

Night came at last, but by the set of sun
 Scarce was the work of desolation done ;
 Still rise the blazes, and, ascending high,
 Dispute the daylight with the darkening sky,
 Commingling with the sable clouds of night
 Their angry glare, and giving fearful light.
 Shines the red blaze on countenances there
 That calmly watch, but with a calm despair,
 O'er the sad relics, snatch'd in haste away
 From the destruction of that fiery day,
 Saved from the general loss ; alas ! how small
 The scanty remnant of their earthly all !
 Alas ! what numbers else all-pensive gaze,
 And view enveloped in the general blaze,
 All that long years of tedious toil had won
 Consumed at once, and every hope undone ;
 Of house and home and property bereft,
 And not a vestige or a relic left
 To mark the spot, or tell where such had been,—
 Memorial of the desolating scene.—

What boots it to prolong the mournful tale ?
 And what can lengthen'd narrative avail ?
 Not with that night when ceased the blaze to glow,
 Ceased the sad havock and the reign of woe.—
 Where shall the destitute a shelter find
 From the fast falling rain, and blowing wind ?
 Where shall the weak and helpless seek a shed,
 A resting place to lay the aching head,
 And heavy heart ? who shall the want supply,
 The pressing want and dire necessity
 That follows fast, or who a banquet spread
 To fill the starving multitude with bread ?