

WEST POINT FIRE

(This poem was written after the big fire at West Point by a lady in Baltimore, who had visited there. They found it in an old book.)

We are kneeling today
In humble submission
Asking God to forgive us
For our sins of omission

Even now, though noon,
We still see the blue smoke,
Rushing on before the wind
As it did when the day broke.

Such cries as we heard
In the dead of the night,
As the people were flying,
The big fire to fight.

From D street to E street,
The flames went like demons.
From CAVAN'S STORE to GAULT'S HOUSE.
Then to MULFORD'S the seaman.

Passing on they did not stop,
But reduced HESS' STORE to ash,
Away they go to DAVIS and BLAND
And UNCLE SAMS stamp they dash.

OWENS' EXPRESS was the first attacked,
Then HUGHES must fall in line-
Along the WIDOW'S only house,
Before ANDERSON they find.

Indeed, just here, they call a halt,
And look for something better,
When over the way they spy a church,
Which suits them to the letter.

Now MARSHALL is so very close by,
No use to leave him there
So down he goes in the hot throat,
And that block is left bare.

To "THE NEWS"
WILLIAMS AND FOGG
THE ROBERTS
And that block is one vacant lot.

I found this poem in my grandmother's (Hunter V. Smith's) safe. The last paragraph was worn and illegible.

Juanita V. Oakley