

✓
ANNALS
OF THE
AMERICAN PULPIT;
OR
COMMEMORATIVE NOTICES
OF
DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN CLERGYMEN
OF
VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS,
FROM THE EARLY SETTLEMENT OF THE COUNTRY TO THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR
EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE.
WITH HISTORICAL INTRODUCTIONS.
✓
BY WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.

VOLUME III.

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By ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS,

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District of New York.

You are doubtless aware of the remarkable proximity of Dr. Roe's death to that of his wife. I preached her Funeral Sermon on the 29th of November, 1815, and his on the 3d of December following,—there being an interval of only four days. My text at his funeral was—"The memory of the just is blessed;"—a sentiment which I am persuaded was heartily responded to, in its application to that honoured servant of God, by all who knew him.

With much esteem, yours,

JOHN McDOWELL.

JAMES WADDEL, D. D.*

1761—1805.

JAMES WADDEL, the son of Thomas Waddel, was born at Newry, in the North of Ireland, in July, 1739. His parents migrated to America in his infancy, and settled in the South-eastern part of Pennsylvania, on White Clay Creek. His mother was distinguished for her Christian knowledge and piety, and her attachment to Scottish Presbyterianism; and it was to her influence that he attributed his first religious impressions. In consequence of an injury which he received, at the age of twelve, upon his left hand, rendering it in a great degree useless, his father resolved to give him a liberal education. Accordingly he was sent to Nottingham, about fifteen miles distant, to the school of the Rev. Dr. Finley, where he enjoyed excellent advantages for both intellectual and moral culture. During the period of his connection with this school, he was the subject of very remarkable religious exercises, though they were not occasioned by any external means. He stated to Dr. Alexander that on two occasions in particular, he had such views of the glory and excellency of the Gospel as he never enjoyed afterwards. Dr. Finley rendered him important aid by his excellent counsel and instruction, and at length admitted him to the communion of the church.

Such was Mr. Waddel's proficiency, especially in the classics, that Dr. Finley took him, at an early age, to be his assistant. On leaving this school, he became an assistant teacher in another celebrated school of that day,—at Pequea, Lancaster County, Pa., under the care of the Rev. Robert Smith;—a school from which proceeded as many as fifty young men who were afterwards ministers of the Gospel. After having been engaged here a year or more, he set out to travel South, intending, as is supposed, to devote himself to teaching, and to settle in Charleston, S. C. On his way he stopped at Upper Marlborough, Md., where a Presbyterian church had already been founded; and though he was solicited to remain there, the inducements were not so strong as to detain him, and he pursued his journey till he reached Hanover County, Va. Here he had the pleasure of listening to the eloquence, and making the acquaintance, of that prince of pulpit orators, Samuel Davies; and it was this circumstance probably that gave the decisive direction to his life. Mr. Davies not only forbade him to go farther, but urged him to devote himself at once to the ministry.

* Notices of Dr. Waddel in the "Watchman of the South."—Foote's Sketches of Va., I.—Life of Rev. Dr. Alexander.—MS. from Rev. Dr. Hill.

Though he had been studying medicine before this, he was now persuaded to abandon it, and to act in accordance with Mr. Davies' advice. Shortly after this, he entered upon his theological studies, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Todd of Louisa County, an eminent minister of his day, and meanwhile became engaged, for the third time, in the business of instruction. Here he remained until he was licensed as a probationer, at Tinkling Spring, on the 2d of April, 1761, by the (Old) Presbytery of Hanover. His acceptance as a preacher, from the beginning, may be estimated by the fact that, at the meeting of the Presbytery in October following his licensure, there were put into his hands five calls; but he did not think proper even to take any of them into consideration; as his mind was made up at that time to return to Pennsylvania, and he was not without some expectation of a settlement at York. He, therefore, left Virginia, and returned home to visit his parents; and when he revisited Virginia afterwards, it was with a view of obtaining a dismission from the Presbytery. When, however, the Presbytery met, there were present two gentlemen of great respectability as commissioners from the County of Lancaster, Va., who made such representations in regard to the spiritual destitution of the region in which they lived, that Mr. Waddel was constrained to admit the claim upon his services, and accordingly he suddenly changed his purpose. At a meeting of the Presbytery at Providence, on the 7th of October, 1762, he signified his acceptance of a call from the Churches of Lancaster and Northumberland; and, on the 16th of June, he was ordained at Prince Edward.

The people of Mr. Waddel's charge found in him every thing they could desire, and they showed him every mark of affectionate respect. He does not seem, at the time of his settlement, to have expected to remain long there; but various circumstances conspired to a different result. He found so much hospitality, intelligence, and piety in the region around, that the reluctance he had felt to making his permanent home there was quickly overcome. Besides, he was united in marriage, about the year 1768, with Mary, daughter of Colonel James Gordon, a gentleman of great respectability, and an elder in one of the churches to which he ministered. His father-in-law, shortly after his marriage, established him in a new and commodious house on Curratomon River; and here he would gladly have remained during his whole life, but for the ill effects of the climate upon his health. He passed no year without an attack of intermittent fever; and he often preached, when it was difficult for him to stand erect. This, in connection with the inroads of the Revolutionary war, led him, about the year 1776, to resign his charge, and remove to the Valley of the Shenandoah. Some two years previous to this, he had received a call from the Congregations of Opekon and Cedar Creek, which he declined.

On leaving Lower Virginia, his attention was directed to Tinkling Spring, in Augusta; and, on the 1st of May, 1776, a call from that congregation was presented to him, which he engaged to take into consideration for a year. In 1778, he removed his family to a place called Spring Hill, a few miles above Waynesborough, where he remained about seven years. For some time, his labours were confined to the Tinkling Spring Congregation, but they were afterwards shared by that and the congregation at Staunton. During his residence in Augusta, his health was entirely restored.

In 1785, Mr. Waddel removed to an estate which he had purchased at the eastern base of the Blue Ridge. This he named Hopewell. His

house was in Louisa, but his property, amounting to nearly a thousand acres, lay chiefly in the Counties of Orange and Albermarle. He preached in several churches in the neighbourhood, and also became, for the fourth time, a classical teacher, and received pupils in his own house. The period of his residence in Louisa was about twenty years.

In 1792, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by the Trustees of Dickinson College, Carlisle.

Some time after his removal to Louisa, he was overtaken with the calamity of blindness,—a cataract having seized first one eye, and then the other. He continued to preach, however, availing himself, in his preparations, of the assistance of different members of his family, in finding the text, consulting the commentaries, &c.; and the effect of his preaching was not a little heightened by the fact that he was seen to be speaking in total darkness. In 1798, his sight was partially restored, for a time, by means of the operation of couching; but the cataract speedily returned, and he saw the light of the sun no more.

Dr. Waddel's latter days were eminently serene and happy. The loss of his sight, though on many accounts a most severe deprivation, he submitted to with perfect resignation and cheerfulness. His mental faculties still remained as vigorous as ever; and he not only enjoyed intercourse with his friends, but entered with great interest into theological speculations. Before his death he gave orders that all his manuscripts should be committed to the flames; that his funeral should be conducted in the most simple manner; and that his body should be borne to the grave by his own servants. His death, which was a bright scene of Christian triumph, occurred on the 17th of September, 1805.

Dr. Waddel was the father of ten children, several of whom have occupied important positions in society. One of his daughters was married to the Rev. William Calhoon,* and one to the Rev. Dr. Alexander. His widow died at Staunton, in the year 1813.

Probably the best idea of Dr. Waddel's preaching, which it is possible now to obtain, is to be gathered from the following well known description by Mr. Wirt, which appeared early in this century, in the "British Spy":—

"It was on Sunday, as I travelled through the County of Orange, that my eye was caught by a cluster of horses tied near a ruinous old wooden house in the forest, not far from the road side. Having frequently seen such objects before, in travelling through these States, I had no difficulty in understanding that this was a place of religious worship.

"Devotion alone should have stopped me to join in the duties of the congregation; but I must confess that curiosity to hear the preacher of such a wilderness was not the least of my motives. On entering, I was struck with his preternatural appearance. He was a tall and very spare old man; his head, which was covered with a white linen

* WILLIAM CALHOON was born in 1772,—the son of an elder in the Briery Church, Prince Edward County, Va.; became a member of Hampden Sidney College, at the age of fourteen, and was hopefully converted while a member of that institution. He was licensed to preach by the Hanover Presbytery on the 12th of May, 1792, and in the succeeding autumn, went, under the commission of Synod, as a missionary to Kentucky. He resided in Kentucky for several years, and had a pastoral charge there; but returned to Virginia in 1799, and, after preaching at several different places, accepted a call from Staunton, and Brown's meeting house (afterwards Hebron). To these congregations he devoted his time and energies for a number of years, until, at length, the infirmities of advancing life admonished him to resign the charge, first of one congregation, and then of the other,—believing, as he did, that each of them required more service than he was able to render. He, however, continued to labour, to the full extent of his ability, while he lived. Dr. Foote represents him as a man of vigorous intellect, of great self command, of a ready mind, of fine conversational powers, and of an enlarged public spirit. He died on the 27th of August, 1851.

cap, his shrivelled hands, and his voice, were all shaking under the influence of a palsy; and a few moments ascertained to me that he was perfectly blind.

"The first emotions that touched my breast were those of mingled pity and veneration. But how soon were all my feelings changed! The lips of Plato were never more worthy of a prognostic swarm of bees, than were the lips of this holy man! It was a day of the administration of the Sacrament; and his subject was, of course, the passion of our Saviour. I had heard the subject handled a thousand times—I had thought it exhausted long ago. Little did I suppose that in the wild woods of America, I was to meet with a man, whose eloquence would give to this topic a new and more sublime pathos than I had ever before witnessed.

"As he descended from the pulpit to distribute the mystic symbols, there was a peculiar, a more than human, solemnity in his air and manner, which made my blood run cold, and my whole frame shiver.

"He then drew a picture of the sufferings of our Saviour; his trial before Pilate; his ascent up Calvary; his crucifixion and his death. I knew the whole history; but never until then had I heard the circumstances so selected, so arranged, so coloured! It was all new; and I seemed to have heard it for the first time in my life. His enunciation was so deliberate that his voice trembled on every syllable; and every heart in the assembly trembled in unison. His peculiar phrases had that force of description, that the original scene appeared to be at that moment acting before our eyes. We saw the very faces of the Jews; the staring, frightful distortions of malice and rage. We saw the buffet; my soul kindled with a flame of indignation; and my hands were involuntarily and convulsively clenched.

"But when he came to touch on the patience, the forgiving meekness, of our Saviour; when he drew to the life his blessed eyes, streaming in tears to Heaven, his voice breathing to God a soft and gentle prayer of pardon on his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," the voice of the preacher which had all along faltered, grew fainter and fainter, until his utterance being entirely obstructed by the force of his feelings, he raised his handkerchief to his eyes, and burst into a loud and irrepressible flood of grief. The effect was inconceivable. The whole house resounded with the mingled groans, and sobs, and shrieks, of the congregation.

"It was some time before the tumult subsided, so far as to permit him to proceed. Indeed, judging by the usual, but fallacious, standard of my own weakness, I began to be very uneasy for the situation of the preacher; for I could not conceive how he would be able to let his audience down from the height to which he had wound them, without impairing the solemnity and dignity of his subject, or perhaps shocking them by the abruptness of the fall. But no! the descent was as beautiful and sublime, as the elevation had been rapid and enthusiastic.

"The first sentence with which he broke the awful silence, was a quotation from Rousseau: 'Socrates died like a philosopher; but Jesus Christ like a God!'

"I despair of giving you any idea of the effect produced by this short sentence, unless you could perfectly conceive the whole manner of the man, as well as the peculiar crisis in the discourse. Never before did I completely understand what Demosthenes meant by laying such stress on delivery. You are to bring before you the venerable figure of the preacher; his blindness constantly recalling to your recollection old Homer, Ossian, and Milton; and, associating with his performance the melancholy grandeur of their geniuses, you are to imagine that you hear his slow, solemn, well-accented enunciation, and his voice of affecting, trembling melody; you are to remember the pitch of passion and enthusiasm to which the congregation were raised, and then the few moments of portentous, death-like silence which reigned throughout the house: the preacher removing his white handkerchief from his aged face, (even yet wet from the recent torrent of his tears,) and slowly stretching forth the palsied hand which holds it, begins the sentence, "Socrates died like a philosopher"—then pausing, raising his other hand, pressing them both, clasped together with warmth and energy, to his breast, lifting his sightless balls to Heaven, and pouring his whole soul into his tremulous voice,—but Jesus Christ—like a God!" If he had been indeed and in truth an angel of light, the effect could scarcely have been more Divine.

"Whatever I may have been able to conceive of the sublimity of Massillon, or the force of Bourdaloue, had fallen far short of the power which I felt from the delivery of this simple sentence. The blood which just before had rushed in a hurricane upon my brain, and, in the violence and agony of my feelings, had held my whole system in suspense, now ran back into my heart, with a sensation which I cannot describe—a kind of shuddering, delicious horror! The paroxysm of blended pity and indignation, to which I had been transported, subsided into the deepest self-abasement, humility, and adoration. I had just been lacerated and dissolved by sympathy for our Saviour, as a fellow-creature; but now, with fear and trembling, I adored him as a God.

"If this description gives you the impression that this incomparable minister had any thing of shallow, theatrical trick in his manner, it does him great injustice. I have never seen in any other orator such a union of simplicity and majesty. He has

not a gesture, an attitude or an accent, to which he does not seem forced by the sentiment he is expressing. His mind is too serious, too earnest, too solicitous, and at the same time too dignified, to stoop to artifice. Although as far removed from ostentation as a man can be, yet it is clear from the train, the style and substance of his thoughts, that he is not only a very polite scholar, but a man of extensive and profound erudition. I was forcibly struck with a short yet beautiful character, which he drew of your learned and amiable countryman, Sir Robert Boyle: he spoke of him as if his noble mind had, even before death, divested herself of all influence from his frail tabernacle of flesh; and called him, in his peculiarly emphatic and impressive manner, 'a pure intelligence, the link between men and angels.'

"This man has been before my imagination almost ever since. A thousand times, as I rode along, I dropped the reins of my bridle, stretched forth my hand, and tried to imitate his quotation from Rousseau; a thousand times I abandoned the attempt in despair, and felt persuaded that his peculiar manner and power arose from an energy of soul, which nature could give, but which no human being could justly copy. In short, he seems to be altogether a being of a former age, or of a totally different nature from the rest of men. As I recall, at this moment, several of his awfully striking attitudes, the chilling tide with which my blood begins to pour along my arteries, reminds me of the emotions produced by the first sight of Gray's introductory picture of his bard:

'On a rock whose haughty brow,
'Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
'Robed in the sable garb of woe,
'With haggard eyes, the poet stood.
'(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
'Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air:)
'And with a poet's hand, and prophet's fire,
'Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.'

"Guess my surprise when, on my arrival at Richmond, and mentioning the name of this man, I found not one person who had ever before heard of *James Waddel*!"

FROM THE REV. WILLIAM CALHOON.

AUGUSTA COUNTY, Va., November 23, 1848.

Rev. and dear Sir: I first became acquainted with the Rev. Dr. James Waddel about 1797, at which time he was an old man. He had then been restored to imperfect vision, by an operation on one eye, which operation had been performed by Dr. Tyler of Fredericktown, Md.

In person, he was tall, slender, erect,—in general deportment, dignified and commanding, but remarkable for politeness and gentlemanly manners—indeed I considered him a finished gentleman in the old Virginia acceptation of the term. In further description of his person, I may say, he had a long face, high forehead, Grecian nose, blue eyes, and small mouth and chin. He was partially affected with palsy; and the shaking of his head and hands, with a solemn countenance, produced in most minds a feeling of reverence and awe.

From the date just mentioned until 1805, I lived near his residence, and when not engaged in pastoral duties, usually spent an hour with him every day, attracted by his great knowledge and wonderful powers of conversation.

He exhibited a happy mixture of Christian cheerfulness with ministerial gravity. Owing to his partial vision, he seldom made excursions beyond his immediate neighbourhood,—still preaching, however, at the little meeting-house in the County of Orange, referred to by Mr. Wirt, and two miles from Hopewell,—his residence.

On one occasion, he preached at Milton, a village in Albermarle County, whither I had removed with my family; and this was the only sermon I remember to have heard from him,—owing to his habit of hearing others, instead of being heard by them. This sermon was preached in the presence of several infidels, and, after singing the last hymn, he arose and made an address on the importance of Christianity to a fallen world, as an evidence of its truth. I am satisfied that I never witnessed such a torrent of eloquence before or since.

He was a learned man, without ostentatious display, being more solicitous to present the Son of God to his audience, than to exhibit himself. His articula-

tion was distinct, and his speech neither rapid nor slow. His gesture was not studied or uniform, but was such as was suggested by his feelings, and was always pertinent to the thought he was uttering. All in him seemed the result of a powerfully working mind, and of one constitutionally eloquent. His language was always neat, often elegant, evincing much cultivation. His delivery showed that he poured his soul into his words.

An old elder who once lived under Dr. Waddel's ministrations, informed me that he heard him preach, on a certain occasion, upon the glories of Heaven, and the introduction of saints there; when his descriptions were so vivid that he actually forgot himself, and involuntarily looked up to behold the amazing scenes, which the preacher, with such wonderful power, portrayed.

When I removed to this county, the parting of Mrs. Calhoon from her father was deeply affecting. He said, "My child, you weep, lest you may not see me again. Were I invited to a feast prepared for the honourable of this world, would you be distressed? Well, should you hear that your father is dead, comfort yourself with the thought that he has been called to the feast prepared by God for the redeemed." It was the last time she saw him. Shortly after our removal, (1805,) hearing of his illness, I visited him, and we had much conversation. He told me that he felt no personal interest in anything earthly,—that he was convinced that he should soon leave the world. With a solemn countenance, without dejection, and in the perfect use of his mental faculties, he said,—“I feel no concern in view of death, of a painful kind, no more than when lying down to sleep.” His mind was full of Heaven, because his confidence in Christ was firm and unshaken. He fell asleep in Jesus shortly after I left him.

With great respect,

WILLIAM CALHOON.

FROM THE REV. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, D. D.

PRINCETON, October 16, 1848.

Rev. and dear Sir: I do not know that I have much to add concerning Dr. Waddel to what has already been published. I may say, however, that he was as eloquent in private conversation as in the pulpit. He was very communicative, and, in the company of young persons, would go on for a quarter or sometimes half an hour, in the most animated and delightful discourse; and, on the subject of practical and experimental religion, these discourses were most edifying. I never heard him preach but once; and that was when he was perfectly blind. The subject was the "Parable of the Pharisee and the Publican." This passage of Scripture was repeated by him with perfect accuracy, and the discourse was masterly. The description of the Pharisee was striking, and in some respects new to me; as he exhibited him according to the character which he had among the people, who had no suspicion of his hypocrisy, but venerated him as a man of superior sanctity and elevated devotion. His manner was not harsh, but highly animated. This was the case in all his conversation. Whenever he discoursed on any subject, he entered into it with his whole soul. Even on metaphysical subjects he spoke with uncommon ardour.

He was a man of a most affectionate disposition, and in his treatment of strangers was remarkably courteous. In the expression of his own opinions he was as free and independent as any man I ever knew. Whatever sentiments he entertained he would express with perfect freedom, on all occasions, however they might differ from those of the persons with whom he conversed. In his person he was tall and very slender. At home he wore a white cap; in the pulpit, a large, full bottomed white wig,—which was the custom of the clergy in his day.

The most remarkable specimen of his eloquence which I ever heard, was in a speech delivered in the small church near his own house. The case was this—a clergyman, a member of the Presbytery of Hanover, had been maliciously prosecuted, as I believe, by two of his own elders. He was a man of great sensibility to any thing which touched the purity of his moral character; and this accusation produced in him a degree of anguish indescribable. Though unanimously acquitted, yet the idea of being charged with a base crime affected him much; and, as he feared that the decision of the Presbytery might not be known to all who had heard the accusation, he took pains to procure a copy of the proceedings, signed by the Moderator and Clerk. To this paper he attached certain severe remarks on the malignity of his accusers, mentioning them by name. This laid the foundation for a charge of forgery, as this had the appearance of being entirely an extract from the Records of Presbytery. It was on this second accusation that Dr. Waddel made the speech in defence of this clergyman. An intelligent elder present, who did not agree in opinion with Dr. W., and who had heard several of Patrick Henry's most celebrated speeches in criminal cases, declared that this was the most perfect specimen of eloquence which he ever heard. I had heard Mr. Henry on one occasion, and my opinion was that Mr. Henry's oratory was better adapted to produce its effect on the great body of the people, and Dr. Waddel's better suited to persons of refinement and education. You know that all attempts to describe oratory are vain—it must be heard to be understood.

JAMES MADISON, President of the United States, lived about seven or eight miles from the small church before mentioned, and frequently attended there with his mother, who was an eminently pious lady, and, as long as she was able to attend, a communicant in Dr. Waddel's little church. Mr. Madison often visited Dr. Waddel in his own house, and sometimes consulted him in matters relating to the welfare of the country. JAMES BARBOUR, Governor of Virginia, was, in early life, the pupil of Dr. Waddel, and while he lived, cherished and expressed the highest admiration of his eloquence. Shortly before his death, he told an eminent physician in Philadelphia that Dr. W. had spoiled him, in regard to hearing other preachers. PHILIP BARBOUR, a Justice of the Supreme Federal Court, a brother of the former, entertained the same sentiments of admiration. Yet, while his preaching was so greatly admired by the intelligent and refined, it did not equally attract and move the illiterate and ignorant. Often such would prefer hearing an uneducated declaimer.

While Dr. Waddel was pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Lancaster County, in the Northern Neck, and on the Chesapeake Bay, he was visited by Mr. Whitefield, who spent a week in that region; preaching, as usual, very frequently, and with amazing power, and leaving behind him many seals to his ministry. Dr. W. was much pleased with the fervent zeal which glowed in Whitefield's bosom; but he thought he had great faults, among which self-exaltation was perhaps the most conspicuous and offensive. Soon after his departure, Mr. Whitefield wrote him an account of his wonderful success in preaching the Gospel, and annexed to almost every description several notes of admiration(!!!). The gentlemen connected with Dr. Waddel's congregation greatly preferred the style of eloquence to which they had been accustomed, to the more fervid and impressive oratory of Whitefield. This sequestered congregation, almost insulated by the Rappahanock, Wicomico, and Chesapeake Bay, was several hundred miles from the nearest Presbyterian Church. While Dr. W. remained there, he had little intercourse with his brethren in the ministry; and his eloquence, when he was in full health, and in his prime, was seldom heard any where, except in this point of the Northern Neck. Before he moved up the country, his constitution was broken, and his voice much shattered.

It is perhaps proper to add that Dr. Waddel, while he held firmly the doctrines of the Bible as exhibited in the standards of the Presbyterian Church,

was disposed to treat with great respect those who differed from him, even though he might consider them as holding serious errors. Neither did he make a man an offender for a word in matters pertaining to practical religion. Always exemplary in his life, he was as far as possible from pharisaic precision, and never frowned upon the buoyant spirits and innocent enjoyments of the young. There was great naturalness as well as great dignity pervading his whole character.

Yours truly,
A. ALEXANDER.

WILLIAM TENNENT (THIRD.)*

1762—1777.

WILLIAM TENNENT, a son of the Rev. William Tennent of Freehold, N. J., was born in Freehold, in the year 1740. He was graduated at the College of New Jersey, in 1758, and was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, at Harvard College, in 1763. He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of New Brunswick, sometime between the meetings of Synod in 1761 and 1762; and was ordained by the same Presbytery between the Synodical meetings of 1762 and 1763. Shortly after his ordination, he went, by appointment of Synod, to Virginia, and laboured within the bounds, and under the direction, of the Hanover Presbytery, for six months.

In 1764, the people of Norwalk, Conn., wishing to procure a colleague for their pastor,—the Rev. Moses Dickinson, then far advanced in life,—applied to Mr. Tennent to preach to them as a candidate for settlement; and, after he had preached several Sabbaths, they unanimously invited him, on the 13th of November, to become their junior pastor. He accepted their invitation, but expressed a wish to retain his connection with the Presbytery; to which the parish consented, on condition that he should conform practically to the rules of the Congregational Church. The Presbytery, however, not disposed to connive at any such arrangement, appointed a time and a committee of their own, for the installation. This the parish regarded as an undue assumption; and on the 12th of June, 1765, they held a meeting to consider the case, and, as the result of their deliberations, passed the following vote:—

“This Society, by a copy from the minutes of the Presbytery, are informed that Mr. Tennent declared his acceptance of the call of the Society, upon condition that he shall continue a member of the Synod of New York and Philadelphia, and of New Brunswick Presbytery; * * * but at the same time professed his desire and intention to hold communion and be in connection with the Reverend Association aforesaid, as far as is consistent with his continuing in his relation to the Synod: and that thereupon the said Presbytery had presumed that this Church and Society complied with the condition annexed by Mr. Tennent to his acceptance of their call, (which was made on very different terms); and accordingly have assumed to themselves a right to appoint, and did appoint, the time of instalment, and a committee of their own to officiate therein. On consideration of all which, this Society is of opinion that the annexing of the condition aforesaid to the acceptance of the call aforesaid, is a proposal subversive of the foundation on which the agreement and proceeding of the Society were predicated; and the proceedings of the Presbytery, in consequence

* Hall's Hist. Norwalk.—Ramsay's Hist. S. C., II.—Hist. Circ. Ch., Charleston.—Alison's Fun. Sermon.—Hart's do.—MS. from Rev. W. S. Lee.