

II.

“ Drifting of smoke wreath, darting of flame ;
The fire-fiend is working his way ;
And the ghastly glare o’er the gates of dawn,
Streaks far on the opening day.
The stairway has fallen, the rafters yield,
The flooring is creaking o’erhead ;
Yet the stout stone wall as a sentry stands,
Though the surges of battle outspread.

“ But lo ! from the casement, wide open thrown,
By loving hands carefully bound,
A basket live-freighted is hastily launched
Through flashes of flame to the ground.
Kindled is courage, strong effort revives,
Grim death and destruction are braved ;—
What matter the crash of that falling roof !
Dear life, in its lustre is saved.”

III.

“ Deep murmurs from out of the frowning skies ;
A rising and swelling of seas ;
The sailor quick-furleth the outspread sail,
For a hurricane toppeth the breeze.
No shape her craft from a British port
Ever ventured the heaving tide ;
Her firm knit hull, and her rigging taut
Were the mariner’s honest pride.