

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A PENNSYLVANIAN

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

CHAPTER IV—Continued

A COMPANY of Irishmen from Tunnel Hill enlisted in the Seventy-first Pennsylvania Volunteers and were with Webb at the bloody angle at Gettysburg. A company from the south side of the town became Company G of the First Pennsylvania Reserves.

not inopportune for the purpose we had in view, but rich in opportunities it gave for reminiscence. In Havre de Grace I saw a soldier shot and killed. A regiment of Maine lumbermen on their way to the South halted in the town and threw out their guards.

Washington at the Start of the War

In Washington, I stopped at Willard's Hotel and found the city in a state of the utmost excitement and confusion, expecting the approach of the rebels. The army was scattered about the streets of the city, the men of different regiments mingling together just as they happened to meet.

Around the floors of Willard's lay a number of the New York Fire Zouaves, who told us rather highly colored narratives of their encounter with the Black Horse Cavalry. Around each narrator gathered a knot of eager listeners, whose interest was heightened by the consciousness each possessed of the surrounding uncertainties.

An "Emergency" Recruit

We returned home, having failed in the object of our visit, but I had been in the midst of the most trying and critical situation of the entire war. If the rebels had advanced upon Washington after their success at Bull Run, the whole history of the world might have been changed.

In 1863 I was a private in Company F, of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Emergency Regiment, which met Early's division of Lee's army as it advanced upon Gettysburg before the coming of the Army of the Potomac under Meade. I do not intend to give here the details and incidents of that campaign, for the reason that I wrote at the time a full description of it, afterward published in my "Historical and Biographical Sketches," and for the further



Dedication of the monument at Gettysburg of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania Emergency Infantry. Governor Pennypacker, standing in back of the chair at the left, suggested to the sculptor that the trousers of the figure be inside of the boots to indicate the sudden change from civil to military life.

reason that in my address at the dedication of the monument erected on the field I made a thorough study of the contemporary orders relating to it showing its unique importance. The address may be found in the two volumes of "Pennsylvania at Gettysburg," published by the State. It is my purpose here only to fill in a few additional features and to make some comments rather philosophical than historical.

The Gettysburg Campaign

It seems almost as though there were a fatality which determined that affairs should so be shaped. If my own company had not gone home I should not have been in the regiment which went to Gettysburg, and I would have experienced nothing of consequence. The Potstown company had decided to connect itself with another regiment in the camp, and only after much persuasion and considerable delay was prevailed upon by Colonel Jennings to change its association and unite with him.

When we arrived at Gettysburg we found Major Granville O. Haller, of the United States army, in command there, and the only force at his disposal was our regiment. On the other side of the mountain, in the Cumberland Valley, not ten miles away, was Lee, with the Army of Northern Virginia. Rodes, being in the advance, marched toward Harrisburg to carry the war into the heart of the State, and possibly to Philadelphia.

By REX BEACH

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



Knapsack and shoes used by Governor Pennypacker in the Gettysburg campaign, June and July, 1863.

RAINBOW'S END

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"Oh, nothing." The two men rode on in silence for a time, then Leslie said: "Queer thing happened back there while those horses were popping at me. I heard a baby crying."

"What's the matter here?" he demanded, frowning through the ring which had formed about El Demonio and his bundle.

"I—I—Why, it's mine, I mean, I—Branch's eyes were glued upon the child in horrified fascination. He choked and stammered and waved his hands impotently.

not three leagues from here. I'll send a man to borrow it from the owner and drive it to our camp. Or perhaps, his handsome face hardened again—"perhaps you would prefer to take this child back where you found it?"

"No, no—I—Oh, they'd tear me limb from limb if I set his lips. It's the youngest one I ever had anything to do with. Maybe it isn't used to cow's milk, but—"

Esteban Among Friends

Such eagerness, such thankfulness, such passionate pity were in his friend's hoarse voice; then they began to converse, and the same rustling whisper recommenced. Judson had heard something of O'Reilly's name, and he had heard of Esteban and Rosa Varona; he stood, therefore, in silent veneration, listening to the incoherent words that poured from his friend's lips.

Leslie and the Baby

Leslie Branch was later than the others in arriving for the baby, proved to be a trial and a handicap. His comrades had refused him any assistance on the homeward journey. They expressed a deep, earnest sympathy for him, but they pretended to consider that he had sacrificed all claims to their friendship and regard.

Anybody Want a Baby?

Branch was utterly shamed, utterly selfish and uncompassionate. "I'm sick, too—sicker than he is. Have a heart! Remember, I risked my life to get you something nice to eat."

Leslie Milks a Cow

Strangely enough, the animal stood quiet for a time—lost in amazement, perplexed and Leslie managed to cover the bottom of his big tin cup with milk. But at last the milk came, and he lifted one hind foot and poised it jerkily. She seemed to consider the next moment a moment; then she kicked forward and sent Branch flying.