

worse, he was so shockingly burnt in striving to save his children and property from the devouring element, that he was carried on a hurdle to the next village, and never survived that dreadful night.

“Hugh Latimer! I, like you, was but a child; but I shall never forget the screams of my poor mother, when she found her husband was a corpse, and herself and children exposed naked to the piercing cold.

“Some kind neighbours took us in for the night; but as all the little property my father had been saving for years, as a provision for his children, was lost in the flames, we had no expectation but of going to the poor-house. Fortunately for us, my father’s landlord was a kind-hearted