

mind the horses, Mactavish—follow us, my lad—Tom Whyte will attend to them.”

Uttering such disjointed remarks, Mr Kennedy led Mrs Grant into the house, and made her over to Mrs Taddipopple, who hurried her away to an inner apartment, while Mr Kennedy conducted her spouse, along with Mactavish and our friend the head clerk at Fort Garry, into the parlour.

“Harry, my dear fellow, I wish you joy,” cried Mr Grant, as the former grasped his hand. “Lucky dog you are. Where’s Kate? eh! Not visible yet, I suppose.”

“No, not till the parson comes,” interrupted Mr Kennedy, convulsing his left cheek. “Hallo, Charley, where are you? Ah! bring the cigars, Charley. Sit down, gentlemen; make yourselves at home. I say, Mrs Taddi—Taddi—oh! botheration—popple!—that’s it—your name, madam, is a puzzler—but—we’ll need more chairs I think. Fetch one or two, like a dear!”

As he spoke, the jingle of bells was heard outside, and Mr Kennedy rushed to the door again.

“Good evening, Mr Addison,” said he, taking that gentleman warmly by the hand as he resigned the reins to Tom Whyte. “I am delighted to see you, sir—look after the minister’s mare, Tom—glad to see you, my dear sir—some of my friends have come already—this way, Mr Addison.”

The worthy clergyman responded to Mr Kennedy’s greeting in his own hearty manner, and followed him into the parlour, where the guests now began to assemble rapidly.

“Father,” cried Charley, catching his sire by the arm, “I’ve been looking for you everywhere, but you dance