

Papers of the Site and Relic Society of Germantown

A Backward Vision and a Forward Glance,
By Francis Howard Williams

Grumblethorpe, By Edwin C. Jellett

Pomona Grove, By Mary W. Shoemaker

Notes on Pomona By Edwin C. Jellett

Germantown
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A BACKWARD VISION AND A FORWARD GLANCE

Composed by Francis Howard Williams, and read at the
Opening of the new home of the Site and Relic
Society in the Wister Mansion in Vernon
Park, Friday, October 25th, 1907.

Gathered within this newly hallowed fane,
We feel the uplifting spirit that endows
Each soul with aspiration, and again
To meet Athena's kiss we lift our brows.
A Presence seems to dwell within these walls
Which now we dedicate to uses high;
Across the centuries float clarion calls,
Pronouncing names that were not born to die.
We close our eyes and see as in a dream
The good ship *Hopewell*, bearing o'er the sea
Those serious, stout-hearted men who seem
Embodiments of faith and constancy.

Pale Kelpius, seeking refuge from the stress
Of this fair world's alluring comraderies,
Where the sad woman in the wilderness
Waited her radiant Lord's apocalypse;
Koster and Falkner—he of Saxony—
Seelig of Lemgo, Ludwig Biedermann;
And later, Witt and Matthias, set free
By callings of the Spirit; white and wan
With long night vigils, Daniel Geissler came,
The bearer of the mystic casket hence;
And, close united in the Holy Name,
The sturdy Lutke and the stern Lorenz.

Pastorius the learned and austere,
Bringing his gift of tongues to quell each strife,
And with his words of comfort oft to cheer
The grim privations of a pilgrim's life.
So from the pages of the storied past
We glean the lesson of work well begun,
And, as our lives a longer shadow cast,
Learn deeper reverence for the men who won
From hard inhospitable rocks the means
To rear the hearthstones of our stalwart sires
And plant a standard mid earth's shifting scenes
And life's elusive and inconstant fires.

We stand to-day upon the sacred soil
 Trodden of patriot feet when war's alarms
 Flung their rude summons on the ears of toil
 From far across the brown and sunlit farms;
 And still there seems an echo in the air
 Of Musgrave's volleys and the iron roar
 Of Conway's guns pounding their answer there
 On window barred and barricaded door;
 And still the roadways of the startled town
 Seem bright with bayonets, glinting in the sun,
 And still we hear the horsemen charging down,
 Obedient to the word of Washington.

Time's chariot wheels have kept their pauseless flight,
 And Learning soars on ever swifter wings,
 Philanthropy has seen the human right
 To lift the human soul to nobler things.
 In teeming cities of our bounteous land,
 In hamlets dotting many a dreamy mead,
 The fair memorials of a generous hand
 Bear silent witness to a generous deed;
 And though the mists of gathering years many blot,
 Or haply dim, the lustre of this fane,
 No noble word is ever quite forgot,
 Nor any high ideal wrought out in vain.

All gratitude and honors manifold
 To him who in the van of life hath stood,
 Whose agile brain transmuted steel to gold,
 Whose human heart transmutes his gold to good.
 Oh! that of all life's leaders we might say:
 "He wrung from Mammon to enrich the mind,
 He forced the world its sordid toll to pay,
 And used its tribute to uplift mankind."
 No carven shaft or bright entablature
 Can bring an added lustre to his fame,
 While through our country's length and breadth endure
 These walls which bear his honorable name.

GRUMBLETHORPE

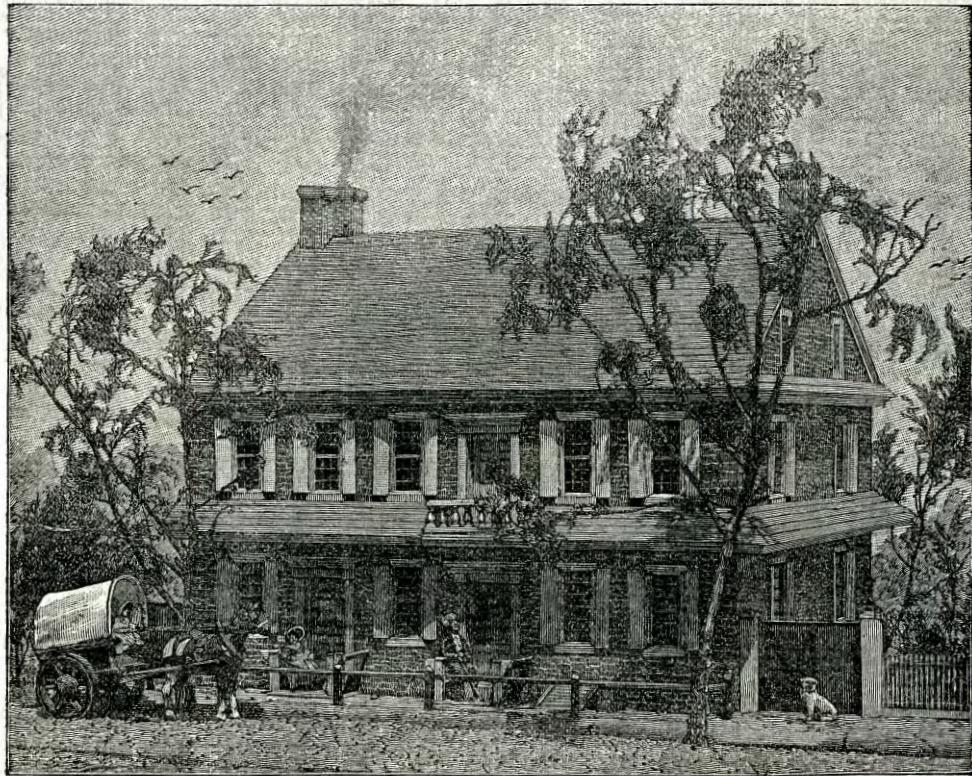
Written for the Site and Relic Society

By EDWIN C. JELLETT

THOSE of us who have frequented our main street for a generation or more, may remember its sinuous lines once perhaps a little more distinct than now, swerving from left to right, "up hill and down dale," its bottom oft a muddy stream, its protected banks in places resembling walled wharves, its footways reminding one of a Venetian water-landing, and yet though never from home, may not be able to recall the completeness of the change.

Thirty years ago the railway tracks by "grace" were present, in rainy weather unseen, in dry weather at many points elevated high above the roadway bed, and extending southward from the terminus of the "horse-car-depot" near "Carpenter's" to the first obstruction at "old curiosity shop" toll-house gate near Rittenhouse Street, over which Enos Springer, its "lord and master," ruled with indulgent sway, and by which solitary infrequent cars after emerging sleepily from their snug retreat, like a caravan upon a "Sabbath day's journey" moved slowly cityward towards "Turn-pike" bridge, from thence to lose themselves from "sight" though not from "memory dear" in their passage from the classic shades of "Roberts' meadow" to the farther settlements of the east, "Rising Sun Village," "Three-mile Run," "Fairhill Meeting," and the seemingly hazy region of far beyond.

In those days, the days were all day long, and Reuben Derr, perched high upon his stool, had time to nod to Enos as he passed, or with favoring luck to halt long enough to enjoy from an apparently inexhaustible store, a good-natured joke for which the genial wag was famed.



GRUMBLETHORPE

The world then, if it did not, at least seemed to move more slowly. Friends had time to greet each other when they met, and men regardless of conditions took time to become acquainted, and enjoy each other's company. Strange as it may seem, this was in our own time, and quite as strange, physical and social changes with equal pace, have onward moved as one.

Now the ancient roadway is improved, Main Street "lots" have vanished, the "village street" like Penn's "Greene country towne" has passed through life to history, a dusty ill-used pike has retreated before a studded road "girt with iron bands," Frey's rural corner has become a surging exchange, cars "few and far between" have given way to others of newer type exasperatingly frequent, an hour and twenty minutes from "Franklinville" to Market Street has been reduced by half, and with more time theoretically, we have used every development to increase our capacity, and with practically no leisure at all, the world in inconsiderate haste moves on, and we perforce move with it, or neglecting, are thrust aside to grovel in obscurity.

But though these changes environ us, the best of our past continues in spirit unaltered, and stands to give us a glimpse of the life of days long dead, to remind us, not that "all that glitters is not gold," but to emphasize a truth, that whatever glitters has no permanent worth.

So am I impressed, as I go about our beloved town,—unique in its position, hallowed by its memories, blessed by a wealth peculiarly its own, its cumulative richness approached by no other American colonial village settlement—and marvel at the abundance of which it is possessed. Out of this superabundance let us, as our ability and opportunity permits, present Grumblethorpe, one of its oldest homesteads, and one of its most worthy representatives.

Historically, Grumblethorpe has been made known to us by John Fanning Watson, by Townsend Ward, by Rev. Samuel F. Hotchkin, and by several others. Mrs. Alice

Morse Earle in "Old Time Gardens" has given us a peep by illustration of its floral adornments, but with the exception of Charles J. Wister, no writer so far as my knowledge covers, has presented Grumblethorpe as a whole, and this, though the limits force it to a superficiality, is the pleasant work we have by request, essayed.

Grumblethorpe, as we doubtless know, is the name of a substantial plastered stone structure of colonial type, standing on Main Street, opposite "Riter's Lane," sometimes "Indian Queen Lane," now known as plain Queen Street, and is owned and occupied by Charles J. Wister, son of the last occupant, and of the same name, who "christened" the place in a spirit of jest, but which becoming known, is religiously preserved.

The Wister family was German, the parents of the first American immigrants being Hans Casper and Anna Katerina, who dwelt at Hillspach, near Heidelberg. Of their children, two sons came to Pennsylvania. The first son, Caspar, arrived at Philadelphia by the ship "William and Sarah" in September, 1717. The second son, Johann, reached the same port in May, 1727. Both brothers settled in the town of Penn, prospered, and as time progressed, became heads of important houses whose names are now familiarly known. Though of great interest, we shall not enlarge upon this branch of the subject, for in a satisfactory way this has been done by Townsend Ward in Pennsylvania Magazine, Vol. 5, page 384, to which all interested are referred and also to the more complete "Memoirs of Charles J. Wister," written by Charles J. Wister, Jr.

It was John Wister, the second son and second immigrant, who built "Wister's big house," a mansion and estate which in time came to Daniel, the eldest son of John, born February 4, 1738-39, "on Sunday afternoon precisely at half-past 3 o'clock, when the planets, the sun and Jupiter were in the sign of the steer," as the quaint record of a superstitious custom most pleasantly preserves. Charles J. Wister, the son of Daniel, succeeded to the property,

and his son, Charles J. Wister, Jr., now in possession, faithfully treasures the trust transmitted through an honored line.

Wister's house was built of stone quarried at "Cedar Hill," a localism almost lost, but once a well known point now occupied by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad at the east end of Bringhurst Street. The woodwork was of oak from trees hewn in Wister's wood, and the house was the first in Germantown designed to be used for a "summer residence," its builder and owner living on Market Street, Philadelphia, his garden there, as Jacob Hiltzheimer informs us, backing against the burial grounds of "Arch Street Meeting," and his house, numbered 325, being celebrated as the first upon which a lightning rod conductor was erected.

This Germantown mansion was a $2\frac{1}{2}$ -story house built in the substantial manner of the period. It had a main entrance centrally placed, with two windows to the right, and a smaller door with a window bounding each side of it to the left. Across the front and side of the house, marking the line of the second floor, was a "pent roof" or projecting eaves, beautiful like specimens of which may yet be seen at Engle, Johnson, Billmeyer and other old houses with us, and above the midway entrance door was a smaller door in place of a window, which opened upon a balustraded balcony.

Windows, five in the upper front, faced the main road, and on each floor two windows faced the east. Over the attic was a shingled roof, and capacious chimneys rose above the ridge at the gable ends of the house. The two street doors, as the custom was, were upper and lower parted, and looked out upon side-long seats, of which the finest representative existing in our midst may be seen at the fine old house owned, and all her long life occupied by Miss Elizabeth R. Johnson. Between the house and sidewall passage there extended for the full length of the unappropriated front, a scantling guard.

About the year 1806 repairs and changes became necessary, and by them, the pent-roof vanished, dormer-windows after thrust their heads through the roof, the main entrance enlarged took the feet from the second story porch, and the upper door made way for a window. The sides and the two left windows continue as originally planned, but the small doorway on the street was altered, and a window was given its place. The front seats and railing guard, like the locust trees which shaded them, have vanished into "thin air."

These changes, though unimportant, were mainly external. Within, the spacious hallway with adjoining low-ceiling rooms on each side, bordering the large kitchen with its great fire-place, its rear broad piazza resting before the garden, continue as of yore, and it requires no vivid imagination to place before us the "good old days" as though they lived again. As an inscribed stone under the eastern eaves bears testimony, the house was built in the year 1744, and from this date to the present hour in it has centered many of the most interesting events connected with our town's history.

Here in October, 1777, was quartered General James Agnew. From this house he proceeded to the battle of Germantown, and to this place wounded he was brought to die. To this place as frequent visitors and guests came, I doubt not, Christopher Saur and Christopher Saur second, "next door neighbors" and friends, and other neighbors notable in their day and generation. Here came frequently Count Zinzendorf, the learned missionary instructor, who was little understood, was much maligned, but whose character was most loyally and ably defended by Ambrose Ritter, whose descendants continue with us, and in the General Agnew room a much-prized Latin letter of Zinzendorf, yet occupies an honored place.

To Daniel Wister's in the palmy days of "Indian Queen Hotel" and Michael Riter, came Gilbert Stuart, the gifted, jovial artist, the patron of one, and the guest of the

other; also Squire Baynton, who after the days of the Saurs occupied their property, whose name is kept before us by a prominent familiar near-by street; and David Conyngham, the owner of the fine old house known by his name, which after his time, was used for a ladies' school by Rev. Dr. Neill and unchanged, stands on Main Street, almost opposite Bringhurst Street.

These were a few of the greater lights which illuminated Grumblethorpe "in the days which tried men's souls," and others who appeared in more favored times were Dr. George Bensell, physician and "poet," who dwelt at School-house Lane and Main Street, and who usually appeared at Grumblethorpe with his servant, "Copperike," a character of local celebrity; "Ben" Shoemaker, "who feared nothing," and who "was endowed with qualities eminently designed to inspire a warm and lasting attachment;" Miss Molly Donaldson, who dwelt at the corner of Main Street and Shoemaker's Lane, a witty, genial, gifted, hostess, an ever-welcome guest, and always a delightful companion. These, with also Reuben Haines, Daniel B. Smith, John Jay Smith, and others "not a few" of Germantown's culture of the middle of the last century for social and intellectual intercourse to Grumblethorpe came. Other welcome frequenters were Isaiah Lukens, a mathematical expert, the builder of "State House clock," now adorning our Town Hall; also the Germantown Academy clock, and a specimen of whose handiwork in the shape of a large musical clock yet dignifies and enlivens the library of Grumblethorpe; Thomas Say, the great entomologist, president of the Philadelphia Academy of the Natural Sciences, the mutual friend of Isaiah Lukens and Charles J. Wister; Prof. Parker Cleaveland, the writer of the first book upon American mineralogy, the instructor and appreciative friend of the host of Grumblethorpe, who is frequently and justly given credit in his work; Dr. W. S. W. Ruschenberger, who sailed many seas, wrote many books, and who by marriage became connected with the Wister

family; Prof. James Nicol, a celebrated geologist and writer, of Glasgow, a prominent lecturer and a popular companion; Rev. Lewis David von Schweinitz, the great fungologist of Bethlehem, who to this place occasionally came, as also his grandson, the Rev. Paul de Schweinitz, whom I had the pleasure of presenting to the present owner of Grumblethorpe at a recent annual meeting of the Pennsylvania German Society; Thomas Nuttall, the author of "Genera of North American Plants," who did more to promote an accurate study of our native plants than did all other writers upon the subject before him; Dr. William Darlington, a resident of West Chester, but no stranger to our town, he one of the most lovable of men, the author of "Flora Cestrica," a book Prof. Thomas Meehan told me he considered the best Amercian "local flora," ever a generous, sympathetic man, whose noble works yet live in the memory of his friends; Bronson Alcott, the brilliant but erratic "master," who taught at Germantown Academy; Prof. Louis Agassiz, the great teacher and greater man, the instructor whose genius more than that of any other made Harvard College known abroad, a beautiful character whose lofty spirit yet seems to dwell among the "courts" it loved; and Prof. Sears Cook Walker, a mathematician of Cambridge, an astronomer of note, and the projector of the first observatory for the Philadelphia High School.

These came to Grumblethorpe, and also others many illustrious in science, art, and literature, and others greater yet in simple goodness; but we may not enumerate all, and, passing many, we shall among a few whom it would be wrong to ignore name the light-hearted Sally Wister, whose well-known Journal makes its every reader love her, who in fullness of years spent her declining days at Grumblethorpe and here died; Charles J. Wister, known to every one of the Germantown of two generations ago, and by every one known beloved, a mineralogist part of whose collections yet cover the library walls of Grumblethorpe, and part enrich the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, pronounced

by competent authorities a superior botanist, and honored by a botanical dedication, a writer whose verse makes us wish that he had gone forward and taken a place in American literature; Charles J. Wister, Jr., an artist and writer, without whose skill much familiar to us of old Germantown would have been lost, a biographer whose work whets our rarer appetite, tempting and causing us to long for more, whose life among us has been a "thing of beauty," a tranquil, wholesome "grand sweet song;" to Owen Wister, a representative of the present generation, a resplendent star yet in the ascendant, brightly gleaming among a galaxy resplendent which, secure, looks out upon space with the serenity of the immortals.

Upon entering the hallway of Grumblethorpe from the street, one is at once confronted by two life-size and life-like figures, both being surviving decorations of the "Meschianza,"—painted by the brilliant, much-lamented Major Andre, and used with good effect in the Foulke mansion at Penllyn, one representing a British grenadier, which prompted the frightened Tilly to flee in confusion before an imagined danger, an episode charmingly described by Sally Wister in her inimitable "Journal;" and near by hangs a crayon drawing by the same gifted artist portraying his betrothed, "Peggy" Chew. To catalogue the wealth of Grumblethorpe is both beyond me and my purpose, but before passing to the garden, let us stop to view a few objects of general interest. In the sitting-room stands a wag-staff 24-hour clock, imported from London in the year 1760, which ticks away the hours in its apparently artificial course, oblivious of our difficulty in knowing whether it be night or morn. Here is displayed an original painting of old-time "Market Square," executed by Charles J. Wister, Jr., with also other views of old Germantown by the same talented artist.

Other treasures near are the original manuscript of "Sally" Wister's "Journal," a "journal" of her later years as yet unpublished, and a manuscript diary of John Kelpius,

the leader of the mystic band of the lower Wissahickon, whose pure spirit left its earthly abode at the early age of 35, and whose unknown place of burial I believe to be in Daniel Geissler's lot, now partly covered by St. Michael's Protestant Episcopal Church.

In the library is a model of the Wister house which was, and from which all well-known pictures of the original house were drawn. About the room, from floor to ceiling, are shelves weighted with well-used books, and in a corner is a mineral collection, the surplus of one already referred to, while over a large musical clock constructed by Isaiah Lukens, and standing near, is perched the weather-vane, which, gaudily colored, did duty on the steeple of Market Square "German Reformed Church" from 1733 until 1763, when it was tumbled to earth by the "Paxton Boys"—rioters, who only desisted from their infamous work when the influential Dr. Franklin came to Germantown, and by persuasion reached their better nature.

This same vane after, long served upon the chicken house of Grumblethorpe, but in the year 1873 it was removed to the library, where from an honored position, it looks down upon a pathetic emblem of the lamented departed, yet showing clearly its stamped inscription,—the "headquarters of General Agnew." Here irresistibly we are carried backward, and amid hallowed memories "live, and move, and have our being."

Passing to a spacious, protected piazza, we see before us in a prominent position a fire bucket of the "Volunteer" period, marked with the familiar initials, "C. J. W., " and near is a comfortable settee, also two large rush-bottomed chairs, the gift of Count Zinzendorf to the late owner of Grumblethorpe, while in the parlor is a circular walnut tea-table from the same honored friend.

Behind us now is the covered area, and before us is the garden where beauty dwells. Immediately in the foreground near its entrance gate is a memorial tree, a superb specimen of over-cup oak (*quercus lyrata*) grown from an

acorn collected in Washington Square, Philadelphia, by Samuel B. Morris, who presented the developed plant to Charles J. Wister, and with the assistance of the Wisters, Charles J., Sr., and Jr., planted it in its present position at Grumblethorpe. The tree now has a trunk diameter of 24 inches, a height of 60 feet, and is beautifully proportioned. Overhanging the side-yard southern front is a *virgilia* (*virgilia lutea*), a native of Kentucky, and though one of the most beautiful of American trees, is rare in gardens, the flowering racemes of which here delight us in early summer, and near stands a superior specimen of common horse-chestnut (*aesculus hippocastanum*).

The oldest, and the first *virgilia* known to cultivation was planted at "Carnaervon," an estate belonging to Susan Wister Price, a sister of Charles J. Wister the elder, and this tree showing an honorable age may yet be seen conspicuously marking the front of "Manheim" grounds.

Coincident and pleasurable is the fact, that in the garden of another relative, that of William Chancellor, situated on West School-house Lane, stands a famous horse-chestnut tree, said to have been planted by President Washington, a plant most tastefully presented by Charles F. Jenkins in his "Washington in Germantown." Beyond the oak tree and occupying a position near the picket fence separating the "piazza" area from the garden is a Kentucky coffee tree (*gymnocladis canadensis*), and near is a honeylocust (*glechitschia triacanthos*), 24 inches in diameter of trunk, and 60 feet high.

Here also is an immense ailanthus, also known as "Tree of Paradise," or Tower tree (*ailanthus glandulosus*), planted in the year 1800 and now having a trunk 60 inches in diameter, with a height of 70 feet, being without exception the largest and the finest specimen of its species I know. Through an old-fashioned picket gate we enter the garden, and from spring to fall

"What lovely tints are there!
Of olive green, and scarlet bright,
In spikes, in branches, and in stars,
Green, red, and pearly white,
And cups the darling of the eye,
So deep in their vermillion dye."

The garden covers an area 188 feet wide by 450 feet long, is bounded to the east by a vegetable garden, to the north by the barn and pasture fields, the total length of the tract from Main Street to Wakefield Street being 900 feet. The garden in type is semi-formal, having a central walk 10 feet wide flanked by rectangular, semi-circular and angular beds, conforming to lines radiating from the central to two outlying bounding paths, or walks.

"Ye who enter here" must surely leave all care "behind," for color and brightness crowd each other, and one for the first time viewing its bewildering variety, is hardly able to realize that this enchanting rural gem is situated directly upon our principal business street, and near the centre of modern Germantown.

The garden's central graveled walk extends from the manor to the barn enclosure, is box (*boxus sempervirens*, var. *nana*) bordered throughout its length, is midway arbored, companion walks and interesting links are likewise emerald bound, and at favored points arched by arbors or by latticed trellises clothed by vines.

Upon an elevated square, marking the site of an ice house built in the year 1809, and the first in Germantown, observable immediately within the garden is an arbored tree wisteria of immense proportions, completely covering its supporting structure, and which in bloom, or classed as a "decorative plant," is always an object most interesting, and beautiful.

Thomas Nuttall, who renamed this plant, dedicated it to Dr. Casper Wistar, whose summer residence, it may be remembered, was situated on West School-house Lane near "the turn," at a place now owned and occupied by Moses Brown,—was a friend of several members of the

Wister family, and a special friend of Charles J. Wister, whom he frequently visited at "Grumblethorpe." This same Thomas Nuttall was a remarkable enthusiast, possessed by the eccentricities of genius, little understood by his acquaintances, but highly appreciated by his intimates, wherever known a welcome visitor, and though born in England, like many another from abroad gave us his best, and we have honored ourselves by honoring him. A valuable sketch of this gifted man written by Charles J. Wister, Jr., for the Germantown Horticultural Society, was read at its meeting of April 1, 1898. From this we shall not quote, and the interested reader is referred to the pamphlet issued by Mr. Wister, to supply a popular demand.

An anecdote of Nuttall, not, however, given by Mr. Wister, and appearing in "Journal of a Voyage Up the River Missouri Performed in 1811," by H. W. Brackenridge, Esq., though apart from our subject, I shall present as giving an idea of Nuttall's peculiarities, and as an index to his character, or at least to the character measured him by unsympathetic, if not hard-hearted, contemporaries. On page 119 of the volume given this appears:

"There is in company a gentleman of whom I have already spoken, Mr. Nuttall, engaged in similar pursuits, to whom, he appears singularly devoted, and which seems to engross every thought, to the total disregard of his own personal safety, and sometimes to the inconvenience of the party he accompanies. To the ignorant Canadian boatmen, who are unable to appreciate the science, he affords a subject of merriment: *Le fou* is the name by which he is commonly known. When the boat touches the shore, he leaps out, and no sooner is his attention arrested by a plant or flower, than everything else is forgotten.

"The inquiry is made, '*Où est le fou?*'—'Where is the fool?' '*Il est apres ramasser des racines*'—'He is getting roots.' He is a young man of genius, and very considerable acquirements, but is too much devoted to his favorite pursuit, and seems to think that no other study deserves the at-

tention of a man of sense. I hope, should this meet his eye, it will give no offence, for these things often contributed a subject of merriment to us both."

There has been no little controversy about the correct spelling of wisteria, but speculation is futile, for the facts are on record. Nuttall, who discovered the plant incorrectly named, renamed and dedicated it to the celebrated physician Dr. Casper Wistar, but declined the *wistaria* pronunciation because, as he explained to Charles J. Wister the elder, he did not consider it euphonious. Nuttall, in "Genera of North American Plants," published in 1818, distinctly presents it as *wisteria*, which should end all dispute. For a later consideration, see Meehan's Monthly, vol. viii, pages 47 and 111.

Close beside the ice house site stands an observatory, the first, and with the exception of one erected by Henry Carvill Lewis on East Washington Lane, and another upon Mt. St. Joseph Seminary, at Chestnut Hill, is, so far as known to me, the only one of its kind erected in the vicinity of Germantown. This was built especially for the purpose by Charles J. Wister, assisted by Isaiah Lukens, in the year 1834, and now unused stands alone in its sombreness, a faithful sentinel to remind us of those who doubtless know, where once they wondered.

Of great proportions, having a trunk 36 inches in diameter and a height of 50 feet, here is one of the largest, finest and the most noted "maiden-hair" or ginko trees in America. William Hamilton, of Philadelphia, who in his day possessed the first garden of importance in the colonies, and who introduced to culture here the now well-known Lombardy poplar, and several varieties of magnolias, planted in 1774 at "Woodlands," on Darby Road, the first ginko tree brought to America, but William Hamilton's tree, being female, never fruited perfectly, and it remained for the Grumblethorpe specimen to produce in America the first recorded perfect fruit, which was first exhibited as a curiosity at a meeting of the Germantown Horticultural Society several years ago.

Passing from the immediate vicinity of the entrance gate, our "inward eye" places before us sturdy Justinia, whom neither work nor warning could awe, ignoring orders wise, the rigors of battle, like a certain cautious Scottish divine, with "one eye on the Westminster catechism and the other on the North Sea," grubbing on with garden hoe among her favorite plants, holding her own, and continuing to the end unharmed.

Here now, as then, grow "cresses," and in protected beds are clumps of bloom "in divers knottes of marveylous greatness. About, sweet allysum and pansies, fuchsias and nasturtiums bloom, "coole violets and orpine growing still, embathed balme and cheerful galinal, fresh cotmarie and healthful camomile."

There is a clump of Christmas rose (*helleborus niger*), whose white anemone-like flowers oftentimes wait upon the winter's snow, and whose shrubby leaves linger to season's farthest bounds. *Colchicum* (*colchicum autumnale*), or meadow saffron, pink and white, tubular, trumpet-capped in form, beautiful to look upon, but said to be "a sterke poyson, and will strongell a man and kill him in the space of one day," a property against which Turner, writing in 1568, carefully warned those "syke in the goute" "to isschew."

Also here is chimonanthus (*chimonanthus fragrans*), whose blooms, like those of hazel near, sometimes sleep until by boreas blasts awaked, before it ventures forth to view the world. Here winter aconite (*eranthis hyemalis*) thrusts its yellow flowers above a screen of leaves before a dying season's melting snows,

"Its buttercup like flowers that shut at night,
With green leaf furling round its cup of gold."

where also "snowdrop doth appear, the first pale blossom of the unripened year," and where yellow jasmine, thick with festooned ropes of bloom, make early spring pale the richest of Aladdin's dreams.

Later, beds of bright flowering geraniums are here, coleus of gorgeous show, and dewy-eyed, modest balsams in colors manifold. Also here are groups of tulips, hyacinths, narcissus, "bold oxlips and crown imperial, lilies of all kinds" obscuring other bulbs of less degree, beds of lily-of-the-valley, forget-me-nots, and peonies, vigorous, beautiful and sweet, with amsonia near, whose star-shaped, pure, white, glistening flowers will soon appear.

About the trees are hillocks of native ferns. Here sturdy Christmas fern (*aspidium acrostichoides*) holds valiantly aloft its studded spears, forgetting it has left the kindly shelter of protecting banks; brake (*pteris aquilina*), which thrusts its vigorous fronds through hillside shale, ignoring drought and sun; hay-scented fern (*dicksonia pilosiuscula*), delighting in shady dells and banks of wayside brooks; sensitive fern, flourishing anywhere, everywhere "under the sun;" "flowering ferns," partial to swamps, but doing well wherever cared for; cinnamon fern (*osmunda cinnamomea*) and Clayton's fern (*osmunda claytoniana*), both common to almost every swampy wood; the rarer royal flowering fern (*osmunda regalis*), whose beauty is not surpassed by any neighbor of more gentle birth; and here like a mirage or a dream is maiden-hair fern (*adianthus pedatum*), the choicest gem of our fairest woods. Here "lightly over the living scene" grasses scatter their "freshest, tenderest green," some ribbed, some plain, others variegated, with others of glistening plumed heads, until where ere the "grassy turf is viewed it" seems "a tansie all with sugar-strew'd."

Beyond are groups of dark-leaved scarlet sage (*salvia splendens*) heavy with regal bloom, garden phloxes on nicest view showing shades of color from white to blue, beds of squills are here and cowslips too, ragged robin, with pink dianthus of deeper hue, peri-winkles and sweet-williams ever true. Plumbago's azure, airy, with cultivated and native flags, columbines with flowers orange-tipped and red, with other showy varieties introduced, all vieing with ver-

bena-shrub (*caryopteris mastacanthus*) near, of restful beauty.

Fox-gloves, penstemons, and cocks-combs, "brilliant poppies, over-charged with rain, recline their heads and drop above the plain," beside "the shining pansy trimmed with golden lace, the tall-topped larkspurs feathered thick with flowers, the woodbine climbing o'er the door in bowers." The pale pink flowering perennial pea, and "monks-hood darkly blue," "white and purple gilliflowers," that continue "in blossom" half the summer through; "glaucous spurge, and sedium's brilliant crown, sea lavender's blue spikes o'er-spread with down." Hollyhocks and altheas in variety there are, some red, some white, others with ruby throats, or variegated white and red, or perchance a showy carmine, scarlet, red or purple, with swamp hibiscus "in weed depaint, of mony diverse hue," "balmy in dew, and gilt with phoebus bemys."

Distributed throughout this garden old are Japanese maples of foliage red; tamarisk, one of the most beautiful of our native shrubs or trees; dwarf hemlocks of peculiar growth; lilacs, sturdy, numerous, prolific; graceful, modest, white-flowering deutzia; rough deutzia, of great size and age; and a privet (*ligustrum vulgare*), rising to a height of 30 feet, the largest specimen I know.

Hardy azaleas low, and rhododendrons strong and high are here, with near a small but unusually perfect specimen of curly cypress (*retinospora plumosa*). Not at this spot is "golden glow" to cramp and kill, but elsewhere it appears where it may do no harm. Thriving here is gentle corchorus (*corchorus japonica*), lithe and graceful; spiraeas in variety, pink, flat-headed and tufted spiked; with numerous relative companions of delicate verdure, decorated with white or mottled flowers.

Like sojourners from another clime are here and there a sago palm (*cycas revoluta*), a rubber-plant (*ficus elastica*), a *rhynchospermum* (*rhynchospermum jasminoides*), a white or pink-flowering oleander (*nerium oleander*), and

the more refined pink flowering crepe-myrtle (*lagerstromia indica*), to enrich the cosmopolitan assembly. In ordered ranks, and within pleasing confines, are many of our most virtuous "introduced" and native plants,—rocket or *saponaria*, whose clustered scented heads wait upon us here as they do elsewhere upon many a roadside path.

There "flames the grass with vegetable gold, where yellow buttercups their flowers unfold;" and indigo plant improved by cultivation whose forebears inhabit our bleak and barren hills; pink flowering dianthus, brilliant, late with blooms, which look out like pheasant eyes among the grass; Indian turnip, whose calla-like flowers have disappeared before a vermillion tufted trunk; starry campion, whose white, bell-shaped flowers glisten from out many a moist hillside or fragrant meadow; great solomon's seal among a bustling crowd holding its own, its one-time festoon of flowers now occupied by an arch of drooping berries; wild geranium, one of the commonest and one of the most pleasing inhabitants of our woods, with near a foreign settler distinct (*erodium cicutarium*), with small deep-colored flowers maintaining its individuality, together thrive.

Here are dwarf "primroses and coy anemone that ne'er uncloses her lips until they're blown on by the wind;" evening primrose, through culture short and sturdy, here displays its placid sulphur-colored fragrant flowers; orange tawny marigold, said to go "to bed wi the sun," and rise with him weeping, though this I know not,—with our native yellow-topped golden-rods (*solidago rugosa*) in great profusion, to give a seasonable tone to the pleasing scene.

Russian asters (*aster tartarica*) with sturdy stems supporting heavy heads of deep blue open honest blooms; chrysanthemums in many varieties, with native asters and golden-rods in perfect harmony dwell, range in form and color from the typical heavy-headed China aster to the sturdy frequenters of our lanes and woods,—white-flowering aster *umbellatus* and pink-topped aster *novae-angliae*.. White daisies and fever-few of many degrees; the prolific white-

flowering eupatorium of our native woodland borders; cosmos, coreopsis, with dahlias in confusing variety; are here indeed so populous in this favored community that without a systematic canvas it is well-nigh impossible to census it.

Tastily arranged over interesting walks, or placed in other favorable positions, stand rustic frames weighted by honeysuckle, by purple-throated cobeas, by vermillion-studded cypress vine, the cut-leaved variegated purple-berried grape, and that modest delicate native of our mountain woods, the graceful allegheny vine.

Roses are here, and as the well-bred always are, not assembled in sets and cliques exclusive, but in obscure paths working in sympathy with the "poor who are always with us"—brethren of inferior endowments, whom the Creator placed in the world for his own wise purposes—yellow-flowering June rose, red-flowering rambler, pink-flowering hermosa, with blushing souvenir de la mala-maison, mingling naturally with pink and white-headed bachelor button, purple-berried Indian currant, white-flowering hydrangea, lance-shaped and globular in form; bridle-wreath, whose snowy clusters have disappeared, courting its relative, spiraea reevesii, whose slender delicate foliage maintains "the standing of the family;" mock-orange, weigelia, and snow-ball bushes, and the more lowly pink-flowering lespedezas now sporting themselves in exuberant profusion.

Also here, near the rear of the garden, is the vegetable reservation, peopled not by those common fellows "of the baser sort" of which the apostle wrote, but by modest daily plodders who do the world's work, are seldom heard of, less frequently receive their due, those life-sustaining common folk the world depends on, whom "the greatest, 'the first American'" claimed the Lord loved, because he made so many" of,—represented here by

"Fat colworts and comforting perseline,
Colde lettuce and refreshing rosmarine."
—Fennel—"Hot lavender, mints,
Savory, marjoram."

Beds of asparagus with wand-like stems and thread-like verdure, which tremble in the sunshine; red-beets with other kind, and rutabagas, who could not if they would deny their ancestors. Oyster-plant, salad, parsley and thyme, egg-plant, parsnip, string beans, and strawberries exceedingly fine, common peas, kale, gooseberries, currants, tomatoes, with grapes in variety, forestalling time. But these with the world at large we neglectfully pass, content like it to ride in sensuous ease, while those beneath in "durance vile," labor to maintain us.

Distributed about this garden grand are many plants of unusual merit. Those blackberries are successors of a group which place before us Thomas Nuttall. Here is a papaw, 12 inches in diameter and 20 feet high, standing beside the northern wall, one of the oldest specimens of this rare tree we have, which yet annually bears a crop of fruit. Here are white and pink-flowering cultivated magnolias in variety, a fair specimen of swamp magnolia, quite as familiarly known by its technical name, *magnolia glauca*, and a beautiful specimen of *magnolia soulangeana*. Also here is a group of native shrubs or trees, among them a white-flowering dog-wood, a fringe-tree, a sweet pepper bush, an elder, a Judas tree, each apparently as content as though sequestered in New Jersey retreats, or nestling on Wissahickon hills.

About are globular forms of tough box whom "sappy spring ne'er forsakes," and towering above to a height of 20 feet are several spreading box of luscious fullness. Figs vigorous are here, "purple" in fruit, whose stocks by winter protection have reached large proportions. A hardy orange (*citrus vulgaris*), eight feet high, thorny and finely developed, has withstood the wintry blasts of many a year, —but to me Grumblethorpe's most interesting plant is an ivy-covered sugar pear, clothed from root to crown, standing like "the tree of life in the midst of the garden"—a superb specimen, ignorant of the weaknesses of age, having a trunk 24 inches in diameter and rising to a height of 50

feet, a tree planted shortly after the "raising" of the "Wister big-house," and which had been bearing fruit for several years when the justly prized and more widely known "Lady Petre pear" planted by John Bartram was a "seedling"—a tree which for over 150 years has borne its crops of fruit, and which promises fair to favor so the far hereafter.

Here also is a great buttonwood tree, a "shell-bark hickory," 30 feet high, now in fruit; an immense "bird-cherry," 30 inches in diameter of trunk and 50 feet high, and a great gray or silver poplar (*populus alba*), 48 inches diameter of trunk and 80 feet high. But the charms of this garden decline corellation. It may be possible to name its every plant, but color values defy us, and complete data backed by the most graphic descriptions must fail to give an idea of its wealth. We have therefore ignored technique in an endeavor to present a composite and varying picture, for it is a condition of mind, and not a mathematical compass, we keep before us.

About this enchanted spot are pasture fields now hemmed in 'tis true by stone and brick, but yet open fields are here, and in them are weeping-willow, peach, and other trees of one-time meritorious worth. Yonder is a spacious, clean, white-washed barn, with a surrounding yard where numerous comfortable fowls scratch for grain. There stands a corn-crib,—rare now in town,—and full to brim. Here is a carriage-house, and behind it lie the remains of a once well-used cider mill. Beyond a "four-railed fence" is an "orchard," where "late Catharine pears" and a few apple trees stand to remind us of a generation gone. Here once were "seckle," "pound," and "butter pears," but these have disappeared, and the spots where once they prospered shall know them again no more. Over a coot numerous pigeons flit, while a few sit to eye us curiously. Here, under protecting trees, stands a hive, the survivor of an apiary where bees industrious, if sometimes late on "pleasure bent," yet "had frugal minds," and as they dissipated among garden sweets, collected into myriad cells a provi-

dent supply, of which samples exist to prove their worth. No floral clock such as Linneus the great possessed was here, nor other, such as Andrew Marvill drew—

"Of flowers and herbs this dial new;
Where, from above the milder sun,
Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we!"

From beneath a silver maple's shade "Prince" wonderfully looks out, switches his tail and dreams of cake or apples, while his industrious companion with no time to lose, chews on her cud in diffidence. All is quiet about,—the well-worked implements of former days stand silent, unemployed. Above, the sky is blue, and the sun is sinking down the west. Now the pigeons restless jostle each other along the eaves, and groups of chickens stand patiently before the gate, for feeding time to them is dusk. Down barnyard path cat and dog in pleasing harmony together wend their way, and o'er maturing season, autumnal tints and sunset rays commingle with declining day, while through the trees and deepening shades resounds the bell of even. 'Tis said—

"How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd,—but with herbs and flow'rs!"

So from earth upward we in thought ascend, and by things material are led by nature paths to nobler heights. Day draws to a close. The garden shadows lengthen. Frequent cars rumble hastily by, but we heed them not. Christopher Saur, after a long life and a well-earned rest, sleeps beside the "creeper"-covered garden wall. An atmosphere of bliss surrounds. Emotions there are too sacred for form, and thoughts there are "too deep for tears." Life with its pathos and its irresistible onwardness lies before. The rain-gauge old, stands rusty and empty, cobwebs lining the foot-ways gather the dew, weather-worn and solitary, the observatory looks down upon us from other

days. Spirits of the past hover about, the darkness depens, "the past and present meet," and we are one.

Casual sojourners about their daily business halt at the windows of Grumblethorpe to view for a moment its bright-faced flowers, to enjoy their greeting smiles of innocence, and with thoughts refreshed, to pass on with lighter step. With a larger prospect more fully illumined, with angelic voices from out the unseen vibrating down our lives, and with a reverend, sweet charity surging through our veins we also in ecstacy pass on, the "pillar of cloud" before, and "eastern star" above, to light the way and guide our footsteps into "the way of peace."

Root on, ye earth grubbers and sordid money chasers. "Blow trackless through the world," ye irresponsive winds. Press heedless on ye glutted hoarders to the disgorgement which awaits you.

"Clang battle-axe and clash brand! Let the king reign." Aye, the king is king; he "ever will be highest," and as loyal subjects let us be true—

"Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round."

So developing, maturing, lingering, hoping on, the rounded life within harmoniously responds, and with corroded mountain tops, depleted hills, melting snows, diminishing waters, falling leaves, a sun which seems to us to turn its face, a mysterious gathering atmosphere wherein multitudinous voices seem rife, our tired spirit with nature spent, in confidence looks out, and as billows which have crossed the deep to find the shore, so we break, and like them, onward through the silence glide, to find our rest in God.

As mountain tops and valleys deep,
As wooded hills and ridges steep,
As gracious streams which never fall,
As morning, noon and even's vell,
As rippling music, changing light,
As youth and age and waning sight,
All, passing, fading, into night.