

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PENNSYLVANIAN

By Samuel W. Pennypacker Pennsylvania's Most Zealous and Energetic Governor

CHAPTER IV—Continued THE political feeling became intense, for the reason that the issues had been swept away from questions of mere sordid interest and now appealed to the underlying human sympathies.

Just Before the Civil War In the presidential campaign of 1860 another ominous event occurred. At the political meetings held by the Republicans, clubs called "Wide Awakes," never before known, wearing oilcloth caps and staves as a sort of uniform, carrying torches upon the end of long staves often used as bludgeons, drilled to march and go through the maneuvers of the manual of arms in a semimilitary way, appeared all over the North and were everywhere greeted with enthusiastic approval.



General Galusha Pennypacker, who at twenty-two was in command of a brigade of the Union armies. He was the youngest general commander on either side during the civil war.

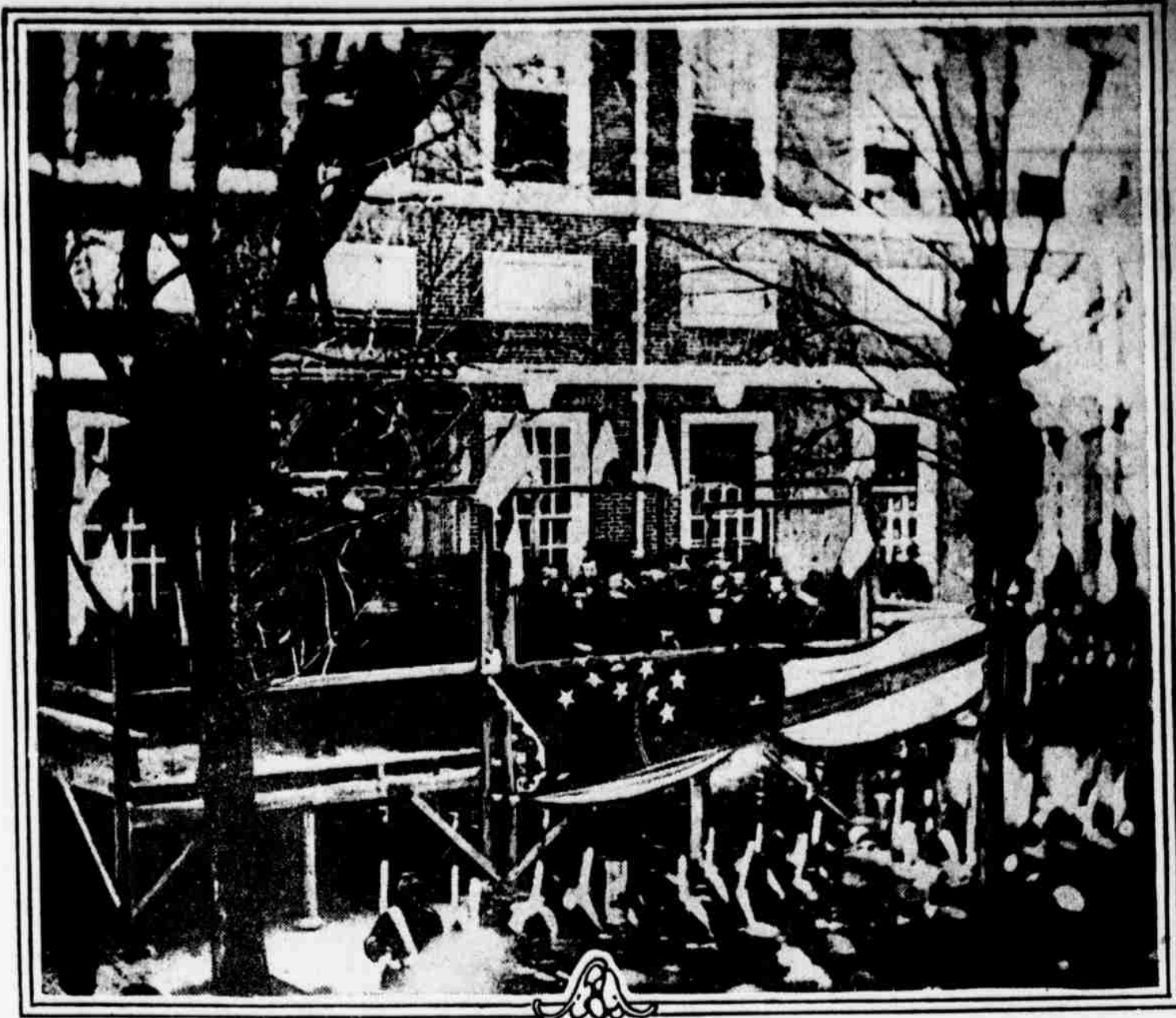
nized, but a philosophical observer could well have forecasted that when men instinctively turned to military organization war was approaching.

When Lincoln came to Philadelphia on his way to Washington to be inaugurated my grandfather and I went to the city, and from a second-story window watched him as he passed in a bouché, bowing to the crowds, anxious but earnest, who lined the streets.

The rebels opened fire upon Fort Sumter on the twelfth of April, 1861. That event put an end to uncertainty. Everybody knew what it meant. The great North, untrained in the handling of arms, without an organized militia, intent upon the gainful pursuits of life, had a new task to perform.

Through the Confederate Lines

At this time my uncle, Joseph R. Whitaker, lived at Mount Pleasant, in Maryland, about a mile and a half from Havre de Grace, and my uncle, William P. C. Whitaker, with a family of five daughters, lived in Havre de Grace. It looked for a time as though Maryland would follow the other States of the South into the maelstrom of secession, and the clouds gathered darkly up to the very border of Pennsylvania.



President Abraham Lincoln delivering an address in Independence Square on Washington's birthday, 1861. At the same time he raised a flag commemorating the entry of Kansas as the thirty-fourth State in the Union. Samuel W. Pennypacker and his grandfather were present, and the latter was particularly impressed by the fact that the President took off his jacket and pulled at the rope hand over hand.

bridge. We reached Uncle Joseph at Mount Pleasant without any further adventure. The events occurring around were sufficiently stirring. The Union men and the secessionists were both aroused and bitter in their antagonism and were about evenly divided.

On the eighteenth of April five companies from Pennsylvania, the advance of a mighty host, had gone through to Washington. The next day Colonel Small, to whom I have referred in connection with Paoli, at the head of the Seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, and the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment were attacked in Baltimore.

The destruction of the railroad bridges had separated Washington from the North, and Perryville has the honor of being the earliest outpost of the war. A great outcry ran through the camp about the poor quality of the "shoddy" clothing, and there was much denunciation of the civil authorities.

Brigadier General Benjamin F. Butler, of Massachusetts, came to take command of the camp. At that time the railroad trains ran to the top of a huge steamboat, and it carried them across the river between Perryville and Havre de Grace.

and gave many reasons why such a move would be impossible, but in the end was compelled to succumb. Butler landed at Annapolis, opened communication with Washington, cut off Baltimore from the south and, working backward, soon had possession of that city, and the secession movement in Maryland failed.

At the end of my mission I took the raccoon and returned to Mount Clare, having seen the opening phases of the war in its nearest approach to our own homes.

General Galusha Pennypacker

When I was a child about seven years of age my father one day took me to a house on Nutt's road, on the south side, about a half mile from Phoenixville and within a short distance of the Corner Stores. In the house was a modest, diffident boy, perhaps a little larger than myself.

At the close of the war he returned a brigadier general and brevet major general of volunteers, at twenty-two years of age, the youngest man who had ever held such high rank since the organization of the Government. He had been shot seven times in eight months. Commanding a brigade in the assault upon Fort Fisher, the only fortification taken by storm during the war, when the color-bearer of the regiment, of which he had been the colonel, had been killed, he seized the flag and planted it upon a traverse of the fort.

RAINBOW'S END By REX BEACH A novel of love, hidden treasure and rebellion in beautiful, mysterious Cuba during the exciting days of the revolt against Spain.

CHAPTER XIX THAT SICK MAN FROM SAN ANTONIO CERTAIN histories of the Cuban War for Independence speak of "The Battle of San Antonio de los Baños." They relate how 1000 patriots captured the village after a gallant and sanguinary resistance by its Spanish garrison; how they released the prisoners in the local jail, replenished their own supplies, and then retired in the face of enemy re-enforcements. It is quite a stirring story to read and it has but one fault, a fault, by the way, not uncommon in histories—it is mainly untrue.

They were yelling down the street. "Hey, Leslie! Get something to carry this stuff in!" O'Reilly directed over his shoulder. "Turned to find that his fellow countryman had cut down a string of perhaps two dozen large straw sombreros, which he was attempting to select one that fitted his head." "Oh, look!" Branch murmured. "Party dollars' worth of lids, but—well, I don't mind. They must have been made on the head of a cane."

Leslie Branch, of course, proved the solitary exception, as usual, he exposed himself recklessly and rode the middle of the street, regardless of those sudden explosions of dust beneath his horse's feet or those unexpected showers of plaster from above. He had spent his time assiduously ransacking the deserted shops and in addition to his huge bundle of bedding and his long string of straw hats he now possessed a miscellaneous assortment of plunder, in which were a half of calico, a pair of shoes, a collection of cooking utensils, an umbrella, and—strangest of all—a large gilt-framed mirror. The safety of these articles seemed to concern him far more than his own. Spying O'Reilly, he shouted: "Word for clothing store? I need a new suit."