

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.

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\* 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

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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-

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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, HARAHA, 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 coopération 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

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\* 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.

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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.

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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 sor-  
rows, 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 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 woe. 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.

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