

herewith beg to hand in my resignation. I shall hope to be relieved early next spring.—I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your most obedient humble servant,

F. KENNEDY.

“There!” exclaimed the old gentleman, in a tone that would lead one to suppose he had signed the death-warrant, and so had irrevocably fixed the certain destruction, of the entire council—“there!” said he, rising from his chair and sticking the quill into the ink-bottle with a *dab* that split it up to the feather, and so rendered it *hors de combat* for all time coming.

To this letter the council gave a short reply, accepting his resignation, and appointing a successor. On the following spring, old Mr Kennedy embarked his wife and children in a bark canoe, and in process of time landed them safely in Red River Settlement. Here he purchased a house with six acres of land, in which he planted a variety of useful vegetables, and built a summer-house, after the fashion of a conservatory, where he was wont to solace himself for hours together with a pipe, or, rather, with dozens of pipes, of Canada twist tobacco.

After this he put his two children to school. The settlement was, at this time, fortunate in having a most excellent academy, which was conducted by a very estimable man. Charles and Kate Kennedy, being obedient and clever, made rapid progress under his judicious management; and the only fault that he had to find with the young people was, that Kate was a little too quiet and fond of books, while Charley was a little too riotous and fond of fun.

When Charles arrived at the age of fifteen, and Kate