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MENIOLAGOMEKA

This section is composed of three articles pertaining to Meniolagomeka as follows:

1. *“Meniolagomeka - Annals of a Moravian Indian Village”*
2. *“Education in Moravian Indian Missions”*
3. *“Dedication of the Monument at Meniolagomeka”*



1. MENIOLAGOMEKA

J. Max Hart, *“Meniolagomeka - Annals of a Moravian Indian Village 130 Years Ago;”* published in *“Transactions of the Moravian Historical Society,”* Vol. 2, 1886. Read at the Annual Meeting of the Moravian Historical Society, September 15th, 1880.

“This village (Meniolagomeka) lay in ‘Smith’s Valley,’ eight miles west of the Wind Gap, on the north bank of the Aquanshicola, at the intersection of the old Wilkesbarre Road, which crossed the mountain at Smith’s Gap - in Eldred Township, Monroe County. The graveyard was one-eighth of a mile south of Mr. Edw. Snyder’s lime quarries.” - (Memorials of the Moravian Church.)

[Typist Notes: This village lies on private ground and would do well the visitor to obtain permission of the owner before tramping the grounds or accompany someone from the Lenape Nation who has permission and knowledge to visit this site. Some excellent examples of early Ancient stonework are present for your “observation.” Enter the site with respect and reverence of, not only the land and its owners, but of the Spirits of the Ancestors who once walked these grounds in the “Ago Time” and can still be felt by those with a humble heart. - Wipunkwteme]

Himself a part of Nature, the Indian has always lived in intimate, even though unconscious, sympathy with her higher forms and manifestations of beauty, harmony and sublimity. As the feathery fern loves to grow by the mossy rock, in the shady dell, or by the bubbling spring; as the dark-green hemlock, with drooping boughs, and spear-like peaked head, seeks the frowning precipice, or crowns the rocky cliff; so the tawny Indian ever chose to live where his presence would complete the picturesqueness of the landscape, the perfect symmetry of Nature’s beauteous whole.

Thus we find him, in the beginning and middle of the last century, peopling the mountain-shadowed valleys, the sloping hillsides, and the flowery meadow banks of all that great hunting ground north of the Kittochtinny range, or Blue Mountains, of this State. This range formed the great boundary line between him and the white man’s lands. By government treaty, as well as by natural law, this was his country, all his own. And here our Brethren first visited him, not as intruders or usurpers, but as messengers of the Most High, bearing the glad news of salvation to all, both red and white.

On his first journey, of inspection rather than evangelization, in July of 1742, Count Zinzendorf with a little company of devoted men and women crossed into this country at Tat's Gap, about two miles west of where the Delaware breaks through the "Endless Hills." On their homeward journey they struck the beautiful though narrow valley of the Aquanshicola, west of the Wind Gap. After their hot, fatiguing ride over rough and rugged hills, the comparatively level trail, through cooling hemlock groves; and clean, refreshing ash and maple shades, may well have beguiled them to follow its course westward, as it gently wound along the northern base of the mountain wall.

About eight miles west of the Wind Gap they suddenly came upon a little cluster of Delaware lodges, nestling against the sloping side of the first of those countless hills that rise behind and above one another northward for many miles. They halted, and no doubt partook of the tribe's hospitality, meeting for the first time the Indians of Meniolagomeka, nearly all of whom, later were gathered into the fold of the Great Shepherd, and some of whom became shining lights to the future history of the Brethren's Indian Missions.

The "Disciple" (Zinsendorf) and his company could make but a brief stay here, however. Constrained by a divine impulse, he changed his plan, which had been to return directly to Bethlehem; and, with three companions, John William Zander, Jacob Lischy, and an Indian guide followed the course of the Acquanshicola westward, crossed the Lehigh Gap, and continued in a south-westerly direction until he came to Heidelberg, where he met the representatives of the great Iroquois Confederacy, and concluded with them that covenant of friendship and fraternity that opened the whole Indian country to the Brethren.

The other members of his company, Anton Seyffert, Andrew Eschenbach, Henry Muller, Zinzendorf's eldest daughter, Benigna, and Zander's bride, Johanna, with her younger brother, Peter Muller, departed by the nearest route to Bethlehem; which they reached on the evening of the same day.

Brief as this first visit of the Brethren to this village was, it seems to have been long enough to let their love for the "brown hearts" shine forth and burn into their souls, a gracious reflection of the saving rays of the Light of the world. For, from this time date the visits of these Indians to Nazareth, and Bethlehem, and afterwards Gnadenhutten, which, frequently returned by the Brethren, resulted in the establishment here in 1749 of a congregation of Christian Indians.

Zinzendorf himself seems never to have visited again this "Fat-Land-in-the-midst-of-Barrens," as the Indian name represents it to have been. But we know that Anton Seyffert did so repeatedly before his return to Europe in 1745; once in October 1743; again in January of the next year, and once more in June of the same year.

Indeed those rude little huts of skin and bark were often graced with the presence of saints and heros whom we shall count it an honor, and blissful, once to meet in the glorious mansions of the New Jerusalem. The devoted David Nitschmann's feet have trodden those hills. Faithful Nathanael Seidel's voice often echoed through those dells singing sweet songs of the Lamb. Those ancient trees once hushed their whispering converse to hear the words of wisdom and truth that fell from the lips of the scholarly Bohler and the ardent Cammerhof. John Hagen

was there to show forth the Saviour's love; and Henry Antes bore testimony to the same. Through the deep snows and wintery blasts Christian Henry Rauch forced his way to claim the souls of that little band for his crucified Master. And the tender-spirited Brother Johannes de Watteville passed through the place, drawing hearts to himself wherever he went, as the magnet draws steel.

But although each spot where these saintly men trod was thus hallowed forever, the fruits of their labors were slow in ripening. It was not until 1748 that they appeared; but then in a remarkable manner. A celebrated warrior of the tribe, whose massive form and gigantic strength had made him a terror to his foes, but whose dissipated life at home, and bloodthirsty fierceness in many a drunken brawl, had gained him a disgraceful notoriety even more widespread than his warlike fame, came with tears of penitence to the missionary at Gnadenhutzen, begging to be baptized. Long the Brethren hesitated, almost doubting the possibility of so great a change in his heart. But at length they yielded to his earnest pleading, and he became a member of the little congregation on the Mahony, receiving in baptism the name of Christian Renatus.

His subsequent life proved his sincerity; though it never ceased to be a wonder to all who had known him. Both white men and former companions among the Indians came from afar purposely to convince themselves of the reality of this miracle of grace. Nor did he ever tire of telling them what the Saviour had done for him, the chief of sinners. His conversion made a deep impression for good on his tribe, and encouraged the missionaries to renewed zeal in behalf of the rest of his people at Meniolagomeka.

The Lord waited until the next year, however, before He manifested Himself in a general awakening power. The chief of the village, a young man of noble family and nobler nature, known among the whites by the name of George Rex, had for some time shown a special interest in the Gospel. It was at his urgent invitation that the visits of the Brethren to the little village on the Aquanshicola had become more and more frequent; while he himself came again and again to Gnadenhutzen and to Bethlehem to hear the words of life. Finally he gave himself wholly to the Lord, and with his wife was baptized at Bethlehem, in 1749.

A short time after, his hundred-year-old-grandfather followed his example, shortly before his death; and, in the course of the same year and the next, nearly his entire tribe was converted, and joined the company of true believers. But of them all, none proved themselves more steadfast and consistent than their honored young chieftain and his gentle wife, thenceforward known as Brother Augustus and Sister Esther. She died at Gnadenhutzen in 1754. He, after the removal to the Mahony, and thence, after the massacre, to Bethlehem, was for three years the trusted Elder of the Indian congregation at the latter place.

During this time, in April 1756, he was appointed by Brother Spangenberg to represent the Christian Indians on the embassy sent by the Governor of Pennsylvania, with peaceful overtures to the hostile Delawares and Shawnees. Though afterwards tempted by Teedyuscung for a time to forsake the Brethren, he soon returned, an humble penitent, and, in the year 1762, fell peacefully asleep in their midst, in the full assurance of pardon and salvation. At Meniolagomeka he labored faithfully and with untiring zeal, as the missionaries' assistant, for the spiritual welfare and growth in grace of his tribe.

Soon after his conversion the village was constituted and ordered as a regular mission station, and ministered unto as a filial of Gnadenhuten, by visiting Brethren from the latter place. On festal days, and for the celebration of the Holy Communion, the congregation regularly repaired thither, where indeed a special lodge was built and set apart for their shelter and entertainment on the occasion.

In the meantime, however, the white settlers, who everywhere were the most inveterate and unscrupulous enemies of our Indian missions, were not idle at Meniolagomeka. With gross temptations, and cunning lies about the missionaries, they did their utmost to turn the hearts of the converts, undermine their confidence in the Brethren, and win them back to their sinful ways, so profitable to the traders' wicked greed.

Several unconverted Indians yet in the village, too, were sources of constant trouble and anxiety. But the good judgment and Christian firmness of Augustus were equal to every trial, and kept his band of followers true to their vows.

By the conversion of the notorious "Big Jacob," the Lord removed the chief enemy of the Brethren and the Gospel in the village itself.

This Indian had been an ardent hater of the Christian religion and its ministers, and had systematically labored against them with all his influence and cunning. But a severe illness brought him to a sense of his wickedness. He became deeply penitent, and almost distracted came to Bishop Cammerhof for advice and assistance. He was lovingly treated, and affectionately pointed to the one thing needful. His very demeanor became changed, from that of a fierce and sinister savage to that of a broken and contrite sinner. And true to His promise the Lord did not despise him, but gave him an interest in His saving blood. He was baptized, as Brother Paul, by Cammerhof in 1750, and till his death remained true to the Master and active in His cause.

Repeated solicitations from Augustus and his subjects at length moved the Brethren to station a permanent minister at Meniolagomeka. Bernhard Adam Grube, whose portrait, by the artistic hand of a living relative, graces these walls even now, was the man appointed to occupy this lonely outpost in the wilderness. In January of 1752, in the depth of winter, he arrived in the midst of the little company, whose warm and hearty welcome, so childlike and sincere, went straight to his heart, and for a time made him forget the bleak storm and icy cold that reigned without.

Although Grube had had some slight experience of Indian mission work at Pachgatgoch, his new station must have seemed strange to him, as it was one of peculiar trials and severest hardships. Educated at Jena, and accustomed to the schoolmaster's desk in the midst of white brethren and friends at Bethlehem, we do not wonder that peculiar sensations filled him now, as he moved into the little hut prepared for him. We sympathize with him when he naively tells us how his awkwardness in handling the axe, not long after his arrival, came near crippling him for life, and as it was, confined him for weeks to his rude and cold little lodge, stretched upon a rough board as his only couch, with nothing but a wooden bowl to serve for a pillow. But no ailment of the flesh could daunt his resolute spirit. While thus confined, he beguiled the long and lonesome wintery days by diligently studying the Delaware language; and daily had his little

charge gather round his couch, to keep them service there.

It is true his Indians did all they could to lighten his hard lot, but they themselves, during this winter and spring, had to struggle desperately with poverty and want, for a time could scarcely keep starvation from their doors. It was Augustus more especially who kept him supplied with the necessaries of life; as indeed he did many others of his tribe. For Augustus was a noted hunter, and on many an expedition brought home more venison alone than all his companions together. And his heart was ever open to the less fortunate or skilled, and never refused to share with them the spoils of the chase.

Early in spring the hardy missionary, now fully recovered from his accident, by his example urged the Indian on to clear their land, build fences, hoe and dig the ground, and plant it with beans, corn and other vegetables. There was a great scarcity of needed seeds. To supply this several of the Indian brethren had to hire themselves out to white settlers, often miles away, and thus earned a little money. The sisters went to Nazareth, Christiansbrunn, Bethlehem and Broadheadville, and sold the brooms, baskets and mats they had made during the winter.

Spiteful neighbors, too, harassed them and sorely tried their patience. One time in May, for example, they found that one of these had set fire to the woods around their fields, and burned up nearly all their fences.. With true Christian forbearance they said nothing, but simply set to work and built new ones. Then, later in the season, a great part of their young crop of corn was destroyed by the multitudinous ground-squirrels.

Besides these outward troubles, Grube had his full need for anxiety and concern in the management of the inner life of his congregation. However docile they were, and sincere in their faith and love, they were but spiritual babes and very beginners in the Christian walk and life, while in the flesh they were full-grown men and women, of like passions with other men. Temptations from without and within were many and strong. Wild savages made frequent visits into their midst, and more than once broke up the peace of the village to such an extent that the regular religious services could not be held. Quarrels would arise amongst the converts, once even between a brother and his wife. Slothfulness was a besetting sin. Little jealousies and bitter feelings must be looked after and removed.

Yet with all this, the inner course of the congregation was encouraging and hopeful to the devoted missionary, and his activity remained unabated. Daily he visited them in their huts, advising, admonishing and exhorting them with tender solicitude. Every evening a service was held for all, in which sweet hymns were sung in the German and the Delaware languages, with all that heartiness and fervor for which the Indians' singing was so remarkable. A simple, straightforward discourse was also delivered, usually on the words of the Daily Text. This was translated, sentence for sentence, by Brother Augustus, or in his absence by some other brother. The punctual attendance of the Indians at these daily services is gratefully commended by Grube. On more than one occasion, during his temporary absence at Bethlehem or Gnadenhutten, Brother Augustus himself conducted the meetings, to the evident edification and blessing of all.

According to the general custom of the Brethren's Church at that period of their history, Saturday was strictly observed as the Sabbath day of rest, preparatory for the more joyous

celebration of the succeeding Lord's Day. No work was then engaged in. Journeys were avoided. Hunting was forbidden. Peace and quiet reigned in all the huts from morn to night, sweetened, perhaps, by here a voice heard in some hut in humble, fervent prayer; or there a touching hymn wafted to the throne above from the blended hearts and voices of a family singing together round the blazing hearth-fire.

As a rule, all the converts at Meniolagomeka required once a month to Gnadenhutten, to prepare for and enjoy the blessed sacraments of the Lord's Supper. On such occasions they would leave home early on Friday morning. On their arrival, then, and all through the Sabbath, Brother Martin Mack and his wife Anna would speak with each of the brethren and sisters separately, in solemn preparation for the morrow's great event. On Monday they

*“. . . return each to his tent,
Joyful and glad of heart.”*

These seasons always gave a fresh impetus to the work at home, and were indeed green spots in the memory, especially of the lonely missionary.

Yet there were other occasions, too, to relieve the routine of suffering and hard work at Meniolagomeka; incidents that to us might seem but trivial, but to them were great events. The birthdays for dear brethren were to be celebrated, if privately yet no less joyously, and with festivity in the heart. So Zinzendorf's fifty-second birthday was observed, though in a somewhat novel manner on the 26th of May.

The "Mission-haus," where the meetings were held, and which was also the residence of the minister, had for some time been but a sorry shelter for him from the storms of cold and rain. In fact, the services had several times to be omitted, as still oftener the sleep of pore Brother Grube, on account of the streaming rain that poured through the roof and deluged all within. On this day, accordingly all the Indian brethren went together to peel bark on the mountain, and returning in a few hours, set lustily to work to re-roof the lodge. With pride Brother Grube reports how quickly and skillfully it was done, so that he could again write and sleep in the dry. It even had a window put into it!

Later the hut was still farther distinguished by the luxury of a wooden floor. Who will doubt that Brother Zinzendorf appreciated such a form of celebrating the anniversary of his birth, by his "brown hearts" on the Aquanshicola, far more than many another less useful though more ostentatious form of remembrance!

On the following Sunday, being Whitsuntide, the newly roofed hut was adorned with boughs and twigs of evergreen by the grateful missionary. At once all his Indians followed his example, and carried it further, even to the special adornment of their own persons, with all the finery in their possession; a piece of vanity that, doubtless, Brother Grube deeply deplored having so rashly occasioned! The rest of the day he devoted particularly to the children and youth. And indeed, he seems always to have had a peculiar love for children, and to have labored among them with extraordinary blessing. Not only did he here keep special services for them from time to time; but he also commenced a school for them, with himself as teacher, which he kept faithfully every day; first an hour for the boys, then for the girls alone. Their

punctuality, and eagerness to learn to read and write, gave him much pleasure and satisfaction.

Occasional visits from his white brethren also served to cheer him and to encourage the Indian converts. How welcome such visits were, can be better imagined than described. He himself tells us of his joy when, on a bright and lovely day in June, seven single brethren from Christianbrunn arrived. It has seemed to him as though he had not seen a white face for months. What though he had but one bed for them all, and scarce provisions enough for himself alone? He had as much as they expected: a warm embrace of welcome, and a heart yearning for their love, sympathy and companionship.

Nor did they want food: for Augustus speedily provided a feast for them all of juicy venison and sapon. Every member of the village came and grasped them by the hand, invited them into the various huts, and made them feel that this was a village of true brethren. Brother Grube took them out into his fields to show them the fruits of his labor, and have them thank God with him for the promise of a plentiful crop and abundant harvest. So glad were the hearts of the good brother and his guests that sleep would scarce have visited them even though they had had a softer couch than the bare floor, where all were crowded together around the crackling fire.

But Grube's six months' stay here was now drawing to a close. The call to leave Meniolagomeka and repair to Bethlehem came to him on his thirty-eighth birthday, June 21st. Quite unexpectedly, at noon, who should arrive but David Zeisberger, then about to go to Onondaga to commence his great work there. With the call to Grube, he brought also the needed provisions for a love-feast in honor of the latter's birthday; but himself would not stay long enough to enjoy it with him, as he must hasten directly to Gnadenhutten. Grube therefore postponed the love-feast, intending to make it his farewell service on the morrow.

In the evening he announced his call to his congregation, who heard it with sad and sorrowful hearts. In the meantime Brother Augustus had been let into the secret of the morrow's service, that he might assist in its preparation. Early the next morning, then, great slices of bread were spread with butter, and a large kettle of chocolate was set to boil over the fire, Brother Grube himself being the sole cook. A brother and sister, Anthony and his wife Johanna, were yet in haste appointed to serve; and then, all things being ready, the horn, used to call the congregation together for service, sounded forth a long and lusty blast, that echoed and re-echoed along the mountain side and through the woody glens and dales. In a little time, almost, as it takes to tell, every soul in the village obeyed the summons.

And then, decently and in order, began the first Brethren's love-feast that had yet been held at Meniolagomeka. Each Indian received a slice of bread and butter, together with a cup of steaming chocolate. Silent and attentive they partook thereof, while their beloved minister, in tones quivered with emotion, bade them a loving, tender farewell; admonishing them to remain faithful to the end; and finally, commending them in an ardent prayer to the gracious care of the great Shepherd and Bishop of souls, dismissed the congregation, and immediately set out across the mountain to Bethlehem. Nathanael, a faithful brother here and afterwards assistant at Gnadenhutten, was his travelling companion, though other brethren also went with him as far as the mountain top.

Hard as had been this faithful servant's lot at this place, who can doubt that sorrow and regret filled his heart now, at parting with his devoted little flock. Standing on the mountain side he looked down once more upon those huts. Perhaps it would be the last time his eyes should rest upon them. There flowed the gentle Aquanshicola in crystal ripples o'er its pebbly bed. How oft had he sat there on its mossy banks, amidst its graceful ferns and fragrant flowers, listening to the voice that spoke to him in every moment of the waves, every whisper of the leaves o'erhead, and each bird-note wafted to him from the swaying bushes and boughs!

There, scarce two hundred yards beyond, close by a fresh and gurgling spring, clustered the humble homes of those souls that had grown dear to him as was his own - not a dozen lodges, ranged equally above and below the little meeting-house where he so oft had bowed his knees in prayer, and shed such burning tears for the welfare of his flock. Standing in the center of the village, with that of his tried Augustus on the one side and Nathanael on the other, he felt, now perhaps for the first time, that the name of home was in his heart associated strangely with these huts of bark. But he must banish such thoughts. His home is not on earth. He is but a pilgrim here, and must go, yea and go with cheerfulness and joy, where'er the Master calls.

Very soon after Grube's removal, the Brethren sent Brother John Joseph Bull, better known by his Indian name, Schebosh, to reside and labor at Meniolagomeka. This humble and lowly man, a true hero of the faith, though not a scholar like his predecessor, was yet a chosen instrument of God for good among the Indians; and hee, as in all the different fields where he served, speedily won the esteem and affection of his red brethren. He brought his wife Christiana with him, who, though herself a Delaware Indian, or perhaps because of this fact, helped him in a peculiar manner in his work, and made his pastoral labors, in visiting the Indian sisters from hut to hut, particularly efficient and blessed.

Although the "house-warming" of this devoted couple was of a rather startling character, for on one of the first nights of their sojourn hee they found possession to their bed disputed by no less formidable an occupant than an immense serpent, that had crept into the hut during the evening, they nevertheless soon came to feel quite at home in the place.

They had frequent visitors, too, not only from Gnadenhutten, but especially from Bethlehem, whence, among the rest, Brother and Sister Jungman came in September; the Brethren Nathanael Seidel and Everhart in October; and on another occasion Bishop Matthew Hehl and Brother Yarrel, who treated the baptized converts to a fraternal love-feast.

In spiritual matters the congregation continued growing in grace; the meetings and school were kept regularly; and Brother Schebosh might have continued his ministrations here for many months to come, had it not been for a painful accident, on the last day of October, that disabled him for a time, and necessitated his removal to Bethlehem. It came about in this wise: the Indian Brother Samuel had all along experienced not a little trouble with his wife. Whether himself or she was most at fault, the records tell us not. At any rate, Brother Schebosh felt constrained, on the afore mentioned date, to call Samuel privately into his lodge, in order to speak seriously with him concerning the disturbed condition of his domestic relations.

Now it so happened that Augustus' hut was next adjoining his, and in it the mighty hunter was cleaning his rifle. Suddenly, while the two were in the midst of their most earnest

conversation, Augustus' gun went off, and the whole charge was sent crashing through the walls, through the side of the "Gemein-house," and lodged in the nether extremities of poor Brother Schebosh. Nor did Samuel escape uninjured. Brother Schebosh's wounds were very painful, and excited not a little alarm; hence messengers were at once dispatched to Gnadenhutten and to Bethlehem, with the news.

Before evening already they returned, accompanied by Brother Abraham Buhninger from the former place, and Brother Otto, the physician, from the latter. He, after examining the wounded limbs, and carefully attending to them, concluded to take Brother Schebosh at once with him to Bethlehem for further treatment. And thus, after scarcely a four month's sojourn, his labors at Meniolagomeka ceased.

The following winter passed seemingly without any regular pastor being stationed at the place, until February, 1753, when Brother Abraham Buhninger was appointed. Under him the mission prospered very much, and outwardly it kept on its even course undisturbed by any unusual occurrence. Brother Buhninger was an indefatigable worker, and withal most conscientious and devout. He not only continued all the regular services, but, with the sanction of the Indians, instituted an additional one daily, early in the morning, as he was accustomed to have it at the older missions. In their daily occupations he led his flock by his example of hard-working industry, as much as in spiritual things he was their pattern of devotion, childlike faith and shining purity of life.

It is touching to read, for example, how on Easter morning in April, he repaired to their little burial ground, that lay about three hundred yards west by north of the village, and there, all alone in the sublime quiet and solitude of that boundless forest, held sweet communion with the saints in heaven, recounted the name of the dear Indian brethren whose ashes lay beneath the mounds ranged about him, and commended himself with them to that Saviour who had died and risen for all.

As the glorious sun rose from his nightly tomb, and sent his gracious rays piercing into the valley's gloom, gilding each tree top, and flooding field and forest with a golden deluge of morning light, the solitary worshiper's voice rose above the warbling and the singing of the feathered choirs round about him, lauding in tones of exultation and triumph that vanquisher of death and the grave, through whose grace we too are heirs of life, and more than conquerors in his name.

He knew that his dear wife, and all his brethren and sisters in Gnadenhutten, at Bethlehem, and in a score of other precious spots, were at that moment too uniting in the same hymns, chanting the very same tunes and rejoicing in the same glad and praiseful thoughts. He *believed* in the communion of saints. He was not alone, but they all were with him, unseen indeed, but felt, - all in heaven and on earth that believe in the Saviour's name, a glorious host of redeemed souls and spirits immortal.

It was just one month after this blessed resurrection morn that duty called him, on a more sad and painful mission, again to this hallowed acre of God. The ten-year-old son of a heathen sister of the Indian Brother Nathanael, had "gone to kiss the Saviour's wounds," the day after his baptism by Brother Martin Mack. He had been ill for more than a month, and often earnestly

begged to be baptized. At last Buhninger sent to Gnadenhutten, telling Brother Mack all the circumstances; but he hesitated to administer the sacrament, because the boy's parents were still unconverted. As it was, the poor child had his longings fulfilled, and fell peacefully asleep in the full assurance of awaking in the bosom of his crucified Lord.

With their own hands the Indian brethren made a little coffin, cutting it in one piece out of a massive chestnut's trunk. Love gave them taste and skill, so that Brother Buhninger quaintly informs us 'twas "so beautifully proportioned that it was a pleasure to look upon it." Then wrapping the corpse in a new blanket, which had been a cherished present to him from the Brethren at Gnadenhutten, they bore him away amidst songs of trust and hope, and laid him to rest in the cool earth. That earth made sacred by the ashes of brethren and sisters of ours; hallowed by tears wrung from the hearts of grief-stricken mothers and fathers, husbands and wives and lovers; that ground where Christian mourners have knelt and wept and prayed to their God, is it not holy ground - holy and dear to-day to every brother and sister of our Church?

Brother Buhninger has left us a record of the number of inhabitants at Meniolagomeka at this time; from which we see that there were fifty-nine in all, of whom there were seven baptized couples and two un-baptized; besides one couple of whom the one was baptized and the other not; two baptized and three un-baptized widows, and no widower; two un-baptized single women; two single brethren from Gnadenhutten; seven baptized and five un-baptized boys; and five baptized and eleven un-baptized girls; making in all thirty-three baptized souls, and twenty-six yet straying without the fold.

In the month of November of 1753, from the 19th to the 28th, Brother Buhninger was called to temporarily discharge some duties at other places, and John Joseph Schmick with his wife consequently supplied his place. Evidently more of a student than a musician, this brother found himself in a difficulty quite serious to him, on the first morning after his arrival. He was unable to bring a sound from the great horn that announced the hour of worship. Try as he might, turn it this way or that, the thing remained mute and dumb. What to do he knew not. So putting the stubborn instrument away, he went forth to find an Indian brother who could instruct, or at least advise him.

But by this time it was growing dark, and the evening too far spent to hold the services; and, rather discouraged with his first experience, the unfortunate brother laid himself to rest. Next day he complained of his trouble to Augustus, who told him that hereafter his son would undertake the duty of horn-blowing, and so overcome the difficulty. This was accordingly done, and Brother Schmick's labors were richly blessed by the Lord.

On Buhninger's return to his post, at the end of the month, he carried on the work with his usual vigor. It is touching to see how the Indians were attached to him; how they relied on and obeyed him, like unto little children. The winter months were but occasionally enlivened by visiting brethren; once by a visit from David Zeisberger, a few days after Christmas, who spent a day and night with the little congregation, keeping their morning and evening services, and giving them interesting accounts of the course of the Gospel among their red brethren elsewhere, and of his experience among them. Gladly would they have detained him longer; but he had to hasten away to rejoin his brethren at Christianbrunn.

At the end of January, to the great joy of the Indian sisters, Buhninger brought his wife to Meniolagomaka to share his labors with him. But it was only for a few days; for on the 12th of February came the call for him temporarily to relieve Brother Senseman at Pachgatgoch; which he did until the last day of the same month.

In this interval Brother Schmick again supplied his place for the Indians had learned to love him and his faithful wife; and he had gained a specially healthful influence over the children, for he was a skilled teacher. On his former visit he had always insisted on their washing their hands and faces before coming to school; no doubt a very necessary thing. So no sooner did he appear at his place in the school again, than they all held up their clean brown hands, and showed their freshly washed faces. It seemed to please him very much, - as much as his words of kingly praise in return gratified and encouraged them.

Brother Buhninger returned from Pachgatgoch in time to give his much-needed encouragement and advice to the little band at Meniolagomeka, during those months of sore trial and anxiety that preceded the removal of the whole settlement, from its picturesque and lovely site on the Aquanshicola to Gnadenhutten, on the banks of the Mahony.

Secretary Richard Petes, the owner of the land, if claiming what belongs to another can be called ownership, had at last given peremptory notice that they must remove to some other place. Already in 1750 he had told them of his intention, and caused them much solicitude. The Brethren had tried their utmost to buy the land then; but he would not sell it. He had afterwards, however, allowed his claim to rest for the time; and the poor Indians had now almost forgotten their fears, and again regarded all those hills and valleys as their own. When therefore this second and uncompromising demand came, they were almost distracted, and quite at a loss what to do.

But the Lord was providing. Even then Gnadenhutten was being deserted by the misguided followers of King Teedyuscung and Abraham, who moved away to Wyoming. Their lodges stood empty and forsaken. And, hearing of the state of affairs at Meniolagomeka, the Brethren at Gnadenhutten at once sent a cordial invitation to Buhninger and his little flock to come thither and occupy the homes standing ready to receive them.

Gratefully they accepted the offer, and without delay prepared to move their few possessions to this place of refuge. *Augustus, however, first stipulated with the white man's agent for some compensation for the many improvements his tribe had made on the land. It proved to be the now old, old story, however. The red man deceived, overreached and slandered. The white man enriched, empowered and praising himself for wisdom, and even magnanimity! Augustus did indeed receive the promise that he would be paid five pounds for the fences that had been built, and now had to be left; but for the acres of cleared and cultivated ground, for the seed in the earth, and for the land itself, he received not even a promise. Whether the paltry five pounds ever were paid, seems at this late day uncertain.*

With heavy hearts and clouded brows, we see this little handful of Delaware brethren and sisters leaving their ancient and beautiful home, on the 4th and 5th of May, 1755, and wending their way along the narrow valley that led to Gnadenhutten.

Who shall record the feelings that moved their breasts, as last their tear-dimmed gaze rested on the empty huts they just had left? Those giant trees, that seemed their intimate friends and companions, would soon be murdered by the white man’s cruel axe.

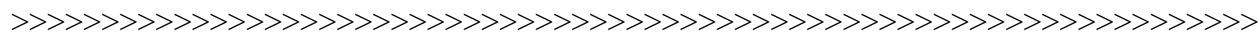
That laughing, limpid stream, free as themselves, soon must slavishly turn the wheel of the white man’s mills.

Naked and bare would ere long become those everlasting hills, now crowned and girdled with might oaks, with aromatic hemlock and pine.

That gurgling spring would run dry; and the blooming flowers, and graceful nodding ferns would ruthlessly be buried ‘neath the plowman’s clod.

And oh, that sacred spot there on the hill, where lay the bones of dear and loved ones in the Lord, would they be spared? Or would the hallowed mounds be leveled with the ground, and be hoed and planted like the common earth, and e’en the names forgotten of those so dear to their hearts, e’en the site be remembered no more, where with tears and sorrowing souls they but lately had laid them to rest?

Would we have blamed them much had desperation made them wild and savage once more as such thoughts come crowding through their brains? But no, the Comforter was there. “My grace is sufficient for thee!” whispered His strong voice to the little band. “Thy will be done, O God!” their hearts reply, as lifting their eyes from their earthly homes upward to that better one above, they turn away forever from that spot, and Meniolagomeka is no more.



2. EDUCATION IN MORAVIAN INDIAN MISSIONS

Mabel Haller, “Education in Moravian Indian Missions,” published in “Transactions of the Moravian Historical Society, “ Vol. 15, 1953.

Chapter VIII. Meniolagomeka

The Moravian Indian village in present Monroe County was Meniolagomeka, which lay in “Smith’s Valley,” eight miles west of the Wind Gap. Bernhard Adam Grube was appointed to this outpost in the wilderness early in 1752. In a letter dated February 29, 1752, sent by him to Bethlehem with Joshua, an Indian, Grube stated: “Last week I moved into my newly-constructed hut, and today I opened my school. I am very happy with my dear brown folk.” (1)

When Brother Grube was returned to Bethlehem in June, after six months of service in Meniolagomeka, the Brethren sent Brother John Joseph Bull, better known by his Indian name Schebosh, to reside and labor there. Though not a scholar like his predecessor, he was “a true hero of the faith and a chosen instrument of God for good among the Indians.” (2) He and his wife Christiana conducted meetings and school regularly. After four months, because of an accidental shooting, he was removed to Bethlehem for treatment.

Then Brother Abraham Bunninger was appointed to the mission, where “he was very happy about his school, which was so arranged that he instructed the boys, and Sister Jungman

kept classes for the girls.” (3) Bunninger was frequently assisted by Brother John Joseph Schmick. On one of the latter’s previous visits to the children of the school, he had insisted on their washing their hands and faces before coming to school. No sooner did he appear at his place in the school again, than they all held up their clean brown hands and sowed their freshly washed faces. (4)

The mission was given up in 1754, when these Delaware were given notice to vacate the settlement by Secretary Richard Peters, but were invited by the Moravians to come to Gnadenhutzen on the Mahoning.

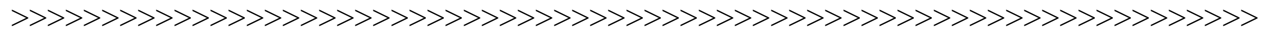
FOOTNOTES

(1) “Diarium d. G. z. Bethlehem, den 29. Februar. 1752.”

(2) Hark, J. Max, “Meniolagomeka - Annals of a Moravian Indian Village 130 Years Ago.” “Transactions of the Moravian Historical Society,” II, 139.

(3) “Diarium d. G. z. Bethlehem, den 18. Januar. 1753.”

(4) Hark, J. Max, op. cit., 143.



3. DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT AT MENIOLAGOMEKA

Published in “Transactions of the Moravian Historical Society,” Vol. 7, 1905.

The twenty-second of October, 1901, a day perfect as to weather conditions, had been set for the dedication of the stone marking the site of the Delaware Indian town of Meniolagomeka, and more especially commemorating the self-denying labors of Grube, Buhninger, Schebosch, and Schmick, the devoted Moravian missionaries, who, from January 1752 until May 1755, made their comfortless abode in this village, so picturesquely nestled in the valley of the Aquanshicola.

In pursuance with official announcements of the intended ceremonies, a goodly number of members and friends of the Moravian Historical Society gathered at Nazareth on the morning of the day and found ample carriage and omnibus accommodations in readiness to carry them across “the plains” of Moore Township, to that part of the Blue Mountains known by the misleading name of Smith’s Gap, involving nevertheless, a long and difficult climb over the hills to the valley beyond. Shortly after noon the destinations was reached and in a short time the party, clustering about the spring, was busily engaged in partaking of the mid-day lunch.

This finished, a procession was formed at the house of Benjamin Schmidt, the owner of the farm on which stands the monument, headed by a choir of seven trombonists from Bethlehem, and to the inspiring strains of Tune 230, marched several hundred yards to the stone.

The speakers and trombonists stood within the enclosure, while the audience, consisting, besides the sixty members of the Society, of over two hundred of the neighboring inhabitants, who had been invited to attend the ceremonies by the committee in charge, gathered about. The

order of exercises was as follows: -

The Te Deum Laudamus.

Hymn: "From the vast and veiled throng."

Reading of Psalm 46.

Hymn: "For all thy saints, O Lord."

Introductory remarks by Bishop J. M. Levering, President of the Society.

Hymn: "Glory to God, whose witness train."

Address by the Rev. C. A. Haehnle.

Prayer by the Rev. Arthur D. Thaeler.

Hymn: "Sing Hallelujah, praise the Lord."

Benediction.

The introductory remarks by Bishop Levering follows: -

Fellow members of the Moravian Historical Society, Ladies and Gentlemen: Permit me to cordially welcome you to these memorial exercises in which we reverently call to mind some almost forgotten associations of this spot. We dedicate this stone to the remembrance of events which, long ago, when the grandfathers of the oldest people here were but little children or were even yet unborn, made this neighborhood historic.

Only six decades after the landing of William Penn, the fathers of Pennsylvania, the particular history of this locality called up by this occasion began. It came to an end more than twenty years before the liberty bell of Pennsylvania's Capital proclaimed the birth of American freedom. During that brief season the place whereon we stand was made holy ground by the labors and sacrifices, the prayers and tears of Moravian missionaries who here sought to bring the higher freedom from superstition and sin to the tawny, brawny braves who lived with their dusky wives in the wigwams of Meniolagomeka, who hunted the deer, the panther and the bear in the forests that covered these Kittatinny heights and the broad stretches of the Minnisinks, whose children snared and speared the trout in the limpid waters of the romantic Aquanshicola before they grew up to dread and hate the white man, before the sound of his voice bidding them move on, for he wanted their hunting grounds, had awakened in their hearts the wild, undisciplined revenge which at last made this lovely region the scene of awful atrocities and wrote the final chapter of Indian history in these parts with the blood of innocent and guilty alike.

We remember today - and this stone will be the witness of it to every passerby - that before that blood of the slain dripping from the tomahawks of the sullen avengers cried unto God at the last struggle along the confines of the Forks of the Delaware, between the retreating race and the stronger one came in to crowd the weaker out, some white men who knew the better way to deal with the Indian problem, had come to this place with thoughts of peace - that peace which was made by the blood of the cross - and had taught the red men, who knew only the war song and the shouts of the savage dance and feast, to sing in their tents of the Saviour's blood and righteousness.

This stone will remind him who reads the inscription, that the love of Christ which constrained these missionaries made their converts from among the savages peaceable, gentle

and easy to be entreated. It will suggest to us that if the Government had from the beginning followed the plan of the missionary, hundreds of thousands of lives of white and red men, of women and children sacrificed in warfare would have been spared, millions of treasure consumed would have been saved to use for peaceful and honorable purposes, the Indian problem, of which we have heard so long and yet year, would never have existed, the darkest stains on the grand escutcheon of our State and Nation would never have been to cause us shame, and there would be far more glory in the monument to the Prince of Peace reared in our Christian civilization. Long may this memorial stand to the honor of noble pioneers of the better way.

ADDRESS OF THE REV. C. A. HAEHNLE

Brother President, Brethren, and Friends:

A rude pile of stones, twelve in number, taken from the river's bed, marked the place where Israel crossed the Jordan. Joshua foresaw the day when future generations should point to that primitive monument and ask, "What mean ye by these stones?" They should be a perpetual memorial to Israel of the presence with them of Almighty God. All through their toilsome desert journey He had gone before them in a pillar of cloud by day, and at night He had been their fiery rear-guard. His band had heaped up the waters of the Jordan, and Israel had passed over on dry ground. What God has been to them and what he had done for them were worth remembering. That pile of stones should be the constant memorial of His grace and mercy.

We have met here today, not to cast up a rude cairn, but to dedicate a monument, which shall commemorate what God did with and for our brethren in the days long gone; how He led them through a pathless wilderness; how He enabled them to establish here a church of Jesus Christ, among the aborigines of the land; and how, at last, in His wisdom, He permitted the flood of affliction to overwhelm, and to bear away on its relentless current, the work so laboriously, but so well established. Here, too, the question will be asked by generations yet unborn, "What mean ye by this stone?" The answer must be, that God was pleased to use the Brethren as the messengers of His grace in Christ Jesus to the savages of this land, and that they performed their duty with rare fidelity, with unflinching courage, and with heaven-crowned success.

Nor is this the only stone that marks a spot of historic interest and importance to the Brethren's Church. On a greensward, beside a stately Jesuit Church, in the ancient city of Reichenau, in Bohemia, stands a large stone which bears the significant Greek characters Alpha and Omega. Persons competent to form an opinion maintain that the stone was part of, perhaps the corner-stone of the church of the Ancient Brethren's Unity, which once crowned the hill-top. Ground was broken for that church in 1594, and the dedication took place in 1602. The stone referred to and a large bell in the neighboring tower are the only remnants left of that ancient house of worship. Though now in alien hands, yet that stone and its inscription mean much to the Brethren's Church. He who is the First and the Last, in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night, is the Rock of Ages upon which the Church is founded. He has shown us again and again that the gates of hell shall not prevail against that Church. True, the Ancient Brethren's Unity, like our Indian missions, was swept away by the wrath of man.

But on the outskirts of the village of Herrnhut, on the road to Zittau, now shaded by majestic trees, stands a granite monument, marking the spot where, on June 17, 1722, Christian David felled the first tree for the building of Herrnhut, the home of the resuscitated Brethren's Church. That stone likewise means much to us. It marks the beginning of a new epoch in the history of God's leadings of the Moravian Church. Led through the waters of affliction and the fires of persecution, the Church nevertheless had in it that spark of immortality which, by God's grace, enabled it to survive every vicissitude and trial, and to emerge from its baptism of fire and blood with its members ready to endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

As one studies the history of the period from 1732 to Zinzendorf's death, one is amazed, and even startled, at the world-wide plans of evangelization that were calmly discussed, and wherever possible put into intrepid execution. In 1732 an unsuccessful effort was made to establish a mission in Georgia, but in December, 1740, Bethlehem was founded. At once the missionary spirit asserted itself. It is not needful here to speak at length of the extent of the work among the Indians carried on by the Brethren. We recall the fact that at Shekomeko in New York, at Wechquadrach in Connecticut, at what was Gnaddenhutten on the Mahony, at what was Friedenshutten on the Susquehanna, and at Gnadenhutten in Ohio, there are monuments, differing indeed in design, but all pointing to the missionary zeal of the Brethren.

"What mean ye by these stones?" We mean to commemorate the fact that God used the Brethren's Church to spread the knowledge of the Gospel among a people who had not heard of the grace of God in Christ Jesus. We mean them to be memorials of the work done, of the trials borne, of the deaths suffered by our brethren and sisters in the faith, who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, but gladly suffered the loss of all things for Christ's sake and the Gospel's. That their numerous missions among the red men came to untimely ends was due to the fault neither of the Brethren, nor of their converts, but to the rapacity and wickedness of the white people..

It is not pleasant to record the fact, but it is true, that nearly all of our missions to the Indians were closed not by the savagery of the aborigines, but by the madness and the badness of the whites. Our peaceful and peace-loving Brethren were sadly misunderstood and shamefully misrepresented. It is impossible for those not thoroughly versed in the history of the American Moravian Church prior to and during the Revolution to form any conception of the persecutions which the Brethren suffered. But persecutions neither frightened nor stayed them. They loved the "brown hearts" more tenderly and understood them better, perhaps than any one else.

Men have heard more of John Eliot and David Brainerd, than they have of Zeisberger, Post, Schebosch Grube, Mack, Rauch, Heckewelder, and others, but nevertheless, these men of our own faith did as much, if not more, for the actual evangelization of the Indians, as those who represented larger households of faith, and whose deeds found earlier and it may be more eloquent narrators.

David Zeisberger, the Apostle to the Indians, found in Bishop Edmund de Schweinitz, an able and eloquent historian, whose "Life and Times of David Zeisberger" is a classic in the literature of missions.. In less degree called upon to stand before the world, but in no less degree faithful and heroic, the Brethren's Church counts among its missionaries to the Indians scores of men, who are unknown to fame, but whose names shine with the glory in the pages of heaven's

book of the immortals. Some of these men lived and worked here at Meniolagomeka.

Should it be asked, "What mean ye by this stone?" We reply, that we mean, while reverently giving God the glory, to commemorate the services of those who labored here, and who, under God's blessing, were enabled to turn the savage from his savagery to humble fellowship with Jesus. The Indian village which once stood here, though but a small one, was a monument of grace. The very meagerness of detailed information goes to show that here there was good order and peace. It is impossible to adduce any new facts of importance with regard to Meniolagomeka. Long ago, in his invaluable "*History of the Mission of the United Brethren among the Indians in North America*," Bishop Loskiel gave all the substantial facts with regard to it.

They were added to by the researches of Prof. William C. Reichel and published in his "*Memorials of the Moravian Church*."

Dr. J. Max Hark has drawn a graphic picture of the life of the village in his brochure entitled, "*Meniolagomeka: Annals of a Moravian Indian Village*," which is included in the publications of the Moravian Historical Society. Yet it seems proper today to rehearse once more, though briefly, what others have said, as we are gathered here to dedicate this stone to the memory of the white and brown brethren of Meniolagomeka.

The connection of the Brethren with this place dates from Zinzendorf's first visit among the Indians. In the evening of July 24, 1742, Zinzendorf and seventeen others proceeded from Bethlehem to Nazareth, where the next day was spent. On the morning of the 26th, the following ten persons proceeded on a journey to the Indian country: Count Zinzendorf, his oldest daughter, the Countess Benigna, then in her seventeenth year; Anton Seyffert, Andrew Eschenbach, Henry Miller, Jacob Lischy, William Zander, and his wife, Johanna; Peter Miller, a boy, the brother of Zander's wife, and an Indian guide.

After visiting Chief Tatamy on his reserve of 300 acres near the present Stockertown, they followed an Indian path which led them northward to the Minnisinks. Overtaken by a severe thunder-storm, they gladly accepted the invitation of a Delaware chief to occupy his hut, in order to dry their clothes and to pass the night. The next morning, July 27, at Tat's Gap, two and a half miles west of the Delaware Water Gap, they crossed the Blue Mountains.

They passed on some ten miles farther to the north, until they reached an Indian village in Long Valley, where they camped for the night.

After crossing Chestnut Hill mountain on the morning of July 28, the travelers came down into the narrow valley of the Aquanshicola, which they followed to a point about eight miles west of the Wind Gap. Here they came upon a small Indian village, Meniolagomeka - "the fat land in the midst of barrens."

We have no details concerning the reception accorded Zinzendorf and his companions by the Indians, but it must have been friendly. For, although no immediate steps were taken to organize a mission station here, yet frequent visits to Bethlehem, Nazareth, and later Gnadenhutten were made by the Indians, and they in turn were visited by various Brethren.

In October, 1743, Anton Seyfferth, David Nitschmann, and Nathaniel Seidel came hither.

In January, 1744, Seyfferth and Hagan came.

In June, 1744, Peter Bohler and Henry Antes paid a visit to the place.

In February, 1748, Christian Henry Rauch was here, and in the same year Bishop John M. DeWatteville passed through Meniolagomeka.

After the establishment of Gnadenhutten in the Spring of 1746, these mutual visits became even more frequent. The word of grace found lodgment in the "brown hearts," and in 1748 the first convert, who received the name of Christian Renatus, was baptized at Gnadenhutten.

On April 25, 1749, the chief of the village, George Rex, and his wife, were baptized by Bishop Cammerhoff at Bethlehem. Brother Augustus and Sister Esther, as they were thenceforth known, became shining lights among the converts. Once, at Gnadenhutten, the wily Teedyuscung succeeded in luring Augustus astray, but he soon repented and was forgiven. The conversion and subsequent conduct of Augustus made a deep impression on the band, the most of whom soon followed his example

Meniolagomeka was consequently organized as a mission station, and in January, 1752, Bernhard Adam Grube became the first missionary in charge, being accompanied hither by Bishop Spangenberg. Grube may be taken as a type of the men whom the church sent into mission service. Born in 1715, near Erfurt, in Germany, he was educated at Jena, and came to this country on the "*Irene*" in June, 1746. A man of fine scholarship, of musical ability, of sound judgment, and of intense devotion, he rendered most useful service both here and elsewhere. In the fifteen years spent in service among the Indians he endured many toils, privations and sufferings. At the time of his appointment he was not yet skilled in woodcraft, and met with a serious accident.

He describes the experience as follows: "I attempted for the first time in my life to cut down a tree, and as I made the third stroke, the axe missed it and struck my left leg, making a dangerous wound from which I did not recover for six weeks. I could not walk, and had to creep about, and at night I could scarcely endure the cold in the Indian hut, for I had but one blanket and lay on a board, with a wooden bowl turned upside down for my pillow. I had been forced to use my pillow to bind up my wound."

Eight days later, Dr. J. M. Otto came from Bethlehem and dressed the wound. Grube thankfully records the love and friendship shown him by the Indians during this time. Meanwhile he applied himself to the study of the Delaware language, in which he became very proficient. The congregation received the most careful oversight, and every evening a service was held, to which the "brown hearts" came punctually and faithfully. Occasionally, during Grube's absence, Brother Augustus conducted the service. Grube also conducted schools for the boys and girls, who showed a strong desire to learn, and made rapid progress.

His stay at Meniolagomeka was, however, but brief, for on June 21 of that same years,

1752, - his 38th birthday, - Grube received a summons to Bethlehem, brought by his friend, David Zeisberger.

Grube's successor here was John Joseph Bull, an interesting and romantic character, who is best known by his Indian name, Schebosh. His wife, Christiana, was a Delaware Indian, and he himself, in consequence of his long and intimate association with the red men seems to have acquired Indian-like traits. His stay was also short, for on October 1, 1752, he was accidentally shot by Brother Augustus. Dr. Otto was again summoned from Bethlehem, and decided to remove Schebosh to that place for treatment.

The little flock was now pastorless until February, 1753, when that indefatigable and faithful missionary, Abraham Buhninger, was appointed to Meniolagomeka. A plan of the village as it was in December, 1753, is given by Reichel. There were three rows of huts arranged in parallel lines running from East to West. In the first row on the northern side there were three huts. In the second row were also three, the center one being the hut for the meetings and the abode of the missionaries. This was flanked on the east by the hut of Nathaniel and Priscilla, and on the west by that of Augustus and Esther. In the last row were five huts.

Dr. Hark gives Buhninger's record of the number of inhabitants at that time. There were 59 souls in all, of whom 33 were baptized and 26 unbaptized.

In November, 1753, and again in February, 1755, Buhninger was temporarily appointed to other duties, and his place at Meniolagomeka was on both occasions supplied by John Joseph Smick and his wife.

Already in 1750, Richard Peters, the Secretary of the Commonwealth, who claimed to own the land on which the village stood, had threatened to evict the Indians. The Brethren made every effort to buy the land, but Peters refused to sell. Now, in the Spring of 1755, he gave peremptory notice to vacate the land. It was a time of sore trial to the "brown hearts," whom the faithful Buhninger encouraged to trust in the providence of God.

And God did mercifully open a way of deliverance. King Teedyuscung had succeeded in winning a number of followers at Gnadenhutten, had left the mission, and their huts now stood vacant. A cordial invitation to Buhninger and his homeless flock to come to Gnadenhutten and occupy the abandoned huts, was gratefully accepted. With sad hearts the little band, carrying what they could with them, departed from their beloved Meniolagomeka on the 4th and 5th of May, 1755.

In the bit of consecrated ground which had been set aside as a cemetery, four were buried whose names deserve to be recorded here: Noah, the father of Augustus, aged 100 years, died June 29, 1749; Magdalena, wife of Joshua, died November 1, 1750; Maria, 3 years old, died October 26, 1750; and Christian, 8 years old, died May 24, 1753.

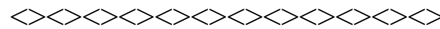
Thus closed the history of Meniolagomeka. Its very site was long forgotten, until on June 15, 1860, in pursuance of a resolution adopted in 1859, by the Moravian Historical Society, to seek out and to mark properly the mission grounds of the previous century, a company of eighteen persons from Bethlehem and Nazareth came hither and located the spot.

Two years ago, the Society took active steps towards the erection of a monument at this place.

Today we are assembled to dedicate this stone to the memory of those who here lived and labored, and who here worshiped and served the Savior. It is to His glory and to their remembrance that we erect this memorial. The busy world will take but scant notice of it, and in this sequestered glen but few pilgrims will seek it out. But even from the casual beholder it “implores the tribute of a passing sigh.”

The “brown hearts” are “gone on the mountain and lost to the forest.” Swept away by the ruthless tide of the white man’s invasion they have forever lost these hills and valleys that once were all their own. The weaker have fallen before the stronger. Injustice and inhumanity too often characterized the treatment of the Indians by the whites, but we rejoice that the Brethren knew how to deal with the Indians so as to uplift and save them. They did this only by the preaching of Christ and Him crucified, and by living out the doctrines which they preached. The uplifted Saviour drew the “brown hearts” unto Himself.

Meniolagomeka, though it came to an untimely and pathetic end, was not a failure. Here the Cross had its triumphs. Here the Lord Jesus was loved and honored. Here true men of God spent their strength to cultivate Immanuel’s plains. Here a genuine Christianity triumphed by loving and peaceful means over heathenism and barbarity. Here virtue took the place of vice. Here the Light of the world shone into poor, darkened “brown hearts.” Here the Bread of life was broken to famishing souls. Here God was glorified. And this we mean by this stone.



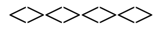
The monument, of blue New Hampshire granite, erected on a solid foundation of concrete, is 8 feet high, 4 feet wide and 2 feet thick. It stands about 25 feet from the public highway and is in a prominent feature in the landscape.

Upon the polished front is engraved the following legend: -

The site of
Meniolagomeka
A Moravian
Indian Mission Station,
1749 - 1755
Erected by
The Moravian Historical Society
A. D. 1901

The return ride to Nazareth by way of Roscommon and Wind Gap, although involving a detour of several miles, was much enjoyed by the party of pilgrims, while the half-hourly transit of the brilliantly illuminated electric car speeding by in the dusk of evening, now for Bangor, anon for Nazareth and Bethlehem, illustrated in striking contrast the rapidity and luxury of transportation of today compared with the laborious and wearisome foot-journeys made by the Moravian missionary from Meniolagomeka to the home of the “Pilger Gemeine,” a hundred and fifty years ago.

- e n d -



PHOTOS

1. The Monument as it now stands on the hillside just off the highway, overlooking the village site.
2. An example of one of the long ancient stone walls that seem to travel endlessly into the woods but in reality, turn a distance in the background, connects to another wall, which travels another distance and connects to a wall running parallel on the other side of a large cleared area. The wall is approximately 5 feet from side to side.
3. Another view of some of the stone work at Meniolagomeka. Supposedly from what was related to me, immediate to the left would have been the “graveyard”, which the area was cleared by one of the owners, and at one time was put to crops.
4. A closer look at the wall, showing the patina which assists in dating it to a time long ago.
5. This piece of stone work is part of an effigy formed by the stonework on the site.

Photos by: Wipunkwteme

THE SITE OF
MENIOLAGOMEKA,
A MORAVIAN
INDIAN MISSION STATION
1749 — 1755.

ERECTED BY
THE MORAVIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
A.D. 1901.







