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# HISTORY

OF THE

## Presbyterian Church in America,

FROM ITS ORIGIN UNTIL THE YEAR 1760.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ITS EARLY MINISTERS.

BY THE

REV. RICHARD WEBSTER,

LATE PASTOR OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, MAUCH CHUNK, PA.

WITH

*A Memoir of the Author,*

BY THE REV. C. VAN RENSSELAER, D.D.

AND

*An Historical Introduction,*

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, D.D.

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PHILADELPHIA:

JOSEPH M. WILSON,

No. 27 SOUTH TENTH STREET, BELOW CHESTNUT ST.

1857.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by  
JOSEPH M. WILSON,  
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Eastern District of  
Pennsylvania.

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impartiality. In the evening preached again, and of a truth God was pleased to assist a poor worm. I was enabled to speak with life, power, and passionate desire of the edification of God's people, and with some power to sinners."

On Monday he went to Woodbridge, met with the Correspondents, who ordered him to go to a number of Indians, among whom was a hopeful prospect of success, at Kaunaameek, "in the woods between Albany and Stockbridge." He wrote to Bellamy from Seaticoke, March 26, 1743:—

"MY DEAREST BROTHER:—

"When I received your last letter in N. York, which I immediately answered, I was so wholly engrossed and confused that I wholly omitted mentioning some things you inquired of me,—viz.: when I expected to see New England again. I could not then have guessed that I should see any part of it so soon, as I find div. providence has brought me just to the borders of it. Div. providence has strangely and unexpectedly changed my course, so that, instead of going among the Delaware Indians and Susquehannas, I am going to a tribe of 'em near Albany; as nigh as I can learn, about 18 miles northeast from Albany; for the Commissioners are not willing I should go among t'other Indians while they are suspected of contention with the English; and, knowing I must come near, if not thro' some part of New England in my journey to the Indians near Albany, my soul long'd exceedingly to see you by the way, to communicate some things to you respecting religion, and to mourn with you over Zion, while labouring under so many unhappy burdens. O, I long'd, I long'd for it exceedingly; but the Lord has disappointed me. May I learn to be resigned! However, in hope to see you, tho' I was detained in the Jerseys and York till past 10 o'clock on Thursday last, before I could get out of the city, and tho' I had determined to be with these Indians at Seaticoke, near Kent, on the Sabbath, yet I hoped to ride so hard as to save a little time to see you. Aco<sup>y</sup> I rode near 50 miles after 10 on Thursday, and yesterday designed to reach your place before I slept, which would have been something above 50 miles more, and so to have spent this day while noon with you, and then have come to N. Milford, and so to these Indians: but coming to Danbury yesterday, I heard that you were certainly set out for Boston, and so my heart sunk, and almost died, and I felt almost tired to death, and so tarried there last night, and to-day am come hither; and the Lord knows all my sorrows of heart and heavy burdens. I never wanted to see you as I do now, to unbosom my griefs and fears to you respecting the cause of God. O, how is the interest of the Redeemer's kingdom attacked on every side! God only knows what will be the issue and event of all the dark and threat-

ening aspects relating to religious matters. But, dear brother, let us watch and pray without ceasing, that God would enable *us* to conduct piously and judiciously in this difficult day. . . . I believe Antinomianism is likely to prevail in many parts of the land; but, dear brother, 'tis a tender point to touch; we had need be very cautious in thinking of and treating with others that don't feel as we do. Our frames and feelings alter and vary almost every day, so that I scarce know what to make of myself sometimes. Let us then, my dearest brother, put on utmost tenderness, love, meekness, humility, and candour; and love our enemies to death, (for that's a weapon they can't withstand,) and let us love all that don't think as we do, even our enemies. So shall we be the children of our heavenly Father: Matt. v. 45.

"P.S. I shall not be above 18 or 20 miles from Mr. Sergeant. I should greatly rejoice if you could come up and see me; it might possibly be much for our assistance and comfort in our way towards Zion: but if not, I beseech you, dear brother, not to vex yourself so much with the blazing hypocrites, for they roar at you now very much.

"The Lord be with you forever, and make you a pilgrim all the while you live in y<sup>e</sup> world."

Sergeant was a native of Newark, a graduate of Yale, who commenced his labours at Stockbridge in 1735; he had not much success, having never acquired the use of the Indian language, though he laboured assiduously. His advice was that Brainerd should master the language so far as to write it and understand it when spoken, but should communicate with the people through an interpreter, and teach the Indian children the English language by the aid of schoolmasters. He died in 1749.

The Indians\* to whom Brainerd ministered lived about five miles northwest of New Lebanon, on the road to Albany: the place is now called Brainerd's Bridge, a toll-bridge having been built across the Kayaderosseras Creek by a person of that name. The Indians dwelt in the meadow at some distance below the bridge. In 1823 there were traces of their dwellings, orchard, and burying-place. The nearest white people spoke only Low Dutch; a Scottish Highlander was the only person with whom Brainerd could converse. The Indians received him kindly, and were seriously attentive to his instructions; two appeared under concern, and one told him, privately, that her heart had cried since she heard him first. His interpreter was an ingenious Indian, who had been taught by Mr. Sergeant, understood both English and Indian very well, and wrote

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\* S. E. Dwight: Edwards's Works.