

The Hansbury Diaries by some Moravian Missionary

July 18. The text of yesterday impelled me to visit several homes, and it comforted me. At Francis Jones' it was notable for me to hear that his youngest daughter, who is six weeks old, before Br. Pyrlaeus baptized her, had always been restless and cranky, afterwards would always lie cheerfully and quietly by herself. For John Kschischak's house I wished peace and blessings, and the footsteps of the Brethren Martin Mack and others, who had formerly been there, refreshed me. At John Hillman's I felt good also. Here a bridge has been built for Br. Joseph's sake, when they heard that he was coming. At Joseph Hayn's I couldn't do much. Then I went home and read homilies, in preparation for Walpack.

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July 19. Early in the morning I went from "Sideburn" (Br. Burnside's little cabin in Hansbury,) to Walpack. (Walpack is an Indian word signifying "a good fat land.") On the way I reflected on the Trinity, that they might make me capable as a herald of the Gospel. It was very impressive for me that the Atonement had been for such poor sinners. I visited the smith, William Kschak, but I could talk to him only about the harvest. Afterwards I visited at McDowell's and Susanna Kay's, and after some discourse on external matters, I could easily say something about the rest and peace in Jesus. Most of the way today was occupied with the Saviour only, and my marriage, and the Brethren who had moistened this route with their sweat, and sown it with prayer. Among them Zinzendorf, Benigna, and the people from Shekonoko. That gave me company. At last I came on the other side of the Delaware to Benjamin Smith's, and because he was not at home, I resolved to lodge in our school-house, arriving there at 5 P.M.

Possibly a relative of the Capt. McDowell of Augusta Co. Virginia in the 1750's.

While at Smith's, his wife broke out in tears because of the misery which she has felt since she met the happy hearts, old and young, at the Synod in Bethlehem, this having been her first visit there. I went to my lodging a mile away, after I had announced the preaching service at Pawlin's Mill, through a traveler at the ferry. Br. Shaw's first wife had died here. Their letters and hymn-verses I had read to Susanna Kay. I swept out the church and sleeping place, and was very happy in contemplation. The oldest son, - Abraham, - of Benjamin Smith's brother John, from Virginia, came to me. He is 23 years old, and lives at Shamadoo, (Shenandoah,) in the Irish settlement.

He is a good man.

His father is captain of the militia there. They have never seen one of the Brethren, but have heard many odd reports about them. He will return in a week or two. It is far beyond the Potomac. A clear indication of some connection with the settlements in the Shenandoah VALLEY of Virginia.

July 20. A part of the morning I spent alone in the school-house. Afterwards I remained with Nicholas Schoonover who has now been ill for 18 weeks, and who first received Br. Mack as a guest five years ago, and afterwards Christian Rauch, and who also had heard a few words from Br. Ludwig (Zinzendorf) through an interpreter. He told me that he had many pains of the flesh, but that it was well with his soul. He wished me to write a bill, but I thought of the words of the Saviour in the text of the Congregation for the 22nd of this month, "Who made me a Judge or a divider