Records of the Harper Family

Records *of the* Harper Family

Compiled by
Jane Cowles Ford
and
Edited by
Carrie Harper White

1965
The A. C. Rogers Co.
Cleveland

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, once said, and he said it with a gentle emphasis all his own that, "every thing else being equal, the man of family was the man for him." Nobody knew better than this keen observer, and uncompromising aristocrat, what is meant by a man of family. We remember, when we come to talk on these matters, the brave and honest trades people, who came over here from Holland, in the early days and founded many a fine family. Bravery and honesty are two good things to start with. As the years go on and perhaps money and leisure are gradually won, we see more and more that to have had a sturdy, self-respecting ancestor is something to be thankful for. Then there were the skilled mechanics and workmen from France, who sought refuge on our shore from persecution on account of their religion. Of what good stuff they were made, we all know. They may not have claimed the ascent from some princely house, neither did the resolute little band of Englishmen, who came over to found a colony and live a life of freedom, but they were not either as, alas! may be recorded in many instances the descendants of robbers and cut-throats. Many a pretentious family would seek the shade of obscurity if the search-light of true history was turned upon the beginnings. Of course here and there, all over our beautiful and hospitable land, there were many *gentlemen*—using the word in its olden sense—and many really noble men, such as we now have to do with.

ELIZABETH A. DAVIS

PREFACE.

In preparing this history or record as it may more properly be called, the writer makes no pretension to originality, as her work has been merely to gather up from various sources such facts and incidents of the family history as were thought to be of interest to their descendants, and to put them in form for preservation before the hand of time had placed them beyond our reach. The sources of information from which these facts have been gleaned have been from two books, "Border Warfare of New York During the Revolution," by W. W. Campbell and "Romance of the Revolution," published by Porter & Coates of Philadelphia. Chiefly, however, from reminiscences gathered by the grandchildren from their mothers and grandmothers who related to them the stories of the thrilling scenes and hardships, through which they passed during the War of the Revolution and their subsequent pioneer settlement in their wilderness home; also from papers read from time to time at the various Harper Reunions held in later years.

JANE COWLES FORD,
Historian.

EDITOR'S NOTES

In 1894, Mrs. Jane Cowles Ford was appointed "Historian of the Harper Family"; and in 1899, after much conscientious and painstaking labor she presented the manuscript which she had compiled to the Family Association. A Publishing Committee was appointed, consisting of Mr. Robert A. Austin, of Chicago, as Chairman, Captain E. R. Palmer, of Omaha, Neb., Mr. E. R. Harper, of Denver, Colo., and Carrie Harper White, of Colorado Springs, Colo. The manuscript was placed in their hands for further action. At the reunion of the following year 1900, the Chairman of the Committee reported that, owing to the fact that the Records were received from so many different sources and that there was so much repetition, it would be impossible to print the work in book form until it had been largely re-written.

Carrie Harper White was appointed to assume this task, which she has performed to the best of her ability, with the material at her disposal.

It seems quite eminently fitting that this short sketch of the life of Jane Cowles Ford, who compiled the material for the following "Records of the Harper Family" should have an important place. This sketch is a tribute of Mrs. Ford's daughter, Carrie Ford Searle.

A SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

JANE COWLES FORD.

Jane Cowles was born January 22nd, 1829—at the old "Cowles Homestead," on the south ridge in Harpersfield, Ohio. She is not a member of the "Harper Clan," but very narrowly escaped it, since her father's first wife and her mother's first husband were Harpers. She was the connecting link between the two families, having thirteen half brothers and sisters with Harper blood in their veins. Her mother died when she was but three years of age and her father passed away when she was seven. She was then left to the care of her brothers and sisters from early childhood, and found a home with first one and then another of them. However, Sister Mary (Mrs. Dr. Cowles) was often spoken of as the one who mothered her. Her education began when she was four years old. At this time she attended an infants' school in Elyria, Ohio, while living with one of her sisters there. Her education was completed in the district schools, with the exception of one term at the Kingsville Academy, and two at "Select School" in Unionville, teaching a few classes the last term to pay her tuition. She taught her first term in a district school when she was fourteen, receiving 75 cents a week as wages. When she was sixteen she worked in a millinery shop in Cleveland, Ohio. On December 15th, 1847, just a few weeks before her nineteenth birthday, she was married to James Ford, and went with her husband to the old Ford Homestead on the Middle Ridge in Madison, Ohio, and for forty years she lived the quiet busy life of a farmer's wife. To her four children she was a model mother and home maker. As her children look back in after years, with a broadened view of life, they realize that this was a home of rare Christian culture and refinement with a saintly father and a gifted mother. In 1873 came the first sorrow in the death of the youngest child Nellie, a bright beautiful girl of ten years. In a few years the children were all scattered and in homes of their own, but the busy life in the old home went on, and every year saw children and grandchildren spending a few weeks there for rest and inspiration. In 1887, came the sad breaking up, the husband and father dying on January 18th. Only a few weeks previous a little granddaughter, Nellie Ford, had died, and in the preceding August, the eldest daughter, Mrs. Althea Hills, passed away very suddenly. These afflictions were very grievous and the mother never recovered from the shock. The home was rented to strangers, and she went to live with her only son, Albert J. Ford, in Geneva,

Ohio, dividing her time between his home and that of her daughter in Nebraska. Unable to overcome the habits of a lifetime of ceaseless activity, she has thrown herself into all of the daily cares and responsibilities of these homes. However, with increasing leisure and opportunity, she has developed those rare qualities of mind and heart, which in spite of the limited advantages of her youth and the busy life of a home maker, led her to keep abreast of the times in general information and study, until in her old age she has a broader mind than many a college graduate. A natural taste for writing and public speaking have made her a valuable helper to her beloved church and its various branches of activity; but now at last the busy life has been lived and the infirmities of age have laid their hand upon her. The bright mind still finds pleasure in reading and study and in a large correspondence with relatives and friends. Her soul is sustained by the pure and deep religious life which has been the foundation of her whole being from childhood and she awaits in peace her Lord's "Well Done."

ORIGIN AND DIMENSIONS OF THE WESTERN RESERVE.

When the original grants of land in the new world were made to companies or colonies by the monarchs of Europe its geography was very little known. As a result, there were many conflicting claims. After the close of the Revolution those lying west of the Alleghanies, had to be readjusted. While most of the States readily conceded their titles to the general government, Connecticut was very tenacious of one. She held to a strip embracing all the lands between 41 degrees and 42 degrees 2 minutes north latitude, and extending west through the state of Pennsylvania to the Mississippi. On the 14th day of September, 1786, however, she released all this territory to the United States, excepting that portion lying east of line parallel with the western boundary of Pennsylvania and extending 120 miles west of the same. This soon became known as the "Western Reserve," or as it was about the size of the State, New Connecticut. Its dimensions are 120 miles in length by 71 in its greatest breadth and comprises the counties of Ashtabula, Trumbull, Portage, Geauga, Lake, Cuyahoga, Medina, Lorain, Huron and Erie, also parts of Mahoning, Summit, Ashland, and a portion of Ottawa, including Kellys Island, Put in Bay, and contiguous Islands. The survey of this territory was not commenced until the Spring of 1796, and was not fully completed until 1806. This brief sketch will give the readers an idea of the origin of the name so often mentioned in connection with this history, the facts having been taken from the Western Reserve Centennial Souvenir, published by H. M. Johnson.

NOTE.—It has been a subject of inquiry by some of our citizens of the present day why the site of these pioneer residences should be called Unionville. The village being built upon the line which later divided the two counties and also the townships of Harpersfield and Madison, it was found necessary to give it a distinct name independent of either township. The Rev. Roger Searle, who was then our Episcopal Clergyman, craved the privilege of giving this place its name. He accordingly called it Unionville, as he thought the term Union to be synonymous with the disposition of its inhabitants.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF CAPT. ALEXANDER HARPER.

Captain Alexander Harper was born in Middletown, Conn., February 22nd, 1744; and was the ninth child of John Harper, whose father, James Harper, was the first Harper who came to America. The birth of Alexander Harper is recorded in the Court House at Middletown, Conn., and he was baptized by the Rev. Russell. In 1754 he moved with his parents to Cherry Valley, N. Y. He received an education according to the times and, judging from the remains of his library, one might suppose that he possessed quite a taste for literature. In 1768, Alexander, William, John and Joseph Harper, with eighteen other individuals, obtained a patent for twenty-two thousand acres of land in what is now the County of Delaware, N. Y., whither they moved in 1770, and founded the town of Harpersfield. In 1771, Alexander married Elizabeth Bartholomew, who had recently immigrated from New Jersey. Eight children were born to them. Nothing unusual occurred until 1777, when Mrs. Harper and her family became refugees of war. They returned to their home the following winter, but were obliged to flee the next spring to Middlefort, Schoharie, for safety. In the same year Alexander Harper was appointed first lieutenant and served under his brother, Colonel John Harper, who commanded one of the forts in Schoharie. The two succeeding years were spent by him in scouting parties, incident to a frontier invested by Indians and Tories, and March 3rd, 1780, he received a Captain's commission.

In the month of April, in 1780, it was the intention of Captain Brant, the Indian Chieftain, to make a descent upon the upper fort of Schoharie, but which was prevented by an unlooked for circumstance. Colonel Vrooman had sent out a party of scouts to pass over to the head waters of the Charlotte River, where resided certain suspected persons, whose movements it was their duty to watch. It being the proper season to manufacture Maple Sugar, the men were directed to make a quantity of that article, of which the garrison were greatly in want. On the second of April, this party under the command of Captain Harper commenced their labors, which they did cheerfully and entirely unapprehensive of danger, as a fall of snow some three feet deep would prevent the supposed moving of any considerable body of the enemy, while in fact they were not aware of any body of the armed foe short of Niagara. But on the seventh of April, they were suddenly surrounded by a party of forty Indians and Tories, the first knowledge of whose presence was the death of three of their party. The leader was instantly discovered

in the person of the Mohawk Chief, who rushed up to Captain Harper, tomahawk in hand, and said: "Harper, I am sorry to find you here." "Why are you sorry, Captain Brant?" replied Captain Harper. "Because, replied the Chief, I must kill you although we were schoolmates in our youth"—at the same time raising his hatchet. Suddenly his arm fell, and with a piercing scrutiny, looking Harper full in the face, he inquired: "Are there any regular troops in the fort at Schoharie?" Harper caught the idea in an instant. To answer truly and admit there were none, as was the fact, would but hasten Brant and his warriors forward to fall upon the settlement at once and their destruction would have been swift and sure. He therefore informed him that a reinforcement of three hundred continental troops had arrived to garrison the fort only two or three days before. This information appeared very much to disconcert the chieftain. He prevented the further shedding of blood, and held a consultation with his subordinate chiefs. Night coming on, the prisoners were shut up in a pen of logs and guarded by the Tories, while among the Indians controversy ran high, whether the prisoners should be put to death or carried to Niagara. The captives were bound hand and foot and Harper, who understood the Indian tongue, could hear the dispute. The Indians were for putting them to death, but Brant exercised his authority to effectually prevent the massacre. On the following morning, Captain Harper was brought before the Indians for examination and the chief said that he was suspicious that he had not told him the truth. Captain Harper, however, although Brant was eyeing him like a basilisk, repeated his former statements, without the improper movement of a muscle, or any betrayal that he was deceiving. Brant, satisfied of the truth of the story, resolved to retrace his steps to Niagara; but his warriors were disappointed in their hopes of spoils and victory, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that they were prevented from putting the captives to death. The march was forthwith commenced, and was full of pain, peril and adventure. They met on the succeeding day with two loyalists who both disproved Harper's story of troops being at Schoharie, and the Captain was again subjected to a piercing scrutiny; but he succeeding so well in maintaining the appearance of truth and sincerity as to arrest the glittering tomahawk. On the same day an aged man named Brown was accidentally fallen in with and taken prisoner, with two youthful grandsons; the day following, being unable to travel with sufficient speed, sinking under the weight of the burden laid on him, the old man was put out of the way with the hatchet. The victim was dragged behind, and when he saw preparations made for his doom took an affectionate farewell of his little grandsons and the Indians moved on, leaving one of their number with his face painted black—the mark of the executioner—behind with him. In a few moments the Indian came up with the old man's scalp dangling from between the ramrod and the muzzle of his gun. They constructed boats and sailed down the Susquehanna to the confluence of the Chemung, at which place their land traveling commenced again. Soon after this a severe

trial and narrow escape befell the prisoners. During his march from Niagara on this expedition Brant had detached eleven of his warriors, to fall once more on the Minisink settlement for prisoners. This detachment, as it subsequently appeared, had succeeded in taking captive five athletic men, whom they secured and brought with them as far as Tioga Point. The Indians slept very soundly and the five prisoners had resolved on the first opportunity to make their escape. While camped at this place during the night, one of the Minisink men succeeded in extricating his hands from the binding cords and with the utmost precaution unloosed his four companions. The Indians were locked in the arms of deep sleep. Silently without causing a leaf to rustle, they each snatched a tomahawk from their unconscious enemies and in a moment nine of them were quivering in the agonies of death. The two others awakened and springing upon their feet attempted to escape. One of them was struck with the hatchet between the shoulders, but the other fled. The prisoners immediately made good their own retreat and the only Indian who escaped unhurt returned to take care of his wounded companions. As Brant and his warriors approached this point of their journey, some of his Indians having raised a whoop, it was returned by a single voice with a death yell. Startled by this unexpected signal, Brant's warriors rushed forward to ascertain the cause. But they were not long in doubt. The lone warrior met them and soon related to his brethren the melancholy fate of his companions. The effect upon the warriors, who gathered in a group to hear the recital, was inexpressibly fearful. Rage and a desire for revenge seemed to kindle every bosom and light every eye as with burning coals. They gathered around the prisoners in a circle and began to make preparations for hacking them to pieces. Harper and his men gave themselves up for lost. While their knives were unsheathing and their hatchets glittering, the only survivor of the murdered party rushed into the circle and interposed in favor of the prisoners. With a wave of the hand, as of a warrior entitled to be heard—for he was himself a chief—silence was restored, and the prisoners were surprised by the utterance of an earnest appeal in their behalf. He eloquently and impressively declaimed in their favor, upon the ground that it was not they who murdered their brothers; and to take the lives of the innocent would not be right in the eyes of the Great Spirit. His appeal was effective, the passions of the incensed warriors were hushed and their eyes no longer shot forth the burning glances of revenge. True, it so happened, that this Chief knew all the prisoners—he having resided in the Schoharie Cañon of Mohawks during the war. He doubtless felt a deeper interest in their behalf on that account. Still it was a noble action, worthy of the proudest era of chivalry. The interposition of Pocahontas in favor of Captain John Smith, before the Court of Powhatan was, perhaps, more romantic; but when the motive which prompted the generous action of the princess is considered, the transaction now under review exhibits the most of genuine benevolence. Pocahontas was moved by the tender passion—the Mohawk by the feeling of magnanimity and the

eternal principles of justice. It is a matter of regret, that the name of this high souled warrior is lost, as have been too many that might serve to relieve the dark and vengeful portraits of Indian character which it has so well pleased the white man to draw. The prisoners were so impressed with the manner of their deliverance that they justly attributed it to direct interposition of Providence. After the most acute suffering from hunger and exhaustion, the party at last arrived at Niagara. The last night of their journey they encamped a short distance from the fort. In the morning the prisoners were informed that they were to run the gauntlet and were brought out where two parallel lines of Indians were drawn up, between which the prisoners were to pass, exposed to the whips and blows of the savages. The course to be run was towards the fort. Captain Harper was the first one selected, and at the signal sprang from the mark with extraordinary swiftness. An Indian near the end of the line, fearing he might escape without injury, sprang before him, but a blow from Harper's fist felled him as he sped with utmost speed toward the fort. The garrison when they saw Harper approaching opened the gates and he rushed in, only affording sufficient time for the gates to be closed ere the Indians rushed upon them, clamoring for the possession of their prisoner. The other prisoners taking advantage of the breaking up of the Indian ranks took different routes and all succeeded in reaching the fort without passing through the terrible ordeal that was intended for them.

After many severe conflicts with the British foe Captain Harper was taken prisoner, carried to Quebec in irons and placed in a gloomy prison and subsequently in a more gloomy prison ship. He endured a painful captivity of two years and eight months. In 1783, after his release, he returned with his family to Harpersfield, N. Y., and there they remained leading members of society, until they saw the wilderness turned into a fruitful field, and the places which they had found solitary made glad for them. Churches were erected, schools established and society enjoyed blessings, social, literary, civil and ecclesiastical. In June, 1798, they moved to the wilds of New Connecticut or the Western Reserve, and were one of the first three families to settle in Ashtabula County. The township in which they settled was called Harpersfield, as Captain Alexander Harper was the leader of the expedition. After a summer of hardships, peculiar to the settlement of a pioneer in a new country, Captain Harper contracted malarial fever and died Sept. 10, 1798, leaving a courageous wife and family to continue the work he had begun. Endless inspiration has been handed down to his descendants by the memory of the self-sacrificing example of Captain Alexander Harper, and although his deeds might well have been a sufficient monument to his name, it will be interesting for us to reprint a short sketch which appeared in a well known newspaper just one hundred years after his death:

AN HISTORIC SPOT.

In the old Country Churchyard, just south of the square in the old village of Unionville, Ashtabula County, Ohio, lies the remains of many of the old settlers, buried there in the early part of the nineteenth century. Among the many interesting monuments reared to mark the graves of distinguished persons of northern Ohio, there are few around which cluster associations of more striking interest than some of these located here in this secluded spot. As wandering through this pioneer City of the Dead, you will notice several sandstone slabs of a rather peculiar and uncommon pattern. One of these bears the date 1798 and marks the resting place of Captain Alexander Harper, pioneer of the Western Reserve, who after the Revolutionary War, in which he took a prominent part, was among the first to penetrate the depths of the then unknown forest of this section, and do his part to open it to the growth and prosperity to which it has now attained. Selecting the name of Harpersfield for his claim he proceeded to choose and clear ground for building. One day while traversing the trackless forest, where Unionville now stands, he noticed that this spot (now the graveyard) was higher and more sandy than the rest and marked it for their burying ground, probably little thinking that he would be the first to occupy it. In the hardships and exposure connected with the improvement of a new country he contracted malarial fever and died, about three months after his arrival here, and was buried on this spot in a coffin hewn from a log. His descendants number most of the highly respected families of this village and vicinity. The grave being dated 1798, is therefore the oldest authentic burial on the Western Reserve. The ode on the slab reads as follows:

"Around this monumental stone,
Let friendship drop a sacred tear.
A husband kind, a parent fond,
An upright man lies buried here."

C. H. GODDARD.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF ELIZABETH HARPER, WIFE OF CAPT. ALEXANDER HARPER.

Elizabeth Bartholomew, the wife of Captain Alexander Harper, was the daughter of John Bartholomew and his wife Dorothy Ent. The maternal grandmother of Elizabeth Harper was a "French Huguenot" and at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1685, she was sent in a chest from Paris to Germany. The journey occupied twelve hours, and was made in safety by the girl of twelve years. Her name is not known but her parents evidently expected immediate death, and took this way of saving their daughter. They afterward made their escape from France and joined her in Mentz, Germany, where she married a man named Ent, a native of Berne, Switzerland. From Mentz the family moved to Munich and their daughter,Dorothy Ent, married John Bartholomew and emigrated to Germantown, Pa., where they soon after induced their respective parents to join them. From Germantown they moved to Bethlehem, N. J. It was here that their sixteenth child, Elizabeth, was born February 13, 1749. She had one sister (Mrs. Skinner) younger than she. Elizabeth Bartholomew was married to Alexander Harper, in Wooster, Otsego County, N. Y., July 30, 1771. They went immediately to their home in Harpersfield, Delaware County, N. Y., her husband's parents residing with them. In course of time eight children were born to them. Elizabeth is described as being small of stature, with very black eyes and great resolution. When the Revolutionary War broke out, the Harper brothers immediately espoused the American cause, and the husband of Elizabeth was commissioned to act as Captain of a Company of Rangers during the war. The exposed situation of the country made it necessary for the Whig families to seek the protection of the fort at Schoharie and thither Mrs. Harper repaired, taking her husband's parents with her. In times of comparative security she would return to her home which was only about one mile from the Fort, and I have heard her say that on a sudden alarm, she would harness her own horses and with her children and her husband's parents, flee to the Fort where she would remain until the danger was past and then return to her occupation on the farm.

Later the old people were sent to a place of greater security. While she was thus living alone, the alarm gun was fired in the night.

She had four children and a "Bound Boy." She took one child in her arms, and one on her back while the two older ones clung to her skirts, the bound boy running behind, crying, "don't leave me;" but she reached the fort in safety. She then concluded to remain in the Fort, but as she scorned to be idle she baked all the bread for the

garrison for six months. While she remained in the fort, it sustained a siege from the Indians and Tories, commanded by British officers. Messengers were dispatched to the nearest garrison for assistance, but the commander being either a coward or traitor determined to capitulate, and hoisted a Flag of Truce for that purpose. The women of the Fort, among whom Mrs. Harper was the leading spirit, had been engaged from early dawn in making cartridges and preparing ammunition, also serving rations to the weary men, and now they determined to make one more effort for liberty. The men were almost in a state of weeping and one among them agreed to fire on the Flag if the women would protect him. To this the women gladly assented, and as often as the flag was run up it was fired upon, until reinforcements arrived and the enemy retreated. In the Spring of 1780, Captain Harper was taken prisoner and at the same time Mrs. Harper's sister's husband was killed by the Indians. Captain Harper was taken to Canada through the wilderness and, although his exchange was effected soon after, he was not released till the close of the war, the British offering him large bribes to espouse their cause. His wife was entirely ignorant of his fate and had long mourned him as dead. Her motto was, "Never Give Up." So she had collected her family again and was doing what she could to improve their shattered fortunes when her husband returned. In 1798 she moved with her husband and family, to what was then called "New Connecticut," now known as the "Western Reserve." Her eldest daughter who was married to a Mr. Wheeler remained behind and her eldest son was in Canada, but four sons and two daughters came with her. They landed from small boats at the mouth of the Creek now known as Cunningham Creek in the present township of Madison, Ohio, having come from Buffalo in a schooner the only one on Lake Erie at that time. Immediately after landing, Colonel Harper accompanied by the women of the band, comprising Mrs. Harper and two daughters, one aged 14 the other 12 years, Mrs. Gregory and two daughters of the same age, Captain Harper's sister, Mrs. McFarland, and an adopted daughter started for what was to be their new home, near the site of the present village of Unionville, each one carrying in her hand what she could of provision and table furniture. Mrs. Harper carried a small copper teakettle which she filled with water from a way-side spring before arriving at their destination. Their path was a wilderness untouched, save by the surveyors' lines, but they followed it four miles, when finding a storm would soon burst upon them they halted at the line of the township which now bears the name of Harpersfield. Here the women busied themselves in starting a fire, putting on the teakettle, etc., while Captain Harper felled a large tree from which he peeled the bark which the women placed on poles, thus forming a shelter from the storm. During the summer there was some sickness among the men, and in September Captain Harper was taken sick of a fever and died. His coffin was dug from a tree and a slab hewn from the same for a top. This event would have proved disastrous to the little pioneer band had not Mrs. Harper's energy

and resolution restored that confidence which the death of their leader had nearly destroyed. Although, herself, the principal sufferer, she would not for a moment entertain the proposition to abandon the enterprise, and when a kind invitation was extended to herself and daughters to spend the ensuing winter in Pennsylvania, she and her oldest daughter feared it would dishearten those coming and those already here. Consequently they decided to remain and share the hardships of the first winter in their new home. During this winter the settlers were reduced to great straits, but the utmost harmony and kindly feeling prevailed, and whatever provisions or gain any one family obtained was freely shared with the other two. There were no deer in the country at that time, but there were large droves of elk, whose flesh was like coarse beef, and bears whose flesh was much more oily and palatable, raccoons were also plentiful and easily obtained and although the flesh was considered eatable at that time, they invariably lost all relish for "coon meat" in after years of plenty. Hickory nuts were abundant that year, and aided materially in sustaining life when other provisions failed. Mrs. Harper was fruitful in expedients and at one time in the spring when the men had gone after flour and were detained by contrary winds, she gathered leeks from the woods and boiled them. This was all the food they had for some days. It was during this spring that she went out one morning to find the cows which had strayed away, but not yet having learned the north side of a tree by the difference in the bark (a specie of woodcraft she afterwards came to be familiar with), she became lost and wandered on the banks of a stream all day. The family becoming alarmed by her absence blew horns at intervals, but it was not until night that she heard them and found her way home. In the summer, the sons had brought some hogs from Canada and were obliged to watch them closely on account of the bears. The men being fully occupied in clearing the land, and procuring provisions, various outdoor employments were assumed cheerfully by the women. One evening Mrs. Harper and her eldest daughter, Elizabeth, went to look up the hogs, taking the path that led to the nearest family. They had not proceeded far before a small cub crossed the path immediately in front of them; they stopped when another cub followed and directly behind it came the old bear taking no notice of the women who turned about and went home. The hogs came in afterwards unharmed. This year a brother of Captain Harper joined them, and a relative with some other families commenced a settlement at Conneaut, about thirty miles down the Lake. In the fall these families were nearly all sick and Mrs. Harper went down to take care of them. After staying some weeks, she prepared to return home the last of November. The only mode of traveling was in open boats on the lake or upon horse back. The lateness of the season precluded the first mode, so accompanied by her relative, Joseph Harper, she started early one morning on horse back, their only road being the Lake Shore, and obliging them to ford the streams where they emptied into the lake. They rode some fifteen miles when they came to the mouth

of Ashtabula Creek, which had been banked up with sand during the summer but was now flowing into the Lake. Not knowing its depth, Mr. Harper rode in and found his horse swimming to the opposite shore. Anxious to reach her family, Mrs. Harper followed him, unheeding his remonstrances, and crossed in safety with the exception of being wet up to her shoulders, and in this condition she rode home, which they reached a little before midnight. During all these trials, privations and starvations, she was never known to despond but with unflagging energy she strove to encourage all who came within her influence to make the best of a home in the wilderness. It was not until the hardships of pioneer life had passed away that her family knew of her sleepless nights and anxious solicitude during the dark days in their new home. Her older children joined her and she had the happiness of having them all married and settled around her before death again entered the family.

During the war of 1812 the Harper brothers were actively engaged, both in Civil and Military capacities. William was a member of the State Legislature the second year of the war, while James accepted a Captain's commission. The two younger brothers were in actual service in the Northwestern Army. Nor did my revered grandmother remain entirely an idle spectator of the times. She found many opportunities of turning her tactics of the Revolution to advantage, by instructing our volunteers in the science of making cartouches and other equipments for the campaign. This war lasted two years and eight months, terminating by the Treaty of Ghent, signed December 24, 1814, and ratified by Congress February 17, 1815. Comparatively speaking, this was a mere cipher of a war compared to the Revolution, but as it answered all the purposes which our United States expected, we must not rob our Statesmen and Generals of any of their well earned fame on account of the briefness of strife and bloodshed. Although a number of log School Houses had been erected in Harpersfield, the year 1817 was destined to witness the erection of the first frame building of this kind, which was situated upon the cross roads which are now the line dividing the Counties of Ashtabula and Lake. This building consisted of two stories, the upper part being built for a Masonic Hall, and served the double purpose of hall and academy, as our preceptor taught, besides English, both Latin and Greek. Perhaps never did a new country afford greater facilities for acquiring a knowledge of the branches which must constitute the scholar than did our place at the time of which I am writing. Certain it is that this and the few succeeding years were our "Golden Days." Ceremonious fashion had not yet fastened her clamps upon our society. It was not in those days a matter of inquiry who made the first or last call, or who dressed in the latest style. Who were the stranger and the sufferer were the inquiries worthy of those days, while moral worth and talent were duly appreciated whenever they were found, without the least reference whatever to either the quality or fashion of the coat in which they might chance to be arrayed.

ELIZABETH HARPER TAPPAN.

Sketch of Elizabeth Harper Tappan, daughter of Captain Alexander and Elizabeth Harper, copied from a book entitled "Pioneer Women of the West," and published by Chas. Scribner. The name of the writer is not given but we have reason to believe it was from the pen of her daughter, Miss Electra Tappan. It contains some incidents and vivid pictures of the life in that day which will be of interest to all.

Elizabeth Harper was the second daughter of Alexander and Elizabeth Harper, and was born February 24, 1784, in Harpersfield, N. Y. She was in the fifteenth year of her age when she accompanied her parents to Ohio in 1798 and was the oldest daughter who went with them, her eldest sister having been married some years previous and remaining in their old home. The labor and perils of commencing a settlement in an almost unbroken wilderness encountered by all who took part in this enterprise, were shared by the young girl, to whom fell of course no small part of the work of the household and the care of the younger children. The novelty of their mode of living and the wild forest scenery with incessant occupation, caused the time to pass speedily and pleasantly through the first summer; but the approach of a more vigorous season, their hardships commenced and the death of her beloved father brought before the bereaved family the realities of their situation, far from early friends and isolated from the comforts of civilization. Elizabeth suffered much at this time of gloom and distrust, with a longing for home and fears for the future; but the fortitude and resolution with which the mother sustained herself under the pressure of all these calamities had a due influence on the minds of her children, and the feeling of discontent was soon subdued. During the absence of her brother James, who went to Canada to procure provisions, another brother, William, broke his leg the other brothers were seven and nine years of age and as they could do nothing of consequence, the work of providing fire wood for the family devolved entirely for some four weeks upon Elizabeth and her youngest sister Mary. It was no easy task to cut, split and haul the fuel consumed, as the cabin was very open and large fires were required. The prospects for the approaching winter were very dark, owing to the scarcity of provisions and the want of comfortable quarters; and Mrs. Harper thought it best to send her youngest daughter to stay with some friends at a settlement in Pennsylvania. She determined not to accept the invitation for herself and Elizabeth decided to stay with her mother. The winter proved

one of unusual severity, and the settlers suffered greatly the want of provisions, as after the wreck of the only vessel on the southern shore of Lake Erie their supplies had to be brought from Canada. Twice the little community was reduced almost to the point of starvation, having to relieve the cravings of hunger with strange substitutes for food. On the last occasion when the men sent for supplies returned, they brought with them a small supply of coarse Indian meal, boiled, which was called samp. Mrs. Harper warmed a portion of this, and making some tea, called her family to partake of the simple meal, then a luxury privation had taught them to appreciate. Most of the children felt sick from absolute want and disinclined to touch the food; but after tasting it they were so eager for more that it required all a mother's firmness to restrain them from taking more than they could bear in so weakened a condition. The grain for the family bread that first winter was brought from Pennsylvania, a distance of fifty miles, on the backs of the two older brothers or drawn on hand sleds on the ice following the Lake. This grain was ground in a small mill brought by the colonists to their new home. It was Elizabeth's work to grind that for the family. She would take a peck of common wheat and walk two miles and a half to grind it, then carry home the meal and make it into bread. Many of the cattle belonging to the settlers died during the winter, and some of the oxen disappeared, supposed to have been killed and carried off by the Indians. Another misfortune was added to the list by the breaking of the little mill in which their grain had been ground, necessitating a substitute. A hole was burned and scraped in the top of an oak stump large enough to hold a quantity of corn, which was then pounded as fine as possible with a pounder attached to a spring pole resembling a well sweep, the heavy end being fastened to the ground. This contrivance was called a mortar. Their ovens were equally primitive. As neither brick nor stone were to be had, a stump was hewn perfectly flat on the top, and a slab of sandstone laid upon it. On this the women spread a layer of clay and placed upon it wood in the form of an oven, covering the whole, except an opening at one end with a thick layer of clay. After standing a short time to dry, the wood was set on fire and burnt out. The oven thus manufactured proved an excellent one for use, and served as a model for all ovens in the country for some years afterward.

In the autumn of the second year of the settlement, Mrs. Wheeler, Mrs. Harper's eldest daughter, came with her husband and family and took up their residence in the cabin which they built half a mile from that of the mother. They were joined by several other families soon after. Some anecdotes of the wild beasts of the forests are remembered in family tradition. One night while Elizabeth was staying with her sister, Mrs. Wheeler, in the absence of her husband, she was alarmed by an attack by one of these ferocious animals. A crazy woman belonging to the settlement had come to spend the night in the house. Late in the evening they heard a noise among some fowls roosting upon the projecting logs of the cabin and

going to the door they distinctly saw a large bear standing on his hind legs trying to reach the fowls that crowded together in terror above the range of his paws. It required all of Elizabeth's presence of mind and energy to prevent the lunatic from rushing out, but by alarming her fears she persuaded her to be quiet and fastened the doors. A more severe encounter took place some years afterwards, in the house of her brother Alexander, when a hungry bear broke into the yard and attempted to catch a goose. Mrs. Harper, the sister-in-law, hastily called to her children to come in and barred the door, but the fierce creature had heard the sound of her voice and bent on securing his prey he sprang through the window, and attacked her. Her clothes were much torn and her arms were much scratched; but her husband and a man who chanced to be with him came to the rescue and with clubs succeeded in beating off the bear and killing him without any serious results except a good scare and some very uncomfortable flesh wounds. When the school was established in 1802, the first on the Western Reserve, Elizabeth Harper was employed to teach it. The following winter Abram Tappan was appointed to take charge of it, and some of the scholars came from other settlements. The school was taught alternately by Mr. Tappan and Miss Harper during the winter and summer, for several years. Religious meetings were established at the same time and place. In 1806 Elizabeth was married to Abram Tappan, then engaged as a surveyor and employed in equalizing the claims of land holders. His duties compelled him to be absent from home during a great part of the time, and after they were settled, the labor of superintending and clearing a new farm devolved upon the wife. The work was done, however, with an energy and cheerful spirit worthy the daughter of such a mother. A substantial foundation was thus laid for future comfort and prosperity. For a few years the youthful couple lived in a small log house containing one room, in which it was necessary very frequently to entertain company, as Mr. Tappan's acquaintance and business association with land owners and land agents brought strangers continually to his house, and the duties of hospitality were esteemed sacred in the most primitive settlements. Mrs. Tappan was often obliged to spread the floor with beds for the accommodation of her guests; and the abundance of her table and the excellent quality of her cooking could be attested by many who from time to time were the chance inmates of this cheerful home.

At that early period an unaffected kindness of feeling, poorly replaced in the more advanced stage of society by the conventionalities of good breeding, prevailed among the settlers, and some families were sincerely attached to each other. Good offices were interchanged between neighbors every day, and friendly intercourse maintained by frequent visits. These were often paid from one to another, even when a journey of fifteen miles on horseback, occupying a whole day, had to be performed. The alarms and accidents to which a new settlement is liable tended also to bind the emigrants together for mutual assistance and protection. One of a number of similar incidents which oc-

curred in 1811 caused much trouble to the Harper family. A son of Mrs. Wheeler, nine years of age, had gone out alone to gather chestnuts. The afternoon was sultry, and he was thinly clad, it was not long before a terrible storm of wind and rain came on, prostrating acres of forest, and swelling the streams in a little while to torrents. Just before dark, Mrs. Tappan received a hasty summons to go to her sister, whom she found half frantic for her missing boy. The alarm quickly spread, the neighbors assembled and people came from a distance of fifteen or twenty miles to aid in the search, which was continued through the next day and the following one, without success, till near the close of the third day, when the child was found in such an exhausted condition that in attempting to rise he fell upon his face. His limbs were torn and filled with porcupine quills. Not very long afterwards a boy belonging to the settlement, was lost in the woods and the members of his family called his name aloud repeatedly. It may not be generally known that the panther, which at this time frequently came near the dwellings of man, emits a cry resembling a cry of a human voice in distress. The calling of the boy's name was several times answered as his friends supposed, and after following the sound halloing for some time, they discovered that the voice was not human. In a state of torture, anxiety and apprehension, they were obliged to wait for daylight when the boy made his appearance. He had wandered in an opposite direction from the panther and had found shelter in a house where he remained for the night.

After about three years the Indians began to visit our pioneers periodically. They were mostly Ojibwas, and belonged to Lake Superior in the summer, but came down annually in the fall of the year in their bark canoes and landing at the mouth of the stream they would carry their canoes on their heads across to Grand River, some seven miles from the lake, where they would take up their quarters for the winter, and return to the west in the same manner in the spring. They were friendly and as the pioneers extended a helping hand to them in sickness and privation, they would show their gratitude by bringing the choicest piece of any large game they might kill. Many a choice piece of bear and elk meat, carefully wrapped in a piece of blanket, has Mrs. Harper's family thus received. One day a party of drunken Indians were seen approaching, and Mrs. Harper had time to hide a small keg of liquor under the floor before they came in. There were no men at home, and the Indians demanded whisky, and on being told they could not get any, they commenced a search until finding a barrel of vinegar they wished to know if it would make drunk come, if so it would answer their purpose. Finding it would not they insisted on treating the women from a Calabash of muddy whisky which they carried with them and then left the house. The experience of Mrs. Tappan during her residence in the back woods was full of such incidents. But the forests around them gradually receded before the ax of the enterprising immigrant. The country became cleared and cultivated, and with the progress of improvement the condition of the early settlers became more safe and comfortable.

After taking so important a part in the pioneer life of her time, and bearing her burden so nobly and cheerfully, Elizabeth Harper Tappan lived a long and useful life. She passed away August 2, 1885, and her devoted husband, Abram Tappan, followed her the next day. In death they were not divided. Abram Tappan came to the Western Reserve in company with Judge Walworth, from the State of New York, either in 1801 or 1802. Judge Walworth after a year or two moved to Cleveland, and Mr. Tappan and a man named Sessions who resided in Painesville made a contract with the Connecticut Land Company, to survey the lands of said Company lying west of the Cuyahoga River in the Connecticut Western Reserve and Tappan and James Harper as surveyors entered upon their labors under said contract in the year 1806. In the same year Abram Tappan was married to Elizabeth Harper and purchased the farm of John A. Harper at Unionville, where he lived for many years beloved and respected by all who knew him.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY ELECTRA TAPPAN TO HER COUSIN, MISS ELLEN HARPER.

Also Brief Family Records.

Dear Cousin Ellen: I got your Christmas letter all right and it was so strange to be remembered by any of my relatives that it nearly took my breath away, but it was not the less welcome for that. The school that you inquire about was established in the summer of 1802 in a log house near Mr. Osborn's on the South Ridge in Harpersfield, and was taught by Elizabeth Harper that summer and by Abram Tappan the next winter and so they continued to teach for some years. This is supposed to be the first school on the Western Reserve, the scholars in the winter coming from a distance of thirty miles. Religious meetings were commenced in grandmother's house, and afterwards held in the log school house, and consisted of singing and reading sermons as there was no one to pray. (It was considered at that time improper for any one but a minister to pray in public.) Elizabeth Harper was a good reader and speller and she took her turn in reading the sermons. I wrote out a history of the settlement of Harpersfield many years ago, for the historical society of Ashtabula County, but when the Court House was burned the records were lost. I afterwards contributed some things to other societies. Some time ago the "Western Reserve Historical Society" called on me for papers in behalf of their society, but at that time I was unable to comply with their request owing to sickness in the family. I don't know for what purpose or how much history you want, but when the days get a little longer and brighter I shall transcribe my notes and put father's papers in order for the Society in

Cleveland, and if you will let me know what you want I will prepare it for you. I am sure I have tried your patience so I will bid you goodnight.

ELECTRA TAPPAN.

We cannot learn that any further communication was sent from Miss Tappan but the following reminiscences; also the communication with which this chapter is commenced were sent by her sister, Mrs. Converse, to our Secretary, Mrs. Cowles, after her death. The notice of her death copied from the Wyandot Herald, reveals the following: Miss Electra Tappan died March 21st, 1896, at the home of her sister, Mrs. L. P. Converse. She was born in Unionville, Ohio, November 25th, 1808. Her father, Abram Tappan, surveyed most of what is known as the Western Reserve, Miss Electra recording the field notes. At the request of the "Western Reserve Historical Society of Cleveland," she forwarded these notes to them just prior to her death. We regret that so much valuable history which she might have communicated has been lost, as her long and intimate association with her mother and grandmother rendered her more capable than any other person with the exception of Mrs. Sherwood, to reveal facts concerning the pioneer life of the Harper family.

The year 1820 brought our pioneers fresh cause of sorrow. It was March 30th of this year that William McFarland died. He was a connection of the Harper family by marriage, and he and his wife were one of the pioneer families in the year 1798. His wife had died in the year 1813. Uncle Mack, as he was familiarly called, was buried with Masonic honors, which was the first burial of this kind that took place here. James Harper at this time was Master of the Lodge. The next burial of this kind that occurred was that of James Harper himself [Samuel Wheeler, Esq., officiating as Master on this occasion], who died September 18th, 1820, in the 45th year of his age. Captain Harper had engaged himself in the construction of a wharf at the mouth of Cunningham Creek which was then called Madison Dock. He had become very much interested in his dock, and had removed his family to the lake for a time, where he was attacked by a fever, from which he died in about ten days. This melancholy event struck home to the Harper family. William lamented his brother as one kindred spirit ever laments another. James Harper left a wife and six daughters, of whom only the youngest survives. She is the sole representative of her father's family. Mary Harper Cowles, youngest daughter of Elizabeth Harper's family, died May 9th, 1825. She left a numerous family, some of whom are still living. Adna Cowles, her husband died September 4th, 1837, in the 58th year of his age, and might be said, strictly in truth, to have been an honest man, which Pope says, "Is the noblest work of God." Mr. Cowles will long be remembered by his family and acquaintances. In the years 1823 and 1824, Mr. Gregory and his wife died, leaving my revered grandmother the only surviving head of the pioneer families. Mr. Gregory had located on the Grand river in Harpersfield, where

many of his descendants now reside and constitute a part of the old settlers, who are at this day nearly lost in the wilderness of settlement and change, which brings us up to the present time. William A. Harper had become a contractor in the year 1825, for a considerable job on our western canal, in which business he engaged heart and hand. His constitution previous to this undertaking had become much impaired but he hardly seemed conscious of the fact. In the month of August, 1826, he was obliged by reason of general sickness, to suspend his business. He came home an invalid, being attacked by the fever (now known as tuberculosis), which destroyed so many that were engaged in this kind of business and was so very ill that for a time his life was despaired of. By unremitting attention and the blessing of Providence he was spared a little longer. He arose from this bed of sickness with a constitution utterly crushed, while his native resolution of purpose seemed to gather strength and bid defiance to his failing powers. Owing to a great anxiety to complete his contract and be at home once more, he returned to his work as soon as he was able to walk; but much too soon as he continued to decline until Charles, his eldest child, a boy of seventeen, grew so much alarmed that he sent for his mother and the doctor. As may be supposed, she was not long in setting out with the medical aid. She arrived at Newburg in the course of twenty-four hours, where she found her husband sick unto death. His lungs were fatally diseased and his bodily strength quite gone. All that could now be done was of no avail, excepting so far as his comfort was concerned. He seemed well aware that his life was fast ebbing and spent his remaining intervals of ease in giving instructions for his family to be guided by when he should be no more. He survived a fortnight after the arrival of his wife and the physician, and expired in the arms of his youngest brother, Robert, on the second day of January, 1827, in the 40th year of his age, leaving his blessing and his love to all his friends and acquaintances. His remains were brought home for interment, and never was a family more bereaved than his. The burial took place on the 5th of January, and the muffled drum rang a symphony to the utter desolation of the mourners' hearts. William A. Harper left a wife and six children. In a eulogy after his death it was written that his talents were of a high order and although neither academic or college bred, yet he possessed a truly intellectual mind. He was a close observer of men and manners, and a liberal patron of literature and science. In public life he might sometimes appear stern and inflexible of purpose. We will turn to his private life for an index to his heart. There he might have been seen discharging the duties of a son with filial homage, and as a husband and parent affectionate and indulgent, as a friend faithful and sincere, while towards an enemy he was ever just, never forgetting, that "To err is human, to forgive divine." Ever more bent to raise the wretched than to rise, he was benevolent to a fault, so that even his failings leaned to virtue's side. After the death of this son, my honored grandmother resided with the youngest son, Robert, the rest of her life. She not only lived to lament

the loss of her own children, but many of her grandchildren, among whom was the Honorable Samuel Wheeler, who died November 8th, 1831, in the 40th year of his age, and was not only an irreparable loss to his own family, but to the community at large. "Death loves a shining mark." Esq. Wheeler was indeed cut off in the prime of his usefulness. But such are the decrees of Providence. This eminent man of his time studied the profession of the law, and after admission to the bar, settled at Unionville in its practice. He rose rapidly in his profession and in a short time had acquired an enviable reputation as a lawyer and a public speaker. He was several times elected a member of the Legislature of Ohio, and at one session he being at the time a member of the Senate, was chosen Speaker of the Senate. At the time of his death he was a nominee for the Governor of the State. It was said of him that he was the property of the State which was honored by him.

It was upon another day in the month of June that a funeral procession was to be observed, bearing one of the children of mortality to the house appointed for all the living, and by the various groups of different ages, who seemed to stand in near relation to the deceased it might be conjected that it was a grandparent who was being conveyed to the silent tomb. On this occasion the Reverend Man of God rehearsed with touching pathos, the various vicissitudes of life which had been the share of the deceased, describing her as being the wife of a pioneer, as bearing the various trials which had checkered her career in life, with that Christian fortitude and resignation which ever bespeaks the firm reliance of the Christian's hope and trust in the wisdom and goodness of the All Wise Disposer of human wants. Like the clinging joy, she had adorned the ruin of her hopes, and fondly cherished the memory of her husband, in the persons of her children. Although many of her goodly branches were lopped off, yet with the true devotion of woman's love, her affections descended to her orphan grandchildren as the next heirs to her heart's best affections. Finally, as a shock of corn fully ripe, she was gathered to her fathers, the last of the pioneers. Mrs. Elizabeth Harper, relict of Captain Alexander Harper, departed this life June 11th, 1832, in the 84th year of her age.

Alexander Harper, Jr., died on the 12th of September, 1833, of consumption in the 47th year of his age.

John A. Harper it is believed was the first person who held a civil office within the territory now constituting the township of Madison; also owned the first farm upon which any improvements were made, it being the same occupied for many years by Hon. Abram Tappan of Unionville. He was appointed to the office of Constable by the Court then sitting in Warren, under the authority of the Territorial government, prior to the organization of the State government. Soon after the State government was organized he was elected to the office of Justice of the Peace; and upon the organization of Geauga County was elected one of the County Commissioners. Thus in many ways he was identified with the early history

of this section of the State. He died of typhoid fever October 31st, 1841.

The youngest child of Alexander and Elizabeth, Robert Harper, with whom our pioneer grandmother spent the last years of her life, was a Captain in the war of 1812, and a progressive member of the community in which he lived. It was Captain Robert who built "Shandy Hall," the old house now known as the "Harper Homestead," and occupied by his daughter, Jane Harper, and her husband, Alexander J. Harper, the son of Captain Robert's brother, John Harper. Robert Harper died December 15th, 1850. Margaret Harper Wheeler, the eldest child, died June 27th, 1856, at the ripe old age of 84 years, the last of all the children of our pioneer ancestors, Captain Alexander Harper and his wife, Elizabeth Harper. They have earned without exception their Lord's "Well done good and faithful servants." May the coming generations be a credit to them.

In tracing this history we have been impressed with the thought of what it cost these early settlers to purchase for us the rich heritage which we today enjoy. The Western Reserve has from its early settlement been known for its intelligence, enterprise and morality of its inhabitants. It is because those who laid the foundation for such a state of things were men and women who realized that the perpetuity of our National Life depended upon the character of our homes, our schools and churches or in other words virtue, intelligence and true piety.

"SHANDY HALL."

With the exception of "Shandy Hall," the old Harper Homestead at Unionville, all of the early homes of our pioneers have long since been destroyed. This historic old residence occupies a rare place in the hearts of all the "Harper Clan," and deserves a place of its own among these Records. It was built by Colonel Robert Harper (a Colonel in the war of 1812), youngest son of Captain Alexander Harper, in 1815, and has been in the possession of his family up to the present time, 1905. It is pleasant to know that the house is still the home of his daughter, Jane Harper, and her husband, Alexander J. Harper, who was the son of John Harper. Thanks to the excellent care which has been bestowed upon the old place by "Aunt Jane" and "Uncle Alexander" and their family. It is in a state of perfect preservation and will doubtless outlast many of our modern homes. The exterior is not especially noticeable, as many homes in the neighboring country, built years later were along the same lines of architecture. The location, however, is of exceeding beauty. The house stands on a hill at the foot of which is a living spring. It overlooks fertile fields and vineyards belonging to men whose grandfathers tilled the same soil; for Unionville holds as much tradition as its hundred years of growth will yield. Tall locusts sway their branches over "Shandy Hall," and we are told that one day when Miss Ellen, a sister of Aunt Jane, came in from a ride, she laughingly broke the branch which she had been using for a riding whip in pieces and stuck them in the ground to grow, and that is how the locust trees came to shelter the house with their shade. Built as it is upon a hill, the house partakes of the various grades, and the rooms, of which there are seventeen, are built upon different levels. So much so, that sometimes it is necessary to go up three or four steps from one room into another. The door latches and all of the fixtures are hand wrought, and it has taken continual vigilance to preserve the various furnishings from the hands of enthusiastic collectors of antiquities. The "Banquet Hall" stands out preëminently in the minds of all who visit the house as it is remarkable in so many ways. This room is exceedingly large and built in colonial style with a low coved ceiling. The old fireplace and the wainscoting are black with age. The wallpaper in this room is its most striking feature. It is said to have been imported from Paris for use in a large hotel in Philadelphia about 1830; and through a failure of some kind was purchased by Colonel Robert Harper for his dining hall. The paper, which is put on the wall in eighteen inch squares, represents a continual panorama, no two parts being alike. Trees, castles, architectural ruins, fountains, shady walks,

A View of "Shandy Hall," looking northeast

A View of "Shandy Hall," looking northwest, with "Uncle Alexander" and "Aunt Jane" standing on the porch

where men and maidens stroll, a bay with ships sailing in and out, and above all a blue sky flecked with light clouds, are all included in this vastly artistic decoration. Time has softened the colors until the whole effect is beautiful in the extreme. Long may it be spared by the hand of time. The round table in the dining hall was made from two pieces of board, sawed from a tree seven feet in diameter. It is beautifully polished and a rare piece of furniture. Many a goodly company has gathered around this hospitable board, and been served from the beautiful old blue porcelain and silver, which stand in brave array in the closet by the fireplace. Another closet is completely filled with cut glass. There are liquor sets, glasses and dishes of all shapes and sizes in the most charming designs. Among the others we notice a quart tumbler, from which it is supposed that Washington drank when a guest at the house of Captain Alexander Harper, in Harpersfield, N. Y., during the Revolution. The Millennium plate occupies the shelf over the old fireplace and hand wrought andirons grace the hearth. Colonel Robert's daughters had their governess and writing master, and two old pianos tell their story in their own way. Old furniture galore is to be found here and rare old books rest on the shelves of the quaint old bookcases. There were parties and merrymakings of all kinds in the great old banquet hall and the portrait of Colonel Robert smiles kindly at us from the wall, as much as to say, they had very pleasant times in those days, too. The following poem, written by the son of Robert A. Austin, of Chicago, and read at the eleventh Annual Reunion, went to the hearts of all present:

DEAR OLD SHANDY HALL.

(A Reverie.)

In the twilight, Shandy Hall,
When the silent shadows flit
O'er my tired busy brain,
In a reverie I sit.
From those quaint, old pictured walls
There come echoes of the past,
Of the days when pleasure reigned,
Of the days when sorrow came,
And I would not change the picture if I could.

For the hearts that beat within thee, Shandy Hall,
In those olden days, were just the same as now,
Where the woof was grey with sorrow
They wove a brilliant warp of love,
And looked cheerfully towards tomorrow
Placing trust in Him above.

I greet you, Shandy Hall,
And the memories that you bring,
Long may you stand
As a monument to them,
Who a hundred years ago,
In the forest wild, alone
Struggled on with sturdy hearts
For a future, happy home.

Aye, they won you, but through hardships,
Shandy Hall;
And we hold you now through hardships
Shandy Hall;
But while loyal hearts do stand
We will all lend a helping hand,
And no alien shall possess you,
Shandy Hall;

MORRIS AUSTIN,

Chicago, Ill.

A SKETCH OF THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF HARPERSFIELD TOWNSHIP.

BY MRS. MELVINA SHERWOOD.

It was a bright summer day toward the close of June, in the year 1798, that a small schooner appeared on the waters of Lake Erie. It spread its canvas, not to a habitable port, but for the boundless forests of Ohio, or what was then called the Western Reserve. As the winds and waters were propitious, the little bark neared the shore at a point since called Madison dock, but then termed Ellensburg, to which place it was bound, containing a small band of pioneers, who, filled by the spirit of enterprise, had deserted their own good halls and chosen the far wilds of Ohio as their future abode.

This little band numbered about twenty-three souls, of which the majority were minors, as they composed the whole number of their families who now sought a new home in the gigantic forests of what was then termed "The Far West."

As I have said, there were twenty-three souls, all of whom came from Harpersfield, N. Y., which they had founded eighteen years previous. They were the very personifications of the "Spirit of the Pioneer." Especially their leader, Captain Alexander Harper, who brought with him his wife, Elizabeth Harper, and six of their children, four sons and two daughters. The other members of the little band were Captain Harper's sister, Mrs. McFarland, her husband and children, and Mr. and Mrs. Gregory and their children with two men.

Capt. Harper might be denominated as rather past the meridian of life, but the firm and measured step at once announced him as a veteran of "The times that tried men's souls." He had fought and bled in the cause of liberty, and now stood forth the pilot to almost a new world accompanied by the wife who had ever shared his joys and sorrows; who, like him, had braved the storms of war and now that peace was restored, she was content to accompany her family on their weary pilgrimage.

Behold our little company landed, with not an opening on which the eye could rest and no guide save the chain and compass or the waters of the lake. It would have been no marvel if women's hearts had cast one longing lingering look to the homes which they had left behind; but it is no part of a sensible woman's nature to give undue scope to useless regret, thereby rendering herself obnoxious to all who may chance to cross her path. Rather, on the contrary, she will be the consoler in affliction, supporting an encouraging man in his hours of despondency; and actuated by this feeling, she can share with the ob-

ject of her affection a palace or a prison without repining. But to proceed with my narrative. It is since the writer's recollection that a tree of giant growth was pointed out to her as worthy of her observation, for it was underneath its shade that her forefathers had formed their first habitation in the forest, which was constructed of bark peeled and set up so as to form a temporary abode, and quite a spacious mansion it was. I believe it numbered twenty rooms, for by the assistance of blankets the partitions were soon formed. This mansion was erected about one mile north of where the little village of Unionville now stands. Here was spread the first hospitable board, and for want of guests they were constrained to be content with their own social glee. To be sure the bear, the wolf and the catamount had no serious objection to looking in upon them, and forming an acquaintance if they liked; they were a sort of people similar in disposition to a certain class which infests every society in proportion to its advancement. You must be extremely cautious in your intercourse with them or you may be severely bitten. The red man was extremely distant in his courtesy, for he thought that the presence of this little party boded no good to his hunting ground.

Just here a chapter is missing and we take the liberty of replacing it to preserve the continuous record. After living a week in the bark house which had been so hastily constructed, the three families separated and went to their own claims, where they had provided temporary shelter for themselves. The rest of the summer was occupied in making clearings around their houses and preparing in various ways for the winter. The fore part of September, what promised to be a fatal blow to the little community, occurred in the death of the leader, Captain Harper, who had contracted malarial fever, and passed away September 10th, three months after the landing in the new country. His coffin was hewn from a log and his was the first authentic grave on the Western Reserve. Had it not been for the firm resolution and courage of his wife, Elizabeth Harper, the little band would doubtless have given up the undertaking. As it was, Mrs. Harper held them together with a firm hand and by her example made it possible for us to receive the rich heritage which is ours to-day.

Returning to Mrs. Sherwood's own words—

As autumn waned our little party began to turn their thoughts to the approaching winter. The oldest Harper brother James, getting very discontented, proposed taking the horses which they began to ascertain could not subsist on wild hay, back to Canada, which he accordingly did in company with some men of the party, leaving the number of twenty-one souls in the wilderness consisting of one sick man, an old man, and three of the Harper brothers, besides the women and children. Indeed, the two younger brothers were mere children, Alexander being but ten and Robert eight years. James Harper, the second son of Captain Harper, was twenty-one years of age and his brother William was nineteen, as the burthen of the times fell on these two brothers, I shall describe them as they ap-

The Old Fireplace in the Banquet Hall

A corner in the Dining Hall

peared in after life. James was tall, rather exceeding the height of six feet, but slender in proportion, so that the observer might have pronounced him framed to endure actual hardship while the general cast of his countenance denoted much firmness, resolution and daring, yet, over all might be seen by the close observer a slight shade of melancholy, which might serve to notify Dame Fortune that her missiles could not always be hurled at him unscathed by her malice. William, though not quite so tall as his brother, possessed a much more athletic frame, his features if not strikingly handsome might be said to possess much manly beauty while his countenance emphatically expressed

> "Forward and frolic—glee was there,
> The will to do, the soul to dare."

And now it was that a new and unexpected calamity appeared which threatened our pioneers with the horrors of actual starvation. Captain Harper had on his way to this wilderness country purchased a supply of provisions in Canada, and chartered the schooner which landed himself and family to bring his winter's supply of eatables in the fall. For some cause or other the contract was never fulfilled while the sickness and death of Captain Harper engrossed the attention of his family so entirely that other matters were forgotten, and it was with dismay that our colony saw the winter fast approaching, and the expected winter's supply of food not arriving. Their cattle had strayed away and probably perished for they were never found, so that man's strength alone could be depended upon. It was with feelings that almost amounted to horror that our little party saw their provisions dwindle away, and winter having now set in they could no longer expect relief from that quarter. And now what plan were they to devise in order to escape want, worldly want, hunger, that meagre fiend who was already close at their heels and followed them in view? In the midst of these darkened prospects there gleamed a ray of hope. It amounted to a knowledge of an opening having been commenced below Elk Creek the previous year, whereon a crop of corn had been raised. Thither then, the two brothers, James and William, bent their footsteps and after a toilsome journey they arrived and told their story. The stranger listened to their narrative attentively, and when they had done speaking, he enquired with some emotion what their father's given name had been, and upon being told, he exclaimed, "Yes, I shall certainly divide with you for your father's sake." It appeared that this gentleman had been a prisoner of war with Captain Harper. He was but fifteen years of age at the time, and of course the rigors of confinement bore very hard on him, which Captain Harper perceiving, strove by every possible means in his power to mitigate. The boy became very much attached to him, and upon their being exchanged would gladly have accompanied Captain Harper to his home, but this could not be. They accordingly separated and never met again, but it was the grateful remembrance of other years which was to preserve Captain

Harper's family from perishing in the wilderness. The boys were furnished with corn—to be sure they were obliged to pack it upon their own shoulders, but this they were sure they could do, so they pursued their journey homeward with burdened shoulders, but lighter hearts. Now, while our travelers are on their route, we will just take a peep at the family they had left at home. The last morsel of corn which amounted to sixteen kernels apiece had been parched and divided among the colony. Night closed in, accompanied with all the horrors of winter, the driving sleet beat upon their bark roof while the raging blast threatened destruction to all things without. Day broke drearily on their troubled view; the boys had not returned, and as may well be supposed Mrs. Harper's anxiety was dreadful; afternoon came and found the good lady sick, she could not rise and now the sister kept lonely vigil, often did she strain her eyes hoping to catch a glimpse of her wandering brothers—despair was fast settling upon her heart when the joyful cry of William broke the spell. With his characteristic glee he bade her throw away her leeks for he had got much better food than they would make. But what so suddenly reanimates the mother? surely it must be some potent charm to revive the good lady so soon. She sprang from the bed and welcomed the boys at the door. And now all was busy, the corn was ground on a shipping mill which had been brought with them. After resting the brothers prepared for another journey to this Egypt in the wilderness, and brought all the corn which was eaten during the winter on their backs, except what little they could sled by hand on the lake. The ice did not prove solid enough to afford safe footing, indeed the first experiment which they made of this kind proved unfortunate, and I have often heard William say that his getting angry saved the party from perishing, and as it may serve to illustrate the different temperaments of the brothers the story will not come amiss. It was somewhere about the latter part of winter that the brothers had made their journey after the corn accompanied by the sick man, who had so far recovered that he thought himself able to accompany them. They had constructed a sled and loaded it with their stores, and were coming along finely when the ice suddenly gave way letting their sled into the water. The sick man exclaimed, "What shall we do now?" "Let it go," was James' reply. "No," said William, "it will never do to let it go but you two go into the woods and strike a fire while I get the grain." With much trouble William secured the grain but during the operation immersed himself completely, and the cutting wind soon coverted his wet clothes into ice, not a very comfortable appendage to one's garments on a cold day. His next business was to find his brother and the fire which he had ordered. His brother he found, but no cheering blaze saluted him. It was then his good nature forsook him; he snatched the flint and tinder while he inquired, why they had not built a fire? The reply was, that they were sleepy and could not. William was not many minutes in striking a fire, and then converted hmself into a nurse for the other two were deadly sick on getting warm. Here the party

encamped for the night, and when they were rested they pursued their dreary journey homeward, where in course of time they arrived with their stores, which brought relief to the perishing and helpless pilgrims of the forest.

Perhaps never in court, or camp, or ladies' bower, was the genial warmth of spring hailed with more rapture than by our pilgrims of the forest. The opening violet and budding leaf promised not years and plenty but they charmed the eye, with all the silence of reanimating nature, they added new vigor to the heart, stimulating it to unremitted action, which alone must conquer the lonely destiny which now surrounded them. William being professionally a descendant of Vulcan, erected a temporary forge and managed to manufacture and renew such farming utensils as would serve their purpose, the axe and hoe being all that could be of any use at this stage of the country. The brothers now set themselves about felling the sturdy forest, which employment they pursued with indefatigable zeal. They chopped and logged by hand about three acres of ground, whereon they planted corn, their hoes having to answer the place of plows, in this, their first attempt at agriculture on their forest home. But providence seemed to smile upon their labors, for the soil yielded them an abundance. Their harvest was infinitely beyond their highest expectation, and the prospect of bread in the wilderness renovated every heart. As we of modern times, who have been bred in the city, town and country have but little knowledge of the necessary equipments for a stroll in the forest, I will name them as they have been named for me: They were then a dog, a gun, powder horn, bullet pouch, a hatchet and pocket compass, with flint, steel and tinder for fire works. These were as necessary appendages to our pioneers and much more essential as far as safety was concerned as our umbrellas, etc., are to us in the present day. With these equipments our company many times held parley with the bear, the elk, catamount, and many other animals which would generally terminate in a defeat of their four-footed neighbors; and while I am in the mood I will just relate one bear story as it was told to me years afterwards. It was in the fall of 1769 that as William was returning from an excursion, and had arrived within about three-quarters of a mile of home, congratulating himself he should not be caught in the dark, when his dog suddenly gave notice of an attack from an enemy, which proved to be a bear of the largest kind. Master Bruin and the dog had commenced hostilities which William perceiving came to the rescue. He fired upon the foe, which immediately diverted his attention from the dog to himself and now came the tug of battle. Darkness had closed in, and no sure aim could be taken. William, after discharging his gun, had no other way but to encourage his faithful dog to keep the bear at bay while he could reload which he did, and discharging his piece, in the meantine retreating backwards, while he could reload; the bear all of the time pursuing him, his teeth alone serving for a mark to aim at. Surely this was no enviable predicament. As there was no prospect of a truce being granted in this engagement, all he

could do was to load and fire as fast as possible. His dog had given out and he and the bear were left alone in their glory, or rather in the dark, the one pursuing with gnashing teeth while the other kept stepping back loading and firing. Just as the last round of ammunition was exploded and William was preparing to fight hand to hand, a sickening groan announced that his adversary was about striking his colors; at the same time the sound of voices gave hope of assistance from another quarter. His mother had heard the report of his rifle, and concluding by its frequency that he was in distress, after considerable delay, had succeeded in starting some of the company to his relief. Upon a light being brought it was found that the bear was dying, and upon examination they found that out of twelve shots eleven had hit about the head and neck, but so glancing as not to prove fatal. The dog was carried home almost lifeless, and did not recover for three months.

The fall of 1799 was much enlivened by the arrival of Mrs. Wheeler and family, also Major Joseph Harper, brother of Captain Alexander Harper. The meeting of the friends was both joyous and mournful. Mrs. Wheeler is the eldest of the three Harper sisters, and I believe was a general favorite in her father's family, so that her arrival was hailed with joyful gratitude. The fall of 1799 also brought our pilgrims some neighbors, for Colonel Nathan King, a bachelor, and two other families came and located themselves in what is now the township of Conneaut. As we now have some neighbors, we must give our place of residence a name, therefore we shall call it Harpersfield. The winter of 1799 was spent by our colony in the best manner they could devise, chopping, hunting, etc. To be sure it was rather lonesome and dreary, but the actual horrors of desolation were so much less than the preceding winter, that our pioneers felt quite contented. The game which they hunted furnished them meat, and their corn field yielded them bread and their cattle fodder, so that they were quite rich. As for my grandparent, she said that the dust of her husband had rendered this wilderness sacred to her, and she should never leave it. She was as good as her word, she never did leave it but lived to see her wilderness blossom with fruit and flowers of every kind. The spring of 1800 brought fresh motives to our pioneers, and found them clearing, planting and making as much progress towards a settlement as circumstances would allow; and this year they were assisted by cattle in their agricultural pursuits. While the men were employed in tending their corn and running out roads, or chasing the elk, Mrs. Harper busied herself in planting and weeding an orchard. She raised from the seed, plants for two orchards, one of which stands about a half a mile north of the village of Unionville, and is the oldest orchard on this part of the Western Reserve. This year likewise brought our settlers more neighbors. General Paine, Judge Walworth, and two or three more families came to Painesville or as it was then called, the mouth of Grand River. Also two more families came to Harpersfield; and another family by the name of

Stephens located in Morgan, and a settlement was commenced at Burton. In 1800 Trumbull County was set off from Washington County and Warren made the County Seat, which made things seem in a much more progressive state. This year the first Court of Justice was organized at Warren, in the month of August. Aaron Wheeler, Calvin Austin, John Walworth and Torrin Kotland were chosen as Judges of this first judicial court, and of the four Aaron Wheeler was the last survivor. In 1801 Eliphet Austin and family came to Austinburg. The population of the whole Western Reserve numbered 1,144 persons, of all ages and sexes. When Trumbull County was organized in 1800, but 106 went back at the commencement of winter. And here, I will remark that the first pioneer house in Cleveland was erected in 1796, but abandoned the following winter, as the family went down the Ohio river. Of the next attempt at a settlement I am not possessed of any particulars, however, it is now the empire city of the Lake Shore. In 1802 Ohio was received into the Union. In the month of November of this year the Harper brothers and sisters made a party. They had just finished a new house, and of course wanted to share its comforts with their neighbors.

As their neighborhood comprised Painesville, Burton, Austinburg, Morgan, Warren, Mesopotamia, Windsor and Conneaut the young people were gathered from these places. Burton and Conneaut are the two most remote places. The Misses Minor, of Burton afterwards became the wives of John and James Harper. Where our young people found music, I can not say, but that they danced right merrily I am quite sure. My revered grandmother was a noble singer, but from my after knowledge of her I am very sure they would not be accommodated with vocal music to keep time to with their feet, at her expense, so that I must presume that they mustered a fiddle somewhere. I believe the good old lady's portion of the dance was to make fried cakes. This she could do as she now had flour and plenty of bear's oil. The brothers had sent to Canada and procured food and liquors and spread quite a bountiful repast here in the wilderness. This was the first assembly which was given on this part of the Western Reserve as the chronicles of those times will tell. In the year 1804 Mrs. Harper's sister, who was a widow with one son, a blind man, in company with several other families came to Harperstown. In the year 1805, in the month of June, the Indian title was extinguished to the part of the Western Reserve which lies west of the Cuyahoga, General Champion being commander for the Connecticut Company. In 1806, Harperstown was set off from Richfield, and by common consent named New Harpersfield, which since my remembrance was called New Harpersfield to distinguish it from the Harpersfield in the State of New York. The first town meeting was held April, 1807.

We regret that this is all we have from the pen of Mrs. Sherwood.

BRIEF RECORDS OF THE BROTHERS OF CAPTAIN ALEXANDER HARPER.

It is our misfortune to know very little of the brothers of our ancestors, Captain Alexander Harper; however it seems best to preserve what little knowledge we have. Captain Alexander had four brothers, William, James, John and Joseph Harper. William was born Sept. 14th, 1729, on Noddles Island, near Boston, and married Margaret Williams. He was one of the pioneers of Harpersfield, N. Y., and an active member of the provincial congress. After the Revolutionary War he was several times a member of the New York State Legislature and when Otsego County was formed he was appointed one of the assistant Judges. We are told that he attained a great age but we do not know the date of his death.

James Harper was born March 26th, 1721, in Boston, and died of smallpox March 22nd, 1760, in Cherry Valley, N. Y.

Joseph Harper was born in Middletown, Conn., Feb. 4th, 1742, and married Isabelle McKnight. He was also a pioneer in Harpersfield, N. Y. In 1799 he joined the pioneer band on the Western Reserve and from narratives we must conclude, that he was of great assistance to his brother's wife, Elizabeth Harper and her family. He died May 16th, 1905.

Colonel John Harper was born in Boston May 31st, 1734. He married Miriam Thompson and eight children were born to them. His wife died at the Mohawk river Sept. 25th, 1778. Dec. 26th, 1784, he married Isabelle McKnight, widow of his brother Joseph, and one child was born of this marriage. He died Nov. 20th, 1810, in Harpersfield, N. Y.

RECORD OF THE FAMILY OF COLONEL JOHN HARPER.

Archibald Harper, first child of John Harper and Miriam Thompson, his wife, was born in Cherry Valley, N. Y., June 14th, 1764. Died Sept. 25th, 1825.

Margaret Harper, second child, was born Jan. 8th, 1766.

James Harper, third child, was born Oct. 1st, 1767; died Sept. 16th, 1828.

Mary Anne Harper, fourth child, was born at East Windsor, N. Y., April 21st, 1769; died May 3rd, 1830.

Abigail Harper, fifth child, was born Feb. 10th, 1771; and died March 30th, 1779.

Rebecca Harper, sixth child, was born Jan. 8th, 1773; died July 26th, 1826.

John Harper, Jr., seventh child, was born at Harpersfield, N. Y., July 10th, 1774.

Ruth Harper, eighth child, was born in Harpersfield, Sept. 24th, 1776.

Miriam Harper, wife of John Harper, departed this life at the Mohawk River, Sept. 25th, 1778. John Harper was married to Isabelle McKnight, widow of Joseph Harper, at East Windsor, Dec. 26th, 1784.

A section of the Panorama Paper in the Banquet Hall

A section of the Panorama Paper in the Banquet Hall

Abigail Harper was born to said John and Isabelle Sept. 8th, 1788.

INCIDENTS IN THE HISTORY OF COLONEL JOHN HARPER TAKEN FROM "BORDER WARFARE."

The following account of a successful exercise of Colonel Harper was furnished by the Rev. Mr. Fenn, who received the information from him. He informed me that in the year 1777 he had the command of a fort in Schoharie, and of all the frontier stations in this region, under the direction of Governor Clinton. He left the fort in Schoharie and came out through the woods to Harpersfield in the time of making sugar, and from thence made his course for Cherry Valley, to investigate things there. As he was pursuing a blind kind of Indian trail, and was ascending what are now called Decature Hills, he cast his eye forward and saw a company of men coming directly towards him, who had the appearance of being Indians. He knew that if he attempted to flee from them they would shoot him down; so he resolved to advance right up to them, and make the best shift for himself that he could. As soon as he came near enough to discern the whites of their eyes, he knew the head man and several others; the head man's name was Peter, an Indian with whom Colonel Harper had often traded at Opuago before the Revolution began. The Colonel had his great coat on, so that his regimentals were concealed and he was not recognized. The first word of address of Colonel Harper's was, "How do you do, brothers?" The reply was, "Well! how do you do brother; which way are you bound, brother?" "On a secret expedition: and which way are you bound, brothers?" "Down the Susquehanna, to cut off the Johnston Settlement." (Parson Johnston and a number of Scotch families had settled down the Susquehanna, at what is now called Sidneys Place, and these were the people whom they were about to destroy.) Says the Colonel, "Where do you lodge tonight?" "At the mouth of Schenevas Creek," was the reply. Then shaking hands with them he bade them good speed and proceeded on his journey. He had gone but a little way from them when he took a circuit through the woods, a distance of eight or ten miles, on to the head of Charlotte River, where there were a number of men making sugar; he ordered them to take their arms, two days' provisions, a canteen of rum and a rope, and meet him down the Charlotte at a small place called Evans Place, at a certain hour that afternoon; then rode with all speed through the woods to Harpersfield, collected all the men who were making sugar, and being armed and victualled, each man with his rope, he laid his course for Charlotte; when he arrived at Evans Place he found the Charlotte men there, in good spirits; and when he mustered his men there were fifteen, including himself, exactly the same number as there were of the enemy; then the Colonel made his men acquainted with his enterprise. They marched down the River a little distance, and then made their course across the River to the mouth of the Schenevas Creek; when they arrived at the brow of the hill where they

could look over the Schenevas Valley, they cast their eyes down to the flat, and discovered the fire around which the enemy lay in camp. "There they are," said Colonel Harper. They descended with great stillness, forded the creek, which was breast high to a man, and after advancing a few hundred yards they took some refreshments, and then prepared for the contest as daylight was just beginning to appear in the east. When they came to the enemy, they lay in a circle with their feet toward the fire, in a deep sleep; their arms and all of their implements of death were stacked up according to the Indian custom when they lay themselves down for the night. These the Colonel secured, by carrying them off a distance, and laying them down; each man taking his rope in his hand placed himself by his fellow; the Colonel rapped his men softly, and said, "Come, it is time for men of business to be on their way," and then each one sprang upon his man, and after a very severe struggle they secured the whole of the enemy. After they were all safely bound and the morning had so far advanced that they could discover objects distinctly, says the Indian Peter, "Ha! Colonel Harper, now I know thee; why did I not know thee yesterday?" "There is some policy in war, Peter." "Ah! me find it so now." The Colonel marched the men to Albany, delivered them up to the commanding officer, and by this bold and well executed feat of valor he saved the whole Scotch settlement from a wanton destruction. In the year 1778 McDonald, a Tory of some enterprise and activity, had collected about three hundred Indians and Tories, and was committing great depredations on the frontier. He fell down upon the Dutch settlements of Schoharie, with all his barbarity and exterminating rage. Colonel Vrooman commanded in the fort at Schoharie at that time. They saw the enemy wantonly destroying everything on which they could lay their hands. The garrison was so weak they could spare no men from the fort to protect the inhabitants, or secure the crops. "What shall be done?" says Colonel Harper. "Nothing at all," says Colonel Vrooman; we are so weak we can not do anything." Colonel Harper ordered his horse, and laid his course for Albany; he rode right down through the enemy, who were scattered over all the country; at Fox Creek he put up at a Tory tavern, coolly demanded a room, and without apparent fear or apprehension retired for the night. Presently there was a loud rapping at the door. He demanded what was wanted. "We want to see Colonel Harper," was the reply. The Colonel arose, unlocked the door and taking his sword and pistol seated himself on the bed to receive his visitors. In stepped four men. "Step one inch over that mark and you are a dead man," said the Colonel. After talking a little time with him, they left the room; he again secured the door, and sat on his bed until daylight appeared; he then ordered his horse, mounted, and rode for Albany, strange to say, although surrounded by the enemy no one dared to molest him. An Indian, however, followed the Colonel almost into Albany; and when he would wheel his horse and present his pistol, the Indian would turn and run with all his might. When the Colonel arrived

at Albany, he called on Colonel Gansevoort, stated the distressed situation of Schoharie, and asked for help. A squadron of horse was immediately provided, who rode all night and appeared in Schoharie in the morning. The first knowledge the people had that any relief was expected, they heard a tremendous shrieking and yelling, and on looking out saw Colonel Harper with his troop of horse welting up the enemy. The men in the fort rushed out, and joined in the attack. The country was soon cleared of the enemy, and the inhabitants had a little peace and rest, and collected their harvest in safety. The following description of Colonel Harper's charge, in verse, was recited by Miss Georgia Cowles at the Harper Reunion, held in Conneaut June 27th, 1896. When or where first published is unknown, but it so graphically portrays the scene it seems fitting to insert it here:

COLONEL HARPER'S CHARGE.

A Ballad of Schoharie.

As eastward the shadows were steadily creeping,
Fair wives were at spinning, stout husbands at reaping.
Loud chattered the children with no one to hush them;
None knew that the thunder was stooping to crush them.
But soon from the forest the hill and the dingle,
Came footman and horsemen in bodies and single.
Wild, painted Cayugas relentless and fearless,
More barbarous Tories, black hearted and fearless.
To hearthstone and roof tree destruction to carry,
The cruel McDonald came down on Schoharie, no mercy was offered, no quarter was given;
The souls of the victims departed unshriven.
Their requiem only the shrieks of the flying,
The yells of the slayers, the groans of the dying.
Too weak in our numbers to venture a sally,
We sat in our fortress and looked on the valley.
We hear the wild uproar, the screaming and yelling,
The fire and crashing, the butchery telling.
No tigers imprisoned in iron bound caging,
Felt half of our fury or equaled our raging.
Yet what could we hinder? revenge was denied us,
While ten times our number defied us,
Though wild was our anguish, and deep our despairing,
To fight with three hundred was imbecile daring.
But Colonel John Harper, who chaffed at the ravage,
The pillage and murder by Tory and Savage,
Urged us on to the combat and angrily showered
Hot words on our chief as a cold blooded coward.
We heard all his raving of anger in sadness;
We never resented but pitied his madness.
John Harper looked round him and said he scorned favor,
He'd seek for assistance from men who were braver.

He called for his horse, and defied us to stay him,
And scoffed at the cowards who dared not obey him,
His foot in the stirrups, he harkened to no man,
Sank spurs to the rowels and charged through the foeman.
He scattered them fiercely and ere they could rally,
Away like an arrow he shot through the valley.
He broke through the circle created to bound him,
The bullets they showered fell harmless around him,
When fair in the saddle, he never was idle;
He rode through the darkness and kept a loose bridle.
On, on through the darkness, till daylignt was over him,
And Albany's houses rose proudly before him.
We heard the shots rattle; we saw his foes rally,
And thought that his life blood had moistened the valley.
Meanwhile in the fortress, through all the night dreary,
We watched till the sunrise, disheartened and weary.
Noon came in its splendor, we saw them preparing to storm our
rude ramparts, and laughed at their daring.
For we were in shelter and they were uncovered.
There was work for the buzzards that over us hovered.
Each step they took forward with eagerness timing,
We handled our rifles and gave them fresh priming.
But stay, is this real, or only delusion?
What means their blank terror, their sudden confusion?
The whole of the foeman seem stricken with one dread,
'Tis Colonel John Harper with horsemen a hundred.
We gazed but a moment in rapture and wonder,
Rides Harper like lightning, we fall like the thunder.
To saddle McDonald, your doom has been spoken.
The tigers are on you, the bars have been broken.
Whose horse is the swiftest may ride from the foray,
No hope for the footman of savage or Tory.
The heart shuts on pity where vengeance is portress;
And husbands and fathers come forth from the fortress,
As the wails of our wives and our babes we remember,
The bright flame of mercy goes out the last ember.
They meant but a visit, we forced them to tarry,
But few of the foemen went back from Schoharie.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

All of the Harper brothers were active in the Revolutionary War and Colonel John attained the highest rank. We herewith publish an extract from a very interesting paper, written by a member of our own generation, Jonathan Dorr Norton, of Topeka, Kansas, and read before the Kansas Society of "The Sons of the American Revolution."

This extract is taken from Mr. William W. Campbell's work entitled "Annals of Tryon County," published by J. & J. Harper (Harper Brothers), New York City, in 1831. In 1768, William,

John, Joseph and Alexander Harper with eighteen other individuals obtained a patent for twenty-two thousand acres of land now lying in the County of Delaware. The Harpers removed from Cherry Valley soon after and made a settlement there, which was called Harpersfield. Colonel John Harper had command of one of the forts in Schoharie. "In the Archives of the State of New York," subject, Revolution, Volume I, Page 158, under the "Proceedings of the Provincial Congress," Alexander Harper was appointed First Lieutenant, July 17th, 1777; also on page 297, same volume, referring to the "Fifth Regiment," the records do not show when this regiment was first organized. The Council of Safety, on the 17th of July, 1777, ordered two Companies of Rangers, to be raised in the Counties Tryon, Ulster, and Albany for the protection of the frontier inhabitants; one of these companies was to be commanded by Colonel John Harper, with Alexander as first lieutenant. This may have been the nucleus of the Fifth Regiment, Tryon County, which does not appear in the minutes of the council of appointments until March 3rd, 1780, when the following appointments were made:

John Harper, Colonel.
William Wills, Lieutenant-Colonel.
Joseph Harper, First Major.
Thomas Henry, Second Major.
Saint Ledger Crowley, Adjutant.
Alexander Harper, Captain.

References are also made on page 545 of the same volume to the pay-roll of the Officers, who were prisoners in Canada, upon which is found the name of Captain Alexander Harper, from April 7th, 1780, to Nov. 28th, 1782; A. A. B. 225. The capture of Captain Harper, by the celebrated Indian Chieftain, Captain Brant, is also recorded in a work entitled "Historical Collections of the State of New York," by John W. Barber & Henry Howe, published in 1841, a copy of which is now in the library of the Kansas State Historical Society. A more particular description of the capture of Captain Harper is found in a work entitled, "Romance of the Revolution B. T. S. of the Days of '76," published in 1780, by Porter and Coates, of Philadelphia.

REUNIONS OF THE DESCENDANTS OF CAPTAIN ALEXANDER HARPER.

In 1888 a few of the descendants of Captain Alexander Harper gathered together for a Reunion, and every succeeding year has seen or heard from a larger number of "Harpers." The Reunions are held June 28th commemorating the landing of Captain Harper in 1798. These Reunions, started in a small way by John A. Harper, of Perry, Ohio, have become established gatherings, and a permanent "Harper Family Association" has been formed. As the reports of the Reunions are very lengthy and a great deal of repetition occurs it seems best to omit them, with the exception of the report of the "Centennial Celebration," June 28th, 1898.

1798-1898.

THE HARPER CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AND

TENTH ANNUAL REUNION AT UNIONVILLE, OHIO.

June 28th, 1898, so happily anticipated by descendants of Captain Alexander Harper, to the joy of all who had labored untiringly, that all arrangements might be complete, proved to be bright and cool. From an early hour until noon the happy guests were received at the "Old Homestead" at Unionville. Never was welcome more cordial than that extended to all by the genial host, Mr. A. J. Harper, and the motherly hostess, Mrs. Jane Harper, and their warm hearted daughters, the Misses Anne and Stella, giving each an "At Home" feeling from the first. The kindly attentions and unbounded hospitality extended to all throughout the day were seldom excelled. The old mansion, so well preserved and neatly kept, gave no thought to any that it had stood for nearly two-thirds of a century, with its ancient relics and curios. The wide open doors of its many rooms, its familiar furnishings and its very walls seemed to breathe a glad welcome to old and young. Of the latter there were large numbers, a happy omen for future Reunions, and the children flitted everywhere with curious, joyous faces. The morning hours passed swiftly in the greeting and converse of kindred and friends. Of the latter there was a large number especially invited to share the social joy. At the good old-fashioned hour of noon by the sun, the older members of the assembled "Family of Harper," were invited to the charmed room of the house, the ancient dining hall. It still remains intact, long, bright and cheery, with the same linoleum on the floor, wallpaper and furnishings as in the long ago. A most bountiful table was spread, with decorations of June lilies, and center pieces of fruits. Thirty-one guests sat down to a veritable chicken pie dinner. More than three times was the table seated again with guests, for the Harper kindred alone numbered one hundred (was the number significant?) and the especially invited guests were nearly a score more. The children who politely waited until the last table, as in the good old times, found still a great abundance remaining, for the good things seemed to grow no less, and no one went hungry away from the quaint old dining hall. The names of those present during the day were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Harper, Miss Anne Harper, Miss Stella Harper, Mrs. R. J. Harper and four children, Henry, Julia, Mary and Susana, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Harper, Chas. A. Har-

Samples of the different Liquor Sets, also the Quart Tumbler in the foreground, from which George Washington drank when a guest of the family

A Gin Set

per, Mildred Harper, Mr. and Mrs. I. C. Cowles, the Misses Millie and Georgia Cowles, of Unionville, O.; Mrs. T. M. Foran, and daughter Wanda, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Harper, Miss Sadie Harper, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Simonds, Mrs. Laura Ford, Miss Mary Ford, Mrs. J. C. Tyler, Clark Tyler, Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Thompson, Conneaut, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Harper, Rice Harper, Mrs. Nora Hullet, Mrs. Caroline Harper, Miss Eliza Harper, Perry, O.; Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Gregory, Carl, Fannie, Bessie, Eva and Anna Gregory, Mrs. J. C. Ford, Harry Ford, Florence Ford, Mrs. Sophia Cowles, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cowles, Mr. Horace Cowles, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Cowles, Miss Winifred Cowles, Mr. N. B. Cowles, Miss Mary K. Cowles, Miss Louise North, Geneva, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Homer Harper, Mrs. Emma H. Gaylord, Painesville, O.; Mary E. Harper, Miss Carrie A. Harper, Mrs. Amie Pasco, Cleveland, Ohio; Mr. Orrin S. Harper, Torres Sonora, Mexico; Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Harper, Hattie Harper and Ethel Harper, Burton, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Louis M. Harper, Bessie and Willie Harper, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel N. Castle, Elmer W. Mann, Ashtabula, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Loyd M. Harper, Fred, Edward, Burt, Roy and Jay Harper, East Plymouth, Ohio; Rev. and Mrs. George E. Green, Edmund Green, Canova, S. D.; Mrs. Cornell, Mr. Jarvis Harper, Erie, Pa.; Mrs. Wilbur Mann, Lisbon, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Whitney, Austinburg, Ohio; Mr. Erastus R. Harper, Mrs. Amelia L. Harper, Chas. J. Meachem, Akron, Ohio; Mrs. Ella Cowles Robinson, Mrs. Emma Cowles Forgee, William, Emma and Chas. Forgee, Oneonta, N. Y., and Mrs. Mary Anne Woodruff, Madison, O. At one thirty o'clock the Harper relatives were called together to seats upon the pleasant lawn, by the chairman, A. J. Harper, for the informal transaction of the business of the Reunion before the hour for the Public Celebration arrived. Reports of Officers were received, and much necessarily omitted for lack of time. After the treasurer's report, a collection was taken to cover the necessary expenses. Mr. A. J. Harper was re-elected Chairman. The Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. Pluma Cowles of Geneva, announced that in justice to her duties as Secretary to the National W. R. C. Home Board, she must be excused from longer acting as Secretary of the Harper Reunion. Regrets were expressed and a vote of thanks returned for her interest and faithful work of four years. Mrs. Laura Ford of Conneaut was elected Secretary and Treasurer. Mrs. J. C. Ford, historian and Chairman of the Publication Committee of the Harper Family History, reported the compiling of the same nearly completed. As heretofore planned, it was to contain all the family history and records, as known; to contain sketches of the life of Captain Alexander Harper and his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Harper, and the history of the settlement of this portion of the Western Reserve; also a full account of the Centennial Celebration of the Landing of Captain Harper, with the addresses upon that occasion. It had been suggested that it should be embellished by Miss Carrie A. Harper, an artist member of the family,

also a member of the Publishing Committee. The Committee, Mrs. J. C. Ford, Historian and Chairman, Captain H. E. Palmer, Mr. E. R. Harper, and Miss Carrie A. Harper, were re-elected and instructed to present the matter to the kindred and others interested, that if possible the required number of subscribers may be secured to publish these valuable Historic Records. Mr. Lewis Harper presented a much needed new Record Book for the use of the secretary. It was accepted with thanks. Action was taken that hereafter on the day of the Reunion of the Harper Family the graves of Captain Alexander and Mrs. Elizabeth Harper be suitably decorated in honor of their memory, by a committee annually appointed. Thanks were returned to Mrs. I. C. Cowles and daughters, and her guests, Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Forgee for decorating the graves with flags and flowers on this Centennial Day. The Secretary announced letters of regret received from the following persons: William Rainey Harper of the University of Chicago; J. D. Norton, Topeka, Kan.; Captain H. E. Palmer, Omaha, Neb.; Hon. S. A. Northway, Jefferson, Ohio. These gentlemen were all invited to speak at the Centennial Celebration, but were detained by business and previous engagements. W. H. Harvey and family, Conneaut; Mrs. Eva I. Winchell and family, Seattle, Wash.; Mrs. Minnie McClure, Pawnee, Ill. Mrs. McClure highly prizes some relics she possesses, a set of steelyards and a book that belonged to Captain Alexander Harper, two letters written by William Harper to his wife while he was a member of the Ohio Legislature, when the Capitol was at Chillicothe, a picture in water colors by Melvina Harper, the mother of Dr. William Sherwood, Mrs. Maria Cowles Croly, Lincoln, Cal.; Laura W. Demmon, LaCrosse, Wis.; Mrs. M. E. Crandell, Sumter, Minn.; Mrs. Nettie Sharp, Lane, Ohio; Mrs. C. T. Watterson and daughters, New York City, N. Y.; Mrs. Lettia Cornell, Brooklyn, Long Island; Mrs. C. S. Cowles, Chippewa Falls, Wis.; Mrs. J. C. Martin Williamston, Mich. Mrs. Martin at 83 years of age gives many pleasant reminiscences of her former home in Unionville. Adelaide Wheeler Dudley and family, Pomona, Cal.; Robert A. Austin, Chicago; Nellie Cowles Wood, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Miss Ellen Harper Wheeler, Prospect Park, Cal. Miss Wheeler was named after Aunt Ellen, the only other member of her family, a brother now living, is W. S. Wheeler, Quartermaster of the Fifth Regiment Missouri Volunteers, now at Chickamauga. Miss Harper is a great-great-grandaughter of Captain Alexander Harper. Mrs. Lydia Porter and family, West Springfield, Pa.; Helen E. Tolliff, Plattsmouth, Neb.; George Whitaker, Harper Caldwell, Lynn Brook, Long Island, N. Y.; Mr. Samuel and Mrs. E. E. Harper, New Concord, Ohio. The aged mother and father of President Harper of Chicago University, were ill and unable to attend for which they expressed many regrets. David Z. Norton, Cleveland, Ohio; C. B. Harper, Akron, O., a nephew of Alexander Harper, of Unionville, congratulates the relatives upon the preservation of the name. He expresses the wish that another Century may find it the same.

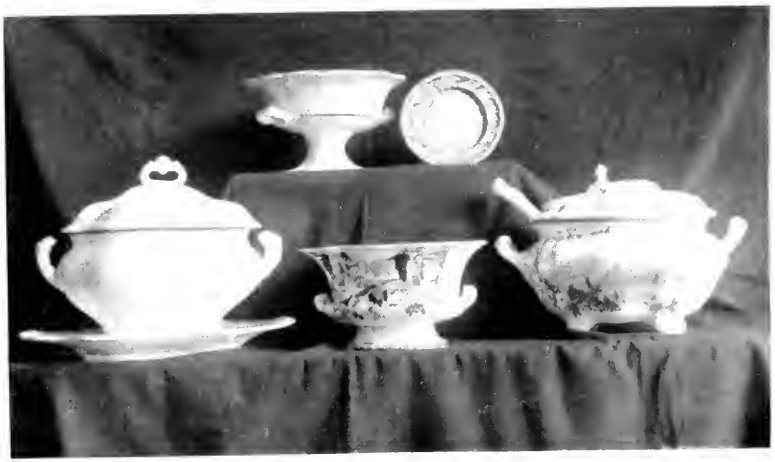
The Secretary then announced the names of the beloved kindred who have passed from earth since the last Reunion: Mr. Fabius Robbins, Walnut, Kan., died September 20th, 1897, age 77; Mr. Herman Harper, Akron, O., died March 25th, 1898, age 44 years. Mr. Harper was present at the ninth Annual Reunion and greatly enjoyed meeting the kindred for the first time. He will be greatly missed by them. Mr. E. R. Harper, his brother, Mrs. Amelia Harper, his widow, and Chas. J. Mechan, his stepson, were present at the tenth Annual Reunion. Mr. Andrew Sharpe, of Lane, O., died June 5th, 1898, aged 52 years. Mr. Sharpe was a great grandson of John Harper. His mother's name was Dunbar, and her mother was the daughter of John Harper. The marriages as reported for the year were as follows: In Unionville, Ohio, November 4th, 1897, Mr. Chas. A. Harper to Miss Fannie Olden, of Harpersfield. In Perry, Ohio, November 11th, 1897, Mr. Robert C. Hulett to Miss Nora Harper. The meeting was then adjourned till after the Centennial Exercises. All had looked forward with the greatest of pleasure to this hour, to which the general public had been invited.

The Local Committee of arrangements had been very busy to make ready for the festive occasion. The large well shaded yard was seated with camp chairs. Close to the old mansion, just east of the front door, a platform had been erected. It was neatly carpeted and upon it were the organ and seats for the Singers, Chairman and Speakers. The edge of the platform and organ were festooned with red, white and blue streamers which formed a canopy above. Between two stately old trees at the front of the yard floated a beautiful Flag sent for the occasion by Robert A. Austin, of Chicago, and not far away floated Old Glory again. A very representative audience of interested citizens joined with the Harper family and were seated upon the lawn. It is estimated that three hundred and fifty people were present. Later many remained standing or remained seated in their carriages. Among those seated in carriages were members of the family from the National W. R. C. Home and Mrs. R. H. Frater, the assistant superintendent, of Wisconsin, in another was Mrs. A. Wheeler Woodruff of the Harper family. Quite a number of the near towns were represented by her citizens, noticeably members of the Patriotic Organizations, G. A. R., W. R. C., and Junior O. U. A. M., who had received special invitations. There were present from a distance, Mr. Winchester Fich, of Ashtabula, and his mother, Mrs. Edward Hubbard Fitch, Jefferson, Ohio; Regent of the D. A. R. The singers of the occasion were a quartet from Geneva, composed of Ex-Mayor Henry Means, Mrs. Hattie Clark, Miss Winifred Cowles, and Mr. Franklin White. Miss Lelia Angell was the accompanist. Mr. E. R. Harper, ex-Mayor of Akron, Ohio, had been appointed to preside; he had also been appointed by President McKinley, a Member of the United States Indian Commission in Utah, and came from Fort Duchesne, Utah, to be present. Promptly at two o'clock Mr. Harper took the chair and the following program was carried out:

Music—"To Thee, O Country".....Quartet
Introductory Address.....Mr. E. R. Harper, Utah
Address of Welcome.....Mr. A. J. Harper, Unionville, Ohio
Response.....Mrs. Pulma L. Cowles, Geneva, O.
Music—"Mother's Prayer".....Quartet
Sketch of the Life of Captain Alexander Harper.....
.....Mrs. J. C. Ford, Geneva
Centennial Poem.....Laura Rosamond White, Geneva, O.
Music—"Beautiful Land of Liberty".....Quartet
Address.....Mr. E. C. Godard, Unionville, Ohio
Impromptu Address.....Mr. Homer Harper, Painesville, Ohio
Address.....Mr. Henry Means, Geneva, Ohio
Music—"A Hundred Years to Come".....Quartet
Music—"America".....All joining
Benediction.....Rev. George E. Green, Canova, S. D.

The attentive listeners to the program, the music and speeches, the festive Centennial Occasion, and the beautiful surroundings made a scene never to be forgotten. It is impossible in this brief report to give justice to the addresses of the day. The beautiful Centennial Poem, written by Laura Rosamond White, was greatly appreciated. The sketch of the life of "Captain Alexander Harper and the account of his settling this wilderness June 28th, 1798, by Mrs. J. C. Ford, was fine. The address of Mr. Godard was an able one, showing what it meant to pave the way for civilization and what it had accomplished for the Western Reserve; also the true meaning of Americanism. Mr. Homer Harper was called on and gave a most pleasing impromptu address. He thought a pioneer who blazed the way for civilization should have a history imperishable. The address of Mr. Means reviewed the changes of the Century closing and the possibilities of the new one, upon the threshold of which we are standing. The introductory address of Mr. E. R. Harper was full of the true spirit, and this, with his closing words as he thanked the audience for their interest and presence, were most fitting and won the hearts of all present. The impressive Benedictory Prayer of Rev. George E. Green, of South Dakota, closed a never to be forgotten occasion. At the adjourned business meeting that followed, thanks were returned to E. R. Harper for his presence and the able manner in which he had presided; to the singers for their inspiring music, to the speakers and all who had taken part or had assisted in any way to make the Centennial a success. Thanks were returned to A. J. Harper and family for their unbounded hospitality. Before separating a photograph of the Harper relatives was taken, grouped in front of the old home. Reluctant goodbys were spoken as the kindred departed for their various homes. June 28th, 1898, passed away in glowing sunset, and will be memorable in history and precious in memory.

PULMA L. COWLES,
Secretary.



A few pieces of the Famous Old Blue and White China

HARPER CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

It takes not long to tell in song
The story of a hundred years,
But if the toil from virgin soil,
To what before our sight appears,
Were measured by its mighty worth,
The wariness and hope of heart,
There'd not be space upon the earth
To pen the legend—Limn the chart.

When June was in her summer guise,
A century passed the legends say,
A pioneer with purpose wise
Came with a little band this way
And in the wilderness where God
Had led his sturdy steps to roam
He set the stakes upon the sod
Of Harpersfield, and called it "Home."

The annals of Ohio show
How brave and forceful was the man
Who dared to enter and bestow
The primal forests on his clan;
For him the groves held luring charms,
He read in every leaf a sign,
The triumph of the settler's arm,
Fulfilling destiny divine.

His strength of courage we admire,
The wolf, the bear, dwelt 'neath the sky,
No kirk bell rang, no factory's fire
Proclaimed that vigilance was nigh,
No school adorned the country new,
No field of wheat, or mansion fair
Greeted the glance—the vast, wild view
Was such that weakness might despair.

But cheerfully he sought this spot,
Before the first fierce storm could brake,
Builded a humble, bark roofed cot,
Where his small flock could refuge take;
And since that far Centennial hour,
Through magic such as white men use,
The rose has learned that it may flower,
And brighter pictures gem the dews.

This beauteous western world was not made
To be a crude, uncultured waste,
Mere hunting ground and wigwam shade
For dusky tribes, that only graced
The green wood with untutored ways;
In grief too historical for tears,
"The nations six," with mournful gaze
Retreated ere that hundred years.

A race must grow ordained to last,
A birthright bred of elder stock
Leaves but tradition of the past—
While angels wrote on Plymouth rock
A thousand warriors by joint will,
Resigned the lake shores rich domain;
In dreams like foot falls echo still
That vanished with the Indian's reign.

Blest with this ample heritage
The book of Harper opened then;
And on the lonely preface page
We see this hero among men,
The vanguard Alexander bold,
Who thrust the underbrush aside,
And wooed the sunlight's precious gold
To kiss and call the land his bride.

The colonists on July 4th
Planted a garden's plain estate,
Content to labor for their store
Upon the day we celebrate.
No independence rocket fired
Illumined the eve, excepting where
Swift meteors crossed the rest of night,
And left a trail of radiance there.

A transient time the pioneer
Survived to be a guide and stay,
And when the autumn dim drew near,
His work well wrought, he went heaven's way.
Here were the forked poles of his nest,
Near is the grave that veils his dust,
And garlands beautiful invest
The place where memory shall not rust.

He was the Harper—minstrel first
That touched rich strings that vibrate yet
In airs sublime—and nature versed
In melody, reveals her debt;

His sylvan note has merged to sob
With patriotic diapason grand,
It started mid Ohio's bond,
And reaches unto Cuba's strand.

This lake shore realm is history's now,
From here what noble tales are read,
Of muse that laurels "Edith's" brow,
And Howell's torch in mortal lives lit
In kindred town of wealth and wit
And majesty of Giddings, Wade,
And Garfield—Yea, the chords are fit
By choirs celestial to be played.

As one cons the tome in love,
Commenced one hundred years ago,
I seal the century's close; above
The volume is a rainbow glow
Of shining deeds and beauteous words,
Here struggle, fate and conquest blend,
And women's gentle patience girds
The story to a quiet end.

Ohio greets the Harper band,
Her thanks on this "Centennial Day"
Are due the hero heart and hand
That added to her honor great.
How glorious is the vision spread!
How different from the century's dawn
The same sweet dome is overhead,
The dreary wilderness is gone.

From June to June may every year
Bring meads of gladness, peace and fame,
And name of Harper we revere,
Become a still more lauded name.
May lineage that has made this shore
An Erie Eden rare and relate
When second Century shall be o'er,
History of 1998.

Written by

LAURA ROSAMOND WHITE.

RESPONSE TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

By the Secretary, Mrs. Pulma L. Cowles.

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Harper, and Mrs. Harper, daughters and friends—In behalf of the descendants of "Captain Alexander Harper," and the citizens of this and adjoining towns, I desire to thank you for your most hearty words of welcome. By your kind and cordial invitation to the Reunion of the Harper Family, and the Centennial Celebration, of the coming of your noble sire to this port in the long years gone by, we are here. Not only should I thank you in behalf of those present, but for the very large circle of those whose letters of regret, state that their hearts are with us to-day. We are here then in presence and in heart from our grand State of Ohio, the mother it is said, of many Presidents, but just now one who will crown with glory the closing of this Century, our own William McKinley. We are here from the Keystone and Empire States, from the free air of Kansas and the transatlantic plains of Nebraska, from the cities and fertile lands of Michigan, Wisconsin and Indiana, from the golden harvest fields of Minnesota and South Dakota; from the mines of Colorado, and from far off Washington, and the golden flower and sun-kissed land of California, from the Indian lands of Utah and not the least from Chicago, now the center of the world. In behalf then of this goodly number of Harpers I thank you for your invitation and welcome. No such glad welcome and festive scene, with beautiful landscape and happy homes greeted your grandsire, with wife and children, one hundred years ago to-day but, the rocking pines of the forest roared, this was their welcome home. Ay, call it holy ground, the spot where first they trod. On this sacred spot you still keep his memory green in the Old Homestead where for nearly a Century, have those who have seen the forest changed to the fertile field, and the wondrous growth of the Century. In behalf of their kindred I again thank you for the warm greeting to the old home, as glad as those who have passed out of these doors to their long rest, will give us all, "To the Mansions not made with hands." Again in behalf of the citizens who are here by cordial invitation to share in the Centennial joy I thank you for your cordial welcome.

Some aged ones are here perhaps who remember when these walls were reared and are familiar with all the changes since the new Harpersfield began to show fertile fields and happy homes they have seen you march away to the defense of our Country's Flag that waves above us to-day and have greeted you at the return of peace with not a star of our banner lost. To-day they hear again the rumbles of war, not of rebellion but in a righteous cause and they see side by side with the Sons of Veterans in blue marching the sons of the foe you

faced a generation ago. And the children who are here to-day who salute "Old Glory" will find a new meaning to the words they repeat, One Country, One Language, One Flag.

Address of Mr. E. C. Godard at the "Centennial Celebration," June 28th, 1898.

Ladies and gentlemen—Perhaps no event in the history of a country is fraught with more conspicuous and lasting results than the period of its early settlement; or that arise from the character and enterprise of its pioneers. Great changes may eventually come, Revolutions may take place, but permeating all after, and running through the whole, a source of strength or a phantom of weakness, will be found the personalities of its organizers. There is a divine law, more imperishable and unchanging than written statute whose decrees are graven in the hearts of men, and later are shadowed forth in the destiny of nations. A republican form of government having been established, could not long be perpetuated; grasping as it does a variety of local interests saved by an intelligent, charitable and conservative people. Of such a class were our pilgrim fathers, hopeful, stalwart, adventurous, yet restrained by religious convictions well nigh as imperious as the monarchies from which they came (and this religious sentiment was intensified by the solemn wideness of the ocean which separated them from their native land, as well as by the gloomy and unexplored forest into which they came), faced the future. And though darkness, mystery and a degree of despondency may have veiled the spirts of the pilgrims as they stepped forth on Plymouth Rock, yet over all and above these the speculations or the trembling and faltering of human hearts, a divine hand was leading, and a divine mind was organizing the vanguard of a new and revolutionary Civic Nation which was to enlighten and elevate mankind. There are no broken links or unfilled spaces in the trend of events that brought this Republic from the Monarchical form of Europe. In the early individual experiences in a new country and from the narrow field of personal observation, it may be impossible to comprehend results, which may flow from humble conditions to the aggregation of states or the unification of empires, wherein they may occur. In the planting of our Western Colonies which sprang from Puritan stock it may be truly said, that the latter sifting of New England enterprises brought forth the best expression, and the most striking traits of the early pioneers and at the same time opened to them broader fields and more ample opportunities than the rugged hills of New England had offered. It is often observed that the population of a new section of the country, and especially if its growth has been largely from internal sources, partaking more or less of the mental tendencies, the peculiarities and even the idiosyncrasies of its founders. I speak this in honor of the noble pioneers of the Western Reserve. Bancroft, our most distinguished historian, had occasion to remark in substance, that there was no rural section of country on the globe, the people of which were more intelligent or better informed than those on the "Western Reserve" in Ohio. From my own personal observation and

experience in all the New England States, and holding them in contrast with our western section, I venture nothing when I remark, that the purest transplanted types are to be found in northeastern Ohio and decidedly the most characteristic in old Ashtabula County. Faces, forms, idioms of speech, matter of salutation, with us are even at this late day almost identical with those of Connecticut, New Hampshire and Massachusetts, from which localities our ancestors came. We are here to-day under the shadow of a social inspiration, the counterpart of that which in the Colonies in New England laid the foundations of this Republic, and which introduced to the world a new and progressive nationality. Who is not proud of his Puritan Ancestry and who is not moved by the inspiring thought that we are the children of our Revolutionary fathers who planted and so gallantly defended our emblem of liberty, the Stars and Stripes, "Old Glory," against all who dare to assail it. And what shall I say now of the pioneers of our immediate locality, who first opened the dense forest to the inspiring sunlight and who laid the foundations of these homes. What can I say less than that they were the noble sons and daughters of noble fathers and mothers whose grand achievements they would forever seek to perpetuate in the homes and in the hearts of their children. In closing may I suggest that possibly the crucial tests of democracy are yet to come. A patriotism and devotion not inferior to that of our historical past may be required to reorganize the structural system of our liberties and reinstate the emergencies of justice into which ambition and avarice seem determined to involve our country. Education and a broad comprehension of Americanism as it was and as it must be, should be instilled in the minds of the young and rising generation. Should one inquire what is meant by the word "Americanism," such a one might be pointed to Bunker Hill, to Valley Forge, or to Saratoga, but if this were not enough, their attention might be called to the fact that from center to circumference the Monarchies of Europe are just now filled by the absorbing word, Americanism and not only Europe but all the world have felt the pathos and tremor of that word, the deeper notes of which have just now been heard in the booming of Dewey's cannon before Manila. Americanism, means the uplifting of the oppressed and downtrodden of the world and the establishing of justice among men. And we the children of Revolutionary fathers and descendants of the pioneers of the Western Reserve, should to the last extent of our ability seek to perpetuate the true principles of "Americanism" as against the assaults of selfishness, which would if possible subvert our noble democracy, and in its place build the foundations of a financial imperialism.

E. C. GODARD.

THE ADDRESS OF MR. E. R. HARPER.

Mr. Harper was a great-grandson of Colonel John Harper, whose heroic deeds are chronicled in another chapter of this book.

A worthy son of a worthy sire. Surely President McKinley made no mistake in appointing him as Indian Commissioner.

Mr. President and Friends—It has been my good fortune to receive recognition and favor at the hands of my friends and fellowmen far more than I deserve. I had been privileged to participate in gatherings of importance. For all of which I am trully appreciative and thankful. But, Mr. President and friends, let me assure you that at no time and under no circumstances have I been so honored or favored as I am to-day. No recognition of the past compares with that of being selected to preside on this occasion, and I take this opportunity to return my sincere thanks to the Committee of Arrangements for so greatly favoring me. If there be any doubt of my pleasure and appreciation of being with you to-day it should be dispelled by the fact that I traveled nearly three thousand miles in order to be with you to-day. My sojourn with my "Tribe," the wild Ute, has been of such duration that I fear that I have lost the little qualification I ever possessed to do my part properly in the presence of this gathering of pale faced brothers and sisters. I have so long been accustomed to an interpreter by whom my thoughts and ideas may be placed in proper form for expression, that I am at a loss for such valuable aid to-day. If this gathering should take the form of a Bear Dance with its subdued quiet ceremonies or a Buffalo Dance with its more startling proceedings or some other style of an Indian powwow I presume I would feel more at home. During all the ages divisions of the human family have assembled at times for the purpose of paying tribute and respect to the memory of one held in high regard, one whose life work was such as to be a lasting benefit to those who should follow him. Hence has there been long pilgrimages to distant lands that due reverence might be shown at the shrine. Hence the anniversary of men of great achievements are appropriately celebrated; words of admiration spoken and magnificent monuments to their memory and work erected. What a noble, pleasant act it is; how it inspires those assembled with an elevating and ennobling spirit of full appreciation of the labors and achievements of great men.

Under such circumstances and in such spirit are we assembled on this beautiful June day, to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the completion of a part of life's splendid work, by one whom we are proud to know and claim as our ancestor. Captain Alexander Harper was a great man and performed a splendid life's work. A large part of that work gives unmistakable evidence that he was of the highest type of an American citizen. "One of God's noble men." He not only gave his services to the establishing and maintenance of this glorious Republic, sacrificed time and means and faced the sufferings and perils of the great conflict, but he did more than that, he demonstrated his full confidence in the possibility and stability of this Nation when he took his all and came out to this, then unknown region, and established his home and the homes of those who followed him. That my friends was a courageous act, and stamps him as a strong, brave man. To show our appreciation of his work, to commemorate that important event in his life—his landing here one hundred years ago to-day is the purpose for which we are here assembled at this time. When I see and study the existing characteristics of the Indian of to-

day, and understand that the influences of civilization and the power of our government have been at work upon them for one hundred years, and also observe some of the hardships of the pioneers in the far West at the present time, and contemplate that Captain Harper was compelled to associate and treat with that class of people, to associate and deal with the Indians of that day and meet the hardships and privations of the pioneers I am better prepared to appreciate what he and his had to experience when they began their life in this then far western region. What a contrast were the conditions under which he labored and those given to us. How appreciative and thankful ought we to be that we are so favored as to have our experiences and our work here in this beautiful land in this lovely American Republic, in these closing hours of the Nineteenth Century which has seen so much accomplished for the lasting benefit of mankind. To be allowed the great privilege of standing here at the threshold of the Twentieth Century and looking out upon the brightness of the new day with its almost unlimited opportunities, from which shall be wrought even greater achievement, and more far-reaching and perpetual for the benefit of mankind.

How it thrills the heart to contemplate the possibilities of the future. With what confidence and assurance of glorious results can we contemplate the work of our children and our grandchildren. How gratifying to know of the increased opportunities and added advantages delivered to them. What a contrast is the present with the past. Wonderful as is the strife of the world to-day yet my friends at no time and under no circumstances in the world's history has there been more brave and self-sacrificing effort made, that went so far toward the advancing and uplifting of the human race than the period in which Captain Harper lived, and we are proud of the fact that he shouldered his full responsibilities, made his share of the sacrifices, and did his whole duty during those memorable and important times. At this very hour it is being again demonstrated to the whole world that the principles for which he fought were right then, are right now, and shall forever prevail. To-day upon the altar of freedom to all mankind is our beloved Country pouring out its vast treasures of wealth and far more precious treasure of life, to maintain and extend the sacred principles of liberty for which he whose memory we to-day commemorate, did so much to help establish. In the future with its splendid possibilities, there may be some descendant of Captain Harper who will be widely known, highly honored, and a great man. If such there be it is to be hoped that in his favored and exalted position, the time will never come when he will forget his full duty to his fellowmen, his sacred obligation to his country, that he may at all times comprehend the rights of his fellowmen and at all times grant those rights in their fullness. That he may understand fully the value of his country's free institutions and lose no opportunity in their protection. However, there may not be one who will stand out on the horizon of public opinion as a leading man of science or of letters; there may not be a great statesman, there may not be given to us one great man as judged in the world's affairs; be that as it may, of what-

ever rank or station, high or low, rich or poor, let us hope that every descendant of Captain Harper may fully justify his being held in high regard by his neighbors and fellowmen for the good he may do even in the humblest walks of life. Realizing that no station is more to be desired, more to be honored. We most sincerely hope that the angel of peace may soon lead, not alone our own loved country, but all nations for all times, and that dread conflict of arms may forever cease. Still should the unfortunate occasion occur that our free institutions are assailed or the triumphant march of liberty be staid by the grim hand of oppression and misrule, it is our earnest hope that whatever be the loss of any of our kin, there will not be one who will not be ready and willing at all times and under all circumstances to sacrifice wealth, and life if need be for the maintenance and perpetuity of that priceless liberty for which Captain Harper labored so earnestly to assist in establishing.

THE HARPER FAMILY RECORD.

The first members of the "Harper Family" of whom we have any authentic record were:

James Harper and his wife, Jannet Lewis; the dates of their birth and marriage are unknown. They had five children, three sons and two daughters, and with one exception, the dates of their births are unknown. Anne, the first child, married James Miller, in Ireland. Joseph, the second child, married Miriam Thompson, in Milton, Mass. William, the third child, died unmarried. Sarah, the fourth child, married John Montgomery, at Hopkinton, Mass. John Harper, our ancestor, the fifth child, was born August 10th, 1705, at Linnivady, Parish of Newton, County of Derry, Ireland.

In 1720 James Harper brought his wife and family to America. They landed at Casco Bay, on the coast of New England, but as the Indians became very troublesome two or three years after their arrival, the family moved to Boston, with the exception of John, who served nearly four years against the Indians, and then went to Boston also. On the 8th of November, 1728, John was married by the Rev. Samuel Barrot to Abigail Montgomery, daughter of William Montgomery and Mary Aken, in Hopkinton, Mass. The Montgomerys came from Killallo, in the County of Mayo, Ireland, and landed at Casco Bay, the year previous to the arrival of the Harper family. They were driven away by the Indians, as were the Harpers, and settled in Hopkinton, near Boston, where John and Abigail were married.

The children of John and Abigail Harper were:

William Harper, first child, was born Sept. 14th, 1729, on Noddles Island, near Boston, and was baptized by Rev. Mr. Clark. He was married in Albany, N. Y., April 13th, 1760, by Rev. Ogilvie, to Margaret Williams.

James Harper, the second child, was born in Boston, March 26th, 1731, and baptized by Rev. Moorehead. He died of smallpox, March 22, 1760, in Cherry Valley, N. Y.

Mary Harper, the third child, was born in Boston, June 23rd, 1733, and baptized by Rev. Mr. Moorehead. Her married name was Moore. She died at Millford, Otsego County, N. Y., April 10th, 1798.

John Harper, the fourth child, was born in Boston, May 31st, 1734, and was also baptized by Rev. Moorehead. (He became a Colonel in the Revolutionary War, and his history will be found elsewhere.) He died Nov. 20th, 1810, in Harpersfield, N. Y.

Margaret Harper, the fifth child, was born in Boston and died in her second year.

Margaret Harper, the second, the sixth child, was born in Boston, Feb. 7th, 1739, and was baptized by Rev. Moorehead. Her married name was Galt and she died in Cherry Valley, Aug. 23rd, 1787.

Joseph Harper, the eighth child, was born in Middletown, Conn., Feb. 4th, 1742, and baptized by Rev. Russell. He died May 16th, 1805, in Harpersfield, Ohio.

Alexander Harper, the ninth child, was born in Middletown, Conn., Feb. 22nd, 1744, and was baptized by the Rev. Russell. He is known to us as Captain Alexander Harper. He died at Harpersfield, Ohio, Sept. 10th, 1798.

Abigail Harper the 10th child, was born in Middletown, Conn., in July, 1745, and was baptized by Rev. Russell. We have no further record.

Miriam Harper, the eleventh child, was born in Windsor, Conn., Feb. 14th, 1749, and was baptized by Rev. Mr. Edwards. She married William McFarland and died April 28th, 1813, in Harpersfield, Ohio.

John and Abigail Harper, mother and father of this family, moved from Windsor, Conn., to Cherry Valley, near Albany, N. Y., with their family in 1754. Abigail Harper, the mother, died at Beaver Dam, Cherry Valley, Dec. 20th, 1767, of consumption. John Harper, the father, died April 20th, 1785, at Harpersfield, N. Y. This completes the record of the family of the father of Captain Alexander Harper.

THE RECORD OF THE FAMILY OF CAPTAIN ALEXANDER HARPER.

Names of the Children, Date of Birth and Death.

Margaret Harper, eldest child, born June 12th, 1772. She married Aaron Wheeler, and died June 27th, 1856, in Portage City, Wis.

John Harper, second child, born March 30th, 1774. Married Lorain Miner, and afterward Cynthia Harmon. Died Oct. 31st, 1841, of typhoid fever.

James Harper, third child, born May 6th, 1776. Married Sarah Miner. Died Sept. 18th, 1820, of typhoid fever.

William Harper, fourth child, born Jan. 19th, 1779. Married Sarah Robertson. Died Jan. 2nd, 1827, of consumption.

Elizabeth Harper, fifth child, born Feb. 24th, 1784. Married Abraham Tappan. Died Aug. 2nd, 1855; her husband died the next day. In death they were not divided.

Mary Harper, sixth child, born March 24th, 1786. Married Adna Cowles. Died May 9th, 1825.

Alexander Harper, seventh child, born Sept. 3rd, 1788. Married Electra Martin. Died Sept. 12th, 1833.

Robert Harper, eighth child, born May 16th, 1791. Married Polly Hendry. Died Dec. 15th, 1850.

NOTE—As we have not been able to obtain the records of the families of these children we will give the names of each respective family in the order of their birth as nearly as we can. Should any errors occur it will be for lack of proper information.

NAMES OF THE GRANDCHILDREN OF CAPTAIN ALEXANDER HARPER.

According to their respective Families.

The names of Margaret Harper Wheeler's children:

Samuel Wheeler,
Aaron Wheeler,
Alexander Harper Wheeler,
Elizabeth Wheeler Emory,
Edwin Wheeler,
Chas. Wheeler,
Margaret Wheeler Hand,
James Wheeler,
Ottile Wheeler Johnson.

The names of John Harper's children:

Rice Harper,
Lucia Harper Robbins,
Julia Anne Harper,
Aaron Harper,
Orrin Harper,
Adeline Harper Vesey,
Caroline Harper Norton,
Lorain Harper Church,
Alexander J. Harper.

The names of James Harper's children:

Angeline Harper Waters,
Emeline Harper Gleason,
Margaret Harper,
Elizabeth Harper,
Mary Harper,
Sarah Anne Harper Hutchinson.

The names of William Harper's children:

Chas. Harper,
Melvina Harper Sherwood,
Henry Harper,
Robert Harper,
Sallie Harper Edmonds,
Polly Harper Lamberton.

Names of Elizabeth Harper Tappan's children:

Electa Tappan,
Alexander Tappan,
Cornelia Tappan,
John Tappan,
Sallie Tappan Converse,
James Tappan,
Elizabeth Tappan,
Walworth Tappan.

Names of Mary Harper Cowles' children:

Horace Cowles,
Alexander Harper Cowles,
Franklin Cowles,
Lucian Cowles,
Orinda Cowles,
Mary Cowles,
Dr. C. Cowles,
Elizabeth Cowles Palmer,
Adna Harper Cowles.

Names of Alexander Harper's children:

Eliza Harper,
Louise Harper Martin,
Edward Harper,
Armelia Harper,
Cordelia Harper Parker,
James Harper,
Amy Harper Pasco,
Alexander Harper.

Names of Robert Harper's children:

Ellen Harper,
Stella Harper Miner,
Anne Harper Austin,
Jane Harper Harper.