

THE PRINCE OF CRIMINALS.

I am a criminal if I introduce, or cause to be introduced, into my neighborhood, any thing which impairs the health of my fellow-citizens.

I am a criminal if I do anything to corrupt the morals of society.

I am a criminal if I destroy the character or life of a human being.

I am a criminal if I disturb the public peace.

I am a criminal if I take my neighbor's property without returning an equivalent for it.

I am a criminal if I invade the family circle, and weaken or destroy the relations of husband and wife, parent and child.

I am a criminal if I knowingly and wantonly expose my neighbor's house to the torch of the incendiary.

I am a criminal if I encourage licentiousness and debauchery.

I am a criminal if I nerve the arm of the highway robber.

I am a criminal if I sharpen the knife of the assassin.

If I am a liquor seller, I do all these things, and am therefore fairly entitled to the honorable appellation of the "*Prince of Criminals*!"—*Organ of Temperance Reform.*

THE FIRE.—BY MISS HAMILTON.

At the late fire in Friend Street, three children were burned to death. A rum shop kept in the basement story of the building where they perished is stated by one of the daily papers, to have been the probable cause of the catastrophe.

A terrible glare
On the midnight air!
Shout! shout! 'Tis fire! fire!
That awful blaze,
How madly it plays!
Like a demon in its ire.

'Tis fearful to see,—
It leaps as in glee;
No pause in its deadly way.
On, on the flames roll,
They will girdle the whole;
Is there nought can hinder or stay?

Is there no help nigh?
Repeat the cry!
Fire! Fire! It will be too late.
Perhaps there is life,
In that fiery strife,
Oh, hasten! arrest its fate!

With a noble speed,
In the hour of need,
The brave-hearted firemen come—
To save, not to slay,
More worthy are they
Than heroes of sword and of drum—

Ah! yes, there *was* strife
In that fiery life—
Here are women and children aghast,
Rushing forth in the night,

By that terrible light,
Looking wild as the fiends of the blast

Was there no more life
In that fiery strife?
Three children lay asleep
In their little beds,
Their fair young heads
Resting in slumber deep.

Three infants fair
Have perished there,
The wreathing flames, their tomb,
Their young dreams broke,
By fire and smoke;
It was a fearful doom.

Nay, say not so,
So much of woe,
So much of sin and strife,
Of woe that wastes,
And sin that blasts,
Seemed waiting them in life.

A flame of love
Bore them above,
Say not a flame of fear!
A fiercer flame,
A darker doom,
The drunkard's shame,
The drunkard's doom,
Seemed threatening them here.