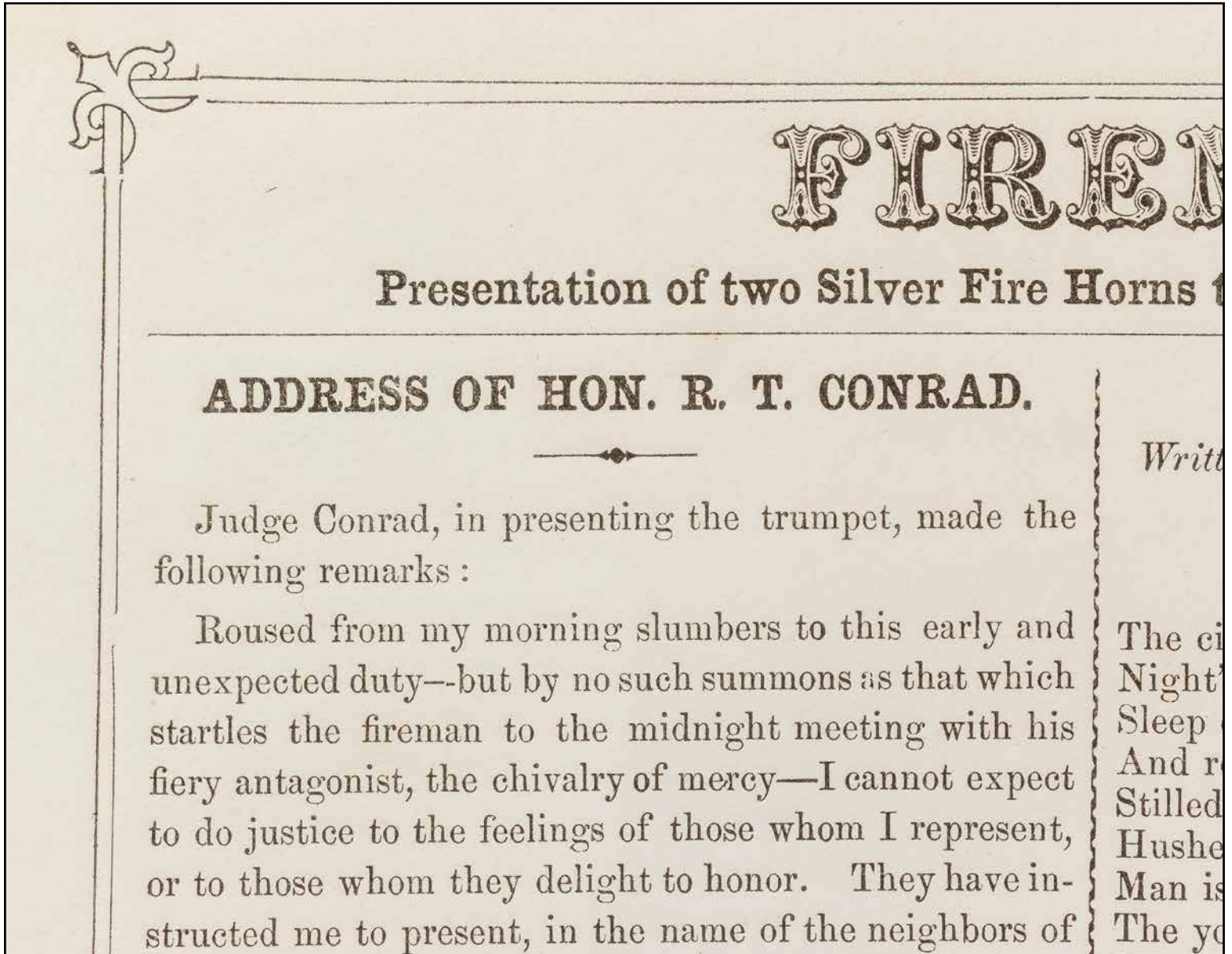


Robert Taylor Conrad and Philip S. White

[Broadside]: Fireman's Parade. Presentation of two Silver Fire Horns to the Hibernia Engine Company, No. 1. Philadelphia, October 5th, 1857

706 S. 3d St. bel. Shippen, Phila.: Published by Wm. Smith... Looking Glass, Portrait & Picture Frames of every description 1857 \$950



Broadside. 14" x 17". Printed in three columns. Tiny crease in one corner, else fine. Contains the addresses made on the occasion by Judge Robert Taylor Conrad and Philip S. White, as well as a long poem: "Fireman's Address. Written at the request of the Association of Disabled Firemen", also by Conrad. OCLC locates four copies of three records. Detailed image on following page. [\[BTC#426680\]](#)

FIREMAN'S PARADE.

Presentation of two Silver Fire Horns to the Hibernia Engine Company, No. 1 Philadelphia, October 5th, 1857.

ADDRESS OF HON. R. T. CONRAD.

Judge Conrad, in presenting the trumpet, made the following remarks:

Roused from my morning slumbers to this early and unexpected duty—but by no such summons as that which startles the fireman to the midnight meeting with his fiery antagonist, the chivalry of mercy—I cannot expect to do justice to the feelings of those whom I represent, or to those whom they delight to honor. They have instructed me to present, in the name of the neighbors of the Hibernia Engine Company, this beautiful trumpet. It is a tribute from the citizens of this vicinity, a portion of the city containing property of vast value, which has been rendered secure by your protection; and they desire thus to express their grateful sense of your guardianship. It is presented in behalf of fathers whose homes you have rescued from desolation, of mothers whose pillow slumbers your gallant exertions have rendered secure, and children of whose couch your vigilance is a guardian spirit. Your noble services in the past inspire their gratitude; your present and ever ready alacrity "to shield the suffering and protect the weak," their confidence and your virtues, their respect and esteem. If antiquity can induce veneration, your title will not be gainsaid, for you are the oldest. If patriotism can secure admiration, it will be yielded to you, for our revolutionary contest witnessed the devotion and the sacrifices of your patriarchal founders. If long-continued public services merit public regard, yours cannot be overlooked, for they have extended from generation to generation, from the white haired sire to the daring son, for nearly a century. If alacrity and energy, intrepidity and success in warfare with the wasting element can make a reputation, it is yours, for a thousand trials have won a thousand triumphs. And if a respect for the laws and a love of order can dignify public spirit, where have they been more nobly exhibited than in your career.

Heroism knows no battle field so sublime as that of humanity. It meets, with as proud a spirit, perils as fearful—it welcomes sacrifices as large, and endures hardships as trying, as actual war; but its spirit is benevolence, instead of rage—instead of hatred, love. Its career is one of beneficence, not devastation; and it is hailed and followed, not by execrations but blessings. All other spheres of public exertion meet public reward.

For gold the sailor ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the meadow;
But mercy is the Fireman's sin,
The Fireman's sword is honor.

Whatever prejudices may have existed in regard to firemen have disappeared before the favorable evidence of the past and present conduct and character. Their actual services in the preservation, annually, of millions of property, and in the protection and rescue of human life, their liberal public spirit, their alacrity, courage and hardihood, and more than all, their present uniform devotion to the cause of law and order, have deservedly won for them the admiration and gratitude of their fellow-citizens. If dangerous public riots should arise, where alone they are to be feared, among those who are strangers to our laws, the authorities would find no more faithful and efficient champions, none so faithful and efficient, as the fireman. If war should threaten our homes, they would furnish, at a moment's notice, a civic guard unsurpassed in all that constitutes the soldier.

Appreciating these merits, grateful for past and confident of future protection, your neighbors, as a memento of their admiration, esteem and gratitude, beg your acceptance of this trumpet. When, hereafter, you meet your enemy, and hear, amid the roarings of the stormy conflagration, its summons, you will thrill to think that your neighbors and your friends speak through its tones, and call you to your duty.

FIREMAN'S ADDRESS:

Written at the request of the Association for the Relief of Disabled Firemen.

BY HON. ROBERT T. CONRAD.

The city slumbers. O'er its mighty walls
Night's dusky mantle, soft and silent falls;
Sleep o'er the world slow waves its wand of lead,
And ready torpors wrap each sinking head;
Suffled is the stir of labor and of life;
Hushed is the hum, and tranquilized the strife.
Man is at rest, with all his hopes and fears;
The young forget their sports, the old their cares;
The grave or careless, those who joy or weep,
All rest contented on the arm of sleep.

Sweet is the pillowed rest of beauty now,
And slumber smiles upon her tranquil brow;
Her bright dreams lead her to the moonlit tide,
Her heart's own partner wandering by her side.
'Tis summer's eve; the soft gales surely rouse
The low-voiced ripple and the rustling boughs;
And faint and far, some minstrel's melting tone
Breathes to her heart a music like its own.

When, hark! Oh, horror! what a crash is there!
What shriek is that which fills the midnight air?
'Tis fire! 'tis fire! She wakes to dream no more!
The hot blast rushes through the blazing door!
The dun smoke eddies round; and, hark! that cry!
"Help! help! Will no one aid? I die—I die!"
She seeks the easement, shuddering at its height.
She turns again; the fierce flames mock her flight;
Along the crackling stairs they heretofore play,
And roar, exulting as they seize their prey.

"Help! help! Will no one come?" She can no more,
But, pale and breathless, sinks upon the floor.
"Will no one save thee? Yes, there yet is one
Remains to save, when hope itself is gone;
When all have fled, when all but he would fly,
The FIREMAN comes, to rescue or to die!
He mounts the stair—it wavers 'neath his tread;
He seeks the room—flames flashing round his head;
He bursts the door; he lifts her prostrate frame,
And turns again to brave the raging flame.
The fire-blast smites him with its stifling breath;
The falling timbers menace him with death;
The sinking floors his hurried step betray,
And ruin crashes round his desperate way.

Hot smoke obscures—ten thousand cinders rise—
Yet still he staggers forward with his prize.
He leaps from burning stair to stair. On! on!
Courage! One effort more, and all is won!
The stair is passed—the blazing hall is braved!
Still on! Yet on! Once more! *Thank Heaven she's saved!*
The harpy seaman parts the storm to brave,
For beck'ning fortune wags him from the wave;
The soldier battles 'neath his smoky shroud,
For Glory's bow is painted on the cloud;
The Fireman also dares each shape of death—
But not for fortune's gold nor glory's wreath.
No selfish throbs within their breasts are known;
No hope of praise or profit cheers them on.
They ask no meed, no fame; and only seek
To shield the suffering and protect the weak!

For this the howling midnight storm they woo;
For this the raging flames rush fearless through;
Mount the frail rafter—climb the smoky hall—
Or toil, unshrinking, 'neath the tottering wall.
Nobler than they who, with fraternal blood,
Dye the dread field or tinge the shuddering flood—
O'er their firm ranks no crimson banners wave;
They dare—they suffer—not to slay—but save!
At such a sight, Hope smiles more heavenly bright;
Pale, pensive Pity, trembles with delight;
And soft-eyed Mercy, stooping from above
Drops a bright tear—a tear of joy and love!

And should the Fireman, generous, true and brave,
Fall as he toils, the weak to shield and save;
Shall no kind friend, no minstrel ring hand be found
To pour the balm of comfort on his wound?
Or should he perish, shall his orphans say
"He died for them—but what for us do they?"
Say, is it thus we should his toils requite?
Forbid it, Justice, Gratitude and Right!

Forbid it, ye who dread what he endures;
Forbid it, ye whose slumbers he secures;
Forbid it, ye whose hands he toils to save;
Forbid it, all, ye generous, just and brave!
And above all, be you his friends, ye fair,
For, you were ever his especial care;
Give to his cause your smiles, your gentle aid—
The Fireman's wounds are healed—the Orphan's tears are stayed.

ADDRESS OF PHILIP S. WHITE, ESQ.

RESPECTED SIR:—By the unmerited partiality of a portion of my fellow-citizens, I was selected as their honored instrument to present this beautiful silver trumpet to the Hibernia Fire Company, of which you are the honored President, as a testimonial of their friendship for its members and of high appreciation of their personal sacrifices and public services.

Chaste and costly as is its workmanship and material, yet the meaning they design it to convey constitutes its chief importance. Its unsullied whiteness may fairly symbolize the purity of the Company's motives; its material is a fit emblem of the value of its services, and its form is not an inapt intimation that gratitude should so proclaim trumpet-tongued the praises of merit as to stimulate others to emulate a like glorious career.

There are two prominent reasons why an appreciating community should tender to you this merited compliment. The one is the importance of the district which constitutes the more legitimate sphere of their labours; the other is the promptitude and efficiency with which they have bestowed them. A glance at the district in question will fully establish the truthfulness of the first proposition. It extends from South to Vine streets, and from Seventh street to the Delaware river. In this area there is but one fire company, and that is the one over which your age, experience, and 40 years of devotion to that cause, so admirably qualify you to preside. In that area may be found all the Exchange, Post Office and Custom House brokers—all the printing offices—all the newspapers of the city—all the bonded warehouses, the Post-Office and the Custom House—all the express offices—all the steambot landings—all the banks save two, and nearly all the insurance offices.

Here, then, is the important fact that the Hibernia Fire Company is the only one in the midst of a portion of the city which contains more wealth and consequence than all the other portions of it combined. The importance of the locality, therefore, should make us tremblingly alive to the character and privations of this time-honored association.

The other reason attaches to it, if possible, a deeper interest still, and most emphatically calls for an ostensible public acknowledgment of our gratitude to its members severally and collectively. The promptitude which has characterized their conduct in so many instances of being first at the scene of disaster and the last to leave it, should endear them inexpressibly to every man who wears in his bosom an American heart. Go on then, gentlemen, in your glorious career of benevolence and usefulness, and constitute for yourselves what your gallant President has already become, a valuable page in the history of our common country.

Col. Page received the offerings in behalf of the company, of which he is now President, and replied in suitable terms. The whole affair was one of exceeding interest and highly gratifying.

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