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## BETHLEHEM AND OHIO HISTORY.

From the Cleveland LEADER August 15, 1892.

Your journal has already presented some letters from Professor G. F. Wright about an expedition through Pennsylvania of members of the Historical Society. He has told of the science side of the expedition. But as when the cross-eyed man was cutting bean poles, while he cut one he had his other eye looking for another pole, so these gentlemen had one eye on science and the other on history. And when in the course of their scientific travels they reached Bethlehem and in the principal street between the depot and the hotel the other eye discovered the legend, "Site of the old finger board pointing out the main road to Ohio. Road laid out 1745," both eyes were turned to Bethlehem, and indeed to good effect. No place in the United States has so much of Ohio history in it. The Ohio of 1745 was, of course, the River Ohio and its country. The State did not exist until the next century.

But this is the headquarters of the Moravians, who were the first Christian settlers of Ohio, and the cold-blooded massacre by professed Christians from Pennsylvania of a village and church full of Christians at Gnadenhuten, in Tuscarawas county, in 1782, is a tale so dramatic in savage ferocity by whites, in patient meeting of death by Indians, and in its wholesale character so like the martyrdom of early Christians, that no one who touches Ohio history can fail to dwell upon it with emotion.

The missionaries here came from Bethlehem and in Bethlehem are their reports, their diaries, their history. Most things about Bethlehem are historic, but still opposite to old Bethlehem is Lehigh University, with its \$15,000,000 in possession and in future. In it is Dr. Wolfe, a clergyman who there has made such investigation with the microscope and such publications there published, with thousands of illustrations—many colored by hand—of desmids, of diatoms, and microscopic algae, as have revealed a new, small,

and extensive world to all civilized nations. The old gentleman—still learned, bright, and clear—a Moravian clergyman who has in this inland town devoted his leisure to such studies, stands by general recognition of the world, head above all on these matters. Of course I could not but buy—all but Desmids, of which a new edition is being made, and the prices are pretty cheap, too. I am told the books sell more in Europe than in America. It is strange that in science the best work costs so little to the public. Our party, as usual, had the best of luck. On inquiry of the hotel clerk of whom to ask for objects of interest, he said Mr. Leibert, the bookseller, and, walking to the door, he pointed across the street, and said: "There he sits."

Within five minutes Mr. Leibert introduced us to a passing gentleman, Bishop J. Mortimer Levering—bishop and pastor there stationed, and archivist as well of the Moravians. Mr. August H. Leibert is brother of Bishop Leibert, also of Bethlehem. He is a trustee of the Moravian Historical Society, possessor himself of a fine library of historical books. He has a superb collection of Moravian hymn books, and some of them are dated from Ohio, one of which is a Delaware hymn book.

This was the first Protestant church to publish a hymn book, it appearing in Bohemia in 1605.

There seems a nearer, closer touch with former history in Bethlehem than any place I know. The many buildings built and used by the brethren in 1742, 1745, 1768 are still used; a log house, once a church, is covered with clapboards, but the large, original stone buildings—seeming very large for that early time and place—are still used much as they were. We were in Bethlehem over Sunday and attended the service in the church. It is very large, rather plain, and built at the beginning of this century. The

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room inside is high, plain, slightly frescoed with restful colors. The Moravians, who are a missionary but not a proselyting sect, have found their hymns "very helpful" and are famous for their singing. There was a choir, but nearly all the congregation seemed to sing and in such melody and time as showed a constant habit. Never have I heard so good congregational singing. We had an excellent discourse but were disappointed not to hear our acquaintance, Bishop Levering, who is a very eloquent and able speaker both in English and German.

We were very much interested in the liturgy which was read, and we joined in such prayers as "Preserve us, gracious Lord and God."

"From needless perplexity."

"From the unhappy desire of becoming great."

"From the influence of the spirit of the world."

One of the hymns sung was written by Count Zinzendorf, who abandoned great temporal prosperity, and free "from the influence of the spirit of the world," cast his lot with the Moravians. In December, 1741, with his daughter, the Countess Benigna, he reached Bethlehem in time to christen it. A most devoted Christian and man, his hymns breathe his spirit. The one sung was:

Jesus, still lead on,  
Till our rest be won,  
And although the way be cheerless  
We will follow calm and fearless,  
Guide us by thy hand  
To our fatherland.

What more responsive to the hymn than the lives led and lost by the Delaware converts of Ohio. These converts must have been familiar with this favorite hymn—called familiarly

Jesus, still lead on.

The original Delaware hymn book then used is lost—a photograph of the title page was lately presented to the Historical Society by Mr. John W. Jordan, of Philadelphia. But the translation was no doubt the same which appears in a later Delaware hymn book in lifted and dated from Ohio.

I should not have been able to pick it out myself, but by the kindness of Mr. Leibert and Bishop Levering I can give it, and the printer needs to be careful.

"Jesu milineen, adumamdammeneen  
Ahschi Wulatenamoozen,  
Wook wa-ki Pommanehoweanen  
Niteelquo Gett maka nemenseamk,

Mr. Howells in his account of Gnadenhutten (Three Villages) says: One of the assassins was deputed to inform the Indians that inasmuch as they were Christians they would be given one night to prepare for death in a Christian manner. They embraced and asked forgiveness, one of another, and thus meekly prepared themselves for their doom. They were Christians whose lives had witnessed to the sincerity of their conversion; and now brought face to face with death their faith remained unshaken.

"The assistants led the rest in the fervent prayers and hymns with which they wore away the night."

It is likely that the music of this Indian hymn sounded sweetly in the forest, though one can hardly think so in looking at the words. Indian languages are agglutinative, the words seem to me stuck together like popcorn balls. It is to be noticed that capitals are numerous, and indeed words are often so compound and express so much that justice cannot be done to them without capitals. Back of the church we attended is the ancient cemetery, where in death the United Brethren were as simple as in their lives. The men and women were separately laid, without family lots, with a flat stone over each with a simple inscription giving the date and perhaps place of birth, if foreign, and date of death. If the deceased was a wife, it was indicated by her name, as "late Luckenbach."

I noticed two stones to historians to whom Ohio is much indebted.

George Henry Loskiel, Episcopus Fratrum, born 7 Nov., 1749, at Angermunde in Curland, departed 23 Febr., 1814.

Edmund Alexander De Schweinitz, Episcopus Fratrum, born Mar. 29, 1825, fell asleep Dec., 18, 1887.

This simplicity was departed from but once, and that in a new inscription merited by suffering, in which the deceased must often have thought of the sentiment of "Jesus, still lead on."

In the hope of a glorious resurrection were laid to rest February 24, 1751, on this spot, then the center of this cemetery, the mortal remains of Juliana Nitschmann, whose maiden name was Haberland, wife of Bishop John Nitschmann, and a distinguished deaconess of the church. She was born at Shoenau, in Moravia, July 19, 1712, a lineal descendant of the Ancient Brethren's Unity, the daughter of fearless confessors, amidst bonds and imprisonment, of the pure gospel of Christ, fleeing for conscience sake to Herrnhut, in Saxony; she served with singleness of heart her God and the church in Germany, England, and America, and died on the 22d of February, 1751.



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This second memorial was placed here in the year of our Lord 1884.

The Moravians were in every way interesting and seemed to live up to their faith and their history. They do not indulge in theological disputes.

The little tract presented us by the bishop says the "church has never issued a confession of faith in the sense of a regular denominational creed, strictly defining what the members of the church are bound to believe in, regard to every disputed point of religion."

"Concerning certain 'mysteries' of Scripture such as the Trinity, predestination, the sacraments, the methods of regeneration, or concerning other minor or disputed points which have been the cause of contention and division among many Christian denominations, the Moravians never thought it right to set up definitions which should bind the conscience."

"The yoke that was too heavy for the fathers they are not willing to lay on the necks of the children."

The historical wealth of the library of the Moravian Church is immense. A very large number of ancient books, relating to the Christian history, especially theirs, is there collected, ranging from almost the invention of printing. There they are, long rows of them, in the original state, perfect and clean, and no doubt quite a number have been in Bethlehem for a century and a half. But it is their manuscript treasures which were of especial interest to us.

There were hundreds of volumes and boxes, each with hundreds of pages of most interesting matter. From the first the missionaries reported fully their lives, often by a diary. Their journeys made in the last century are fully reported.

Bishop Lovering, who himself formerly was stationed in Ohio, and who takes much intelligent interest in its history, is the archivist, having the directorship of the library, and spent much of his own time and gave every facility for examination of the manuscripts. Many are in German, but the bishop was by to tell what they were. Some were in English. Of these original manuscripts one large box was labeled "French and Indian wars, 1755," and one "Massacre at Gnadenhutten." But I cannot give an enumeration.

Sample titles of the papers are "Diary of New Salem on Lake Erie," 1789-1792; "Petquottink on Lake Erie," 1787-1788; "Indian Congregation at Salem on the Muskingum," 1780-1781. There was a diary of David Zeisberger of a little Indian company in the "Night Quarter" on the Cuyahoga from October, 1786, to February, 1787. The bishop explained that night quarter among the Indians meant a sojourn not exceeding a year.

What is nearly a duplicate of the last has been published by Messrs. Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati.

There is the diary of a journey from Cuyahoga to Bethlehem by John Heckewelder in 1786. Such titles relating to Ohio or of interest to it might run over a hundred. The venerable Heckewelder gave an account of the Western Reserve to the Connecticut Land Company with a map. The map and description were printed in 1884 by the Historical Society at Cleveland as tract No. 64, and the society hope at an early day to have at one of its meetings an address upon the Moravians and their sojourn in this county from Mr. P. H. Kaiser, who numbers among his ancestry the early Moravians—no ancestry more honorable. One of the last finds was a plan by Heckewelder of the first Christian settlement in the present limits of this county (just north of Tinker's Creek), with the location of each house and the name of its occupant.

So full and precise are these diaries and reports of the early missionaries, that a partial enumeration only tends to conceal the wealth of the library.

At Bethlehem the party traveling had changed, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Baldwin, of Elyria, having returned home, while Albert A. Wright, professor of geology and petrology at Oberlin, had joined it. The weather was very hot, but none of the party will ever think of the visit without much pleasure. The town itself is handsome, but the houses are plain, many on the line of the street, and in the hot weather the front steps were a convenient parlor. The rides are fine, and a picturesque river flows through the town navigated by a steamboat. Upon the bluffs in South Bethlehem are homes as elegant as can anywhere be found.

C. C. BALDWIN.

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