

attained to fourteen years, old Mr Kennedy went into his conservatory, locked the door, sat down on an easy chair, filled a long clay pipe with his beloved tobacco, smoked vigorously for ten minutes, and fell fast asleep. In this condition he remained until the pipe fell from his lips and broke in fragments on the floor. He then rose, filled another pipe, and sat down to meditate on the subject that had brought him to his smoking apartment. "There's my wife," said he, looking at the bowl of his pipe, as if he were addressing himself to it, "she's getting too old to be looking after everything herself (*puff*), and Kate's getting too old to be humbugging any longer with books; besides she ought to be at home learning to keep house, and help her mother, and cut the baccy (*puff*), and that young scamp Charley should be entering the service (*puff*); he's clever enough now to trade beaver and bears from the red-skins, besides he's (*puff*) a young rascal, and I'll be bound does nothing but lead the other boys into (*puff*) mischief—although, to be sure, the master *does* say he's the cleverest fellow in the school; but he must be reined up a bit now. I'll clap on a double curb and martingale. I'll get him a situation in the counting-room at the fort (*puff*), where he'll have his nose held tight to the grindstone. Yes, I'll fix both their flints to-morrow,"—and old Mr Kennedy gave vent to another puff so thick and long, that it seemed as if all the previous puffs had concealed themselves up to this moment within his capacious chest, and rushed out at last in one thick and long-continued stream.

By "fixing their flints," Mr Kennedy meant to express the fact, that he intended to place his children in an entirely new sphere of action; and, with a view to this,