

too high for him. This, I think, Mr. Scribbler, will give you an insight into the *suaviter in modo* so prevalent in this comparatively speaking insignificant place, where

Tag, Rag, Bobtail, rule the roast
 Each frowns upon his brother—
 Where none can have great cause to boast,
 For one's as good as t'other.

I propose making an excursion to Berthier, and perhaps to L'Assomption ere long, and shall send you a regular report of my progresses.

JEREMY TICKLER.

La Prairie, Oct. 24th.

Mr. L. L. MACCULLOH,

Sunday being particularly devoted to—drinking drams and pleasure-parties, we were surprised at seeing fewer visitors than usual on the last Sabbath. Has the air of the rapids lost its numerous salutiferous qualities? or are the hand-bills of our just-ass less attractive, less elegant, less puffing, than before? No, the salubrity of the river-air remains indisputable; and the style of our J. P. has unquestionably not retrograded, even into common sense. We can therefore ascribe the small number of our visiting friends to nothing but the bad state of the weather. But there are some undaunted characters who are not to be intimidated by the lowering sky, nor the pelting storm; who, when avarice lures, can brave the utmost inclemency of the year, and take old winter by his icy beard. One in particular, who perhaps from the name he bears, thinks he can *march* through thick and thin, without feeling the effects of wind or weather, was returning late in the evening from Mount Royal, with his noddle filled and puffed up with the most extravagant anticipations; a *horse* pistol under each