

of the glorious and illustrious, whose memories they love and cherish. The other lingered through a protracted existence, in the insignificance of personal obscurity, branded as a traitor to his country, an enemy to society, a polluter of the decencies and proprieties of life, a memorable instance of talents without virtue, of age without respect, and of the avenging power of truth and justice.

They had now reached a spot in the vicinity of the East River, from which the fire was again visible. Both paused and looked silently upon the fearful scene.

'The fire is still increasing,' observed Butler, at length, to his companion. 'How terrible, yet how magnificent!'

'Yes,' replied the scholar, 'it is imposingly grand. It almost realizes and here the voice of the old man sounded grave and solemn in the ears of his companion—the vague and indistinct, yet awful conception of the terrors of the last day, which the mind gathers from the perusal of the Holy Scriptures. Truly, there is thick darkness upon the earth—the light of the sun is extinguished, and the stars are blotted out of the sky; and yonder is the raging fire, and the blackness of the smoke, and the sounds as of a rumbling earthquake, and the cries as of a people mourning, in sackcloth and ashes, the day of their doom. The earth—ay, the earth itself is on fire! and its pomp and pride, its gold and silver, and its rich merchandize and works of art are rapidly destroying. The whirlwind of destruction cannot be stayed, and the sky hath no rainbow of Hope of Mercy.'

As they continued to advance toward the burning stores on Front street, their attention was arrested by the appearance of a man, whom Mr. Dickson immediately recognized as an acquaintance. He stood upright, with his arms folded upon his breast, and his eyes fixed steadfastly upon a brick warehouse across the street, from which the flames were bursting forth with inconceivable power. He was a man of middle age, and of ordinary stature, who had been engaged for many years as a wholesale dealer in wines and liquors, and had realized a handsome fortune by industry and prudence. The burning warehouse was his, and contained a large and valuable stock of those articles of traffic. A numerous crowd in the vicinity had evidently been exerting themselves to remove from the building its costly contents, but they were compelled to desist. Casks of wine, hogsheads of brandy, baskets of champagne, and other wines in bottles, every variety of foreign intoxicating liquors, were piled on the opposite side of the road, near the wharves. By far the greater portion of the contents of the store remained untouched, and the flames, excited by the inflammable liquids, raged with ungovernable fury. The building was now entirely deserted, and the owner stood gazing upon it with a countenance which in the red glare of the horrid light, exhibited the aspect of unqualified and terrible despair. Men who passed by looked at him, and shuddered at his fearful suffering. Ernest Dickson approached him.

'Mr. Wrexall.'

The merchant did not notice him.

'Come my friend,' said the scholar; 'you permit this misfortune to affect you too deeply. Come with me.'

Still the merchant did not notice the speaker; but he muttered, in a voice low, stern, but fearfully distinct:

'Oh, God! I am ruined! I am ruined!'

'For the sake of your wife and children,' said Dickson, 'I conjure you to leave this spot. Come away, Wrexall!'

'Man!' and the speaker glared fiercely in the face of the old man; 'do you taunt me with my misfortunes? My wife and children! They are beggars: I am a beggar!'

He placed his hand firmly on his brow, and Dickson could hear him muttering:

'Yest-day a rich man—now a beggar!'

The scholar passed on with his young friend; for he saw that it was best to leave the ruined merchant alone. In the depths of despair, even sympathy has a sting.

At this period, a number of wretched men, who wore the livery of poverty and crime, were indulging themselves in the most beastly excesses. Their wild and baggard appearance, their uncouth and barbarous manners, would have seemed a band of savages, rather than a band of civilized men. The heads of several hogsheads of brandy had been broken in, by accident or design, and the crowd were striving to indulge their drinking propensities, by the violation of every requirement of common decency. Some drank the liquor from the palms of their filthy hands; others used, in succession, an earthen cup, which had been picked up in the street. Others, again, opened the baskets of champagne, and breaking off the necks of the bottles with a club or a stone, took large and repeated draughts of a beverage hitherto untasted. The wretches soon be-

gan to feel the exhilarating effects of their strange debauch. Loud oaths and demoniac laughter mingled with the roaring of the flames, and the noise of the falling buildings.

Three o'clock of the morning, and still the fire raged with undiminished fury. The strenuous exertions of private individuals; and of the public authorities, had been equally unavailing to check its progress.

As a last resource, it was determined to blow up several of the brick warehouses, in the direction of the extending flames, by means of gunpowder. The hope was entertained, that by destroying, in this manner, the continuity of the combustible materials, a limit might be formed to the advancement of the mighty element. A boat was instantly dispatched to the Navy Yard, at Brooklyn, for a supply of gunpowder.

The mayor of the city, assisted by several officers of the United States Navy, who had volunteered their services, superintended the execution of the plan which had been adopted. A building was selected, in the range of the approaching fire, as the subject of the first experiment. The owner of the store and its valuable contents, consisting of an immense stock of china and crockery of every description, which it was impossible to remove, magnanimously submitted to the official authorities, and gave the key of his warehouse to the messenger who was sent to request it.

During the period which had elapsed from the breaking out of the conflagration, none had been more active or more vigilant in their abandoned vocation than the incendiaries, Laurens and Sampson. It is unnecessary, and would be unprofitable, to relate the history of the depredations which they successfully committed on the property of the merchants under cover of the night, and of the universal terror and alarm which prevailed. The daring intrepidity of the one, and the philosophic coolness of the other, were exercised with their accustomed results. They traversed at length, in absolute darkness a spacious room in a large warehouse, which they had clandestinely entered.

'Hist!' whispered Laurens to his companion 'did you not hear a noise at the door?'

'No,' replied Sampson, 'everything is quiet. Strike a light, Alexander.'

The thief drew from his pocket a box of lucifer matches and a piece of candle, carefully provided for the purpose. The unsteady, flashing light immediately gleamed on the rich wares, which were heaped on the surrounding shelves of the store. The old man glanced at the shelves.

'We might dine and sup in princely style on the spoils of this adventure,' he observed calmly. 'You may perceive, Alexander, that luxury is an accident.'

'But not a misfortune, father Sampson.'

Alexander Laurens carefully searched the room.

'The office is in the second story, I perceive,' he continued, 'and we shall find the strong box there, without doubt. Follow me.'

They proceeded cautiously up a flight of stairs, and entered the counting room of the merchant. The attention of Laurens was immediately directed to a large iron safe which stood in one corner of the apartment.

'Hold the candle, father Sampson, while I investigate the contents,' he said.

The philosopher took the light, and the young man produced a bundle of keys, which he applied one by one to the lock of the safe. None of them fitted.

'Damn it! this is too bad,' muttered Laurens, throwing the keys angrily on the floor.

'You are too impatient, Alexander. Coolness is the indispensable requisite of a great mind. Try them again: you missed one of the keys.'

He attempted the lock a second time, with better success; for the key which he had overlooked proved to be the one he desired. The large iron door swung heavily back, under the power of his sinewy arm.

The safe, however proved to be entirely empty; and it was evident, from its appearance, that the merchant had removed his books, papers, and money, as a measure of precaution.

'*Nihil est*,' said Laurens, with an air of disappointment.

'Like many imaginable sources of earthly treasure—it is empty,' observed his companion.

At this moment a loud noise was heard at the front entrance of the store, as if some persons were endeavoring to obtain admittance. The turning of a key was distinctly heard.

'The light! the light! out with it!' whispered Laurens.

The candle was immediately extinguished, and the adventurers retreated cautiously to an apartment adjoining the counting room, where they might hope to remain unnoticed, if any persons were indeed about to enter the building. They had scarcely taken this pre-

caution, when the front doors of the warehouse were thrown open, and a number of individuals tramped heavily in.

'Place the barrel here,' said a loud, clear voice, in a tone of command. There was a confused noise of men walking to and fro, and unintelligible sentences fell on the ears of the listeners.

At length, the same voice which had been heard so distinctly at the first entrance of the band, was audible. The speaker was in the street.

'Leave the building every man.'

Again—

'Let the doors be closed and locked.'

'They were violently shut, and the key grated harshly in the lock. The noise ceased entirely.'

'I do not understand this, father Sampson. Look! they have left a lamp upon the counter. We must beware of an ambuscade. Let us advance gently to discover its meaning.'

They approached the head of the stairs.

'There is a barrel, with the head broken in, at the foot of the stairs. What does it mean?'

'Alexander,' said the old man, firmly, 'it is gunpowder!'

'Good God! They will blow up the building! But there may yet be time for escape. Quick! quick! old man, for your life!'

Laurens rushed down the stairs with the rapidity of lightning, and had traversed nearly the whole length of the store, when he heard a heavy fall and a deep groan behind him. He turned round, and perceived that his companion was lying, apparently much hurt, upon the floor. In endeavoring to imitate the personal activity of the younger man, Sampson had pitched from the top of the stairs to the bottom, and was unable to rise.

Laurens ran hastily to the old man, and raised him from the floor.

'Are you much hurt?' he eagerly enquired.

'Badly, badly,' said the philosopher, pressing his hand to his breast.

'Exert yourself as much as you can,' said the young man, partly carrying him towards the place where they had effected their ingress.

'Leave me, Alexander; leave me,' said the old man, 'it is my Fate—it is my Destiny.'

'No! no! thank God, we shall yet be safe.'

At this moment, a voice was heard from without—loud, and fearfully distinct—

'FIRE!'

A vivid flash, and a wild stanning report, instantaneously followed. The earth shook, and the rivers trembled with terror and with fear; and the thick walls fell down, crumbled and broken by the irresistible shock. The beautiful wares were shattered into worthless and shapeless fragments.

Fearful retribution! Mangled, shattered, crased into utter lifelessness, the bodies of the two incendiaries lay beneath the fallen ruins.

THE STRANGER'S SEPULCHRE.

Walk gently o'er that nameless grave,
No weeping eye hath blest;
For he, who sleeps within, hath now
A calm and holy rest.

Ye knew him not—he walked amid
Your pressed and peopled way,
Unheralded and unclaimed,
Nor marked by proud array.

Ye saw him—yet ye marvel'd not
He was not deck'd in gold;
Or costly drapery did not throw
Round him its purple fold.

Ye asked him not his name or race,
Or question'd whence he came;
While proudly rose on distant hills,
His household altar flame.

And they who waited by its hearth
Grey weary of his stay;
And sadly wept, in sacrifice
Of soul, his long delay.

They broided o'er the canvass leaf
With beautiful device,
And spread it for his feet in love
Than gold of greater price.

And trained the myrtle and the vine,
And fragrant budding flower,
To greet him in his glad return,
And cheer that promised hour;

And wept and wearied yet again,
And called upon his name,
And twice and thrice from morn till night
They prayed—he never came!

And proud ones missed him at the feast,
And nobles in the hall;
While cyprins weeds flowed long and fall
For him, the pride of all.

But ye in stunted kindness gave,
Amid your burial place,
Your 'Potter's Field,' his sepulchre,
The honored of his race.

And marked it not with shrub or tree,
Or piously, with stone,
But heaped the dust in hasty toil,
And left him there unknown.

Because no messenger for him
A lordly way prepared—

No proud heraldic lines his name
Or ancestry declared.

Have ye not learned the great are meek,
And void of high pretence?
Go, look upon that nameless grave,
And learn the lesson thence

For he who sleeps within, in life,
Than they, was more caressed,
Whom sculptured urn and towering shaft,
And epitaph have blessed.

JANE E. LOCKE.

From the Newburyport Herald.

HAYING TIME.

We love to think of the natural division of the year—not only the four seasons as they make their own boundaries, but also the smaller, sub-divisions which the changing phenomena of nature, or the various labors of the tiller of the soil suggest, furnish pleasant and profitable topics for thought. Seed-time, hoeing-time, haying-time, cucumber-time, berry-time, and all the rest of the times have lessons that all should learn. Whoever will take a ride into the country now, will find the fields full of delight and living emblems of that old gentleman with his scythe, who spares neither age nor youth, nor wealth nor poverty, but sweeps his way with unwearied strokes, cutting down all, 'both great and small.' That same rice, too, if it be early in the morning or toward evening, will furnish a perfume far more savory and sweet than any that ever made an Araby of a lady's toilet-table. Beautiful too is the crop and big are the hay-cocks; and therefore the cattle shall not suffer. The farmer has to work hard about these days, with the rays of the sun pouring down upon him with scorching power. No matter; his sleep is all the sweeter, his appetite all the better, and his frame all the stronger. A laborious life he leads of it; but he may also have an independent one. The banks he deals with are not likely to fail; and if he buys no more land than he can pay for and take care of, keeps clear of mortgages and debt, uses his own hands and does not spare the manure—he need indulge no fear of jail or almshouse.

Hay making in some countries is rather more of a merry-making than in our own. The females, in broad gipsy hats, take a share in the business; and right heartily it is too. We are not sure that an exchange of the keys of the piano for the handle of the rake and pitchfork, and a ride home on the hay-cart, would not be beneficial to some, who for delicateness think they can hardly touch their feet to the earth. Albeit a good-humored frolic in a hay field is far superior enjoyment to the heated atmosphere of a fashionable party.—Take a look then, all ye who are able so to do, at the mowers; help them to spread the scented clover, and forget not that all flesh is grass, and must sooner or later be gathered in by death; and not forgetting this, endeavor so to live that your memories shall be sweet to those who weep over your graves.

MATERNAL DECISION.

It is not difficult to be decided, were this all; but to be decided and firm while the feelings and voice are as soft as the late, is difficult. Your child has no judgment. Many times every week, and sometimes every day, he must be denied, and his wishes and will be made to submit to yours. When he is well, you must of necessity be constantly thwarting his inclinations, forbidding him, or commanding him; and when he is sick, you must force him, and stand further than ever aloof from indulgence. Even when you feel that he is on the bed of death, you must control him, govern him, command, and see that he obeys.—Your own decision, energy and firmness must never waver for a moment in his presence. While a mother's heart pleads for indulgence, you must have a resolution which will lead you to your duty, even while the heart bleeds, and the eyes weep. That noble mother who held her child while his leg was amputated, and did it with a firmness which he dare not resist, and with a tenderness that made him feel that she did it for his good, who does not admire? These two qualities, decision and mildness, are seldom found in man. He is either too stern, or too lenient. But the mother, she can possess them both, and have them both in exercise at the same moment. She must, however, have the aid of Heaven. She must seek it in prayer, at the foot of the Throne, and there she will find it.

I could point you to a son who cherishes the memory of his mother as something inexpressibly dear and sacred. She was a widow, and he her only son. When a young man, he said he did something in the presence of his sister and a cousin, both young ladies, highly improper. His mother told him of his fault, mildly and kindly, and requested him to make an apology to the girls. This he declined. She insisted upon it, and even laid her commands. He refused. She next requested him to go with her into his chamber in the third story. He complied. She then very coolly took the key, and told him she should lock the door, and he would neither see her face, nor receive food till he submitted.