

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)

A FEW months later, on the thirteenth of February, 1856, my father died from an attack of erysipelas and typhoid fever. He was attended by Doctors Tyson and Brincker. 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.

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.

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 kitchen.



The "Eight-Square" school house, one of the old Phoenixville landmarks

and being surprised to find that the next copy given me by Thomson was the following line: "Bolted by battery besieged Belgrade."

RAINBOW'S END

By REX BEACH Author of "The Spoilers," "The Barrier," "Heart of the Sunset" A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mysterious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued THE city of Matanzas was "pacified." It ran the boastful bands 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 rebellion 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 consisted of extermination, swift and pitiless.

Truly no rebellious land was ever more completely pacified than this, no people's spirits ever more completely crushed. Voices no longer peached resistance; they prayed to "Our Lady of Pity" for a merciful conclusion of this misery. Hands were upraised, but only to implore. In leaky huts from Juwaco to Cape San Antonio the dead lay stretched thickly. Rosa's Shelter Into Matanzas, city of beggary and death, came Rosa Varona and her two negro companions, looking for relief. They made the journey without mishap, for they were too destitute to warrant plundering, and Rosa's disguise concealed what charms remained of her. But once they had entered the city, what an awakening! What suffering, what poverty, what rags they saw! The three of them 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 none of their miserable neighbors were in any condition to notice them, and there was nothing sufficiently conspicuous about two tattered blacks and their lurching daughter to draw attention from the soldiers.

THE STORY TILL FAR JOHANNIE O'REILLY, more commonly known as THE O'REILLY, has fallen in love 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 vast fortune in precious stones, old Spanish coins and modern currency in a secret chamber at the bottom of a well. He was assisted in looking this well by Sebastian, 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 hopes of inheriting the fortune. But when Sebastian turned upon his master and killed him, running wild with a bullet through his black brain, he had him low, the machinations of Isabel sealed 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, Rosa's brother, was a rebel spy and the two orphans were compelled to flee into the wilderness. They obtained refuge in the hut of EVANGELINA, Sebastian's daughter. FANNY H. CURETO, Don Esteban's old black nurse, 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 falls to return from a raid, and Rosa is compelled to go to the concentration camp at Matanzas in fear of starving. Meanwhile, O'Reilly has made a vain effort to get to the rebel lines. His first trip to Cuba failed, and now he has joined a Junta under command of Major Ramos. With him are LESLIE BRANCH, a sympathetic newspaper correspondent, and NERINE EVANS, a rich young woman in sympathy with the rebels, who made the Junta possible. The expedition lands safely on a secluded part of the Cuban shore, and O'Reilly, with Miss Evans, heads a small party carrying news to General Canosa of the Junta's safe arrival. At Cuba's O'Reilly is met by JIMMIE, an American captain of artillery, who tries to obtain Johnnie as a recruit. O'Reilly sees Colonel Lopez, who tells him of the fate that has befallen Esteban and Rosa.

pool of scum 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 pain were real. But it had been a glorious dream, at any rate—a dream which Rosa vowed to cherish always. Evangelina found the girl sitting in the sun, her thin face radiant, her great eyes wet but smiling. "Come, little dove," said the negro, "there is nothing here to eat; we must 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 Insurrectos were compelled to live off the country. When O'Reilly and Branch enlisted in the Army of the Orient they were assigned to the command of Colonel Miguel Lopez, and it was under his leadership that they made their first acquaintance with the peculiar methods of Cuban warfare. Active service for the two Americans began at once; scarcely a week had passed before Leslie Branch gained an opportunity of testing the "salt of his" in its full flavor, for the young Matanzas colonel was one of the few Insurrecto commanders who really understood

These Certify, That Joseph Whitaker resident in Philadelphia and Grace Adams resident in Philadelphia are joined in the Bonds of HOLY WEDLOCK, this day, by me. Given under my Hand and Seal, at Philadelphia, on the 28th day of April in the Year of CHRIST one thousand eight hundred and Eleven. Nicholas Collin Rector of the Swedish Churches in the State of Pennsylvania. We, the undersigned, have witnessed the solemnization of this Nuptial Contract, and certify that it is free from every legal impediment.



The marriage of Joseph Whitaker and Grace Adams, one of the most interesting documents now in existence, 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 incorrect. 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 want to do?" "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 be found."

The Memory of Colonel Cobo

Then, too, she dreaded any risk of discovery by old Mario de Castano, who was a hard, vindictive man. His parting words had shown her that he would never forgive the slight she had put upon him; and she did not wish to put his threats to the test. Once Rosa saw him, on her way to buy a few centavos, worth of sweet potatoes; he was huddled in his victoria, a huge bladder of flesh, and he rode the streets deaf to the plaints of starving children, blind to the misery of beseeching mothers. Rosa shrank until a doorway and drew her tattered shawl closer over her face for fear Don Mario might recognize in this mishapen body and in these pinched, discolored features the beautiful blossom he had craved. Nor did she forget Colonel Cobo. The

Memories

It turned out to be a sad experience for both women. The negroess wept noisily at the destruction wrought by Pancho Cuto, and Rosa was overcome by painful memories. Little that was familiar remained; evidence of Cuto'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 mourning among the ruins and stole away to the sunken garden. Here the marks of vandalism were less noticeable. Nevertheless, few signs of beauty remained. Neglected vines drooped spiritlessly from the ledges, such fruit trees as had been spared were sickly and untended; time and the elements had all but completed the disheartening work. The well remained, although it had been plankled over, but it was partially filled up with rubbish, as Rosa discovered when she peered into it. Only a tiny