

GRAVES OF DEAD FIREMEN

Decorated Yesterday with Flowers.

Captain Damrell's Eulogy of Men who Died on Duty.

Crowds Gathered at the Firemen's Lot in Forest Hills Cemetery.

The Veteran Firemen honored their dead at Forest Hills cemetery yesterday.

The firemen have owned their lot at Forest Hills cemetery for several years, and many a brave fire laddie, who met his death in the discharge of his duty, lies beneath its sod. But this was the first ceremony of any kind ever held by the firemen over the graves.

From early in the morning until late in the afternoon members of the fire department and others came to the grounds.

At the firemen's lot, the first thing noticeable was the floral offering of the Veteran Firemen's Association, a floral slab of yellow blossoms. This slab was over six feet high and fully three and one-half feet across. Upon its face were two crossed ladders in red flowers, a rope in blue blossoms, two trumpets in pink, and a white cross of Saint George. The whole design was surmounted by a fireman's hat, with the inscription: "B. F. D.—1887," and at the bottom of the whole were the letters "B. F. D.," encircled by the coils of the rope. Upon this magnificent offering were the names in blue flowers of the men in whose memory it was offered. These names of the dead were as follows:

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| G. Estey, |
| H. Foster, |
| G. W. Warren, |
| J. W. Tuttle, |
| W. G. Roulstone, |
| H. Hanford, |
| H. Cochran, |
| Daniel Cochran, |
| W. Farry, |
| J. Sterks, |
| J. M. Singley, |
| Captain Thorn, |
| Captain C. Carter, |
| Mark Hayes, |
| J. Kelley, |
| G. Goloff, |
| F. F. Cutting, |
| E. G. Thompson, |
| T. Young, |
| D. Denderson, |
| G. N. Abercrombie, |
| T. J. Tobey, |
| J. Prince, Jr., |
| Joseph Pierce, |
| J. S. Webster, |
| Captain Dutton, |
| — Smith, |
| — Sweet, |
| James W. Sweetser. |

Captain T. W. Conway, on behalf of ladder company No. 12, presented a beautiful floral basket.

Flowers from other companies and friends were presented in limitless quantities. Every grave was decorated.

After the solemn strains of a dirge by the Boston Cadet band had died out, Rev. William Ingraham had offered prayer.

Captain William H. Cunningham spoke upon the duties of firemen, of their steadfast adherence to duty; of the bravery with which they often risked their lives. He spoke of those whose graves they had come to mark, and said that nearly all of them had lost their lives while obeying the call of duty. He closed with a glowing tribute to the memory of the dead and the worth of the living.

The Temple quartet rendered several selections.

Captain Damrell's Oration.

The orator of the day, Captain John S. Damrell, was then introduced. Captain Damrell said:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES, FIREMEN AND FRIENDS—I am truly grateful for the honor conferred in selecting me to deliver a memorial address. While thoughts may be dull, or language inadequate to give fitting expression to them, yet the day is so fraught with memories that I cheerfully accede to the request, and feel that sufficient inspiration can be drawn from the silent eloquence of our surroundings to enable me to perform the duty of the hour.

In this tribute of respect and affection, thus symbolized, all will join, and, before the going down of this noonday sun, the graves of our country's heroes will have been tenderly garlanded with the choicest flowers of every clime, sprinkled, refreshed, and their fragrance made more sweet by tears which spring from hearts filled, not alone with sorrow, but with admiration and gratitude. We are here on a kindred errand, moved by a like spirit, inspired by the same sentiments of love and regard. I feel thankful for the privilege, and consider it a duty, to aid in decorating the graves of our heroic firemen as well as those of our patriotic soldiers.

Soldiers and firemen are essential. The former are enlisted to confront mortal foes and defend the country against foreign invasion, or protect the hearthstone from organized rebellion. The latter are enrolled minute men who have to face the relentless element that is ever lurking ready to spread ruin in our midst, only awaiting favorable conditions to arouse itself as a demon of destruction.

When the tocsin of war was sounded and the call to arms came from the chief magistrate of this nation there sprang from the ranks of the enrolled firemen hundreds and thousands, who became the best soldiers. They were made so by the previous discipline to which they had voluntarily subjected themselves, and there was no office in the gift of the government from corporal to major-general that they did not honorably and creditably fill. I assure you it is with pride as well as pleasure that I can recall, personally, the devotion of Boston and New York firemen who defended the lives and property of our fellow-citizens during the riots under the conscript act. The patriotism and loyalty of the firemen were unbounded, and the action of that noble chief, Elisha Kingsland, and engine company No. 18 with the assistance of that true, noble, liberty-loving young Irishman, Paddy McCaffrey, in saving the lives of the colored orphan children, entitles them to a high place on the roll of honor in the fire service. These honorable acts, I have no doubt, will be coupled with the deeds of the gallant Ellsworth, colonel of New York's regiment of fire zouaves.

The Firemen's Charitable Association began in a small way, but on the sound principle of mutual help among men facing common dangers and sharing common perils. Its members at first contributed each 50 cents a year to a fund from which help was given to indigent firemen, food and clothing to widows and orphans, and such benefactions as the careful administrators of the trust found proper. From this beginning the association grew into a great and useful mutual charity. In 1830 it received its charter. The act of incorporation, signed by Governor Levi Lincoln, named as incorporators Edward G. Prescott, George Dearborn and Jonathan A. Davis, and the purposes of the association were stated to be "affording relief to such of their members as may at any time receive injury in the discharge of their duties as members of the Boston fire department, or to their families in the event of their decease."

It has continued to dispense its bounties to the widows and orphans, to worthy indigent firemen, as well as to those who were injured in the service. It is under the auspices of this association that we meet today, on the ground purchased 30 years ago as a resting place for Boston firemen. It, therefore, becomes our duty to sustain, unimpairing the high reputation this association has attained and to cherish that feeling of fraternal love among firemen which its constitution inculcates. It is in accordance with one of its principles that we are here assembled to give expression to our estimation of the worth of those qualities of heart and soul which so eminently characterized the lives of those whose graves we this hour decorate, and on whose shrines we lay our tributes.

With their relatives and dear friends we claim a right to grieve for their loss from our ranks. We realize that they were sharing with you the sweet love, the fond hopes and the solemn trusts of happy homes when the midnight alarm summoned them from your sides to save and secure from destruction those blessings which you enjoyed. With us, as comrades, they shared our full confidence. Should you visit the great Empire State and make a pilgrimage to Greenwood cemetery, you will there see a very striking work of art, in monumental form, erected to the memory of a fireman who lost his life in successfully saving a child from the flames.

In commemoration of these deeds of heroism of men who well and nobly fought, who marched always forward, never backward, we dedicate these flowers which decorate their honored graves, as a token that they are ever present in our minds and enshrined in our hearts—heroes for all time.

In Memoriam.

Miss Lucy Barnicoat read brief tributes to those in whose memory the exercises were held. These tributes were as follows:

In memory of a member of engine company No. 8, who was killed at a fire Jan. 15, 1833. He was a genial and loyal friend and a brave fireman. Devoid of selfishness, he faithfully performed the duties of his arduous calling.

In memory of William G. Roulstone, who was killed at the Brattle street fire, Aug. 15, 1845. He was attached to Franklin, No. 7, of Charlestown. His cordial and urbane manner had endeared him to all, and the

department lost a valuable member when he was so untimely severed from it.

In memory of George Wiley, who was connected with engine company 11; killed. He was a liberal-minded and whole-souled gentleman, who had a host of friends, and was much beloved by his associates for his strict integrity and genial character.

To the memory of Emerson G. Thompson, who lost his life at a fire in Brattle street, Aug. 15, 1845. He was a member of Howard, 3, of Charlestown. He possessed the unbounded confidence of his comrades. He bore a high reputation as an honorable and upright citizen.

To the memory of George Esty of Franklin, No. 7, of Charlestown; injured at a fire March 31, 1852. He lingered months after the fire, suffering from the injury received at this fire, and at last the maimed fireman responded to his last alarm, and his spirit passed over the river to the haven of eternal rest. He left a great number of sorrowing and loving hearts behind to mourn his untimely fate.

In memory of John Smith; the last alarm to which he responded was for a fire on Kingston street in 1852, where he lost his life. In the discharge of his duties he was always faithful and reliable.

To the memory of Benjamin Foster, who was killed at the Chickering piano factory manufactory fire, on Washington street, Dec. 1, 1852. Conscientious in fulfillment of duty, he died where he lived and loved to be, at the post of danger. His memory is cherished by the department for his many good qualities.

To the memory of G. W. Warren of hook and ladder No. 1, killed July 20, 1856. A typical fireman, a good fellow and a strictly honest man, whose great passion for fire duty led him to the breach, where he sacrificed himself for the public good.

To the memory of John W. Tuttle, who gave up his life at the Federal-street fire May 2, 1858. This chivalrous man was a ready volunteer for all hazardous undertakings, and his sudden overtaking in his work was a great loss to his family and a large host of friends.

To the memory of Francis F. Cutting, killed at the Federal-street fire, May 2, 1858. His boldness and daring eminently fitted him for a fireman's labors, and he frequently gave evidence of bravery in trying positions. His death was much regretted by his associates, to whom he had endeared himself as a friend and a companion.

To the memory of Reuben Hanford of hose company No. 5, who always took a warm interest in the affairs of the company. He was a true friend and blithe companion, and very much esteemed by his associates.

To the memory of Daniel Denderson. He was, at the time, the only colored member of the department. Always polite and accommodating, he became quite a favorite with the members of the company, and no more capable man was enrolled in the department.

To the memory of Captain Charles Carter of hook and ladder No. 1, who was killed at the Manning & Glover fire in Merchants row, Jan. 19, 1860. His associates were quick to respond to all his commands, for he had their confidence and esteem. In token of which they now lay their tribute to the memory of his noble qualities.

In memory of Captain Dutton, who lost his life at the Merchants row fire, Jan. 19, 1860. His was the spirit to guide and direct. Danger was unknown to him. Ever ready to lead, he stopped to the breach and gave up his life and proved his faithfulness, even unto death. Would that our offerings had life as lasting as our remembrance of his valorous deeds.

To the memory of George N. Abercrombie of engine company No. 7, whose last response to duty's call was to an alarm from box 21 on July 11, 1862. Self-devotion was a characteristic trait of his noble nature. In his efforts to save the hoseman of his company he yielded up his life.

In memory of James Hall of hook and ladder No. 4, who was killed in the prime of manhood, March, 1862. He was a cheerful and companionable comrade, and we mourn his loss.

To the memory of George Goliiff, who belonged to hook and ladder company No. 1. His faithfulness and efficiency were always to be relied on, and these flowers, with which we now adorn his grave, are our mark of the esteem which we hold him in.

To the memory of Thomas Young of engine No. 6, killed Nov. 1, 1872, at a fire on North street. He was one of the foremost and most active members of his company. His absence was lamented.

In memory of Captain William Farry, who was in command of hook and ladder company No. 4 on the memorable days of Nov. 9 and 10, 1872, and who lost his life in that terrible struggle:

Active, zealous, firm and bold,
 Nature's nobleman, pure as gold:
 We crown thy grave with our sweetest flowers.

To the memory of Assistant Foreman Daniel Cochran of hook and ladder No. 1, who was killed at the great fire Nov. 9-10, 1872. Beloved by those to whom he was endeared, his many attributes won his associates' respect. To his endeared memory we tender our offering.

To the memory of James Sturks, who was killed at the Hanover-street fire, Feb. 27, 1873. At the time he was a member of Hawes Engine Company 15. He gave up all the brightness and joys of earthly blessings that others might enjoy happiness and prosperity.

In memory of John Prince, Jr., who was cut down in the prime of blooming manhood at the fire in Hanover street, Feb. 27, 1873. Gifted by nature with a warm and generous heart and endowed with undaunted courage, he proved to be the worthy son of a veteran sire. His many qualities won the admiration of all, and his loss we deplore.

To the memory of Thomas J. Tobey, who lost his life in the faithful and fearless discharge of duty. By nature and principle a loyal, brave and devoted citizen and fireman. The pearly gates of the heavenly portals are ever ajar to such as he.

In memory of Joseph Pierce, who responded to his last alarm Aug. 12, 1884, in company with the members of engine No. 4. It can be truthfully said he was a genial and a true friend, a good citizen, a loyal husband, and, by nature, a brave fireman. We revere and cherish his memory.

To the memory of James M. Singley of Barnicoat Engine Company, No. 4, killed Aug. 12, 1884. He honored the service in his membership, so we venerate and keep green his memory.

To the memory of James W. Sweetser of protective company No. 1, who was killed March 8, 1885. The alarm which summoned him to death was pulled in from box 47, and was for a fire in India square. The falling ladder which struck down our comrade crushed out a brave, generous and devoted spirit.

In memory of William H. Flavell, Box 8, Nov. 25, 1886, was a fatal summons to him. He was noted and distinguished for bravery. A very energetic and active worker, he was always found at the most dangerous places, and many heroic deeds have been recorded to his name on the department's registers.

Enrolled within our hearts thy name,
 No hour neglect thy lasting fame.

To the memory of Albert Sweet, killed September, 1859. At the time he was enrolled in the company attached to engine 2 of Roxbury. He was a well-known citizen of that municipality, and his death caused sorrow to a large circle of relatives and admiring friends.

In memory of John H. Kelly, a member of hook and ladder company No. 4, who lost his life June 16, 1875. Gentlemanly by nature and bold in disposition, he was a great favorite with all.

To the memory of Fred Gay, attached to hook and ladder No. 3, killed Jan. 5, 1878. He was always in the lead. Ready and willing at all times, he was never known to shirk or skulk from any responsibility put upon him: He died as he lived, a hero.

Ex-Chief William Barnicoat, one of nature's noblemen. He was loved and respected by all who had the honor of his acquaintance. As chief of Boston's fire department, he endeared himself to all classes of our citizens, and possessed the confidence of all who served under him. Though gone, his spirit lives, and his name is today a household word throughout the length and breadth of this Union.

In memory of Elisha Smith, ex-Chief Engineer of the Boston fire department. A noble specimen of a noble man. He labored zealously for the department's best interest, but was cut off in his early manhood by disease contracted from the exposure which his trying position forced him to undergo. His name is one that will be a pleasant oasis in the memory of Boston's firemen.

In the death of ex-Chief Engineer George W. Bird his many friends and comrades lost a cherished companion; the old fire department a sagacious, able and efficient chief, whose cheery voice was sadly missed.

In memory of ex-Engineer George Thom, a member of the fire-alarm department for the past 30 years, who lost his life Nov. 25, 1886, while in active discharge of his duties—a gentleman, a fireman, one who was modest and retiring, yet bold, brave, and efficient in emergencies. To us, his past associates, a loss, but to him, a gain.

In memory of Mr. Smith, driver of hose company No. 2 carriage, a veteran member of the department, who had served the city faithfully for a score of years, and at last met with a painful death while in discharge of his duty. To his friends he left as a legacy a round and symmetrical character.

In memory of Mr. Hayes of engine 26, struck down without a moment's warning; the epistle which he left to his many friends, "Be ye also ready."

A poem was read by Rev. W. I. Haven, who closed the exercises with a benediction.