

A Quaker Girl's Diary

Sparkling Narrative
Written by a Philadelphia Revolutionary Belle.

There is an ancient house at Pen-lynn, Gwynedd township, Montgomery county, Pa., that is associated with one of the prettiest contributions to the history of the stirring times in the fall of 1777. It is the old Foulke mansion, wherein a young Philadelphia Quaker girl wrote the charming, sparkling narrative that has become famous as Sally Wister's Journal.

The document has been a fruitful source of inspiration to many writers of fiction, dealing with the days of our nation making. Just before the British army slipped into Philadelphia, weeks of fighting and feinting, Sally's father, Daniel—a Philadelphia merchant—sent his family out to Gwynedd to the Foulkes, the two families being kin, to escape the many unpleasant features of life in a city with an army of occupation.

Previous to going away Sally and her friend, Deborah Norris, another young Quakeress, who, by the way, told in after years how she peeped over the garden fence and looked across Fifth street to see what was going on the day they publicly read the Declaration of Independence, agreed to keep journals, which they would exchange when they met again, as it would be manifestly impossible to get letters through the lines of the two armies. And Sally went out to her widowed "Aunt Hannah's," the uncle, William Foulke, having died in 1775.

The long, low stone house, wherein the Foulke family and their city relatives sheltered that troublesome winter is still in excellent preservation and doubtless in very much the same proportions of a century and a quarter ago. Its present owner, J. E. Caldwell has done much to give it a splendid setting in a landscape gardening scheme of rare beauty.

Wrote Her Diary There.

In one of the rooms of the picturesque mansion this light-hearted girl jotted down her chatty, familiar impressions of the great makers of American history as they appeared on the little stage of the hospitable Foulke home. The first entry in her diary was made Sept. 25, 1777—124 years ago this week.

One day she writes: "Two gentlemen of the military order rode up to the door" and arranged for the billet-

received that of a bow from Brig-Gen. Lacy." She comments further on that day being "almost adventuresome."

A gay young blade from Virginia, Alexander Spotswood Dandridge, asks her to marry him on exceedingly short acquaintance, she thinks, although she hastens to explain, "had we been acquainted seven years we would not have been more sociable. The moon gave a sadly pleasing light." What a wonderfully complete picture of sociability that entry suggests!

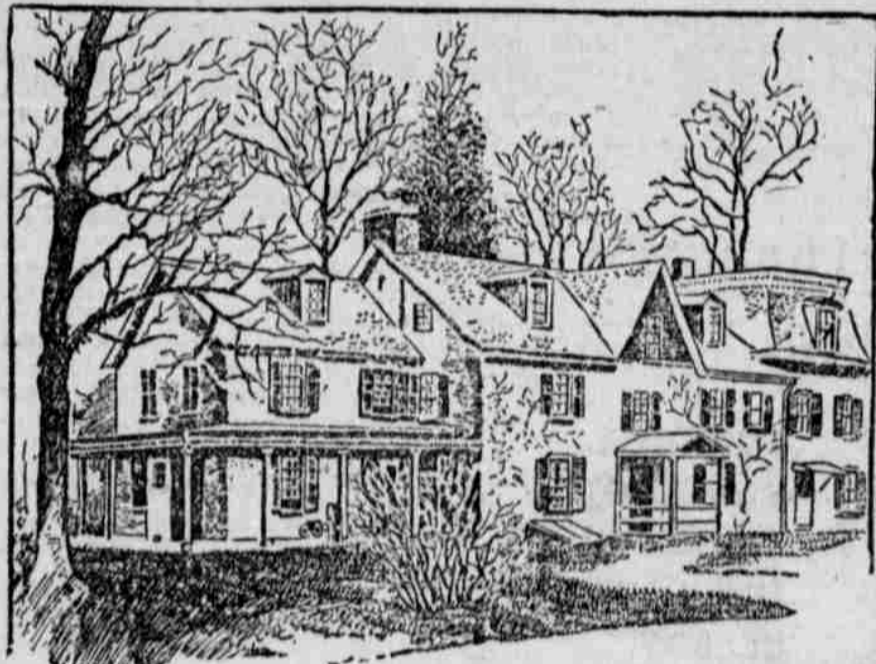
She tells of the pranks she and her girl friends played on a certain Mr. Tilly, "a wild, noisy mortal," who appears "bashful when with girls," and who "talks so excessively fast that he often begins a sentence without finishing the last, which confuses him very much, and then he blushes and laughs." Mr. Tilly plays two tunes on the German flute and he is unmercifully jeered about his brilliant musical talent.

A Joke on Tilly.

Tilly was something of a braggart, it seems, and the merry company decided to have some fun with him, so they fitted up the figure of a British grenadier and stood it at the door of the house. While they were chatting in the gloom of one of the rooms one December night a knock came at the door. The servant came in with the message that they were all wanted outside. Tilly was the first one out and he banged into the grenadier. At the same moment a thundering voice called out: "Are there any rebel officers here?"

"Not waiting for a second word, he darted like lightning out of the front door, through the yard, boited over the fence. Swamps, fences, thorn-hedges and plowed fields no way impeded his retreat." At last they found Tilly and explained the joke to him. He was induced to come back, and when he rejoined the group he solemnly faced the company and remarked: "You may all go to the d—!" Sally touchingly and suggestively comments: "I never heard him utter an indecent expression before."

But it would take columns, says the Philadelphia Record, to reprint the full account of Sally Wister's Journal and its abounding references to the qualifications and character of the various officers who stopped at this old



OLD FOULKE MANSION AT PEN-LLYN, PA.

ing of Gen. William Smallwood of Maryland at the house. "One of the officers dismounted and wrote 'Smallwood's quarters' over the door, which secured us from straggling soldiers. After this he mounted his steed and rode away. When we are alone our dress and lips were put in order for conquest and the hopes of adventure gave brightness to each before passive countenance."

Gen. Smallwood Arrives.

"In the evening (of Oct. 19) his generalship came with six attendants, which compos'd his family. A large guard of soldiers, a number of horses and baggage wagons, the yard and house in confusion and glittered with military equipments. . . . The general is tall, portly, well-made; a truly martial air, the behavior and manners of a gentleman, a good understanding and great humanity of disposition constitute the character of Smallwood."

For weeks her journal re-echoes with the clanking of swords, the rattle of military wagons, the tramp of marching soldiers, busy, perhaps, with the care of wounded soldiers whose line of retreat from fatal Germantown lay close to the old house. She only briefly refers to the battle there and "the horrors of that day." She tells her absent friend the gossip they get at the mill—a mill was part of the Foulke estate—but warns her by saying: "We don't place much dependence on mill news."

Conquest of a Virginian.

One day several of the company which formed this distinguished colonial house party, "Went to the mill. We made very free with some continental flour. We powdered mighty white, to be sure." Another day 21-year-old and flirtatious Brig-Gen. Lacy rides by "in expectation of drawing the attention of the 'mill girls.'" . . . but as ill-luck would order it, I had been busy and my auburn ringlets were much dishevelled; therefore I did not glad his eyes, and cannot set down on the list of honors

house. As to the complete Journal, which first saw the light in the comfortable home, one's best wishes to the reader of these lines may be most fittingly expressed in Sally's dedication to her friend Deborah. "The perusal of it may some time hence give pleasure in a solitary hour to thee."

Another Anecdote.

There were a crowd of calamity howlers gathered in a hotel rotunda during the great drouth of the past month, and each was telling the other that all the crops would be burned up and everybody would starve to death. An old man, who has the reputation of being a man who can always tell a story better than the one just told, put in his voice and said that the present drouth was nothing to the one they had when he was a boy in "Car'liny." They all listened carefully to his wonderful story of how so many people starved to death, and how when they cut their bodies open they found that they had actually eaten grass before they died. He told the story through without interruption, but as soon as he finished one of his listeners asked: "But why did they cut open their bodies?" That was a poser for the old man, but after spitting reflectively at a spot on the wall, he said: "Why, to see what they starved to death on, of course." Then he wondered what they all wanted him to buy the drinks for.

A Fast Man's Course.

M. Courtinaud's uncle, both well-known in Paris, died in April and left him 6,000 francs. Delighted with so much money, he considered various plans of spending it. He was afraid to place it in the bank and had no confidence in commercial ventures. Not fond of racing, he finally decided to drink it up. At the end of five months he succeeded. His average was forty francs a day. At last he bought a bottle of alcohol for two francs, drank it, and then shot himself. He left a request to be buried in a cellar at the side of the barrels.—Chicago Journal.

FRENCH-CANADIAN CATTLE.

History of the Breed and Some of Its Characteristics.

Since the entry of the French-Canadian cattle in the dairy tests at the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo many inquiries have been made about the breed, says the Springfield Republican. In fact, many people thought that Canada had what might be called a native breed, like the so-called natives of the United States, made up by crossing the progeny of early importations until it would be difficult to tell what blood predominates. The Massachusetts Ploughman quotes from a pamphlet sent out by Dr. J. A. Couture, D. V. S., of Quebec, secretary of the French-Canadian Cattle Breeders' association, in which he gives the history of the breed, and the claims made for it. He says the French settlers who first came to Canada were natives of Brittany and Normandy, France. The first cattle in Quebec, in 1629 or thereabouts, were brought, no doubt, from those two districts. No importations of other breeds worth mentioning are reported in the history of the province until about 1800 or a little before. Between 1776 and 1850 a few herds of English cattle, mostly Ayrshire and Shorthorns, were brought into the province, but they were bought by wealthy Englishmen living near Montreal and Quebec, where they are still to be found. They found but little favor with the French inhabitants in the poorer region and in the remote parts along the Laurentides and the lower part of the St. Lawrence, both north and south, as they were loth to cross their hardy little cows with the larger breeds, fearing, with good reason, that they could not feed sufficiently to keep the larger animals alive, to say nothing of profit, during the seven months of the winter. Thus they have been kept nearly distinct for over 250 years, and in-and-in breeding has been resorted to to fix in a sure manner the characteristics of the breed. The three qualities claimed for the French-Canadian are hardiness, frugality and richness of milk. As they are small, the cows averaging about 700 pounds each, they do not require large amounts of food. In form they are something like the Jersey, but in color most frequently a solid black, or black with brown stripe on the back and around the muzzle, or brown with black points, brown brindle, or even yellowish.

A Hesitating Acceptance.

Not very long ago Mr. and Mrs. Phil May were entertaining a large party of friends, distinguished in the worlds of literature, art and fashion, and during the evening there called a visitor who made a very diffident entry. The great caricaturist was standing near the head of the stairs talking to Lord Mountmorres and Lady Edith Franklin, when his man intimated that "Mr. Brown" had called. "Show him in," said Mr. May. "He won't come, sir; he's not in evening dress, and he's standing in the lobby," replied the servant. Mr. May, who often cannot fix the identity of people he knows pretty well, showed no gleam or recognition on the mention of "Mr. Brown's" name but in his usual kind way he went to the top of the staircase and ushered in the reluctant visitor, who vainly endeavored to excuse himself. Addressing two or three distinguished friends who were standing near, Mr. May determined to place the new arrival at his ease and in the heartiest way said: "Let me introduce my old friend, Mr. Brown." The introduction had been made when Mrs. May hurried to her husband's side and, almost convulsed with laughter and embarrassment, whispered: "Why, Phil, that man is your tailor; he has called about your riding breeches, and the bill!"

Gladstone's Idea of Humor.

There is a story that Mr. Gladstone has often told as illustrating his idea of what honor should be. "It shows the very finest humor, as good as anything of Sydney Smith," etc. It occurred in one of the numerous begging letters which he was constantly receiving. The writer, to show that his destitution was no fault of his own, related that after trying to obtain every sort of employment, he went so far as to answer an advertisement for a clerk in an undertaker's establishment. On applying at the address at the appointed time, he was shocked as well as disheartened to find a crowd of some 100 persons on the same errand as himself. But the last and cruellest blow was, as he turned away, to hear a little street Arab say to his companion, "I say, Bill, look at all them clerks come to be measured for their coffins."—Hon. Mrs. Goodhart in Nineteenth Century.

The Original Woman.

Now, Eve was writing a letter to her daughter-in-law, who was Cain's wife, and she asked Adam to get another sheet of birch-bark to complete the missive upon. "All right," said Adam, "but you had better let the trees get another ten years' growth before you try to write any postscripts."—Baltimore American.

Didn't Get Her Money's Worth.

Clara: "Why, Ethel, what makes you so blue?" Ethel: "That fortune-teller told me I would be married twice, and she told Edna she would have three husbands. And to think, I paid for having both our fortunes told!"—Chelsea Gazette.

The Last Stage.

Thespis: "What does a woman do when she becomes too old to be a ballet dancer?" Foyer: "Becomes a child actress."—Judge.

Liberty and duty are inseparable terms. If I ought, I can.—Kant.

Pictorial Humor

HE KNEW.



Edna (after he has proposed)—Ah! what is more delightful than a kiss?
Tom—Two.

PRACTICAL MISS GOLIGHTLY.

E. Singer in the Indianapolis Sun.—"As I sit here and gaze into the fire," said Cholly Staylayte, dreamily, "I cannot help but wax imaginative and poetic. It seems to me that burning chunk is old King Cole, and that those red flames are his dancers—now darting up, now leaping down and around in order to amuse their king. It seems to me that the crackle of the embers is the music by old King Cole's fiddlers three, and—"

"Yes," interrupted Miss Golightly, yawning wearily and looking at the clock, "but in that case the old king, and not papa, ought to pay the fiddlers."

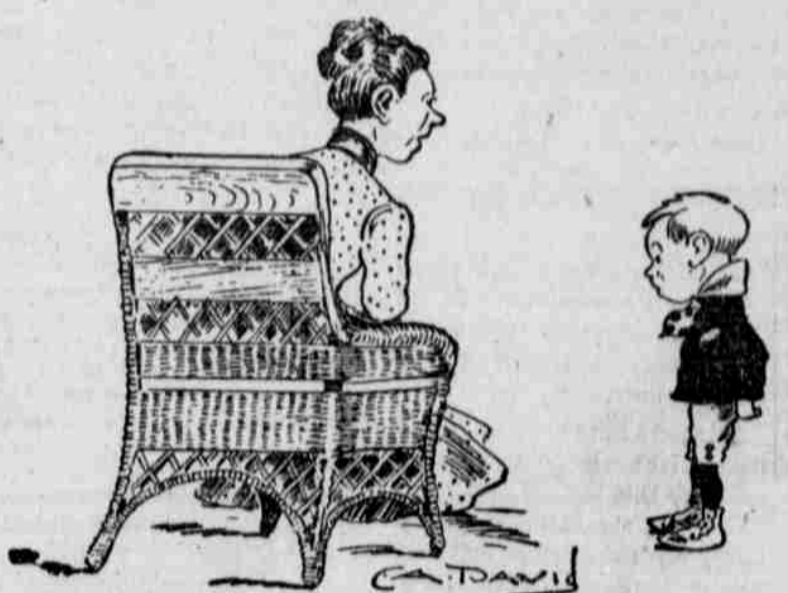
And, after a long while, it dawned upon Cholly that a ton of coal was almost as valuable as two Irish potatoes, and he took his leave.

ONLY JUST HER HUSBAND.

Mistress—Mary, you had a man in the kitchen last evening. Was he a relative of yours or a friend?
Maid—Neither, marm; he was only just my husband.

Teacher—"And why should we endeavor to rise by our own efforts?"
Johnny Wise—"Cause there's no tellin' when the alarm clock will go wrong."

A POSER.



Mrs. Jones—Noah took a pair of every living animal into the ark so that they wouldn't have been drowned.
Bobbie—Did he take in fish?
Mrs. Jones—Yes.
Bobbie—Would they have been drowned, mamma?

ECONOMY.

Mrs. Chugwater—What do you buy such cheap shirts for? They are the most expensive in the end. They're all worn out after you have had them washed half a dozen times.

Mr. Chugwater—Then they only cost me 60 cents for washing, and that's a big saving. You go on with your fruit canning. You can't teach me anything about buying shirts.

IN THE PAPER.

Ida—"They say Belle is the picture of health these days."
May—"Yes, some remedy company is using her picture in their testimonials."

Forge—"Your raglan is out of style. You should have the new 'Kitchener Yoke.'"
Fenton—"Not if I am a Boer sympathizer."

CONSIDERATE.

"Why is that picture turned toward the wall?"
"Oh, that is a haying scene, and we have to hide it whenever Uncle Thomas visits us, because he is a hay fever sufferer."

VERY GOOD FORM.

Rodrick—"I wonder why old Threecross took his bookkeeper along when he went to select a young wife?"
Van Albert—"Oh, I guess he wanted some one who was good at figures."

TOOK A BLUFF.

"I was in a hotel in Indiana a few weeks ago," said the New York drummer, "when the talk turned on General Grant. Pretty soon one of the crowd referred to his two terms as president, and I felt called upon to correct him."

"How correct him?" was asked.
"Why, as to the two terms. Of course he served only one. The fellow was one of the obstinate kind, however, and he finally offered to bet me a hundred to fifty that he was right. It made the cold chills go over me. It was a dead sure thing for me, and yet I hadn't the money to put up. Gee! But I never felt so mean in my life. Being dead broke I had to take his bluff. I'll be healed on my next trip, and I'll try and find that chap and rake in his wad."

"I wouldn't," said the man who had spoken before.
"Why not?"

"I'd use the money to buy a history of the United States and have your ears shortened!"

Rector—"Remember, my young friend, there are better things in life than money."
Young Friend—"Yes, I know that, but it takes money to buy them."

AN ALTERNATIVE.



Mrs. Hayseed—I see they've stopped the roof gardens in New York for the winter.
Mr. Hayseed—I reckon they'll have to rely on their hot-beds for late vegetables, then.

ALWAYS READY.

"You're not the man that answers the questions, are you?" inquired the stranger.

"Yes, sir," said the man in the chair. "I suppose you've been asked a good many times before, but I'd like to know the exact pronunciation."
"Ro-ze-v't," interrupted the man in the chair, turning again to his work.
"Thanks."

THE ACTUAL COST.

"How do you like my new hat?" asked the first woman of the other at the matinee. "The total cost was only \$20."

"Pardon me, madam," chimed in the disgusted man behind, "but you should include the price of my seat, which makes the total \$21.50."

"How do you know he loves you?" said Miss Cayenne.

"He writes me such beautiful letters."
"Humph! That isn't love. That's literature."



Johnny (pointing to a centipede)—Mamma, look at that thousand-leg!
Mrs. Newrich—My dear child, don't say such vulgar words. You mean a thousand-limb.

THE ONLY TIME.

"What a great boon hairpins are to women," observed Pennington.
"And to men," hastened Meekwood.
"How so?"
"Why, when a woman fills her mouth with hairpins a man has a chance to get in a few words."

ISN'T SAFE.

"Chesney lives in Brooklyn, but belongs to a New York club. When he happens to meet some of the old boys he stays all night."
"Why is that?"
"He's afraid to cross the bridge with a load."

THE NEW FAD.

Stubb—"Since my wife has taken up bowling she is always after me for money to play the game."
Penn—"More pin money, eh?"