

friends in the upper regions of the Garrison. Dinners, balls, and parties are the order of the day, or rather night, for the mornings are devoted to sleighing and tandem-driving. The snow once on the ground, the face of the earth is not to be seen again for some five or six months, but you have hills and dales of flaky, slippery substances, and drive over hedges and ditches as you would a turn-pike road. The scene altogether is extremely exciting and amusing, and the dry, elastic air and cloudless atmosphere tend, in no slight degree, to cheer and exhilarate the spirits. Pic-nic parties are of as frequent occurrence in the winter as during the summer months. One of the favorite drives is across that part of the Basin which spreads towards the Island of Orleans, and that part of the river which runs beneath the Falls of Montmorency.

This is a very curious as well as remarkably beautiful sight : the spray, as it rises from the bottom of the Fall, becomes frozen, and these congealed *spiculæ* glittering beneath the now-limited volume and channel of