

accepted the offer of a female friend to leave the exciting scene, and make her house my home until we could procure another.

I was sitting at her parlour window, with the rescued child on my lap, whom I could not bear for a moment out of my sight, watching the smoking brands that had once composed my home, and sadly pondering over our untoward destiny, when Mrs.—'s servant told me that a gentleman wanted to see me in the drawing-room.

With little Johnnie still in my arms I went to receive the visitor; and found the Rev. Father B——, the worthy Catholic priest, waiting to receive me.

At that time I knew very little of Father B——. Calls had been exchanged, and we had been much pleased with his courteous manners and racy Irish wit. I shall never forget the kind, earnest manner in which he consoled with me on our present misfortune. He did not, however, confine his sympathy to words, but offering me the use of his neat cottage until we could provide ourselves with another house.

"You know," he said, with a benevolent smile, "I have no family to be disturbed by the noise of the children; and if you will accept the temporary home I offer you, it is entirely at your service; and," he continued, lowering his voice, "if the sheriff is in want of money to procure necessities for his family, I can supply him until such time as he is able to repay me."

This was truly noble, and I thanked him with tears in my eyes. We did not accept the generous offer of this good Samaritan; but we have always felt a grateful remembrance of his kindness. Mr. B—— had been one of the most active among the many gentlemen who did their best in trying to save our property from the flames, a great portion of which was safely conveyed to the street. But here a system of pillage was carried on by the heartless beings, who regard fires and wreck as their especial harvest, which entirely frustrated the efforts of the generous and brave men who had done so much to help us.

How many odd things happen during a fire, which would call up a hearty laugh upon a less serious occasion. I saw one man pitch a handsome chamberglass out of an upper window into the street, in order to save it; while another, at the risk of his