

Could e'er have pictured the sad scene of woe
 His setting beams, at close of day, would show—
 Yet there was darkness in the threatening sky,
 The gloomy heaven seemed low'ring fearfully ;
 And fitful gusts of sudden wind were sent
 With angry howl, and ominous portent ;
 And all appearance seem'd to indicate
 Some coming wrath, and near impending fate.
 For now, at mid-day, when with busy aid
 The gathering crowds the blazing streets invade,
 With engines—water—and whate'er became
 To stay the progress of the spreading flame ;
 Which, 'spite all efforts—now too late applied,
 And long neglected, scatter'd far and wide ;—
 The spiry blazes shoot into the sky,
 And dark and volumed smoke ascends on high,
 From numerous roofs enveloped in a cloud
 Of wreathing flame that glows, and crackles loud ;
 While fear and horror dwell on every face
 And dire confusion reigns thro'out the place.—

Such was the scene, the hurrying to and fro,
 The noise, the shouting, and the voice of woe ;
 The vain attempts of multitudes to save
 The little all long years of labour gave,
 As loaded vehicles with haste convey
 The relics of their property away,
 And pile the general aggregation where
 'Twas hoped, but vainly hoped, the flame would slake

But hark ! the gathering thunder roars on high,
 And the fork'd lightning flashes through the sky,