

o'clock, and feeling rather hungry, I suggested to Emma the propriety of attacking some of the good things in the shape of a breakfast. In this she acquiesced at once, fully convincing me that she quite approved of the idea, and in a few moments we were both deeply absorbed in the discussion of some delicious sandwiches and mutton-pies, which old mother Simpson (my boarding-house keeper) had taken the trouble to prepare the previous night.

The others, as I observed on turning around, had followed our example, and, much to my surprise, Arthur was so engrossed in the disposal of a large-sized chicken as to be entirely ignorant of the condition of his harness: the reins dangling about the horse's hoofs, and the left trace undone. When I informed him of this, the intelligence did not awaken any surprise in the hungry youth, nor cause him to relinquish his grasp of the fowl which he was so voraciously attacking, much to Katy's astonishment and disgust, who kept beseeching him, for her sake, to jump out and fix the harness, or she would do so herself. After some remonstrance, Arthur, who seemed bent upon having his own way, awoke from his silent and bountiful repast, and, in a rather cynical tone, told Katy to leave him alone; that there was no danger whatever, and that he would make matters square in a few moments. Noticing the anything but satisfied aspect of Katy's countenance in her perilous condition, I immediately handed the reins to Emma and went to the rescue.

Having extricated the poor brute from the reins, which were, by this time, well wrapped around his legs, threatening to trip him at every step, and adjusted the trace, I set about reconciling the affectionate couple, who had evidently a bone of contention, and were anything but friendly towards each other.

This difficulty overcome, I hastened back to Emma, who had kept up a con-

tinual cry during my absence, and was endeavoring, by dint of perseverance, to lead her horse out of a deep hole into which, under her mismanagement, he had wandered. A little time was lost in accomplishing this, as the runner of the sleigh had been almost entirely imbedded in the snow, necessitating the assistance of Frank and Arthur, the latter being glad of an opportunity of rendering me a service in return for that which I had done him.

We were now once more fairly started, and, feeling much revived by the hearty, though poor, substitute for a breakfast, set off at a good trot, apparently forgetting our unfortunate friends whom we had left about an hour ago with very sanguine hopes of being overtaken before long.

We had driven for about fifteen minutes longer, when Emma, who was very eager to reach the sugaries, and kept a very minute look out for the mile-posts, told me that we had just passed the sixth post and gone about half way.

At this point, Frank and Arthur, who had been remarkably quiet under the solacing influence of a choice Havana, struck up "Jolly Dogs" in a very lively strain, in which we all joined in the chorus, and, with the assistance of the *grelot's* merry tingle, we managed to make a pretty good noise.

Now and then we came across a few *habitants* on their way to market, their sleighs laden with the products of their industry. They appeared very much surprised at meeting so many *gens de la ville* at this early hour.

The peculiar dress of these farmers aroused Katy's risibles, and, bursting out into a loud laugh, she astonished the natives in no small degree. I apologized for this rather rude manner of salutation, telling them that my lady friend had just come out from England, and was not accustomed to see such odd-looking toggery. Frank, running up to them, asked a multitude of questions in regard to the state of the sugaries,