

A N N A L S

OF THE

H a r b a u g h F a m i l y

IN

A M E R I C A ,

FROM 1736 TO 1856.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies. [COWPER.

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.:

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1856.

PREFACE.

The annals of a family are interesting and sacred to its members alone, and a stranger doth not intermeddle therewith. To cherish the memory of our ancestors is a plain dictate of piety. Only those who care not for their destiny, can be careless as to their origin. He that forgets his ancestors is either stupid or wicked, or both.

These Annals have been gathered gradually during some years. In 1852 the Author began to record them in a systematic historical order, under the title of "Historical Reminiscences of my Ancestors, Preserved for my Children;" and as such, they became privately known to some members of the family, who earnestly desired their publication, so that they might be accessible to the numerous descendants. Additional care was then bestowed on the subject—and this little book is the result.

The reason why the notices of some branches of the family are more full and complete than others, is at once apparent. The necessary details could only be obtained by the assistance of members of the different branches; and in some cases such coöperation could not be secured. Much time has been spent, and many letters have been written, in the effort to make the record full. All that it was possible thus to collect is here faithfully preserved. Though minute details may here and there be wanting—some small twigs and buds may be missed—yet the historical tree, in its trunk and branches, is here described unbroken and complete, during a growth of one hundred and twenty years.

It will be easy, by the aid of these annals, for the most remote descendant to locate himself and trace his relationship to the parent stock; and thus all that is essential is secured. In regard to the whole, the Author can only say: "Would it were worthier." As it is, he affectionately dedicates it to one and all, old and young, far and near, known and unknown, who belong to this wide-spread family.

Annals like these, made up of births and deaths, generations that come and go, remind one sensibly of the vanity of earth, and point earnestly to that which abides in heaven. There may we all meet, when our short pilgrimage on earth is ended—"no wanderer lost!" "As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the places thereof know it no more. But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children; to such as keep his covenant and to those that remember his commandments to do them."

H. H.

Lancaster, Pa., Sept. 24th, 1856.

A N N A L S .

THE first trace I find of my great-grand father, Yost Harbaugh, is in the Record of the Land Office at Harrisburg, Pa., Warrant Book P., p. 261. Here, it appears, that in 1739, Joost Harbogh—so his name is there spelled—owned a tract of land, one hundred acres, in Maxatawny township, at that time Philadelphia, but now Berks County, adjoining the land of Matthew Speck, three miles above Maxatawny creek.

This confirms a tradition, which I often heard my father repeat, to this effect, that my grandfather, Jacob Harbaugh, was six years old when his father came to this country. He was born Feb. 5, 1730; hence my great-grand father must have arrived in this country in 1736. It seems that he settled first in Maxatawny, a valley lying in Berks county, mid-way between Reading and Allentown. From this place he removed, a few years later, before or about the year 1743, to the new settlement of Kreutz creek,* west

* Some say that the proper name of this Creek is Kreis' Creek, from an early settler near its mouth, whose name was George Kreis. But others, with greater appearance of truth, say that the common name is the correct one. It is called Kreutz Creek, on account of the union of two streams, which so flow together as to form a Kreutz, *i. e.*, a Cross.

of the Susquehanna. He bought a tract of land on Kreutz creek, Oct. 5, 1743. This tract of land was taken up Oct. 30, 1736, by John Huntzecker; sold May 16, 1743, to Peter Beitler, and on the date above mentioned, to Yost Harbaugh.

It is mentioned in the deed, that Yost Harbaugh traded to Peter Beitler "a certain tract of land on Creutz creek." From this it appears, that Yost Harbaugh possessed a tract of land, and probably resided on it, previous to Oct. 5, 1743.

This tract he must have sold again; for I find on one of the Deeds, in the hands of Mr. Stoner, who now (1852) lives on the farm, a draught of a tract of land, on which is written as follows: "A draught of a tract of land situate in Hallam township, York county, containing $191\frac{1}{2}$ acres, surveyed March 30th, 1750, unto Yost Harbaugh in right of Jacob Huntzecker, and returned unto the Secretary Office the 28th of March, 1760, for the use of Yost Harbaugh, in persuance of all acct. to accept the said survey, dated March 26, 1760." It seems it was patented March 26, 1760. The patenting cost 29£. 13s. 6d.

On the 4th of June, 1762, this tract of land

was exposed to sale "according," it is said, "to the will." The land brought 1002£.

The Will, which is recorded in the Office for the Registration of Wills in York County, is dated March 30, 1762. It was witnessed April 6, 1762. It was recorded April 27, 1762; so that he must have died sometime in April of 1762.

Here is a copy of the Will, procured from the Office for the Registration of Wills in York county. I give it exactly as it is recorded, language, spelling, and punctuation.*

In the name of God Amen. this thiryth day of march and in The year of Our Lord God

* The copy of the Will was kindly procured for me by H. L. Fisher, Esq., of York, Pa., who, on his mother's side, is a descendant of the family through Yost, the sixth son of the oldest ancestor Yost. In an accompanying letter, Mr. Fisher remarks in regard to this Will:

"It is, like most of those ancient documents, quite singular in many of its features; indeed; in some parts, at least to me, utterly unintelligible. How strange it sounds to hear him appoint "Executors" for his children; "*Guardians*," he no doubt intended. You will also observe that the first probate of the Will was made before one John Adlum, who styles himself "one of his Magosty's Justices of the Peace." This, the Court, (as appears by the opinion of one Ja. Smith, on file in the Register's Office) decided to be insufficient: and afterwards the probate was perfected before the Deputy Register.

I was forcibly struck with the strong evidence this Will affords of the custom and the desire to perpetuate *proper* names. This testator, it seems, had a daughter Anna Margaret. His son Yost, i. e., my grand-father, had a daughter of the same name; that daughter was my "sainted" mother; peace to her ashes and honored be her memory, which I am endeavoring to sustain and perpetuate in some sort, by calling my oldest daughter by her name, Anna Margaret."

one thoussend Seven Hundred and Sixty Two, I Yost Herbach of Helm Township York county and province of Pensylvania farmer being very Sick and weak in body but of perfect mind and memory thanks be given therefore unto god therefore caling unto mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to Dye do mak and ordain this my Last will and Testement that is to Say principally and first of all I give and Recomend my Soul into the Hands of god that gave it & for my body I Recomend it to be Buried in a Christian Like and a Descend maner nothing Doubting but at the general Resurrection I shall Receive the Same again by the mighty Pwer of god.

and as Touching Such worldly Estate where with it Hath pleased god to bless mee in this Life, I give and Dispose of the Same in the following manner and form

Imprimis it is my will and I do order that in the first place all my Just and funeral Charges be paid and satisfied

Item I give and bequieth unto mary Liz my beloved wife the sum of Twelve Pounds of good and lawful money of Pensylvania & that yearly and Every year So long as She abids a widow or Lives and shee shall have a full Right to the

Spring hous to Live there on or in and to any one of the Cows in the Stable and to the oper part of the meadow which is fenced by itself and to Twenty apple Trees on the South Side of the orchard which Lieth over the meadow all these articles for hir as Long as shee abids a widow and further I give hir a bed and what belonging to it and a Chist to hir own use and that to hir and hir assigns for Ever

But if it Should Hapen that Shee Should Change hir Condetion in Short or Long a Tim and should mary again Shee shall have fifty Pounds in money of my Estate and so much as shee had of hir first Husband and that for hir Hairs and assigns for Ever

Turn over

And further I Set and order and it is my will that all my Estate both plantation and moveables to be Sold by a buplick vandu or otherwise which my hereafter mentioned Executors Shall think proper, and my Estate then Shall be Devided among all my Children both my first and Last wifs Children and Equaly devided Share and Shear alike to the ouldest no more then to the youngist or any of the Rest to my Son george his Equel Share and no more and to my Son Ludwick his Equel share, and

to my son Jacob his Equel share and to my son John his Equel share, and to my son Henry his Equel share, and to my son yost his Equel sheare, and to my son Leanard his equel sheare and to my two Daughters mary Liz and anmargret both theire Equel sheare, and to my youngest Daughter anCatarina her Equel share.

and I do further make and order to this my Last will and Testemment for Executors first my e Beloved Sons george and Jacob to be executors for my son Henry, to take Care of his portion and of him as good as poseble and to the best of theire Endeavor, and my True and Trusted frend John Comford to be Executor to my youngest Daughter anaCatharina—

and my beloved Son John and trusted friend Jacob Wels-Hover to be Executors for my Two Daughters mary liz and an margred and to my Son Leonhard

and these my Executors Shall have a full Right to, make Sale and do with my Estate as above mentioned

and I do further give to my wife above mentioned Twenty bushels of wheat the first year after my Decease

and I do hereby utterly Disalow all and Every other former wils Legaces and Executors, Raty-

fyeng this and no other to be my Last will and Testament, in witness whereof I have herun to Set my Hand and Seal the day and year above written

Signed Sealed publish- his
ed and declared by the YOST ✕ HERBACH.
said Yost Herbach as mark.
his last will and Teste
ment in presents of us.

HEINRICH SCHMIDT

LEONHART COMFORTH

HENRY STRICKLER.

Beni

memorandum to the will of Yost Herbach my son John Herbach Shall keep one Hundred pounds of my estate in his hand whereof he shall pay my wife yearly according to my will and moreover then shall the last payment for the plantation shall Likewise be Left for that use of if ocation

And any of the Executors if the have any money in hand for any of the Legases if the Can not Lend it out as the think proper shall not be obliged to pay interest for it. This has been forgit to put in the will afore signed and sealed, but declared and pronounced by said Yost Her-

bach afore signing and sealing as witness our hands the same date as in the will mentioned

HEINRICH SCHMIDT

LEONHART COMFORTH

HENRY STRICKLER.

York County, ss.

Came before me the subscriber one of his Magosty's Justices of the Peace for the said County Henry Smith, Leonard Comfort and Henry Strickler the subscribing witnesses to the within instrument of writing and made oath &c that they saw Yost Herbach Sign Seal Publish and Declare the same to be his last will and Testament and that the schedule thereunto annexed should be Deemed as part of his will and that he was of a sound and perfect understanding and Memory

HEINRICH SCHMIDT

LEONHART COMFORTH.

Sworn and Subscribed 6th of April 1762 Before

JOHN ADLUM.

York County ss.

Before me the subscriber Deputy Register for the probate of Wills and granting Letters of administration in and for the County aforesaid came Henry Smith & Leonard Comfort two of

the witnesses to the within will, and upon their solemn affirmation declared they were present and saw and heard Yost Herbagh the testator Sign Seal Publish and declare the same as and for his last will & Testament & that at the doing thereof he was of sound mind & memory to the best of their knowledge and understanding.

HEINRICH SCHMIDT

LEONHART COMFORTH.

Affirmed at York, 27th April 1762

Cord. GEO. STEVENSON D R

On the 26th of June, 1852, I visited the old homestead of my great-grand father, near the Kreutz creek Church. It is now owned by a Mr. Stoner, a man who wears a long red beard, and is of the Dunkard persuasion in religion. He does not live on the place, but retired in a stone house on one end of the farm. A tenant lives on the place.

I called on Mr. Stoner, and found him very friendly. I explained to him the object of my visit, telling him who I was, and that I had been informed my great ancestor once owned that place. I suggested to him that I thought the command to honor our father and mother was not designed merely to apply to our immediate parents, but also to all our ancestors—that Ja-

cob did not only love his father Isaac, but also his grand-father Abraham ; and that, consequently, I felt it to be a kind of pious desire and duty to see the place where my earlier ancestors had lived. He, being piously inclined, seemed to take up this idea with pleasure ; and he entered warmly, and with much interest, into my feelings, and the object of my visit.

I suggested to him that I was anxious to know when my great-grand father settled there, and told him I supposed the old Deeds in his possession would throw light upon the subject. He readily went into his little chamber and brought out the several Deeds, which marked the various hands through which the property had passed ; from these Deeds I obtained several hints and dates, which are of use to me in making out a history of the family.

The old gentleman then proposed to go with me to the house on the old place, when he heard from me that I desired to visit that spot. Crossing in a lane a somewhat low or meadow strip of land, through which a stream wanders, we soon stood in the yard of the Homestead.

Here I could not help feeling strange emotions, as I looked in all directions, reflecting that the scenery on which my eyes rested, was

the same, in many respects, as that on which my great-grand father looked one hundred and ten years ago—changed, of course, in many respects, but still the same in its general features.

“How many, many memories,
Glide o’er my spirit now!”

Westward from the house there is a gentle slope downward toward the spring; directly south of the spring was formerly the garden. The place was covered with thriving oats just growing into heads; and the superior height and richness of the oats still marked out to my eye the limits of the ancient garden. Along the fence, which bounded one side of the old garden plot, there still grow some parsnips and lark-spurs, the degenerated and lingering relics of ancient use and ornament. Through passing years, from age to age, these plants have been perpetuating themselves on the spot on which they were originally planted by hands that have long since ceased their activities, and are now lost amid the dust of the tomb! Their dying and reviving, year after year, seems to be a picture of how memory lingers and struggles to keep itself alive, around the spot to which its fondest associations are bound. At the sight of these

“Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.”

To the north lies a strip of meadow, through which wanders a stream which turns a mill within sight and hearing. Into this stream the outlet of the spring finds its way. In sight, along the stream, there are numbers of yellow wild willows, whose silvery leaves upturned by a June breeze, glittered and quivered in the sun, making the whole a soft mellow summer scene. Red-winged starlings kept up their well known noise from bush to bush, and from tree to tree, in the meadow, perching also ever and anon upon the top of a tall, slender, swinging weed, turning their black glistening backs, and their red and yellow colored wings to the sun, and pouring notes of wildest joy from their full throats.

At the farther bound of the meadow rises the embankment of the rail-road, over which there rolled at the time a long train of cars. But this was too modern to interest me now; and yet I could not help but think what changes in a hundred years, and how little of all this could have entered into the wildest dreams of our ancestors!

My eyes soon wandered beyond the rail-road where a gentle slope upward ends, at some two miles distance, in a range of hills, which forms, in fact, the northern boundary of the narrow,

but beautiful Kreutz creek valley. Often must the eyes of my great-grand father have rested against that beautiful slope of hills.

Toward the south there is a similar range of hills, only nearer to the homestead, and forming the other boundary of Kreutz creek valley. Along this valley, and the hills that form it, the eye wanders eastward over a beautiful region of variegated scenery towards the Susquehanna river. To the east, the valley breaks into various directions between hills, until it loses itself to the eye in a rolling landscape.

I could not resist the pleasure of taking a cool drink from the spring which wells out above the spring-house, the stream of which passes through it, and idles down into the meadow. Starting down a flight of steps, and taking hold of an old rusted tin cup, my old bearded friend called to me, saying that he would get a glass in the house, and that I could get a drink from the pump near the house. I excused myself, and persisted in drinking from the spring. It being some distance from the house, and a considerable descent to it, it seems that the modern rush for conveniences, induced the digging of a well nearer the house ; so that the spring is not now in regular use. It is, however, excellent water,

It was to me a solemn reflection, that more than a century ago, my great-grand father saw his own image reflected from the surface of the spring when he bent down to dip the cooling draught as he returned from labor in the fields. The water that then flowed is gone to the sea, and those who drank from it have also reached that great ocean of eternity, in which all the streams of earthly life are at length swallowed up! So passes the glory of the earth.

Time, like an ever-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away, our life's a dream,
An empty tale, a morning flower,
Cut down and withered in an hour.

The old gentleman informed me that the old house which my great-grand father built, was taken down only about sixteen years ago, viz: in 1836. He says it was a large house, perhaps about forty feet square, built of hewn logs. He says that some of the logs were two feet broad, and very nicely hewn—all the logs were unusually broad and excellent. The old house stood on the same spot where the stone house now stands.

The Kreutz creek settlement must have been very new when my great-grand father settled there. I find it mentioned in the annals of early settlements, that "in 1729 John and James

Hendricks settled west of the Susquehanna river, in what is now York county, by authority of Government," and that they were soon followed "by other families." Previous to that, there seem to have been here and there squatters from the Maryland colony, but no regular settlements.

We are informed also by the annals of the times that numerous German settlements were made on the banks of Kreutz creek in 1736. To counteract the encroachments of the Maryland colonists, it was the policy of the proprietary agents to invite and encourage settlements west of the Susquehanna. This called over Germans from the earlier settlements east of the river, who all settled down on Kreutz creek. In that whole valley, except a few at Wrightsville, immediately on the river, there was only one English family known. Thus my great-grand father was one of the very first settlers west of the Susquehanna; all the region west and north being at the time uninhabited wilderness.

The habits of these early German settlers were truly primitive, simple, sturdy and severe. "The early inhabitants of the Kreutz creek region were clothed, for some years, altogether in tow cloth, as wool was an article not to be ob-

tained. Their dress was simple, consisting of a shirt, trowsers, and a frock. During the heat of summer, a shirt and trowsers of tow formed the only raiment of the inhabitants. In the fall the tow frock was superseded. When the cold of winter was before the door, and Boreas came rushing from the north, the dress was adapted to the season, by increasing the number of frocks, so that in the coldest part of the winter some of the sturdy settlers were wrapt in four, five, and even more frocks, which were bound closely about the loins, usually with a string of the same material as the garment.

But man ever progresses; and when sheep were introduced, a mixture of tow and wool was considered an article of luxury. But tow was shortly afterwards succeeded by cotton, and then *linsey woolsey* was a piece of the wildest extravagance. If these simple, plain and honest worthies could look down upon their descendants of the present day, they would wonder at the changes of men and things. These honest progenitors of ours have passed away, and have left many of us, we fear, nothing but the names they bore, to mark us as their descendants.

But all the good did not die with them. If they would find cause of regret at our depar-

ture from their simplicity and frugality, they would find much to admire in the improved aspect of the country—the rapid march of improvement in the soil of their adoption. Where they left unoccupied land, they would find valuable plantations, and thriving villages, and temples dedicated to the worship of the God of Christians.”*

These early settlers were of course subjected to many inconveniences. There was neither shoemaker nor tanner in the whole of York county. Shoes were annually brought from Philadelphia to supply the settlers, and the mending was done by itinerant cobblers, carrying their little leather used in mending, with their tools, from one farm house to another. Tailors and blacksmiths were also itinerants. The same inconvenience also of course attended the introduction of schools. The first schoolmaster was known by no other name than that of “Der Dicke Schulmiester”—the thick schoolmaster. The privileges of the church they could only enjoy by going to Lancaster, where a Reformed church was built as early as 1736, and a Lutheran church 1738, and where there was preaching

* History of York County by Carter & Glossbrenner, pp. 24, 25, 26.

at intervals even some years earlier. I have heard my father say, that he heard from his father the fact stated, that ministers from "the other side of the river," came over once or twice a year and baptized the children. The lot for the Kreutz creek church was taken up Oct. 27, 1746, and there was a church erected there soon after.

My great-grand father, YOST HARBAUGH,* was a Swiss, and came to this country, as near as I can ascertain, about the year 1736, or 1738. He was twice married, and his children were as follows:

* In my search through various documents, deeds, wills, church-books, State records, &c., I find the name very variously spelled thus: Herboogh, Heerbach, Herbach, Heerbaugh, Herbaugh, Harbaugh. The name was evidently originally written Heerbach. In deeds, written in English, I find it generally written Herbaugh and Harbaugh. Being so written in official papers, it silently and gradually grew into use; and its old form unfortunately faded from view until it was forgotten, or the later form had so wrought itself into the associations of the family, that it could not easily be changed back to its original form. The "schoolmaster" attempted a restoration, as he thought, when we were a boy, instructing us to write Herbaugh. But this was no nearer correct than the spelling in vogue; and it did not succeed. Now the generations are so large and wide-spread that it would require a tremendous convention, before a return to the old spelling could be agreed upon. Then what a business it would be to set the documents all right. We give up all hope of a change, and await the appearance of some stern reformer with zeal and courage equal to the task.

FIRST WIFE.

1. George Harbaugh.
2. Ludwig Harbaugh.
3. Jacob Harbaugh.
4. John Harbaugh.
5. Henry Harbaugh.
6. Yost Harbaugh.

SECOND WIFE,

Named "Mary Lizzy" in the Will.

7. Leonard Harbaugh.
8. Mary Elizabeth Harbaugh.
9. Ann Margaret Harbaugh.
10. Ann Catharine Harbaugh.

Leonard Harbaugh, the oldest child of the second wife, was born in 1746; which fixes the date of his second marriage previous to 1746. The precise date of the death of his first wife, and his marriage to the second, I have not been able to ascertain.

Tradition says, that my great-grand father was a man of stout physical frame, energetic spirit, and great courage; just such a man as would enter upon new settlements, and brave the dangers, and endure the hardships of border life.

He was a member of the German Reformed Church. This is certain, from the fact that he

came from Switzerland, where all are confirmed to the Church at fourteen years of age. I find also that a lot of ground was taken up on Kreutz creek for a church, only about a mile from the Homestead, as early as Oct. 27, 1746. I find also in the records of that church the baptism of children of his sons John and Yost, as early as 1759, which was before his death. This indicates that he raised his children to the faith, and order, and worship of the Reformed Church. This has also since been prevailingly the ecclesiastical connection of all the families which have sprung from this patriarch.

He is buried, as tradition says, in the graveyard at the Kreutz creek church. There is, however, no stone to mark his grave. I found, on the western side of the grave-yard, a tombstone inscribed, which marks the grave of one of Yost's daughters, who married a Mr. Bahn, and died in 1790, aged twenty-nine years. This may be safely taken as designating the spot in the grave-yard where the family interments had previously been made. This stone stands also in a row of graves, marked with unpolished and uninscribed stones, in which row, no doubt, lie the bodies of these great-grand parents of the family. Long since has the sentence been ful-

filled: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Although no carved stone marks their resting places, yet they rest in peace; and we know that around that spot, almost a century ago, stood loving children, with wet eyes and mourning hearts, listening to the comforting words as they fell upon the air from the lips of the man of God: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." There in that quiet rural cemetery, near Kreutz creek church, they sleep,

"Where heaves the turf in many a mouldring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing hour,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
Nor children run to lisp their sires return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Far from the madding crowds, ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray ;
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

Of Yost Harbaugh's first wife, I have not been able to learn anything. She must have died about the year 1740.

Of the second wife, tradition does not speak favorably. I will follow the advice of the good motto : " *De mortuis nihil nisi bene :*" concerning the dead, speak only that which is good.

When cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then ;
Or if from their slumbers the veil be removed,
Weep over them in silence and close it again.

We know that step-mothers have not always, perhaps not often, justice done them ; and it may be that some things, at least, which tradition has preserved to her disparagement, are to be explained in the light of this fact.

I am not able to say, whether she ever married again ; but am of opinion, that she did. I judge this from the fact, that if she had remained single, she would have been provided for, according to the Will. Her free residence on the spring-house of the homestead, with the other advantages specified in the Will, and twelve pounds a year, would have kept her very

comfortably. It is known, however, that she left the homestead, and lived afterwards in York. It is known also, that she became extremely poor in her old age. It is said that she sustained herself, to some extent, by selling garden seeds and vegetables. She must, in some way, have forfeited the provision made for her in the Will, that reduced her to such destitution in her old age. I am glad to find that application was made for her, to my grand-father, Jacob Harbaugh, and that he responded to it, by rendering her prompt and cheerful assistance. In her last years, it seems she resided in the family of her youngest daughter—where, beyond doubt, she was properly cared for. Rev. H. Lenhart, of Williamsport, Lycoming county, Pa., who is now an aged man, and a son of Mary Elizabeth, the eighth of great-grand father's children, says, in a letter dated May 30, 1856: "I have a distinct recollection of my grand-mother Harbaugh living in the borough of York, living to a good old age, and dying at my father's house." He says she was born in Germany.

YOST HARBAUGH'S DESCENDANTS.

I will now record all that I have been able to gather of the children of my great-grand father, and their descendants, beginning with the oldest and going down to the youngest. Many things, which it would be a satisfaction to know, and after which I diligently inquired, are now buried in the oblivious past, and cannot be revived. What I record is authentic.

The oldest of his sons was,

I. GEORGE HARBAUGH.

He was born in Switzerland, about the year of our Lord, 1727. He was one of the three appointed by great-grand father as executors of his Will. He removed to Harbaugh's Valley, in Frederick county, Maryland, sometime about 1760 to 1761. He settled at the extreme upper end of the Valley, where the gap opens out toward Frederick city. He was the first one of the three brothers that removed to the Valley.

Previous to 1760, from the earliest settlements of Pennsylvania and Maryland, there had been a stirring and exciting controversy between William Penn and Lord Baltimore, as to the boundary of the two States. This controversy was, to our forefathers, equal to a state of

actual war, on a small scale. Even in the regions of Kreutz creek, and through York county, the first settlers of which were from the Maryland colony, there were actual skirmishes between the Maryland and Pennsylvania settlers in those early times. On one occasion, it was found necessary for the Sheriff of Lancaster county, with a posse, amounting to a military company on a small scale, to proceed across the river to make peace. As already said, in 1760, the dispute between Penn and Baltimore, was brought to an end by articles of agreement between them. Lord Baltimore yielded to Penn a large territory, which he at first claimed, comprehending parts of the counties of Philadelphia, Chester, Lancaster, York, Adams, Franklin, Bedford, Somerset, Fayette, and Greene. The boundary, according to the articles of agreement, was fixed where it now is, by the running of "Mason and Dixon's line," in 1761. Thus this long dispute ended. Good titles could now be granted; and this encouraged the making of settlements in a permanent way. About this time, therefore, permanent settlements began to be made in Harbaugh's Valley; and about this time George Harbaugh removed to the Valley. He was, no doubt, also attracted

in that direction, from the fact that there was a short time previous to that, a Swiss settlement begun, a little farther south-west of the Valley, in the neighborhood of what is now called "Hauver's." Besides, it is a national instinct of the Swiss to love mountainous regions,—a feeling which strangely abides in the hearts of their descendants for generations. Swiss soldiers have died of home-sickness for their Alps, in a foreign land; and the hearts of emigrants are weary on the plains, and they rest not till they rest in the shadow of a mountain.

To give us some idea of what an unsettled wilderness lay in all that region at the time, we need only call to mind that Frederick was only laid out in 1745, fifteen years before; and in 1755, five years previous, Chambersburg was "a small town on the outskirts of civilization." The whole region between Chambersburg and Frederick, including Conococheague Valley, showed but here and there a small settlement. The Rev. Michael Schlatter, who passed from Frederick to Conococheague Valley in 1748, speaks of all that region west of the South mountain, as presenting nothing but regions of grass, hazel-bushes, plum shrubbery and crab-apple trees; and says, the whole country was

called the barrens. He also says, "Indians are still here, which are, however, friendly, when they are not drunk." Only here and there, then, in all the territory of the counties of Frederick and Washington, in Maryland, and of Adams and Franklin, in Pennsylvania, were to be seen, at that time, the slight traces of human habitation.

When George Harbaugh removed to the Valley, there was not yet a road in existence from the lower outlet of the Valley up through it—only a path. They had to unload their effects, and leave their wagons at the eastern end of the valley; and make arrangements to convey their effects to the place of destination in some other way—no doubt on sleds, and perhaps partly on pack horses!

George Harbaugh was a man of remarkably large proportions. He was not only very corpulent, but also of unusual height, amounting, it is said, almost to a giant.

He became a Moravian in his religious profession. This was no doubt occasioned from the comparative convenience of the Moravian settlement at Graceham, as a place of worship. Tradition says, that George Harbaugh came to his end by accidental drowning, somewhere in the head waters of the Fall's creek, near the

foot of what is called Mount Misery. The fact only, but none of the particulars, of this sad event, is now remembered.

In regard to the descendants of George Harbaugh, I find that he had four children, two sons and two daughters, as follows :

I. GEORGE HARBAUGH. He lived for some time on the old homestead. Afterwards he removed to Bedford county, Pa.; and on one occasion, coming to the Valley on a visit, he took sick and died on his way home. He had a son John, who was a cabinet-maker, and lived at Graceham. Mrs. Eyler was a daughter of George.

There was until lately—perhaps he is still alive—a George Harbaugh in Tuscarawas county, Ohio, who was a son of this George. I remember having seen two of his daughters in 1840. He lived near Strasburg, on what is called “the Plains.”

He had also a son Jacob, whom I remember as being lame, and as keeping a tavern in Sabillasville.

II. JOHN HARBAUGH. He lived at what is now called Schultz’s mill. He was a blacksmith. Still later, he removed to Muskingum county, Ohio—this was about the year 1798 to 1800.

He died in Muskingum county, Ohio. He had a pretty large family; five of his children were sons. I have not been able to trace them.

III. ANNA REGINIA HARBAUGH. She was married to a Mr. Eyler, and resided in Eyler's valley. She died about 1849, aged ninety-two years, and is buried at Graceham.

IV. ELIZABETH HARBAUGH. She was married to a Mr. Fetter. She resided a long time at Bethlehem, Pa., and died at Lancaster, with her son, a few years ago. Her son also has since died. This family were Moravians.

v. Was a daughter, whose name I have not been able to learn. She met with an accidental death when she was about six years of age. A negro man, who lived there, had a gun, which he one day placed—perhaps in haste, not having time to take it to the house—in the barn. The little girl found it, and not knowing the danger connected with it, began to handle it. It accidentally discharged its load, and laid her low in death! She has escaped many a sigh and tear in the world, by her early glorification.

This is all I have been able to ascertain of the history of this family.

II. LUDWIG HARBAUGH.

He was also born in Switzerland, about the year 1728, 1729. I have not been able to ascertain at what time he moved away from York county. A tradition, which has every mark of truth, says, that his first son, Christian, who was born January 14th, 1753, was born while Ludwig resided in Middletown. This being so, he must have removed perhaps as early as 1750—in the twenty-first or twenty-second year of his age. It is likely that he left York at his first settling after his marriage. He removed first to near Weller's mill, in the neighborhood of (east of) Mechanicstown, in Maryland. From thence he removed to Middletown Valley, also in Maryland. How long he lived there, I do not know. Afterward he removed to Harbaugh's Valley. He settled on the farm southwest of Sabillasville, and not far from the town, formerly Zollinger's, but now owned by John Harbaugh of Christian.

Ludwig died August 9th, 1809, aged eighty-two years, and is buried in the graveyard on his own farm. His wife, Christina, died Oct. 17th, 1797, aged seventy years, and lies by his side. The descendants of Ludwig are as follows :

I. CHRISTIAN HARBAUGH. He lived a short

distance west of Sabillasville, where his son Henry now lives. He was born January 14th, 1753, it is said, in Middletown Valley, Maryland. He died there March 23d, 1836, aged eighty-three years, two months, and nine days. He is buried at Graceham. He had, when he died, an offspring of one hundred and thirty—children and children's children. He was a Moravian—no doubt became such by the circumstance of his father living for some time not far from the Graceham congregation. He married a Miss Williard, who was also a Moravian.

Christian's children are as follows :

1. *Peter*. He lived near Thomastown, in Franklin county, Pa. He was a short, stout man. I have frequently seen him. His children I have not traced. He is now dead.

2. *Christian*. He lived near Graceham. He was a Moravian—is now dead.

3. *John*. He was born July 27th, 1787—he is a tanner by profession, and now lives on the farm, formerly owned by his grand father, south of Sabillasville, in Harbaugh's Valley. He is a member of the German Reformed Church.

4. *Elias*. He lives in Waynesboro', in Franklin county, Pa., and is a wagon-maker as to his trade.

5. *Henry*. He lives on the old homestead, near Sabillasville, and is a farmer.

6. *Alexander*. He lives at present in Waterloo, near my father's place, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania.

7. *Solomon*. He removed to Harrison county, Indiana at first. Afterwards he removed to the State of Kentucky.

8. *Elizabeth*. She died single.

9. *Mary*. She was married to Jacob Harbaugh, of John, (my father's brother). She is now dead.

10. *Rebecca*. She is married to John Eyler, and lives in Eyler's Valley.

11. *Charlotte*. She was married to a Mr. Willman, a tailor, who is now dead. She still lives in Sabillasville.

12. *Sabina*. She is married to a Mr. Byerly. They live on Pipe creek, in Frederick county, Maryland.

II. JACOB HARBAUGH. He lived on the top of the mountain, north-west of Sabillasville. He was called "mountain Jacob." His wife was first a Casebeer—then married to a Winters, and as a widow, she was married to Jacob Harbaugh. The Rev. Winters in Ohio are her descendants. The old people both died a few years ago. He

was ninety-one years, nine months, and some days old. She was as old as he within two days. They are buried on their own homestead. They had no offspring.

III. HENRY HARBAUGH. He moved to Kentucky. His wife was from Monocacy creek, in Frederick county, Maryland. He was living still, a year ago, near Lexington in Kentucky. They had some descendants.

IV. PETER HARBAUGH. He came to his death by accident while he was still unmarried, by being drowned in Monocacy creek. He was on the eve of being married, and when on his way to the residence of his intended bride, on arriving at the creek he found it greatly swollen from late rain. He left his horse on this side of the creek, and attempted to cross in a small boat. The rolling current, being too strong for him, carried him violently down the stream! He was found about fourteen days afterward, by a negro, in a drift of wood! Some of his brothers and friends who went to attend the wedding, had not heard of the sad circumstance when they arrived at the house of the bride. The guests had met—the hearts of many were filled with the dawn of the coming joy;—but alas! the festal scenes of the marriage hall had to be covered with the gloomy

pall of death!—and such a death! Who can fully imagine the sad suspense which hung over those fourteen days? Who can picture the thousand direful shapes in which his probable death came up in the gloomy visions of affectionate hearts?

v. YOST HARBAUGH. He lived near where my uncle Elias resided, in Harbaugh's Valley. He fell in with the sect of the United Brethren in Christ, and they had service, which he attended, in a school-house near his house—which I remember to have frequently heard of when I was yet a boy. He died about 1836 or 1837, aged about sixty years.

His children were as follows:

1. *Thomas*. He resides somewhere in Ohio, and is now between fifty and sixty years of age.

2. *William*. He was married to a Miss Stem. He had four or five children, who live in the lower end of Harbaugh's Valley, where he also lived. He is now dead.

3. *Daniel*. He lives on the homestead farm on Friend's creek. He is married to a Miss Fitz.

4. *Elizabeth*. She is married to Charles Smith.

5. *Sarah*. She is married to Henry Fitz.

6. *Sophia*. She is married to John Nagel.

7. *Margaret.*

VI. JOHN HARBAUGH. He was horned to death by a mischievous bull, when he was about five years of age.

VII. ELIZABETH HARBAUGH. She married a Mr. Rice, and lives in Kentucky.

VIII. MARY HARBAUGH. She married Michael Flickinger. She is now dead; and is buried in Muskingum county, Ohio, where they had lived.

IX. CHRISTIANA HARBAUGH. She was married to William Sweney—lived and died in Muskingum county, Ohio.

X. MARGARET HARBAUGH. She was married to Andrew Williard. They lived south of Shultz's mill, where she died; she is buried in Graceham. They were both members of the Moravian communion.

This is all I have been able to ascertain of the generation of Ludwig Harbaugh. It will be seen that his posterity is large, and much scattered. They have also been considerably divided in religious faith. May they all come together clothed in the white robes which the Saviour's children wear, in the great day of final home-gathering!

III. JACOB HARBAUGH.

He was my grand-father. He was born in Switzerland, February 5th, 1730. He was about six years old when he was brought to this country.

He was married, April 1761, to Anna Margaretta Smith. She was born, April 3d, 1740, and was a daughter of George Smith. She died, March 18th, 1803, aged sixty-two years, eleven months, and fifteen days. Grand-mother was of ordinary height, and lean in her person.

Jacob Harbaugh removed to the Valley shortly after he was married. He had bought land in Harbaugh's Valley previous to his moving up. He used to go up and work at clearing land while he was yet single; no doubt preparing for his removal immediately after his marriage.

He settled on the land on which he lived and died—it lies toward the upper end of the Valley, near where it opens out by a gap towards Frederick. Uncle Henry afterwards lived and died on the same place. It is now owned by uncle Elias, who received it by will after uncle Henry's death. It is occupied now by uncle Elias' son Leonard. The name of the tracts of land,

composing this farm, are, "Mount Olivet," "Sweet Land," and "The tied Dog.

When grand-father bought it, it was surrounded by wilderness. There was but a small space cleared, on which stood a cabin—where the present smoke-house stands—which had been erected and occupied when grand-father purchased it. There are two small graves in the orchard there, which are the children of the man who lived on it when grand-father bought the land. He purchased the land of Mr. Smith, who, it seems, lived near the gap, towards the outlet of the Valley, in the direction of Frederick. At that time there were still Indians plenty. One of Mr. Smith's daughters was taken away by Indians. She was so long away that they could only recognize her by a wart on the end of her tongue. After she had been recovered, she was of such a roving disposition that they could not keep her at home. She is buried at Litiz, in Lancaster county, a Moravian village.

On the 22nd of December, 1764, Samuel Greybill deeded part of a tract of land called "Mount Olivet," containing three acres, to Jacob Harbaugh. He was, however, already a resident then; for the deed says, "Jacob Har-

baugh of the said county of Frederick aforesaid." This was an addition which he purchased to his previous purchase. He paid £5 for it. Father thinks these three acres lay back where the graveyard now is.

South of the present house, in the meadow, stands a Pin-oak tree. When grand-father came into the Valley, there was a small spot of meadow there, along the fence (in a fence corner) of which grew a scion, which was in its first year's growth. As he walked along the fence it attracted his attention; he caught it in his hand, and stripped down the leaves, thus trimming it. It continued to grow there, and is now that tree in the meadow; so that the age of that tree exactly measures the time since my grand-father came to the Valley. He lived to sit under the shadow of a large tree, which he had seen spring from an acorn. How the fruits of our care in early life may comfort us in old age. The youthful adventurer in a new country trimming the scion—the aged patriarch enjoyed the refreshing shade, while the giant oak extended its "hundred arms" over his aged head!

A raven once an acorn took,
From Bashan's tallest tree;
He laid it down beside a brook,
And lived an oak to see!

So I wrote in 1852. Alas what must I record in 1856. THE TREE IS CUT DOWN! On the 7th of June, 1856, I re-visited the spot—when lo! I found the top of this noble tree upon the wood-pile. It is justice, however, to the present occupant of the farm, to say, that he did the deed ignorant of the interesting tale that hangs thereby. He deeply regrets the destruction of this monumental tree. But the deed is done, and no tears of affection can water its roots into life, and cause its splendid top again to wave proudly in the breeze.

Still in my eye
And in my heart, like childhood's scenes, so dear,
The lovely image of that tree doth lie :
The tree is gone—its image cannot die !

When last I passed it by and bowed in heart,
As I am wont to do, to what is old
And good, I wot not of the dole and dart
That would my soul transfix ! Now I behold
But mournful space where its proud branches rolled.
Ah me ! in such a world I, pilgrim, live,
Where loveliest things do only stay to mould
Their pictures on the heart—do only give
What we may briefly love, but longer grieve.

The tree was full four feet thick. The butt of it had been sawed off to be used as a meat block. Here I counted the rings of growth, and found the number to be ninety-six ; thus the

age of the tree, as indicated by the growths, corresponds exactly with the tradition of the tree, and confirms it. I also rescued a branch of it, and carried it away as a cane. Alas ! alas venerable tree, that this should have been thy end !

All kinds of game was plenty in the valley when grand-father moved into it. It was very common for them to have bear's meat on their table. Neither were they, at that early time, free from danger on account of voracious and destructive wild beasts. They frequently ventured up to the house, even in open day. One day as grand-mother was busily engaged in taking bread from the bake-oven, she was suddenly surprised by the fierce attack of a wild-cat. An earnest fight ensued between herself and the cat. She at length came off victorious, causing the vicious animal to retreat. She received, however, a scratch from the cat, in the conflict, which grew into a very painful and dangerous sore. It very nearly cost her life. In time, however, the sore healed again, and she was restored as from the mouth of the grave !

Grand-father was an industrious man. He was tall, and rather stout in his person ; though somewhat on the strait, slim order of make. In those early days education was of course limited;

but he could read, write, and keep his own accounts ; and he knew well how to do his own business in money affairs.

He held for a time the petty office of constable, which proved the occasion of misfortune to him. On one occasion, some malicious men fell foul of him at Money's tavern—where it seems was the place of Justice—and one of them, while he defended himself, struck him with a stone in his fist, which resulted in the entire destruction of his one eye ! He took the fatal stone home with him, and it lay for many years above the garden-gate. There are many still living, who often saw it there. It is, however, now lost. Near the end of his life, his other eye was taken with cataract, which made him entirely blind for one whole year. He had his eye operated upon by a physician from Frederick city. As a result he regained his sight in that eye ; it was, however, but for a very short time before he died. He used to wear a green shade over his lost eye.

He was a very strict disciplinarian. He ruled with perfectly undisputed authority in his house and family. His government would be considered as by far too stern in these days. Perhaps he erred in that direction ; but sure it is that

most of parents err far worse in the other extreme. When the children were noisy in the kitchen, he needed only to come to the door, with an uplifted cane, and a look of reproof, and all was quiet. In the evening of winter, when he sat at the table and read, there was not a whisper heard among the larger or smaller subjects of that family realm, as they occupied their places in an orderly manner in different parts of the room, and around the stove.

On the Sabbath, all was perfect order about the house. He belonged to the German Reformed Church ; and, after it was organized, he worshipped at what is called Apple's church. Service was of course held only every four to eight weeks ; but all who were large enough had to go. Father recollects of going there, when he was a youth, more than sixty years ago. It was distant six miles, and they, as boys, with each other, used to walk it in an hour. Father remembers too that service was often held at Apple's church on Thursday, because the ministers had so many congregations to serve that they could not preach to all on the Sabbath. On such occasions, work was suspended and the family went to church as on Sabbath. Father says the church was generally quite full on those

week days. This speaks well for their piety ; it was with them a matter of principle, duty and privilege, rather than of caprice and convenience.

Grand-father's table was very plain and simple. They generally eat soup in the morning in summer ; no meat. At noon they had meat. In the evening soup, and potatoes ; no meat. They had also in the season, for breakfast, apples and peaches ; and as a drink, buttermilk.

In the winter they used a great deal of mush and milk. It was the constant dish morning and evening. In the evening they had hot mush and cold milk ; in the morning they had cold mush and hot milk. Coffee they had only once a week, and that on the Sabbath.

They took their meals from a long, plain table. No table-cloth was used. Their large dishes, and bowls for soup, as well as their plates, were pewter. Grand-father sat at one end of the long table, and grand-mother at the other end. The larger children *stood* along the sides of the table, and eat in that posture. The smaller ones sat on the floor, in one corner of the room, around a small oblong stool, or bench, upon which were placed their pewter plates. There they ate in quiet what had been placed

upon their plates. When any one's plate was empty, he knew full well that it was against the rule to ask for more. He sat quietly waiting until grand-mother turned around to see whether they were yet supplied; and when she saw the empty plate, it was promptly replenished with a new supply. There was very little talking at the table.

There was so stern a guard against the introduction of all luxuries on the part of grand-father, and it was kept up so long after other families had fallen in with more modern customs, that the plain, primitive restraints were the occasion of some slight impatience. The result was, that "stolen waters" and "bread in secret eaten," were sometimes enjoyed, as we say, behind grand-father's back. Towards the latter end of his life, especially the rule of having coffee only on Sabbath, was felt to be too narrow an allowance. So "the girls" sometimes made coffee for the harvest hands, which they drank up stairs! Were they benefitted by the theft?

The furniture of the house was as simple and plain as their fare. The chairs were homemade; the seats platted with broad smooth-shaved slips of white-oak or hickory; while the walls were

lined with plain benches. The floor, of course, knew nothing of a carpet. But the floor was made, every Saturday, to assume a perfectly white and clean appearance, under the operation of water, sand and broom.

Until within a few years, the cradle in which my father and his brothers and sisters were rocked, was preserved on the garret. It was formed by nature ; being nothing else than the one side of a hollow gum log, about three feet long, shut at each end with a board. In this simple bed, lying upon the floor like a half moon upon its back, the worthies of the past generation slept and dreamed the sweet dreams of infancy. Unfortunately this interesting relic has lately disappeared, and we have sought for it from garret to cellar in vain.

The precise year in which grand-father built that house on the homestead, I cannot ascertain. Uncle Henry used to say, towards the end of his life, that it was "well on to one hundred years old." The carpenter work was done by his brother Leonard. He was born about 1746 ; it is likely that that house was among his first work. It may have been built between 1766 and 1770.

The clock which now stands in the room was

bought with Continental money. The family Bible, was printed at Nuremberg in 1770.

By industry, economy and the blessing of God, grand-father was prospered in a worldly point of view. He found himself in his old age, surrounded by a large amount of property, which he had accumulated. He was able to place each of his sons upon a piece of land, on which they might begin the world for themselves. He saw all his children settled and prospering before he left the world.

—He became quite venerable in his appearance, and patriarchal in his habits, in his old age. He exercised the same authority over his grand-children, as he had over his own children ; and the right was also granted him. He was wont when old—as he had been so accustomed to work, that it became second nature to him—to spend his time leisurely on small clearings around the outside of the farm, and in mending the roads. If one of his grand-children passed along, on his way to the mill, store, or blacksmith shop, or the shoemakers, or weavers, as the case might be, he felt it his privilege to stop him, require him to tie his horse to the fence, and assist him to roll a stone out of the road, or work logs together upon a heap for the fire. When

this was done, he directed them to go again on their way.

It was his custom to go along the road, and cast out from it the loose stones, and along the fences, now pulling out a weed, and now laying a rail upon the fence, or setting aright a stake, or a crooked corner of the fence.

Under the forebay of the barn, and against the wall, between the doors, lay a large log, (I think it is hewn out as a trough, and lays on its side) upon which the venerable old man used to sit for hours, his hat by his side, one leg thrown over the other, and his hands lying across each other upon his lap. From this spot he looked out, with a kind of lonely quietude, over the meadow, the more distant fields, and the still more distant mountains. Here many a serene summer afternoon did he sit, as if in pleasant thought, watching perhaps the moving shadows of clouds, over meadow, field, and distant mountain. This was his custom day after day, towards the close of his life. But what were his thoughts? No doubt he lived over in thought and feeling much of the past. He felt that the generation to which he belonged had well nigh gone. He felt that the onward rolling stream of busy human life, had gradually crowded him

out into an almost motionless eddy, where he must submissively await the call from another shore, while the moving world needs him no longer, and scarce knows him any more. With the present he had less sympathy than with the past. The future began to look still more earnest, as he counted the short span beyond which no probability could extend the narrow bound of his mortal life. The evening twilight, into which his day was fast merging, began to be peopled with silent forms, whose home is in another world, and he felt himself to be fast drawing into their silent and mysterious company. No doubt, in his loneliness and longings, the prayer often went up requesting for himself that he might die: "It is enough ; now, O Lord, take away my life ; for I am not better than my fathers." 1 Kings, 19 : 4.

At length the hour came, which comes to all. On the 28th of April, 1818, he died, "and was gathered unto his people," aged eighty-eight years, two months, and twenty-three days. He is buried, by the side of his wife, in the family grave-yard back of the orchard, on the homestead farm. Two neat marble slabs, with suitable inscriptions, mark the graves of grand-father and grand-mother. A gentle rise of hill lies

between the house and this family grave-yard. I was reminded, on visiting it a year ago, of the expression of Abraham, when he desired a place where he might bury his dead "out of his sight." How quiet and solemn is that place. The house and barn are not seen for the intervening elevation. On all sides rise the quiet mountains. All around lies the peaceful valley, stretching up and down, and growing more serene and beautiful to the eye in the distance. The soft, solemn roar of the mountains, is like voices from eternity; and the moving shadows of clouds, over fields and mountains, are like those half-sad monitive feelings which here pass over the heart, bidding us look more earnestly towards the future, so full of hopes and fears! Here too, is an aged chesnut that grew before the spot was chosen as a place of rest for the dead. It throws its noon-day shadow upon the graves. The sighing of the breeze in its branches befits the place, and is as a perpetual dirge for the dead which lie so silently around. More hopeful and inviting do the stars beckon upwards, at night, when their rays fall, through the quivering leaves of that ancient tree, upon the hillocks which mark the resting places of the dead.

O lay me not within the grave
That brick and stones enclose ;
O'er which no shadowy branches wave,
To guard my last repose.

Oh ! lay me 'neath some ancient tree,
That spreads its shade afar ;
Where my lone grave may smiled on be
By many a silent star !

Where flowerets deck the vestal sod,
And with their fragrant breath,
Whisper sweet tales of peace, and God,
And life, and love, and death !

The following are the posterity of Jacob Harbaugh, my grand-father.

I. ANNA MARGARETTA. She was born, January 27th, 1762. She was married to Henry Snyder, near Chambersburg. They had no offspring. She is dead ; and is buried at the Grindstone Hill church, six miles from Chambersburg. She was a member of the German Reformed Church.

II. JACOB HARBAUGH. He was born, March 21st, 1763. He lived where his son Benjamin now lives, in the lower part of the valley. He was a member of the German Reformed Church, and a prominent mover, and a good supporter, in the erection of the stone church, a short distance east of where he lived. He was quiet in

his habits, tall and stout in his person. He died December 16, 1842, aged seventy-nine years, eight months, and twenty-six days. He is buried in the grave-yard, attached to the stone church, in the valley.

His family was as follows :

1. *Joseph Harbaugh.* He lives in Harbaugh's Valley, near where his father lived. He was married to a Miss Krise, from the "Tract," near Emmittsburg. They have no offspring. They are members of the German Reformed Church.

2. *Mary.* She was married to Valentine Pentzer. They live near Dayton, Ohio. They are members of the German Reformed Church.

3. *Jonathan.* He was married to a Miss Sheets, from Frederick county, Md., near the head of the Monocacy. He is dead.

4. *Benjamin.* He is married to Miss Eyler, of Eyler's valley. He lives on the old place in the valley. He has four children.

5. *Solomon.* He married Miss Doufler, of Frederick county, near Frederick. She is dead, and is buried at Jacob's church. He is now married to Miss Witmer, and lives in Sabillasville.

6. *Elizabeth.* She was married to Jacob Working, from Gettysburg. He is dead. She now lives in Sabillasville, and is still a widow.

7. *David*. Married to a Miss Doufler, near Frederick. She is dead.

8. *Nancy*. She married Jacob Shover. She died May, 1834, and is buried at Jacob's church, of which she was a member.

9. *Catharine*. She married George Miller, from near Creagerstown, in Maryland. She lives near Creagerstown.

10. *Matilda*. She married Hiram Boyd. They removed to Ohio. She is now dead. She was a member of the German Reformed Church.

Jacob's descendants were, when he died, ten children ; fifty-one grand-children ; and twenty-two great-grand children. In all, eighty-three.

III. JOHN HARBAUGH. He was born, May 27th, 1764. He married Elizabeth Winters, of Washington county, Md. He lived on the farm on which his son David now resides, at the upper end of the valley.

He was an energetic business man ; and was successful in the accumulation of property. He left to all his children a handsome inheritance. In his person he was short and somewhat lusty.

He died at the homestead, on the 18th day of June, 1834, aged seventy years and twenty-one days. He is buried in the grave-yard on grandfather's place. He was a member of the Ger-

man Reformed Church. His wife died on the 10th of August, 1827, aged sixty-four years.

His offspring is as follows :

1. *Jacob Harbaugh*. He married Mary, a daughter of Christian Harbaugh (of Ludwig). He lived near Mount Zion's church, Washington county, Md. He died, February 12th, 1849, aged fifty-four years, and is buried at Mount Zion's church.

His children are as follows :

- 1.) Jeremiah.
- 2.) Susan. She is married to Thomas Eyzer.
- 3.) Andrew.
- 4.) Sabina.
- 5.) Rebecca. She is married to Samuel Bowers.
- 6.) Charles.
- 7.) Elizabeth. She is dead !
- 8.) Jacob. He is dead !
- 9.) Charlotte Sabilla. She is dead !
- 10.) Mary Catharine. She is dead !
- 11.) Lydia Ann.
- 12.) William.

2. *Margaret Harbaugh*. She was married to John Harbaugh, the tanner, son of Ludwig's Christian. She was born on the 12th day of June, 1796, and died on the 22nd day of March,

1844. She is buried on grand-father's place. She was aged forty-seven years, nine months, and ten days. There are at present (1852) eight grand-children.

Her children are as follows :

- 1.) Julian.
- 2.) John Henry.
- 3.) Caroline.
- 4.) Catharine.
- 5.) Susan.
- 6.) Margaret.
- 7.) Electus.
- 8.) Jefferson Lewis Franklin.

3. *Elizabeth Harbaugh*. She was married to Peter McClain, in the valley. She is dead
Her children are,

- 1.) Susan.
- 2.) John.
- 3.) Elizabeth.
- 4.) Catharine.
- 5.) Isabella.
- 6.) Mary Jane.
- 7.) Margaret Savilla.

There are (1852) nine grand-children.

4. *Henry Harbaugh*. He was born January 22, 1800. He married Martha Young; and now lives in Eyler's valley. His children are as follows :

- 1.) Savilla.
- 2.) Celiann.
- 3.) Mary Isabella.
- 4.) Ann Maria.
- 5.) Catharine.
- 6.) George Martin.
- 7.) Martha Delia.
- 8.) Diana Agnes.
- 9.) John Henry Franklin.
- 10.) An infant son, whose name I have not heard.

5. *John Harbaugh*. He was born December 5th, 1801. He married Matilda Brown, of Washington county, Md., near Leitersburg, where he now lives. His children are

- 1.) Elizabeth.
- 2.) John.
- 3.) Lewis.
- 4.) Ignatius.
- 5.) David.
- 6.) Thomas.
- 7.) Mary Jane.
- 8.) Cornelius.
- 9.) Josiah. He is dead.
- 10.) James.

He has one grand child.

6. *Jonathan Harbaugh*. He was born, October

18th, 1803. He is married to Elizabeth Stephey, and lives near my father's. His children are,

- 1.) George. Born May 4th, 1830.
- 2.) An infant son. Dead.
- 3.) Isabella. Born November 25th, 1832.
- 4.) Samuel Milton. Born September 9th, 1834.
- 5.) William Henry. Born March 2nd, 1837.
- 6.) Rosina Elizabeth. Born December 15th, 1838.
- 7.) John Nicholas. Born March 30th, 1840.
- 8.) Twin infant sons. Dead.

7. *Catharine Harbaugh*. She married David Rhoads, and lives near Emmittsburg, in Maryland. She died, December 23rd, 1848, aged forty-four years. Her children are

- 1.) Abraham.
- 2.) Catharine.
- 3.) David.
- 4.) Emily.
- 5.) Lewis.
- 6.) Frederick.
- 7.) John.
- 8.) An infant son. Dead.

One grand child.

8. *David Harbaugh*. He was born, May, 1809. He married Susan Brown. He resides

on the homestead in the valley. His children are,

- 1.) Martin.
- 2.) Milton Wesley.
- 3.) Emily.
- 4.) Cornelia.
- 5.) Hamilton.
- 6.) Susan.
- 7.) John Ignatius, }
- 8.) David Keller, } Twin sons.
- 9.) An infant daughter. Died.

Thus the descendants of John Harbaugh are (1852) in the aggregate, as follows :

Children,	8
Grand children,	72
Great-grand children,	21
<hr/>	
Total,	101

IV. SUSANNAH HARBAUGH. She was born, November 6th, 1765. She was married to Jacob Hoover. They lived in the valley. She died and is buried in Graceham. She and her husband were Moravians; she became of that faith after her marriage, he having been of that religious persuasion. Her children are :

1. *Daniel Hoover*. He was married to a Haviland. He died in 1830.

His children are :

1.) Jacob, who lives near Millerstown, in Adams county, Pa. He is married. No children.

2.) A son, whose name I do not know; he lives also in the neighborhood of Millerstown. He has two daughters, both of whom are dead.

2. *Rachel*. She was married to a Mr. Kellenberger. They moved at first to the vicinity of Dayton, Ohio; and afterwards still farther west.

3. *Sophia*. She was twice married. Her first husband was Mr. Peoples. Her second husband Mr. Deal. They lived a long time in the neighborhood of my father's and at length removed to Morrison's Cove.

4. *Margaret*. She was married to a Mr. Hersherberger. They removed somewhere west.

5. *Catharine*. She married a Mr. Weller, in the neighborhood of Mechanickstown. She died long ago.

V. CATHARINE HARBAUGH. She was born, March 6th, 1767. She was never married. Died in a good old age.

VI. BARBARA HARBAUGH. She was born, March 12th, 1768. She died, October the 6th, 1809, aged forty-one years, six months, twenty-five days.

VII. JULIAN HARBAUGH. She was born, June 21st, 1769. One day, while engaged in washing clothes, a splinter from the wash-tub penetrated one of her fingers ; it became very sore, so that she at length died from the injury. She died, November the 11th, 1817, aged forty-eight years, four months, and twenty days. She is buried in the family grave-yard, on the old homestead, in the valley.

VIII. ANNA MARIA HARBAUGH. She was born, March 17th, 1771. She was married to John Shriver, near Leitersburg, in Md. She died, March 3rd, 1843.

Her children are as follows :

1. *Juliamm.* She was married to John Fullerton. They lived a long time near Quincy, in Franklin county, Pa. They now live in Ohio.

2. *Margaret.* She was married first to Balsar Miller ; and after his death, to David Hubbard. She lived a long time at the foot of the South mountain, near my father's—on his place a while. She now lives in Harbaugh's valley.

3. *Catharine.* She married Ignatius Brown. They live near Cavetown, in Washington county, Md.

4. *Henry.* He still lives on the homestead, near Leitersburg—an enterprising citizen, and a worthy member of the Church.

IX. HENRY HARBAUGH. He was born, August 22nd, 1772. He died November, 11th, 1844, aged seventy-two years, two months, and twenty days.

He was never married; resided all his life time on the old homestead farm of his father Jacob. He was a very quiet, kind hearted, and benevolent man, much esteemed by all his neighbors, and a great favorite with his nephews and nieces. All were glad to see "Uncle Henry," and all were treated with the greatest kindness whenever they paid him a visit. He was a regular member of the German Reformed Church, and an humble, devoted Christian. He died at his residence, November 11th, 1844, aged seventy-two years, two months, and twenty days.

The following is a notice of his death, taken from the "German Reformed Messenger," of November 20th, 1844:

"Mr. Harbaugh was one of the oldest, and most respectable inhabitants of the valley, bearing his family name. Many years ago, he united with the German Reformed Church in his neighborhood, and was, sometime afterward, selected as one of its Elders, in which capacity he served with general acceptance for several years. He

was retiring in his habits ; but those who were permitted to cultivate an intimacy with him, did not fail to be favorably impressed with regard to his Christian character. During the last few years of his life, he labored under a lingering consumption, which mostly confined him to his house ; and though he was not permitted to mingle often, during this period, with his fellow worshippers in the services of the sanctuary, yet he did not lose his interest in the great services of religion. He always welcomed his pastor and religious friends to his house, and it ever afforded him pleasure to unite with them in conversing about eternal things. As he was unable to attend public worship for the last year, the Lord's Supper was administered to him at his particular request in his own house twice during that time.

On the day following his death, his remains were deposited in the family grave-yard, in the midst of a large concourse of relatives and acquaintances. The solemn occasion was improved with discourses by the Rev. W. Philips, and J. H. A. Bomberger, the former in the English, and the latter in the German language."

X. GEORGE HARBAUGH. This was my father. He was born on the old homestead in the valley, March 17th, 1774.

He was married to Anna Snyder, whose father, Jacob Snyder, lived about two miles below Boonsboro', on the 2nd day of January, 1801. Soon after his marriage he settled in Washington township, Franklin county, Pa., near the Maryland line, at the foot of the South mountain, on a tract of land containing two hundred acres, then new and almost entirely unimproved — "the same being part of a tract of land called 'The third Re-survey on Sarah's Delight,' granted by patent unto Christopher Shockey, by FREDERICK, then absolute Lord and Proprietor of the Province of Maryland, July 12th, 1768." This whole tract contained eighteen hundred and twenty acres. Two hundred acres of it Christopher Shockey sold to Valentine Shockey; and he, Feb. 13th, 1787, sold it to Jacob Harbaugh, Sen., for 1000£. The same tract was again sold by Jacob Harbaugh to George Harbaugh, Sept. 1, 1804, for 1200£. These two hundred acres lie mostly in Pennsylvania, but a small part of it extends across Mason and Dixon's line into Maryland.

Shockey was a notorious counterfeiter. There is yet a cave to be seen near Mount Misery, east of the Great Falls, on Falls creek, which is called Shockey's cave, and where he and his

confederates made their money, and hid themselves in times when they were fearful of pursuit. This iniquitous business had been carried on along those mountains during the whole last quarter of the past century. Before my father bought that tract of land, Mr. Shockey resided on it. His house stood between the present stone house and the barn. On a certain occasion, when a posse were in hot pursuit of the counterfeiter, they came to his house in the evening, but he escaped to the mountain. They waited for some time, and then set fire to his house, with the hope that the lurid sight would allure him from his hiding place, and if he should come to the rescue of his house, they might be able to capture him. The flames soon raged and struck forth fearfully from the doomed house—the family having of course been allowed to escape. On the woods around, and upon the mountain more distant, shone the red glare of the burning house. The posse lay around in ambush, watchful and silent, but the old fox was too wise to be called forth by such a ruse. From the side of the mountain he saw with stoic calmness how the fire was turning his home into flames, and smoke, and ashes. Better no house and freedom, than to fall into a

prison in the attempt to save it. The exploits of this terrible gang, of which Shockey was the leader, would make quite a chapter of wicked daring, if collected and recorded. Shockey's cave and its traditions will not soon pass from the memory of the generations in that region of country, and some Stilling may yet arise who will spin out the rough romantic history of Shockey, into the dimensions of "Rinaldo Rinaldinni." We remember as a boy, to have turned up with the harrow in the plowed meadow, a zinc plate, the counterfeit type of a Continental note. Shockey was in the York county jail at the time grand-father bought the land from him.

There was comparatively little clear land on this tract when father moved upon it. A small log house stood opposite the present barn in the orchard in which he resided for several years. Within my own recollection, a number of larkspurs would grow and flower there every year, indicating the spot where the old garden was located. During late years these friendly memorials of a forsaken home have disappeared, having found it impossible to contend with the plowing and harrowing, turning up and turning down, to which they were subjected from year to year.

My father built the stone house in 1805. He

hauled the stones for the front from the neighborhood of Leitersburg, a distance of six miles. I often heard him say, that he had only two hundred dollars of money to go on when he began it.

He was an industrious man himself, and required all his children to be usefully employed. He was a very strict man in his family ; and was especially careful to prohibit all profanity, and every offence of the kind, was punished with great severity. He was all his lifetime a strict member of the German Reformed Church, attending worship regularly in Waynesboro', and was frequently visited by ministers, of whose company he was very fond. He was one of the founders of the German Reformed Church in Waynesboro' ; and took a prominent part in the erection of the first Reformed house for public worship there—a church built of hewn logs. I remember that the inside work was wrought out by the carpenters in our barn, and afterwards hauled to town and put up. He was also, in his old age, one of the founders of the church near his own house—giving the ground for the site and grave-yard, and taking an active part in its erection. He was, during many years, an Elder in the church. In his last years, especially,

he attended diligently to the duties of an Elder, visiting the sick, reading the Scriptures, prayers, and hymns for them, and administering such consolations as he was able. One of the most prominent traits of his character was sympathy toward the poor, and he always exercised his charity in this direction with a free and liberal hand.

He was strictly temperate in his habits, and moderate in his views. He was averse to all excitement in politics, all wild speculation in business, and all fanaticism in religion. One of his favorite sayings, and one which he often repeated, was: "Was übertrieben wird ist nicht gut"—what is overdone is not good.

The manner of life in his family was characterized by great plainness. It is difficult to realize, in the midst of the present mode of living, that previous to 1826 or 1827, not a single floor in the house could boast a carpet, and not a single window flourished a curtain. It was quite an event, when at length the floor of the parlor was laid with a striped home-made oil cloth. This wonder was often visited with wonder by all the children while in a long course of preparation on the garret floor, and when it was at last actually fitted to its place, the strange surprise

rose to its highest, and with what new sensations did we all look upon this “thing of beauty—this joy forever.” Then how naked did the other rooms begin to look. They seemed restless now under all the sweet cleanliness which was regularly bestowed upon them by means of sand, soap, and broom. The innovation had commenced, and there was no such a thing as arresting it. The “girls had no rest.” There must be progress. The good old customs of economy and simplicity, in the midst of which the family had been happy so long, must give way to a more modern finish, and thus the old happiness must be increased. Gradually every clean floor in the house rejoiced—or rather was hid—under its soft covering. It is to be hoped, that all hearts were better and happier then! For ourselves, we must confess we were happier then than since, though we think this does not result from carpeted floors, but rather from the graver cares and responsibilities of life, which cover in the heart the sweet feelings of early life, which at the time are not covered by the shadow of a single earnest care.

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy ;

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows ;
He sees it in his joy !
The Youth who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

For some years before his death father passed his farms, and all his business, out of his hands, and lived quietly with his son George on the homestead farm. Yet, so long had he been accustomed to an active life, that even then, he found his pleasure in some little employment about the farm. He was frequently seen abroad on the farm clearing some fence row of its thorns, laying up some fallen rail, fixing up some decayed post, filling up some hole in the road, or casting to one side loose stones that had rolled into the way. Often was he seen soon after breakfast, upon his little bay horse, with his axe upon his shoulder, wending his way to the woods to cut up a tree-top, or prepare some piece of timber needed on the premises. Was anything needed in the family, he was always ready to ride to the store and bring it. Was any one sick in the neighborhood, regularly did his little bay bear him thither, with his book un-

der his arm, from which he read for the afflicted person some words of consolation and prayer.

Thus he passed his last years pleasantly to himself and usefully to others, growing feebler gradually—the light of his mortal life fading into the dimness of evening; but the going down of his sun opened at the same time a bright and golden vista into the brighter glory of immortal life beyond. At length he was confined to the house, and then still later, to his bed, till the end came, and the silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, and the spirit returned unto God who gave it. According to the promise, “he came to his grave in a full age; like as a shock of corn cometh in his season.”

I saw him last on the 26th of November, 1852. He was then confined to bed. His last words to me, as I bade him farewell, were: “Safe home!” My heart said silently, in answer: “Safe home!” for I knew that the time of his departure to the saints’ eternal home could not be far distant. When I turned my face away from a dying father, and from the home of my childhood, toward the world before me, I turned his dying wish into a prayer, and looking to the Father in heaven, said for myself—“Safe home!”

On Thursday evening, Feb. 3rd, 1853, as I was in the pulpit of the Race Street church in Philadelphia, and while the last hymn before the sermon was singing, a messenger was at the door desiring to see me; and when I went out to see him, he handed to me the following telegraphic despatch:

Chambersburg, Feb. 3rd, 1853.

Rev. H. Harbaugh:

Father is very low. He cannot live any length of time. Are you and wife coming up. At what time shall we meet you at Chambersburg. Answer by telegraph.

GEORGE HARBAUGH.

I answered that I would leave in the first train. Returned to the pulpit and preached. There was no train till morning; and there having been a delay in my despatch, no information of my coming had been received, so there was no one to meet me at Chambersburg, where I arrived at 4 o'clock, P. M. Here was another delay, so that I did not reach home till noon next day—the roads having been extremely deep. The crowd had just returned from the burial! I saw my father no more! He had died the same afternoon on which the messenger had gone to Chambersburg to send the despatch,

at half past three o'clock, Feb. 3rd, 1853, aged seventy-eight years, ten months and sixteen days. A funeral sermon was delivered by the Rev. J. W. Santee, from the words: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. 4: 6-8. His remains lie by the side of mother in the family grave-yard, where both rest in hope till the resurrection of the just.

The following notice of his death appeared in the "German Reformed Messenger" of Feb. 16, 1853:

"DIED—Near Harbaugh's church, Washington Township, Franklin county, Pa., on Wednesday, Feb. 3rd, GEORGE HARBAUGH, Sen., aged seventy-eight years, ten months, and sixteen days.

Mr. Harbaugh, at the time of his death, was an Elder in the congregation, worshipping in said chnrch. In the organization of this congregation, and in the erection of a house of worship, he was particularly interested, and he lived

to see his wishes and prayers realized. He took an active part in the congregation, and his interest in its welfare continued to the close of his life. Finally he was called hence, exchanging the worship of earth for the more perfect and complete worship of heaven. But one brother survives him. Two of his sons are engaged in preaching that Gospel, in the promises of which he found comfort and hope.

He was known far and near, and beloved by all. In his death the community sustained a great loss, especially the needy and distressed, and the sick, to whom he attended as with a father's care. He has gone to his reward, having fought the good fight, and finished his course, and as we hope, our loss, has been his eternal gain. He has been gathered to his fathers in peace, full of days; and by this dispensation we are admonished also to be 'ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.' ” S.

His warm interest in religion, and his growth in grace, was particularly marked during the last few years of his life. He read much in "Arndt's Wahres Christenthum," and humbly acknowledged himself greatly edified by that excellent and truly spiritual work. He had also

the privileges of the church near his door, and he enjoyed them with much delight. He was much with his pastor in pastoral visits through the neighborhood, and seemed to find his greatest pleasure in the growth of the little congregation in which he was an Elder. His pastor frequently remarked to me, that his last years were his best. He went down like the sun, which is most bright and beautiful in its setting.

The last end

Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit !
 Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
 Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.

The children and descendants of George and Anna Harbaugh are as follows:

1. *Catharine*. She was born, September 9th, 1801. She was married to Abraham Welty. He was born, March 18th, 1798.

Their children are :

1.) George. Born August 1st, 1820. Died June 22nd, 1831. Aged ten years, ten months, and twenty-four days.

2.) Jacob. Born December 1st, 1821.

3.) John “ Feb. 28th, 1823.

4.) Nancy, “ Nov. 12th, 1824.

5.) Elizabeth. “ March 8th, 1826.

6.) Susan. “ Sept. 2nd, 1827.

7.) Abraham. “ Feb. 27th, 1832.

- 8.) Rebecca. “ Dec. 26th, 1833.
- 9.) Sarah. “ Sept. 17th, 1835.
- 10.) William Henry. Died in November, 1836, aged twenty-one days.
- 11.) Infant. Dead.
- 12.) Infant. Dead.
- 13.) Infant. Born Nov. 10th, 1837. Died nine days old.

In all thirteen children.

2. *Elizabeth*. She was born, December 13th, 1802. She was married to D. M. Livers.

Their children are :

- 1.) Infant son. Dead.
- 2.) Infant daughter. Dead.
- 3.) Ann.
- 4.) George.
- 5.) William.
- 6.) John.
- 7.) David.
- 8.) Samuel.
- 9.) Margaret.
- 10.) Joseph.

Moved to Monroe county, Illinois, April 9th, 1845.

3. *Nancy*. She was born May 21st, 1805. She was married to Jacob Hoover. Their children were :

- 1.) Infant of a few days. Born, March 8th, 1823. Died on the 12th of March, 1823.
- 2.) Susan. Born April 6th, 1824.
- 3.) Henry. " July 23rd, 1825.
- 4.) George. " Jan. 10th, 1827.
- 5.) Elizabeth. " April 27th, 1828.
- 6.) Jacob. " Dec. 19th, 1829.
- 7.) Anna. " April 27th, 1832.
- 8.) Abraham. " Sept. 10th, 1833. Died, Aug. 23rd, 1836.
- 9.) David. " Sept. 2nd, 1835.
- 10.) Mary. " Feb. 27th, 1837.
- 11.) Catharine. " Feb. 26th, 1839.
- 12.) Rebecca. " Jan. 24th, 1841.
- 13.) Isabella. " Oct. 1st, 1842.
- 14.) John O. " Dec. 6th, 1845.
- 15.) Sarah. " Oct. 4th, 1847.

Between Isabella and John, there were twins—daughters. They are dead.

In all seventeen children.

4. *Jacob*. He died, March 1st, 1808. Aged one year, one month, and twenty days.

5. *Rebecca*. She was born Oct, 13th, 1808. She was married to Samuel Barkdoll. They moved to near Winter's mill, in Maryland, in the Spring of 1829, where they resided three years; thence to Fountain Dale, in Adams coun-

ty, Pa. He died there, March 26th, 1837, and was buried the 27th—the day I returned from Ohio. He was a devoted Christian—is buried at the valley church. She resides on father's place.

Their children are :

- 1.) John. Born April 26th, 1829.
- 2.) Ann. “ Aug. 19th, 1830.
- 3.) George. “ Nov. 2nd, 1831.
- 4.) Juliann. “ July 1st, 1833.
- 5.) Samuel. “ Nov. 18th, 1834.
- 6.) Margaret. } Twins. Born Aug. 29th,
- 7.) Mary. } 1836.

6. *Susan*. She was born, March 18th, 1810. She married William Johnston, who was born, May 13th, 1808. They reside near father's old place.

Their children are :

- 1.) George Harbaugh. Born, July 26th, 1833.
- 2.) Nancy. “ Feb. 12th, 1835.
- 3.) Washington. “ Oct. 22nd, 1836.
- 4.) Catharine. “ Dec. 21st, 1838.
- 5.) William. “ Sept. 24th, 1840.
- 6.) Susan Louisa. “ Oct. 14th, 1842 ;
died, April 15th, 1846.
- 7.) Mary Elizabeth. “ Oct. 26th, 1844.
- 8.) John Aaron. “ Nov. 12th, 1846.

9.) Margaret Charlotte. " March 3rd, 1848.

10.) Sarah. " January 14, 1850.

7. *John*. Born January 25th, 1812. Married to Mary Livers. They reside in Monroe county, Illinois, whither they removed April 9th, 1845.

The children are :

1.) Ann.

2.) George.

3.) Margaret.

4.) Catharine.

5.) Agnes Cecelia. Dead.

6.) David.

7.) Benjamin.

8.) Joseph. Dead.

9.) Jonathan.

8. *Leonard*. He was born, January 8th, 1814. He married Miss Rebecca Helwig of Canal Dover, Ohio. She was born, December 12th, 1820.

He now resides on his farm, near Bellfontaine, Logan county, Ohio. The children are :

1.) George Washington. Born August 28th, 1842.

2.) Henry Clay. Born June 20th, 1844.

3.) John Benjamin. Born October 5th, 1846.

9. *George*. He was born, October 28th, 1815. He is married to Nancy Hoover; she was born, May 21st, 1822.

Their children are :

1.) Martha Jane. Born October 26th, 1843.

2.) Theodore Augustus. Born Oct. 25, 1845.

George resides on the old homestead.

10. *Henry*. He was born October 28th, 1817. Studied at Mercersburg, Pa. Resides in Lancaster, Pa. Pastor of the First German Reformed church there. Married to Louisa Goodrich December 14th, 1843.

The children are :

1.) Mary Olivia Allena; born October 17th, 1845.

2.) Laura Amanda; born April 21st, 1847. She died, May 9th, 1847, aged eighteen days.

Louisa Harbaugh died, while on a visit to her parents, on the 26th of September, 1847, in the night, five minutes before eleven o'clock. Aged twenty-three years, three months, and six days.

He was married to Mary Louisa Linn, on the 14th of November, 1848.

The children are :

1.) An infant daughter, born September 28th, 1849. She died, October 5th, aged seven days. Buried at Buffalo Cross-Roads church near Lewisburg.

2.) An infant son, born July 17th, 1850. He died, July 30th, 1850, aged thirteen days; buried as above.

3.) Wilson Linn ; born July 26th, 1851.

4.) An infant daughter, born March 27th, 1854. She died March 29th, 1854; aged two days.

5.) Margaret Anna. She was born, May 20th, 1855.

11. *Washington*. He was born, January 6th, 1821. He studied Medicine in Philadelphia; and was afterwards married to a Miss Boetler.

He practiced first in Waynesboro'—then in Bedford county, Pa. His health failing, he went to Florida, where he died, July 31st, 1852, aged thirty-one years, six months, and twenty-five days. His disease was pulmonary consumption. He had three children, all of whom died before him. His little son George died, July 22nd, 1852. His wife also died a short time before he did, June 6th, 1852. They all died at China Hill, Gadsden county, Florida, and are buried in Hephzibah grave-yard in that place. Though in a distant land, he died with strong assurance, and in full hope of a glorious resurrection.

12. *David*. He was born, November 29th, 1823. He studied Theology at Springfield, Ohio, in connection with Wittenberg College. He entered the ministry of the Lutheran Church.

He is married to Margaret Augustine. He now resides in Mendota, Illinois. His children are:

- 1.) Luther Excelsior; born June 10, 1850.
- 2.) Walter Gunn; born April 14, 1852.
- 3.) Angeline Olivia; born October 27th, 1853.
- 4.) Harlan Keller; born December 27th, 1854.

XI. YOST HARBAUGH. He was born, January 21st, 1776. He died, August 18th, 1777, aged one year, six months, and twenty days.

XII. YOST HABBAUGH. This one was again named Yost, after the one before so named had died. He was born, March 17th, 1778. He was married to Elizabeth Mong. His descendants are:

1. *Elizabeth*. Married to Mr. Culp in Gettysburg.

2. *Juliann*. Married to Hon. John Everhard, Columbus, Ohio.

3. *Catharine*. Married to George Scholl, near Smithsburg, Maryland.

4. *Margaret*. Married to Col. Thomas C. Webb, Massillon, Ohio.

5. *Mary Ann*. Married to Mr. Duffler, near Frederick, Md.

6. *Daniel*. He resides in Massillon, Stark county, Ohio.

7. *Susan*. She is dead.

He lived at the Fountain Dale mill, and died April 28th, 1817, aged thirty-nine years, one month, and eleven days.

XIII. FREDERICK HARBAUGH. He was born, November 1st, 1779. He died November 14th, 1779, aged thirteen days.

XIV. JOSEPH HARBAUGH. He was born, December 2nd, 1780. Died, December 5th, 1780, aged three days.

XV. ELIAS HARBAUGH. He was born, January 1st, 1782. He was joined in holy marriage with Anna Catharine Pentzer, December 30th, 1817, She was born, August 23rd, 1793; and died. February 15th, 1849, aged fifty-five years, five months, and twenty-two days.

Elias Harbaugh resided on a farm near Sabilasville, in Harbaugh's Valley. He was a man of small stature, but of much physical activity and energy. After a lingering illness he died at his residence, August 4th, 1854, aged seventy two years, seven months, and four days. He lies buried in the grave-yard on the old homestead of his father. He was a member of the German Reformed Church.

The following notice of his death, appears in the "German Reformed Messenger," of August 16th, 1854:

“This father in Israel was permitted to live out the full measure of years allotted to man, in which time he gained for himself, both at home and abroad, a vast number of friends, who proved their strong attachment for the deceased, by paying to him the last tribute of respect that can be paid to man. In his death, his children have been bereft of a kind parent, the community has lost a tried friend, the poor have been deprived of a helping hand, and the Church has not only been called upon to mourn the loss of a plant that stood the storms for a number of years, but of one that was liberal whenever called upon to support her interests, and, though dead, yet his life remains as a witness against the penuriousness that exists to such an alarming extent among church-members generally.

His afflictions, though protracted, were borne with great patience and forbearance, and when death came he could say with his great Master, ‘Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.’”

K.

His children are :

1. *Leonard*. Born September 12th, 1818.
2. *Jacob*. “ August 18th, 1820.
3. *Henry*. “ August 13th, 1822.
4. *Valentine*. “ March 25th, 1825.

5. *George.* “ June 9th, 1827.
6. *Hiram.* “ October 19th, 1829.
7. *Elias.* “ January 6th, 1832.
8. *Susan E.* “ July 22nd, 1834.
9. *Simon Washington.* Born September 16th,
1836.

These were all baptized, and confirmed as members of the Church. They reside in Harbaugh's Valley.

IV. JOHN HARBAUGH.

He was born, May 6th, 1735, and lived about two or three miles from York, Pa., where he owned a flouring mill. He seems to have been a man of considerable intelligence and business prominence in that community. In June, 1777, he was commissioned as a Magistrate, which office he is said to have well filled. In the outbreak of the Revolutionary war, he was one of a committee of gentlemen, for York county, to keep up a sympathy and correspondence with the army, in the way of furnishing aid in the war. He died, February 15th, 1803; and is buried in the old German Reformed grave-yard on Beaver street, in York, Pa., where a marble slab marks his resting place.

He had seven children, three sons and four daughters, all of whom are now dead.

I. GEORGE. He was married to Betty Britton. He moved to Uniontown, Maryland, where he kept a public house, till he died. I know nothing of his family. One of his grand-children, I have been informed, lives near Dayton, Ohio,

II. JACOB. He lived on his father's place at the mill, and died when quite a young man.

III. JOHN. I have not been able to learn any thing of him, except that he was born, December 5th, 1762, and died, October 5th, 1800, aged thirty-eight years, less two months, and is buried in the grave-yard of the German Reformed church, in Beaver street, opposite the York county Academy, in York, Pa., where a marble slab marks his grave. One of his sons, Frederick Harbaugh, resides in Eaton, Preble county, Ohio.

IV. MARGARETTA. She was married to Peter Ziegler, and lived about a mile from the residence of her father.

V. MARY. She was married to William Johnston. The descendants of this family live in York, Pa.; one of the daughters is the widow of the Rev. John Cares.

VI. ELIZABETH. She was married to a Mr. Bahn, and lived many years at Kreutz creek, where there are still descendants.

VII. JULIA. She was married to Michael Hengst; they lived in what is called Chockley, York county, Pa., about seven miles from York.

John Harbaugh was twice married; but there is no offspring of the second marriage.

V. HENRY HARBAUGH.

He was not fully sound in his mind. He lived with my grand-father, Jacob Harbaugh. He was very tall, about six foot seven inches, and heavy in proportion. He had great strength. He was very industrious, and was very fond of chopping wood and mauling rails, at which he could accomplish more in a day than almost any one else. He was very fond of hunting; especially gunning; and was always successful. Father says, he recollects that he once shot a great many deer in one winter.

He died about 1779. Father says he was about five years old when Henry died. He was buried when an exceedingly deep snow lay on the ground. He must have been about forty-five years old when he died. He was the first one buried in the grave-yard on grand-father's place.

VI. YOST HARBAUGH.

He was born on Kreutz creek, October 11th, 1741. He resided, after his marriage, at York, Pa. He was a very tall man. I remember to have seen him as he called at my father's house, on his way to Mr. Emmert's, near Hagerstown, Mrs. Emmert being his daughter. On such visits he rode on horse-back, wearing, in cold weather, a blanket, instead of an overcoat. Sometimes he made the journey on foot, from choice.

Yost Harbaugh was a man of good natural mind, and considerable intelligence. He was very useful in the community, and exerted considerable influence in his day. He was a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania from York county, in 1799.

In 1755 he was in Major General Braddock's ill-fated expedition against fort Du Quesne, now Pittsburg, as a teamster. He also teamed to Bloody Run during the Indian wars. In the war of the Revolution he held the position of a Captain in actual service.

The following interesting notice of his life, character, and death, is from the "York Republican," of August 16th, 1831. It has been kind-

ly furnished me by Mr. Johnston Cares, of the branch of John Harbaugh, Esq.:

“Died—On Monday, the 1st ult., at Mr. Emmert’s, his son-in-law, near Hagerstown, Md., the aged and venerable Yost Harbaugh, Esq. Mr. Harbaugh was attacked by the cholera, and only survived this rapidly mortal disease four days. He was born on the 11th of October, old style, (22nd of October,) 1741, therefore, he lived to the advanced age of eighty-nine years, nine months, and nine days. The deceased always lived on plain, frugal diet, the substantials of life, and was perfectly temperate and sober, free from all passion, and excessive indulgence of every kind. He was an uneducated man, but possessed a native vigor of intellect, and a large share of common sense, which gave him a conspicuous, as well as a useful standing in society. Mr. Harbaugh well remembered when the Indians, whose name as a nation, has long since become extinct, had a town on the banks of the Canoe run, near Kreutz church, in Hellam township, and that the borough of York had to be guarded by sentinels during the night, against their hostile incursions. With a plough, a furrow was drawn around the town, serving as a demarkation, along which the sentinels march-

ed in the execution of their duty. What a wonderful change has taken place since the birth of Mr. H., in our own town and country and throughout the Union ! ‘Solitary plains have been made glad, and the wilderness to blossom as the rose.’ The desert has become studded with towns and cities, and covered with an immense population, evidently and anxiously pushing the spirit of enterprise still further on, which, indeed, seems as if it had just commenced, marking with striking evidence, the onward march of mind. From the year 1770, to the close of the year 1815, a period of forty-five years, the American Revolution commenced and closed, with the establishment of a new Empire, growing and extending itself to illimitable bounds, and by its example and moral influence operating upon and fanning the spark of liberty amongst all nations. Within this period, the French Revolution commenced and terminated, and all the excesses of that bloody and murderous time, passed into oblivion, with all the splendid battles, glory, and victories of Napoleon, whose brilliant career caused an astounded world to pause, and gaze with amazement—all, all had their rise and termination in the space of one man’s lifetime. These causes of deep

reflection are naturally awakened in the mind, when we contemplate the life and death of such a patriarch as the subject of this obituary notice, teaching us a knowledge of our utter nothingness, and the extreme vanities of human life. Well might such men as Edmund Burke exclaim: 'Oh, what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue.' ” G.

The children of Yost Harbaugh are :

I. EVE HARBAUGH. She was married to a Mr. Wolff, and resided in York, Pa. I visited her shortly before her death, and found her very aged and feeble, but a devout, pious woman. Before I left, she asked me to pray with her, and I felt it a holy joy to kneel with an aged member of another branch of the same family at a throne of heavenly grace. It was the first and the last time I had the pleasure of seeing this venerable servant of Jesus Christ. She died, February 28th, 1852, in the eighty-sixth year of her age. She left some descendants at York, Pa.

II. ANNA CATHARINE. She was married to a Mr. Walter, and is the mother of Jacob Walter, Esq., who for a long time resided along the Little Antietam, near Waynesboro', but now lives in Springfield, Ohio. After the death of

Mr. Walter, she was married to Mr. Fisher, of Waynesboro'. H. L. Fisher, Esq., of York Pa., is her son.

III. JOHN HARBAUGH. He lived near Mount Maria Furnace, in Adams county, Pa.; he died in 1838, and is buried at the Valley church. His children are :

1. *Polly*. She was married to George Baker. They lived on the Hanover turnpike, below Hampstead.

2. *Yost*. He resides on the South mountain, and has a large family.

3. *Elias*. He resides in Harbaugh's valley.

4. *Rebecca*. She was married to George Flaut. They resided a long time on the South mountain; but removed to Perry county, Ohio, years ago.

5. *Susan*. She married John McClean. They reside in Sabillasville.

6. *John*. He was many years a wagoner from Philadelphia and Baltimore to Pittsburg. He died, single, in Berlin, Somerset county, Pa., where he lies buried.

7. *Samuel*. Resides in Perry county, Ohio, and has a family.

IV. JACOB HARBAUGH. He owned a mill on the Bermudian creek, not far from Berlin, on

the side of the turnpike. One of his daughters was married to a Mr. Spangler, west of York.

v. MRS. EMMERT, whose maiden name is not known to me.

VII. LEONARD HARBAUGH.

He was born at Kreutz creek, in York county, Pa., May 10th, 1749. He was married to Rebecca Rinebeck, of Germantown, Pa. I cannot better give an account of him and his descendants than is done in the following letters from Benjamin Harbaugh, his eleventh son, still living (1853) in Baltimore, Md. I give these interesting letters entire, as also one, in a note, from Rev. Reck Harbaugh, of Burlington, N. J., one of his great-grand sons.

Baltimore, January 22nd, 1853.

Mr. Henry Harbaugh—

Dear Sir :

A few days ago I received a letter from my nephew, Samuel G. Harbaugh, in which he requests me to address you on the subject of my father's life and works, as you are preparing a history of the family name from their first coming to this country from the old world. Therefore, I shall commence my statement from the time that father

moved from Yorktown, Pa., to Baltimore, Md., as you appear to be already well informed of the family history previous to that period. My father, Leonard Harbaugh, moved to Baltimore from York, some time between 1775 to 1780, and resided in Baltimore up to 1792. During this time, he was constantly engaged in building houses of every kind—churches, taverns, dwellings, ware houses, and even bridges. He performed one of the greatest wonders of those times that was ever done in the city, and that was, placing a stone arch underneath a very large two story brick house, used and occupied as a Court House, and then removed all the earth on which it formerly stood, and all from around it, leaving the house standing firmly and safely on the arch of stone; where it remained for about fifteen years, and then was removed, to make room for other improvements. It stood on the very spot where our Battle Monument now stands. There are to this day many houses standing that were built by him; many have been removed to make room for streets and more fashionable dwellings. He moved from Baltimore to Washington in 1792, and was immediately engaged in building for himself and others. He built and owned the stone build-

ings now standing, and several other houses. He could boast of having Gen. George Washington as a very particular friend of his on many occasions. He built the War and Treasury Offices as they stood previous to their destruction by the English in 1814. He did a great deal of work for the President's House, when it was first built; also assisted in the carpenter's work about the Capitol—built bridges across Rock creek, &c. He at length entered into an engagement with the Potomac company to make the Potomac river navigable for long boats. This job he commenced at the Big Falls, a few miles above Georgetown. The fall of water at that place was very great, so as to make it absolutely necessary to cut a passage through the mountain of rock that stood on the spot. This at that time was considered an impossibility; nevertheless he undertook it and accomplished it in less time than he asked for. The three locks, he cut through that mountain, still stand, and ever will, as long as the water flows down the river. He made the Potomac navigable for long boats up above Cumberland. He then commenced operations on the Shenandoah river at Harper's Ferry, and made that river navigable, by building locks, and cutting canals,

for upwards of one hundred miles above the Ferry. After this work was finished he moved to Frederick county, Maryland, on the Monocacy creek, within two miles of Fredericktown, where he built a very large stone bridge for the turnpike company, at a cost of \$55,000. This bridge will stand until the hills around it are torn to pieces. After this work was finished, he again moved to this city, and was variously engaged in building houses of every kind until 1815, when he again entered into a contract with the Government at Washington, to superintend the carpenter work on the re-building of the Capitol, that was burnt by the English in 1814. He continued in that employment up to the time of his death, which took place Sept. 10th, 1822. His death was caused by mortification in the joint of the large toe, from a corn that had previously given him a great deal of pain. The doctors, whom he called to see what could be done in the case, told him they could not save his life unless the leg was taken off; he told them that should not be done; that he was now seventy-six years of age, and that in the course of nature, he could not live many years longer; that he had no fears of death, and that he was prepared to die, therefore would willingly depart

this life whenever God should please to call him. He died on the day before mentioned, and lies buried in the Congressional burying ground, along side of my sister Rebecca, who died a few years previously. I brought my mother home to Baltimore, where I lived. She remained with us for eleven years, and was a member of the German Reformed church in this city, at that time under the care of the Rev. Mr. Helffenstein. She died in 1833, and is buried in the burying ground belonging to that church.

I will, in another letter, give you the history of the large family they had, up to the present time. In conclusion, I must beg for this imperfect scrawl, written by candle light, your kind forgiveness.

I am very respectfully yours, &c.

BENJAMIN HARBAUGH.

Baltimore, January 24th, 1853.

Mr. Henry Harbaugh—

Dear Sir :

Agreeably to the promise given in my last letter, dated Jan. 4th, 1853, I proceed to give you a brief history of my father's large family, viz :

William Harbaugh, dead—never married—died in Washington.

Leonard Harbaugh, dead—left two sons, Jerome and Edward, both living; Jerome lives in Baltimore, has three children: two sons and one daughter. Edward lives in Georgetown, D. C. I know not what family he has; their mother is also dead.

David Harbaugh,* dead—never married—died in Washington.

* It appears the writer has not followed the order of time as to their birth. The correct order is given in a letter which we append, from the Rev. Reck Harbaugh, a grand son of Thomas, now (1856) pastor of a Presbyterian church in Burlington, New Jersey.

Theological Seminary, Princeton, N. J.

December 13th, 1852.

Dear Sir :—I learned from Mrs. Col. Webb, of Philadelphia, that you were engaged in collecting such facts and statistics of your family as you could, and have presumed to send you a transcript of our family register, as compiled by my grandfather, Thomas Harbaugh. Should it prove of any interest or service to you, I shall be repaid. Should you have any facts to communicate, I will be thankful for the same, or any inquiries to make, they will be willingly satisfied, if in my power. From the similarity of name, I am led to think that we may be of one stock, although the name is beginning to become almost "legion."

The register before me begins with Leonard Harbaugh—his forefather was from Germany. He married Rebecca Rinehart, of Germantown, Pa., who was also of German descent.

Their births are recorded as follows:

Leonard Harbaugh,* born in York county, Pa., May 10, 1749.

1. William Harbaugh,* born in York county, Pa., April 12, 1773.

2. Leonard Harbaugh, Jr., born in York county, Pa., Feb. 6, 1775.

3. Thomas Harbaugh, (my grand-father) born in Baltimore, Maryland, March 5, 1777.

Charles Harbaugh, dead—never married—died in the Army.

Daniel Harbaugh, lives in Washington.

Jesse Harbaugh, dead—died in Washington.

Samuel Harbaugh, dead—married—left several children, who, with their mother, moved to Cincinnati, Ohio, many years ago. Their names are unknown to me.

Joseph Harbaugh, lives in Washington ; had seven children, five sons and two daughters, namely : Joseph, Theodore, Randolph, Valentine and Leonard, Eliza and Adeline ; Joseph, Theodore and Eliza are dead.

Thomas Harbaugh is living. I refer you to

4. Joseph Harbaugh, born in Baltimore, Maryland, Feb. 8, 1779.

5. Samuel Harbaugh,* born in Baltimore, Md., March 3, 1781.

6. George Harbaugh,* born in Baltimore, Md., March 25, 1783.

7. Jesse Harbaugh,* born in Baltimore, Md., Feb. 5, 1785.

8. David Harbaugh,* born in Baltimore, Md., May 2, 1787.

9. Charles Harbaugh,* born in Baltimore, Md., August 31, 1789.

10. Daniel Harbaugh, born in Baltimore, Md., February 20, 1791.

11. Benjamin Harbaugh, born in Washington city, D. C., April 10, 1794.

12. Frederick Harbaugh,* born in Washington city, D. C., April 1, 1796.

13. John Harbaugh,* born in Washington city, D. C., July 20, 1797.

his son, Samuel G. Harbaugh, for information respecting himself and family.

George Harbaugh, died in his infancy, in Washington.

Frederick Harbaugh, died in his infancy, in Washington.

One other son died young, name not recollected.

Benjamin Harbaugh, the writer of this, married the daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Reynolds—daughter of Maj. William Bailey of York, Pa., an officer in the Revolutionary army attached to the Pennsylvania Line, under the com-

14. Rebecca Harbaugh,* born in Washington city, D. C., Sept. 15, 1798.

Boys, 13—Girl, 1—total, 14 children.

* Dead.

Whether there be or not any significance in the similarity of sound, yet the meaning of the Hebrew word, HARAḤ, and its derivations, correspond considerably with the above fact.

Prolificness is a marked characteristic of the name, so far as I can learn. With us no hereditary disease has ever been known, and most of those who have died attained “a good old age.”

I should be exceedingly gratified to learn from what precise locality in Germany the old progenitors came.

I hope you will pardon the intrusion I thus make upon you, unknown as I am to you, but hoping that the interest we both feel for some definite knowledge in our peculiar family histories, will be deemed a sufficient excuse. An answer, at your leisure, will be gratefully acknowledged by

Yours humbly,

RECK HARBAUGH.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh.

mand of Col. Swope, whose wife was my father's step-sister. Mrs. Reynolds lived with us ever since our marriage, until the 25th of June, 1852, when she died, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. She was a member of the German Reformed church in this city, under the charge of the Rev. Mr. Heiner.

We have had ten children, namely: James, Thomas, Daniel, Rebecca, Ann Eliza, Juliann, Parnelia, Maria, Sarah, and Caroline; Daniel, Ann Eliza and Juliann are dead.

James is married, has three sons: Frederick, Valentine and Harry.

Thomas is married, has one son, an infant, no name yet.

Rebecca is married, has one son and three daughters, namely, Harry, Virginia, Mary and Catharine. Her husband's name is A. Helming. The rest of the girls are all at home with us. My wife and self are pretty well advanced in life—fifty-nine years of age in 1853—but so far in good health.

My sister, Rebecca, died in Washington at the age of twenty-one years. She was the only female of my father's family: thirteen sons and one daughter, make up the list, a copy of which I am informed you have.

Please accept this narrative as the best I can give you respecting my father's family, and the families of his children. Should there be any further information on the subject wanted, please write to me, and if in my power to give it, it shall be given with pleasure—at present I cannot think of any thing more than I have written.

With much respect, I am respectfully

Yours, &c.,

BENJAMIN HARBAUGH.

Baltimore, Feb. 4th, 1853.

Mr. H. Harbaugh—

Dear Sir :

Your favor of the 29th January last, came duly to hand, from which I am pleased to learn, that we are so nearly related, also that I have been able to furnish you with some material for your history of the Harbaugh Family. The information you have received relative to my father having occasionally preached and exhorted in religious assemblies, is correct. He did so in the church under the charge of the Rev. Otterbein, for several years; but in consequence of some misunderstanding, occasioned by a heavy draft on his

time and means, he withdrew himself from the Church and congregation, and then stopped preaching. This is what I have been informed was the case. It happened before I was born.

I forgot to mention, in my former letter, that father built the first Mud Machine that was used in the Baltimore harbor, for deepening the channel for vessels, and other purposes, and that his plan is to this day continued, though they now work some of the machines by steam ; his was worked by horse-power. I shall be pleased to aid you in your contemplated work, by any other information that you may, after reflection, think proper to ask for, if in my power.

Please accept my best wishes for your success in the undertaking, and believe me to be respectfully

Yours, &c.,

BENJAMIN HARBAUGH.

VIII. MARY ELIZABETH HARBAUGH.

She is called " Mary Liz " in great-grand father's Will. She was born on Good Friday, in the year of our Lord, 1753. She was married to Godfrey Lenhart, born March 17th, 1754. Mr. Lenhart died August 15th, 1819, aged sixty-five years, five months and two days. His

wife died June 16th, 1825. Rev. H. Lenhart, of Williamsport, Lycoming county, Pa., is a son, and Mrs. Kuntz, of York, Pa., is a daughter of Mary Elizabeth.

IX. ANNA MARGARET HARBAUGH.

She was married to a Mr. Bailey. Of her descendants, I have no further information.

X. ANNA CATHARINE HARBAUGH.

She was married to a Mr. Brenisen. I have not the necessary particulars to trace this family.

DANIEL AND WILLIAM HARBAUGH.

There are two venerable Harbaughs, Daniel and William, who have resided in New Lisbon, Ohio, since 1803, whose father was killed by the Indians in Westmoreland county, Pa., and whose grand father once resided in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania—who are evidently of the same family originally, as any one would conclude, even from the forms, features and ways which characterize both branches. But with all the care bestowed on this point, I have not been able to connect the two *in this country*.

By the kind cöoperation of Mr. Springer Harbaugh, merchant in Pittsburg, son of William, and John V. Harbaugh, of the same city, son of

Daniel, I am enabled to present some interesting information in regard to the history of that family. It is to be hoped, that some one more diligent or lucky, may yet be enabled to trace these two parted streams to the fountain where they once were one. Such a historian may find some aid from the material here furnished to his hand.

I must yet mention, that neither of the following communications were written for publication; but only to furnish such matter as had been solicited by me. I find, however, that the matter is so well arranged, and so clearly expressed, that it cannot be abridged. I give it entire; only asking pardon of my kind friends for violating their wishes.

Letter from Daniel Harbaugh, Esq., New Lisbon, Ohio.

As it respects the history of my father, I am unable to give a correct account. I presume you have read the history of the defeat and the burning of Col. Crawford, in the year 1782. I was born in the year 1781, and was about nine or ten months old when my father marched with Crawford, and never returned—they were all volunteers, upwards of four hundred men. My mother, about two or three years after, married

a man by the name of Rowland, of Welch descent,—the German language was not spoken in our family. My father had six sons and no daughters; my two oldest brothers died young, my third brother died in the twenty-first or twenty-second year of his age—was not married. My grand mother raised me. By taking my age, and counting back, there were about two years and a half between our births, Father must have been married to my mother in the year 1765 or 1766, in Lancaster, Pa. She was the daughter of Jacob Downer, one of the wealthiest men in the county. He lived on Mill Creek. My grand mother was of the Stoner family. She had a brother that had a farm in the county in early times, and they were wealthy. My grandfather Harbaugh held some high offices in the government, in the old country, but I am unable to state the government. I have heard my uncles say that they had all kinds of Mills, and that they had a Castle. They talked of the Danube, Hamburg, and so forth. On account of a revolution in the government, my grand father left and came to Philadelphia.* I

* There is not much doubt in my mind, but that this was a brother of Yost Harbaugh, who settled first in Maxatawny, and then at Kreutz creek, though I am not able positively to trace the connection. The age of his son corresponds with the

heard him say, that he brought none but three sons; that is, my father—he was the oldest of the three, his name was Conrad—the other two, Jacob and Peter. He never intended to settle in this country, but calculated to return whenever the government became settled. He always carried his sword, and other badges of office. It might be he was buried in Downer's or Stoner's grave-yard. My father with his two brothers, and some of the Downer family crossed the mountains for the West, before the Revolutionary War, for the purpose of entering land. By building a cabin, they might locate four hundred acres, they paying the cost of making the title. They had hands for two summers, at high wages, and built cabins, but the defeat of Col. Crawford let the Indians in on them, and they destroyed all the improvements they came across. When we came of age, all that we could find belonging to the estate, was a lot in Uniontown, Fayette county, Pa., with an old house on it, and thirty-five acres of land.

age of Yost's children. It is known that family likenesses often return and appear more marked in the third and fourth generation than in generations nearer to the original parents. My acquaintance with various members of this family convinces me, that they belong to the same family wherever the link may be that connects them.

My fourth brother had six children : three sons and three daughters. His oldest son, William, had six children : two sons and four daughters ; two are married, and have three or four children. His second son died without children. The third son had two, a son and daughter, and he is dead. His oldest daughter has four daughters ; two married, and have two children ; they live in Cincinnati, Ohio. The second had four : one daughter and three sons, one son dead. The third daughter had three sons ; and she is dead. As it respects my brother William's family, Springer can give the necessary information.

As to my own family, I had five sons and five daughters. My oldest daughter had two sons and two daughters. She is dead, and also one of her daughters. My second daughter has four sons and six daughters. My third daughter has four sons and eight daughters, a son and a daughter dead. The fourth and fifth are not married. My oldest son has four sons and four daughters ; one is married and has a daughter. My second son had four sons and two daughters ; one son and one daughter are dead. My third son has one son and one daughter. My fourth son is not married. My fifth son has one daughter.

In 1803, my brother William and myself moved to Ohio, and settled in New Lisbon, Columbiana county. There were at that time, as many Indians in the county as white people. William had at that time, one daughter. My oldest was born, May 20th, 1804. Seven of them married, and together had twenty-five daughters, three dead; and also nineteen sons, two dead; which will leave thirty nine living grand children. By adding the husbands and wives, and those single, will make seventeen, one dead; which will leave fifty-five living and six dead; and in all will make sixty-one, and only five dead. My wife died in the year A. D., 1842, the 22nd day of September.

In the year 1802, I went to New Orleans with flour and could not sell a barrel; had to store it—lay there three weeks to get a passage by sea, and at last had to take it a foot through the wilderness for home, without funds. We had to travel through the Choctaw and Chicasaw nations of Indians, the paths or trails led us through their principal towns. Some stood sentinels at night. Our company consisted of twenty-eight men. I walked from New Orleans to Nashville, and had to live on biscuits and coffee—got no meal the whole trip. Our sufferings were very

great. When I moved to Ohio, I had to borrow money to bear my expenses. Set up my trade, and was the only tanner in the county. In 1804 was the first Commissioner elected in the county—the first had been appointed by the Court. Served fourteen years; while in, we built two Court-houses and one jail; was elected four years as a Representative in the Lower House, and once to the Senate. Served as Associate Judge eight or nine years; in 1840 was one of the Harrison electors; I was Captain of a troop of horse in 1812. The next day after the express had arrived, that Hull had surrendered, and the Indians were on the march for the settlements, I marched my company west and built block houses and fortified the inhabitants in them, for over one hundred miles west. One of the first things, on General Harrison's arrival in Ohio, was to ascertain the nearest and best route for a military road to the Lakes. I was ordered with my company to meet them at Delaware, not far from the centre of the State. He had ten or twelve Indian Chiefs with him; we struck the Lake at the mouth of the Huron river; on our return, he appointed me one of his Aids. I spent between four and five hundred dollars of my private funds, and my account has

been ever since before Congress—reports favorable, but cannot get a bill through.

This statement was written out by father, Daniel Harbaugh, and transcribed by me.

JOHN V. HARBAUGH.

Friend Henry :—I would here remark, that uncle Daniel did not intend this letter for publication, entire ; but he went into particulars, that you might select whatever you considered would be of interest or importance in your proposed work.

S. HARBAUGH.

Pittsburg, March 22, 1854.

The following interesting letter from his son, relates to the family of William Harbaugh, Esq:

Pittsburg, March 22, 1854.

Dear Sir :—

Enclosed find a statement from uncle Daniel. He requests that I would give you the necessary information as to my father's family. As you are already informed, father moved to New Lisbon, Columbiana county, Ohio, in 1803. He and mother were married in 1799 or 1800, in Uniontown, Fayette county, Pa. My mother's maiden name was Sarah Springer, and daughter of Levi Springer,

who was one of the first settlers of that county. My grand mother Springer's maiden name was Sarah Shepherd, daughter of Col. Moses Shepherd, of Western Virginia. My father was a saddler by trade, and prosecuted his business until about 1809 or 1810, when he commenced the Mercantile business, which he pursued until about 1819, and then moved to a farm which he purchased adjoining New Lisbon, Ohio. He remained on his farm until his decease in 1833. He paid considerable attention to the raising of stock, particularly horses. My father was the first Post Master of Columbiana county, Ohio ; was one of the first Justices of the Peace ; he represented the county in the Ohio State Legislature several sessions. The State was divided into four military divisions, and he was elected by the Legislature Quarter Master General of the fourth division. When Hull surrendered, the theatre of war was in the fourth division. He supplied the troops with tents, forage and provisions.

I would here remark, that father built about the first grist mill in the County ; and I have been informed, the first load of flour shipped to New Orleans from the County, was made at his mill.

My father and mother had nine children: four sons and five daughters, all living except one daughter, (sister Elizabeth.) The names were as follows: Sila, Susan, Jacob, Elizabeth, Rachel, Sarah, Dennis, Springer, and William. Sila was married to DeLorma Brooks, who lived in Columbiana county, Ohio, until 1853, when they moved to Beloit, Wisconsin; they have had ten children: seven living and three dead. Susan was married to David Whitacer, who was a trader to New Orleans for a great many years; he died in 1843. They had four children: three daughters and one son, all living. Elizabeth died in 1845. Rachel was married to Warrich Martin, who lived in Pittsburg, Pa., several years; they moved to New Orleans, La., where they now reside. They have had seven children; all sons, four living and three dead. Sarah was married to William Cocks, of Fayette county, Pa. They resided in this county and in Ohio, a few years, then moved to Nodoway county, Missouri, where they lived about nine years. They removed from thence to Oregon, or Washington Territory in 1853. They have had eight children: six daughters and two sons. There are four daughters and one son living, three dead. The oldest daughter was married to a

Mr. Rinehart, and preceded her parents to Oregon; her favorable account of the Territory induced her parents to follow her. Jacob was married in 1832, and still lives on his farm adjoining New Lisbon, Ohio. He has two children, a son and daughter, both living. Dennis is still single. William was married in 1845, moved to Pittsburg, where he now resides. He has had four children, one son and one daughter living. *The writer of this*, was married in 1844, to Roxa A. Brooks, daughter of Thomas Brooks, of Montpelier, Vt. We have no children; but have adopted two little boys, whose parents died with cholera in 1849, in Keokuk, Iowa.

Now I want it distinctly understood, I do not send you this hastily gotten up and imperfect history for publication; but as I said in uncle Daniel's letter, merely to give you sketches to select from. If you want a letter for publication, send this back, and let me arrange the matter more in accordance with my wishes.

Very truly Yours,

SPRINGER HARBAUGH.

SOME

Annals of my Ancestors

ON

MY MOTHER'S SIDE.



How gladly would the Man restore to life
The Boy's neglected sire ; a Mother too—
That softer name,—perhaps more gladly still.

JACOB SNYDER.

Jacob Snyder, my great-grand father on my mother's side, lived in Lancaster county, Pa., about seven miles from Lancaster, where the Reading road crosses the Cocalico creek, about a mile up the stream, and about four miles from Litiz.

My great-grand mother survived him some time. She, after his death, married a Mr. Frölich ; they had no children. Mr. Frölich made bread-baskets. After the death of Frölich, she removed to Lancaster, where she had before already possessed a house. The house was west from North Queen street,—perhaps in what is now Mulberry street.

They had three children, as follows :

I. JACOB SNYDER. This was my maternal grand-father. After his father's death, which it seems occurred when he was yet young, he was bound out to a Mennonite farmer. He had no friend to care for him. He grew up without any religious education, particularly. He adopted the habits and ways of the Mennonites, in his dress, and religious belief, though he never

formally united with that denomination of Christians. He worked for some time on the farm. Afterwards he learned the trade of Milling, which he followed until he was married.

He married a Miss Neff, a Mennonite by parentage, a few miles from Lancaster, who was about his own age. She died, February 18th, 1818.

Grand father moved to Maryland, about two miles below Boonsboro', in the spring of 1786. Uncle John Snyder of Virginia, now eighty-six years old, (1854) is the oldest son of my grandfather, and he was about sixteen years old when grand father removed to Maryland. Uncle Abraham Snyder says, he was six months old at that time.

My grand father Snyder owned a farm of one hundred acres, where his own father lived in Lancaster county, Pa. This he sold when he was about to remove into Maryland, for 11£ and 5 shillings per acre—(\$26). He sold it to a Mr. Reist.

Grand father was small in stature; he enjoyed good health, and lived to a good old age. He was venerable in his appearance, mild in his temper, benevolent in his disposition, and always kind to all. He died at his residence, June 11th, 1829.

II. SUSAN SNYDER. She was the second child of my grand father. She was married to John Hatz. He lived on the East side of North Queen street, above the present rail-road, in Lancaster, Pa., and was a weaver by trade—he wove in the cellar, and lived on the story above. John Snyder, now (1854) eighty-four years old, says he saw him often, and recollects him well.

This Hatz had a son John, born, October 21st, 1772, died October 29th, 1845. He and uncle John Snyder used to be companions when they were boys. He (John Snyder) used to come to town, and they would go to church together. This John Hatz was the father of John Hatz, at present living in Lancaster.

One of Susan and John Hatz's daughters removed to Hagerstown, Maryland.

III. MARY SNYDER. She was the third child of Jacob Snyder, my grand father. She married a Mr. Hermon—a man who, it is said, was too fond of strong drink—a sad record!

Hermon lived on the Conestoga, nine miles from Lancaster. He had a farm which he spent drinking; by which sin also he shortened his earthly existence! She survived him. I know nothing farther of the family.

I regret, that for want of particulars in regard

to my grand father's descendants—which I earnestly solicited by letter and otherwise—I am not able to trace the family further. We hope some member of the Snyder family will begin where we have been compelled to leave off, and trace the various branches of this very large and respectable family in Maryland, Virginia and the Western States. This is the more desirable, since the name Snyder is so common, that if a record of the branches of the family is not made, it will, in a short time, be impossible to trace the genealogy.

GRAND FATHER.

Where are the children that do not love their grand-father. They run towards him when he comes, meet him at the gate, take hold of his hands—one on each side—get upon his knees when he is seated, and are pleased with all he says and does. It is said that tender vines are always most apt to grow and twine around the oldest trees and most venerable towers; so it seems children cling to their grand-parents more fondly as they grow more venerable with age.

It is a very pretty sight when a whole flock of children gather around their aged grand-parent, and vie with each other as to who shall

love him most. We have seen, in the woods, when an old tree begins to decay, a number of young scions grow out of his roots around him, as if they would guard the hoary relic, and perpetuate his life in themselves. Of this we thought when we have seen a whole circle of young and happy children standing around grand-father's arm-chair.

That we should love our grand-parents is also taught in the Bible—that is to say, we have examples here to this effect. For we find that Jacob did not only love his father Isaac, but also his grand-father Abraham. The command, also, that we should honor father and mother certainly, in its spirit, demands the same.

Our own grand-father is dead! Long ago, while a large crowd of children, grand-children, great-grand-children were standing around the open grave, did the man of God, solemnly and slowly, pronounce the words, “Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!” But we still remember him while he was yet alive. In his person he was short. His hair was white as snow, and it hung straight and long upon his shoulders. His face was round and mild as the full moon; there was a pleasantness in his eye when he smiled, which is as fresh to us now as

it was years ago. He came to see us twice a year—spring and fall—and always rode a gray horse. Having twenty miles to come, he was uniformly seen riding along the edge of the woods, in sight of the house, about one o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Then how glad were my sisters to get him an extra dinner; and how still more glad were the younger portion of us to be called around his knee to receive each a liberal share of raisins and nuts. There was joy all around.

Grand-father had any number of maxims and sayings, which he took care to impress upon our minds at the proper time. Some of them we still recollect. Here is one: "Have every thing so put in its place that you can go and get it in the darkest night without a candle." This was his way of saying what it is of great importance to every one to hear and practice. This is quite as good as the more modern motto, "Every thing in its place, and a place for every thing." Those who practice upon this maxim, will find that it saves much time taken up in hunting for things, and perplexity when they are not easily found.

Here is another of grand-father's sayings: "When you wish to warm your feet by holding

them to the fire, always put your fingers to the place first, and if it is too hot for your fingers it is also too hot for your shoes." If all children would observe this rule, they might save many a dollar's worth of shoes for their kind parents, whose purse buys them.

Grand-father has gone to his rest. Glad are we that we were old enough before he died to know and love him, and to carry the remembrance of his venerable image and his kind spirit with us to the grave.

ANNIE HARBAUGH,
DAUGHTER OF JACOB SNYDER.

Mother was born in Lancaster county, Pa., on the 21st of May, 1779. She was accordingly between six and seven years old when grand-father moved to Maryland, near Boonsboro. She was married January 2nd, 1801. She died, October 31st, 1837, aged fifty-eight years, five months, and ten days. In personal appearance she was not tall, but heavy. She always enjoyed good health; and even in her last years, retained a ruddy color, and when exercising freely had rosy cheeks. She was industrious, mild and kind-hearted to her children, and always good to the poor.

At the time of my mother's death, I was in

Ohio, and did not hear of her sickness till I heard of her death. I had spent the summer in Harrisonville, Medina county, Ohio, and returned to Massillon in November, 1837. My cousin, Daniel Harbaugh, residing there had just received a letter containing the sad news for me; it having been directed to him because it was known at home that I expected about that time to be there. He immediately asked me to take a walk with him. We found our way into a woods south of the town, where he opened to me the touching news. Her image came up to me, not as dead—for I could not see her so—but as she stood leaning upon the railing of the porch in tears, when I was entering the carriage to leave for the West, over a year before. In this way, and in no other, have I seen her ever since. In this position only do I desire to see her—it is the best picture of her true character, always affectionate, bearing tenderly upon her heart of hearts the temporal and eternal good of her children. I cherish this image of my weeping mother. I can so easily transfer this recollection of her to the state of the glorified in heaven, where all the beautiful is permanent. So will I see her, till I meet her in the bloom of immortal youth, clothed in the pure white robes of the sainted, in our Father's house above.

MY MOTHER.

My Mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ;
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun !
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah ! that maternal smile ! it answers—yes !
I heard the bell toll'd on the burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
But was it such ?—it was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown,
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.

My mother is long since dead ! Green be the grass, and beautiful the flowers that grow upon her tomb. My bosom swells into a sigh, even now, while I gaze at the title which stands at the head of this page. This is indeed that “softer name,” which ought never to be pronounced without emotion. It is said, that he who can once forget the home of his childhood, is far gone in evil ; and we think the same may be said of him who can forget his mother. Then indeed must every tendril of the heart be broken, and all finer feelings gone.

Is your mother dead ? Then let her memory still live in your heart. Is she living ? Then

live you also in such a manner as never to cause her heart a pang. This will be to you a source of the sweetest consolation when once you stand upon her grave. Nothing can well be more bitter, than to remember, when she is dead, that you have been unkind to her. Ah! who has ever loved his mother as she deserved? Even now, thou sainted spirit, my heart melts in penitence to the feet of Jesus, at the remembrance of my childish thoughtlessness and youthful ingratitude !

My Mother!—well do I remember her, though years have passed since her image sunk into the tomb. She was a plain woman; and far removed from what is called “the polish of good society.” In the simplicity of her heart, she did not even know that this was necessary, in order to a perfect female character, and to constitute her the accomplished head of a family. Strange and old-fashioned as it may seem, I believe at this moment my cheek would become red with a blush, if I could remember ever to have seen my Mother dance. Turn it as I may, the recollection would be awkward to me, and I would wish to forget it. There are, besides this, a great many other ideas and items, that now-a-days belong to a fashionable life, and that are

considered almost indispensable parts of true accomplishment, of which my mother knew nothing at all. She was plain in dress, plain in manners, plain in all her thoughts and feelings.

My mother was very domestic. Home was her earthly paradise; and diligence in the affairs of her household she considered one of her most important earthly duties. She kept a clean and neat kitchen; and all the boards that were not painted or carpeted, were always smooth and white, from the application of water, sand and a scrubbing-brush. Ah! how well I mind what a day was Saturday in our house; not a corner had escaped the general cleansing. Any part of the house was a comfortable place to be in; and even the avenue to each door was inviting; for not a path in the yard was unswept. Seldom was it, that the last two hours of Saturday evening were not spent in examining, folding up, and laying into their proper places, our clean raiment for the Sabbath. No one feared, when he opened his drawer, that either a rent, or a wanting button, would meet his eye in any of his garments. In short, we all felt that there was not any spot or department in the whole, of that little realm which we called home, that had

not been under the hand and eye of our mother.

I do not think that my mother ever read a novel! She did not know that this was necessary in order to make one tender-hearted! She never spake to us of "Bulwer's last," or "Scott's best"—indeed, I do not recollect of ever having heard her say any thing about the necessity of reading novels; am sure that I never saw her weep over one. And yet she was tender-hearted. She pitied the unfortunate with a sincere grief, and was always good to the poor. She was one of those peculiar old-fashioned mothers, from whose doors you can see poor neighbor women depart with full baskets and full hearts. Many a piece of soap, of bacon, and such like, were tied up in a handkerchief by her, while some one to whom this was no small matter, looked gratefully on. Many a long line of sausage, and lump of pudding, left our cellar, directly after butchering time. She used to say, "Give to the poor, and you will always have." I suppose she learned this from an old Book that used to lie on the corner of the mantle, and over which she used to pore full many an hour. It pleaseth me greatly that I can recollect this of my mother, now that she sleeps in yonder grave. I never heard my mother

boast of what she had done ; when she gave, it was all so natural with her, and she did it so quietly,—just as it is with a tree when it shakes off its ripe fruit.

My mother used to read the Bible, and go to church. It seems as if I could still see the carry-all move round the corner of the orchard, towards the little village, in which stood the church where our fathers worshipped. It was a plain way of going to church, but it was the way my mother went ; and I verily believe she went with a good object in view ; and it is doubtful in my mind, whether it ever entered into her mind that it was a shame to go to church in a carry-all. It is a long time since then, and times and customs have greatly changed, but still it giveth me pleasure, to think of the old book on the end of the mantle, that my mother used to read on Sunday afternoons after she returned from church. I cannot get rid of the idea, that it was her church-going, in connection with that book, that made her so good a mother.

When I think of all these things, I feel sorry that I was not more kind to my mother—though I cannot recollect any particular act of harsh unkindness, yet I fear there might have been

some. If she now stood before me, Oh ! with what earnestness would I enquire whether any of my conduct had ever grieved her !—and if so, with what sincere penitence would I ask her pardon. But now she heeds not, and hears not, and perhaps knows not how I praise her—my sainted mother ! I now feel the force of what the poet saith :

“ How gladly would the *man* restore to life
The *boy's* neglected sire ; a mother too—
That softer name,—perhaps more gladly still.”

No doubt many an one, if it had been possible, would have called back departed parents, in order to make some reparation for ungrateful conduct towards them while living.

Thinking of my mother in this way, reminds me of the manner in which some children treat their parents when the infirmities of age come upon them. We all know that old people frequently enter a second childhood in their last years. Without willing it, or even perhaps without knowing it, they become peevish, fretful, arbitrary and troublesome, like children. Now we are called to exercise the same patience towards them, as they did towards us, in our helpless and troublesome infancy. We have seen some beautiful examples of filial patience

and affection in these circumstances ; but we have also seen some instances of real barbarity on the part of children towards their parents during their dotage. We do not see how such can visit the graves of their parents without being compelled to write bitter things against themselves. Who can treat with neglect or cold indifference, or with cruelty, an aged parent—and hope to be forgiven !

Happy is he who has a kind, affectionate, Christian mother among the living ; and happy is he who has such an one to remember when she is dead. Happier still are those who deserve to have such a parent. When the mother of Augustine came to her Pastor, to consult with him in regard to the reformation of her wayward son, she prayed and wept so earnestly, that he said to her, “Go home in peace, the son of such prayers and tears can never perish !” He was right—her son afterwards became a great and a good man. Now, before I lay down my pen, I do most devoutly thank God for giving me such a mother.

My boast is not that I derive my birth
From loins enthroned, or rulers of the earth ;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies !

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest ;
The stars shine gloriously—and all,
Save me is blest.

Mother!—I love thy grave !
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave
Above thy child ?

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow
Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust
Is on thy brow !

And I could love to die—
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes of childhood dear
With bitter tears.

Aye—must I linger here,
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,
Went down with thee ?

Oft from life's withered bower,
In still communion with the past I turn,
And muse on thee the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale,
Bows, like a mourner in the dim, blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail,
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown ?
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—
I listen and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

O come whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave—and, in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness
Bless, bless thy child !

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—
O give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FAMILY.

Remove not the ancient landmarks, which thy fathers have set.—SOLOMON.

We have related the story of our ancestors. We have told of their birth, their joys and sorrows, their life and death. We who live have received much of what we have and are from them. They have left us their property, their names, as well as much of their character, good or evil. It is proper for us to cherish their memory, and hand down to our posterity what-

ever we have received from them that is lovely and of good report.

Every family or generation, though its members may present a great variety of character, nevertheless presents some general features which are distinctly marked. These as they appear in our generations shall now be briefly pointed out.

1. Our family has always been characterized by a spirit of INDUSTRY.

When our ancestors settled in York county, and in the Valley, and elsewhere, the country was new, wild and unbroken. On their own land they felled the forests, cleared the soil of stone, erected buildings and made homes for themselves and their descendants. This was done by many a weary and earnest stroke—and cost many a drop of sweat. Freely did they endure the toil, that they might live honestly among their fellow-men, and provide for their descendants. We live in the houses which they erected—we plow, sow and reap, the beautiful fields which their industry has made what they are. Let us not forget our indebtedness to them—squander foolishly what they have so earnestly gathered—and show ourselves unworthy of what they have left us. Industry is a Christian

virtue. "He that will not work, neither shall he eat," is a divine declaration. An idler is a burden to himself, a trouble to others, and an offence to God. With our hands or our heads we must serve God in our day and generation.

"Life is real—life is earnest;"

and let every one that lives, live to some noble purpose, and seek to make himself useful in the world.

2. Our family has always been **ECONOMICAL**. Our fathers taught us by precept and example not to squander money uselessly. One of their proverbs was: "Wilful waste makes woful want." They lived plainly, dressed plainly, and avoided all vain show, and wicked profligacy. Let us go and do likewise.

3. Though they carefully kept together their earnings, they were always **BENEVOLENT**. They have generally borne the name of being good to the poor. They practiced the Christian virtue of hospitality. They supported the Church of Jesus Christ. Many of them were Elders in the church. Several churches are erected on lands donated by them. Let us go and do likewise.

4. Our ancestors were **SOBER** in their habits. If the great and destructive sin of drunkenness has crept into any of the generations, it has been

in later branches. The stern old men were not under the power of this vice. If any "tarry long at the wine," and "rise up early to go after strong drink," they have not learned it from their forefathers. May none ever teach it to their children.

5. Our ancestors were HONEST. They always bore this reputation. A few years ago I rode in the stage with a venerable man who was an ex-member of Congress. In the course of conversation, he inquired my name; and when I told him my name, he smiled, and said: "I have long known your ancestors, and what I remember better than any thing else of them is, that their word was always as good as their note, or the money." This is true of them. They paid their debts, kept their promises, dealt honestly, and rendered to every one his due. Let the same be said of all their children to all generations.

6. Our ancestors were professors of religion, and MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH. They taught their children to love the Church, and sought to bring them up in its bosom. If any are out of the Church now, they have fallen away from the good old ways of their forefathers, and they are preparing for themselves sorrow in the end.

The old people all lived and died in the Church. They regularly attended upon its services, though great distances and many inconveniences stood in the way. They have left their praiseworthy example to us, let us transmit it to our children. Be ours the language of the pious Psalmist: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode;
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend:
For her my cries and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7. Thus our ancestors sought TO PREPARE

THEMSELVES FOR DEATH AND HEAVEN. They knew that they could not live forever. Their fathers had gone before them into the silent land, and they felt that they also had no continuing city here. They therefore sought a better country, even a heavenly. They knew that a good hope for a better life can only be obtained by repentance toward God, faith in Jesus Christ, and the obedience of a pious life in all the graces and fruits of the Spirit. Though like all men they had their faults and failings ; yet they trusted in that blood which cleanses from all sin. We have good reason to believe that they reached the blissful shore, and are now before the throne with the spirits of the just made perfect. After the labors of life their bodies rest in hope, and their spirits are in joy and felicity. When the trump of the archangel shall sound, and all that are in their graves shall hear the voice of the Son of man, we believe that they shall come forth, renewed in the glorious image of the Saviour, to sin, suffer and die no more. Then, in that solemn and glorious day, may all their generations be gathered to their fathers in peace.

When soon or late we reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May we rejoice no wanderer lost,
A family in heaven !

CONCLUDING THOUGHTS.

“ If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.”

Many thoughts crowd in upon us when we review the history of our forefathers during the space of one hundred and twenty years. As this little book will fall into the hands of a full thousand descendants of the ancient family, we ask them to follow us yet a few pages farther, in some reflections which naturally suggest themselves to any serious mind.

1. How does such a history set before us the shortness and vanity of mortal life. One generation cometh and another goeth. Where are our fathers? They lived and labored, loved and hated, joyed and sorrowed, for a short day of life till the evening came, and they departed to have no more any portion forever in all that is done under the sun! To them life seemed as real as it does to us; they were filled with the same hopes and fears; but how soon has all ended in the grave. Such is life—and such will be our history—and so will all our cares end in a few more years.

2. How pleasant to think of the piety of those who have gone before us. This is the only thing that affords us happiness when we think

of them. Whatever of evil we must remember of the dead, gives us only pain, when we call up their memory, or visit their graves. Piety lies over the vanity of the past, like mellow sunlight over the landscape in the golden Autumn, and like it, sheds its ripe fruits around us. All else that they have left us is not so precious as the remembrance of their goodness. Let us bear in mind, that it is our highest duty in life to leave such a legacy to our children. This alone will console their hearts when they return from our burial; and when, in the hours of lonely meditation, they weep over the sod that covers us, it will be the sweetest of all comforts to them when the blest assurance comes like the smile of an angel, telling them that our spirits are happy in heaven.

3. How sad it is to remember that any of our ancestors were wicked. How painful to think back and be able to call up nothing but their worldliness and vanity. How gloomy the thought that any one of them should never have made a profession of religion—was no member of the Church—or, if a member, was not faithful, but fell back again into the world! Let us save our children this pain and sorrow. Thus shall we bless our posterity with

pleasant memories of us and our life, and leave them a good example that they may follow in our footsteps.

4. What wonderful results flow from one man. One hundred and twenty years ago a young family, with only a few small children, came to this new world from Switzerland. What a multitude of descendants have sprung from that one ancestor! How would he be astonished, could he again stand upon the earth and see his generations around him. Hardly could he realize it. It would seem to him as a dream when one waketh. But more solemn than this are the moral consequences which flow from one man. He was a pious man. He loved the Church, and brought up his children in it. He helped to found the German Reformed congregation at York, Pa., and was a member of it. He aided in building the first church there. I have seen an old manuscript Agreement, in which are laid down the principles on which the church shall be built, and the rules by which the congregation shall be governed, to which his name is signed in his own hand. It is a truly Christian document. Its date is March 17th, 1745. He also helped to found the church at Kreutz creek, and was a member

there. I have seen the record of the baptisms of some of his children in that church book. His children also adhered to the Church. I have seen in the manuscript record of the proceedings of the German Reformed Coetus, which met in Philadelphia, May 17th, 1786, that his son, Yost Harbaugh, was one of the Lay Delegates in attendance. His son Leonard was, in his last years, an exhorter in the congregation of of Rev. Otterbein in Baltimore. Perhaps all of his children, and we know that many of his grandchildren were Elders in the Church. Six of his more distant descendants are ministers of the Gospel; and some others are in a course of preparation for the holy ministry. Scores of his posterity are regular members of the Church. It is only in some distant branches of the family that piety seems to have been neglected, and where the Church is not honored. A sad thought is this last !

Now is it not evident, that these blessed results are to be traced, under God, to the piety and Christian influence of that one ancestor. Suppose he had broken away from the Church, and lived a sinful and careless life—suppose he had become a drunkard, or had been carried away by any other enslaving and soul-destroy-

ing vice, is it not plain that the dreadful results would now be seen in the fearful wreck and ruin of his posterity. We all hung upon him as grapes upon a stem. If he had broken away from God and his covenant, we had all gone in the terrible fall. The branches would have been as the vine,—and in the blood, and in the bodies, and in the souls of children and of children's children, would now be madly coursing the poison of the parent's sin ! This is a thought, the very truth of which, makes one's heart tremble. Are there not hundreds of families in whose history this dreadful picture is realized. We hold in our hands, in a solemn sense, the temporal and eternal destiny of our children. O that we could feel it as we should !

5. We see what serious and everlasting consequences flow from the spirit of family life. Whether piety, or worldliness and sin, reign in the family is everything to the children. The spirit of the family, molds the children silently but surely for good or for evil, for weal or wo. It is a true proverb, "The apple does not fall far from the tree." Had Abraham remained amid the idolatry of Chaldea, where and what would have been Isaac and Jacob, and the twelve patriarchs ? They would have been idol-

aters and the pagan spirit would have reigned in all their families. The family spirit is to children what soil is to plants—the growth of the plants is determined by the character of the soil. If grace be in it, the plants will thrive in grace. If sin and neglect of God be in it, its fruits will be unto sorrow and death.

What a blessed power is Christianity in family life. How it makes parents and children happier and better. How it turns the hearts of parents toward their children, and the hearts of children toward their parents. How dreadful is the thought of a family in which there is no higher power than mere natural affection, pure as it may seem to be in the eyes of mortals. How awful the thought of a family without a God! Let home be ever so homely—let the paternal cot be ever so lowly, let but the love of God, the grace of Christ, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be in it, and it is a bosom of powers that shall reign in the earth—a source of harmonies that shall sound down into everlasting ages! How blessed and hallowed is the reign of the Church in hearts and families!

Thus to the parent and their seed
Shall His salvation come;
And numerous households meet at last,
In one eternal Home.

6. How proper and pleasant it is to cherish the memory of those who have gone before us to the spirit land. How grateful ought we to be for all the good we have received at their hands. How diligently ought we strive to transmit to our children especially the religious example which they have left us. How diligently ought we labor to meet them in heaven, and train our offspring to meet us there. So shall we not live in vain, but be a true blessing to the generations which after us shall pass the solemn trials and perils of life when we shall have gone to rest forever in the bosom of our God.

HEAVENLY RECOGNITION.

Oft weeping memory sits alone,
Beside some grave at even ;
And calls upon some spirit flown,
Oh say shall those on earth our own,
Be ours again—in heaven ?

Amid these lone sepulchral shades,
Where sleep our dear ones riven,
Is not some lingering spirit near,
To tell if those divided here,
Unite and know—in heaven ?

Shall friends who o'er the waste of life,
By the same storms are driven ;
Shall they recount in realms of bliss,
The fortunes and the tears of this,
And love again—in heaven ?

When hearts, which have on earth been one,
By ruthless death are riven ;
Why does the one which death has reft
Drag off in grief the one that's left,
If not to meet—in heaven ?

The warmest love on earth is still
Imperfect when 'tis given ;
But there's a purer clime above,
Where perfect hearts in perfect love
Unite : and this—is heaven.

If love on earth is but “ in part ”
As light and shade at even :
If sin doth plant a thorn between
The truest hearts ; there is, I ween
A perfect love—in heaven

Oh happy world ! Oh glorious place !
Where all who are forgiven,
Shall find their loved and lost below,
And hearts, like meeting streams, shall flow
For ever one—in heaven.