

That crop would set me on my feet,
 And I'd have done with care;
 I built away, the live-long day,
 Such "castles in the air;"
 I'd beaten poverty at last,
 And like a little boy
 When he has got his first new coat,
 I fairly leapt for joy.

I blush to think upon it yet,
 That I was such a fool,
 But young folks must learn wisdom, sir,
 In Old Misfortune's school.
 One fatal night, I thought the wind
 Gave some unwonted sighs,
 Down through the swamp, I heard a tramp,
 Which took me by surprise.

Is this an earthquake drawing near?
 The forest moans and shivers;
 And then I thought that I could hear
 The rushing of great rivers;
 And while I looked and listened there,
 A herd of deer swept by,
 As from a close pursuing foe,
 They madly seem'd to fly.

But still those sounds, in long deep bounds,
 Like warning heralds came,
 And then I saw, with fear and awe,
 The heavens were all aflame.
 I knew the woods must be on fire,
 I trembled for my crop,
 As I stood there in mute despair
 It seem'd the death of hope.

On, on it came, a sea of flame,
 In long deep rolls of thunder,
 And drawing near, it seem'd to tear
 The heavens and earth asunder;
 How those waves snored, and raged, and roared,
 And reared in wild commotion,
 On, on they came, like steeds of flame
 Upon a burning ocean.

How they did snort in fiendish sport,
 As at the great elms dashing,
 And how they tore 'mong hemlocks hoar,
 And through the pines went crashing.
 While serpents wound the trunks around,
 Their eyes like demons gleaming,
 And wrapt like thongs around the prongs,
 And to the crests went screaming.

Ah! how they swept, and madly leapt,
 From shrieking spire to spire,
 Mid hissing hail, and in their trail,
 A roaring lake of fire;
 Anon some whirlwind all aflame
 Growled in the ocean under,
 Then up would reel a fiery wheel,
 And belch forth smoke and thunder.

And it was all that we could do
 To save ourselves by flight,
 As from its track we madly flew,
 Oh! 'twas an awful night;
 When all was past, I stood aghast,
 My crop and shanty gone,
 And blackened trunks 'mid smoldering chunk
 Like spectres looking on.

A host of skeletons they seemed,
 Amid the twilight dim,
 All standing there in their despair,
 With faces gaunt and grim;
 And I stood like a spectre, too,
 A ruined man was I,
 And nothing left, what could I do
 But sit me down and cry?

A heavy heart indeed was mine,
 For I was ruined wholly,
 And I gave way that awful day
 To moping melancholy;
 I'd lost my all, in field and stall—
 And nevermore would thrive—
 All save those steers, the devil's dears
 Had saved themselves alive.

Nor would I have a farm to-day,
 Had it not been for Molly,
 She cheered me up, and charmed away
 My moping melancholy;
 She schemed and planned to keep the land,
 And cultivate it too,
 And how I moiled, and strained, and toiled,
 And fought the battle through.

Yes, Molly played her part full well,
 She's plucky every inch, sir,
 It seemed to me the "devil himself"
 Could not make Molly flinch, sir;
 We wrought and fought until our star
 Got into the ascendant,
 At troubles past, we smile at last,
 And now we're independent.