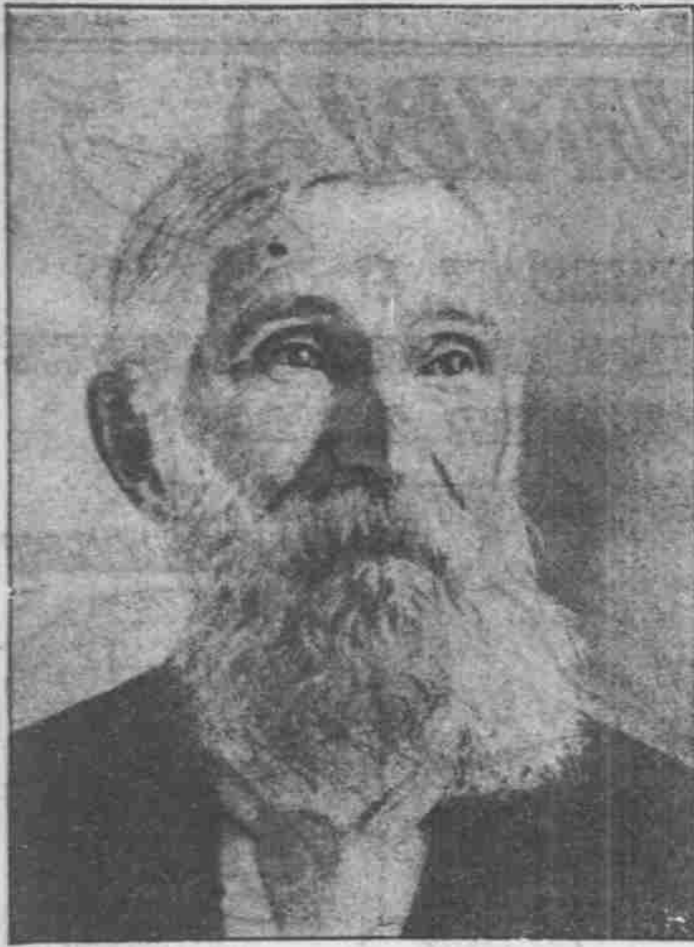


# HYMN BY J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S GRANDFATHER



EDWARD A. PERKINS, RETIRED MUSICIAN, OF PORTLAND.

## Portland Resident Unearths a Cantic, Written 35 Years Ago.

Edward A. Perkins, a retired musician of Portland, has made an interesting discovery concerning the grandfather of J. Pierpont Morgan. While looking over an old scrapbook recently Mr. Perkins found the subjoined letter and hymn, which were written in 1866 by John Pierpont, then a clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington, D. C. Investigation showed that this same John Pierpont was the grandfather of J. Pierpont Morgan, the noted financier. Mr. Perkins was living in Washington in 1866, when the Calvary Baptist Church was dedicated. He was then in charge of the choir that was to sing at the dedication, and had composed an anthem for the occasion.

Having heard of the musical talent of one John Pierpont, then a clerk in the Treasury Department, Mr. Perkins called on him, and asked him to compose an anthem for the dedication. Some days later he received a communication, which is reproduced on this page.

Upon calling, Mr. Perkins was almost dumfounded when Mr. Pierpont handed him an anthem, which far surpassed anything that he had dreamed of. The original manuscript is reproduced.

The hymn was sung at the church dedication under Mr. Perkins' direction. A few months later the church was burned, but through the financial aid of Amos M. Kendall, who had been Postmaster-General under President Jackson, the edifice was rebuilt and rededicated in 1867. Mr. Pierpont's hymn was used again at the second dedication.

John Pierpont was a Unitarian minister of the old school. Before the Civil War he held a pastorate in Boston, which he left in order to accept the office of chaplain in one of the Massachusetts Volunteer regiments. He died in 1880, shortly after the first dedication. His grandson, J. Pierpont Morgan, is one of America's leading financiers, and it is interesting to know that there is such great musical talent in the family.

Mr. Perkins, who has lived in Portland a number of years, is a retired musician. He has studied under such men as Dr. Lowell Mason and Dr. Thomas Hastings. He himself has prepared a number of musical productions, some of which attracted more than passing attention. He is the owner of what is perhaps the oldest copy of Handel's "Messiah" in this country. The name of his grandfather, "Edward Perkins, Hillmarston, England, 1780," written on the fly leaf, is as distinct as though written yesterday. Amos M. Perkins' most treasured possession is a violinello brought to the United States in 1836 by his father. It was "Made at the Sign of the Harp and Harbory, Piccadilly, London, 1745." Ever since then it has been owned by some family descendant. A standing offer of \$500 is no temptation to its fortunate owner.

Treasury Department,  
Washington, D. C. 31 Jan - 1866

My Dear Sir  
If you will take the trouble to look again, this evening at 23, 16th Street, I will show you what I have done, in the way of a Cantic, for the occasion of which you spoke last evening -

Very respectfully  
Yours  
John Pierpont

McEdward Perkins  
AUTHOR'S NOTE TO THE MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

*Hymn*

To be set to music by the leader of the choir, and sung at the dedication of the Baptist Calvary Church, Washington, D. C.

Let the loud trumpet speak!  
Let man his silence break!  
Let woman lift her voice!  
Let all, let all, as one, aloud rejoice!  
Hark! a prophet voice, God-gifted  
To the house of Israel sent  
In the wilderness up lifted  
Cried loud "Repent! Repent!"  
It is the glorious Gospel's dawn:  
And lo! into the Jordan's waters  
Come Judaea's sons and daughters,  
Down, and are baptized of John.  
As, from that baptismal tide,  
Cometh up a lowly one,  
Who, though younger, greater seemeth,  
Than the Baptist, quick and wide,  
From on high a glory beameth  
And a voice from heaven proclaimeth  
"This is my Beloved Son!"

Darkness o'er Jerusalem!  
And, on Calvary's crown-crowned hill,  
Moonlight liech, pale and sleeping,  
Roman soldiers, sitting still  
Round a cross their watch are keeping;  
Gin's daughters near, are weeping,  
With no voice to comfort them.

He, who thro' a passion, died,  
He, on Calvary crucified,  
Lurch! and, thro' Death more strong,  
Triumphing o'er all the wrong,  
That the power of hell could do him,  
All men yet, shall draw unto him.  
Then, let all, with prayer and song,  
Our new Calvary temple throng,  
Praising the Eternal One,  
For his "Well beloved Son!"

John Pierpont

Washington, D. C. 31 Jan 1866.

HYMN WRITTEN BY J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S GRANDFATHER.

(REPRODUCED FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF EDWARD A. PERKINS, OF PORTLAND.)

that the monuments now standing are to be leveled, but it means a good deal for the future of cemetery parks that the public is reconciled to burying lots in which headstones may not rise above the grass.

The economic side of a cemetery without monuments is considerable. A million dollars will not go far in granite shafts and marble pillars, while in simply flat blocks of granite this cost for headstones would be at a minimum. Nowadays the idea of a perpetual caretaking goes with the sale of most cemetery lots, and with the flat lawn surfaces and flat stones over which a lawn-mower will run easily, this cost of caretaking, too, should be cut almost in half.

That while the cemetery is taking on the aspects of a park the park may assume some of the characteristics of the cemetery is scarcely more than possible. In Chicago the north end of Lincoln Park approaches this most nearly of any of them. But even there this sculpture is so different to the tombstone style that the chilliness of stone and bronze is lost in great measure.

Of late, too, park statuary in Chicago has not been in repute as it once was. Looking a gift statue in the mouth has come to be good form in this city, and the idea of two or three Christopher Columbus which have gravitated to garbage dumps in recent years has had the effect of bearing the statue market. As it is, there are several statues in Chicago parks toward which the public feels that a decent interment would be the best mark of appreciation, and so long as these are left above ground their effect promises to be against any radical increase in the statue colonies in the various parks. —Chicago Tribune.

**The Voice of the Grass.**

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere:  
By the dusty roadside,  
On the sunny hillside,  
Close by the noisy brook,  
In every shady nook,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, smiling everywhere,  
All round the open door,  
Where sit the aged poor,  
Here where the children play,  
In the bright and happy May,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere:  
In the noisy city street,  
My pleasant face you'll meet,  
Cheering the sick at heart,  
Telling his busy partner,  
I come creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere:  
You cannot see me coming,  
Nor hear my low sweet humming;  
For in the starry night,  
And the glad morning light,  
I come quietly creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere:  
More welcome than the flowers  
In Summer's pleasant hours,  
The gentle cool is glad,  
And the merry bird and sand,  
To see me creeping, creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere:  
When you're numbered with the dead  
In your still and narrow bed,  
In the happy Spring I'll come  
And deck your silent home,  
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

Here I come creeping, creeping everywhere:  
My humble song of praise,  
Most joyfully I raise,  
To him at whose command  
I loudly do obey,  
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

—Sarah Roberts.

**Childhood's Lost Beliefs.**

I once knew all the birds that came  
And nested in our orchard trees;  
For every dove I had a name—  
My friends were woodpecker, toad and bee;  
I knew what thrush and raven meant;  
What giants would smother a stone-bruised toe—  
I very learned then,  
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill  
Where the chickadee could be found—  
I knew the rushes near the mill  
Where pickered lay that weighed a pound;  
I knew the wood—the very tree—  
Where lived the peacocks, curly crow,  
And all the woods and crows knew me—  
But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,  
I read the old familiar story;  
Only to learn this solemn truth:  
I have forgotten all I loved;  
Yet there's this youngster at my knee  
Knows all the things I used to know,  
To think I once was wise as he—  
But that was very long ago.

I know 'tis folly to complain  
Of whatsoever the fate deems;  
Yet were not I a child again  
I tell you what my wish would be:  
I'd wish to be a boy again,  
Back with the joys of childhood;  
For I was, oh! so happy then—  
But that was very long ago.

—Eugene Field.

**"Hastus."**

De white folks calls me Hastus  
But den dat ain't my name,  
An' if dey will nickname me,  
Can't I see what I'm for blame,  
I knowes I ain't no "Hastus,"  
An' my face is black as night;  
Ain't got no education,  
Excep' ter be polite.

I've got a mighty star in  
'Tid de white folks ober town;  
Dey likes ter hab me de der-der-der  
An' "mutterin' aroun'."  
Dey all say dat I've honus,  
But I can't see de reason why  
De chickens' long de alleys,  
Whah I trabbles roost so high.

I nebber stole a chicken  
In all my bo'n' days;  
Nor I nebber mix wid niggers  
Dat hab sich alim'n' ways;  
But I tells you dat I mighty here  
Foh me ter keep in line,  
An' let watermillions be,  
When dey's ripenin' on de vine.

But if de Lawd will he'll p'me,  
I'll obsest de golden rule,  
An' de "bout luxuries till Fall  
When de weather's gittin' cool,  
An' de "passum an' sweet taters  
Ain't ripe 'n' in deir prime,  
Den you hab guess de niggers's  
Gwine ter make up ter 'em time.

—Joseph W. Ands.

**Dear Mother-Heart!**

Dear Mother-eyes  
That watched while other eyes were closed in sleep,  
That o'er my sliding steps were wont to sweep—  
Are ye now looking from the starry skies  
With clearer spirit-vision, love more deep,  
Unhindered by tears, while I my vigil keep?

Dear Mother-eyes?

Dear Mother-bands  
That tolled when other hands inactive were,  
The clasping mine, constrained me oft to pray,  
For grace to run the way of God's command—  
Are ye now resting or in realms more fair  
Still find ye some sweet mode to minister—  
Dear Mother-bands?

Dear Mother-heart  
That felt the good where other found the ill,  
That loathed the sin, yet loved the sinner still,  
And charmed his soul to choose the better part,  
Farewell a pious's fleeting space until  
God reunites us in His will—  
Dear Mother-heart?

—John Henderson in Chambers's Journal.

**Carnival in the North.**

Arm in arm, their branches twined,  
"Till maules drink the mountain wind;  
Bunch out with oysters to seize  
Plignons of cool September breeze.

Bravely decked in yellow and red,  
Maules stand at the bright throne's head,  
And summon the few to give their aid  
To make this forest more parade—  
Summon even the solemn fire  
To join the ranks of rollestair!

Spurred wooden, Pierce and Joan,  
Now with your caravans lead on!  
Join in the tread, the trees make here,  
For woods will be for half a year,  
Rise a little—Summer is spent,  
And the little—Winter the woods keep Lent!

—Atlantic Monthly.

## Gresham's Day Off.

Story of a Busy Man's Courtship and Its Surprising Termination.

Theodore Banta Sheldon in the Smart Set.

"Ask Mr. Gresham to step here," said Follansbee, dipping his pen in the mulligan and attempting to blot the stub of the book with the check he had just drawn.

"Where is my list of engagements and memoranda?" he asked of the mild-eyed young man who entered.

"Er—you destroyed it by mistake. I've made up a new one," and Gresham laid a typewritten sheet of paper on the desk.

Follansbee bent over it.

"H'm-m! Breakfast with Van Heilbron at 11, and it's now 10 minutes to 12!"

"Colonel Baskam," announced the office boy, "shall he come in, sir?"

"By gracious! I had forgotten him. Ask him to wait five minutes and then show him in. Gresham, will you take a letter to—now, who the devil was I going to write to? What have I on for this afternoon?"

Gresham picked up the list and read: "Billings & Co. at 1:30; directors' meeting, H. F. & D., 3 o'clock; safe deposit vaults with Sanderson, half-past 2; try on at tailor's."

"Confound it!"

"Dine at the Schuylers', and meet Wesley at 11 with the Danforth papers and plans."

"And tomorrow I go to Rodney in the morning and to Philadelphia in the afternoon."

"No, Rodney in the afternoon and Philadelphia in the morning."

"Ah, yes; quite so, quite so."

"And then Wednesday, of course—you'll

hardly need me, will you, sir?" queried Gresham.

"No, I think not. My dear Baskam, how do you do? Why didn't you come right in?"

The caller looked somewhat amazed as he stepped into the private office.

Curtis Follansbee had the day before returned from a three months' business trip to Nicaragua. Middle-aged, he found himself the possessor of wealth and political power. His schemes and deals fairly outnumbered his dollars, and of the former the Nicaragua Company was the last but one. The "but one" was matrimonial. In his nervous yet thoughtful manner Follansbee had decided to marry. He observed very business-like methods in becoming engaged to Helen Atkinson. He wished to be married with absolutely no fuss or frills. She was 28, sensible, poor and plain-looking. He proposed to her by letter the day before he left for Nicaragua; was accepted and forgot all about an engagement ring until he discovered a memorandum on the back of an envelope after he had been away six weeks. He indicated a telegram directing Helen not to write or expect letters, as he was so busy—so busy, in fact, that he neglected to send it.

Wednesday evening, after having consummated an unexpected coup in forming a new company, Follansbee slipped his knee as he sat in the hotel corridor and exclaimed a telegram directing Helen not to write or expect letters, as he was so busy—so busy, in fact, that he neglected to send it.

"Why the devil did I let him go today? This is a mess!"

He paced up and down a moment, then,

## Tombstones Going Out.

Evolution of Modern Burial-Grounds Into Beautiful Park-Cemeteries.

That the cemeteries of the year 2000 A. D. shall be parks, with the chances that the so-called parks of the period shall look a good deal like cemeteries, are possibilities not at all out of keeping with evolutions of the past. In the signs of the times, both possibilities may be regarded with a good deal of certainty, the evolution of the park-cemetery, however, being more imminent and of a good deal more significance.

Cemeteries of the future, showing only the green sweeps of parks, vistas of trees, and the dappled surfaces of pools, with no traces of sculptured stone chilling the park effect, already are promised to a new generation. At the National Association of Cemetery Superintendents in Pittsburg recently that association had a glimpse of the future burying-ground into which a person may look one day and feel none of the half-superstitious repugnance that is associated with a glimpse into the present-day cemetery.

As a matter of truth, the tombstone of the old, conservative type is going out of fashion.

"There is a reason for it," said the superintendent of one of the old cemeteries in this city. "It comes about through the necessity of making all space in the city cemetery available. With each burying lot cut to a minimum and a headstone at each of them, a cemetery that is filled becomes little more than a forest of stone shafts. There are portions of the older cemeteries in Chicago today which have all the stony effect of a city street.

At the ground level are grass and flowers, but to the eye, looking across lots, there is only a stretch of carved stone, with little green to relieve it.

"This effect not only is not pleasing, but it is ugly and in bad taste. It is expensive, too, costing a good deal more than it comes to in effect. How often, passing a cemetery gateway, with stone yards clustering outside of it, can you look inside and get only the old stone yard impression. As for any landscape with keeping the lawn smoothly cut, and the stone pillars in air lifelessness.

"The tendency today is to discourage monuments in graveyards. It is the monument, more than anything else, that has made the cemetery undesirable in a neighborhood. If every burying ground in Chicago were today stripped of its ghostly white shafts and made to conform to the physical lines of a park, more than half of a neighborhood's objections would be wiped out."

At the Pittsburg convention it was brought out that in many cemeteries in the United States the mound effect in burial lots has been dispensed with. It has been found that the mound interferences with keeping the lawn smoothly cut, and in doing away with this feature the dropping of the tombstone idea has been made easier. In some of the most pretentious of graveyards this level effect in landscape gardening has given rise to something new in tombstones. A granite slab about two feet long, one foot wide and six inches thick is made to do duty as birth and death record. The lettering is cut into the polished surface, and the

## Tombstones Going Out.

stone laid flat into a bed of concrete. It is set so low that it does not interfere with the free running of a lawn mower, while its effect on the lawn is not noticeable. Even the corner-stones are sunk to the grass level.

Graceland cemetery in Chicago has done a great deal in furtherance of the park effect in burying grounds. In virtually all of the newer portions of the cemetery the tombstone has been ruled against, the terms under which lots are sold specifying the heights of stones.

The Maplewood section of the cemetery is one of the newest additions, and in this part it is expressly stipulated that no curbing shall be laid and that no headstones shall rise more than one inch above the grass level. There are no graveyards in this portion of the cemetery, all being sodded and presenting a grassy effect once unknown.

Yet this radical departure from the conventional has been well received, and at the offices of the company it was explained that five times as many lots were sold this year as were sold last year in the same part.

In this cemetery this evolution toward park effects has been gradual. In the Bellevue section of the cemetery several years ago the limit for headstones was set at eight inches above the grass. In the Henry D. Field lot, with only a headstone at four inches, and the recent change to almost the ground level shows the trend of cemetery methods.

Already in this cemetery there had been evidence that to get away from the conventional tombstone might be desirable. In Ridgefield section, where lots are owned by some of the most prominent families in Chicago, there are no chiseled monuments. In one of these lots is Bryan Lathrop's translated c'm, standing for the memory of his parents, and next to it is the Henry D. Field lot, with only a granite boulder and the name Field cut into it.

"Certainly there are indications that the park idea in cemeteries is coming," said Superintendent O. C. Simons, of Graceland cemetery. "It is not to be expected

## Tombstones Going Out.

that the monuments now standing are to be leveled, but it means a good deal for the future of cemetery parks that the public is reconciled to burying lots in which headstones may not rise above the grass.

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