

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY of A PENNSYLVANIAN

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



CHAPTER I (Continued)

MY GRANDMOTHER, through her mother, Mary Lane, had her part in a great pedigree. The name of Lane occurs in Battle Abbey. Edward Lane, to whom William Penn frequently refers in terms of friendship and to whom he intrusted some correspondence to be brought across the Atlantic, son of William Lane, of Bristol, England, lived on the Perkiomen, where he owned seven thousand five hundred acres of land and where he founded St. James's Episcopal Church. He married Ann, daughter of Samuel Richardson, member of Assembly, provincial councillor, Judge of the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas and the first Alderman of that city. Next to Samuel Carpenter he was the richest man there and owned all of the land on the north side of Market street from Second street to the river. George Keith said he was lascivious, but Keith was a very bitter partisan with a long tongue. He had only one son, Joseph, who also went to the Perkiomen, where he bought one thousand acres at the junction of that creek and the Schuylkill, in a region bearing the Indian name of Oletigo. There was another intermarriage, Sarah Richardson, the granddaughter of Joseph, married Edward Lane, who had fought under Braddock, the grandson of Edward. The Friends Meeting records of Gwynedd say that he had another wife, a statement hinting at a long-forgotten scandal which cannot now be proved. Mary Lane was his daughter. When Joseph Richardson married Elizabeth, the daughter of John Bevan, in 1696, there was an elaborate settlement recorded in Philadelphia, in which lands and £2000 in money were given them by their fathers. John Bevan lived on land in Glamorganshire, Wales, which he had inherited from Jestyn of Gwyrgan in the eleventh century. He displayed a coat of arms showing descent from the royal families in England and France, the earliest assertion of such a right made in America. In Philadelphia he was a member of Assembly and a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. A contemporary biography says he was "Well descended from the ancient Britons." His wife, Barbara Aubrey, came from Reginald Aubrey, one of the Norman conquerors of Wales, and was nearly related to the William Aubrey who married Letitia, daughter of William Penn. Elizabeth Bevan, therefore, could prove her descent from Edward III, John of Gaunt, Warwick the King Maker, the Fair Maid of Kent, the loss of whose garter led to the establishment of the ancient order, and many other historical characters. The blood of Mary Lane was consequently English and Welsh. I have an indistinct recollection of her. The Lanes were a short-lived stock, but she reached an age of over eighty years. She long suffered from rheumatism, which twisted her hands, but she retained her skill in needlework and made very pretty silk pin-cushions. I have two of them and her long knit garter.

Governor Pennypacker's Parents

My father, Isaac Anderson Pennypacker, was born July 15, 1812, on the Pickering. As a youth he worked on the farm and in the mill. He went to a country school and learned arithmetic as far as cube root, mensuration, algebra, trigonometry and surveying. Later he was sent to Bolmar's Academy, in West Chester, and there acquired some knowledge of French and Latin. Later he studied medicine in the office of his uncle, Dr. Isaac Anderson, and at the University of Pennsylvania, from which he was graduated in 1833, writing a thesis upon "Sleep." He was about six feet in height, weighed 220 pounds, and was unusually impressive in both feature and figure. A daughter of Doctor Dorr, rector of Christ Church, in Philadelphia, told me that one of the Wetherill women told her that once, on a visit to the Wetherills, on the Perkiomen, she saw him come down the stairs and inquired, "Who can that handsome young doctor be?" When it came to me this story had lasted sixty years. Everybody liked him. The women named their boy babies after



The home of Anna Maria Whitaker, Governor Pennypacker's mother, at the southeast corner of Front and Pine streets, Philadelphia.



Mont Clare, home of Governor Pennypacker's grandparents, opposite Phoenixville, Pa., where he spent a great part of his young life.

him. This was due to a kindly disposition which led him to take an interest in all around him and to endeavor to aid them. Thomas Anderson, United States Consul to Panama, the Sandwich Islands and Melbourne, Australia, told me that once, when he was a little boy playing along Nutt's road, at the Corner Stores, my father drove by in a buggy. Seated beside him was a dark-browed, swarthy man who had come from Valley Forge. My father stopped and called: "Come over here, Thomas!" The boy hung his head, but went. "I want to introduce you to Daniel Webster," Adamson said the incident made an impression which affected his whole career. My father had a gift of speech, and made many public addresses—upon education, temperance, medicine and politics. He was ambitious. A man met with what threatened to be a fatal accident. My father bought a big knife in a nearby store and cut the man's leg off while my mother steadied the limb. A boy, fishing, caught the hook in his nose and a young physician worked over him in vain. My father chanced to come along, and, with a sudden twist, jerked the hook out while the boy screamed. He bled and pulled teeth and prescribed calomel, jalap and flowers of sulphur. In my younger days I have seen setons, moxas, cups and leeches. He was fond of having his hair combed and his skin rubbed. He smoked cigars to excess. On the ninth of May, 1839, he married Anna Maria Whitaker, born March 23, 1815. She had black eyes and black hair, and as she grew older became stout. Hers was a resolute character. Her life was one of devotion to her children. Left with four of them under thirteen years of age, she took care of them and refused to marry again. To fulfill the duties of life as they came to her was her idea of what was required of her, and she never flinched and never lamented. What she was unable to buy she cheerfully did without, and what she could not secure did not disturb her. Her predominant trait was a certain setness. There were people she disliked, and she never relented. There were people of whom she was fond, and no poverty, failure or misfortune could weaken her affection for them. She was not aggressive, but was immovable. She was timid at a distance, but when an emergency arose was calm and efficient. She never fainted or grew hysterical or became "rattled," but simply stayed there and did what could be done. I have seen her tried in sudden accident, in cases of extreme illness, on an occasion when the upsetting of a fluid lamp set fire to the room, and in all of these instances alike the same quiet strength of character was manifested. Her Irish and negro maids, from the point of view of the household training to which she had been accustomed, were a sorry lot of incapables, but when they were ill she nursed them, mended their clothing and in person attended to their wants.

Isaac Anderson Pennypacker

In her childhood she lived with her grandmother at the southeast corner of Front and Pine streets, in Philadelphia, going to school on Pine street, and later was a pupil in the Kimberton School, in Chester County, where she learned the prim chirography of that Quaker establishment. Up to the end of her long life she could read a book and enjoy it all, meet a guest and chat with her cheerily, and in her eighty-fourth year she made for me an elaborate piece of needlework, so elaborate that a maid of eighteen would have abandoned the task. At the same age she would sit for hours and comb my hair while I read. Her marriage breakfast was cooked by Julia Roberts, a mulatto woman who was raised as a slave in the family of my great-great-grandfather, Samuel Lane, and who finally died after I reached manhood, at the age of 104 years. Patrick Anderson owned a slave, and the Richardsons owned slaves. Once I had the bill of sale of a slave in the habit of showing it as an illustration of the villainy of the system until I also became the possessor of a like paper executed by one of my own people, along the Schuylkill, in

which a black girl, Parnthenia, in the early day was sold by her mistress and let the mistress could not write. Throwing stones at the wickedness of other people often leads to complications. Her father, Joseph Whitaker, born in 1788, in a one-story log house, in a poor, stony region near Hopewell Furnace, so near the line between Berks and Chester Counties that the family could not be quite sure in which county they lived, was five feet eight inches in height, full-blooded, with thick curly hair, which he never lost, and thin chin whiskers but no beard. He was sometimes described as a "little, big man" and measured forty-four inches around the chest without clothing. His will power was immense and there were few men who could withstand him. He ruled over his household and pretty much everybody else who came within his influence. If he did not want the women to plant hollyhocks in the garden, he pulled them up and threw them over the fence. In his younger days he kicked a clerk out of the office and down the stairs, and when seventy-five years of age he applied a whip to some young fellows from the canal who exposed themselves naked before women, and he broke his cane over the head of a young man who trampled his wheat and was impertinent about it. He was careful, but provided necessary things bountifully. He was proud and ruggedly honest. Through the vicissitudes of a long career in the iron business no contract of his was ever broken and no note ever went to protest. He loved to play checkers, the principles of which he never understood, but his opponent either had to stay up all night or lose a game. He never learned to swim. Having only such school training as came from a few nights spent at a night school, he could measure the hay in a barn and keep a set of books. Beginning life in extreme poverty, as a charcoal burner and woodchopper about an iron furnace and as a maker of nails by hand in a small shop at the corner of Fourth street and Old York road in Philadelphia, he reached the position of one of the principal iron proprietors of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, took care of a family of eleven children, and, dying in 1870, left an estate of \$520,000. Generous to the extent of his perception of the needs of those dependent on him, he bought each of his children a ticket to hear Jenny Lind sing, but he never overcame the impressions made in his early life and always had a dread lest some of his children or grandchildren might drop back into the situation from which he had emerged. Once when I, as a child, was at his house in Mont Clare, opposite Phoenixville, he called me to him as he lay on a sofa and said: "Sam, there was once a little boy alone at a hotel, and when he went to the dinner table he was timid and could get nothing to eat. Presently he turned to the man next to him and said: 'Please, sir, won't you give me a little salt?'"

"The man in surprise inquired: 'What do you want with salt?' 'I thought, sir, if I had some salt maybe somebody would give me an egg to put it on.'" With a quizzical expression he continued: "Now I see that you have no watch fob in your jacket. When you go home tell your mother to make a fob in your jacket, and maybe some time or other somebody may give you a watch." Even in childhood I always wanted to think out the problems for myself, and this suggestion impressed me as pure foolishness, and I did not mention the matter to my mother. The reasoning was correct enough, but, unfortunately, as so often happens in more serious affairs, some of the facts were so uncertain. However, the watch came and later he advanced the moneys which enabled me to read law. He wore a woolen shawl. Probably he would have lived to the age of his brother, James, which was ninety-four, but late in life he fell from the third story of a house down an unfinished stairway; and though he recovered, the accident no doubt shortened his life. In his eighty-second year one day he was in Philadelphia attending to business. He came home and in the evening, as was his wont, lay down on a sofa to read a newspaper. The paper slipped from

his hand. His daughter, who was in the room, went over to him and found him dead. His father, Joseph Whitaker, named for his grandfather, Joseph Musgrave, of the Scottish clan referred to in "Son Lochinvar," son of James Whitaker, born in Colne, in Lancashire, grandson of John, also of Colne, was born in Leeds, England, where his father was a manufacturer of cloth. The Whitakers of Lancashire are an Anglo-Saxon family known at High Whitaker and the Holme since the eleventh century and distinguished in literature and in the Church. Several of them in remote times were inmates of Kirkstall Abbey, still well preserved. Among them were William Whitaker, who headed the Reformation in England; Alexander Whitaker, the rector at Jamestown, who married Pocahontas to Rolfe; John Whitaker, the historian of Manchester, and Thomas Dunham Whitaker, who wrote the history of Whalley.

Revolutionary History

Attention is called to Joseph Whitaker the elder because, while his career was in every sense a failure, he transmitted certain dominant traits of character—mental and physical—which have left their impress upon all of his many descendants. His father intended that he should be trained for the ministry of the Church of England. His inclinations turned toward another line of work. The father was determined and the son was resolute. The result was that he left his home and enlisted in Colonel Harcourt's cavalry. The regiment was sent to America to suppress the rebellious colonists who were fighting in the army of Washington. He participated in a number of engagements and was one of the squad which captured General Charles Lee in New Jersey in 1778. The tradition is that he became convinced of the merit of the American cause, in which tradition I have little faith, but at all events he became weary of the service. While the army was on its way from the Head of Elk to Philadelphia in the campaign of 1777, he mounted his horse and rode away. There was a pursuit and shots were fired, but he escaped unhurt and thereafter made his home in a hilly region in the northern part of Chester County. He had a small farm with a log house upon it, but the ground was poor and stony and the crops wrested from an unwilling soil were scant. He cut wood for the neighboring furnaces, but he had not been trained to this kind of labor and almost any other woodchopper could excel him. He married Sarah Updegrave and had a family of thirteen children. It was a life of hardship in which there was a continual struggle to get enough to eat. He did not spare the rod. He was earnest in prayer and had a gift in that direction. Despite his poverty and his failures, he was intensely proud and was able to assert and even to maintain a certain sense of superiority in the rural neighborhood in which he lived. It is manifest that he had a power of will which was not to be overridden by conventions or to be suppressed by adverse circumstances. He was about five feet eight inches in height, his hair inclined to curl, he had a red birthmark upon one cheek and a readiness of speech. Strange as it seems, his barren and unfruitful life was the ground from which were raised the fortunes of a family. His wife, Sarah, a worthy woman with a tender heart, was the daughter of Jacob, granddaugh of Isaac and great-granddaughter of Abraham Op den Graeff, who came to Germantown in 1683. He signed the protest against slavery in 1688 and is immortalized by Whittier in his poem, "The Pennsylvania Pilgrim." He was Burgess of Germantown and a member of the Pennsylvania Assembly. His grandfather, Herman Op den Graeff, was a delegate to the Mennonite convention which met in Dordrecht in 1632 and there signed the confession of faith which has often been presented both in Europe and America. Abraham later moved to the Skipkapp. His son, Isaac, was employed by the Potts families about their iron works at Pine Forge and Colebrookdale, and his grandson, Jacob, crossed the Schuylkill River to Chester County, where Samuel Nutt was making iron at Coventry in partnership with William Branson and Mordecai Lincoln, the great-great-grandfather of the President. Jacob Updegrave married Sarah, the daughter of Richard Butler. He and Butler were both woodchoppers and day laborers around these furnaces and forges, where the industry which has created the prosperity of Pennsylvania began. There is a fatality in the preservation of pedigrees as in other things. For thirty years I can give the daily details of the inconspicuous and uneventful life of Richard Butler—what he did, what he ate and drank, what he wore. In this atmosphere, with such antecedents, my great-grandfather, Joseph Whitaker, raised his family. Each of his sons heard of the making of iron from his childhood, and most of them as they grew older became ironmasters and made fortunes. From him came these physical tendencies: a weakness of the stomach, often running into dyspepsia; a certain rattle of the nerves and a vital tenacity which overcomes all attacks of disease and leads to length of life, ending in death from failure of the heart. Along with these tendencies come pride, firmness and a disposition to be masterful. It is a remarkable fact, observable down to the fifth generation, that individual descendants, who in youth show the traits of other forefathers, as they grow older display the mental and physical characteristics of Joseph Whitaker. He wears out the stocks of lesser vital strength. While it is impossible to speak with confidence upon a subject so involved as that of inheritance, it is, nevertheless, my thought that while the convolutions of the brain which enabled me to grapple with a difficult problem of law while on the bench came by way of Matthias Pennypacker, the temperament which led me as Governor to undertake alone the correction of sensational journalism, knowing its power to harm, was derived from that other ancestor who did not fear to offend both father and king.

My mother, therefore, with the exception of the Highland Celtic blood which came from the clan of Musgrave and the infusion of Dutch derived from the family of Op den Graeff, was of pure Saxon lineage. In the direct paternal line my forefathers, though perhaps inclined to be a little tame from habit and religious repression, obstinate rather than aggressive, were sensible, sober, honest and cleanly. For six generations, at least, I am satisfied no one of them had ever been inside of a bawdy house or retained a cent which did not belong to him.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

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.

Copyright 1917, Harper & Bros.
CHAPTER XV (Continued)
O'REILLY arose early the next morning and hurried down to the office of the Junta, hoping that he could convince Mr. Enriquez of the folly of allowing Norine Evans to have her way. By the light of day Miss Evans's project seemed more harebrained than ever, and he suspected that Enriquez had acquiesced in it only because of a natural inability to refuse anything to a pretty woman—that was typically Cuban. But his respect for Miss Evans's energy and initiative deepened when, on arriving at 56 New street, he discovered that she had forestalled him and was even then closeted with the man he had come to see. Johnnie waited uneasily; he was dismayed when the girl finally appeared, with En-

sight of O'Reilly. "I've speeded them up."
"You're an early riser," the latter remarked. "I hardly expected—"
Enriquez broke in. "Such enthusiasm! Such ardor! She whirls a person off his feet."
O'Reilly Protests
"It seems that the Junta lacks money for another expedition, so I've made up the deficit. We'll be off in a week."
"Really? Then you're actually going?"
"Of course."
"It was like a gift from heaven," Enriquez cried. "Our last embarrassment is removed, and—"
But Johnnie interrupted him. "You're crazy, both of you," he declared, irritably. "Cuba is no place for an American girl. I'm not thinking so much about the danger of capture on the way down as the danger of her not getting there and the

The elder man lifted his head. "Every Cuban will know who Miss Evans is, and what she has done for our cause. You do not seem to have a high regard for our chivalry, sir."
"There!" Norine was triumphant.
"There is bound to be some danger, of course," Enriquez continued. "For the coast is well patrolled, but once the expedition is landed, Miss Evans will be among friends. She will be as safe in our camps as if she were in her own home."
Miss Evans Victorious
"Don't be hateful and argumentative or I'll begin to think you're a born chaperon," Miss Evans exclaimed. "Come! Make up your mind to endure me. And now you're going to help me buy my tropical outfit!"
With a smile and a nod at Enriquez she took O'Reilly's arm and bore him

about woman's requirements, she led him upstairs. And she kept him at her side all that morning while she made her purchases; then when she had loaded him down with parcels she invited him to take her to lunch. The girl was so keenly alive and so delighted with the prospect of adventure that Johnnie could not long remain displeased with her. She had an irresistible way about her, and he soon found himself sharing her good spirits. She had a healthy appetite, too; when O'Reilly set out for his lodgings after escorting her home he walked in order to save carfare. Clams, consommé, chicken salad, French pastry and other extravaganzas had reduced his capital to zero.

Waiting
The days of idle waiting that followed were trying, even to one of O'Reilly's philosophic habit of mind. He could learn nothing about the Junta's plans, and Johnnie, in his impatience, he

too, failed to find steady employment, though he managed, by the sale of an occasional column, to keep them both from actual suffering.
His cough, meanwhile, grew worse day by day, for the spring was late and raw. As a result his spirits rose, and he became the best of all possible good companions. Johnnie, who was becoming constantly more fond of him, felt his anxiety increase in proportion to this improvement in mood; it seemed to him that Branch was on the very verge of a collapse.
Ready at Last
At last there came a message which brought them great joy. Enriquez directed them to be in readiness to leave Jersey City at 7 o'clock the following morning. Neither man slept much that night.
As they waited in the huge, barnlike station, Enriquez appeared with Norine Evans upon his arm. The girl's color was high; she was dressed with ex-

the first time, emitted a low whistle of surprise.
"Glory be! That goddess!" he cried. "And I called her a 'poor old soul!'"
Leslie Branch Delighted
When Norine took his bony, bloodless hand in her warm grasp and flashed him her frank, friendly smile, he capitulated instantly. In hyperbolic terms he strove to voice his pleasure at the meeting; but he lost the thread of his thought and floundered so hopelessly among his words that Norine said, laughingly:
"Now, Mr. Branch, bold buccaniers don't make pretty speeches. Hitch up your belt and say, 'Hello, Norine!' I'll call you Leslie."
"Don't call me 'Leslie,'" he beamed. "Call me often."
Then he beamed upon the others, as if this medieval pun were both startling and original. It was plain that he wholly and heartily approved of

now, one Major Ramos, a square-jawed, forceful Cuban, who, it seemed, was to be in command of the expedition.
"My duties end here," Enriquez explained. "Major Ramos will take charge of you, and you must do exactly as he directs. Ask no questions, for he won't answer them. Do you think you can follow instructions?"
"Certainly not. I shan't even try," Norine told him. "It's fairly bursting with curiosity at this moment."
Secrecy
"Remember, Ramos, not a word," "I promise," smiled the major.
"Goodby and good luck," Enriquez shook hands all around, then he kissed Miss Evans's fingers. "I pray that you escape all dangers, and I shall see that you do."