

LETTERS

FROM THE

Rev. SAMUEL DAVIES,
and Others;

SHEWING,

The State of RELIGION in
Virginia, South Carolina, &c.

PARTICULARLY

Among the NEGROES.

PROV. XXV. 25.

*As cold Water to a thirsty Soul, so is good News
from a far Country.*

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centinel that stands upon the walls of *Jerusalem*. Alas! but few stand firm with him after a few years hot fighting. My love to your dearest friends, &c.

JOHN WRIGHT.

A LETTER from the Rev. Mr *Richardson* at *Waxsaw* in *South Carolina*, to Mr *J. F.* Dated *May 6, 1760.*

Dear SIR,

I AM much obliged to you for the Books you procured for me; though my absence for some time has obliged me to give them into other hands to disperse for me.

In *October 1758*, I undertook a mission to the *Cherokees*; hearing from Mr *Martin*, my predecessor, their desire to be instructed in the Christian faith; but by the time I got to that nation they were much of another opinion, several of their people having been killed by the *Virginians* on their return from the Northward, for their theft and plundering. This enraged them so much, that after I had stayed near three months among them I could not prevail on them to give me a public hearing, except in one small town.

At that time their whole talk was *War* with the white people: So as I was of no service to them I resigned the *Indian* mission, especially finding my health very much impaired

paired by the great colds I got by lying among the mountains in the winter. — The *Cherokees* soon after my departure broke out into open war, and killed several of our people. Governor *Lyttleton* went against them; they made peace, and as soon as the army was disbanded broke out again, and now carry destruction, desolation and ruin along with them, having made our frontiers a waste and an *Aceldama*.

In *May* 1759, I settled in a congregation below the *Catawba* nation, to whom I hoped I might be useful, through the divine blessing; but my sickly constitution, and their differences with the white people, prevented me. The Small-pox spread among them surprizingly, on which they fled to the woods, and died in great numbers; which, with the present disturbances, have made them leave their towns, so that they are at present out of my reach.

We are now in very distressing circumstances. The country above my congregation, once settled, is now a wilderness; some killed, others scalped, others drove from their habitations, others carried away captive, and some put to death in the most cruel manner.—My house is not above five miles from the frontier inhabitants; almost every night we expect to be awakened with the *Indian* hollow, or the dying groans of some of the family. An army is preparing against them, but our motions are far slower than theirs; our

our manner of carrying on war being very different.

My success in the ministry is very small. The younger part of my congregation indeed attend with seeming solemnity, as well as the more aged; which gives me some encouragement to hope that the Spirit of God is silently carrying on a work of grace on their hearts; and they are in general of a good, moral character; which I am often reminding them is too weak a foundation to build their hopes of the divine favour upon. — About *fifty* of them lately joined in full communion, and several gave good reasons for their hope; tho' others had not attained such lengths. But, alas! divine influences seem to be much withheld at this time. — Religion, vital Religion being on the decline.

Ministers along the frontiers are very scarce. I know but one besides myself along the frontiers of *North and South Carolina, and Georgia*; nor for an hundred miles down the country below them. Judge ye what a pitiable condition the numerous inhabitants are in for want of the Gospel; which in some measure may be made up by *Books*. — I am pleased with the SOCIETY'S method of distribution and choice of Books. — There are multitudes here crying for the bread of life, and none to dispense it to them. Ignorance greatly prevails, which may be removed by good Books.

I wish I had a number of the *Compassionate Address*, and some tracts against *Swearing, Drunken-*

Rev. Mr DAVIES, &c. 23

Drunkeness, Sabbath-breaking, &c. which Books appear to be excellently adapted to the case of *this* country. I shall not distribute them to my own people, but intend to send or take some of them to *Pee-Dee*, where wickedness triumphs. They have no *Minister*, and I know not if they have the *form* of Religion. I intend to visit them very soon.

I am, &c.

W. RICHARDSON.

A LETTER from the Rev. Mr *Todd* in *Hanover County, Virginia*, to Mr *B.F.*
Dated *August 7, 1760.*

THE poor subjects of the generous charity of the SOCIETY, both white and black, have received inexpressible advantage from the well-chosen donations sent hither. I would beg leave to return the most grateful thanks to the generous members of the SOCIETY in *Great Britain*, for their pious liberality to the poor in this uncultivated clime.

I cannot point out the exact number, but am well assured some hundreds of *Negroes*, besides *white* people, can read and spell, who a few years since did not know one letter. And the sacred hours of the *Sabbath*, with other leisure times, are improved in reading and other profitable exercises, which were not long since prostituted to *vicious* practices;
and