THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A PENNSYLVANIAN By Samuel W. Pennypacker Pennsylvania's Most Zealous

and Energetic Governor

When Governor Pennypacker's Father Died the Family Moved Back to Phoenixville, but a Few Years Later Samuel Returned to the City to Earn His Livelihood and to Contribute to the Family Income

CHAPTER II (Continued)

AFEW months later, on the thirtenth of February, 1856, my father died from an attack of erysipelas and typhoid fever. He was attended by Doctors Tyson and Brinckle. There were poems written and editorial regrets. Doctor Clark preached a sermon in the Baptist Church, called The Tabernacle, on Chestnut street west of Eighteenth, and Doctor Roach another in St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church upon the untoward event. Doctor Hartshorne delivered a memorial address to the classes, in which he said: "To this school especially he gave all his great mental energies with the pride of a founder, which in a certain sense, as it now stands, he was: it seems to us now like an edifice whose foremost column has fallen down or a tree whose topmost bough is broken off."

Back to Phoenixville

There were sales of his interest in the college, which soon afterward became blended with the Jefferson Medical College; of his house in Phoenixville to John Vanderslice for one-half of its value, of the house on Chestnut street and of my mother's farm in Chester County, and when they were all over she had just \$7000 upon which to depend. She had four children, of whom I was the oldest, and my brother James had been born only in December. She had character, met the situation with courage and fortitude, took her family to the home of her father at Mont Clare and there kept house for him. The house, capacious and impressive, built of stone, plastered outside, with a porch in front, approached by a flight of marble steps and another in the rear, with massive doors and high ceilings, a large and unusual parlor, partly separated by Doric columns, and a wide hall running from porch to porch, stood on a crest sloping toward the Schuylkill. It had, however, a basement kitchen and dining room, and perhaps from this cause my mother became a prey to rheumatism, suffering with it for thirty years. With the death of my father came to me an abrupt change not only in the manner of life, but in those influences which affect the currents of thought. Up to that time my life had been that of a Pennypacker, and the career which had been proposed for me and accepted with no sense of uncertainty was that I should pursue a course at college and then read law. The Whitaker point of view was thoroughly practical, My grandfather had large means, but to provide gratification for idle and unproductive people was no part of his philosophy. In truth even thus early in life, I felt a great sense of responsibility and the need which had come to me to be up and doing. My mother came to me with her confidences and to a great extent began to lean upon me. She continued to do so through the whole of her long life and we were not thereafter for any length of time separated. Temporarily. I went to the public school in Phoenixville on the south side of the creek in a yellow building at the corner of Church and Gay streets, the teacher being Joseph Addison Thomson, one of a local family all of whom possess more than ordinary intelligence. Both boys and girls attended the school. We sang geography. We had spelling bees and spelled each other down. One of the duties of every teacher at that day was to write a headline on each page of each scholar's copybook, which he or she endeavored to imitate for the acquisition of good chirography. I remember on one occasion writing in my book as a venture of my own the line:

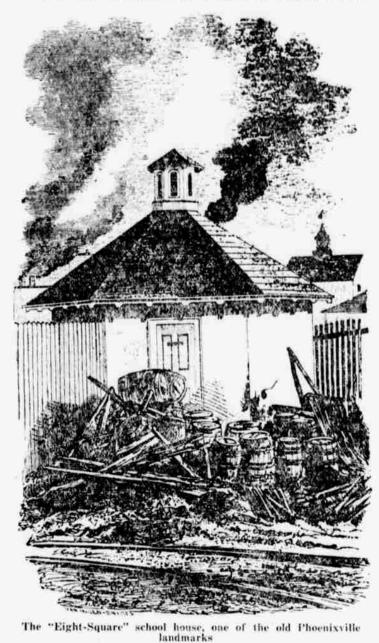
"An Austrian army awfully arrayed" and being surprised to find that the next copy given me by Thomson

was the following line: "Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade."

About this period an unusual and interesting series of events occurred at Mont Clare. To understand them there need be added nothing more to the description of the house than to say that from

the center of the hall a narrow entry led to the top of the stairway

to the kitchen. In this entry, near the ceiling and far out of reach, hung the doorbell from the front door. On the other side of the entry a crooked stairway, used by the servants, ran to the third story. The occupants of the house were my grandfather, who was often away upon business; my grandmother, my two aunts, Elizabeth and Gertrude, then unmarried; my mother and her children, my Aunt Sarah, whose illness prevented her from leaving the third floor; Patrick Orr, a stableman; Fanny, a very black girl of about twelve years of age, whom Aunt Sally daily and diligently tried to wash white and comb straight, and two girls in the litchen. Across the road which rat, by to Norristown lived "Auntie Jacobs," a nice old Quaker lady, with her two old bachelor sons, John and Benjamin. Prior to the Revolution the Jacobs family had been one of the most influential families of the province, having their part in every important movement, but the lapse of time had lessened the nervous force and energy. John and Benjamin lived on the nacestral acres, cleanly and upright, full of anti-slavery traditions, a little given to science and chess, a little prone to adopt all of the advanced notions that came floating along, and without much of the vigor which leads to achievement. At Rochester, in New York, spirits had disclosed themselves to some women by rapping in mysterious ways and moving tables and chairs. Why they should so behave no one could explain, though the subject was talked about all over the



These Certify, That fore of the eccure

resident in Phillipel this Serbs County of the on Party, and

grace Adates resident resident of the on Party, and

Trace Adates resident on the on Party, and decented Samuel Adams and or his reliet Econorite in a milari. 11 Ha - past Ewentyone years of age, if the other Party are joined in the Box as of HOLY WEDLOCK, this day, by me. Given under we thank and Soul, so Philadelephina, on the 28 2 3 that Che cret Year of CHRIST one thousand eight broaded and Eleven. Nicholds Pollin We, the underwritten, have wanessed the solemnization of this Nuptial Contract, and certify, that it is few from every legal impedi-

country. John and Benjamin Jacobs came across the road to sit with my aunts about a round table with the hands of all four on the top of it, in an effort to get it to move, and listening for the raps which ought naturally in sequence to follow. After a few weeks of unresponsive endeavor the thing started with a vengeance in such a way as not only to discommode the family and make them uneasy, but to disturb the neighborhood. The happenings always occurred at night. The bells rang long and loudly when there were no visitors, rappings were heard all over the house and there were tappings on the window panes, both up and down stairs. Blows were struck upon the doors, as though with a club. Oftentimes the sounds seemed to be made in the very presence of those who were watching. On one occasion Pat stood with a club at the back door, with the door ajar, when a loud thump happened at his side. "Bejabers, I've got ye now!" said Pat as he threw the door wide open. Darkness there and nothing more! On another occasion Fanny and I had our heads out of a third-story window, on the watch, when a loud noise in another part of the house startled all in it and called us there. One evening a member of the family coming up the stairs stumbled over a large gilt mirror of great weight which had hung for years in a room in the third story. Another night the wife of my Uncle William P. C. Whitaker, then on a visit to the household, going up the broad stairway in the dark was confronted by some obscure figure and fainted. Naturally, the members of the family thought that somebody in the neighborhood played these pranks, and their suspicion fell upon a woman who occasionally came to the house and knew its arrangement. Every effort was made to catch this person in the act. Flour was sprinkled over the porches so that traces of the footsteps would be left. John and Benjamin Jacobs hid behind the skrubbery on the lawn and waited for hours. Relays were stationed at the upper windows. It was labor in vain. The manifestations continued at intervals for perhaps three months and then ceased temporarily. After about three months they began again, to be followed by a period of quiet and by a third recurrence, altogether covering more than a year's time. Outside of the house and near to it stood a frame structure used for the purpose of storing wood and as a receptacle for cast-off material. On a dark night a member of the family going to this house found a lot of wood gathered together with paper and dry chips underneath, and the black girl, Fanny, with a box of matches in the very act of setting it on fire. The secret was out and she told her story. She had rung the doorbell by running up the narrow back stairway and pulling out a



he marriage license of Joseph Whitaker and Grace Adams one of the most interesting documents now in existence, cause it was signed by Nicholas Collin, the last Swedish minister of Old Swedes Church. The date is April 28, 1811. the spelling, as frequently happened in those days, is incor-rect. Mr. and Mrs. Whitaker in middle life are shown below it.

brass stair rod which enabled her to reach the bell. She had various devices to produce the rappings. She had a supply of tinder under the carpet of the stairway ready to set the mansion on fire if successful with the outer structure. She was hurried away in order to have her escape the severe thrashing which grandfather would surely have given her had he been at home, and the house thereafter had no more communications from the spirits. She was such a dull, thick-witted, stupid little creature that a consensus of opinion, based upon knowledge of her and recollection of occurrences which apparently she could not possibly have produced, attributed outside assistance to her.

One morning my Uncle Joseph, a bachelor, masterful, brusque, generous and rich, upon whom had devolved much of the direction of our future, came to me and said:

"Sam, you are now old enough to get to work; what do you

I knew well enough what I wanted to do, but it seemed to be beyond the range of possibility and of what was within that range I had not the slightest idea, and so I rather feebly answered: "I should like to do as you do."

"Humph," he said. "My fortune is made and yours is yet to he found."

CONTINUED MONDAY)

RAINBOWS

B_v REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "Heart of the Sunset"



THE STORY THUS FAR

JOHNNIE O'REILLY, more community known as THE O'REILLY, has fallen in hove with ROSA VARONA, one of the orphans of DON ESTEBAN VARONA, a wealthy slave owner and sugar planter of Cuba. Don Esteban had hoarded a

wealthy slave owner and sugar planter of Cuba. Don Esteban had hourded a vast fortune in precious stones, old Spanish cains and modern currency in a secret chamber at the bottom of a well. He was assisted in building this well by Schastian, a faithful slave, the only other person to share the secret. Don Esteban married a second time, and the DONNA ISABEL, the successful woman, had become his wife in the bopes of inheriting the fortune. But when Sebastian turned upon his master and killed him, running wild until a bullet through his black brain laid him low, the machinations of Isabel scaled the secret of the treasure's hiding place forever. Later Isabel, her mind turned as a result of brooding over the treasure, was killed by falling into the well.

At this time the Cubans were rising in revolt against Spain. Johnnie, who represented a New York firm in Cuba, had returned to New York temporarily before Isabel's death. ESTEBAN, Bosa's brother, was a rebel spy and the two orphans were compelled in fee into the wilderness. They obtained refuge in the but of EVANGELINA, Sebastian's daughter. PANCHO CLETO, Don Esteban's old manager, is now in complete control of the property and leads several parties in a vain attempt to do away with the two young people who, still stand in his path, Esteban fails to return from a raid, and Rosa is compelled to go to the concentration camp at Matanzas to keep from starving.

Esteban fails to return from a ratio, and know is competed to go to the concentra-tion camp at Matanzas to keep from starving.

Meanwhile, O'Reilly has made a valo effort to get to the rebel lines. His first trip to tuba failed, and may be has joined a junta under command of Major Ramos. With him are LESLIE BRANCH, a consumptive newspaper correspondent and NORINE EVANS, a rich young woman in sympathy with the rebels, who made

The expedition lands safety on a secluded part of the Cuban shore, and O'Reilly i Miss Evans, heads a small patry energing asset to form shore, and

with Miss Evans, heads a small patry carrying news to tieneral former of the Janua's safe arrival. At Cubitas O'Reilly is not by JUDSON, an American captain of artiflery, who tries to obtain Johnnic as a recruit. O'Reilly sees Colonel Lopez, who tells him of the fate that has befallen Esteban

A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mysterious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain.

Copyright, 1917, Harper & Bros. CHAPTER XVII—Continued

THE city of Matanzas was "pacified." I So ran the boastful bando of the captain general. And this was no exaggeration, as any one could see from the number of beggars there. Of all his military operations, this "pacification" of the western towns and provinces was the most conspicuously successful and the one which gave Valeriano Weyler the keenest satisfaction; for nowhere did febellion lift its head, except, perhaps, among the ranks of those disaffected men who hid in the hills, with nothing above them but the open sky. As for the population at large, it was cured of treason; it no longer resisted, even weakly, the law of Spain. The reason was that it lay dying. Weyler's cure was simple, efficacious-it con-

sisted of extermination, swift and pitiless. Modern Barbarity

Poverty had been common in Matanzas, even before the war, but now there were so many beggars in the city that nobody undertook to count them. When the refugees began to pour in by the thousands, and when it became apparent that the Government intended to let them starve, the better citizens undertook an effort at relief; but times were hard, food was scarce and prices high. Moreover, it soon transpired that the military frowned upon everything like organized charity, and in consequence the newcomers were, perforce, abandoned to their own devices. These country people were dumb and terrified at the misfortunes which had overtaken them; they wandered the streets in aimless bewilderment, fearful of what blow might next befall. They were not used to begging, and therefore they did not often implore alms; but all day long they asked for work, for bread, that their little ones might live. Work, however, was even scarcer than food, and the time soon came when they crouched upon curbs and doorsteps, hopeless, beaten, silently reproachful of those more fortunate than they. Their eyes grew big and hollow; their outstretched hands grew gaunt and skinny. The sound of weeping women and fretting babies became a common thing to hear.

Systematic Starvation

In the suburbs, just within the ring of guardian forts, an "area of cultivation" was set aside, and here the prisoners put up huts of yagua-comfortless bark shelters, which were well enough, perhaps, in fair weather, but sadiy ineffective against wind and rain. Here, housed with hunger and crowded together in indeble squalor, they dwelt, seeking ort in their common wretchedness. se they had no farm implements, no no means whatever of cultivation them half a million persons cried for food,

this ground apportioned to their use, it Truly no rebellions land was ever more Severing, that via delorosa on which conremained untilled while they grew hun-completely pacified than this, no people's denued prisoners were marched out to grier day by day. Outside the lines there spirits ever more completely crushed execution, and in time the women were vams, potatoes, edible roots and Voices no longer preached resistance; they becomed to recognize the neculiar blaring such for the Spaniards' work of desola- prayed to "Our Lady of Pity" for a morel, notes of a certain cornet, which signified tion had not been quite complete, and no ful conclusion of this misery. Hambs that another "Cuban cock was about to hand can rob the Cuban soil of all its were upwaised, but only to implore. In crow," When in the damp of dewy mornriches; but the pacificos were not allowed leaky buts from Jucaro to Cape San An- ings they heard that bugle they seased to leave the city.

Fish were plentiful in the harbor, too, but to catch them was forbidden. Sentries were on guard with ready rifles and bared machetes; every morning through the filthy reconcentrado quarter guerrillas drove pack mules bearing the multilated bodies of those who had dared during the night to seek food surreptitiously. Sometimes they dragged these ghastly reminders at the ends of ropes; this, indeed, was a favorite way with them.

Dogs and cats became choice articles ernment did supply one quality of food, however; at intervals it distributed yucca roots. But these were starchy and atmost indigestible. From eating them the children grew pinched in limb and face, while their abdomens bleated hugely. Matanzas became peopled with a race or grotesquely misshapen little folks. gnomes with young bodies, but with faces old and sick

"Pacified Matanzas"

Of course, disease became epidemic, for in the leaky hovels, dirt-floored and destitute of any convenience, there could be no effort of sanitation. Conditions became unspeakable. The children died first, then the aged and infirm. Deaths in the street were not uncommon; nearly every morning bodies were found beneath the portales. Starving creatures crept stray bit of food, and some of them died a gang of other men who apeared strong to suffer proudly and await the hour there, between the empty stalls. The death-wagons, heavy with their daily freight, rumbled ceaselessly through the streets, adding to the giant piles of unburied corpses outside the city.

Typhoid, smallpox, yellow fever, raged unchecked. The hospitals were crowded, sities were lacking. It is believed that friends had long felt the pinch of hunger, men have returned from the grave, but but now they plumbed new depths of no one, either Spaniard or Cuban, had privation, for there were days when ever been known to return from one of Asensio and his fellow-conscripts rethose who were stricken preferred to re- Evangelina began making baskets and main and to die among their dear ones. weaving palm-leaf hats, which she sold

boast was true. Nowhere in the entire craft, and they worked from dawn until province was a field in cultivation; no- dark, striving with nimble, tireless fingers where, outside the garrisoned towns, was to supplement Asensio's rations and posta house left standing. Nor was the city pone starvation. But it was a hopeless of Matanzas the only concentration camp; there were others dotted through Santa Habana and Pinar del Rio. In hate was limited.

tonio the dead lay stretched thickly.

Rosa's Shelter

Into Matanzas, city of beggary and But this was the only respite they ardeath, came Rosa Varona and her two negro companions, looking for relief. They made the journey without mishap, between her present and her former confor they were too destitute to warrant plundering, and Rosa's disguise concealed what charms remained of her. But once its streets in arrogance and pride, when they had entered the city, what an awakening! What suffering, what poverty, what rugs they saw! The three of them of diet, until they disappeared. The Gov. grew weak with dismay at the horror of it all; but there was no retreat.

Asensio built a makeshift shelter close under La Cumbre-from it the ruins of the Quinta de Esteban were visible-and there they settled down to live. They had hoped to lose themselves among the other prisoners, and in this they were successful, for more of their miscrable neighbors were in any condition to notice them, and there was nothing sufficiently conspicuous about two tattered blacks and their kunchbacked daughter to draw attention from the soldiers.

food for his little family. He developed meal a day, and he succeeded in bring- this nightmare misery. ing home each night a share of his allot-

Existence It is surprising how little nourishment task. Other nimble fingers worked as tirelessly as theirs, and the demand for

Their hut overlooked the road to San

their weaving long enough to cross themseives and whisper a prayer for the souls of those who were on their way to die.

lowed themselves. Rosa meditated much upon the contrast dition. Matanzas was the city of her birth, and time was when she had trod she had possessed friends by the score among its residents. But of all these there was not one to whom she dared appeal in this, her hour of need. These were barsh times: Spanish hatred of the revolutionists was bitter, and of the Cubau sympathizers none were left. Moreover, Esteban's denouncement as a traitor had estranged all who remained loyal to the crown, and so far as Rosa herself was concerned, she knew that it would not matter to them that she had cleaved to him merely from sisterly devotion; by that act she had made herself a common enemy and they would scurcely sympathize with her plight. The girl had learned only too well what spirit was Asensio foraged zealously, and at first phroad. But even had she felt assured he managed somehow to secure enough of meeting sympathy, her pride was pure Castilian, and it would never down. a real talent for discovering vegetables. She, a Varona, whose name was one to and fruits. He stole, he begged, and he conjure with, whose lineage was of the found food where there was none. One highest! She to beg? The thing was day the soldiers seized him and put him quite impossible. One crumb, so taken, to work on the fortifications along with would have choked her. Rosa preferred enough to stand hard labor. Asensio was when hunger or disease would at last blot not paid for this, but he was allowed one out her memories of happy days and end

The Memory of Colonel Cobo

Then, too, she dreaded any risk of discovery by old Mario de Castano, who was and even in them the commonest neces- will sustain life. Rosa and her two a hard, vindictive man. His parting never forgive the slight she had put upon him; and she did not wish to put his threats to the test. Once Rosa saw these pest-houses, and, in consequence, ceived nothing at all. After a time him, on her way to buy a few centavo. worth of sweet potatoes; he was huddled in his victoria, a huge bladder of flesh, Yes, Mantanzas was pacified. Weyler's at six cents each, She taught Rosa the and he rode the streets deaf to the plaints of starving children, blind to the misery of beseeching mothers. Rosa shrank into a doorway and drew her tattered shawl closer over her face for fear Don Mario might recognize in this misshapen body and in these pinched, discolored features the beauteous blossom he had craved.

in the hut, trembling at every sound.

Esteban's interesting theory of its where- greater menace to the lives of all of them swayed by his conviction, but now on day in search of roots and vegetables. cooler thought a dozen explanations of Dona Isabel's possession of that doubloon offered themselves, no one of which seemed less probable than Esteban's. Of course, it was barely possible that there was indeed a treasure, and even that Esteban's surmise had been correct. But it was little more than a remote possibliity. Distance lends a rosy color of reality to our most absurd imaginings, but, like the haze that tints a far-off landscape, it dissolves upon approach. Now that Rosa was here, in sight of the ruined quinta itself, her hopes and half-beliefs

At the Old Home

She wanted, oh, so desperately, to beshe had no cause to consider herself a completed the disheartening work. favorite of fortune.

fide in Evangelina and Asensio, but she filled up with rubblah, as Rosa die Nor did she forget Colonel Cobe. The thought better of it. Although she put ered when she peered into it. Only

man's memory haunted her, osleep and implicit faith in Evangelina's discretion, awake; of him she was most desperately she knew that Asensio was not the sort afraid. When for the first time she saw of fellow to be trusted with a secret of him riding at the head of his cutthroats areat magnitude—he was bousiful, talkshe was like to swoon in her tracks, and affive, excitable; he was just the sort to for a whole day thereafter she cowered bring destruction upon all of them. Rosa had sufficient intelligence to realize that In these dark hours she recalled the even if she found her father's riches they dories of the old Varona treasure and would only constitute another and a abouts, but she could not bring herself. Nevertheless, she wished to set her mind to put much faith in either. At the time at rest once and for all. Taking Evangeof her brother's recital she had been lina with her, she climbed La Cumbre one

Memories It turned out to be a sad experience for both women. The negress wept noisily at the destruction wrought by Pancho Cueto, and Rosa was overcome by painful memories. Little that was familiar remained; evidence of Cueto's all-devouring greed spoke from the sprouting furrows his men had dug, from the naked trees they had felled and piled in orderly heaps, from the stones and mortar of the house itself. Tears blinded Rosa, After a time she left the black woman the Army of the Orient they were away to the sunken garden. Here the Lopez, and it was under his leaders marks of vandalism were less noticeable. that they made their first acquaintage Nevertheless, few signs of beauty re- with the peculiar methods of Cuban lieve in it, but the grinding misery of mained. Neglected vines drooped spirit- fare. her situation made it hard to do so, lessly from the ledges, such fruit trees Wonders like that came true only in as had been spared were sickly and unfairy tales, she told herself; and certainly stended; time and the elements had all but passed before Leslie Branch

The well remained, although it had More than once she was tempted to con-ide in Evangelina and Asensio, but she filled up with rubbish, as Rosa discove manders who really

pool of seum was in the bottom. After a long scrutiny the girl arose, convinced at last of her brother's delusion, and vaguely ashamed of her own credulity. This was about the last repository that such a man as Don Esteban, her father, would have been likely to select; for, after all, the most valuable part of his fortune had consisted of the deeds of title to the plantations. No, if ever there had been a treasure, it was hidden elsewhere: all of value that this well contained for Rosa was her memory of a happiness departed. Of such memories, the well, the whole place, was brimful. Here, as a child, she had romped with Esteban. Here, as a girl, she had dreamed her first dreams, and here O'Reilly, her smiling knight, had found her.

Yonder was the very spot where he had held her in his arms and begged her to await the day of his return. Well, she had waited.

But was that Rosa Varona who had promised so freely and so confidently this pitiful Rosa whose bones protruded through her rags? It could not be. Happiness, contentment, hope-these were fictions; only misery, despair and pala were real. But it had been a glorious dream, at any rate a dream which Ross, vowed to cherish always.

Evangelina found the girl sitting in the sun, her thin face radiant, her great eves wet but smiling.

"Come, little dove," said the negress. "there is nothing here to eat; we muct get back to our weaving."

CHAPTER XVIII

IT WAS part of the strategy practiced by the Cuban leaders to divide their forces into separate columns for the purpose of raiding the smaller Spanish garrisons and harassing the troops sent to their relief, reassembling these bands only when and where some telling blow was to be struck. Not only had the military value of this practice been amply demonstrated, but it had been proved a necessity, owing to the fact that the surrectos were compelled to live off the

When O'Reilly and Branch enlisted in mourning among the ruins and stole signed to the command of Colonel Miguel

Active service for the two Amer began at once; scarcely a we opportunity of testing , in its full flavor, for the