

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of a PENNSYLVANIAN

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



By 1871, when Governor Pennypacker was twenty-eight years old, he had become prominent in civic and political affairs. This smooth-shaven young man was a frequent visitor at important meetings.

CHAPTER VII
Reformer

THE prevailing sentiment in Chester County during the time of my early life there was that it was the duty of all men to show an interest and even to participate in the management of public affairs. Many of the youths about to enter upon the struggles that confronted them had some ambition in the direction of seeking public station. In any event they had a real concern for, and earnestly discussed, the acts and the merits of officials, whether executive or representative. As one of them I saw or thought that I saw much that needed improvement, and I was altogether ready to take hold somewhere and make an effort to have the evils which afflicted the administration of public affairs corrected. My experience had not been sufficient, nor was my philosophy subtle enough, to enable me to see that while there is much in the conduct of men that is imperfect, such imperfection is at least as great among those who narrate and comment as among those who do the work of the world. What appeared in print was accepted as the truth, and there my reasoning began. It needed to go much deeper. The feeling in the county was very antagonistic to Simon Cameron, who was then a controlling factor in the Republican party in the State, and with that feeling the members of my own family, which for over half a century had been active in county affairs, were in entire accord. I regarded him as a malign influence which was, through the efforts of those imbued with a due regard for the public welfare, to be in some way or other overcome. The entire line of political thought was that a Democrat was an obnoxious person who had been helping his friends in a wicked attempt to destroy the Government, and in order that he might be continuously and forever repressed it was necessary to purify the Republican party by the elimination of Cameron and those in combination with him.

Later I went to the city. In the boarding house on the north side of Chestnut, below Fifth street, there boarded a man named O. G. Hempstead, who had been appointed from some interior county to a position in the custom house, nearly opposite. Later he grew into a large business connected with importations, and his sons are prosperous. On one occasion Hempstead had me appointed a clerk of a precinct election board, at which I earned five dollars, and started me on my official career. Afterward, taking a room on Eighth street, below Walnut, and becoming a resident of the first division of the Eighth Ward of the city, I sought the opportunity to participate in its local affairs. John C. Martin, member of Common Council, a native of Maryland, partially paralyzed, keen, bright and active, was the ward leader of the Republican party and he lived in the same precinct. I was fortunate enough to get into his good graces, although he had a superabundant supply of ambition and capacity. Among those taking an active part were A. E. Smith, a small contractor, whose sons, I believe, have made a fortune out of the business as it extended, and Charles A. Porter lately

arrived from Ohio, barefooted and penniless, and by doing little chores around the house of a fire engine company had found there a place to sleep. Later he acquired a fortune, bought an expensive house on North Broad street, secured extensive contracts for sewers and reservoirs, developed into a power in the politics of the city and State, and became a member of the State Senate.

Charles H. T. Collis had just returned from the war. An office boy in the office of John M. Read, who became Chief Justice, that influential gentleman made a pet of him and advanced his fortunes. Collis took a regiment of Zouaves into the war and became a brigadier general. Such a condition of things always arouses envy and opposition and Collis was ever followed by the stories of iniquity and even lack of courage. I do not believe any of them. He suffered from the disadvantages of a man who pursues fortune too eagerly and he was not always equipped, but he had energy and alertness and I have seen him display a brave spirit where it was required. He became City Solicitor for Philadelphia, married a beautiful woman and removed to New York. I wrote the pronouncements, served on the election board, became a member of the executive committee for the ward, went to the Judicial Convention and voted for the nomination of James T. Mitchell when first he became a judge, and in 1868 I was elected a member of the school board.

Political Growth

Turbulence very often marked the political struggles. On one occasion a contest arose at the primary election over the selection of delegates to the nominating conventions, the chief controversy being over the naming of a Sheriff. Collis was on the regular ticket as a delegate to this convention, and it was arranged that I should go to the convention to nominate a City Solicitor. Just before the polls closed a man came up to the window to vote; while the clerk was looking up his name, he reached in through the window, seized the ballotbox and ran with it down the street and scattered the ballots in the gutters for two squares. It was done very suddenly; his friends stood in the way to block pursuit and he succeeded in escaping. He left an angry lot of politicians around the polls. We went to a neighboring tavern, I drew up a lot of affidavits to the effect that in our judgment we had a large majority of the votes cast, and upon these credentials we secured our seats in the conventions. A little fellow, hardly larger than a dwarf, with a squeaky voice, named Robert Renshaw, and who was always called the "Colonel," had a room in the Press Building where he slept. His appearance, claiming the right to vote, was always the signal for an outbreak, but he had more pluck than strength and could not be driven away.

In 1875, with my mother, wife and two children, I went to live at 1540 North Fifteenth street, in the Twenty-ninth Ward, and this continued to be my home for the next twenty-seven years. At this time the ward leader was Hamilton Disston, and a young man named William U. Moyer represented him in all active movements. Again I went to the executive committee. Once I broached the subject of going to Councils and Moyer said it would suit him very well, but I would have to arrange the matter with Disston. This did not suit me, since I had no thought of belonging to anybody there. I dropped the subject and every day grew more independent. Nelson F. Evans, a very worthy man with Calvinistic tendencies, president of a bank, who a few years later went to prison for the technical violation of some statute; Major William H. Lambert, the Philadelphia representative of the New York Mutual Life Insurance Company, with myself and some others, undertook to revolutionize the precinct. We hired a hall, notified every Republican, held a meet-

ing, which was largely attended, and selected a ticket. For a time it looked as though we would succeed, but we failed at the last moment through the better discipline of our opponents and the superior practical knowledge which comes with it. The evening of the primary election turned out to be cold and blasts of snow filled the air. The well-to-do citizens upon whom we relied sat at home by their fires in comfort. Their servants rode in carriages, hired by the more shrewd regulars, to the polls and voted against us. However, we caused anxiety and almost won.

About this time the preliminary symptoms were disclosed of a concerted effort upon the part of those in control of the Republican party to continue General Grant in the Presidency after the expiration of his eight years of service in that office. I had never been very enthusiastic in my admiration for Grant, although recognizing his great force of character; as a general his campaigns displayed more resolution than military skill. His ultimate great success depended upon the fact that Meade had delivered the crushing blow to the main army of the rebels at Gettysburg. His unjust use of the power of the Presidency to elevate Sheridan, with much less achievement, to the head of the army over Meade, was probably influenced by his recognition of that fact. His conduct of the presidential office was coarse and it seemed to me that with his temperament and the hold which his military achievement gave him upon the minds of the people and his willingness to continue in the office indefinitely, he was dangerous to the institutions of the country. In February, 1880, there was organized in Philadelphia a movement with the imposing title of "The National Republican League." William Roth Wister, a distinguished lawyer, was chairman; Charles Wheeler, of the wealthy iron firm of Morris, Wheeler & Co., whose daughter later married a Japanese and went to Japan to live, was the treasurer, and Hampton L. Carson, later Attorney General for the Commonwealth, was the secretary. Wharton Barker, a banker, then supposed to be worth a million dollars; John McLaughlin, Henry C. Lea, the famous historian; Samuel W. Pennypacker, T. Morris Perot, Wayne MacVeagh, who reaped reward from the movement; Joseph G. Rosengarten, a man of letters, whose family gathered a fortune from quinine; E. Dunbar Lockwood, a worthy man in a chronic attitude of criticism, and J. Lapsley Wilson constituted the executive committee. They sent an address signed by about one hundred and fifty influential citizens to the State Convention, which contained this patent threat: "We, therefore, beg of you so to act that the influence of the great State of Pennsylvania may be thrown in favor of one who can be conscientiously supported and against those whom the honest voter may feel himself obliged to oppose at the polls." There was wide comment upon this address and attitude over the country. So far as I know all of these men had burned their bridges and would have voted against Grant had he been nominated for a third term. In a second circular the demand of the league was expressed in the phrase, "No third term, a party without a master, and a candidate without a stain"—language due to MacVeagh. In a third circular the name of McManes, of Philadelphia, was mentioned in association with that of Tweed, of New York, who not long before had been sent to prison.

James McManes, a thrifty, capable and vigorous Irishman, who accumulated a large fortune in street railroads, was then at the head of the Republican organization in Philadelphia. He was an absolute autocrat, who tolerated no difference in opinion in the ranks. The use of the word "boss," which has since become so prevalent in America, began with this circular and was the dis-



Wayne MacVeagh, former Attorney General of the United States and prominent in Pennsylvania and national politics.

covery of Henry C. Lea. McManes was the leading character in a book entitled "Solid for Mulhoolly," which was widely read and ran through several editions. McManes, who naturally did not appreciate this notoriety, meeting with E. Dunbar Lockwood of the Union League a few days after the issue of the circular, proceeded to give him a thrashing, upon the theory that he was the author. It was a case, however, of vicarious sacrifice. The circular was written by Henry C. Lea, with some emendations by me, and the reference to McManes was the work of Lea.

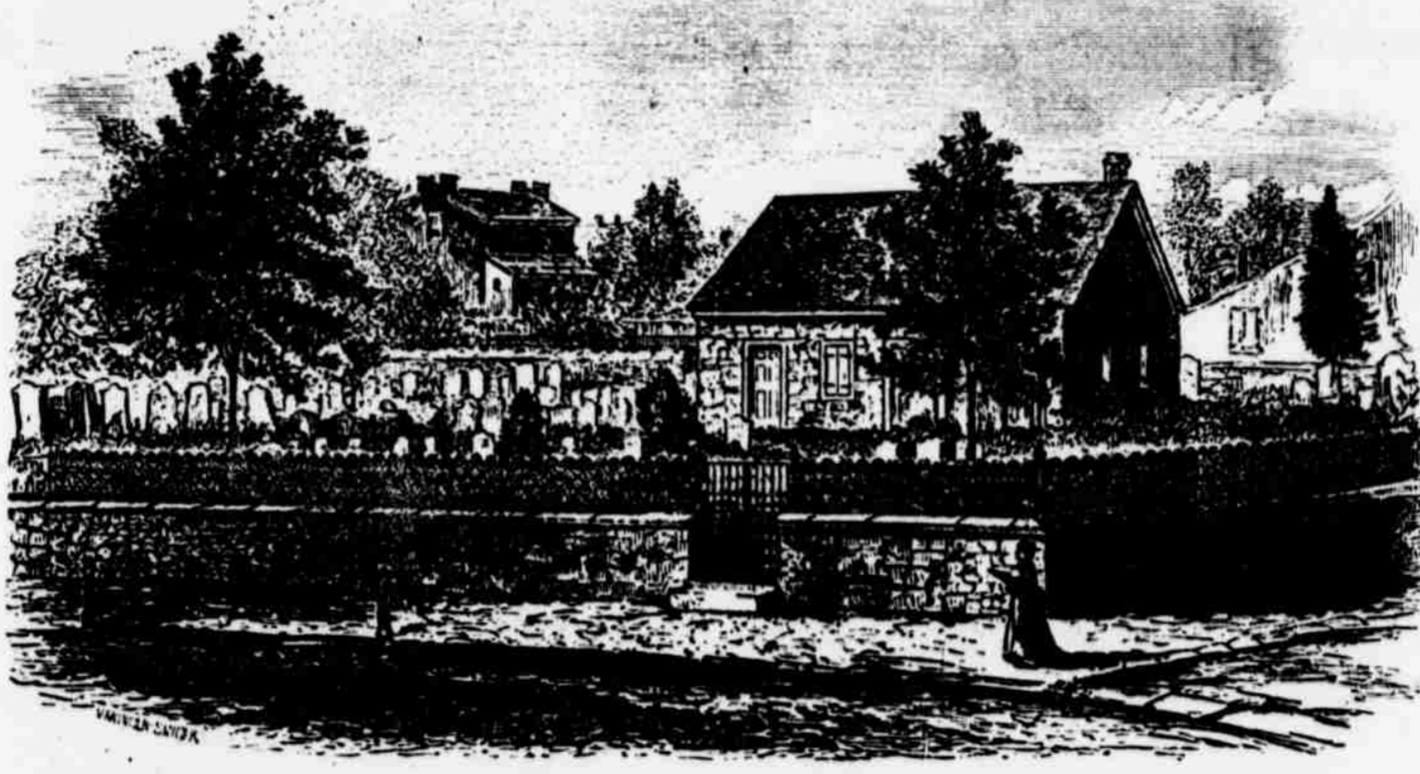
Ready for the Convention

In May, a few weeks later, the league, becoming more despondent as time passed, determined that they "will not vote under any circumstances for General Grant, but will support any other nominee of the convention," and that a delegation should be sent to the nominating convention in Chicago. Those selected were Wharton Barker, Wayne MacVeagh, T. Morris Perot, John McLaughlin, Edward R. Wood, Stuart Wood, Hampton L. Carson, Samuel W. Pennypacker, Henry Reed and Rudolph Blankenburg. Though they were in dead earnest, with the possible exception of MacVeagh, the repressive force was Barker, a not altogether wise, but sincere and vigorous personality, up to that time in every way successful and ambitious to do some broad and important work. He had been corresponding for several years with James A. Garfield, of Ohio, about the tariff, had often told me that Garfield was the man to be elected to the Presidency, and he started out with the expression and determined purpose to use every effort in this direction. This view MacVeagh was not in accord. At this time there was banking firm in Hazleton, Pa., doing business as Pardee, Martin Grier, in which Arlo Pardee, the millionaire, supplied most of the capital and W. A. M. Grier was the active partner. Through the advice of Barker, with whom his firm had many transactions, Grier had become a client of mine. He had been elected a delegate to a national convention, and we both did all we could to persuade Grier to vote for Garfield. We went to Chicago in a style likely to make some impression. We had a special car, and all of the concomitants. Others on their way to Chicago, learning that we were comfortable, came into our car to spend their time in our company and enabled us to proselyte. Among them were Robert G. Ingersoll, big, good hearted and jovial, and Stewart L. Woodford, then District Attorney for New York and afterward Minister to Spain. Ingersoll was opposed to a third term, but Woodford necessarily favored the nomination of Grant. Woodford being in the camp of the enemy was inclined to be silent.

"Come, cheer up man," said Ingersoll. "Don't be so solemn. I am not all the while making a noise," was the reply. "Oh," said Ingersoll, "you remind me of the old farmer who loaded up a pig and a sheep to take to market. The sheep went along quietly, but the pig kept up such a squealing that the farmer got angry. Finally he said to the pig, 'Look at that sheep, see how nicely he goes along.' 'Yes,' said the pig, 'but the damn fool doesn't know where he is going.'"

The application to Woodford's course was pointed.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)



The old Menonite Meeting House, at Phoenixville, in which Matthias Pennypacker, great-grandfather of the Governor, preached and in whose yard his great-grandfather, grandfather and father were buried.

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 XXVII (Continued)

"WELL, we are going back to fight. We are going to escape and join Gomez once more!" Jacket made the announcement calmly. "What talk?" Morin was in a nervous panic lest he be overheard. "As if anybody could escape from Matanzas! What made you come here if you are so eager to fight?" "I'll tell you," O'Reilly assumed direction of the conversation. "There are three of us brothers, we two and Esteban, a pretty little fellow. He was captured by Cobo's men and driven in, and we came to see you, Jose him."

"You came here—here to Matanzas?" Old Morin was incredulous. He muttered an oath. "That was a very nice thing to do. And did you find him?" "Oh yes! That was easy enough, for the lad is deformed." "Tee! Tee! What a pity!" "But he is sick—dying."

O'Reilly leaned closer. "You say you're a poor man. I will pay you well." Morin eyed the ragged speaker scornfully; it was plain that he put no faith in such a promise, and so O'Reilly took a piece of gold from his pocket, at sight of which the fisherman started. "What kind of sacrifices are you?" Morin queried. His mouth had fallen open, his eyes protruded. "I'm—more than one; enough to pay you for several cargoes of coal."

"How many coils like that have you?" "Perhaps a hundred, but I'm willing to buy freedom for my little brothers and myself."

Evangelina cut her hair, in sacrifice that young girls held in a shift approaching the color of the black woman, after which she altered the suit of boy's clothing to fit her figure, or rather to conceal it. "You are there?" It was Morin himself. "No." "No?" "No."

When at last she put it on for O'Reilly's approval she was very shy, very self-conscious, and so altogether unlike that she shook her head positively. "My dear, you'll never do," he told her. "You are altogether too pretty."

Ready for the Ordeal "But wait until I put that hideous hump upon my back and stain my face, then you will see how ugly I can look." "Perhaps," he said, doubtfully. A moment, then his brow lightened. "You give me a thought," said he. "You shall wear the jewels."

When do you sail? O'Reilly asked. "At dawn, God permitting. You will have to remain hidden and you mustn't even breathe. I have told my men that you are members of my wife's family—good Spaniards, but I doubt if they will believe it."

The Challenge They began to whisper, cautiously, so as not to disturb the sleeping boy; they became unconscious of the flight of time. Rosa lay relaxed against her lover's shoulder and in halting murmurs interrupted many times by caresses, she told O'Reilly of her need for him, and her utter happiness. It was the fullest hour of the day.

With daylight, Morin roused up his men. There was a sleepy muttering, the patter of bare feet upon the deck above, then the creak of blocks as the sails were raised. From forward came the sound of some one splitting wood to kindle the charcoal fire for breakfast. Other sailing craft seemed to be getting under way and a sailing boat, loaded with the night's catch, came to anchor alongside.

shot for the rebels, of course. Will you look? "No—then you can't see anything." O'Reilly peeped through a dirt-stained cabin window and saw that the voladora was dipping past the stern of the launch, so he withdrew his head quickly. In spite of his homely invitation, Captain Morin made no move to come aboard, but instead held his schooner on its course, meanwhile exchanging salutes with the unseen speaker. It seemed incredible that Spanish discipline could be so lax, that the schooner would be allowed to depart, even for a coastwise run, without some formalities of clearance, but so it seemed. Evidently the Spaniards had tired of quarantining these small craft. It was typical of their carelessness.

CHAPTER XXVIII THREE TRAVELERS COME HOME ESTEBAN YARONA made slow progress toward recovery. In the weeks following O'Reilly's departure from Cuba his aim was steady, but beyond a certain point he seemed unable to go. Then he began to lose strength. Norde was the first to realize the truth, but it was some time before she could muster the courage to tell him. At last, however, she had to face the fact that Esteban's months of prison fare, the abuse, the weight he had suffered in Spanish hands, had left him little more than a living corpse. It seemed as if fever had burned him out, or else some drops of disease still lingered in his system and had all but quenched that elusive spark which was the seat of a better nature, we call vitality.

gained its clarity, for he had come out of his delirious wandering with a mind grown. There had been no conscious flitting to it; he had emerged from his prison into dazzling glory, and in that instant. Not until he found himself alone backward did he attempt to get a glimpse upon himself, for up to that hour he never questioned his right to love.

"I believe you." But unfortunately, he was not clear-headed. "Remember this, Esteban, and we have nothing to wish. Even the food is wrecked." Esteban's smile became wistful. "I don't why my fever lasts. If there were life, my health left, in me you could kill it. No, there's something else wrong, and—well, I was waiting for you to tell me. You're the best friend I have. You're the only one who I could take proper care of. You're the only one who I could take proper care of. You're the only one who I could take proper care of."