

countered—happy symbol—the “Union Club.” They wished the club further, and would have turned aside, but there was no road; indeed, barely room enough to pass, so they drew up as the foremost four-in-hand came sweeping down the steep declivity. In an instant they were recognized, and the telegraph quickly flew from one end of the line to the other; and as the party neared them there rose such a charivari to honor their nuptial rights! The noise made at the marriage of Belchezer was nothing to it. Horns resounded, bugles cracked the elements, shouts, scream and uproarious laughter, rent the skies.

The Commissary was a very quiet man, and hated an eclat. He would have given a twelve months' rations to have seen the gay sleighing party all buried in the snow. Unlucky thought! the demon Asmodeus, who made marriages and marred them too sometimes, resolved that it should be his own fate. As the “Avalanche” passed him, Miladi's whip *accidentally* flicked his impatient horse—he reared, plunged, and presto! the sleigh was whirled into a drift, and the unhappy Commissary jerked out to seek, like St. Francis, a bride of snow. His *own* luckily held on, so it was only a *man* expended, and there was no time to stay to pick the poor fellow up.

There was now no stop or pause. On the party sped, and soon drew near the haven of their wishes, where a famous luncheon was ready. Halifax abounded in all sorts of condimental appliances, and the inn was famous for good things. Hot turkeys, smoking cariboo steaks, reindeer tongues, pickled herrings from Digby, bear-hams

from Annapolis, cherry brandy, noyeau, and Prince Edward Island whiskey. Here was enough to satisfy all tastes and appetites—a rapid drive and a thermometer 40 degrees below freezing point, were sufficient exercise for slender Patty J—y, or delicate Miss T—. Accordingly the party ate, drank and made merry; filled a health to the ladies, and coupled it with a speedy return to the Nine-mile house— at which some blushed and others *tried* to look cross.

Returning, the order of driving was reversed—the lady led: and soon the word was passed for an impromptu party at the engineer barracks, for Mrs. A— (like the D—s, of St. A—), was rich, handsome, and good-natured, and gave almost the best parties in Halifax. Homeward the party scurried, discussing the approaching amateur play; the last government house ball; the probable match to arise from a certain conjunction observed in Judge Halliburton's sleigh, the “Arctic Dove,” or some local or peculiar subject. Arrived at Dutch Town, the sleighs drew off to their separate destinations. There was no leave-taking, for the party were to meet again soon; some pressure of hands there may have been, and some interchange of glances, but no utterance given to the thoughts which lie “too deep”—that was reserved for a later hour. When *that* hour came—but, just at this point, the interesting writer, in his home on the other side of the Atlantic, heard the pattering of the melted snow pouring from his roof. As he wrote, the thaw had begun, the snow was vanishing, and with it his remembrance of the winter in Halifax