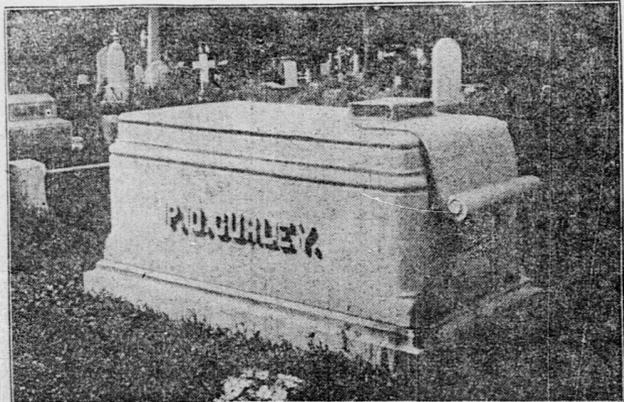
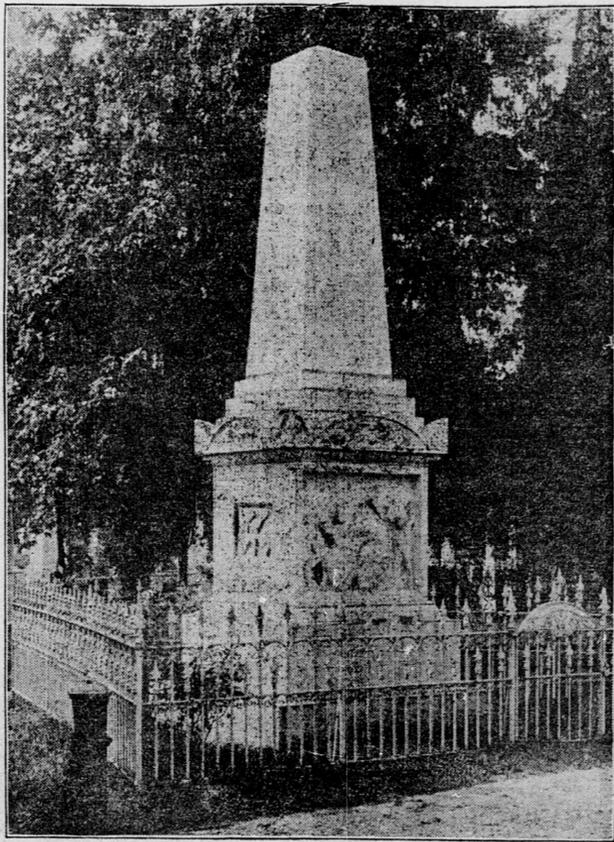


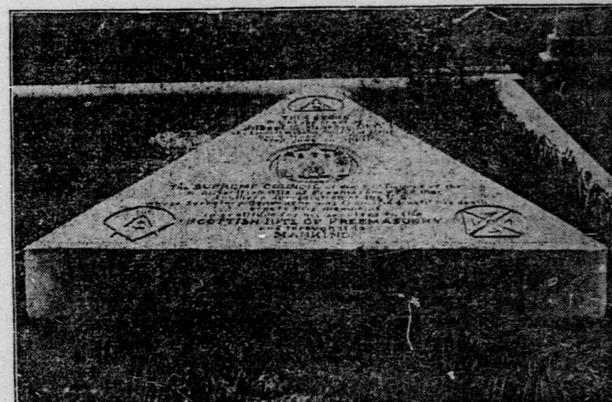
.: The Hills, Vales, and Tombs of Glenwood Cemetery .:



Gurley Memorial.



The Fireman's Monument.



In Memory of Dr. Mackley.

Imposing Monuments and Striking Cenotaphs in This Quietly Beautiful City of the Dead Where Lie So Many of Washington's Distinguished Departed—Romantic Location and History of the Burying Ground.

At the intersection of Lincoln Avenue and North Capitol Street there is a quiet "City of Peace" embraced within an area of slightly more than fifty acres. These are God's acres, and the calm, still city is known as Glenwood. Within its sacred confines "in their narrow beds" forever sleep many who were among the best-known and dearest beloved citizens of Washington.

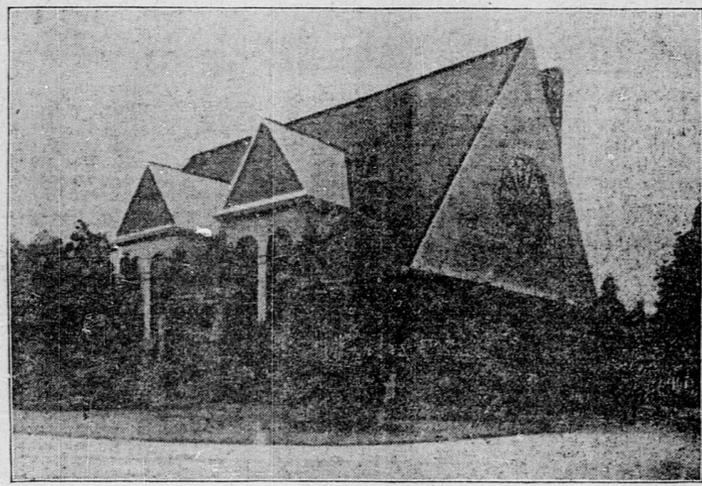
Glenwood cannot be called an old cemetery in comparison with Oak Hill, Rock Creek, or the Congressional burying grounds, but neither is it a new graveyard, to use those old expressions. It was incorporated by an act of Congress approved about half a century gone by, the original incorporators being such well-known citizens as Charles B. Calvert, George Parker, William B. Todd, James C. McGuire, William A. Bradley, Charles S. Wallach, Abner Miller, William Banks, Joseph B. Close, William Phelps, William S. Humphreys, and Randolph S. Evans.

Once Called Moore's Lane.

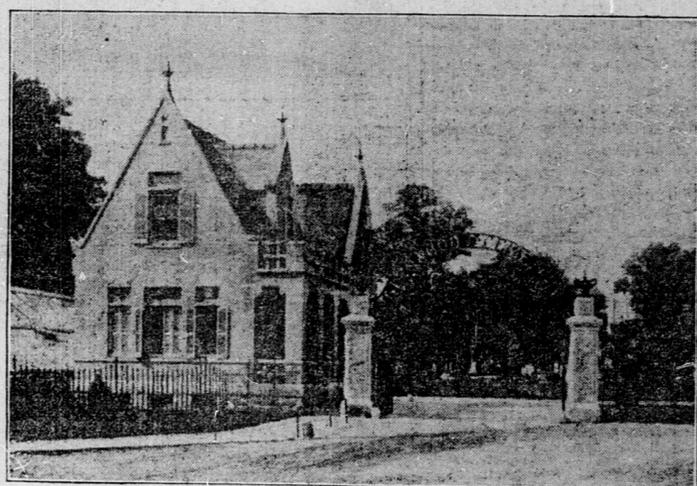
When the first hearse with its occupant in her eternal sleep passed within the gates of the cemetery, the road by which it and the cortege that followed passed was called Moore's Lane. It has lost that name now, and is down on the city maps as Lincoln Avenue. Moore's Lane was a beautiful highway. Its sides were lined with lovely trees, and all along its length wild roses, shrubs, and other glories of Flora's realm rioted in their wealth of fragrance and profusion. On the right of the old gatekeeper's lodge—there is a new one on the site now—was Berry's woods, renowned for the famous spring, the wreck of which is still visible in the woodland, and for being the headquarters of the various gypsy tribes that so often built their camps within its shades, and whose sun-tanned queens, after having their palms crossed with silver, told the fortunes of lovesick swains and forlorn maids who, when Nomads were in this neighborhood, paid daily visits to their encampments. These woods were also a favorite place for the picnics of Sunday school children, and many a Fourth of July celebration has taken place within their borders, when youthful orators read the Declaration of Independence, and declaimed on the liberty and glory of this our common country. Even then almost before their gaze white monuments behind a white-paled fence were increasing in their numbers, and the solemn pathos from Glenwood's grounds mingled with the rippling laughter of children and the sounds of joy beyond their limits.

Now all is changed. Glenwood only remains. Moore's Lane is a well-kept, beautiful avenue, but it is Moore's Lane no longer. The old cemetery lodge, with the not very pleasant looking effigy of old Father Time with his scythe, has been demolished, and in its stead there is an imposing structure that fairly challenges admiration.

The first occupant of Glenwood was Mary Ann Donn, a member of one of the oldest and best-known families in this



The Chapel.



Entrance to Glenwood.

city. This lady died on July 22, 1854. And this calls to mind a somewhat pathetic incident which occurred during the dedication of the cemetery chapel, December 4, 1852. On that occasion the well-known minister, Rev. Byron Sunderland, who was then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, referred to the fact that on August 2, 1854, he delivered a poem as a part of the dedication exercises of the cemetery. "On that day," he said, "there was but one grave in these grounds. Now, I am informed, there are 12,000. It has literally become a city of the dead. I have been

honored by the managers of the cemetery with an invitation to take part in these exercises by reading the poem, revised and amended as far as may be, to suit the present conditions. I will only add, as I do with deep sensibility, that of the persons taking a prominent part in the dedication thirty-eight years ago, I know none but myself who survives today."

The one grave referred to by the well-known clergyman was, of course, that of Mrs. Donn. The well-beloved preacher, who passed the greater number of the years of a long life in this city,

now himself lies with folded hands beneath a flowery turf, that is ever kept green, within the gates of the old Congressional Cemetery.

The chapel in Glenwood has a seating capacity of 400, and contains four catacombs where bodies may be deposited a limited time and also in turbulent weather to avoid the danger of outdoor exercises.

HEARD AT THE BANK TELLER'S WINDOW

It is a wonderful sight to watch the receiving teller of a big bank plying his trade. Wonderful that men can acquire such facility in the intricate ways we have of doing our business and wonderful none the less for the coolness with which foolish questions are always asked.

The next time you want to spend a half hour in a novel fashion stand near the teller's window in one of the big banks near the Treasury.

"Take this deposit, will you," said a smart, old man of business, in a check suit and wearing white mutton chop whiskers. The sign "Closed" was staring him in the face as he passed the money under the barred gate of the receiving teller's window, but the long-suffering man said: "I'll accommodate you this time, sir, if you will make it a rule in future to come before 3 o'clock."

"Very well," said the old fellow in a tone that clearly meant, "all that I want is to get this money in the bank."

"What interest do you pay on deposits?" asked a grandmother dressed in gay colors.

"Three per cent, madam."

"What, only 3 per cent? My friend Colonel Elliott tells me you pay 4 per cent. Don't deceive me, young man."

"No, madam. We pay only 3 per cent. Formerly all banks paid 4 per cent, but now you'll find the uniform rate is what we give."

"Well—I expect I'll have to go somewhere else."

"Teller, let me see my deposit slip for May 7. My balance is short \$3.28. You've made error, and see what trouble it is giving me."

"What do all these marks mean alongside of every item?" said the depositor when the slip was handed him.

"That shows that the other teller as well as myself has verified this amount."

"Well, I guess the book is correct. But don't let me have this trouble again."

"I want to deposit the interest on this account for last month," you'll hear some young fellow say.

"Go down to the passbook clerk at the window to the right."

"Here's half-a-dozen bank books with some deposits. Write them up as soon as possible. I'll back after lunch," remarks the fifteen-year-old office boy.

"He's got his nerve with him, all right. 'He's got his nerve with him, all right,' comments the fat man from the rear of the line.

"After you balance my book and enter this deposit," said a lady, "send it to Cumberland Cottage, De Lancy Street, New—"

"I'll enter the deposit," said the teller, "but you'll have to leave all instructions with the passbook clerk."

"I can't take these, sir," said the teller to a gentleman. "These coupons don't mature until November."

"Let me see. Is it possible that I cut the wrong coupons? Yes, I did for a

fact. But say, teller, you know me. Can't you fix this up anyhow?"

"No, sir. It's utterly impossible."

"None of these checks has been indorsed," said the teller handing the bankbook back to a clerk.

When the "rush" was over the reporter went up to the window to pass a word with the man who is tired out every day counting money. Did our ancestors ever think such a thing possible? Does the old lady with a morsel o'ller in the toe of an old sock believe that it is possible for a strong man to earn his bread and butter by counting dollars? "You must have had a hard day," said the reporter, noticing the worn expression on his face.

"No," he answered, "this is an ordinary morning's work. It's 3 o'clock now, and I haven't had a bite to eat. I go to lunch whenever there is a lull in business." There isn't much work there," said he, with a smile as the reporter glanced at the pile of bills, notes, and coins on the counter before him. "It doesn't take long to balance the cash, then I'll check up all the notes that have been paid in today, as—"

"Do you ever have trouble in striking a balance?"

"Not often, and I pity the receiving teller who does. The layman has no idea of the vexation of reviewing accounts. It's the most fatiguing work in the world. It means a constant mental effort. Have you ever noticed how few men there are in banks with full, thick suits of hair? I haven't any authority

for the notion, but I believe it's due more or less to worrying over accounts and books that refuse to balance. Of course, a man is often out a few dollars, but that does not give him a great deal of annoyance. It's the big sums that bring the headaches and the breakdowns."

"What do you do with the dirty and defaced paper money?"

"Why there's a knack of picking out the old bills as you count a lot of money. You get on to it after a little, and it becomes mechanical. The Government gives the bank new bills for old."

"Do you ever have disputes with customers?"

"Not often. I've only been through one embarrassing situation of the kind. A gentleman discovered after having his book balanced that he was short in some way to the amount of \$500. He declared to the cashier that his clerk had deposited a New York draft for the sum of \$500. He insisted that the boy brought back a duplicate ticket for that amount, but he had since lost that ticket. We consulted the original ticket, which called for only \$300. We wrote to the New York bank, requesting that they send on the paid ticket under registered mail. When the draft was examined it was found that it had been cleared on some other bank, and the customer's name was indorsed on the back. When his memory was refreshed in this unpleasant manner he apologized. It was very unpleasant for a while. The bank had me watched constantly."

BRAINS: QUALITY, AND QUANTITY

Little head, little wit; Great head, not a bit.

S runs the familiar couplet. On the turf it is said that a good big horse is better than a good little horse. So a good big brain is better than a good little brain.

The average weight of the human brain (male) is about 49½ ounces at forty years of age, the period of its highest development. The proportionate weight of the brain to that of the body is far greatest at birth, when it is as 1 to 6. Little wonder that babies learn so rapidly. At ten years the proportion is as 1 to 14, which accounts for boys of that age being so "fresh" with their superiors. When able to vote this proportion is reduced to 1 to 30, and after the young man is settled in life, putting his past in the ice box and looking to his future, it is further reduced to about 1 to 30½.

It has been said often that Daniel Webster had the heaviest brain of any man in the world in any age. This is pure guesswork. His brain actually weighed 64½ ounces, or about 30 per cent above the average.

The ordinary brain begins to lose weight after the fortieth year at the rate of one ounce every decade. Webster's was an exception. His cerebral

organs continued to grow till the day of his death. Even his skull increased in size, as if to make room for the brain. His hats were always getting too small for him. He dared not leave his measure with a hatter, because it had to be changed every year or two.

The heaviest brain of which there is accurate record was that of Turgenieff, the celebrated Russian poet and novelist. It weighed 71-3 ounces, nearly 7 ounces more than Webster's.

Cuvier, father of modern comparative anatomy, a man of gigantic intellect and ceaseless activity, had a big brain. It weighed 65.7 ounces, or 11-5 ounces more than Webster's.

Byron had brains to spare, if weight counts for anything. His cerebral organs were nearly as large as Webster's, weighing 63.8 ounces. Schiller, another poet, had 55.3 ounces of gray matter, while Dante, still another, had 50.2 ounces. Gauss, the great German mathematician, had a brain of 52.7 ounces.

Prof. Virchow has found a brain weighing 67.7 ounces, but its owner was absolutely without high mental development. He may have been sickly, as men with brains usually are, the body being unable to nourish well so much head power.

Many very large brains are full of tumors.

Some of the greatest men of all time had small brains. There is a man in Brooklyn, says the "New York Press," who wears an 8½ hat. He must have

a heavy brain, but he couldn't make more than \$25 a week to save his life. He's a crank. He's sickly. He's miserable.

When you see a man whose derby or silk hat becomes him, seeming a part of him, "sets him off" and adds much to the tout ensemble, you may rest assured that he has a big head. But you cannot tell whether he possesses brains of high quality or not. In brains it is quality first, quantity next. But, as said in the beginning, a man with a big brain of fine quality is better than a man with a small brain of fine quality. "A good big one is better than a good little one."

Coming back to Webster, it is a remarkable fact that when the post-mortem examination of his brain was made a well-marked effusion upon the arachnoid membrane was discovered—that is, there had been a discharge of fluid from a part of the brain against this membrane. There were no perceptible evidences of any lesion during Mr. Webster's life. The surgeons decided that the effusion must have been caused by his severe fall from a carriage while in Kingston a year before his death.

It is a wonderful physiological mystery how an injury that would have impaired the intellect, if not at once caused death, in another should in this instance have been attended with so little external evidence of so important a rupture of a vital organ.

The Clephane Monument.

Presumably there are few residents of Washington who do not recollect Lewis Clephane. Once he was postmaster, and ever an honorable and energetic citizen. Mr. Clephane was probably the best friend the lot owners of the cemetery ever had in the defense of their rights, for the cemetery has had its ups and downs. It was for over forty years in danger of desecration and ruin, until an amended charter brought it out of the depths, and through the energies of Lewis Clephane and others the lot owners now have clear titles to their lots and none can molest them or make them afraid. Mr. Clephane was secretary of the Glenwood board of trustees and is buried within the acres he loved and revered. He died in February, 1897, aged seventy-one, and a beautiful monument stands erected to his memory.

No sceptor is known in the City of Peace; Distinctions no longer divide; But pontiff and peasant, and beggar and king, In changeless equality bide. The same kindly earth folds them fast to her breast; The same gentle dew drops nightly fall; The same soft zephyrs hush them to untrodden rest, And the same loving stars o'er all.

Two plain though somewhat massive tombstones, standing side by side, have in them a more than ordinary pathos for those in any way familiar with Glenwood. They are those of George Clendenin, who was the first superintendent of the cemetery, and Charlotte Clendenin, his wife. They are exactly alike in structure and are seen as one turns to the left upon entering the grounds.

Mr. Clendenin died in November, 1888, at the age of seventy-six, and his wife took her place beside him in September, 1896. She was then seventy-eight years old. Mr. Clendenin until his death was known personally to every lot owner in the cemetery. He came here from New York, where he was born, to take charge of it. Mrs. Clendenin was a native of Dublin. The present superintendent of the cemetery is Alexander McKerchar, who was for a long series of years head gardener at the White House.

Touching Incident at the Dedication Ceremonies Nearly Fifty Years Ago Recalled—One Newly Made Grave Then Where There Are Now More Than Twelve Thousand—Pathetic Remarks of Dr. Sunderland.

was the oldest thirty-third degree Mason in the world. The design is in the shape of a triangle and ornamented with the usual emblems belonging to the exalted office of a thirty-third degree Mason.

The Benjamin C. Greenup monument invites the attention of every visitor to Glenwood. Greenup, who was only twenty-four years old, was in the days of the volunteer fire department a member of the old Columbia Engine Company, and was killed in the discharge of his duty by falling under the wheels

shaft in memory of Joseph S. Wilson, long Commissioner of the United States Land Office; a monument to Richard Taylor, once one of the most prominent merchants on Pennsylvania Avenue, and who died June 2, 1866, aged forty-six years, and others. The well-known cigar merchant, George W. Cochran, who was one of the trustees of Glenwood, has a fine lot and impressive monument. Mr. Cochran, who died in October, 1899, was seventy-five years old, and was one of the best-known business men in Washington.