Kingston



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CANADIAN JOURNAL, POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL.

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KINGSTON, CANADA, TUESDAY, AUGUST 8, 1843.

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ATCHES AND JEWELRY, LOWER THAN EVER.

equence of the reduction of duties he New Turiff, the subscriber is selstock of Gold and Silver Levers or Escapement, Lepine, and other atches, of new and splendid patterns, WELRY at Retail, at a considerable re from former prices, being much less bey can be bought for at any other place City. As he is constantly receiving tions of WATCHES of the newest ect from the manufacturers in Eng ance & Switzerland, he is enable t a larger assortment, and at much

WATCHES as low as twenty to twendollars each. Watches and Jewelry ged or bought. All watches warto keep good time or the money

kinds of Watches repaired in the best and warranted, at much less than prices, by one of the best work-

to of Watches & Jewelry, Wholesale al. 30 Wall Street, Up-Stairs.

barrels Oatmeal, 400 burrels Liver-pool and Onondago Salt, for sale by W. SIMPSON. exic Street, Kingston, July 1843.

in grant of BELLEVILLE, UNLED, DELEGATION of the cattle, was at case taken to the cattle, was at case taken to the cattle, was at case taken to the cattle, was the last particular of the cattle, was particular of the cattle, was particular of the cattle of the last particular of the last

tage. Rosy who always knew when it was Dennis that knocked, opened the door for him. The flush of welcome, or the blush that overspread her cheek when Dennis kissed it, soon massed away, and he observed that she was paler and less cheerful than usual.
"Sure, Dennis," said the mother, "these have

"Sure, Dennis,' said the mother, 'these have been the longest days of the year that you have been staying away from us.'

'Indeed and that's true,' replied Dennis, glancing at Rose, 'hours are minutes here, and minutes are hours away from you.'

'Oh, it's getting darker than ever we saw it yet, Dennis.' Denais started. 'Is it O'Moore that's been at the castle to-day?' continued the old woman.

nces at retail, than any other house in

scure places, without note of admiration. The sweetness of both has gone up to Heaven. The O'Moores joined the Kellys—Dennis's brothers in-law—at Montreal. The limit assigned to this slight sketch of their fartunes does not permit our detailing, step by step, their progress; led on—as such wanderers are—by chance advice, and chance acquaintances, and the hung of coating off old hunders. chance advice, and chance acquaintances, and the hope of casting off old burdens, and gaining now advantages, they reached Illinois, and there squatted on some new land, about six miles from the thriving little town of Clifton. To reach this point, all the O'Moores' convertible property had been turned into money, and the money was nearly expended. The golden cloud that, to the poor emigrant's eye, rests over this Western world, had till now gone before them, and now, at the very point where they hoped it would stand still, melted away. The fate of the best laid schemes o'mice and mea' hung over our Irish friends.

The first season James O'Moore took the fe-

Id woman.

No.'

No. Dau, nor Pat, nor Tommy!'

Not one of them.'

Then the news—bad luck to it—is yet to tell.'

Then the news—bad luck to it—is yet to ing that harder work than he had done at home and with smaller present returns, was digheartened and disgusted, and he quitted the land and the partick, left to

was the only bady of mourning Rosy had been able to obtain. here's no luck under a black bonnet, mother, dar,' said Rosy, 'so this once I'll leave it behin- the weed is on my heart all the same.' So ain kissing her mother, and giving Patrick a rewell pat on the shoulder, she set furth on the six value wilk to the Chin she set forth on ir six miles walk to the Clif-

ton post office.

She called at the nanties of the sisters of Dennis, to ask if the yad any money to send for letters. No, the yad no money, and no expectation of letters—hey expected their husbands from Buffale in a ftught's time, and if Rosy would wait they wild then give her enough to pay for the letters at all Ireland would send her. Wait a forthint! thought Rosy, as she definitively shook it head to their proposition. It was an affair in wich the waiting of a thousand the part of a mine? could not be voluntarily brooked.

But our realerstre not yet accoming with

"Then the news—bad luck to it—is yet to tell."

Dennis was confounded. He fancied he only had news to tell, and resolving not to have that interfered with, he turned from the mother and asked Rosy to walk down the green lane with him. Rose tied on a snow white apron, threw her little cloak over her shoulders, and they went out together. The sentiment of the humble, like the diseases of childhood, is simple, uncomplicated, and birtle varying in its symptoms. "Thanks to you, Rosy, dear, said Dennis, "is it now to ask "do you love me?" Rose only sighed in rophy. "Sure that question was asked as long ago as we can remember."

'And answered just as long ago—was it not, Dennis!"

'Sure, sure it was, Rosy, and we have been as good as one ever since, naving but one heart between us—trath highled and all and as Rosy.

The He of a settler is, at best, a lost, a best, a lost as the point of their own. The life of a settler is, at best, a lost of their own. The hife of a settler is, at best, a lost of their own. The hife of a settler is, at best, a lost of their own. The hife of a settler is, at best, a lost of their own. The hife of a settler is, at best, a lost of their own. The hife of a settler is, at best, a lost of their own. The hife of a settler is, at best, a lost of their own. The hife of a settler is, at best, a lost of their own. The hife of a settler is, at best, and they remained the bennis, should gest in the ship with him. The hife of a settler is, at best, a lost of their own. The hife of a settler is, at best, a lost of their own. The hife of a settler is, at best, and they with him. The hife of a settler is, at best, and they will him. The hife of a settler is, at best, and they will have been ship from Liverpowas really her brothers deal to the fire, his days being varied only by chilis and no chills. His poor mother was an analy could not be voluntarily to be deal and disgusted with the land and went to work on a rail road. Patrick, left to land and all the reasons of conditions the reasons of conditio

*Speak out—have you got the money or not, shaver? A cash article, a letter at this post of-

'You and grand'er must take it out in expec-tation, my lad, this is a single letter—marked so, and I'm sure of it—they can't cheat me, be con-tinued, fingering the letter, 'if they do the dow's. Easters. It will keep till called for, my boy. There are fifty others there to keep it company, waiting till their cwners can get money to pay

waiting till their ewners can get money to pay for them.'

The poor child's tears dropped upon the floor, and, losing his bashfulness in stronger feeting, he said, "I know there's a bank bill in it, for the promised to send it."

A geatleman who had taken half a dozen franked letters from the table with a second to their arrival, hand it over.'

We have notified that there were a small dozen franked letters from the table with a second to their arrival, hand it over.'

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THE PORTON CANADA, TEESDAY, AUGUST S, 1823.

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**THE PORTON CANADA, TEESDAY, AUGUST S, 1824.

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chief dignitaries of Clifton were thrown down on the table, and caught up at once, but missives to humbler persons were fingered, viewed and reviewed, while Peter Smith thought to himself, or murmured to a village gossip, as he threw one after another down, "Slam has got his answer from the land office, at last—short, and not sweet, I can tell him! Ah! news from the scamp Laffin!" and then a chuckle; "the widow will have another chance!"

By this time a little boy had made his way to the table, and asked bashfully, 'if there was any letter for grandfer.'

'Grandfather! who's your grandfather? Oh, I know—Auson Valet—wait a minute—yes, where is your money for the postage?'

The little follow drew nearer, and, fright and by being observed, he dropped his head and hositated—

'Speak out—have you got the money or not, shaver! A cash article as letter or these heart were ches, man by man—there are no accounts. wrenches, man by man-there are no accounts shaver? A cash article, a letter at this post of-fice.'

'Grandf'er is sick, sir, and he has not get any money left; but we expect there's some in that letter from father, sir.'

with double consciences, no open books with Congress neu; they must answer as fathers, bro-thers, and some for this permitted wrong.'

Rosy, who had but half heard and half under-stood this philinging started for

leave my clock and connet for a piedge. She untied them both, and threw them on the table. Sure, to you they are worth more than the let-

'It's against the tule,' replied Peter, somewhat

long ago as we can remember."

And answered just as long ago—was it not, Dennis of Warde, of Searchy, Wholesale and Searchy Searchy Wholesale and Searchy Wholesale and Searchy Se

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