Site and Relic Society of Germantown

GERMANTOWN HISTORY

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Germantown History

Papers Read Before The Site and Relic Society of Germantown

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Germantown
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The Colonial Garden at Stenton Described in Old Letters

By Mrs. William Redwood Wright

An Address delivered before the
Site and Relic Society of Germantown
January 16th, 1914

This paper was read at a meeting of the Garden Club of Philadelphia, October 19th, 1911; at a meeting of the Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames of America, May 16th, 1912; and at the first meeting of the Garden Club of America, May 1st, 1913. All these meetings were held at Stenton. It was also read at Vernon Hall at a meeting of the Site and Relic Society of Germantown on January 16th, 1914; at the Acorn Club at a meeting of the School of Horticulture for Women, March 3rd, 1914; and at the Unitarian Church Building at a meeting of the Longfellow Guild, November 13th, 1914.

It is now first published by the Site and Relic Society of Germantown.

The letters from which these extracts have been taken, were written in Colonial days and they have been in the possession of the family ever since. They were brought to light in 1911 when every effort was being made to obtain data for the restoration of the Stenton Garden. No exertion has been spared to make its planting historically correct, for nothing has been put into the garden unless there was a record of its having been there in colonial times. There are only a few shrubs of later date, probably planted by Deborah

THE GARDEN AT STENTON

Logan, which have been allowed to remain, owing to their beauty and the fact that they were already established when the Dames obtained possession of the Mansion and grounds.

In the park stands the memorial recently erected to old Dinah, the faithful servant who saved Stenton from the British torch through her quick wit and loyalty.

May those who visit Stenton take more interest in its Garden from this short account of its former importance. It is but a pigmy compared to the garden it is supposed to represent which extended beyond the graveyard, with orchards about it, while in its midst were the smaller fruits. East of the garden and of the graveyard, which was not built till after the revolution, the ground sloped to a pasture where cattle grazed and through which ran a limpid stream. Let us rejoice that the city has taken part of the old plantation, which originally comprised about 600 acres, for a park; and also that they have given the Mansion with grounds of its own enclosed in hedges, to be cared for by the Pennsylvania Society of Colonial Dames of America to be enjoyed by the public as an object lesson of a Colonial home.

JAMES LOGAN, who built Stenton and laid out its original garden, was descended from illustrious families whose histories are interwoven, from the earliest years, with the history of Scotland. Although so nobly descended, Voltaire's saying "He who serves his country well has no need of ancestors" might well apply to him. He was born in 1674 and came to America in the ship "Canterbury" in 1699 with William Penn, as his secretary.

When Penn returned to England he left Logan as his representative, and wrote to him, "I have left thee an uncommon trust, with a singular dependence on thy justice and care . . . " and most faithfully and devotedly was that trust fulfilled. He represented William Penn and his family in Pennsylvania till his (Logan's) death in 1751. A public-spirited and disinterested patriot, a generous and sympathetic friend, a pure and noble character, he bore almost alone the responsibilities of the province and to him is largely due the credit of its success, which was ever in his thought.

He held many public offices as follows: Secretary of the province, Receiver General, Member of Provincial Council, President of Council, Commissioner of Property, Justice, Chief Justice of Supreme Court, Mayor of Philadelphia and one of the Founders of what is now the University of Pennsylvania.

The genesis of Stenton, and therefore of the Garden, is in a letter written by James Logan to his friend Thomas Story, under date of 3rd month 29th, 1714, in which he states that he is about purchasing a plantation to retire to, situated in the City Liberties next to German-Town.

In 1717 he built and furnished a small house for his mother, who came to America in that year, for under date of 9th month 25th, 1717, he writes to his brother, Dr. William Logan, at Bristol, England: "Our Mother is well and is settled, I hope to her content, on the plantation I proposed to her, etc. Be civil to Captain Cowman, ye bearer, on whose ship our mother came over."

Stenton was begun in 1728 but was not lived in till two years later. The delay in building Stenton is accounted for in a letter from James Logan to Thomas Story, dated 29th of 7th month, 1729: "I formerly told thee my plantation is next to Germantown on this side. I have built a large brick house on it of 51 feet by 40, two good stories in height, very convenient and not unsightly, if it stood better.

"I had expected to have been in it before this time, but being not fully plastered, I now know not whether we shall get thither before winter.

"I made a great mistake in building it, I designed it a plain, cheap, farmer's stone house, but my quarries intirely failed me. It then lay 2 years to find others, but none could be had that would not cost me dearer than brick. I therefore resolved on this . . . "

It may be interesting here to note that James Logan's Quarries which "intirely failed" him, have been probably identified as situated at the extreme north of Stenton property, on that part which afterwards became the portion of his grand daughter Sarah Logan, who married Thomas Fisher, of Wakefield, in whose descendants the fee of the property still remains. I say probably, because the stone is of the same texture as that in the foundations of Stenton, and more especially because on the heaps of spalls or refuse are growing several oak trees of about 180 years growth.

Stenton mansion was finished and the family moved into it in 1730, for James Logan wrote to his brother William, 10 month 15th, 1730: "We have been removed to our new house in the country about three weeks. I have proposed to call ye place 'Stenton' after the village in East Lothian where our Father was born."

Among colonial gardens the one at Stenton was important; for it was there that men like John Bartram, of Philadelphia, and Abraham Redwood, of Newport, received the inspiration which prompted them to establish gardens which became noted the world over. It was at Stenton that James Logan undertook a series of experiments on maize

or Indian corn. These he described in letters to Peter Collinson in 1735, which were printed in the Philosophical Transactions.* As a result of these experiments he wrote a Latin treatise on the generation of plants, published at Leyden, 1739, which was later translated into English (in 1747) by Dr. Fothergill.† Dr. Pultenay in his Sketches of Botany (published in 1790) says in regard to this treatise: "This work was considered and appealed to as among the most decisive in establishing the doctrine of sex in plants."

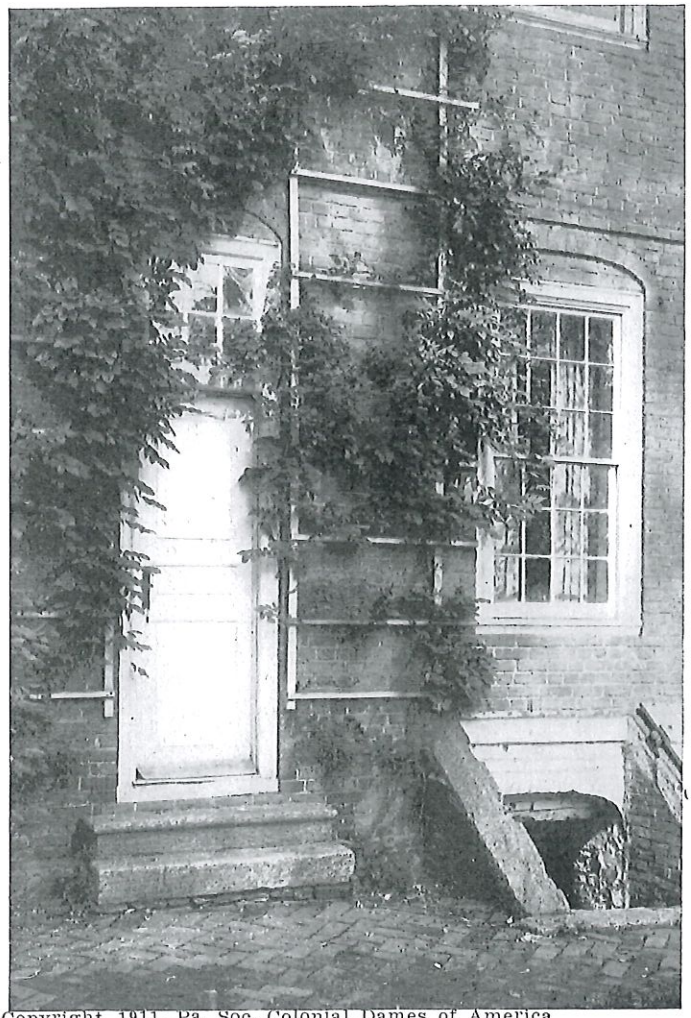
About fifty years after James Logan's death, Robert Brown, "the first of botanists," named, in his honor, a new plant, the Logania. Into this family many plants grouped themselves that had been found earlier, among them the beautiful and sweet-scented yellow Jessamine of South Carolina, now known as the Gelsemium sempervirens, described so glowingly by Mark Catesby in his "History of the Carolinas," etc., (published in 1730).

Gardening in England during our colonial period was in a state of great activity and enthusiasm. Unknown plants, from all parts of the world, were being shipped to England from all its colonies. Eminent botanists vied with each other in the rarity of the plants in their collections.

William Logan, the son of James, took great interest in our native trees, shrubs and flowers. He was active in procuring them from the interior of the province of Pennsylvania and from the more distant provinces as well. He corresponded at great length with Jared Eliot, of Connecticut, author of "Essays on Field Husbandry," one of the earliest works of its kind published in America. Eliot was a great authority on agriculture and was the grandson of John Eliot known as the "Apostle to the Indians."

William Logan writes to William Bodicker at the Durham Forge,‡ Bucks County, 2nd month 20th, 1753: "Send me down, carefully planted in two tubs, two or three

* Philosophical Transactions Vol., XXXVI P., 192.
† Title "Experimenta di plantarum generatione."
‡ An interesting account of the Durham Forge is given in Forges and Furnaces in the Province of Pennsylvania published by the Penna. Society of Colonial Dames of America in 1914.



THE SOUTH DOORWAY

Indians "when passing through the Indian towns of those savage countries." In a letter from John Gordon dated Charleston, Jan. 4, 1765, the following passage occurs: "I cannot boast of a turn for Botany, tho' if I had, & could spare the time from my other affairs, I should have great advantage from my intimacy with Doctor Garden whom you have doubtless heard of. I desire you will send me a list of the flowers and shrubs you have in your garden & I will try with the help of my friend the Doctor to make your collection more compleat. Lord Adam Gordon is now here and will leave these parts about the beginning of March to finish a Tour of this Continent as far as from Mobile to Quebeck, consequently he will take Philadelphia in his way. He has a very pretty Botanical turn, is very new and curious in his observation. I will recommend him to your acquaintance, and I am certain you will be much pleased with his. He will give you a very particular account of the plants of this country. I beg you will make my respectful compliments acceptable to Mrs. Logan, and that you will remember me kindly to Mr. Pemberton. I wish you many returns of the New Year and am, with real esteem

"Your most ob'dt serv't

"John Gordon."

General Lord Adam Gordon alluded to above, became Commander of the forces in Scotland in 1782, and Governor of Edinburgh Castle in 1786.

Doctor Garden was a physician much beloved by the people of Charleston, a botanist of reputation, and the author of Flora Carolina. In his honor Linnaeus named the beautiful Gardenia. Philip Miller* describes the finding of this plant at the Cape of Good Hope by a Captain Hutchinson, "being drawn to it by the great Fragrancy of the Flowers, which he smelt at some Distance from the Plant, which was then in full flower." Trained as most captains

* Gardener's Dictionary by Philip Miller was first published in 1724—this passed through many editions and was translated into several foreign languages. In his seventh edition (Published in 1759) Miller adopted the Linnaean system of classification.

were to bring back any new plants they saw in their travels, he had this one put in a tub "where it continued a Succession of Flowers the whole Voyage" till the vessel reached a colder climate. It was then placed in the "Curious Garden of Richard Warner, Esq., at Woodford in Essex, who was so obliging as to favour" Philip Miller with a branch from which a drawing was made for his illustrated work published in 1760.

There were many disappointments and losses on both sides, notwithstanding the great care planned for the plants, bulbs and seeds in their long journey from England to the provinces. In 1749 two large orders for fruit trees from Elias Bland were "sent to the proper account and risque of William Logan, Merch't," although at this time his father was still living at Stenton. I shall quote one to show the style:

"6 named varieties of cherries
6 " " Plumbs
12 " " Carnations } let them stand upon the open deck

Take care the mise don't Eat them & keep them from stormy whether, you may lett them have gentell Rain but not too Mutch of itt nor too mutch Sun Shine don't lett the Salt Water wash them

Roots of tulips
Ranunculus
Narcissus
Dutch poppys
Seeds of double Larkspurs
Stocks of severall sorts
French & African marygolds
Sweet scented peas, with directions with them when to be sowed." } Take care the mise don't eat them.

Sweet peas were not known at the time of Parkinson or Evelyn. They were first cultivated by Dr. Uvedale at Enfield in the year 1713.

William Logan had many difficulties with his orders to Thomas Bincks, seedsman and gardener, who apologizes on May 20, 1751:

"I am sorry that the perennial flower etc. rec'd such damage, the design of the lids being with a good view & I

am apprehensive if due care had been taken would have been of service. For the future shall follow thy directions.

"P. S. The charge of the former boxes thou mentioned to dear is the neat expense I paid."

William then tries his inventive faculty on lids:

Stenton 12m. 17-1754*

"Respected Sir Thos. Bincks—Altho' I have had very bad luck with what flower roots and plants I have had from thee, yet I am writing to make one more trial. I think I had nothing to show out of all that came from thee, except's some double hyacinths & jonquils & a very few anemones."

The order enclosed reads as follows:

"Flower roots to be sent—

24 earliest Tulips sorted
30 largest and very best hyacinths sorted
50 double jonquils
100 yellow and blue crocus yt bloy in ye fall of ye year
50 snow drops
24 Persian Iris
12 naked ladies
20 double anemonies (if tuberose roots are plenty and cheap send me some of them dry also)

8 pots of carnations
8 pots of auriculas

} Let them be Good and the Potts be put into a course Rough Box made with a shelving lid so as it may throw ye water at sea when the weather is bad and yet be half open when good so as the Sun may not come too Violently on ye Auricula plants.)

Seeds—A few of the *best* Carnations. What I had of thee before for such, proved when blown to be only common red five leaved pinks.
Best double Holyhocks various colors
Several sorts of stocks
Hepatica
Dbl China Pinks
Snap Dragon
Catipellars & Snales."

The placing of "Caterpillars and Snails" among the garden seeds seems puzzling. If one turn to Parkinson's Paradisus† published in 1629, one will see among the fancy

* This letter was copied from Wm. Logan's letter book in the possession of the Penna. Society of C. D. A. at their library at Stenton.

† Paradisus in sole, Paradisus terrestris, or a Garden of all sorts of pleasant flowers by John Parkinson 1629—is an enchanting old book, full of quaint instructions and giving "the place, the Time, the Name, the Vertue." of each plant named therein.

grasses "Caterpillars & Snails." Parkinson calls "Caterpillars" Scorpioides maius and minus saying "Under one description I comprehend both these sorts of Scorpions grasse, or Caterpillars, or Wormes, as they are called by Many, ... the greatest sort which came to me out of Spain," was not known unto Lobel, he tells us. They have a tart flavor and are cultivated even now in some parts of Europe for "surprises in salads & soups." They are now known as Scorpiurus Vermiculata.

Parkinson names the snails "Medica spinosa, prickly Snailes or Barbary buttons." "The plant that beareth these pretty toyes for Gentlewomen, is somewhat like unto a Threeleaved grasse or Trefoil, ..." It is not edible as are the caterpillars, is a native of Europe, and is now called Medicago Scutellata.

Another seedsman, Thomas Sanders, thinks that boxes nailed down are the best, and writes—

"That you may not be disappointed this season I have had a box made to nail down so yt may not Move in the most tempestuous sea, have only sent you a small box as I thought that would be better."

There is a pleasant thought accompanying the gift of fruit trees, sent with an order from Hunt & Greenleaf:—

9th 4—1749

"I have not charged thee with the cost of the Fruit trees, desiring thou'll Please accept them as a Present—and tho there may be little Probability of my Partaking of the Fruit of these Trees with Thee, yet who Knows but I may some years hence.

"I am with much Regard

"Thy affectionate Friend for self & Co.

"John Hunt."

The following lines, at the close of a letter to William Logan, dated London, Sept. 27, 1776, show appreciation of favours bestowed.

"It would give me good Pleasure if you would please to give me a list of anything either England or Holland

affords in the plant way I will send it and take it a favour of your acceptance as a small acknowledgement for the trouble you have been at. The Calmeas, Azaleas and other Pretty Plants you have will be very acceptable, the Yucca is very scarce with us and if not too much trouble a few young plants would also be acceptable. I am sr.

"Your most Oblig'd & Humble Serv't

"James Gordon."*

The Gordonia (Pubescens) which Bartram found in the South was named by him for this noted nurseryman of London. An unsuccessful effort was made later to get more of these plants, but it was never re-discovered and all those put on the market were obtained from the tree in Bartram's garden.

Not only through the nurserymen of England were plants obtained for the Stenton garden but exchanges were made with botanists, scientists, investigators and collectors. Such a one was Peter Collinson (1694-1768), early friend of American botany, for whom Linnaeus named a native wild flower of our province the Collinsonia. Southey says of him "he was the means of procuring national advantages for his country, and possessed an influence wealth cannot produce." Another was Dr. Fothergill (1712-1780), an English physician distinguished for his benevolence and professional skill, a botanist and conchologist. Dr. Franklin said of him "I can hardly conceive that a better man ever existed." To his care William Logan confided his two sons when he sent them to England to be educated. An ornamental hardy shrub which blooms in the early spring was named for him the Fothergilla.

One of the most interesting correspondents William Logan had was John Blackburne (1690-1786), a noted botanist of Orford near Warrington who maintained an extensive garden, including many exotics. He wrote of plants, their treatment and care, going over in detail those

* James Gorden is alluded to by Richard Pulteney in his Sketches of Botany as one of those whom he "cannot omit to mention with applause" for their practical help in the advancement of horticulture.

he received from Logan, who sent cuttings, roots, seeds and bulbs of native growth; also mocking birds, flying squirrels, rabbits, turtles, butterflies, beetles, etc.

To William Logan, under date of Sept. 6, 1766, J. Blackburne writes as follows:

"I am much obliged to you for your many fine presents of seeds & roots wh. have given me great pleasure. Against another season we'll endeavor to send you some larks, but it would be in vain to send birds new caught before they were settled in their cage & would feed quietly. My daughter's birds came in fine order, but ye rabbits were all dead but one. They seem to be rather too young to undertake ye journey. I should be very glad to have a breed of them. The tortoises came safe also. Your favours will make a large addition to my collection of Exoticks, for which I am much obliged to you." etc.

Sept. 20, 1767—

"Both the Cardinals are now in full bloom with me & blow as strong as you describe them to do with you; having plenty of plants we set 'em in all situations & find they do best in moist ground. The orange colored asclepias hath flowered elegantly in my stove this summer and we have a seedling plant set under a South wall of ye same sort. The purple flowered asclepias is very hardy with us and is full of flowers in ye common borders. I have a plant of Saracena alive but it does not flower.

"P. S. As I understand by a letter from my son, the larks he brought were reduced to six in number when they were sent to you from New York; however, as they are 3 cocks and 3 hens you have a chance to introduce a breed of them. Tho' I am in tolerable good health yet old age I find subjects me to forgetfulness and to many blunders . . . . ."

Notwithstanding which, on April 19, he seems planning a new garden venture.

"I have just made a piece of new ground to contain more shrub flowers & in ye midst of it a bog for plants that

grow in bogs. I am going to make a piece of rock work for plants yt grow in the rocks, viz: sedums, stonecrop, licopodiums, lychens, mosses, etc., most likely your part of America affords many pretty sorts of these as well as bog plants wh., as we have not many of them, would be very acceptable. My daughter desires your acceptance of her compliments. Her time you must know is more taken up in the study of nature, viz: Botany, insects, fossils, etc., in which for the time she is tolerable proficient, than in cards and such other pursuits as ladys of these days spend too much of their time. I wish you could see her blow of auriculas, she hath now more than 100 pots of that plant in high beauty, & a great variety of fine sorts—but enough of this subject, a fond father will tire you with an account of his only daughter . . . ."

With the above comes a letter from the daughter, Anna herself and tho' by no means her only one, will suffice to show her style and interests:

April 19, 1768.

"Good sir—As my father is writing and sending you a few seeds I shall send this along with them, & the box you returned with the butterflys for which I am obliged to you.

* * * * * * * *

"As it is very difficult to ketch moths and butterflies without spoiling them, do not give yourself any trouble about them, but if you can ketch beetles of any or all kinds, with which your country abounds, with very curious ones, those will be as welcome to the full. I have been told that as our country people call them all clocks, so yours call them without distinction Buggs. Bees, wasps and common winged flys, I should value, and these are not injured by a touch as the others are, & are more easily ketched.

"Which is all with the compliments of the season from your

"Very much obliged & humble servant

"Anna Blackburne."

In May 19th, 1775, Blackburne writes:
. . . . . "I am extremely obliged to you not only for these late but also for your many former favours. My garden abounds with many fine plants wh. I am obliged to you for. We have been very agreeably entertained with ye Cranberrys you sent and my daughter joines me in Compliments & thanks for them." etc.

Johann R. Forster, who traveled with Captain Cook, perpetuated the names of John and Anna Blackburne by naming a palm found in Bermuda, after them, Sabal Blackburnia. This plant was the first of its kind to flower and fruit in England or Europe, and was of great interest to all botanists. The trunk of it, now dead, is preserved in the museum at Kew Gardens.

A catalogue of John Blackburne's garden was made by his gardener Adam Neale, and was published in 1779. The only copies of this work that we know of is one in the British Museum and one owned by the Blackburne family in England.

Anna Blackburne had a botanic garden of great renown, and was accomplished in natural history. At her death she left a large and valuable collection which now forms the Hale Museum at Warrington. She was a friend and constant correspondent of Linnaeus. Thomas Pennant named our American warbler after her, Silva Blackburnia.

Trees, shrubs, flowers and herbs were not all that were exchanged but vegetable and grass seeds also.

Among the vegetables were cabbages, carrots, cauliflowers, beans of various kinds, the sweet potato of which J. Blackburne, writing to William Logan, January 8th, 1768, says, "The potatoes I am very fond of & shall endeavor to propagate them, I like that sweet taste which I find is not agreeable to every palate."

To Stenton were sent fruit trees in many named varieties, Apples, Pears, Plums, Peaches, Figs and Cherries. The history of the Cherry is interesting. About the year 75 B. C., Lucullus, after his victory over Mithridates, brought

from Cerasus in Pontus the Cherry tree, and introduced it into Italy. It was planted in Britain a century later, but the cultivated sorts disappeared during the Saxon period. In the 15th century "Cherries on the ryse" (or bough) was one of the London cries. These were probably the native wild cherries as the cultivated ones were not reintroduced till the reign of Henry VIII whose fruiterer* brought it from Flanders, and planted a Cherry orchard at Tenham in Kent.

Some of the names of plants are very different from those in use to-day and it has been an interesting labor to trace the nomenclature to the present time. There were certain favorites sent from England in nearly every shipment these plants being at that time a great rage. Among them the carnation,† which has an ancient and interesting history.

Theophrastus, in his history of plants (about 300 B. C.), says "The Greeks cultivate roses, gilliflowers, violets, narcissus & iris." Gilliflower is the old English name for carnation. About the middle of the 16th century the gardeners of Italy, France, Germany and Holland developed the original flesh color of the carnation (from the Latin carno, flesh), into so many varieties that in 1597 Gerarde writes, that to "describe each new variety of carnation were to roll Sisyphus' stone or number the sands." He assures us that the conserve made of the flowers of the clove gilliflower and sugar is "exceding cordiall and woonderfully above measure doth comfort the heart being eaten now and then." Chaucer tells us that the clove gilliflower was cultivated in Edward the III's reign. In those days it was used to give a spicy flavor to wine, hence its name of "sops-in-wine."‡ Philip Miller says in his Gardener's Dictionary (published 1737), "some of the Ancients have supposed it called Vettonica, or Bettonica, from the Vetones a People of

* The "fruiterer" who did so much to increase the varieties of apples, cherries, pears, etc., was "one Richard Harris of London." An interesting account of this is given in a rare pamphlet published in 1609 and titled "The Husbandman's Fruitful Orchard."

† In Cyclopedia of American Horticulture by Prof. L. H. Bailey there is a very interesting account of the Carnation.

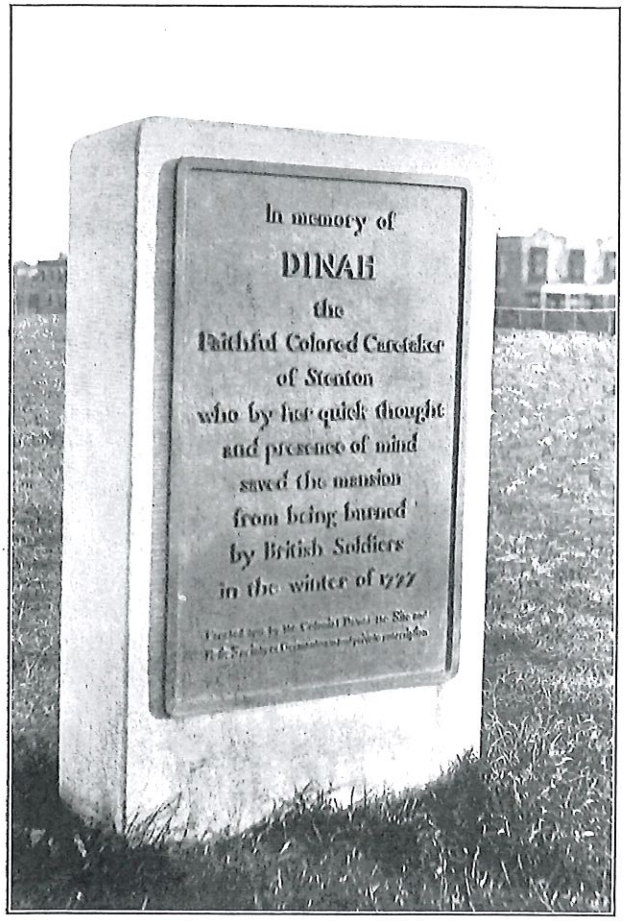
‡ Spenser alludes to this in his "Shepherd's Calendar."

Spain." This enables us to trace it to the Vettonica coronaria of the old herbalists, so called because the flowers were used in the classic corona or chaplets.

From the foregoing letters a list of trees, shrubs and flowers has been selected for the garden at Stenton, only such being planted as were there during the colonial period; the list mostly collected from the correspondence of William Logan who lived there after his father's (James Logan's) death. We have even ventured to try some evergreens, with the hope that the smoke of the city will not prove too much for them. Let us not think that we have a monopoly of smoke in these days, for did not Cowley, who died in 1667, write in London:

> "Who that hath reason and a smell
> Would not among Roses and Jessamine dwell,
> Rather than all his spirits choak
> With exhalations of dust and smoak,
> And all uncleanness which does drown
> In pestilential clouds a populous town."

It was an important place that Stenton held in colonial history, for it was where both Indian chieftains and colonial statesmen came to confer with James Logan as the personal representative of William Penn. It was where Godfrey discovered the quadrant so indispensable to those who navigate the seas. John Hadley later claimed to have made the same discovery, but this is a disputed point. At Stenton were written the many books through which James Logan did so much to increase human knowledge; and where he assembled from all parts of the world that wonderful library which he afterwards presented to the city of Philadelphia, and which, as the Loganian Library, is now housed in the magnificent Ridgway building. It did not lose in importance during our revolutionary period, for it was at Stenton that Lord Howe established his headquarters at the battle of Germantown and later where refugees from South Carolina received hospitality. Washington, Franklin, Jefferson and other patriots were frequent and welcomed visitors, while men of science and diplomats from



Tablet erected by the Colonial Dames, The Site and Relic Society of Germantown and private subscription

other countries, paid their homage to Doctor George Logan and his charming and clever wife, Deborah Norris Logan.

Next to Mt. Vernon, in Virginia, it is towards Stenton that the footsteps of those interested in colonial homes are turning. It is impossible to over-estimate its growing importance to the coming generations as an example of how our colonial forefathers lived and conducted their homes both inside and outside.

It is well for us to venerate our forefathers, for "People will not look forward to posterity who never look back to their ancestors," it is also wise for us to reflect that while "it is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended . . . the glory of it belongs to our ancestors!"

The Reception at "Cliveden"

By Jane Campbell

An Address delivered before the
Site and Relic Society of Germantown
October 23rd, 1914

The following chronicle of the year's happenings and recollections in verse of the reception given at the Chew Mansion, "Cliveden," in June, 1914, by the Site and Relic Society was read before the annual meeting of the Society, on Friday evening, October 23, 1914, by Miss Jane Campbell, the Society's historian.

Though I am not to-night to give a detailed account of events that have taken place in Germantown during the past year, it need not be inferred that nothing important has happened, for the year so near its close has been quite as distinguished for notable occurrences as previous years. We have had the same interest in politics, indeed so little change in this direction that some of the same candidates have signified their extreme willingness to return to the various law-making bodies of the city and state. About the same amount of property has changed hands without the consent of the original owners. The death-dealing auto and trolley have exacted their usual toll. An even greater number of Germantowners have been appointed to places of trust or profit than usual. Many noted people have visited us and lectured us on many subjects,—let us hope to our advantage. Blushing brides have been as numerous as heretofore. Silver and golden weddings have been celebrated. All the oldest inhabitants have been duly honored and their birthdays chronicled. Germantown had its full quota of tourists temporarily marooned in Europe at the outbreak of the war, and their adventures have been quite as thrilling as those of the residents of any other section of the city, indeed,—but I

am not going to be so inconsiderate as to steal any of their thunder, the rumbling of which will be the accompaniment of their tales for the rest of their natural lives! Old buildings have been torn down, and multitudinous rows of new ones erected. There are more theatres of the five-cent calibre; more apartment houses. Germantown is still in its usual chronic state of demanding more lights on the highways, better paved streets, additional trolley lines, and more improvements generally. Among the very notable events, a few by their prime importance stand out more prominently than others, such as the dedication, etc., of the new high school on the Butler place, in the corner stone of which one of our directors, Dr. Keyser, deposited a complete historical Germantown library; the dedication of that unique, beautiful and most generous charity, the Presser Home for Retired Music Teachers; and the reception of the Site and Relic Society at "Cliveden." As this last directly concerns our Society, I will end by giving a brief description of it, and prose being too tame for such an event, like Silas Wegg I have "dipped into poetry"—

RECEPTION OF THE SITE AND RELIC SOCIETY AT "CLIVEDEN"

JUNE 10, 1914
BY
JANE CAMPBELL

Awake, my Muse, and strike your lyre,
Invoke your most poetic fire
And sing your very sweetest lay
To tell how it happed one fair June day,
The Site and Relic wended its way
To "Cliveden" that most historic spot,
And a more historic spot is not
To be found in the whole of Germantown
Though we search the Main street up and down.

'Tis hard to tell just where to begin,
With so much outside and so much within,
For the "Cliveden" grounds were a sight to see
With flower and shrub and stately tree,—

The very grounds that in days of yore
Were filled with soldiers and guns and gore
And other gruesome adjuncts of war.
Outside was the coach for all to view,
In which Chief Justice Benjamin Chew
Rode into town. I believe it is true
The great G. W. rode in it too.
And when he rode out to take the air
'Tis said, Philadelphia turned out to stare!

And here my Muse is free to declare
That she has heard say,
That if even to-day
Were the Chews to go about the land
In this old coach, once so very grand,
Or down Chestnut street drive to take the air
All Philadelphia again would stare!

Statues! No doubt once "rich and rare"
But now considerably the worse for wear
Were some of the curios also seen there
Now coach and statues were old and staid;
But a modern note outside was played,
For lady fingers and lemonade
Were served by many a fair young maid.

But haste, O Muse! We must go inside,
The great front doors are open wide,
And gracious and kindly stands Mrs. Chew
To greet the throngs of people who
Come in the old-time house to view,—
Greeting all with most cordial grace,
A perfect hostess in a perfect place.

Oh! how much was there for my Muse to see
All as antique as antique could be!
Drawing room, breakfast room, pillared hall,
Though the "muniment room" excelled them all,—
Which is what old-timers would the office call—
With its secretaries and cases high
Concealing from every curious eye
Deeds and titles and records galore;
An almost priceless historical store
Which any historian would love to explore!

There's scarcely time to mention all
The pictures hanging on every wall;
Of course Chief Justice Chew was there,
And more than once. Peggy Oswald, fair,

At least I think her name was Peg—
And if it wasn't, her pardon I beg—
And the father-in-law of Chief Justice Chew—
His name was Turner I know for true,
General Washington, Lafayette too,
And, Muse, Henry's picture do not forget
Of the reception given to Lafayette.

But precious and venerable as all these are,
The relic, which was the particular star,
Grim reminder of the old-time war,
Was the badly-battered old front door,
Riddled and broken by many a score
Of good American bullets, which tore
Destructive way through the stout old wood,
In a way American bullets could,
In a way American bullets should!

But hasten, Muse! The time grows late,
And much there is still to relate.
Of course you can't speak of everything,
As now the reception is in full swing,
As brilliant no doubt, and as fine a show
As Lafayette's ninety years ago!

Mr. Jenkins was there of course, for he
Is president of the Society,
And as he's president—could do no less
Than make the affair a brilliant success
By giving a happy historical address.
He did it! There was one other speech,
But a cold interfered, the voice did not reach
Very far and few heard, but still 'twas a gain,
To *see* a descendant of Anthony Wayne!

And who else was there on that memorable day?
Anna Johnson, of course. And I'll venture to say
Not any old General, in any old war,
Could have planned and arranged so successfully for
A reception like this. So credit is due
To Miss Johnson, who brought it so brilliantly through.
There was sweet Mrs. Chapman, who aided so much;
And the scene was given a medical touch
By Doctors Willits, Johnson and Burgin; and such
Other directors as Chapman and Bacon
Allowed it an air of officialdom to take on.
Messrs. Jellett and Howell kept thinking for sure

Accessions they easily now could secure.
Mr. Jellett wants books; Mr. Howell would lure
New members into the Society's fold,
Else why should it a reception thus hold!

Mr. Morris was there, distinguished and wise,
And he, as is known, a "ghost story" supplies,
For did he not in the days of his youth
See some one who had in his youth forsooth
Took tea with Washington; now this is truth.
The house, where this ghostly old-timer was met,
Is the house Mr. Morris occupies yet!
But halt now, O Muse! There is no time to name
Any more of the guests who that afternoon came
To the "Cliveden" reception, but all the same
If any one is most anxious to know,
To a City Directory straight let him go,
Plus our membership list, combined they will show
To a certainty all who attended that day.

But seven has struck. The guests haste away,
And as they depart my Muse heard them say,
"A perfect occasion and we hope that if e'er
The Society gives such another affair
'Twill invite us again—and we will be there!"

The lay is now ended, the song dies away,
In the hush that comes with the close of the day,
But still on the air a last lingering note,
Backward is heard like an echo to float,
And the echo will swell, till the ages resound,
With tales of the "Cliveden" reception renowned,
Which the Site and Relic once held on the ground
Where the Germantown Battle was fought, and so we
Through our Site and Relic Society,
Through "marking" and "saving" as well as can be
Are making good Germantown history!

A Newcomer in Germantown

By Jane Campbell

An Address delivered before the
Site and Relic Society of Germantown
October 25th, 1913

ONCE upon a time a newcomer settled in Germantown with the intention of making it a permanent abiding place, though before she was a newcomer she had been an occasional visitor with varying experiences, so she knew, or imagined she knew, something of the town, at least in its external aspects. Her very first venture into Germantown as a visitor was going with some young friends to "spend an evening"—it was in the days of "spending evenings"—on Duy's lane. Her only clear recollection of the visit was her surprise that a street should be called a lane, and that if b-u-y spelled buy (bi) and G-u-y spelled Guy (Gi), why D-u-y spelled Du-y, but she finally accepted it as a Germantown idiosyncrasy. A little later in the visiting period of her existence the newcomer visited a friend who lived on Linden street. To reach it, alighting from the train at Shoemaker's Station—it was before the advent of the Pennsylvania Railroad into Germantown—on one memorable occasion, like the pinafore children who were "mixed up" she "mixed" the stations up and left the train at Fisher's. Of course she got lost, and where she wandered, up hill, down dale, through woods, along sylvan streets, she never knew. Not one person she met could tell her where Linden street was. The general lack of information reminded the newcomer of an occasion when she was walking along Tremont street, Boston, and noticing a quaint little burying-ground with lichen-covered grave stones in the heart of the busy street, and seeing a native approaching—it is said "You can always tell a Bostonian but you can't tell him much"—

she asked this Boston lady, "Is any one in particular buried here?" The newcomer remembered Franklin's tomb in her own Philadelphia, and had visions of John Hancock or John Adams or even John Alden as being interred in this old-time resting place, but this was the illuminating answer she received: "Families, you know!" "Oh!" said the newcomer, and passed on. So it seemed to her that the Germantowners she met on that trip were as definite in their replies as the Boston lady. Finally the weary newcomer reached Germantown avenue, and walked along on it until she saw the familiar blue tavern sign which was reared aloft not very far from her destination, which she reached considerably later than she had been expected.

Later again she visited a friend who lived on the Main street of Germantown and the newcomer was amazed at the Saturday night procession on that thoroughfare, totally unlike anything seen in her own quiet city neighborhood. Finally, however, the newcomer "arrived" and Germantown became her settled home, and her early residence was chiefly remarkable for the number of facts she was told, and believed, that weren't so. She doubted nothing at first; she believed that Washington lived at one period in the long low white house with its side to the street, on Germantown avenue near Walnut lane, and it was hard to disabuse the newcomer's mind of this fond fancy, for she had almost formed a habit of thinking that the Father of his Country must have spent every night of his life in a different house, and have eaten every meal from a different set of dishes, there are so many reliable claimants for those honors. Any one who has ever visited East Hampton, Long Island, cannot fail to be impressed by the fact that John Howard Payne of "Home Sweet Home" fame was born in three houses in the little village, and if a doubt is expressed there are the three houses, all authoritatively vouched for! So this guileless newcomer in Germantown was ready to accept the Haines house as a veritable Washington residence. She also believed that Gilbert Stuart painted his portrait of Washington in a

little white-washed spring house standing well to the front of a garden on the Main street not far from Queen lane. The newcomer also believed that the great buttonwood tree on the Heft place, at Manheim street, was a relic of the primeval forest, born in the hoary ages of antiquity long before the white man set foot on these shores. The newcomer also accepted an old dilapidated white building at the very foot of the Reading Railroad station at Wayne Junction, on the Wayne avenue side, as "Stenton," and though she found it difficult to make these two houses coalesce, she also looked up to an imposing white, Grecian pillared house standing on a hill a little to the north of Wayne Junction on the Germantown avenue side as "Stenton."

Another charming myth offered to the newcomer's consideration was that New Jersey could be seen from the roof or attic windows of the schoolhouse at Germantown avenue and Logan street. What the special advantage of climbing up several flights of stairs for a glimpse of the New Jersey shore was no one explained, but the newcomer intent on seeing everything of note in her new home, went to the school and was told there was no way of reaching the roof from the inside and no attic window through which to look, so this pleasing ambition of seeing New Jersey from the schoolhouse was not gratified. These are but a few samples of the interesting items of misinformation which signalized the newcomer's early acquaintance with Germantown.

Probably what led to serious interest was seeing some of Richards' prints displayed in a window of the building near Coulter street in which the postoffice was then located. The old houses, despite the crude drawing, were most attractive, in pictures at any rate, and making a note of their localities the newcomer set out on a genuine historical pilgrimage to find them. Need it be said she did not succeed. The majority of the old houses depicted had disappeared, for even a quarter of a century ago the new was displacing the old in tradition-loving Germantown. But from this time forth the new comer began historical research in earnest and

spent many an hour in wandering up and down the streets of Germantown and Chestnut Hill noting the ancient buildings that adorned them. She was much impressed by the diverse style of architecture, and the prevalence of small substantially built stone houses, especially on the Germantown road in Chestnut Hill. The many churches, the oft-time quaint parsonages, and the numerous old inns and taverns, all seemed like survivors of an older day. The first veritable log cabin the newcomer had ever seen in a city she noted at Mermaid lane, and took pains to learn its history, for by this time the newcomer was gradually shedding her fund of miscellaneous Germantown fiction, replacing it with more accurate knowledge. She decided that interesting as the log cabin undoubtedly was in appearance and age, yet it must have been an uncommonly uncomfortable domicile, though an old account of it assured the reader that it "was cozy within and had a pleasant attic." Tastes do change in the course of centuries! Across the road from the log cabin stood an old-time tavern, hoary with Germantown antiquity, the "Mermaid Hotel." The newcomer "read up" on the "Mermaid" until she was quite conversant with probably all that was definitely known concerning it, but even some twenty-seven years ago the newcomer found the aspect of the locality varied in some respects from the old-time records, for in some of them mention was made of a row or circle of willow trees, five or seven in number, and a pool of water at their feet. The number of trees had certainly shrunk and there was no pool.

Some distance further south on the Main street the newcomer was attracted by a fine old house, of an ample width in front, as a good and characteristic specimen of a style of architecture prevalent in the town, which she learned was the Bayard house, with the interesting story attached of its cellar digging at the time of the Revolution. Still further down on the Germantown road the newcomer was immediately interested in an old-time building with a lattice work porch and a miniature ship in plaster neatly imbedded

on the south wall near the roof. This was what was popularly known as the "Ship House," and with the "Steamboat House" some distance up gave the street quite a nautical flavor, as sea captains were said to have lived in both of them, while the nautical air was further enhanced when the newcomer was shown the identical house in which a Commodore of the American Navy had lived at one period. Near the Ship House were standing old, rather forlorn relics of better day, the Metzger, Bockius, and Unruh houses. This particular section of the Main street the newcomer found thickly studded with historic memories of all Germantown ages, Dutch, English, German, Revolutionary, for the neighborhood of Washington lane is rich in such tradition, both authentic and legendary.

Another locality that engaged the especial notice of the newcomer was in the vicinity of Chelten avenue, where the beautiful Vernon Mansion stood in its extensive grounds which were enriched with a great variety of rare trees. A little stream meandered through the luxuriant grass of the meadow and an old-time springhouse stood not very far from the entrance, near which there was a fine specimen of the swamp magnolia of New Jersey. At the entrance to Vernon stood an immense tree, chained in an endeavor to preserve it from the ravages of time and the elements. The newcomer cannot remember what species of tree the chained giant was, and on looking over old contemporary descriptions felt rather confused on finding it called a linden, a horse chestnut and a buttonwood, but she is postitive it could not have been all three at once. The meadow at Vernon was considerably lower than the level of the street, and the whole extent of grassy sward was a delight to the eye.

Germantown road below or south of Chelten avenue was a succession of old-time buildings of historic interest. There were the Lehman houses. The tiny little stone building set well back from the road said to have been the residence of Christopher Lehman, the first nurseryman in this vicinity, was chiefly interesting to the newcomer as

having been the birthplace of one of her Germantown friends. Next were two most attractive houses painted white, also called Lehman, with beautiful gardens attached. There was nearby what had been an especially historic old tavern, "The King of Prussia," but when the newcomer saw it part of it had been turned into a most prosaic plumbing shop. Nearby the King of Prussia, adjoining the Bank on the corner of Schoolhouse lane, were a few stores, only noticeable because embedded in the garden wall in the rear of the one numbered 5506 was a stone Indian head which was a great puzzle to craniologists, ethnologists and historians, as it was a type of head totally unlike that of any Indian tribe or even lone Indian known to have frequented the vicinity of Germantown even in prehistoric times. There is no question, however, but that craniologists, ethnologists, historians and other scientists, professional or amateur, were probably correct in their assertion that it is not the head of any Indian belonging to the tribes known in this part of the country, nor of any other locality, as the stone head is now declared in all probability to be German. Across the street from the King of Prussia the newcomer found a most delightful tiny old-fashioned toy shop, to enter which it was necessary to step down from the sidewalk. This was a fascinating place for children, who found in it an abundant supply of toys, and at such a low figure that even a penny bought something valuable.

Schoolhouse lane was so well-known by reputation to the newcomer that she paid particular attention to it, especially to the Friends' Meeting and the famous School of Germantown, the Academy. At the very corner of the Academy domain, at the Greene street corner, stood a tumble-down most commonplace little house, built on a bank above the street level and quite detracting from the staid and dignified building of the Academy itself. Nearby, in the same square, was a pebble-dashed, pink hued house directly on the line of the pavement with its high wooden front steps extending on both sides of the front door. This was the old

Coulter Mansion, which had an extensive garden in the rear, and a tiny building in it, which was said to have been the fire engine house of earlier days and about this old mansion the newcomer learned that in Civil War times war meetings had been held in the parlors. West of Wayne avenue there were very few houses on Schoolhouse lane, but so filled was the whole neighborhood with Revolutionary reminiscenses that it caused no surprise when the newcomer learned that two British pennies antedating the Revolution had been dug up in the garden of a dwelling, the site of which had been a British camp. A curious circumstance was noted by the newcomer when settled in her new home, that an echo, a bona fide echo, was an adjunct of her garden and the adjacent side street on which no houses stood, for footsteps could be heard at night like ghostly followers of any one who walked along the silent street, and a call in the garden in the stillness of the night was invariably repeated with startling distinctness. Next to the Saving Fund on Germantown avenue the newcomer was especially pleased with the old-time houses, fine from their very simplicity and absence of meretricious or meaningless ornament.

Another locality that appealed to the newcomer was in the vicinity of Wayne Junction. On the Wayne avenue side two quite old dwelling houses were of marked interest, though both even twenty-five years ago were falling into decay. One was on Wayne avenue at the very foot of the Reading Railroad station and was a good sized, white building with outhouses, which in its day was evidently a mansion house of considerable importance. The other was some distance south, about the present Eighteenth and Cayuga streets. This was also a large, square mastic house, which had likewise evidently been an imposing dwelling, but was going almost piecemeal, as the front and rear porches had been torn down and the house presented every appearance of old age combined with hard usage. These two old buildings the newcomer identified as being in all probability the two houses marked "Naglee" and "De Walden" on the 1750 map. One of

them in later times had been known as the Roberts Mansion, having been the residence of the Roberts who was cashier in Girard's Bank. A small house on Germantown avenue, close beside the Reading Railroad station at Wayne Junction, the newcomer also heard called a Neglee house, and this same little house with its one story and attic—perhaps this last also of the "pleasant" variety—seemed a fittingly appropriate introduction to historic Germantown when entering it by way of Wayne Junction. It was positively rural in almost every section of Germantown a quarter of a century ago. The newcomer often found the cheerful blue chicory growing wild in some of the principal streets and there were many vacant lots and fields to be seen on every hand. On Schoolhouse lane, almost at Wayne avenue, a vacant piece of grass-covered ground was called by the children the "Cows' Lot," so many cows grazed on it.

The newcomer was interested in the numerous burying grounds to be seen along Main street and took occasion to visit them. At first the Germantown names on the stones meant but little to her, and the few graves she noted as of special interest were those of men who had more than local Germantown fame, such as Condy Raguet, the political economist, in the Lower Burying Ground, whose name was familiar to the newcomer as the organizer of the first saving fund banks. A banker himself, a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in both branches, the holder of various government positions, the author of a number of books on banking and the currency, and an advocate of free trade. The newcomer was very much surprised to learn he had lived in Germantown and was buried here. Another notable grave was that of Watson, the annalist, which the newcomer found in St. Luke's graveyard, and the third that attracted her was that of Christopher Ludwig in St. Michael's Lutheran burying ground, and the great stone slab covering it on which is inscribed a brief history of the patriot who lies beneath. As the newcomer, however, progressed in her knowledge of Germantown history, learning who was who, and gleaning as

much knowledge as possible of the early settlers and the stirring deeds of Germantown, she found a visit to any one of the old burying grounds almost like reading a chapter of Germantown history.

The street names the newcomer found exceedingly interesting in their historic memories, showing plainly the influence exerted by the War for Independence, for she noted Washington, Jefferson, Lafayette, Knox, Morris, Adams, Pulaski, Wayne, Greene, though she found there was some dispute about the last, some authorities averring it was Green street before a single battle of the Revolution was fought and others pointing to the General for the origin of its name, but the latter seem to have gained the day as the name rejoices in that mark of distinction, the final e.

Rather early in her sojourn in Germantown the newcomer had the pleasure of entering what had been the "Cocoonery" of silkworm craze fame. It was somewhere near Morton and High, and though it had had additional stories added after its silkworm day had gone by, yet the newcomer passed through the very rooms in which the worms were expected to spin the silk that was to make the fortune of their owners and also saw some few of the same mulberry trees which were still in existence at the time, the purchase and planting of which caused the bankruptcy of many a speculator. She was told that through some mistake the wrong variety of mulberry had been imported, and the poor worms sickened and died for want of their proper nourishment.

These are just a few of the landmarks scattered here and there which the newcomer noticed when she took up her residence in Germantown, some twenty-seven years agone, in her frequent walks up and down the Main street. Quite recently this inquiring newcomer journeyed along that same Germantown road from Chestnut Hill to Wayne Junction, looking for the old familiar landmarks which had seemed a very part of the street itself. Her first surprise came near Mermaid lane, when mechanically she looked for the log

cabin; a small vacant lot, the ground on which it had stood as was estimated for two hundred years, was the only reminder of the "cosy inside and pleasant attic." The Mermaid Hotel of old had vanished, though in its place was arising a brand new Mermaid Hotel, oppressively modern and utiliarian in its outward aspect, though doubtless more comfortable and sanitary within. Two trees, one a willow, were all that remained of the "grove" that was said to have "fringed the pool," but never again can the Mermaid Hotel be regarded as picturesque,—that phase of its existence has gone forever. The Carpenter Mansion and clock had disappeared, streets and modern new houses replaced them, and the fine old Bayard house had no longer an existence, for a number of uncompromising modern houses were being built where it stood near the Pelham car barn. Even the Ship House had sailed away into the past, as had the old houses close by, and a new street, West Pomona, and new stores marked their site.

Near the Town Hall the newcomer looked in vain for the fine old Engle house with its date stone of 1758, but finally discovered it, looking very much as of old, standing in a species of alley or side street, no longer facing the Main street, but steadily looking in another direction. When Vernon was reached great were the changes noted, the spring house was gone, the tree in chains at the entrance had succumbed to the march of progress, no depressed meadow was to be seen, for the ground was now on a level with the street. The mansion itself was not materially altered in outward appearance, though two stone lions on strong pedestals guarded the front door and a bronze lifesize statue of the former owner kept watch on all who entered. Nor were the grounds around the mansion the old-time unbroken expanse of green lawn, for a battle monument, the foundation stone of a proposed German monument and a library building occupied commanding positions in the old estate that had now become a public park filled with squirrels. Almost at the entrance of the park was a moving picture theatre and

across the street on the corner of Chelten avenue a new building in which the newcomer found she could mail her letters, the post office having moved from its old home near Coulter street. Where Jones' flour and feed store stood, on the south corner of Chelten avenue, opposite the post office, now an ornate Trust building was seen by the newcomer, and the little "steppy down" store hadn't stood still, but had raised itself until it was even with the sidewalk, though in its modernized window still could be seen quite as fascinating and wonderful bargains in toys as of yore.

Perhaps the very greatest change the newcomer noted was between Chelten avenue and Schoolhouse lane, which, with the exception of a very few old houses at Chelten avenue, had undergone a complete transformation. The little stone Lehman house and its beautiful white neighbors with their charming gardens, the King of Prussia, and the stores and dwellings to the south, had been entirely obliterated and not a trace of them remained. The warehouse and shop of the U. G. I., a Victor Victrola store, a shoe store, etc., and a particularly flamboyant theatre were the successors of the historic occupants of the olden time. The Bank had stretched forth a hand and taken an old building as its own, and the wall that held the Indian German was gone, though fortunately this curious relic had found a home in the Museum of the Site and Relic Society. Time did not spare the humble domicile at the Academy corner, for a few stone steps and a fine grassy sward marked its site, and in the rear a new building, the gymnasium of the Academy, attracted the attention of the passerby. The Coulter Mansion had disappeared and more ornate houses now occupied the site, more intrinsically attractive in appearance though lacking the historic interest of the original occupants of the ground. And no cows had grazing ground on Schoolhouse lane, dwelling houses being in evidence almost its whole length.

The Ashmead houses on Germantown avenue no longer invited historic memories, for the Saving Fund had taken them into its own keeping, nor had time spared the Cocoon-

ery, or the delightfully quaint little parsonage of the old Dunker Church, for all these were merely memories, living only in their pictured representations. The tiny stone house at Wayne Junction was almost unrecognizable with its incongruous addition covering half of the front; on the Wayne avenue side of the Junction rows of houses marked where stood DeWalden at Eighteenth and Cayuga; and not a vestige remained of the Roberts Mansion, but a beautiful lawn and ornamental shrubs and flowers marked the ground which was part of the tract deeded by Penn in 1702 to its first owner, "Susanna Brandt, widow." Nor could the newcomer recognize the house on Germantown avenue in which she visited; it had become an office building. Nor could she see the other on Linden street, for the Boys' Club stood on the very spot where she and her friend played the piano in the parlor and croquet in the garden, and the street knew its name of Linden no more, Penn having taken its place, even its eastern continuation, Shoemaker's lane, being metamorphosed into Penn, as Logan had been evolved from Fisher's lane. And the change on Chelten avenue was as great as on the Main street, for the few very modest shops on the north side near Germantown avenue had disappeared, a modern building of the Electric Company, making a brilliant display of electric lights, superseding it. Across the street the "Orpheum," to give the theatre its stage name, was dazzlingly bright, and the newcomer looked in vain for the unhappy desiccated cat, which had been the attraction for many years in Pryor's store window, for the store was displaced by this very up-to-date place of amusement. Indeed the newcomer found many and great were the changes that had taken place and were still taking place in this old and historic "German Towne." Old houses had been torn down, new ones erected, others had been enlarged or there had been so many modern improvements added to them that they were difficult to recognize in their new attire, and vacant spaces had been filled with solid rows of small dwellings, and many an extensive old-time estate had been cut up into

building lots, with new streets running through. The solitary horse car line on Germantown avenue had been supplemented by the ubiquitous new trolley lines traversing numerous thoroughfares in the town. The greatest change, however, that the newcomer noted, the greatest innovations that had invaded the quiet of its streets and its dignified sylvan Germantown repose were four in number:—First the setting apart of vacant lots as playgrounds for children, a notable instance being the one felicitously named Happy Hollow, evolved from an old stone quarry; second, the five and ten-cent stores which apparently did a thriving business and in which everything could be purchased from a picture post card to a tack hammer; third, the apartment houses, which seemed to have sprung up like mushrooms over night, for she found them on Chelten avenue, Greene street, Schoolhouse lane, Wayne avenue, Morris street, etc., etc., ofttimes rearing their imitation massive pillars to the height of three or four stories. The fourth and most conspicuous invader of all, however, that came under the ken of the newcomer, was the theatre, in all its varieties, moving pictures, vaudeville, and what has been called the "legitimate." With the exception of the capacious one on Chelten avenue, these theatres have, as a general thing, found an abiding place on the Main street, though the newcomer thinks perhaps they will seek other worlds to conquer as time goes on. In one respect the newcomer noted no perceptible change, the peanut scattering lively throng still moved in a constant stream up and down the Main street on Saturday nights, though Main street was now brilliantly lighted by electricity. These are but few of the changes the newcomer noted after the lapse of twenty-five years, and she wondered if the newcomer of today who wanders about Germantown as it is at present will find many changes at the end of the next quarter of a century, and if the beautiful and historic houses still standing, such as the Chew, the Morris, the Johnson, will by that time have been demolished, or changed beyond recognition, and what newer attractions will supersede the Woolworths', the

"moving pictures," and the glorified tenement houses called "apartments" or "housekeeping flats," and she concluded by saying to herself, "Nothing stands still, for even conservative traditionary, legendary Germantown moves with the times."

Site and Relic Society of Germantown

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The Site and Relic Society of Germantown was organized on October 30th, 1900. Since that time it has been an active force in the development of Germantown and in preserving its past history. It has marked with bronze tablets many historic buildings and sites. It has collected a large library of manuscripts, books and pamphlets, all relating to Germantown, or written by its residents. It has housed thousands of relics connected with the local history of the past. It has published three editions (6000 copies) of a model "Guide Book to Historic Germantown," written by its president, Charles F. Jenkins. It has saved from destruction, the old Wister mansion in Vernon Park, and by resolution of the City Councils of Philadelphia, has made that building its home, installing there its library and museum. It has instituted a series of public meetings at which are read carefully prepared historic papers which are afterwards published by the society. Every resident of Germantown should take pride in belonging to the society. The annual dues ($2.00) are made low so that all may join in the patriotic work.