

THE DESTRUCTION OF SAN FRANCISCO.

SAN Francisco lies asleep
Just before daybreak ;
Scarcely yet the sunbeams peep
O'er the Rockies, towering steep,
When bursts that fearful quake.

Her cradle, rocked by unseen force,
Swayeth to and fro,
As if Mother Earth had changed her course,
While threatenings, loud, and long, and hoarse,
From out her bosom flow.

Her children, startled from their dreams,
Wake in fright, and flee,
While through her streets shoot lurid gleams,
As the angry conflagration streams
Its light far out to sea.

From roof to dome, or mounting higher
Soars the firebrand,
Wrecking wanton vengeance dire,
Kindling high his funeral pyre
By morning breezes fanned.