

The judges and other grave functionaries of the law, "his honor the President"; the official dignitaries of all degrees; the wealthiest merchants, and, of course, the whole of the garrison, composed a numerous and striking assemblage. The laws of the club were simple and easily observed. A president and vice-president were elected every week, whose duty it was, first, to lead; the latter, to bring up the cortege. Another duty, no less pleasing, devolved upon the former.

On the days of meeting at the general place of rendezvous, in front of the province building, after driving in procession through the town, the club drew up at the president's house, or, if that was inconvenient, at a noted pastry cook's, where he, the president, stood the treat "of ginger bread-nuts and cherry brandy" for the whole party. This was the luncheon *de rigueur* provided on the occasion: but if the roads were sufficiently firm this luncheon was dispensed with, and the party started for the Nine-Mile House, at the extremity of the Basin. Then might be seen the caracoling of steeds, the waving of plumes, the glancing of bright eyes, the merry cry of the charioteers, and the mellow notes of the horn or bugle as they rung through the frosty air. It was a sight to warm the frozen, to arouse the torpid, to enliven the dullest.

First led the way, with four bright bays, the kind, the hospitable, the joyous Colonel Ferguson, in the sleigh which he had named "the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Light conveyance." Each carriage bore some appropriate designation, and the Colonel's, though light and swift, was the most capacious in the garrison. Perhaps it seemed to hold more than it really did, as all were welcome to a seat, and it was always filled. Seated on a rich box, the Colonel drove—as good a whip as a man. Beside him sat some young officer who he had indulged for the day; far beneath was the body of the carriage, open to the sky, with an enormous bear-skin for an apron, and, wrapped in shawls and sables, the beauties of Halifax were seen dispensing smiles and happiness to all within their view. In the rumble behind were places for two more—one, whose delight it was to blow the bugle, and the other who leaned beside him—"the ocean to the river of his thoughts which terminated all."

Next, gaily decked in scarlet housings and embroidered collars, and scarcely to be restrained by their no less impetuous driver, came two gallant steeds, in Indian file, or tandem fashion. The "Reindeer" was the name of the sleigh, and he who drove, the noblest, the boldest and the most gifted of human beings! Endowed with the rarest genius, he might even have rivalled his father's lofty fame. The writer referred to Captain Canning—the son of England's brilliant premier—who was, at the time, in command of one of the war ships in Halifax harbor. In him there was all the promise that friendship could possibly desire. How sad the thought that fate should have reversed the picture! An untimely death—Canning was drowned at Madeira in 1828—and all his honors and his friends' hopes swept into nothingness! Poor Canning, his memory was forever "green in our souls."

Then followed a troop of charioteers, in tandem, curricule, unicorn, and single harness—first, the Arctic Ranger and close following, the Esquimaux, the Chebucto, the Meteor, the Walrus and the Mic-mac. How can these separate styles be told? Some 20 or 30 sleighs formed the general cavalcade, and another four-in-hand, the "Avalanche," which Mrs. A— did not disdain to drive, brought up the rear of the procession. All was mirth and frolic and glee. The signal bugle blew, and *VIA!* they were off at 12 miles an hour on their track through the snow, with no sound to indicate their rapid flight but the quick harmony of the sleigh bells. Here was every motive for high spirits; youth, health, no care—save an upset and that not cared for—dear friends, and dearer objects still! There was also another end besides driving, which Lord Byron said was "the great end of travel"—there was the Nine-mile House in perspective, a well known place of resort for the newly wed; in fact, the salt hill of Halifax, where Acadian honey-moons were passed.

The describer of this "scene in the snow—life in Nova Scotia," in the course of his narrative, recalled an occasion in a hollow about half-way between Halifax and the head of the Basin, where a sleighing party met a commissary and his bride, indulging in their first *tete-a-tete* excursion in their *own* sleigh. They had started from their *gîte* for Halifax and en-