

Editorial and Correspondence.



EDITORIAL.

January, with its blustering snows, is around us as we write; and while we sit in our sanctum, amid the hurry and bustle of the city, we are happy to think that our Magazine is affording occupation and entertainment to so many, through the long winter evenings in the country,—not only in reading its contents, but in writing for its pages. We are astonished at the multitude of manuscripts which keep pouring in upon us from almost every corner of the Dominion; and still more are we surprised at the large proportion of them which display real talent. We wish our readers could see the pile of selected matter, triply sifted—*la crème de la crème* of periodical literature—which lies waiting an opportunity of getting into the MONTHLY. We would not, however, be understood as discouraging contributions: on the contrary, we are exceedingly thankful to obtain good original matter. Other things being equal, we much prefer an original article to a selected one; only we beg our friends to have pity on the editors' eyes and patience, and send them manuscripts which can be read. If writers only knew how much greater the chances of insertion are when the writing is legible, they would take greater pains in this respect. It is not only the trouble of reading; but an article makes a much better impression when read easily, than when the reader has to stop at almost every word to find out the next; or when, at the end of every page, there is a search for that which ought to follow. Some of the manuscripts which we receive are almost as plain as print; and to the senders of such we tender our best thanks.

THE SIGHTS OF OTTAWA.

THE RIDEAU FALLS IN WINTER.

Last month I furnished you with a description of our Capitol or Parliamentary Buildings, by moonlight, and also of the Chaudière Falls, in winter. I have now to add that no one who visits Ottawa, in winter, should fail to see the Rideau Falls, which, when covered with ice, present a spectacle of beauty unsurpassed in Canada.

By the kindness of the manager of the new and extensive woollen-factory, built by Messrs. Joseph Mackay & Bros., of Montreal, on the edge of this waterfall, we were admitted to a sort of table-rock in front of the Falls, whence we could obtain a fine view of the fairy scene, rendered chiefly remarkable by the appearance of the icicles. This cataract is called the Rideau or Curtain Fall, and the icicles had all the appearance of a curtain fringe; only instead of being some twelve inches long, and bright-colored, they were twelve feet or more in length, and of a dazzling, pearly white. Icicles are usually clear and pointed; but these were more like long stems of white coral, or like the long festoons of tiny flowers and leaves which are exhibited at flower-shows, but bleached to a snowy white. Indeed, some of these wreaths of frozen spray were gracefully curved, as if they had been quite flexible.

The water which fell here and there between these icy wreaths was churned at the bottom into a creamy froth, upon the ice below, which showed every here and there a beautiful heap of frozen spray, that had all the appearance of a pure white