

poor woman and her son who were killed by a tree being blown down on a little cart they were riding in,—the horse was not hurt. The weather is sometimes so excessively sultry, that we do not know what to do with ourselves, and are like to be suffocated; we seek for the lake or river to have a swim, but this does no good, the water is tepid:—suddenly again, perhaps, it may get cold; perspiration is checked, and fever the consequence. Many people are drowned in the country, by bathing in summer, and venturing on unsound ice in winter; mine worthy original Johnny Picken from Paisley had nearly suffered by this incautiousness.

It was *new-year-day*-time, and Johnny was determined to *get fou and keep fou* as long as he could. His credit ran aground at a Yankee public-house, where Jamie Lawson his cronie, and he, were passing the time with a detail of their old Scotch sprees, and criticisms thereon. Johnny drew himself together, pipe in teeth, and wad cross the Ottawa water to his friend Mrs. Firth, a gude honest Scotch body, wha had aye a drap worth the drinking. He started, but keeping too near the whirlpool, where the ice did not freeze to that strength it did elsewhere, down went Johnny with the pipe in his teeth. Up came his friend Lawson, half-fou, and cried, "What are ye sticking there at, ye