

## GRIEF GIVES UP THE GHOST.

**Veteran Fire Horse Dies in the Harness  
as a Result of Heart Failure—Was  
the Pet of Engine 22.**

Old "Grief," the Jumbo among Boston fire department horses, died suddenly of heart failure while in the performance of his duty at a fire yesterday morning.

"Grief" was a veteran in the department, being about 24 years old, over 12 of which had been spent as a hose carriage horse with engine 22 on Dartmouth st.

Poor "Grief" arose yesterday morning at his usual time, apparently as well as ever. Accompanied by Driver John Galvin, he took his morning constitutional between 6 and 7 o'clock, and, returning with a whetted appetite, enjoyed a hearty breakfast.

When the alarm from box 62 struck at 8.40, he sprang into the shafts as sprightly as ever, and made his usual time in getting to the fire at 74 Boylston st., but having reached the hydrant and wheeled the carriage around he suddenly dropped to the ground, and after a slight quiver had passed through his body he expired. The hose carriage was drawn home attached to the engine, and poor "Grief," after lying for an hour in the gutter, was placed in one of Ward's hearses and conveyed to Spectacle island, where by this time he is doubtless literally 'in the soup.' His bones will go to fashion the handles of ladies' parasols and such like useful knick-knacks, and his hoofs will be converted into glue.

He was technically known in this department as No. 33, but for many years has been known to the firemen, and hundreds of citizens, as well as the children of the South End, as "Grief." The name originated through a peculiar habit which he had of standing with his fore legs wide apart, and his head drooping with a most mournful expression of countenance. One day a visitor to the engine house, noting this peculiarity, remarked upon his grief-stricken look, and from that time the horse was always known as "Grief," the name being written all over his stall. He was a handsome and powerful beast of a rich mottled brown, standing 16 hands and 3 inches high, and weighing 1300 pounds.

In appearance he had something of the characteristics of the mule, especially in his huge, lazily flapping ears, and though invariably of the most perfect good nature he never showed the slightest interest in anything save getting to a fire. He would stand for hours in his stall with dejected mien, and even the rattle of the oat box or the rustle of the hay would not excite him in the least, as it would most horses. He paid not the slightest interest to visitors, but always devoured, in an indifferent matter-of-fact sort of way, any contributions of candy or other delicacies which the school children delighted to share with him.

He slept a great deal and ruminated more, but was always ready for business when the tapper sounded. No matter how hard the road, he always kept his nose close to the engine, so close in fact that the boys on the engine tried to keep him off. Jest some one should be thrown from the engine under his feet.

He seemed to take a special delight in being in the midst of the sparks from the engine, and would shake his head and mane with every evidence of glee while the sparks fell upon him like snowflakes.

At the Thanksgiving fire last year his engine was destroyed by a falling building, but he stood immovable till led away from the rapidly approaching flames.

Orders had been issued to transfer "Grief" to the Longwood company, where he would have had less work and still more opportunity for philosophizing; but something delayed the transfer for a few days, and so the poor old beast died at the post where he had served so long and faithfully, regretted by the fire laddies, who regarded him with almost as much affection as though he had been human.

Engineman J. H. Malt of 22 spoke with a great deal of affection of Grief last evening. "We are all glad," said he, "that Grief died in harness, and was spared the usual fate of worn-out engine horses—of being sold to some poverty-stricken farmer or tip-cart driver, who if he did not actually abuse the poor beast, would not have been able to give him the good care and feed which he had been accustomed to all his life. We have often thought with regret of what sorrow might be in store for him in his old age, and it is a relief to know that he died suddenly and apparently without pain, instead of dragging along through years of suffering, privation and perhaps abuse."