

ANNALS

OF THE

Harbaugh Family

IN

AMERICA,

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.

1823

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 thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty Two, I Yost Herbach of Helm Township York county and province of Pennsylvania 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 bequith unto mary Liz my beloved wife the sum of Twelve Pounds of good and lawful money of Pennsylvania & 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 medow which is fenced by itself and to Twenty apple Trees on the South Side of the orchard which Lieth over the medow 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 bupublick 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 Equally 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 Testement, 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 COMFORT

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 Herbach 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: Herbogh, 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 Margareta 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