

To the Bethlehem Mission: Christian Wedsted's Journey from London to Pennsylvania, June 13 – September 14, 1753

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In the fall of 1753 a Danish teacher and minister named Christian Wedsted composed a letter to friends at the seminary of the *Unitas Fratrum* at Barby in Saxony, describing the journey from London to the Brethren's settlement at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, that he had recently completed. But for a shortage of rations and a single bad storm the Atlantic crossing had been largely uneventful; so, too, the subsequent trip from New York City to Pennsylvania. The letter does not shed light, consequently, on important events. Nor is it of great significance that Wedsted wrote it in Latin couplets, casting it in the form of the verse epistle popular with the writers of the Golden and Silver Ages of Latin literature and with their imitators; for in comparison to the Latin poetry of, for instance, Samuel Johnson (1), his near-contemporary, Wedsted's is distinctly second-rate. However, in its halting, awkward way the letter gives forceful expression to the religious ideals and attitudes that motivated Wedsted and that may also have affected others of the Brethren who, like him, were caught up in the Sifting Period, that interesting episode of extreme religiosity among the early Moravians that would later be repudiated as excessive (2). For the benefit of students of that subject and for the diversion of Latinists Wedsted's poem is published here with brief notes and a prose translation.

The Moravian Archives, Bethlehem, possesses only one copy of the poem, written in Wedsted's own hand. Carefully done in ink on fine paper, the MS. presumably had been meant to be the final draft of the composition, for it can be seen from the surviving drafts of other poems that Wedsted was a slow worker, ever crossing out and revising. Even here he was not able to resist that urge entirely. From annotations in the margins of the MS. it appears that he changed his mind about word order in several places and even, at one point, about the order of two couplets. Also, there are pencilled-in revisions of several lines. Whether these were included in the copy sent to Barby (assuming that one was in fact sent) or added later as afterthoughts cannot be established from the Bethlehem records.

The poem is in many respects a strange, clumsy thing. Awkward passages abound: suffice it to cite one, the very beginning ("It is sailing in port 'what is sailing in port?', the port to which the Side and the Bleeding God 'verb? ', and may Peace ..."). Also, Wedsted sometimes fails to identify persons adequately. At line 72, for instance, he mentions the arrival on the scene of a certain "Pinckermanus", but does not indicate who the gentleman in

question was. Another account of the journey shows that he was captain of the ship *Johanna*, bound from Rotterdam to New York with 150 passengers from the Palatinate (3). Puzzling, too, is the discussion in lines 79ff. of a doctor who flung himself into the sea. The doctor was, as one would reasonably surmise, a traveller on the *Johanna*; but at this point in the poem Pinckermann's ship has already disappeared (4).

Likewise, Wedsted's Latin has serious shortcomings that frequently give the reader pause. Some of these are isolated, the result probably of oversight: e.g., the plural demonstrative "horum" in line 43 in place of the singular, and the misused postpositive "-que" in line 175. But there is at least one difficulty, the incorrect use of tenses of finite verbs, that is too common to be explained in that way. The future perfect, for example, often appears where a simple perfect is wanted (5). Also, in one passage Wedsted goes so far as to invent a verb form of his own, writing "*visa fuit nobis hebdomas una dies*" (line 47, emphasis added) where *visa est* would be correct. Nor are tenses of the subjunctive spared: see, for instance, lines 15f. where the context calls for an optative (=present) subjunctive ("May few waves frighten us, and may they propel the ship well!"), not the past potential (=imperfect) that Wedsted uses ("Few would have frightened us, and they would have propelled the ship well"). In these cases the source of the difficulty seems to have been the need to reconcile grammar and meter. Where a solution did not suggest itself, grammar was forced to give way (6).

The poem is not, however, graceless. Lines 97-108, where Wedsted, echoing Augustine, reflects on the believer's hunger for God, have an elegance and clarity of expression that are startling. There is considerable grace, too, in the meditation on the spring named in honor of Wedsted's deceased friend and minister, Christian Rénatus von Zinzendorf (lines 191-196). Nor is the lyric's spell shattered here, as this reader at first believed, by the phrase with which the meditation (and the poem, too) concludes, "*piscis ibique datur*" ("and there are fish there"). Christian Springs was a model farm organized on what were then the most advanced principles of agronomy. The raising of fish for food would not have been out of place there. Moreover, the symbol of the fish, one of Christianity's oldest, might easily have suggested itself to Wedsted in connection with the farm's namesake (6a).

Wedsted himself was as strange and as troubled as his poem sometimes is. Born at Ribe, Denmark, on April 12, 1720, he distinguished himself as a student early in life, later completing what are called "the usual examinations" at the University of Copenhagen and then supporting himself for seven years by preparing other young men for the university (7). While still a youth he had a religious "awakening"; then, in 1744 he came under the influence of the Brethren. In May, 1747, he joined the Brethren's community at Herrenhaag outside Frankfurt, moving in 1749 to the community at Marienborn. Later he was among the first twenty students to enter the seminary at Barby; however, he cannot have completed the studies there since he set out for Bethlehem before the graduation of the first class (8).

At Bethlehem Wedsted led a life that is remarkable for its uneventfulness. In the records of constant comings and goings, of synods and of meetings that comprise the history of the mission during his four years there, his name figures only very occasionally. He was at

Gnadenhütten on the Mahoning studying the language of the Shawnee Indians from June 28, 1754, till February 17 of the next year, when apparently he gave up the project (9). Between the ninth and the fourteenth of March, 1756, he attended a synod at Salisbury (10). Otherwise, the sources' silence suggests that he spent all his time in Bethlehem itself, where he served as a member of the *Schreiber-collegium*, charged with copying documents. Obviously he was qualified for more challenging assignments.

The explanation of Wedsted's failure to make a mark in Bethlehem must in part be that he was mentally ill. According to the biography entered into the Bethlehem Diary after his death on June 12, 1757, Wedsted had "ein melancholisches Gemüth" and was "überhaupt ein armes krankes Gemüth ... das man nicht anders als mit Liebe und Mitleiden auffassen und behandeln konnte." Evidently he suffered from manic depression: "er fiel von einem Extremo zum andern, war entweder zu freudig oder zu betrübt." His condition was so serious that after his death, whose causes seem to have been entirely unrelated to his mental condition, the members of the Single Brethren's Choir "gönnten ihm besonders das Glück (sc. his death!) weil er nun einer ganz aparten melancholischen Art war, und ein schweres Leben hatte" (11).

Translation:

(I.) Most favored brothers at the Seminary, (who are) most loved by the children! (12)

It is sailing in port, the port to which the Side and the Bleeding God (13), and may Peace (14) follow the Ship. May the Helmsman of the ship drive away all danger, (a ship) which has for itself a lasting name and omen. If there will have been a delay of the winds by which it is borne, they do not fail; thus God has borne it! If fierce storms seem to trouble (it), they do not; it is God who guides and protects (it). Happy are we whom this fatherly guardianship befalls; see, Peace is given us everywhere! We sail on the Irene, I confess; neither the sea nor the winds nor fierce winter tosses us who are conveyed happily. The furious heat of the sun does not burn us who set out in summer, a fair breeze favors us. Not infrequently great mountains are turned up in the deep; rarely do they frighten us, and we proceed excellently. At Barby the gleaming Elbe rather often attracts travellers, and the entire sea was already a river (15). The fish of the stream are amusing, and they are sought eagerly; what pleasure two slight ones give their captor! We have seen them beyond number jumping and swimming; we have taken various of them, and those heavy. More than once this kind of flesh has fully satisfied each of us; what fine and juicy food!

(II.) For the less frequent each change of food is, so much dearer it is wont to be if it occurs. "Here is something fine", they sometimes cry out, "What spoils have we thence? Something worthwhile?" The ship is steered in that direction and we seek the booty swimming to us. The booty was a cadaver. Neither its color nor its smell escaped us; it was a great whale which lies wounded. Each and every beast insults a dying lion with impunity, a disgrace and abuse of nature. No better treated is the Caesar of the seas, for he would be amusement and food to his own (people). Him from whom the fish fled while he lived each one tries to be the first to grab and tear at with cruel teeth. As at Caesar's funeral a great band

of his people follows behind, so countless mourners wish to pay their respects to this creature. Next to this one we saw a Grambus, as they say, which often spouted; it sprays rain, the rain then falls from a great height. We saw their (16) three brothers out for a walk together; they turn up waves, spout three, four times. One practically brushes the boat and salutes; I have hardly seen a larger; how big its body was! Many porpoises play while they make murmurs; by turning over they are swine of the sea.

(III.) If I may speak the truth, the sight of them is hardly pleasing; the wind is often wont to mount powerfully then. (But) these soothsayers predict no ill for us, for the wind rises and bears us along moderately. We take great pleasure in our ship, which takes back and forth so many of the Lord's youths who enjoy peace. When other ships draw up one would expect this one to be left behind shamefully and instead she often leaves them far behind. We address a sailor and ask what our course is. We hear that ours, which he is maintaining, is his. They take pleasure now in singing great songs of happiness, that the fates may please to bring them companions. He had filled up the ship with wretched peasants; they are trying their fortune in a new place. He is carried along with us; a lengthy discussion is conducted; rather frequently we take advice, and we give it. What we want, he wanted, what we did not want he rejected. It was pleasant to live equal in acts of hospitality. A single ship seemed like a whole island in the sea; otherwise you will see only sky and everywhere sea. The ship's chorus, the only one that it sees in the world, takes great pleasure if it will have seen a ship. How much more welcome the arrival of Pinckermann (17), how supremely welcome his journey. But brief!

(IV.) For twenty days flowed past: one week seemed to us a day. The wind and black night at length separated us who had been joined together; our companion was gone, day began to arrive. In the morning each wanted his good companion and awaited him in vain. He is not given back. Deliberately his doctor threw himself into the deep sea (18); a man takes care to pull him out immediately. Thus, he who cures others refused to help himself when he went crazy; what an evil madness seized him. In these lands every surgeon claims to be a doctor; the learned and unlearned will be naught but doctor (19). Lo, our better Doctor and barber skilled in his art, our beloved brother. He has counselled us well, and counselled a sick sailor who asked for him and who came hither ill (20). He goes away pleased, sends something, and promises more on the next day, but our ship leaves his. Our supplies began to run short; for a long time a part had been given to each person daily (21). One lives by bread and by the words from God's mouth, Who alone speaks the truth. Let bread be purchased, oil, a pint of wine; without God it little suffices.

(V.) One is not filled after enjoying much; one departs filled only when one has been satisfied in the Savior himself. Content with Christ, with few things content one triumphs in each misfortune; like Him one returns a victor. An agreeable life, a glorious culture do not increase our fortune; Christ remains it all. Christ blesses these lands, and a blessed heaven is not given without Him, the God who will give all. Whoever has Jesus so great a friend in his poverty ignores what Satan offers; everything is his. If his food is meager, small bits of blessed bread, they can satisfy many, as formerly. Rather often a

line is thrown, we expect to enter land, sand once deceives us as we rejoice. Each person's spirit leaps because land is approaching. Soon a pipe is brought, each desires to look. The sailors climb onto the mast, and they strive against one another to see land first; the herald wants a prize. They await it, they will sit down, they wonder, and hope abandoned sustains many: "I am in doubt," says no one. Truly they hurled the net by night, and the ship already has a profound and deeper sea. On the next day they test bottom twice, three times, four times; finally there is no earth and the line floats. What is this? There is a cliff here, and the current, rebounding from it, denies that there is a bottom here, something which cannot be far off.

(VI.) One day passes, then more, and the bark everywhere slices a profound sea, and his hope flees each person. Let there not be too much happiness or too much sorrow; now rejoicing disturbs life, now sorrow. Unless God will have guided the Irene admirably, each one could quickly pass under the shadow of death. But Noah the guide takes care to avoid Charybdis (22); how long the sea is, he alone on earth knows. At length the sailors look out, and they will attempt to see land, nor do they fail, land lies near. Uncertain what land they see, the Isle of the Vine (23) soon appears, soon another; but night forbids (us) to approach. In the morning Long Island (24) has given us shade close at hand: A noble sight all that day. The Lord's light shone, which unconcealed showed the entrance of the land, to which we are conveyed nearer. The Son brings this fruit hither; Father Jacob himself, because he is absent, could hardly do so (25); for it was his custom to bring it. But Owen hastens to us who is dearer than the fruit (26). Every eye has tears of joy. We are carried forward gradually by a favorable wind and nothing can be more happy than our entrance. Proud amphitheatres that have been built have been praised to us, and historians want to elevate many things to heaven. Here proud nature reveals herself to be better. Behold the more beautiful, unequalled work of God.

(VII.) At length we reach the port, nor was it absent previously, for everywhere the sea was a port for us. Many cry out: "You! You there! Where do you come from?" Many come on board; the ship is full of them. Here black night threatens us, and many of us remain. How sweet is this last period of quiet on the Irene! On the next day we mark the earth with our feet in this new world, the young men are able to walk rather securely. Received graciously, we enjoy parental love. Here spirit and body can thrive securely. Now we seek the forest, mountains and valleys, rocks and new roads borne by river to Brunswick (27). Here and there a few scattered farmers are encountered, Germans, Dutchmen, as the wind carried them. The dear stranger will relate to them the details of his past, his intentions and his route. Here the life of the ancient patriarchs frequently came to my mind, a life blessed enough! After two days the Mother (28) took us, tender and weary from the journey, onto her lap, and there tended us. What movements of the spirit, what feelings of the heart flood over us who see this village of God for the first time. The Spirit rushes to those who approach, and guiding them himself gently invites them, acting like the Mother. Here are Mother and Father, Brothers and Sisters: Here food and drink: Here the Home itself of God.

(VIII.) We are boys, and our Parents of heaven and earth care for us; the Bloody Bridegroom cannot be absent. Joined to us, he inheres in us though slain: hearts filled with God jump from joy. For they enjoy the celestial Bread of the House of Bread (29); The Bridegroom is in the Bride, and the Bride will be in the Bridegroom. Walk for three hours; the Daughter of the Mother will be given to you (30). Soon we new brothers saw this. The place is called Nazareth, it contains 6000 acres and is divided into four. Properly is this place called Nazareth and set apart for young men who are learning to speak, a noble place (31)! We scarcely saw the Valley of Peace but we entered that of Grace (32), which in its freshness proclaims the Lord to be good. Not far from here a fine little field is cultivated which will bear most precious harvests for God! See now the spring which Christel himself blessed with his name; though he be dead the water brings him back to life (33). He does not die, Christulus is inscribed in our souls forever; but each droplet restores him more. The spring bathes a storeroom of milk, and by its ceaseless flowing brings pleasure and refreshes, and there are fish there.

I Seminarii Fratres Dilectissimi liberisque amatissimi! (12)

Navigat in portu, portus cui Pleura Deusque
sanguineus (13), Navem Paxque (14) sequetur eam.

Ille Gubernator navis fugat omne periculum,
quae sibi perpetuum nomen et omen habet.

Si mora ventorum fuerit, quibus illa feratur,
non fallunt illi, sic tulit hancce Deus!

Si tempestates validae vexare videntur
non vexant, Deus est, qui regit atque tegit.

O nos felices, quibus haec tutela paterna
contigit; en nobis Pax ubicumque data!

Ireni vehimur, fateor, vectosque beate
nec mare, nec venti, nec fera jactat hiems.

Non aestus solis vehemens aestate profectos
comburit, nobis aura serena favet.

Non raro montes volvuntur in aequore magni;
rari terrerent nos, agerentque probe.

Barbipoli trepidans spatiantes allicit Albis
saepius, et totum iam mare flumen erat (15).

Oblectant pisces fluvii, cupideque petuntur;
captanti tenues gaudia quanta duos!

Vidimus innumeros salientes atque natantes,
illorum varios cepimus, hosque graves.

Plus semel haec carnis species satiavit abunde
nostrum quemque; bonus qui sapidusque cibus!

II Quanto namque cibi mutatio rarior omnis
tanto, si obveniat, carior esse solet!

Ecce boni quicquam, clamant aliquando, quid inde
praedarum nobis? ecquid erit pretii?

Illo dirigitur navis, petimusque natantem
huc nobis praedam. Praeda cadaver erat.

Ni color ejusdem nos olfactusve fefellit,

magna balaena fuit, quae lacerata jacet.
 Impune insultat morienti quaeque leoni
 bestia, naturae dedecus atque probrum.
 Nec melius Caesar marium defunctus habetur,
 namque suis lusus jam foret atque cibus.
 Quem fugiunt pisces viventem, dente maligno
 illum quisque prior jam capit atque rapit.
 Caesarius ut funus sequitur vis magna suorum,
 sic huic innumeri solvere iusta volunt.
 Proximum huic Grambum, sic ajunt, saepe spuentem
 vidimus; En pluviam conspuat, alta cadit.
 Tres horum (16) fratres spatiantes cernimus una,
 evolvunt undas, terque quaterque spuunt.
 Unus navigium prope praeterit atque salutat;
 maiorem haud vidi; corpore quantus erat!
 Purposium ludunt plures, cum murmura reddunt:
 sese volvendo, sunt mariumque sues.

III Verum si fatear, placet haud conspectus eorum;
 valde tum ventus crescere saepe solet.
 Nobis fatiloqui nil praedixere malorum,
 ventus enim surgens nos moderatus agit.
 Vere gaudemus Navi, quae Pace fruentes
 tot pueros Domini fertque refertque sui.
 Navibus allatis putat haec sibi turpe relinqui
 et potius longe saepe relinquit eas.
 Alloquimur Nautam quendam cursumque rogamus;
 audimus nostrum, qui tenet, esse suum.
 Cantica laetitiae jam gaudent magna canendo,
 quod sibi consocios jungere fata velint.
 Navem tam miseris compleverat ille colonis;
 Fortunam tentant in regione nova.
 Nobiscum vehitur, discursus multus habetur,
 saepius accipimus, consiliumque damus.
 Quod volumus, voluit, quod nolumus ille rejecit
 Convivarum instar vivere collibuit.
 Una quidem navis maris insula tota videtur:
 Caelum alias cernes solum et ubique mare.
 Navigiique chorus, solus sibi visus in orbe,
 gaudia, si navem viderit, ampla capit.
 Gratiior adventus, multo gratissimus idem
 ut Pinckermani (17), cursus; At ille brevis!!

IV Namque dies iunctis praeterfluxere viginti:
 visa fuit nobis hebdomas una dies.
 Coniunctos tandem disjungunt ventus et atra
 nox: aberat socius, coepit adesse dies.
 Mane bonum quivis socium desiderat atque
 exspectat frustra, non datur ille redux.
 Illius Doctor mare se dejecit in altum
 prudens (18), vir subito tollere curat eum.
 Sic alios sanans sibi noluit esse saluti
 vesanus; rabies quae mala cepit eum!
 Terris his Doctor Chirurgus quilibet audit,
 doctus et indoctus non nisi Doctor erit (19).
 En melior nobis Doctor tonsorque peritus

artis, confrater noster amabilior.
 Consuluit nobis bene, consuluitque petenti
 aegroso Nautae, qui miser huc adiit (20).
 Gratus abit, mittit quid, promittitque sequente
 plura die, at navem nostra relinquit eam.
 Coeperunt nobis deesse cibaria; dudum
 quotidie fuerat pars sua cuique data (21).
 Vivitur et pane et verbis e Numinis ore,
 solus ut est verax vera locutus ea.
 Panis ematur, olus, vini sextarius; adde,
 quod placeat, minime sufficit absque Deo.
 V Non satur est, multis fruitus: Satiatus in ipso
 Salvatore, potest solus abire satur.
 Contentus Christo, paucis contentus in omni
 casu convicit; Victor, ut ille, redit.
 Non victus suavis, non cultus splendidus auget
 nobis fortunam; Christus id omne manet,
 Hasce (beat terras) Christus, coelumque beatum,
 non datur absque illo, qui Deus omne dabit.
 Quisquis habet Jesum tam paupertatis amicum
 quod Satanas offert, negligit, omne suum est.
 Si cibus est tenuis, benedicti frustula panis,
 ut quondam, multos sat satiare queunt.
 Saepius ejicitur bolis, expectamus inire
 terram, laetantes fallit arena semel.
 Exultat cuivis animus, quod terra propinquet,
 mox tubus affertur, cernere quisque cupit.
 Inque malum scandunt nautae, certantque videre
 quisque prior terram, praemia praeco cupit.
 Expectant, resident, mirantur, spesque relicta
 sustentat multos: Ambigo, nullus ait.
 Quid vero noctu bolidem jecere, profundum
 atque magis altum jam mare navis habet.
 Postridi e tentant fundum bis, terque quaterque,
 postremo nulla est terra, bolisque fluit.
 Quidne rei? datur hic rupes, flumenve redundand
 denegat hic fundum, qui procul esse nequit.
 VI Praeterit una dies, pluresque carina profundum
 findit ubique mare, et spes sua quemque fugit.
 Absit laetitiae nimium nimiumque doloris,
 jam miscent vitam gaudia, jamque dolor.
 Ni Deus Irenem mire direxerit, umbram
 mortis jam possit quisque subire cito.
 Sed Noah director curat vitare Charybdin (22);
 Quam longum, novit solus in orbe, mare.
 Denique conspiciunt nautae, terramque probabunt
 cernere, nec fallunt, terra propinqua jacet.
 Incerti, quamnam videant, mox Insula Vitis (23)
 mox alia apparet; nox at adire vetat.
 Umbram mane dedit prope nobis Insula Longa (24):
 Aspectus toto nobilis illa die.
 Illuxit Domini Lux, quae monstravit aperta
 introitum terrae, quo proprius vehimur.
 Filius huc affert fructus; Pater ipse Jacobus
 absens haud potuit (25); Ferre solebat enim.

Carior at fructu nobis occurrit Owenus (26):
 Laetitiae lacrimas angulus omnis habet.
 Provehimur vento sensim sensimque secundo
 introituque nihil laetius esse potest!
 Laudantur nobis structa Amphitheatra superba,
 Historici in coelum tollere multa volunt.
 Hic sese ostentat melius natura superbam.
 En structura Dei pulchrior absque pari.
 VII Attigimus tandem portum, nec defuit ante,
 namque fuit nobis portus ubique mare.
 Acclamant multi: Vos, o vos! unde venitis?
 Conscendunt plures; Navis abundat eis.
 Imminet hic nobis atra nox, plerique manemus.
 ultima in Ireni quam sit amoena quies!
 Postridie pedibus terram signamus in orbe
 hocce novo, pueri firmitus ire valent.
 Excepti blande, fruimur bonitate paterna:
 hic anima et corpus salva valere queunt.
 Iam petimus sylvas, Braunschvicum (27) flumine lati
 montes et valles, saxa viasque novas.
 Hic illic dantur pauci variique coloni
 Teutonici, Batavi, ventus ut hosce tulit.
 Advena carus eis narrabit singula rerum,
 quae scit, gestarum fata viamque suam.
 Hic Patriarcharum veterum mihi vita frequenter
 in mentem rediit, vita beata satis!
 Post biduum teneros nosmet lassosque viarum
 in gremium Mater (28) cepit, ibique fovet.
 Qui motus animi, qui sensus cordis inundant
 primo spectantes Numinis huncce Pagum!
 Spiritus occurrit venientibus, ipse gubernans
 suaviter invitat, Matris adinstar agit!
 Hic Pater et Mater sunt, Fratres atque Sorores:
 Hic cibus atque potus: Hic Domus ipsa Dei.
 VIII Nos puerique sumus, coeli terraeque Parentes
 curant; Sanguineus Sponsus abesse nequit.
 Coniunctus nobis, animis mactatus inhaeret:
 Laetitia saliunt corda repleta Dei.
 Namque Domus Panis (29) coelesti Pane fruuntur;
 Sponsus inest Sponsae, Sponsaque Sponso inerat.
 Tres spatiare horas; dabitur tibi Filia Matris (30).
 Mox etiam Fratres visimus hancce novi.
 Nazareth ille locus dictus, sex millia agrorum
 continet, et sese dividit in quattuor.
 Nazareth hic proprie dictus puerisque dicatus,
 qui discunt fari, nobilis ecce locus (31)
 Vidimus haud Vallem Pacis, sed Gratiae inimus (32),
 quae viridis Dominum praedicat esse bonum!
 Non procul hinc rarus colitur communis Agellus
 qui frumenta feret quam pretiosa Deo!
 En vero Fontem, quem Christulus ipse beavit
 nomine; Defunctum hunc vivere reddit aqua (33).
 Non moritur, nostris animis inscriptus in aevum
 Christulus; at renovat guttula quaeque magis
 Fons lavat hic cellam lactis, cursuque pereni
 oblectat, reficit, piscis ibique datur.

Notes

- 1) *Samuel Johnson: Poems (The Yale Edition of the Works of Samuel Johnson, Vol. VI)*, ed. E.L. McAdam, Jr. (New Haven and London, 1964). Concerning the study of Latin in America see M. Reinhold, *The Classick Pages: Classical Reading of Eighteenth Century Americans* (University Park, PA, 1975).
- 2) For balanced discussion of the Sifting Period see Erich Beyreuther, *Zinzendorf und die Christenheit, 1732-1760* (Marburg, 1961), S. 238-252, and Gillian Lindt Gollin, *Moravians in Two Worlds: A Study of Changing Communities* (New York and London, 1967), S. 11-16.
- 3) To celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Irene's arrival in New York another of the passengers, Georg(e) Golkovsky, drew up a copy of the daily log that he had kept during the voyage: "See-Diarium von London .. nach New York ... vom 9ten Juny bis 21 September Anno 1753." He reports that Pinkerman (sic) appeared on 16 July and was lost sight of on 6 August.
- 4) In his entry for 25 July Golkovsky reports that Capt. Pinckermann "erzählte uns das ihr Doctor aus Confusion sey ins Wasser gesprungen, aber ein Matrose habe ihn noch gerettet."
- 5) See, e.g., lines 5, 70, and 127.
- 6) Wedsted's attention to meter was punctilious. In the entire poem there appear to be only two errors in scansion, the words *viginti* in line 73 and *atra* in line 153, both of whose initial vowels the poet mistakenly took for short.
- 6a) This explication of the last line of the poem was suggested by Dr. Hans-Walter Erbe, Editor of *Unitas Fratrum*.
- 7) Wedsted's *Lebenslauf: Bethlehem Diary*, 12 June 1757.
- 8) I would like to thank Dr. Erbe for calling this last fact to my attention.
- 9) John Fliegel, *Records of the Moravian Missions among the Indians of North America* (New Haven, Conn., 1970), s. nom. Chr. Wedsted.
- 10) *Sgle. Brn.*, 9 March and 14 March 1756.
- 11) *Sgl., Brn.*, 14 June 1757.
- 12) The phrase "liberisque amatissimi" is puzzling. A boys' school was not opened at Barby till October, 1756, quite some time (evidently) after Wedsted wrote this poem.
- 13) "Pleura," referring to the wounding of Jesus' side at the time of the Crucifixion, and "sanguineus Deus," phrases which recur throughout Wedsted's poetry, reveal the impact of his experiences at Herrnhag and Marienborn during the Sifting Period.
- 14) "Navem Paxque sequetur eam": The first of several plays on the meaning of Irene, the ship's name. (See also lines 4, 10 and 53.)
- 15) "At Barby the gleaming Elbe rather often attracts travellers, and the entire sea was already a river." A convoluted *non sequitur*, this sentence seems to mean that Wedsted had found the Atlantic to be no more threatening than the Elbe had been. "iam" here may be the German "schon": "und schon war das ganze Meer ein Fluss."
- 16) "horum" is wrong; "huius" would be correct but does not scan.
- 17) See above, note 3.
- 18) See above, note 4.

- 19) This sentence would be clearer if a semicolon were placed after "audit" and "nil nisi" were read in place of "non nisi": "Terris his Doctor Chirurgus quilibet audit; / doctus et indoctus nil nisi Doctor erit." ("In these lands every surgeon claims to be a doctor; the learned and unlearned will be naught but doctor.")
- 20) Bound for Bethlehem with Wedsted was Dr. Hans Martin Kalberlahn. His visit to another ship is set by Golkovsky on 30 August.
- 21) Golkovsky reports that concern about a shortage of provisions began to mount on 19 July. Contrary winds had doubled the travelling time to that point. Supplies were virtually exhausted by 31 August, with land not yet sighted.
- 22) "Noah director" is unclear: captain of the Irene was Nicholas Garrison. "Charybdis" may refer to a powerful storm which struck on 10 August, tipping the Irene's sails into the water for a moment.
- 23) "Insula Vitis": the reference presumably is to Martha's Vineyard Land was first sighted on the evening of 7 September. Wedsted seems to be playing a little game with his readers here: no one on board the Irene can have been in doubt for long about the land's identity.
- 24) "Insula Longa" = Long Island, N. Y.
- 25) "Father Jacob" evidently is Jacob Till, one of the leaders on board the Irene. Inasmuch as Till's son of the same name was not yet born, "Filius" must be either Jacob Eyerle, Jacob Friis or Jacob Herr, three other passengers.
- 26) "Owenus" may be Owen Rice, Sr., pastor of the Moravian congregation at New York at the time of Wedsted's arrival. The Latin is unclear. Perhaps he went out to the Irene on the pilot's boat or some other small craft.
- 27) "Braunswicum" = New Brunswick, N. J.
- 28) "Mater" = the Church (at Bethlehem).
- 29) "Domus Panis" = Bethlehem. The sentence reads: "For they enjoy the heavenly bread of the House of Bread."
- 30) "Filia Matris": Nazareth, Pa., which was administered at first from Bethlehem.
- 31) Nazareth Hall, a school for boys, was founded in 1746.
- 32) The allusions are to Friedenthal and Gnadenthal (today, Gracedale) in the environs of Nazareth.
- 33) Christianbrün (today, Christian Springs), west of Nazareth, was named in honor of Christian Renuus von Zinzendorf, pastor at Herrenhaag while Wedsted was there and a central figure in the Sifting Period. He had died in 1752.