

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PENNSYLVANIAN

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

CHAPTER V (Continued)

IT HAD cost my grandfather for my legal education, extending through two years and a half, in the midst of the high prices of the war, including \$200 paid to my preceptor and \$360 paid to the university professors, and including board and clothing, exactly \$1260. This sum he later forgave and probably never expected to reclaim.

At this time I frequently saw flourishing about the town a young man called "Coal Oil Johnnie." He came of a poor and uneducated family, in the western part of the State, who for generations had wrung a scanty subsistence from an infertile soil.

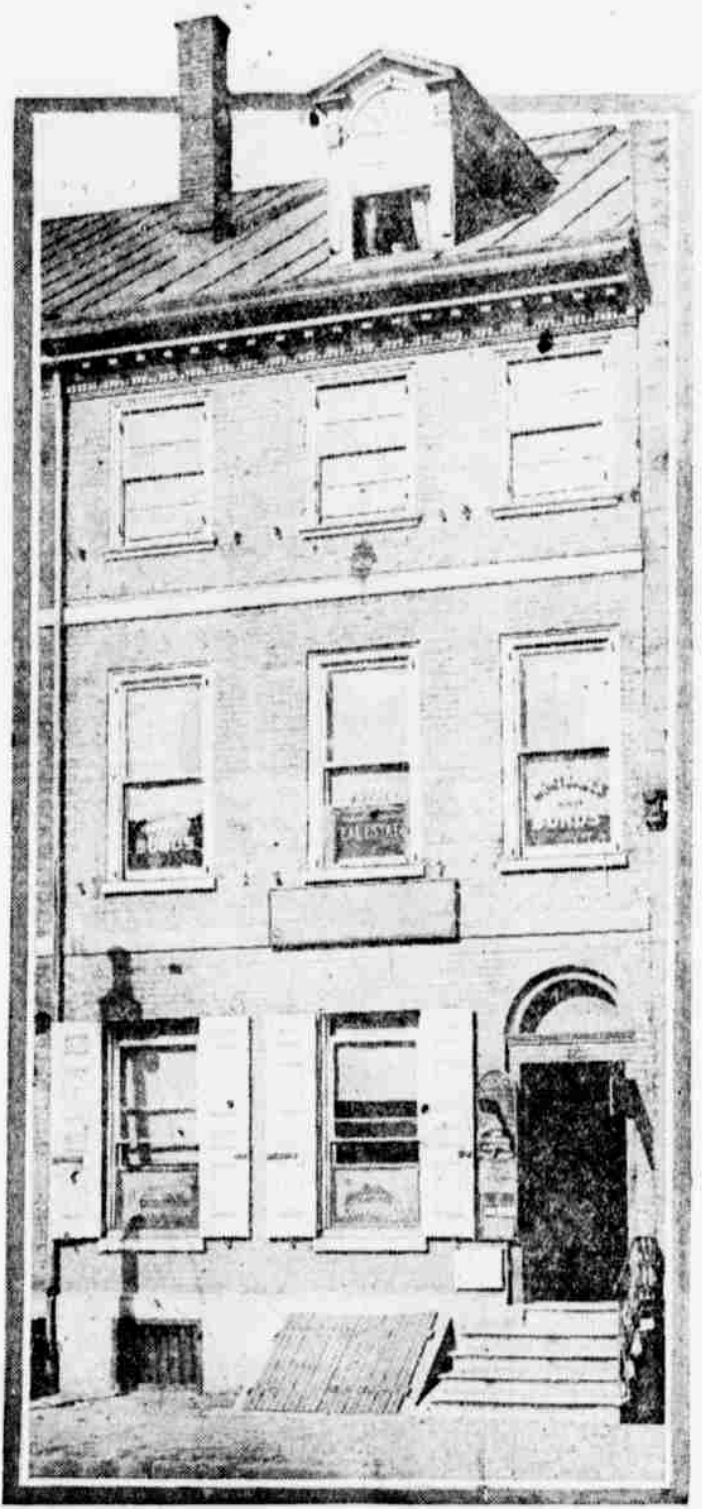
The First Office

The fruit of my successful examination spreading around to some extent, I was offered a position in three different offices—those of E. Spencer Miller, Daniel Dougherty and Frederick Hoyer—at a salary which varied from \$600 to \$800 a year, but I concluded it was better to depend upon my own exertions and I rented the front room at 705 Walnut street from George L. Crawford.

While sitting in my office, one day, I heard an unusual noise in Crawford's room. When I hastened inside I saw a very thin man wildly ejaculating in front of a table and whacking away with his cane at the head of Crawford, who struggled to arise from a chair on the other side.

When I entered the Law Academy a bright, vigorous young man, who had taken an active part in its affairs, named John G. Johnson, a few years older than myself, was about leaving it to meet the broader requirements of life.

I took my part in the arguments at the Law Academy, was elected secretary for the year 1856, and then discovered that I had taken the wrong road for advancement. I have found as I have gone through life that the "rings," for which we blame the politicians, arise naturally and are to be found everywhere.



Governor Pennypacker "hung out his shingle" for the first time at 705 Walnut street. His office was in the front room of the ground floor.

speeches and I led the opposing forces. Harmat was elected over Darling, but was drowned at Bar Harbor before he had taken his seat, and I became the president, a reward which ordinarily would have gone, and ought to have gone, to Darling.

Hollingsworth and I became fast friends. Of Quaker ancestry, with dark eyes and stocky build, combative in temperament, with the power to think accurately, he never flinched in a struggle, and he was one of those few men who never say anything but the truth, even though it be uncomplimentary and said in the presence of the person concerned.

Some Interesting Personalities

When I came to the bar Horace Binney would occasionally be seen upon the street, but he had long retired from practice. William M. Meredith could be heard at rare intervals in the courts. George M. Wharton, a small, wiry and acute man, had a good clientele, Henry Wharton, round and robust, gave opinions upon real estate titles, there being then no real estate title companies.

At the criminal bar Lewis C. Cassidy and William B. Mann stood foremost until succeeded by James H. Heverin and Charles W. Brooke. When the Republicans were successful William B. Mann prosecuted the causes and Cassidy defended them, and when the Democrats were successful the situation was exactly reversed.

For Mann I had almost a sense of horror. He had a burly frame, a furtive eye and great political power. My feeling toward him arose in this way: A man named George W. Winmore, a spiritualistic dreamer, killed, in a barbarous manner, a woman who was a spiritualistic seer. He was a stranger in the city without a friend and had only \$2 in his pocket.

Theodore Cuyler, the counsel of the Pennsylvania Railroad, a suave and subtle man, is perhaps best described by the epigram of Samuel Dickson, who said of him that "He had every quality of an advocate; he could persuade a jury to render a verdict contrary to the facts and the Supreme Court to render a decision contrary to the law."

An abler man than any of these I have mentioned was Furman Sheppard, robust in frame and in intellect. I have known many men in the various phases of life—presidents, professors and preachers—and I am inclined to think he was the ablest of them all. He never achieved a work or attained a reputation at all commensurate with his power.

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 XXII (Continued)

"The American had not dreamed of taking Jacket along, but when he came to announce his departure the boy had flatly refused to be left behind. Jacket, in fact, had taken the matter entirely into his own hands and had appealed directly to General Gomez.

"Jacket" Joins the Party
The American had not dreamed of taking Jacket along, but when he came to announce his departure the boy had flatly refused to be left behind. Jacket, in fact, had taken the matter entirely into his own hands and had appealed directly to General Gomez.

his composure with suspicious suddenness and ran away to triumph over his beloved O'Reilly.
Fifty miles of hard riding brought the party to a halt, and they camped on the second morning after leaving Cuba, and sought a secluded camping spot. Later in the day they were overtaken by a pack train, which slipped away to reconnoiter. He returned at twilight, but volunteered no report of the pack train, and after an insistent cross-examination O'Reilly wrung from him the reluctant admission that every man seemed favorable to sitting there some time that night, and that he had selected a promising point. Beyond that the man would say nothing. Johnnie asked himself uneasily if this reticence was not really due to apprehension rather than to subtlety. Whatever the cause, it was not particularly reassuring, and as evening came on Johnnie found himself growing decidedly nervous.

Supper, a simple meal, was quickly disposed of. Then followed a long, despondent wait for a gibbous moon rode high in the sky and the guides refused to stir so long in the jungle no air was stirring, and darkness brought forth a torrent of mosquitoes. As day closed, the mosquitoes became more and more annoying, and the sounds of bird and insect life, strange, raucous calls pealed forth, some familiar, others new, and each man dismounted with aching limbs, his face grimed with sweat, and his eyes heavy with fatigue.

When they had covered a couple of miles O'Reilly reined in and the others crowded close. Ahead, dimly discernible against the night sky, there appeared to be a thinning of the forest. It was a thinning of the forest, and each man dismounted with aching limbs, his face grimed with sweat, and his eyes heavy with fatigue.

The Approach
When they had covered a couple of miles O'Reilly reined in and the others crowded close. Ahead, dimly discernible against the night sky, there appeared to be a thinning of the forest. It was a thinning of the forest, and each man dismounted with aching limbs, his face grimed with sweat, and his eyes heavy with fatigue.

him from the gloom. Blurred forms took shape, phantom figures stepped along the embankment, stumps stirred.
O'Reilly felt a pair of reins thrust into his hand and found O'Reilly examining a large pair of tinners' shears.
"O'Reilly, do you wish me to go with you?" he inquired of the guide.
"Antonio will go; he will keep watch while I clear a path. If you hear or see anything—"

Attacked
Leading his horse by the bit ring, Hilario moved out into the clearing, followed once more by his three companions. Concealment was out of the question now, for their only covering was the darkness. O'Reilly had the uncomfortable feeling that the cavalry-bulldog monstrous bug and must be visible at a great distance; he experienced much the sensations of a man crossing a sheet of thin ice with nerves painfully strained, awaiting the first menacing crack in spite of all precautions the animals made a tremendous racket, or so it seemed, and despite Hilario's twisting and turning, it was impossible to avoid an occasional loop of barbed wire, first of one wire, then another, and descended into the ditch on the other side. Another moment and they encountered a tangle of barbed wire. The terrific snarl of Hilario's shears sounded like a pistol-shot to O'Reilly. Into the maze of strands they penetrated, yard by yard, slipping and carefully laying back the wire as they went. Progress was slow; they had to feel their way; the sharp barbs brought blood and muttered profanity at every step.

and riddle us. A curse on the spider that spun this web!"
It was a test of courage to crouch among the shadows, enmeshed in that cruel tangle of wire, while the night was stabbed by daggers of fire and while the trocha fired less ahead of us. The war will be over while we stand here crouching."

CHAPTER XXIII
INTO THE CITY OF DEATH
O'REILLY'S adventures on his swift ride through Las Villas have no part in this story. It is only necessary to say that they were numerous and varied, that O'Reilly experienced excitement aplenty, and that upon more than one occasion he was forced to think and act quickly in order to avoid a clash with some roving guerrilla band. He had found it imperative at all times to avoid the larger towns, for they, and in fact most of the hamlets, were unsafe; hence the little party was forced to follow back roads and obscure bridle trails. But the two guides were never at a loss; they were resourceful, courageous, and at no time did the Americans have reason to doubt their faithfulness.



This group shows Governor Pennypacker about the time he was admitted to the bar. Note the young lawyer, seated at the right, in wearing boots, a hobby which stuck to him through most of his life. At the left is his brother, Henry C. Pennypacker, and standing is Singleton M. Ashenfelter.

After accepting an invitation to make a speech at the dinner given to Benjamin H. Brewster, when appointed Attorney General of the United States, he failed to appear. Perhaps conscious of strength he disinclined to seek for opportunity and reputation and waited for the world to see for itself. He was a Democrat in a Republican city, but so was Pattison. Whatever be the cause, certain it is that many lesser men have gone much further.

Famous Trials

I saw Anton Probst, a little, light-colored, dull-looking German, as they brought him in the van to the Court House at Sixth and Chestnut streets to be tried. Employed by a farmer named Deering, down near the junction of the two rivers in the region called "The Neck," he killed the father, mother and a family of children, one a mere infant, in order to secure a small sum of money. Driven through the crowd, who jeered and threatened, he seemed like some hunted animal. He still retains the distinction of being the most atrocious murderer in our annals.

I attended the trial of George S. Twitchell. An old lady, the mother of Twitchell's wife, lived in the house with them. She lay on the sofa in the sitting room with a roll of money in her bosom, and while there, some one beat her to death by repeated blows over the head. The blood flew in curved streams over the paper of the wall. The next morning her body was found in the yard where it had been thrown from a window; alongside of it lay the long, bloody poker with which the detectives concluded she had been stricken. Twitchell was accused of the crime. Henry S. Hager and Furman Sheppard represented the Commonwealth and William B. Mann and John O'Byrne, an eloquent Irishman, who had been a hatter, who went to Delaware afterward in an effort to reach the Senate, and who, failing, closed his career in New York, represented the defendant. The Commonwealth contended that Twitchell, in financial straits, quarreled with his mother-in-law over money. The defense contended that a robber found his way into the house from the street, and they had some evidence to support the theory. Mann spent most of his time in an effort to convince the jury that the poker could not have produced those curves of blood-drops on the wall, and he illustrated his argument with all sorts of weapons—some long and stiff like a poker and some made of leather and twine to be limber and swinging. As I listened I did a piece of analytical work and reached the conclusion that Twitchell had killed the woman and that he had not done it with the poker. Mann would not have spent so much effort upon what, after all, was a mere detail unless he had been sure beyond doubt that in this respect the case of the Commonwealth was at fault and that he could only be so sure because of information from his client. Twitchell was convicted, and years afterward it was told that Mann and O'Byrne had gone to the house and secured from his hiding place the "billy" with which he did the deed. Mrs. Twitchell mortgaged the house to counsel to pay their fees. A friend of Twitchell stood by him faithfully at the dock through the whole trial, and when the sheriff went to hang him he was found dead in his cell from poison which no one knew how he had secured.

During the first year of my practice I received in fees \$800, and the annual returns slowly increased. (CONTINUED TOMORROW)