

went to all the hotels. At the Golden Stag, I heard that you came, late at night, with two strange gentlemen, and a strange coachman, whom nobody knew; and, that you went very very early in the morning. No one could tell me any thing further of you. We enquired in every quarter of the town, whether no one knew you. "O yes," every one said, "we well know the gentleman-like stranger, who worked at the fire engine till he was wet to the skin, and who risked his life in the flames. He is neither afraid of water nor fire." But your name or country, not one could tell. Meanwhile, they told me many circumstances about you, which pleased me very much. Your two travelling companions, who seemed to me but chance acquaintances, were of a different way of thinking from you; and both of them were quietly looking at the fire, and smoking their pipes at their ease, when you cried out indignantly to them, "I suppose, gentlemen, you have lighted your pipes at the fire! Please to give us a hand with the buckets." They felt the awkwardness of their conduct, but, not having any mind to work, they slunk away. One of the engines, in which some water had been left since the last fire, was frozen, and could not be used, nor did any one know how to set it to rights, when you called out to them to pour a little tepid water in. They did so, and it was soon fit for use. And thus you showed yourself, throughout, a noble-hearted man; and, above all, a man possessed of courage, and sense enough to tell the truth, and to give good advice to his neighbour."

Am I not to blame, dearest mother, for writing so much that redounds to my own praise? But, I assure you, that I detest self-praise; and that I have written all this, solely because I wish to gratify you; and because I know you will read this letter with pleasure.

The two matrons and Amelia now came in, all in full dress.

"I am very angry with you, Signor Bellini," said Madam von Walther. "Why did you not bring your dear little boys with you?"

"Oh," said Bellini, "children do not always behave well in the society of grown people. They either interrupt serious conversation, or they get tired of it themselves. I need not speak here (for here they would hear nothing but what is good) of the injury which they often sustain, from the jests and anecdotes of mixed society; still, even here, they would hardly be quite at home."

"Oh, pardon me," said von Walther; "the little fellows must come here, for a while, at least. They must try the cakes and tarts which Amelia has been baking for them. As it is already dark, I shall order the carriage for them in a moment."

I offered my services, and brought them with

me. They were quite delighted with the well-stored table, the brilliant wax lights, the glittering plate and the well-filled fruit-baskets. After grace had been said, when we were going to sit down, Mr. von Walther asked them where they would sit. They both called out, "Beside Mr. May."

During supper the conversation returned to the fire. Madam Bellini told us that it was supposed the fire arose from the negligence of a maid, who, though she had already been expressly cautioned and warned against it, had put hot ashes into a wooden vessel, and, to save herself the trouble of a walk, instead of carrying it to the cellar, which was fire-proof, had left in the nearest room. Others supposed the fire was malicious.

"How is it possible," asked Amelia, "that Providence would permit so good a family to be terrified and deprived of their home through the negligence of a servant, or even the malice of a bad man? I would be tempted to punish a mischievous boy who would rob a bird's nest, and carry away the old birds and their young. Why does not God, to whom we are infinitely more dear than the birds are to us, prevent the wicked from doing such evil as this?"

Concluded in our next.

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### General Intelligence.

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#### LONDON.

##### FUNERAL OF THE LATE MRS. PAGLIANO.

On Monday, at the Bavarian chapel, in Warwick-street, a Solemn Dirge and Requiem were performed for the repose of the soul of this honoured and lamented lady. The chapel was crowded much more than is usual on an ordinary Sunday, or high festival, and the solemnity of the service did very deeply impress the mind and the heart of every one present. The Brethren of the Guild of the Holy Family had volunteered to receive the body of their departed Sister on the Sunday evening, at the house of her mother, in Jermyn-street, St. James's, and bear it to the chapel there to watch it, with prayer, till morning. This pious office, so offered, was with equal piety accepted, and the body having been brought solemnly to the chapel, of which the altar and its reredos, the pulpit and the tribunes, were hung with black, was placed in the nave, and the Brethren of the Holy Guild watched in parties of six, and by alternations of two hours reading solemnly the Office of the Dead throughout the hours of the night. They were not, till a very late hour, without the presence of other mourners, and good Christians who came in to breathe a prayer for a benefactress or remembered friend. There were some strangers present also, who appeared highly