reasonable certainty of handsome net prombracing in the items of expenditure the internation its value.

ENGLISH INFLUENCE AT SMYRNA.—The Frank quarter of the town perfectly resembles Portsmouth or Marseilles. Hats are universal. English, French, Italian, and Spanish, are almost the only languages heard in the streets; and the first object that strikes the eye on landing is a house with a large sign-board, informing you that it is the "Royal Naval Hotel," and that "neat wines, spirituous liquors, and London porter," can there be obtained. Even the Turkish shop-keepers in the bazaars address you in English, especially the pipe-sellers—"Jack! you want hubble bubble?" "Nery fine hubble bubble, Jack!" "Much cheap, Jack!" [Temple's Travels in Greece.]

laugh at the mischance of the unfortunate men.

They may appear to many to be hackneyed is repeating.

Crops.—A traveller observing a woman stepping cut of a farm house the other day, though the would learn the prospect of the harvest, &c. "Well marm, how are your crops this season?" "Crops. Sir! oh, bountiful goodness! they are surprising full and large—especially the turkies." "Ah, glad to hear it—but turkey crops, what are they, marm?"—"Turkey—yes, sir! did'nt you never hear of turkies." "You don't understand me marm,—how are the crops—the corn crops?"—"Why I have just the product of the first is three-fold, and the Saxon or Merino sheep is twice as valuable as at of the common one, though the cost of keep the is the common one, though the cost of keep the is the common one, though the cost of keep the is the common one, though the cost of keep the is the common one, though the cost of keep the is the common one, though the cost of keep the is the common one, though the cost of keep the misches, and then to ask me how what a turkey crop is, and then to ask me how my crop was!

The Schoolmaster at School and the misches, and then to ask me how my crop was!

The Schoolmaster at School and the misches, and then to ask me how my crop was!

The Schoolmaster at School and the misches, and then to ask me how my crop was!

The Schoolmaster at School and the misches, and then to ask me how with his donkey the other transfer.

The Schoolmaster at School and the misches, and then to ask me how with his donkey the other transfer.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AT SOUTHFORT.—A boy was employed to attend with his donkey the other day upon a young lady at Southport, who wished to indo meat, or milk, or wool; and if a little exportionably more so, for the more food you thus wert, the greater your return in labour, flesh collivate no more lead the

Sucking Accident for the property of the adding the property of t

CHAPTER XVI. [Continued.]

I called in the evening, according to the promise I had made to Mrs. Elliot—on her husband, to see how he bore the discovery of his wife's sud-

man of the house, who opened the door. "Is he at home?" "Why, yes—but he's in a sad way, sir, indeed about Mrs. Elliott's going. He's eaten nothing

He was sitting at a table when I entered, with a solitary candle, and Mrs. Elliott's letter lying o-pen before him.

me! How I will make the old man shake beside the grave he must soon din 10?—He dream the grave he must soon din 10?—He was a long breath—"Let him cure me h—Cure he care the grave he must soon din 10?—He was a long breath—"Let him cure me h—Cure he care the grave he had not come," I interrupted "The cure causeless shall not come," I interrupted the passed of the care the care that he had there he had the had

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Elliot shook his head.

Elliot shook his head.

"It pust be a thundering blow, doctor, that would nake ms iron heart feel—and—that blow"—he sighed—"may come much sconer, it may be"—he shuddered, and looked at me with a wild

"Let is hope for the best, however, Mr. Elliott.
Rely upon it, the present calmness of your inestimable wie affords grounds for the happiest expec-

"All lhope you may not be mistaken! Her for-er accuchement was a long and dangerous one."
"Perhajs the very reason why her present may e an easy one!". He looked at me mournfully. "And suppose it to be so—what a home has the poor creature to return to after her suffering! Is not that a creary prospect?"
It was growing late, however, and presently taking an affectionate leave of his son, who had been sitting all the while on his knec, overpowered with drawiness, he left

Besting in the same of permissive years. The strains of the same o

husband's wild and dreadful anxieties. I found that I had not been misinformed; and though Mr. Elliott lay in the most precarious situation possible —with no sign of life in her pallid countenance, and no pulse discernable at her wrist, he had reason for believing that a favourable change had taken place. After remaining in silence by her side about a quarter of an hour, during which she seemed asleep. I took my departure, and conveyed the delightful intelligence to the poor sufferer without, that his hopes were justified by the simulation in which I had left my sweet patient. I succeeded in persuading him to accompany me home, and restored him to a little composure: but the instant that he had swallowed a hasty cup of coffiee; without waiting even too see his little boy

weath—the thought was normice.—Entort sat at home; alone thinking of those things, and chuddered; he quitted his home, and, wandered through the streets with a vacant eye and blighted heart. He wandered abroad for bread, saying, where is it? He knocked that the day of darkness is ready at his head?

Friday. This morning my wife called, at my suggestion, to see Mrs. Elliott, eccompanied by her little boy, whom I had perceived she was pining to see. I thought they might meet without affording ground for uneasiness as to the result.

"My little Harry?" exclaimed a low soft voice as my wife and child were silently ushered into the room where lay Mrs. Elliott, wasted almost to a shadow, her face and hands,—said my wife—white as the lily. "Come, love—kiss me!" she faintly murmured; and my wife brought the child to the bed-side, and lifting him upon her knee, inclined his face towards his mother. She feebly placed her arms around his neck, and pressed him to her bosom.

"Let me see his face !" she whispered removing

her arm.

She gazed tenderly at him for some minutes: the child looking first at her and then at my wife with mingled fear and surpnse.

"How like his falher?" she murmured—kiss me again, love!—Don't be afraid of your poor mother Harry!" Her eyes filled with tears. "Am I so altered?" said she to my wife, who stammered yes and no in one breath.

"Has he heen a good how?"

[NUMBER 924.

go.

"I will!"—said I, and quitted the room, already almost repenting of the rish promise I had made. But who could have resisted her?

Sweet soul! what was to become of thee? Bred up in the lap of luxury, and accustomed to every wish gratified—every went anticipated—what kind of scene awaited thee on returning to thy humble lodgings—"Where hopeless Anguish pours her groan, And lonely Want retires to die?"

For was it not so? What mirroele was to save.

distribution without waiting even too see his little boy who was being dessed to come down as must be the sixth that he had swallowed a hasty cup of folice; without waiting even too see his little boy who was being dessed to come down as must be hospital, where I found him as before, on driving as pa about twelve o'clock, but walking to an frobefore the faste. What anguish was written in his feetward had a came a sea of the state of the state

will hereafter find that love alone led me to take this dreadful step.

"Grievous has been the misery she has borne for my sake. I thought in marrying her, that I might have overcome the difficulties which threatened us—that I might have struggled successfully at least for our bread; but He ordered otherwise, and it has been in vain for me rise up carly, to sit up late, to cat the bread of sorrow.

"Why did I leave life? Because I know, as if a voice from Henven had told me that death will reconcile Mary and her father. It is me alone whom he hates, and her only on my account.—

whom he hates, and her only on my account.—
When I shall be gone, he will receive her to his arms, and she and my son will be happy.

"Oh, my God! that I shall never see the face of Mary again, or.—But presently she will look at our son and she will revive.

"Leatengt you as in the "I entreat you, as in the name of the dead-it

is a voice from the grave—to be yourself the bear-er of this news to Mary, when, and as you may think fit. Give her this letter, bearing his dread-ful name upon it. I know, I seel, thot it will open his heart, and he will receive them to his arms.

in hame apon it. I know, I teel, thot it will open his heart, and he will receive them to his arms.

"I have written also a few lines to my son.—Ah, my boy, your father will be mouldered into dust before you will understand what I have written. Grieve for your unfortunate father, but do not—disown him!

"As for you, best of men, my only friend, farewell! Forgive all the trouble I have given. God reward you! You will be in my latest thoughts. I have written to you last.

"Now I have done. I am calm; the bitterness of death is past. Farewell! The grave—the darkness of death is upon my soul—but I have no fear. To-night, before this candle shall have burnt out—at midnight—Oh Mary! Henry!—Shall we ever meet again?

I read this letter over half-a-dozen times, for every paragraph pushed the praceding one out of my memory. Then I took up mechanically and opened the letter addressed to his son. It contained a large lock of his father's hair, and the following verses, written in a great straggling hand:—"I have wished for death; wherefore do I need."

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